



HIS PROPERTY

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
TRENT EVANS

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CHAPTER 1



*L*ola

She was beautiful, and cold, and blonde. And she most definitely was *not* Mr. Winters.

I don't know what it was I was expecting, really, freezing my ass off on that unseasonably cold morning. But as I stood on the front stoop of the massive, opulent home—my Monday morning assignment—encountering an ice queen with a jutting bosom and sparkling glacier blue eyes was not anywhere on that list of possibilities.

“Lola... interesting name. You've come with adequate references.” The woman's voice was smooth, a tiny bit of rasp to it. Cultured. She flipped over the paper she held in her long, delicate fingers, giving it a cursory glance. Her gleaming nail polish was the color of a January night, just before the sunrise. “But so did the last girl we had cleaning for him.”

We?

“I'm sorry to hear that. I'm... not like her though.” I hugged my utterly inadequate jacket about my frame, trying not to visibly shiver, the ends of my hair flapping in the wind. “You can trust me.”

Kara, the ‘last girl,’ had been a disaster. I'd already heard the story. My boss, Craig, had reassigned her, too soft-hearted to fire the flaky as hell woman on the spot. Though she definitely deserved just that. Slacking at any jobsite was never the

brightest idea. Being caught jilling off in a client's master bathroom while on the phone with one's boyfriend was positively idiotic.

Which was precisely the reason why I was currently being turned into a Lola-sicle that very chilly morning.

Was she a girlfriend? Probably. She was certainly pretty enough for the job. She fit the part of a woman someone like Mr. Winters might like on his arm. Or in his bed.

The woman—she'd informed me that Alicia was her name—checked her watch, the polished silver catching the gray morning light. "I've got to get to the office." Her azure gaze settled upon me, her plump crimson lips pursed for a moment. The platinum blonde of her ponytail stirred in the chill breeze. She was tall, far taller than me. Though I suppose her jet heels were part of the reason for that. The fitted business suit she wore was an onyx black so dark it seemed to soak up the surrounding light, perfectly showcasing the sweep of her hips, the nip of her slender waist—and those tits I could tell she was inordinately proud of. The woman was beautiful, and she knew it, and she seemed the sort who wasn't above making sure everyone around her knew it, too.

Dammit.

Alicia folded the paper, stuffing it into the leather bag slung from her shoulder. "I was supposed to show you around, tell you where everything is, but I don't have time." She tilted her head slightly. "You've got the key, yes?"

I nodded, holding up the crumpled envelope Craig had pressed into my hand a half hour earlier.

"Then you'll have to do the best you can." Alicia shouldered by me, her heels a muted clacking on the stone walkway leading down to the street, the sway of her ass in her snug slacks eye-catching in a way that made me grind my teeth in irritation. She looked back over her shoulder, one hand on the wrought-iron gate leading out through the impenetrable, emerald hedge lining the expansive front lawn. "*He* sometimes comes home early. I don't expect you're going to have a short day of it. The previous girl made a hash of the place, so you've

got your work cut out for you.” The woman’s mouth thinned, her chin lowering just the slightest. “Don’t be surprised when he arrives. And for God’s *sake*, don’t try to talk to him. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.” I forced a smile. “He won’t even know I’m here.”

Alicia sneered. “That’s all I can hope for, I suppose.”

Then she was gone, the iron gate slamming shut behind her.

“Bitch,” I murmured, turning and unlocking the door. It swung open, letting in a surprisingly pleasing rush of warm air, scented with just a hint of something resembling cedar. The foyer was all pale marble and brass, and positively *dripped* money.

That morning as I’d stood rubbing my eyes—sleeping in bucket seats didn’t exactly afford one the best quality rest—Craig had been very clear, blunt even.

“Ellis Winters is one of our oldest—and best tipping—clients. He’s also an unreformed asshole. Keep your head down, do the very best work you know how—believe me, I’ll hear about it if you don’t—and then get out. I’ll work on getting a new girl for his account. If you’re lucky, this will be a one and done for you, and you’ll never have to clean there again.”

“Well, here goes nothing.”

Then I walked inside and began my daily toil.

CHAPTER 2



*E*llis

“I don’t *care* if Logistics says it’s not part of the GSA contract. It’s a ten-year guaranteed lock-in, minimum, once we’re on the preferred vendor list. So, make it happen. If I have to call undersecretary Hanlon myself, I will—but it’s going to be your fucking ass if I do. You reading me on this, Jack?”

“Mr. Winters, with respect, sir, it’s not that simple. We can’t just tell them to add us as a preferred vendor. We’ve got to win the bid first—and that installation is *not* in our existing contract. Which means we’re already on the outside looking in this close to the termination of the bidding window. Then we’ve got to hope we don’t get undercut on the back end once Waverly—or even Baker/Taggart—get wind of what we’re offering...”

I pulled my Audi into the driveway entrance, leaning out to punch in the gate code, while my DoD accounts chief sputtered excuses into my ear. I pulled the phone away as I waited for the heavy barrier to swing open. I yelled into the receiver. “Just get it done! I don’t care what arms you have to twist. I don’t care whose ass you have to kiss. Take them to fucking dinner and strippers afterward for all I care. *Close* the deal. Get us in.” I ended the call, throwing the phone onto my passenger seat, cursing under my breath.

My head was pounding. I hadn’t been originally intending to do more than come home for lunch, for a tiny bit of peace and

quiet, but after the dumpster fire of a morning I'd had thus far, an afternoon in the home office seemed just about the only thing I could stand at the moment.

The contract with the Department of Defense for servicing of the standing forces in the Western Pacific wasn't the most lucrative of the contracts outstanding, but it was close. And unlike the other theaters, save perhaps Germany, it was easily the most stable. We would be stupid not to do anything we could to get it.

A dirty, off-white Honda Accord with a dent in the rear bumper on the passenger side was parked along the street right at the end of my property line. I'd never seen it before. It was the same place the first twit the cleaning company had sent to me had decided to park—and the same girl whom I'd caught, of all things, spanking the muffin on the job, rather than actually cleaning anything. Was the girl named Kate? Kara? Something like that.

An idiot, whatever her name was.

Easing my car into the garage, I decided to walk around and enter through the front door, using the little detour as an opportunity to make sure there wasn't anyone on the grounds.

Loosening my tie as I reached the front porch, I stretched for a moment. The day was still gray and dreary, but not as ridiculously cold as it had been earlier. Fall was definitely on the way, the huge maple dominating one half of the front yard already displaying numerous leaves bleeding into pinks and oranges.

Putting my key in, I found the deadbolt was already retracted. "Lot of good that does," I muttered, shaking my head. I wondered if the silly twit from yesterday had shown up for round two today. Leaving the front door to my house unlocked *would* be something she was stupid enough to do.

Might be time for a call in to Craig.

If only people would just do their goddamned jobs, my life would be... well, a little easier, anyway.

Not for the first time, the thought that I might be working too much of late crossed my mind.

Since Mari, I *had* been putting in insane hours. Yes, it was my company, built from scratch, but there was such a thing as trying to pour from an empty cup.

Vacation?

I generally hated them, as the whole time all I could usually think about was the opportunity cost of sitting on my ass doing not much of anything.

That's not what Mari would have thought.

I grumbled under my breath as I pushed the front door open... only to find one of the sweetest, roundest asses I'd ever seen.

Well, the owner of said round ass was wearing jeans, threadbare and snug, especially where it counted, her wide hips straining the denim pleasingly.

The woman, dark-haired and wearing a gray sweatshirt—that was most definitely a clothing choice I never approved of—was bent over at the foot of the stairway, vacuuming, the deafening sound of the motor clearly masking the noise of my entry, as the woman seemed entirely unaware I was standing behind her.

Turning, I quietly closed the door, then leaned against it, my arms crossed, enjoying the view until such time as she realized she was no longer alone. Whoever this was, it most definitely was not that dipshit from yesterday. Where that girl had been skinny as a rail—to the point of wan—this female was anything but, her figure lush and shapely.

No, this one was built the way I'd always preferred—like a real woman. My nephew, Jason, would have called her stacked, or thick, or whatever the fuck else college kids called hot women now.

She straightened, flipping the off switch, the vacuum's motor winding down quickly, and it was at that moment, as she turned partially, profile facing me, that it became clear she was... not much older than my goddamned nephew.

Interesting.

Only it wasn't, really. Possessed of a world-class ass though she may have been—shown off well in her rather tight jeans—I had none, zero, nada interest in anything to do with someone who appeared to be practically half my age. It wasn't that I was old, *per se*, but a man of forty was past the time for playing around with stupid young women, who didn't have much else to bring to a relationship other than being young, dumb, and full of cum.

I cursed softly, pushing off the door, unbuttoning my suitcoat.

The girl spun around, crying out and clapping a hand to her mouth, her dark brown eyes wide, blinking rapidly. She was far prettier than I'd realized, with pale pink lips, blushing cheeks, and long dark eyelashes. Her figure was just like her ass—lush, generous, and curvy in every way a man could want. Her breasts were heavy, and though the somewhat baggy sweatshirt—I really hated such clothing—did well to hide her bountiful charms, even with that I could tell she was very pleasingly proportioned indeed.

She's a college girl, you dipshit.

“Who are you?” I said, putting a touch of growl in my voice, advancing a step toward her.

“I-I'm sorry, I... Lola.” She attempted a smile, her lower lip trembling ever so slightly as she held out a hand. “Lola Grant, sir.”

Sir. Yes, that's correct, isn't it?

I really hadn't seen it since the first time I'd laid eyes on Mari. It had been... a yielding energy to both her body and her spirit. But this Lola, she had it in spades.

And part of me wanted much, *much* more of it. Now.

Don't be stupid.

Stupid or not, my cock was already getting hard. Her scent came to me and I inhaled it, something floral and spicy both. I wanted to ask her what it was, but that would send entirely the wrong message.

“Why are you in my house, Lola Grant?” I drew still closer. We were just barely more than an arm’s length apart. I gave her offered hand a scowl, and she dropped it, blushing fiercely. I found I quite liked that on her.

“I’m... Craig sent me. In Kara’s place?” She fished inside the front pocket of her jeans, the tip of her tongue peeking between her lips. Drawing out a badge, she held it up for me. I barely looked at it though.

“Tell me something, Ms. Grant. When you’re at home alone, do you make a habit of leaving the door unlocked? Do you think it’s safe to do that?”

“I don’t know. Maybe?” She stuffed her badge back in her jeans. “Probably not.”

I nodded slowly, advancing another step, close enough now that I could feel the air pressure change at the proximity of her body next to mine. “Sensible, really. Which mystifies me, because you seem so casual about leaving the door to *my* house unlocked. Do you think that’s a good idea?”

“I didn’t, did I?” She blushed once more. “If I did... I must have forgotten. I was in a rush to get started and—”

“Save it,” I barked, holding up a hand. “I’m going to my office”—I nodded toward the top of the stairs—“to get some work done. I would appreciate it if you’d make sure the door is locked, whenever you’re here. It’s common courtesy. Even if this isn’t *your* home. I’m sure you understand.”

“I... okay. I’m sorry.” She glanced away, wrapping her arms about her torso, then letting them drop, as if she were unsure where to put her hands.

Clearly nervous. Good.

I moved toward the staircase, but she remained rooted in her spot. I inclined my head toward her. “Lots of other parts of the house you could be working in. Go find one of them.”

She gasped, her mouth dropping open, revealing pretty and very white teeth. “Uh, *okay*.”

Then she gathered up the cord for the vacuum cleaner, and fled into the living room, directly opposite the staircase.

I watched her go, trying and failing not to be entranced by the roll and sway of her plump, round buttocks so lovingly encased—and displayed—in those jeans. If I were the man in possession of a bottom like that...

Stop.

I made my way upstairs, trying to put the image of one luscious Lola Grant—and her equally luscious ass—entirely out of my mind.

CHAPTER 3



*L*ola

What a fucking asshole.

But it was far more galling that such an asshole had to look so very good.

I'd never seen Mr. Winters before. I'd never even thought to ask. I suppose I just assumed he fit the profile of so many other wealthy clients.

Overfed. Well dressed, yet somehow nondescript, bland. And vaguely irritated that I was even in their presence.

Mr. Winters was certainly the latter, but the rest? No way.

I made my way to the kitchen, marveling at the massive dark quartz of the island and the countertops. He had more cabinets in his kitchen than one could possibly need, but that wasn't my concern. Mine was only to make sure they were clean.

Fortunately, Kara had seemed to have already done most of the kitchen already, the place looking immaculate. Craig had told me before I'd left to only concentrate on those areas Kara hadn't yet gotten to, which meant really only the living room, the stairs, and one of the downstairs bathrooms. Not too much work.

The living room was stunning, frankly. With soaring ceilings that went all the way to the roofline, and a massive bank of built-in cabinetry dominating the entirety of one wall, the

man's living room reminded me of a central gathering room in a ski chalet, the decor accented by deeply stained wood notes, brass and silver trim, and a dazzling array of recessed lighting that must have lit up the place like a cathedral at night. I'd never get the chance to see that, of course, as this was, with luck, a 'one and done' as Craig had put it.

Considering my visceral reaction to the appearance of Mr. Winters—and his dismissive, insulting manner—one and done was going to be just fine with me.

Sure, tell yourself that.

I shook my head as I wiped down the first of the many shelves in the living room, careful not to disrupt any of the statuary, trophies, and awards dotted throughout the place, including one rather large, ornate one with a plaque at the base with the Department of Defense logo embossed on its golden surface. I didn't even try to decipher all the words on it, but 'selfless and valorous service' was enough to get the gist. I wasn't sure if he was military, though he definitely did have a 'martial bearing.' He definitely had something to do with the armed forces though.

I kept picturing his eyes as I worked, and I *really* didn't want to do that. They were the eyes of a hunter, perhaps even a predator. Well, not an actual killer—perhaps—but instead they were those of a man who could command a woman, by force of personal magnetism alone, to do... just about anything he liked.

A striking blue-gray that drew my eye regardless of how hard I tried not to stare, they were both attractive and a little unsettling at the same time. Mr. Winters being—just as Craig warned—an asshole, only enhanced that effect, much as I might want to deny it.

His hair was cut quite short to his scalp, and clearly beginning to gray. Where it wasn't, it was the deepest black, so dark it had an almost cobalt hint to it. His facial hair had that thick five o'clock shadow that I'd never been able to resist, whether it was affected or not. Either way, it made me want to stroke it—and not just with my hands, either.

His shoulders were so wide they filled a doorway, his imposing height—at least six foot four—only enhancing the intimidating and alluring effect. No matter how much I might not want it to be so.

His ass, compact, but pleasingly round, was perfectly highlighted and showcased in his slacks, the suit fitting him exquisitely well in a way only custom tailoring can achieve. His clothes looked to be worth more than my car.

Why do the gorgeous ones have to be such grade A pricks?

Most of all though was how he looked at me. It was something between curiosity and the cold, calm, absolute certainty of control an entomologist has when spiking his bug specimen just right upon its display pin.

Once the living room was done—surprisingly fast, mercifully—all that was really left was the last bathroom downstairs that hadn't been cleaned. I couldn't help but wonder about what Kara had been caught doing upstairs. I'd even peeked into that bathroom when I'd first begun working, just to have a look, and was stunned at the size and the welcoming feel of the place; stone everywhere, perfect, warm lighting, and a level of luxury to the smallest detail, even the towel hooks, something I'd never seen before. It felt more like a spa than a bathroom! And it was sized accordingly. Hell, the showers, all four of them put together, had to be bigger than my last apartment!

Which would be quite the upgrade from your current accommodations.

Mr. Winters, asshole or not, definitely liked the finer things in life.

I was about to slip out the front door—making sure to lock it this time, of course—but the muted sound of a cough reminded me he was still up there in his office.

Did I leave quietly, as if I weren't even there? Or did I have a modicum of manners and at least let him know I was finished?

You need to get the fuck out of here. If he wants to be an asshole about you not saying goodbye, he can be an asshole to the next girl. Not your problem.

The vehemence of the thought had me wondering though. Maybe I'd just caught him at a bad moment? I really would like to leave on a tiny bit of a positive note, if it was possible.

It was just... a thing with me. My need to make people happy made it almost impossible for me to leave things with anyone on a bad note. Perhaps that was a weakness, or a betrayal of my lack of self-esteem? I didn't know, and stopped caring a long time ago—because it had served me well thus far.

At least I thought so.

With that, I headed up the stairs, for what—I hoped—would be the last time I'd ever speak to one grumpy asshole, Mr. Ellis Winters.

CHAPTER 4



*L*ola

His study, or office as he called it, was at the end of a long hallway upstairs. His place had six huge bedrooms on the second floor, two bathrooms, and the master suite, with its own palatial bathroom.

But the study seemed almost an afterthought, the smallest room of all.

As I stood at the partially open door, listening, I realized my heart was pounding. I remembered too, Alicia's sneered admonishment not to talk to Mr. Winters at all. Which was stupid, really. But it did give me pause as to whether or not this was a particularly good idea.

Why, Lola? Fuck her. Just tell him goodbye, and get out.

I rapped my knuckles on the frame, as quietly and unobtrusively as a knock could be.

"Huh?"

It wasn't exactly the response from him I'd been girding myself for.

I peeked my head in. "Hi, uh, I just wanted to let you know I was finished. I'm heading out, but wanted to see if there was anything else you needed before I go?"

He was seated behind a single massive cherry wood desk, which dominated one wall. Two huge monitors were arrayed

before him. Other than a gray phone and a couple of tablets scattered atop the blotter, there wasn't much else on the desk. The thick pile carpet in the palest shade of slate kept the sounds in the room pleasingly muted.

He'd ditched his suitcoat, his light blue button-down shirt revealing the sinews and dark hair of his forearms, the cuffs rolled up almost to his elbows. More dark hair was revealed at the hollow of his throat by the top buttons being undone on his shirt.

Nothing good comes from noticing such things, Lola.

Behind him, also polished wood, was an entire wall of built-ins, stretching almost to the ceiling, filled to overflowing with books, tomes, and texts. It reminded me so much of a professor's library that I almost giggled. It was not at all what I'd expect to find. Opposite the desk were two high-backed upholstered chairs the color of cobalt, angled to face toward an inset gas fireplace. On the wall above was a collection—and an impressive one—of antique muskets, rifles, and even pistols. I had no idea what period they came from, but they looked incredibly old. And valuable.

Much more his speed.

“There is actually one more thing I need from you,” he said, clicking the mouse and leaning back in his chair.

I was already moving to leave, assuming he'd just wave me away, and froze in place at the sound of his deep voice. “Um, what?”

He scowled. “Come in here. You've already interrupted me as it is. May as well make it official.”

I frowned, pushing the door open and stepping into the office.

He pointed at the floor in front of his desk. “Front and center.”

“Is there a reason why you're so nasty? It's... really not fair. I haven't done anything to deserve you being so mean.” I knew it was stupid to say it, but I *was* angry at him. I was just the cleaning girl. Taking out on me whatever was up his ass was not going to make his day any better. And it was sure raining shit on mine.

He stroked his chin with his long fingers, not saying anything until I reluctantly stood at the indicated spot.

“Haven’t done anything, you say? Other than leaving my house unlocked?”

“Well... that was an accident. Not what I meant.” I hated that my face heated up as I said it, but he did have a point. Much as I hated him for it.

“Do you always make it a habit of arguing with clients? Is this your idea of customer service?”

“I’m not arguing, Mr. Winters.”

His dark brow arched. “All evidence to the contrary.”

That look of his both made me quail inside and sparked a confusing tightening deep in my belly that was something *very* different from fear.

I decided to keep my mouth shut. He had me—we both knew it—and further sparring with him was only going to be the worse for me.

He leaned forward, resting his hands on his desk. “As I said, there is one more thing I want from you.”

“Okay...” I didn’t like this. Not one bit.

“An apology.”

“What?” I swallowed down the lump in my throat. “What did I do?”

“You never apologized for leaving the door unlocked.”

“Yes, I did. I said I was sorry.”

“You said sorry, in passing. As if it were no big deal. Trifling.” His mouth hardened to a thin line. “And I assure you, Ms. Grant. It *is* a big deal—to me.”

“Fine.” I knew I shouldn’t have said that particular word, especially dripping with bitchiness as it was, but he *was* being a prick. “I apologize for leaving your door unlocked. Believe me, it won’t happen again.”

“Apology accepted.” He sat back, resting a hand on one of the armrests of his chair, his blue-gray eyes watching me intently. “Now, you can go.”

“Thank God,” I whispered under my breath as I turned for the door, certain he wouldn’t hear me.

“Hold it.”

A cold chill ran down my spine.

Stupid! Lola is stupid!

I stood in place, but didn’t move, hoping against hope he wouldn’t say anything else. That I might get out of this without any further dressing down from him.

“Get back here.”

I slowly spun, plastering a saccharine smile on my face. “Oh... something else you need?”

He stabbed a finger at the floor, at the identical spot. I felt like a surly recruit before a hardcore drill instructor.

The tightening in my belly was now a coiling, and the lips of my pussy were slipping against each other as I retook my place before his huge desk.

“Stop slouching. Chin up. Shoulders back. We’re not done here. I have something to say, and you’re going to listen.”

Incredibly, his barked orders had me obeying, and only partly because I was so shocked he’d uttered them.

“That’s better.” He looked upon me for a full minute, his eyes coursing over every part of my form, pausing longest at my chest and at the apex of my thighs. Finally, he continued. “You seem to think you’re in a position to be giving me attitude, young lady, and I intend to disabuse you of that notion right now. I want to know something. Why do you think you were in trouble for leaving the door unlocked?”

I wasn’t expecting *that* question, and my mouth dropped open. And what did he mean by ‘in trouble’?

I cleared my throat. “Um, cat burglars might sneak in? It’s not as if in *this* swanky a neighborhood you’d have thieves casing

the place, but I suppose it's possible. Like I said, I apologize for—”

“Are you armed?”

“Excuse me?”

His eyes narrowed the slightest bit, and my mouth went dry. I did not want to be even in the same zip code as Mr. Winters when he became truly angry.

Then why are your panties damp?

“I *said*, are you armed? Do you carry a gun, Ms. Grant?”

“I... well, no.”

“Martial arts training then? Self-defense classes? Any of that for you?”

Where the hell is he going with this?

“No...”

He watched me for a long moment, and again I was that insect specimen under the total control of that cold, calculating scientist, helpless under even the weight of his gaze.

“I have insurance for everything in this house—and for the house itself. Burglary doesn't concern me that much.” He raised a finger toward me. “What *does* concern me is a certain foolish young woman who leaves the door unlocked when she's working inside my house—alone. Unarmed. Defenseless. That concerns me very much. And I don't like it. I don't like having to worry about the safety of a silly girl who can't be bothered to take even the simplest measures to keep herself safe.”

I was stunned. He was worried about... me. Still, my anger continued to simmer, and I couldn't help myself. “I appreciate your concern, Mr. Winters. But I was *fine*. Really. I can take care of myself when I—”

“You didn't even know I was standing five feet behind you when I arrived home from work. I think your definition of taking care of yourself differs from mine. Don't you think?”

It was a rhetorical question, and I clamped my mouth shut, feeling as if I were chewing on glass. He *was* right, of course, but that didn't mean I didn't want to slap his face.

His voice dropped an octave. "Nothing else to say? No smart retorts, Ms. Grant?"

"No... no, Mr. Winters. I see what you mean."

And I did. He was still a prick... but he was right. I needed to be more careful.

He didn't say anything further, which I took to be my cue to make myself scarce. I fled for the door.

"Oh, Ms. Grant?"

I closed my eyes, my hand on the doorjamb. I was so close! I faced him once more.

He held up a bill, the image of Benjamin Franklin clear on its face. "Is that pile of shit on wheels out there your car?"

God! What an asshole!

"The Honda? That's mine. And there's nothing wrong with it. I know it may not seem like much to you, but it takes care of me just fine."

I didn't know why I was feeling so defensive about my damned car, but just his tone seemed to get completely under my skin.

It does a lot more than that. What's gotten into you?

"That's the one," he said with a sigh. "That thing's an eyesore in this neighborhood. I want you to get it cleaned, washed, and detailed. You know that place, Patrick's? On 15th? Three lights down from my street?"

I nodded, though I frowned at him. It was *not* an eyesore!

"Get it done then." He dropped the bill onto the desk. "If it's going to be parked anywhere near my property, it can't be looking like that."

I knew I should have refused it, that it was an extremely bad idea to even entertain this, but the mere thought of having my

car clean, for the first time in a very long while, was very, very tempting indeed.

Going out there and gluing the Benjamin to his fucking windshield was what I *wanted* to do.

Or you could just take it like a normal person, and consider yourself fortunate.

I stepped forward, snatched the money up, then spun around and strode for the door.

There'd be plenty of time to curl up into a fetal position of self-loathing for stooping to take quasi-charity from a man who thought I was nothing more than a menial servant.

Right?

CHAPTER 5



*L*ola

A morning drizzle was just beginning to spit outside when I walked in the front door at work, just after nine a.m. My back felt like a construction worker in steel-toed boots had danced a jig on my thoracic spine. Living the way I did was getting old. But there was nothing for it, at least anytime soon.

The location of my employer's shop was in a nondescript suburban strip mall. *The Happy Helper* was lit up in a neon blue cursive in the front window. The tenant to its left was a florist. To the right was a store that prepackaged dinners and other meals for overworked—and overpaid—tech worker neo-yuppies.

The place was little more than a storefront, with a cramped, ill-lit lobby and a front counter sporting a pair of faded cleaning supply displays. It wasn't much, but it was my job, and that meant it was the difference between me eating and not.

The front was deserted, so I took a seat in one of the worn, cracked stuffed leather chairs in the lobby, groaning softly as my back protested. It was looking to be a very long day indeed, if my body was already hurting before I even started cleaning.

The murmur of voices drifted out from the back. There were two offices at the rear—one for Craig, the owner, and the other for Lisa, the bookkeeper. Lisa never so much as set foot in the

office before 9:30, but the lights were already on in Craig's, the door slightly open.

Getting up and strolling around the end of the front counter, I paused outside his office.

"...so I wanted to thank you again for seeing me so early this morning. I appreciate you making the time, Craig."

What the fuck?

My heart was immediately pounding a million miles an hour. I *knew* that voice. And it wasn't my boss'.

"Anytime, Mr. Winters," Craig's voice said. "You're one of our very first accounts, and our best customer. Happy to talk whenever you need. And thank you for telling me this. It's... I'll make sure it's relayed to her. Immediately."

The door to Craig's office swung open then, and I was face to face with Ellis Winters. Or face to chest, really. The man towered over me, more than a foot taller than my five-three frame.

I forced myself to stand my ground as I looked up at him. He wore a dark coat and black driving gloves. He smelled fucking *amazing*, a combination of something vaguely spicy with a touch of musk. His magnetic eyes fixed upon me for a moment, his little half smile born of either mirth or arrogance. Probably both.

"Ms. Grant," he rumbled softly, slipping past me. He didn't so much as look back once as he opened the door, striding out into the parking lot. Unfortunately, his coat was longer than waist length, concealing the ass I hated myself for wanting to drool over.

He's an asshole. Stop it!

I turned back toward my boss' office. Craig waved me in, looking a little comical as he always did, his big frame crammed in behind a desk both too small for him, and yet far too large for his tiny office.

I sat down in the lumpy guest chair still warm from Mr. Winters' ass.

Stop that!

“How much of that did you just hear?” Craig asked, sipping from his thermos. He was never, ever far from his coffee, morning, noon, or night. His red hair, thinning a little at the temples, was slightly mussed, his beard longer than usual. His eyes were tired, too.

But what he didn't look was angry.

You might not be screwed after all.

“You're certainly wondering what Mr. Winters was doing here. He was here to talk about, well, you.”

My heart dropped into my shoes. “Look, Craig, I can... I can explain—”

“I'm not so sure you can, Lola.” He winked at me, which was so unexpected, it shut me up entirely as I slouched back in my chair. “First thing. You need to know that I received an absolutely *glowing* report about you from Mr. Winters.”

“He... you *did*?”

Am I still sleeping?

I didn't have a clue how to even process what he'd just told me. If Craig had grown a second fucking head sitting right there behind his desk, I'd have been less shocked.

“Well... he was more full of praise than I've ever heard the man. And as I'm sure you're aware, he's not exactly known for his, uh, soft touch, if you know what I mean. That's the good news.”

“Um, there's bad news?”

I knew it. I'm fucked!

“I'm going to have to assign someone else to him. I can't assign you to his account again. Ever.”

“Ah, I don't really know what to say—wait, what? Why? He just extolled my virtues, and now you're telling me I can't clean his house anymore?”

“I'm not doing that.” He cleared his throat. “He is.”

I leaned forward, my elbows on my knees, scrubbing my face with my hands. “Craig, what the hell! What do you mean, *he* is?”

“He told me you can’t be assigned to clean his house.” He shrugged. “And no, I have *no* idea why. But it’s what he asked for, and of course, I have to honor his request.” Craig’s fingers wrapped about his thermos, tapping at the metal softly. “Did... did something happen?”

“I... well, other than him being kind of a dick to me, no. I cleaned the rooms Kara didn’t, said goodbye, and left. Pretty normal, really.”

I hated lying to him, but it was more of a white lie. Being treated like a recalcitrant recruit in Mr. Winters’ office wasn’t *truly* relevant. Was it?

“He—Mr. Winters—wanted you to have this.” Craig opened a drawer to his desk, retrieving an envelope. He slid it across the cracked desktop toward me.

“What is this?”

“I have no idea.” Craig held up a hand, shaking his head slowly. “Winters just told me to give it to you. And it was abundantly clear I was expected not to pry too much about it either.”

I picked it up. Slightly heavy, but no more so than a multi-page letter. And this didn’t have that look at all.

What the hell is happening here?

“I’ve got one more piece of news, though it might be good or bad, depending on your perspective. You’ve got the day off.”

“Wait, I saw the whiteboard out front. There are crap-tons of clients. Why?”

“Why do you think?”

“*Winters?* Are you fucking serious? Uh, sorry, boss.”

Craig chuckled. “He was clear on that, too. No work for you today, Lola. So, I guess this is the part where I tell you to get the heck out of my office, and enjoy your free day.”

I didn't really understand why, but I was pissed that Winters would come in here, throw his money around, and then tell Craig to keep me away from his precious, snooty house. It made no sense, but it had all the hallmarks of a rich guy being a douchebag. The kind of move a control freak would love.

"Uh, all right, I guess I'll go do... something. See you tomorrow, Craig." I put on a smiling face, but I was fuming inside.

I stomped out to my car, pissed I wouldn't make any money today, and pissed off at Winters for throwing his fucking weight around. At least the drizzle had stopped. I was about to put the key in the Honda's door lock, then paused, deciding to open the envelope first. But just as I was about to rip the top flap with my key, there was the low hum of a high-performance engine, a vehicle pulling into the space behind me. I squeezed closer to my car reflexively, still staring down at the envelope.

What was he up to? This was so bizarre.

"I want to talk to you about something."

I froze.

Winters.

Turning slowly, I stood with my hand on my jeans-clad hip, the envelope waving in the other, held up before me like a talisman.

Winters was wearing sunglasses, his window down as he gazed up at me.

"What is this for?" I asked. "And why did you tell my boss I can't work today?"

He said nothing though, the vaguely smug curve to his lips making me want to smack him.

I shook the envelope in his face. "I don't care if you're Craig's best client. You can't get everything you want just because you have money."

"Interesting theory..."

“Oh, Christ.” I looked up, trying to gather myself. The man’s utter unflappability both provoked me and drew me.

He’s still an asshole, cute or not.

“What’s really going on here? I’m just the... cleaning girl. Why are you fucking with me like this?”

“How old are you?”

“What? Why does that... twenty-three. How old are *you*?” I cringed inside at the petulance of the question, but he’d knocked me completely off balance. The fact that I was totally in the dark about where he was going with this frustrated me. But it intrigued me, too. I hated myself for that, but it was true.

Winters took off his sunglasses, those brilliant eyes fixing upon me. They flicked beyond me for a moment, then they locked with my gaze once more.

He didn’t answer me though, cocking a thumb toward my car. “How come you haven’t had the old jalopy washed and detailed yet?”

“Because I was *busy*.”

Now who’s being the asshole?

“I’d better get something for my money,” he barked, making me jerk just the slightest. His voice had the same unusual magnetism his eyes did. I didn’t like it... and yet, I did.

I tried to ignore that though, my irritation continuing to stew.

“Do you even wonder what’s in the envelope?”

“No,” I lied. “I should just give it back to you. I don’t really care what’s in it.”

He scowled at that. “Come on. Get in before I change my mind about this.”

“About what?”

His finger jutted at me, just the barest hint of steel in his tone. “Get your smart ass in the car.”

I grunted in frustration, then threw my hands up. “Fine.” I opened the door and dropped into the seat, pulling my legs in.

I left the door ajar though.

“Close it. Then open the envelope.”

I almost dropped the whole thing on the floor of his car when I ripped the top flap open, and saw what was inside. It was a wad of hundred dollar bills.

“I asked Craig to tell me how much he’s paid you in the last month. So, I tripled it. Which is what you see there.”

“Why... why are you doing this?”

“It’s not what I’m doing—it’s what *you’re* going to do.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Are you high?”

Winters’ chuckle was smooth and deep. It was the first time I’d ever heard him express anything even resembling mirth, and it was unnerving and attractive in equal parts. It reminded me of how a tiger might sound if it could laugh.

“I want you to quit your shitty job. Today.”

“Why the *fuck* would I do that?” I glanced over at my car. “I have to eat, you know. Money doesn’t just sprout out of the ground after a hard rain. Not that you’d ever know about problems like that.”

“Listen to me. I have a... proposal. An arrangement. You quit your job—and come work for me.”

I was dumbstruck.

“I want you to come clean for me, full time.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me with this...”

“Oh, I’m very serious.”

“W-what am I supposed to do with the other six days of the week after cleaning your house? I can’t very well live on one day a week wages.”

His eyes flashed. “I have more than enough to keep you... engaged.”

“So what, you want a... a maid? Is that it?”

“Something like that, yes.”

“Me?”

“You.” His nostrils flared slightly as he breathed in, staring out the windshield.

I hated that the jut of his square jaw made me want to run my hand along it so much I had to physically press my palm to my thigh.

“I won’t do it. I’m not for sale.”

“It won’t be like that.”

“I’m too expensive.”

He inclined his head, looking over at me. “Try me.”

“This is stupid. Go find someone else to be your maid.”

“There’s a little over three thousand dollars in that envelope. It’s what Craig said he’s paid you in the last three months. You come work for me, and you’ll make more than that in a single week.”

I managed to suppress a gasp. Letting on that he’d shocked me was the last thing I needed to do at that moment. “Doesn’t sound like any *maid* wages I’ve ever heard of...”

“I don’t want just any maid.”

“What the fuck do you want?”

He leaned over, drawing close, his delicious scent stronger. “*You*, actually. But it will be on *my* terms. Which we’d discuss before your first day.”

“Why can’t we discuss them now?”

“Because this is how I want it. Say yes, and we go back to my house and talk about those terms. Say no, and you can get the fuck out of my car, and the deal will be off, never to be offered again.”

I stared over at my poor, dirty car. This was fucked. This was also more money than I thought I’d even know what to do with. If I took the job.

You’re a moron to even be entertaining this. Get out, and don’t look back.

I sighed. “Fine...”

“Say it, Ms. Grant.” His voice had a hard edge to it now. “I want to hear the precise word, right now.”

“*Yes*—I’ll do it.”

He pressed the ignition button on his dash, the Audi’s engine purring to life like a newly awakened—and pissed off—lioness. “Now, get your seat belt on. We have maid duties to discuss.”

CHAPTER 6



*L*ola

The last time I'd been in his living room, I'd been musing how spoiled and indolent rich people like him often were. How many of them seemed visibly uncomfortable interacting with someone of much more modest means.

As I sank into his immense couch though, watching him pour himself a drink from the wet bar along the wall opposite the kitchen, I realized that really didn't matter anymore. More to the point, I had to admit that I was wrong—at least about him. He didn't seem at all uncomfortable. And indolent was *never* a word I'd use to describe Ellis Winters.

Son of a bitch? Sure. Dick? Probably.

The sound of ice dropping into the glass tumbler brought me back from my thoughts. "I'd offer you a drink, Lola, but that's not allowed. My maid never drinks. Not one drop."

Yes, definitely a dick.

"Why not? I mean, I'm assuming you mean on the job..." It was a stupid thing to say. Of course that's what he meant.

"No, actually, I mean at *all*. As long as she works for me, she's not to touch the stuff." He walked into the living room, the amber liquid sloshing in his glass, the gold band on his right ring finger catching the warm yellow of the dazzling recessed lighting. "Only awful men like me should imbibe. There's a reason why it's called the Devil's Drink."

The morning had given way to noon, but the light outside, if anything, was darkening. Rain was coming.

“You... are you serious right now? You can’t keep me from drinking on my off hours. You’re offering me a job. You won’t own me.”

He smiled then, and I didn’t like the look of it one bit. “We’ll just have to see what I will and won’t have control over.” The couch was a massive sectional shaped like an immense U. I sat at the bottom end, and he took a seat at the armrest of one of the upper legs. He sipped from his glass, those blue-gray eyes on me the entire time.

The giant picture windows that surrounded half of the living room lent a striking effect to the illumination in the room, making one feel like they were almost outside in the elements, the lighting, while powerful, not overwhelming that effect at all. The soaring ceiling, easily twenty-five feet above us, only amplified that feeling.

Finally, he spoke. “Now, my proposal.” He leaned forward, setting the tumbler down on the glass coffee table in front of him. “What I *need* is a maid committed to excellence, dedication, and service. Do you think you can bring those qualities to the job, Lola?”

“That depends. What *is* the job? I mean, what specific duties does it have? I’m a cleaning girl... but I don’t really know how that differs from a maid.” I forced a smile. “Unless it’s just the slutty Fifi uniform.”

His gaze flashed. “We’ll get to that in a moment.”

“To what?”

“The, as you say, *slutty* uniform.”

“Will I have one?” I wasn’t entirely sure how I felt about that. I’d never actually considered it before, ironically enough, considering my job. Well, former job.

Don’t get ahead of your skis. You’re not hired yet.

“Oh, yes, you’ll have a uniform all right. I’ll insist upon it.”

My mouth went dry at that. “Um, slutty?”

“Definitions of that word are legion.”

“How would *you* define it, Mr. Winters?” I had a feeling it would be quite a bit different than mine.

“You’ll just have to see, Lola.”

I bristled at that. “You’re a little presumptuous, aren’t you? I haven’t even said I’ll take the job.”

“Oh, you’ll take it.”

I shook my head. “You have no *idea* what I’ll do.” I was feigning a defiance that was brittle and ill-conceived, as if a single push might expose my bluster as a fortress with a foundation of sand.

But he seemed to ignore it, taking another sip from his glass, and setting it back on the table. His crisp white button-down stretched over the mile-wide expanse of his shoulders as he laid one long arm along the back of the sectional. “Here’s what I need. Cleaning—of course. The whole house, top to bottom. I don’t want a single thing out of place, and I want it immaculate. Except my office. I’ll take care of that.”

“Okay...” It sounded fine thus far.

“When I’m here, I need you here with me. That might be a lot of hours. But when I’m gone—and I do travel regularly—you’re on your own. But will still be paid, regardless.”

Whoa.

“So, this is like... salary?”

“Something like that.” He pursed his lips. “Do you cook?”

“No.”

“Well, two out of three ain’t bad,” he murmured, frowning.

“I’m sorry, okay? I just... never really learned.” I didn’t like the sheepish note in my voice. “What’s, uh, the third thing then?” I wasn’t sure I wanted to know the answer to that one.

“Beck and call girl. When you’re not cleaning, and I’m here, I expect you to be available for... anything I might need.”

“You mean errands and things?”

He didn't say anything for a moment. "Yes... and *things*."

Though I was uneasy at his caginess, I still hadn't heard anything that would have me running screaming.

But it seemed he was just getting started.

"How long? I mean, how long do you want someone for this job?"

His eyes narrowed just the slightest bit. "Indefinitely. Months, certainly. Perhaps much longer... if the person was right for what I need."

"Oh... okay."

I was already doing the math in my head. Even a few months working for him could be... life-changing.

"There'll be a trial period," he said, his deep voice both soothing and provocative all at once. "To be sure we're a good fit. So to speak. Then we can talk about the contract."

Holy shit. Contract?

"Will I be paid during this... trial period?"

"Hand me that envelope."

I rolled my eyes, but went with it, thrusting up my hips a bit in order to dig it out of my jeans. I handed it over to him, the well-crumpled envelope quite a bit worse for the wear.

He slipped the money into the pocket of his dark slacks. "You'll get this—times four—after thirty days."

"Thirty *days*! Um, how am I going to *eat* between now and then? I need money for that, Mr. Winters. Since you're proposing I work for you exclusively."

"You'll eat here. Plenty of food, believe me. More than you could ever need. It's yours, while you're working."

"Oh, that's... that might be okay." I hadn't thought such a thing was even on the table, but the prospect of it was more appealing than I wanted to admit.

Winters continued. "But I *am* warning you. I'm demanding. I have high standards. And fuck-ups will result in correction."

“Um, excuse me? Did you say *correction*?” I licked my suddenly dry lips. “Does that mean what it sounds like it means?”

“What does it sound like to you, Ms. Grant?”

“Stop answering my questions with a question!”

He only sipped from his drink though, a hint of mirth just curving his lips.

I kept pushing though. “I’m serious—what does that mean? Because it sounds a whole lot like—”

“Spanking? Yes, there is that, among other forms of corporal punishment. There are consequences for failure in this job. It’s true.”

I sat back, so stunned I seemed to have lost the ability to speak. Was he really stipulating such a thing?

Why weren't you running screaming five seconds ago?

Yes, it was... a little outlandish. Or a lot. Even with that though, I was good at my job. ‘Screwing up’ wasn’t part of what I did. Never had been. Why was I going to worry about something that was unlikely to ever be necessary?

You really believe that?

What truly unsettled me was the fact my nipples had tightened to steel, and both the heat and wetness between my thighs were at their highest pitch yet.

But he still wasn’t done.

“Beyond the trial run, I need to be sure the candidate for this job will keep their word. That they aren’t the flaky sort to just give up whenever things get a little difficult, or they decide they don’t like the demands of the position.”

“Okay... what do you have in mind?”

He sipped the last of his liquor, then tipped his glass toward me. “A test, of sorts. Tonight, for the next hour or so, you do what I tell you. No matter what it is. I want to know how well you take to obeying orders from me. Do you think you can do that?”

I swallowed hard, willing my voice to stay steady. “What if I don’t? What if I say no?”

“Then I drive you back to your car, and the deal is off. For good.” He shrugged. “Not a problem for me, in that event. I’d rather know right at the start, then find out months later.”

I blew out a long breath, gazing across the huge room at the giant wall of built-ins, the immense flat screen that looked to be about the same size as my car.

How bad could it be? That’s serious money, Lola.

“I need your word,” he said, his voice little more than a murmur. “You can call it off at any time before the hour is up, and I’ll honor that. But just know that if you do, the deal’s off. We’d be finished—forever.” He rested his elbows on his thighs, lacing his fingers together between the span of his legs. “So, do I have your word?”

My heart was suddenly galloping along as I pondered it. I went back and forth on the answer a hundred times in the space of thirty seconds. Finally, I closed my eyes, then looked over at him, desperately trying to ignore my body’s paradoxical flight response, and the bead of wetness dripping slowly down my inner thigh.

He hadn’t said a single word to confirm this would be... like that. But my body, my instincts, seemed to have already concluded it would be. Or wanted it to be.

Do you?

I didn’t really know the answer to that. Yes, he was gorgeous. Yes, I was aroused... even if I wasn’t totally clear on what was sparking it. Yes, I needed the money. Badly.

More than that though, he’d piqued something else, which I had never, ever been able to resist.

Curiosity.

“I’ll do it. One hour.”

“Whatever I say?”

“Y-yes.”

Ellis clapped his hands, the sharp sound startling me.
“Excellent!”

He rose then, and I peered up at him, suddenly feeling even more the marked size difference between the two of us. Moving closer, until he loomed over me, he offered his hand.
“Stand up, Ms. Grant.”

Though reluctant, I put my hand in his, pleased at both the warmth of his touch and the roughness of his palm. I’d expected smoother hands from a man like him. I rather liked being wrong about that.

Rising to my feet, I stood before him that way for a moment, our gazes locked, a strange tension rising in the room by the second.

“Now, Ms. Grant. I want you to take your clothes off. All of them.”

CHAPTER 7



*E*llis

The next few seconds would determine the scope and nature of what was to possibly happen between Lola and me.

She gazed at me for a long moment, her striking eyes watching me closely, as if to ascertain what it was I *really* intended.

Truthfully at that moment, all I'd set out to do was to get a good idea of the body she was hiding under those clothes. The day I'd walked up to her as she'd bent over to vacuum my stairs, I'd gotten a fine glimpse at the mouthwatering shape of her lush bottom, the pleasing broadness of her hips. They were the kind of hips that made a man think of one thing above all else—putting a baby in his woman, breeding her. Making her swell with the irrefutable evidence of his dominion over her body in that most elemental, primitive of ways.

“Why do you... why do you want me to take my clothes off?”

It was a delaying tactic, of course. We both knew.

I decided not to answer, instead staring at her, not letting her see any hint of emotion or intent.

This *was* a test, of sorts. Obedience was the paramount characteristic in women I thought might have inclinations toward being the kind of woman I sought nowadays. Yes, she was clearly too young for me. But there was little I could do to resist her beauty, and that difference in age only amplified my interest. It was new and interesting—and it was something I'd

never experienced before, taking and molding a woman much younger than me.

What I *was* certain of was that the training of her to my desires and requirements would be much easier, less polluted by her experience, the assumptions that her relationships with too many previous men might have saddled her with.

I couldn't help but wonder about that, the other men who'd had her. How they'd used that body, and how she'd reacted to that use. So many questions.

But before we could get to any of that there was the simplest—and most important—of attributes that I needed to ascertain first.

Obedience.

I sighed, narrowing my eyes just the slightest bit, suddenly putting pressure on her. Part of this, too, was seeing how she reacted to that pressure, whether or not she folded underneath it, or blossomed into the woman I hoped she might be.

Fortunately, she seemed to respond in the way I was hoping, her finger already fiddling with the hem of her shirt. I still wasn't sure what to make of the sort of clothing she wore, her sartorial choices somewhere between slovenly and vagabond.

Certainly, being a maid couldn't have paid that much. But there was a strange element of almost frugality about her that prompted yet more questions. It wasn't miserliness, no, but it did seem as if it might be something deeper.

"I... I don't know why you want me to do this."

I said it in a tone soft enough that she would have to struggle to hear it. "I want you to do it for the most important reason of all. Because I told you to."

Her long lashes fluttered at that, but her now visibly trembling fingers drew up the hem of that dark sweatshirt. The pale flatness of her belly was pleasing to the eye, as was the size of her generous breasts supported in a plain, mauve-colored bra. Her brassiere was almost certainly too small for her frame though, her tits practically spilling out of its embrace.

Pulling her top over her head, she threaded her pretty locks of hair through it, then dropped the sweatshirt behind her on the couch. Though I expected her to balk here, she pleased me with moving quickly to undoing the button at the front of her jeans. Her dark eyes raised to mine, and she glared at me, making me wonder if she were angry—or perhaps something else entirely.

Be patient, Ellis.

Rushing it would never do, and besides, the entire purpose of the exercise was to see what she would do herself, without prompting, to learn what she would take on of her own free will.

What I'd seen thus far looked very encouraging indeed.

She pushed her jeans down her thighs, wiggling her hips slightly as she did so, the motion making my cock begin to stir. She was very, very pretty, and in a way that I wasn't sure I'd ever encountered before. She possessed an interesting mixture of both purity and licentiousness, which was a word I didn't think I'd ever used to describe a woman. But it fit her, somehow. I just needed to find out the reason why.

Watching the length of her trim, firm thighs revealed inch by inch had me hard already. It wasn't that I had a particular thing for legs, but hers definitely did things for me.

She bent down facing me, her jeans pooled at her feet, obscuring the scuffs and stains upon her shabby shoes. I found it interesting that she worked in essentially a pair of sneakers, and worn ones at that. It was another subtle clue, prompting more questions. There would be time for that later though.

Her gaze flicked up at me then, her eyes watching me through the fringe of her hair even as she was still bent over, a slight smudge of pink at each of her cheeks.

“Why are you stalling? Get it all off. I want to see that body.”

Her pale, slender throat worked at that, her pretty mouth falling open for a moment. She made a tiny sound deep in her chest as her gaze slid away. Submerging her fingers under the mound over her jeans, she slipped her shoes off, kicking the

denim away from one foot, then the other. She quickly peeled her white socks off as well, revealing cute and quite petite feet. I most definitely wasn't a foot guy, but I found Lola's surprisingly attractive, matching the rest of her in their beauty.

She straightened then, and I had to adjust myself suddenly as I switched positions on the couch. It would never do to let her see how much of an effect she was already having on me. I would only let on the truth of that when the time was right. Still, my cock was aching hard, pressing insistently against the front of my slacks, already knowing where it wanted to be—and who it wanted. Right here, and right now.

Patience.

Her panties were a different color than her bra and off white, with a tiny lace fringe along the waistband. The clutch of the gusset over the mons of her sex was quite brazen, like the hand of a lover, possessive, insistent, at the same time perfectly displaying the mouthwatering contours of her pussy. I longed to have it revealed, my willingness to wait for her to obey me on her own time growing increasingly thin with every second more.

“All of it, Lola.”

It was her turn to sigh now, and I loved the way it lifted those round breasts of hers. Oh, how I wanted to see them, to feel them fill my hands. Reluctance poured off of her then, but it didn't stop her from doing as she was told, much to my delight. She reached behind her back and unclasped the bra, laying a hand across the front of her breasts for a moment as the band of the bra fell loose at either side of her. She gazed down at the floor as she allowed the brassiere to fall to the carpet.

I waited for a heartbeat to see if she would move her arm out of the way, and I wondered if this would be an issue with her. Even if it was, I would be happy to correct her for it.

But first, I needed to see how much she understood the importance of obedience to my will.

Her face blushing crimson now, she let her arms hang at her sides, revealing the full loveliness of her breasts to my gaze. She was blessed with wine-dark nipples and broad, smooth pink areolas a shade or two lighter. A fine tracery of blue-green veins was just visible here and there under the almost translucent paleness of her skin. Her breasts were absolutely beautiful, and at the same time my mind instantly went to how I might use them, how I'd punish them when she'd displeased me. I was a connoisseur of the disciplining and punishment of a woman's breasts, and while I was also a huge fan of spanking and the myriad other ways of punishing a woman's bottom, I found that hurting a woman's breasts got through to her in a way almost nothing else did. It was a critical technique in a man's toolbox when it came to training a woman, and breaking her to his will.

But she wasn't close to done.

"Now, take those panties down. And you'd better do it slowly, or else."

It might have been a little bold, perhaps pushing my luck a little more than I should have, but I just couldn't help myself. The girl was impossibly beautiful, provoking me, my lust short-circuiting my better judgment, overruling any inclination I might have had to take things a little slower.

Her eyes were big and bright, as if the tears were gathering but the storm of her emotions hadn't quite forced them to fall yet. I very much looked forward to seeing them do just that.

Soon, Ellis. Soon.

Shockingly, she didn't protest, and it was something I found to be very encouraging indeed. For it was in these initial few minutes of a woman finding out what it really meant to submit to a man's commands, that told the tale of what might be possible, given sufficient training and ruthlessness of purpose.

As she drew the cotton down those thighs, those same thighs I very much wanted to touch, I watched her in silence, the tension in the room ratcheting still higher. The moment was drawn out, as if time had slowed, the erotic connection between us deepening, my anticipation, my eagerness to see

what was next growing with the promise of what was still to come.

Finally, her sex was revealed fully to my gaze. I was pleased to see that she didn't, like so many other women seemed to do nowadays, shave her pussy entirely. The dark shock of curls adorning her mons was alluring and deeply sexual, in a way that had become almost quaint, even rare, in modern times. I very much looked forward to running my fingers through those curls, to tugging on them just enough to make her wince, to murmur in her ear how silky and smooth they were between my fingers, how base and sexual her thick bush made her to men who saw it.

Then the panties were pooled at her feet, and she kicked those away too. Later I would teach her how to properly disrobe, to neatly fold and set aside her clothing. It was an expression of her obedience, her attention to detail, knowing that a man like me expected her to be pleasing in all things she did—especially if they were at my express order. Those were subtleties, details she would yet have to learn, and likely at the cost of much pain to her bottom, her breasts, and likely her tender spirit as well. For training a young woman was much more than just physical chastisement, far deeper than really punishing her for her faults, and it would take time and a profound understanding of what it was that made her tick, what it was that she really needed.

And if I were very lucky, a man like me would discover that what a woman like her truly yearned for was to please, serve, and submit. To give herself to a male who was strong, strict, and cruel. Who knew how to give her what that dark, secret part of her heart craved most of all.

“You're a very pretty girl, Lola. Did you know that?”

If anything, she blushed even deeper than, my words making it clear that I could see *all* of her attributes, driving home the fact that I would allow her to hide nothing from me, that everything was laid before my gaze.

And that I found it most pleasing indeed.

For a young, inexperienced woman, being taken in hand by a more seasoned male, a man who appreciated the finer details of dominating and forcing a woman to bend to his will, such moments could be overwhelming for her. I would savor that, too, enjoying her discomfiture, even her embarrassment. For it was all part of this, an intimate and sometimes shattering exploration of what it truly meant to surrender to a man. A man strong enough, and cruel enough, to lead her down a path to what she'd always needed, but perhaps never understood.

“Now, Lola, I want you to put your hands behind your head. Yes, just like that. No, lace your fingers together and keep them there. Good.”

Her position lifted and displayed her breasts in a mouthwatering way, and I longed to squeeze them, hurt them, savor her moans as I kneaded that soft flesh in hard, cruel hands. I would crush those red nipples between my fingertips, drinking in the soul-deep gasps as the pain overtook her, as her body yielded to my touch.

It was my turn to stand then, and I stalked slowly toward her, her brilliant gaze watching me, never leaving me for even a heartbeat, as if by keeping her eye on me, I might yet decide not to pounce on her, to take what we both knew I could have for myself, if I decided to go down that dark road.

But I had no intention of doing so. Taking a woman against her will held zero interest to me, and even more so with one so untested, so untried as this young woman. No, my goal was something else entirely, to lead her down that path willingly, to convince her to take those first steps on a journey that would lead her ultimately to her life's purpose, and to her heart's deepest desires. That, as rare as it was, was far more fulfilling for a man like me.

Then I was standing before her, a hand's breadth away from her, the heat of her body upon my skin. With a single finger, I lifted her chin, forcing her to look up into my eyes. And though her pretty plump lips quivered so fetchingly, what I saw in her gaze was a devastating combination of fright, curiosity, and most surprisingly of all, naked lust.

“Lola. You can’t hide from me. There’s nothing you can hide from me. Not ever.”

“I don’t understand... any of this,” she murmured, her eyes never leaving mine. “Who... why are you doing this?”

I smiled at her then, and a shiver seemed to travel down her body. “You don’t need to worry about any of that, Lola. The only thing that should concern you for the next few minutes is doing *exactly* as you’re told. Being good, and obedient, and showing a willingness to please me, those are the *only* things you should be thinking about. Now, and as long as you’re under this roof. As long as you’re taking this job. Do you understand me?”

Her mouth opened as if she would answer me, but I took hold of her right breast, giving it a firm squeeze. Her lashes fluttered frantically, clearly signaling I’d taken her by surprise. Just as I had intended.

I took her other breast in hand now, lifting its luscious weight upon my palm, testing the pliancy of her flesh, kneading those breasts until she whined through gritted teeth. I was already getting through to her.

“These might be the most gorgeous tits I’ve ever seen,” I said, staring into her eyes. I squeezed her breasts harshly, gripping them with a fierceness that matched my passion. “Do they hurt?”

“Yes...” she whispered, her eyes closed. A deep line had formed across her brow, her mouth opening in a gasp once more as I took both her nipples in my fingers, pinching and twisting them savagely.

I worked those thick, hard nipples until they stood out swollen, inflamed, a deep red that called to me, provoking me further. I had a set of clamps that would be perfect for these nipples, and I very much looked forward to them squeezing her flesh between their jaws, watching the glistening tears course down her cheeks as she contended with that sharp bite of pain. But it wasn’t yet time for that.

For there was a significant chance that all I would ever have was this hour. Part of this test was to weed out those who simply couldn't deal with the type of arrangement that I was interested in. There was no shame in that, for those who concluded it simply wasn't for them, and I would not blame a woman for deciding against agreeing to my arrangement.

Force could be sexy, yes, but only in controlled, negotiated circumstances. I would never force my desires upon a woman who wasn't prepared to see it through, who didn't herself want to see where that dark road led.

"Turn around, Lola. I want to get a good look at that ass that you had displayed for me so nicely that day I first walked in on you."

Her eyes shot up to mine once more. "I didn't—that isn't what I was doing that day. I was working..."

I shrugged. "Perhaps you were. But your pretty, round ass was on display nonetheless. You must have understood how you looked, how a man like me might react. Or perhaps you didn't. Which makes you even more intriguing, Lola." I gave her nipples one last hard squeeze, reveling in the way she winced. "Unfortunately for you, intriguing a man like me can have painful, even embarrassing consequences. You'd better know exactly what you're up to tempting me like this."

Taking hold of her shoulders then, I brusquely spun her around until her ass was facing me. "You stay right there. I want to get a good look at this big bottom of yours. I have many plans for it, *if* you decide to come back after this hour. I want you to know, that in your near future there's going to be many times where you're going to regret that God blessed you with such a gorgeous ass. As the tears stream down your face, you're going to wish you weren't so blessed, that your curves weren't quite so dramatic. Or maybe you won't. What if in those moments, you discover something about yourself? A quiet dark truth in that pain, in that humiliation, in being objectified. Maybe it would force you to confront who it is you really are?"

While coursing my hands down the smooth muscles of her back, I reveled in the silkiness of her skin, the scent of her sex just barely detectable on the air now. I wondered if it was from arousal, or if perhaps it had simply been a while since she'd showered, the fragrance of her pussy deepening, becoming more pungent and powerful, and even more alluring to the male animal.

I loved the way her waist dipped in, then immediately swelled out, the curve of those hips dramatic, making my cock throb as I traced those pretty lines, then down to those smooth, muscled thighs, soft yet firm all at once. Down, down those legs I went, taking a moment to cup and squeeze the muscles of her calves. Then back up I went, wrapping my hands around the front of her legs, feeling every curve, plane, and contour, pausing again at her thighs to give them a deep squeeze that made her moan softly.

Allowing my fingers to dip into the hot humidity between her upper thighs just beneath her sex, my cock throbbed at the sensation of her silky pubic hair tickling the backs of my fingers.

But I assiduously avoided touching her pussy. This wasn't about that, not now. This was about exploring what I increasingly, with every minute, thought of as mine. Of course I was getting much too far ahead of myself, but I couldn't help it. With every second I spent with my hands upon this woman's flawless body, I was more and more sure that I would do almost anything to get her to submit it to me, to surrender to my deepest, most twisted lusts. To make her give me everything that she was.

You need to fucking calm down, dude.

I stroked and caressed the soft, impossibly gorgeous buttocks, feeling their weight, the yielding of her flesh. I lifted both of those broad globes upon my palms just as I had her breasts, and squeezed them hard, until she rose up on her toes whining softly, the tips of my fingers turning white as I savagely squeezed her firm flesh. I fondled her that way for a long moment, lifting one cheek then slapping the other, letting her flesh drop so that I could watch it bounce, smacking it this

way and that, loving the way my fingertips left faint pink marks upon her alabaster flesh.

“Jesus Christ,” I muttered, my cock so hard now it was painful. Having her buttocks in my hands like this, it made me want to do so much more to her. But it simply wasn’t time for that. Yet.

It was something she still had to choose.

And even though I’d been pushing her, pushing her quite hard actually, there was no way this was going to go further without her cooperation. Without her opening that door herself.

That didn’t mean I wasn’t going to take a few liberties here and there, while she decided what it was she wanted to do.

After playing with her lush bottom for what seemed to be an eternity, and yet not nearly long enough, I turned her around once more to face me. Her blushing was fierce now, her face beet red as she peered up at me. I was very pleased however to see that she still kept her hands behind her head, just as I had ordered her to. It was a very encouraging sign. But more than that, it made me a little bit proud of her too.

Don’t go there, Ellis. This isn’t about any of that. This is about lust, nothing more.

I held her chin in my hand, a necessary gesture really, for her bright eyes were locked upon mine, the tears brimming but not yet falling. But still I enjoyed the meaning behind it, the possessiveness, and the way it made females respond. Judging by the steel hardness of her nipples, and the way her breaths came quick and almost frantic now, I suspected she was just the type of female who would respond to a man handling her in a way that was possessive, brusque, proprietary. I didn’t know how it was happening so fast, but she really was beginning to feel like she was mine. All of her.

“Now I want you to listen to me, Lola. Are you listening?”

She nodded slightly. “Yes, I... yes, I am.”

“Good. Here’s what’s going to happen. I’m going to go back and sit down on the couch. Then you’re going to walk over to me, with your arms and your hands just where they are right

now. So that those big tits of yours will be nicely on display as you walk toward me. They please me, and I like looking at them. You'll show them to me in just the way that I command you. Do you understand?"

"Oh, my God..." She swallowed, hard, her pretty little throat working. "Yes."

"Then when you walk over to me, and display those big breasts for me to look at and enjoy, you're going to lie over my lap. You're going to do it very carefully and respectfully. You're not to say a single word. Unless I ask you a direct question, I want you as silent as a mouse. Got me?"

She shuddered then, her nostrils flaring. But then she met my eyes again and nodded. "Yes..."

"Yes, *sir*," I prompted her, giving her a half smile. "I think we're at that point now. You'll call me sir, or Mr. Winters. When we're in public, it'll be the latter, but when it's just you and me here? It's to be sir. Nod if you agree."

I grinned at the quickness with which she acquiesced. It betrayed a slight eagerness, and it was something I relished very much. I did not want to get ahead of myself, but it had been a very long time indeed since I'd come across a female as interesting and promising as this young woman named Lola Grant was proving to be.

"Once I have you over my lap where you belong, I want you to be very still. Be as still as you possibly can. Then, when I'm ready, I'm going to spank your bare bottom."

She tensed, her breath seeming to catch in her throat.

But I kept going. "I'm not going to lie to you, Lola. I intend to spank you very hard. It's going to hurt. If I've done my job right, you're going to be crying before it's over with. And there's nothing you can do about that, unless you decide that you can't see this hour through. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?"

Her pretty face suddenly went very pale, and if anything my cock ached even more at the sight of her discomfiture. I longed to know what was going through her mind at that

moment, to know whether or not she was frightened, or intrigued, or maybe all of the above.

The scent of her cunt was now quite strong, and I took that as a good sign as well. That this was getting through to her on a level that only women of a certain type would ever display. She had a submissive, yielding quality to her spirit. I was gratified that my initial assessment of her appeared to be correct. But much could still go wrong, and giving her a harsh, painful spanking at this point would do much to clarify things—both in my mind and hers.

What happened over the next few minutes would likely determine whether or not there was any future between me and Lola Grant.

“Mr. Winters... sir, I can't. I can't do this.”

I steeled myself against the tightening in my chest at those words. But still I pushed her. Reluctance, even a little fear at what was to come, was understandable. But even with that I still needed to be sure she was the right type of woman for what I had in mind.

“If you truly can't, then all you have to do is say that you want me to take you home right now. There's nothing wrong if that's what you decide. But I think I know something about you already, Lola, and I think you know it too. But you're afraid of it. I've opened the door, and shown you what could be. Only you can take a step through that door though. I can't do it for you. I *won't* do it for you. So, if this really is something you don't want, then I'll stop. I'll take you home right now. But you need to understand that if I do that, it's the last time you'll ever see me.”

“Sir... I don't know what I'm doing here. Why do you have to... spank me? Can't we just talk?”

“The time for talking is done tonight. Now, it's time for me to show you what you have to look forward to, if you decide to take this job. I'm a big believer in starting as I intend to go. I don't want you under any misapprehensions about what it is I'm about. You're a beautiful, sexual woman. Your body was made to be used and enjoyed and owned by a man. And as

long as you're in my employ, then I intend to do what I will with you. But it's up to you to decide if you're going to take that chance. It's up to you to be brave enough to take that journey, to be led by a man who knows *how* to lead you. With a man who knows how to treat you. I'm a man who understands what it is you truly need, even if you don't know how to say it yourself."

A single tear tracked down her face then, the sight unspeakably poignant, a singular vision I knew I'd remember for the rest of my days, no matter how tonight ultimately ended. Some moments stay with us, indelible, forever.

The sight of that single glistening tear upon her blushing lovely cheek was one of those moments.

I wanted to touch it, to gather it upon my fingertip. Perhaps I might lick it from my skin. Perhaps I might make her taste the salty evidence of her surrender.

"I... okay. Just... I'm scared."

I touched her cheek, swiping that tear away with my thumb. "It's okay to be scared. New things are scary. Learning how you truly are is scary. But I won't hurt you. Not more than you can take. So, what will it be? Are you ready for me to take you home?"

She didn't move for almost an entire minute, staring up at me. I said nothing, letting her choose, letting the weight of the moment sink in. I desperately wanted to tell her what to do, to simply order her to do as she was told. But it was not yet my place, no matter how right it already sounded. If she had the courage, I knew I would show her it was the best decision she'd ever made. No matter how much it might hurt.

Then, shockingly, she gave me a shy little smile. It warmed my cold black heart, if only for an instant. But it was just enough to break the tension of the moment.

"I'll do it, sir."

"I'm so very glad to hear that, Lola." Then I stepped back from her, and strolled back over to my spot, taking my seat once more, waiting.

It was still quite possible, even now, that she might falter, that her courage could desert her at that most critical of moments. I very much hoped she didn't though. Just as I had instructed, she kept her hands locked behind her head, and just as I hoped, her generous, heavy breasts bounced and swayed as she walked over to me. She really was a stunning specimen of feminine beauty.

Then she was standing before me, her eyes bright, wide, and frightened. I drew the moment out longer though, savoring her embarrassment, her vulnerability, twisting that knife just a little bit more. Simply because I could.

She needed to see that I was enjoying this. That forcing her to go through this, simply for my pleasure, was innately unfair. And it was precisely that unfairness that a tiny, mysterious part of her heart would respond to viscerally, sensually, sexually. She certainly wouldn't understand it now. But in time, and with training to come, being forced to confront who and what she really was, there was a chance that she would finally see. That what I was offering her wasn't bondage, or degradation, or being *less than*.

What I offered her was freedom, and being the person, the woman she'd always longed to be.

"Over my lap now, girl." I made no effort whatsoever to assist her, instead savoring it, watching her struggle to obey me in a way that wasn't humiliating, that didn't make her big breasts sway obscenely.

She failed in that endeavor, of course, and I loved every single second of it. Finally, she laid over my lap, her hip against my belly. The weight of her pressed down upon my erection, and I made no move whatsoever to hide it from her or do anything that would keep it from jutting against her. She needed to know, in the most visceral way possible, that what I was doing to her was exciting to me. There was a very interesting aspect of the female submissive sexual personality that had always fascinated me. And that was that women who were of this special, precious breed often got turned on—and massively so—by knowing that their travails, their ordeal, and even their pain gave physical pleasure to the man who controlled them. It

took me a long while to accept that this was the case, and even longer to make sense of it. But I was at peace with that now, and if anything I relished forcing a woman to confront this truth about herself, for many females were either ignorant of this aspect of their personality, or pushed it down deep, denying its truth.

And it was part of my job as a strict, even cruel man to make them see in no uncertain terms what it was that they truly were. For getting a woman to accept this part of her psyche was to forge the deepest, strongest bonds possible between a man and a woman.

I made her wait still longer, stroking and caressing her bottom, reveling in the feel of her soft pliant flesh against my hands, and knowing that at the same time for every moment that this went on, the tension, the anxiousness within her grew and grew. Yes, it was a little sadistic of me to enjoy that part, but I did nonetheless.

“Are you ready, Lola?” I gave her left buttock a long, firm squeeze. “This is your last chance to change your mind.”

She took a deep breath, the sound shaky as she exhaled. “I’m ready, sir.”

CHAPTER 8



*L*ola

I was so keyed up and frightened, the tension making my body tremble, that I wasn't sure when the spanking actually began.

It just seemed that in the blink of an eye it went from his huge hard hand rubbing, squeezing, stroking my bottom such that I was about ready to moan, to suddenly that same hand coming down with merciless, implacable force. The first few cracks were hard, the noise almost worse than the heat of each smack. But quickly within a few more blows the heat had transformed into a burning and I began to wriggle with each ever harder spank. I buried my face against my folded arms lying across the couch, willing myself to be still, to be quiet, to do exactly as he said.

I didn't know really why I was so focused on obeying his orders to the letter, but I certainly was. Perhaps it was me just thinking that if I did exactly as he told me, that it would make him happy, and that he would go easier on me as a result of that. But there was something else to it, and it was something I didn't understand at all. It was this odd, almost alien urge to want to please him.

Where the hell is that coming from, Lola?

But at that moment I didn't have the luxury of pondering that question. His hand began a merciless, ruthless march up one side of my bottom, and then down the other side, painting the

entirety of it with marks of fire. In no time, I was yelping, then groaning.

His big hand caught me with a blow so hard it froze my body for a moment, and then I cried out, the pain clawing deep into my bottom in a way that I almost tried to get away from. But there was no hope of doing so. I'd never been spanked before, so I had no real idea what to expect. I knew it would hurt, yes, but it was the psychological part—being completely out of control, the display of my nudity, the unique vulnerability—that I couldn't even put into words.

That feeling of being totally subject to him, to this strong cruel man. It was terrible, of course, but that didn't explain why my pussy was practically flooding.

Yes, my reading choices were... rather risqué. Most of the books that I devoured were raunchy, and many of them were downright twisted. But I never made the connection that what I read in those books, even though they aroused me, was something that I could actually have in real life. Did I *want* that in real life?

You picked a very interesting time to ask that question of yourself, Lola.

The heat in my ass was getting so intense that I couldn't help but struggle against it and still he said nothing. The fact that he soundly punished me, hurting me without saying a single word shouldn't have turned me on. Yet, it was apparent my pussy was not getting with the program, and it was practically dripping by the time his hand moved down further and began turning the backs of my thighs into pools of lava.

I actually screamed at the first harsh spank across the middle of my left thigh, and I kicked my leg. He surprised me by stopping, a deep growl sounding from somewhere above me.

“You keep those legs still while you're being spanked. Take your punishment like a good girl. I know it hurts. But that's entirely the point. Now, be still.”

Incredibly, the words ‘I'm sorry’ were on my lips, as absurd as the notion was of me apologizing for struggling while having

my ass set on fire. But the apology was there, nonetheless. I hadn't a clue what it was he had done to me; it was some sort of mind control, or psychological alchemy. But I also couldn't argue with what his words had stirred within me.

He was right.

But that didn't mean that I was just going to go along with this. At least not after the hour was up. By the time he was done spanking my thighs I was crying out with almost every blow, my face burning almost as hot as my ass. He'd long since clapped an arm down over the small of my back, pinning me hopelessly in place. The feeling of being held down, utterly helpless, if anything amplified my nascent, twisted arousal at what he was doing to me.

What kind of whore gets turned on by getting her ass beat?

Apparently, I was just that kind of whore.

Then, quicker than I ever would have believed, the pain was simply too much to process and the tears began to fall. It was such an alien sensation to me, that almost involuntary eliciting of tears, and then crying. But the pain was just too much to bear.

And somewhere in there the spanking stopped. For long moments, perhaps minutes, I laid there over his thighs surrendering to it, letting go of all pretense, dignity, and defiance. It was at once a shattering and a freeing experience, too. I had no idea how to even conceptualize what he'd just done.

Yet, I loved it.

Well, perhaps love was too strong of a word. It had stirred something within me. A need, or urge, or a fantasy that I didn't really know was something I needed or responded to so viscerally. But *he* seemed to know.

How did the man who was very nearly a stranger to me seem to understand my body better than I did?

I moaned then, that big, hard hand rubbing gentle, devastating circles on my ass, stopping now and then to cup and gently squeeze my flesh. My bottom felt swollen to twice its size. My

flesh seemed to throb painfully with every quick beat of my heart. My crying was mere sniffing now, and I rubbed my wet face miserably against my forearm. I didn't want him to see me crying, and yet, I knew that was a part of this that he enjoyed too. That should have horrified me, and yet it didn't at all. That he had forced me to this extreme of emotions, that he'd made me lose control in that way, too... it was deeply, deeply sexual.

What did that make me?

Then I felt it again beneath me, that huge erection jutting against my hip. I was so overcome with the enormity of what was about to happen, it barely registered. Now though, as I laid prostrate across his lap, exposed, utterly subject to whatever he wanted to do to me next, I felt it keenly. Though I didn't quite understand why I did it, I suddenly ground my hip against his cock.

He growled then, the sound so low I wasn't sure I'd actually heard it. "What do you think you're doing?"

Are you really going to ask this?

Though I instantly stopped writhing against him, mortified at being called out for it, the question bubbled up out of my subconscious. I just couldn't help it, even if I didn't understand why I said the words. "We could... we could fuck, if you want. Do you?"

It was his turn to go completely still, and for an instant I thought I'd made a very, very bad mistake.

Stupid, stupid Lola!

"I would love nothing more than to sink my cock deep inside you, Lola. But that's not what tonight's about. When that time comes, you'll beg me for it. And I want that from you very much. But I want much more than that from you." He squeezed the fattest part of my right ass cheek, and I gasped. "When that time comes, I want every single thing you have to give. And you'll give it to me, willingly. Desperately. But you'll have to convince me that you deserve it. You'll have to

be completely sure that you've done everything to show me that you deserve my cock."

"Oh, fuck..." If anything, the words had my pussy letting down even more. I was beginning to fear I might get his slacks wet at the rate I was going.

Then my breath caught in my chest, as those strong hands parted my thighs brusquely. "What are you...?"

"Be quiet, Lola. Be very still, and let me look at you. If you can't keep that mouth shut, I can always give you another spanking."

"Yes, sir," I said, a shiver running down my spine. I wasn't sure exactly what it was I wanted next, or even who I was anymore. But I was one hundred percent sure I did *not* want another spanking.

Then those clever fingers slid down along the outside of my pussy, bracketing it on either side, stroking me there almost tickling the tender insides of my thighs where it met the joint of my sex. Ever so gently, he traced the seam of my cunt with a single fingertip, his touch almost a taunt.

Then he eased my sticky lips apart, the air suddenly cool against my sodden inner flesh. Mortified, I buried my face against my forearms, my blushing face hot against my skin, as I imagined what he must have seen. I was so wet, so incredibly wet.

How is it possible that getting my ass beat like some disobedient bad girl has my pussy dripping like a fucking faucet?

"My God, Lola, I don't think I've ever seen a pussy this wet, this *soaking* wet, after a spanking. What do you think that says about you? That you're dripping, absolutely flooded down here. This is... shameful."

At that moment, I wanted to bury my head in the couch, hide my shame, even as paradoxically, my belly clenched, a moan escaping my lips. Was I somehow becoming aroused from being embarrassed?

What the fuck is wrong with you?

At that point, I was far past being able to answer such a question; he had me so off balance I didn't know up from down anymore. No man had ever done anything like this to me, and while part of me was horrified, a much bigger part of me was intrigued. Was it normal to have this kind of reaction? No, it couldn't have been. And yet I had. It was embarrassing, it was mortifying, but there was no denying that I'd had a physical, visceral reaction to how he treated me. And though I hated myself for it, I wanted more.

His finger stroked along my sex then, his touch entirely proprietary, as if my opinion on the matter was utterly immaterial regarding how he touched my pussy. Even that turned me on, that I would never be able to hope to understand why. It was that assumption of ownership, the banishing of any notion of me protesting how I was treated, how he was touching me. That itself was arousing.

Was I lost?

After several minutes of this, his finger smearing my juices up and down my cleft, leaving my sex throbbing with need and want, and denied release, his big hand closed about my entire cunt. I moaned softly against my arm as he squeezed me gently.

“A very hot, juicy, disobedient pussy. If I had you a little way further along in your training, I'd whip this for you too. Punish the source of your shameful behavior.”

I bit off a yelp, my embarrassment so keen then that I feared my face might melt from the heat of my blushing.

Then he let go of me, sliding me surprisingly gently off of his lap until I knelt in front of the couch, my head and arms still laid up on the cushion, my knees sinking into the deep pile of his living room carpet. His big hand stroked my naked upper back, and I wanted to smile at the tenderness of his touch, at the knowing way he caressed me. It was a very sure touch, displaying a knowledge of how a girl needed that physical connection. It was so unlike the way boys my age had touched me. I found I liked it very much indeed.

“You did fine today, Lola. I know I was hard on you, but it was necessary. Do you understand?”

I realized after a second that he was waiting for me to respond, so I nodded, still unable to meet his eyes where he sat next to me. “Yes... sir.”

“Good. Now I’m going to go into my office and make a couple of phone calls. While I’m in there, I want you to get up and put your clothes back on. I want you to get yourself back together by the time I come back for you. Then I’m going to drive you home—or at least back to your car. Can you do that for me?”

Though I couldn’t hope to understand it, my throat was tight again, and I knew if I said much more I might start weeping once again. Even though I had no idea why. “I can do that, sir.”

Then he stood, his clever touch abandoning me.

Looking up from the couch, I watched him go as he disappeared around the corner, headed for his office.

I whispered the words to myself, shaking my head slowly. “What the hell are you going to do now, Lola?”

CHAPTER 9



*L*ola

I watched him warily as he drove me, wishing I could be privy to what was going through his head at that moment. The sky outside was darkening, dusk not far away, and yet I realized then that I almost totally had lost track of time while I was under his thumb.

What did that mean?

The evening was cold, the leaves outside beginning to fall, the wind swirling here and there upon the sidewalk now and then a leaf flying across the windshield, the steady hum of the engine the only sound as he drove me back. His eyes never left the road, but I could tell his attention was focused completely on me. I liked that in a way, that even now after what had happened, he still was intensely interested in what I was doing or what I was thinking. Or maybe that was just me being a silly girl.

My ass, surprisingly, wasn't particularly sore. Rather, it was sort of... sensitive. But I could tell it was going to be hurting later on.

I finally got up the nerve to talk to him. "What happens now?"

His gaze slid over to me then, but he was silent for a moment, as if gauging whether or not my question was particularly serious. Or maybe I was imagining that completely.

“What happens next is up to you. As far as I’m concerned, you passed my little test, and I think you’ve got what it takes to be my employee. Whether or not you have what it takes to perform the job, well, that remains to be seen. But I’ll be honest with you, that I am looking forward to verifying your work performance myself.”

“What does that mean?” I already suspected I knew exactly what he meant, but I wanted to say it, to confirm whether my fears were warranted... or whether what I feared wasn’t nearly as daunting as what he actually had planned for me.

“I think you know exactly what that means. But I’ll indulge you.” His big hand wrapped harder around the top of the steering wheel, the creaking sound signaling either the popping of his knuckles or the tremendous power of his grip on the leather. “I’ll be checking your work, and confirming whether or not you’re obeying my dictates. I am very specific about how I want things done. And if I don’t get them done exactly the way I want them, well, you’ll be corrected.”

I swallowed at that, my mouth going dry. “By corrected you mean... punished?”

He simply nodded at that, a hint of a little smile curving one side of his mouth. “Among other things.”

“What if... what if I don’t want to be punished? I mean, it’s not as if this is a normal part of employment law, is it? I mean I may be young, but I’ve never heard of anyone who was allowed to spank their employees.”

“Times have changed. Let me assure you that a few decades ago, there was a lot more of that going on than you would ever believe.” He gave me a subtle wink, then returned his gaze to the road. “Better times, to be honest. Things were much clearer then. And women understood what it was the other offered. Now? Things are more... confused.”

I scoffed at him. “Confused? More like a step back in the right direction. What you’re talking about sounds like... patriarchy.”

His eyes flashed at that. “Another word with countless definitions.”

“How would *you* define it?” It wasn’t that I cared so much, rather it was that I was curious about what exactly he meant. I had a feeling I already knew though.

“If you come work for me, you’re going to find out. Maybe after you’ve been in my employ for a while, we can talk about what kind of conclusions you’ve drawn about how you think I define that word. Deal?”

I stiffened then at the implication, at his casual brushing off of my challenge. I wasn’t used to it, not at all, and I wasn’t exactly sure how I felt about that either. I was used to being able to do this with boys my age, and they always failed, stumbling at the first gate. Most of them were so concerned, maybe even terrified, about pleasing me, about saying the right thing. Even though we were both too young and too stupid to know what the right thing actually was.

And though I didn’t know it then, the more time I spent with Mr. Winters, the more it made me realize that at least part of me longed for men who simply didn’t care about such things. They had their opinions, their beliefs, their way of doing things. And that was it.

So you’re saying you’re turned on by the fact he doesn’t give a fuck what you think? Is that about it, Lola?

Maybe it wasn’t as simple as that. But one thing I already knew after having known Mr. Winters for only a short while was that he got me thinking, and that in itself was both good... and dangerous.

Either way though, it was certainly interesting. Boring was a word I would never use to describe Mr. Winters.

Intimidating? Oh, yes. Infuriating? Probably.

But he always kept me wondering. Never ceasing to make me wonder what it was he had up his sleeve next. Was it mystery? Or was it something darker, deeper than that? Was it that element of unknown danger about him that appealed to me, even as I had no idea exactly why it did? He was all of that.

The only thing I really did know for sure was that I was way out of my depth. At that moment, for the first time, I really did feel the difference in age and life experience, and it was the first feeling of true intimidation.

And yet you like that too. Slut.

The Audi's wheels thumped as Ellis turned the big car into the parking lot, bringing me back to the present. It was way past closing time, and the parking lot was empty, my dirty, dented Honda alone on that blacktop, marooned in a sea of faded white lines.

He pulled in right behind my car, then put the transmission in park. We sat there for a long moment, neither one of us saying anything, and I wondered what it was I felt I had to say. What did one say after being brought back from a session of having been spanked over the lap of the man who was looking to employ you? Did *any* circumstances get stranger than that?

Blowing out a breath, I opened the door and stepped out. I winced as I slammed the door harder than I meant to, looking back over my shoulder to see if he was mad at me. I didn't quite understand why I was disappointed to find he didn't seem to care at all.

I walked to my car quickly, intent on getting inside and driving off, and beginning the arduous task of trying to forget what had just happened.

Or more accurately, make sense of all that had just happened.

I had my door open when I heard the sound of his window rolling down. "By the way, Ms. Grant, if you don't have that car washed and detailed by the time you come to see me on Monday morning, the spanking you just got is going to seem like a tickle. Do you understand me?"

I closed my eyes, taking a deep breath before turning to face him. "Is that a threat, Mr. Winters?"

His eyes were deadly serious as he stared at me, and while I was unsettled by the intensity of his gaze, I wanted to do nothing more in that moment than stare right back into those beautiful eyes. "I expect something for my money, Lola. And

I'll be damned if I have that ratty-looking car stinking up my neighborhood, looking like a rolling trash bin. You're going to learn how to take better care of your things, if I have to train you every step of the way."

That got me, my irritation surfacing in my voice. Who the hell did he think he was? "Why are you so concerned about my things? Why does it matter to you? I'm a nobody, just a stupid girl who cleans your house."

His square jaw firmed at my tone. At first, I thought he might bark at me, and maybe even tell me to get back in his car. I wasn't sure if I was terrified by that prospect, or turned on.

Could it be that it could be both? Did that make me crazy? I'd have to think about that one later.

"The reason it concerns me, Ms. Grant, is because how you treat your things is a reflection of how you're likely to treat *my* things. Does that make sense to you? Because if it doesn't make sense, then I have a lot more training of you to do than I thought. Now, get it done—or else."

I was about to snap something smart at him, but his car was already rolling away. The brilliant LED crimson of his taillights flashed once as he pulled up to the road, then the muscular thrum of his engine sounded and the Audi dashed away. I watched him until his car disappeared around the corner, and there I was, alone once more.

Sitting in my driver seat, I slammed the door, groaning at my weakness, for not telling him to fuck off. For not telling him there was no way I was going to even entertain the idea of this sort of an arrangement with him. But as I turned the ignition on, the Honda coughing to life, I shook my head ruefully and cursed under my breath.

I *should* have told him all that and more, and yet all I could think about, playing over and over again in my mind, was the spanking I'd just gotten from the stern, gorgeous, slightly frightening Mr. Winters.

CHAPTER 10



*L*ola

The morning was cold and drizzly, the wind whipping up now and then too. I decided to go ahead and get the car cleaned, not because he told me—most definitely not because of that—but because, well, frankly it was way past time for it.

Of course I had passed *Patrick's* numerous times before on 15th St. Now, as I sat in the waiting area blessedly warmed by a space heater, tapping away at my phone texting my friend Michelle, I thought back on Mr. Winters' words, what he'd said to me before he'd driven off.

It wasn't so much that it made me rethink the possibility of accepting the arrangement. In fact it probably made it *less* likely that I would accept it, but it did put a new spin on the dynamic.

Oh, you mean being bent over his lap and spanked like a naughty girl didn't change the dynamic enough for you?

What I kept coming back to when thinking about it was that this was an arrangement that felt... transactional. That left a bad taste in my mouth, even though I knew there was really nothing particularly wrong about it; such things were done all the time.

My phone rang, the sound so loud in the empty waiting room that it echoed off the cheap plastic chairs and the chipped linoleum. I tapped the screen when I saw who it was.

“Makes more sense just to call you rather than tap all this shit out on the screen, Lola. You didn’t tell me that he fucking told you that you would be—what did you say—*punished*? Are you fucking this guy?”

I sighed at that. “No, absolutely not. I’m not fucking Mr. Winters, and that’s not going to change, either.” Even *I* thought my denials sounded halfhearted and weak.

Michelle was definitely not buying it either. “But you *have* thought about it. Don’t bullshit me, Lola. Is he hot?”

“He’s like forty-four or forty-five, I think. I mean, yeah, I guess he’s good-looking? If you like old guys.”

Are you trying to fool her—or fool yourself?

Michelle giggled, the sound of her laughter making me grit my teeth. “Forty-five is not old, Lola, and if you say he’s cute *and* forty-five? Hello, daddy issues!” Michelle laughed again. “Christ, I could use me some fucking inappropriate father figure action myself. Brent is *not* getting it done lately.”

Brent, Michelle’s longtime boyfriend, used to be my roommate, too. Along with Michelle. But like so many of my friends, their drug problem had gotten worse and worse. Luckily, neither one of them did hard drugs, but they smoked enough fucking weed to burn the house down. Even though our landlord had told us on more than one occasion that if he caught us doing it, he wouldn’t stop at just evicting us—he’d call the cops on us too.

It was fucking lame, I mean it was just weed, but I had to agree with the landlord. And it wasn’t something that I wanted to live with. The biggest problem was they were the last of my friends who I could trust to even consider allowing to live in the same house with me.

“Well, maybe I’ll give you Mr. Winters’ number. Just in case you and Brent don’t work out.” Michelle and I both laughed at that. “Seriously though, he’s... kind of an asshole. Like a *big* asshole.”

“But he’s the kind of asshole who *spanks*.” Michelle was silent for a moment. “What about the rest of him. Does he have a big

cock? Does he know how to touch you?”

I didn't really want to answer those questions, and it wasn't because I was afraid of what to tell her. I really didn't know, honestly. But from what I could feel under me as he was spanking me, I guessed he was quite generously equipped indeed.

God, you sound like a fucking grandma!

“Michelle, *fuck*, it's not like that. It's not what I'm doing here. I mean, this is potentially a lot of money. And I am not exactly rolling in loot. So, maybe I should do it?”

“Look, Lola, I'm not here to fucking give you shit about this. I'm happy for you, seriously I am. But maybe you should think this through, you know? This guy, he's rich, right?”

“Judging by what I saw in his house, he's got more money than he knows what to do with. Kind of crazy, actually.”

“Well, you said it just now, actually. You need to turn on your fucking safety meter. What if this guy's a freaking psycho? I mean, it's not the first time some rich guy, bored with life, decides to go off the deep end and lure young women to his house to do God knows what to.”

I didn't have the courage to tell her that the phrase ‘God knows what to’ had visited all kinds of imagery in my mind about what Mr. Winters might end up wanting to do to me.

Some of it was scary. Some of it was definitely *not* scary.

Have you lost your mind?

“It's really all probably academic anyway, Michelle. He... what he told me yesterday made it pretty clear to me that this is not going to work out for me. Good money or not. So, I think what I'm going to do is just tell him no. Right? Just say no, and just move on with my life. I mean, I still have a job even though he wants me to quit it.”

Even over the phone I could tell Michelle got suddenly quite tense. “Wait, the dude told you to quit your job? What the fuck is going on here, Lola? Don't you think this is a little weird? A little sudden? I mean, you barely know the fucking guy.”

I shook my head slowly, hating that she was right. “It does suck though. That kind of money could really change things around for me. Shit. It would take me *so* long working my job now to make anything close to that money. I’m sure Mr. Winters knows that too. But you’re right, I mean, this is stupid. This is not a good idea, and I’m just going to tell him thanks, but no thanks.”

“I think that’s really the only smart thing to do,” Michelle said, her voice softening ever so slightly. “Something else will come along, Lola. This sounds... more than a little sketchy.”

The irony wasn’t lost on me at hearing the almost perpetually high Michelle label anything in such a way, but now wasn’t the time to call her on it.

The door to the waiting room opened, the stocky, deeply tanned Patrick walking in, wiping his hands with a dirty off-yellow hand towel. “She’s all ready to go, unless you need anything else from me.”

Patrick, the owner of the place, would have been just the kind of guy I would have gone for earlier in my life maybe even just a year ago, his close-cropped dark hair, attractive eyes, and stocky, muscular build something that I would normally be unable to resist.

But for some reason he did nothing for me now, and I couldn’t help but notice that when I thought of attractive men, or a masculine figure that aroused me, one face kept popping into my mind.

Mr. Winters.

I think you’re twitterpated or something. You definitely need to take care of this before it gets worse.

Standing up, I offered him my hand, giving him my most courteous smile. “Thank you, Patrick. But I think I’ve got all I need.”

CHAPTER 11



*E*llis

I'd already cracked open a bottle of bourbon after a long phone call with one of my biggest contractor partners, Williams and Schaffer—and the day was only half over.

The 10-Ks, D&B reports, and financial analysis deep dives were spread all over my desk. For the millionth time I wondered why I didn't just pay an accountant or an actuarial—or maybe even a data analyst—to go over this shit, but the fact was I didn't trust anyone else to do it the way *I* did it.

I'd been doing this for over twenty years and I'd never found anyone who did it nearly as well as I did. That wasn't bragging—that was the truth. It wasn't as if I never made mistakes—of course I did. But when it's your ass on the line, your money being spent and risked—and potentially lost—there was nobody else who would try as hard to make sure none of that happened. Which was why I'd always been the one to do the hard stuff.

The grunt work, the detail-oriented shit, *that* was the difference between a company that struggled and one that had more work than it knew what to do with.

There was a knock at my door, as I gazed out the huge plate-glass window across the city. My suite on the 27th floor afforded a fairly dramatic view. But on an early autumn day like this, rather than the panorama of the cityscape, all I saw was the opaqueness of a fog bank. “Come on in.”

The tall, statuesque form of Alicia sauntered in the door, closing it behind her. She was wearing a black pencil skirt and an off-white long-sleeved top, the cuffs rolled up to her mid forearms. Her brilliant blonde hair was pulled back in a single ponytail. She clutched a tablet in one hand, a black pen being fiddled in the fingers of the other. “You got a minute to talk?”

“After the morning I’ve had, talking about anything but work sounds pretty fucking good to me.”

A hint of a smile curved her blush-glossed lips. “I’ve got good timing then, because this isn’t really about work—at least not the work you do here.”

I met her gaze at that, curious what it was she was after. “Have at it then, Alicia. I don’t think anything you could tell me could be even close to as bad as the dumpster file of a phone call I just had.”

She propped her ass on the corner of my desk, clutching the tablet computer to her bosom. “So, I wanted to talk to you about this new girl. The one you’ve got cleaning your house? I wonder if... she’s really a good fit for that job.”

I stared at Alicia for several seconds, trying to figure out where she was going with this. Was there an angle here? Of course, it wasn’t the first time she questioned my choices in personnel. It was one of the most valuable things she did for me.

The fact that she wasn’t afraid to call bullshit on something I said or did was precisely what made her so valuable. Among many other things. “It’s early days, but I think she’s got a lot of promise. She’s definitely eager to work, and she’s already proven to me that she’s willing to keep her word.”

Of course, there was no way I was going to tell Alicia just *how* it was I’d verified the fact that Lola would be a woman of her word. My esteemed assistant didn’t need to know that.

“Look, I know it’s been a long year for you. A lot of ups and downs and, frankly, rebuilding. But I would be remiss if I did not tell you I don’t have a good feeling about her. No, I can’t exactly put a finger on *what* it is, but I just have the sense that

there's something about this girl that's not the best fit. If it were me, I'd have her reassigned and tell the cleaning service to send somebody else."

"Alicia, I don't think that's—"

She held up her hand, shaking her head slowly. "God knows I'm not going to tell you that you can't do it, that's not my place. But I'm a woman, and I understand women better than you do. This one... she could be trouble."

Oh, you have no idea Alicia. No idea.

I'd been thinking about what happened the other night, and thinking about it a lot. At least she was right about one thing though—Lola Grant *was* a whole lot of trouble.

Normally, I wouldn't even take a second glance at a girl that young. Christ, she was practically half my age. But that was both a reason to stay away from her and the reason why she intrigued me. I'd never been the kind of guy who was interested in girls that much younger than me. And I didn't think I was that guy now.

But there *was* something about Lola, and I didn't think, no matter how much I thought about it, I'd ever figure out exactly what it was. Sometimes when you meet someone there's just a certain energy, a connection, a chemistry. It's just something that's... there. The only question becomes at that point whether or not you act on it, and more often than not, it's wisest *not* to.

Of course my conscience, my pessimistic, almost cynical inner voice was telling me to do anything but what I did. I had to find out though. I needed to learn more about this girl.

Because there was something about her that I simply could not resist.

"Here's what I'm gonna do, Alicia. Right now I'm gonna tell you that I'm going to give it a shot with her. The first few days always tell the tale, and if she's going to be a slacker, or worse, a thief, I'll know very soon. But I'm telling you I don't think she's either one of those things. I think she's actually—maybe—a good person."

Or maybe that's just your cock talking right now?

That was of course certainly possible too. There was no denying that Lola Grant was very, very easy on the eyes. And while I normally went for more statuesque, even slender women, much like Alicia, well, it wasn't one of those things.

It wasn't that she was fat, not at all, but it was that she was built like a lush, feminine, classically beautiful woman. And that was something else I simply could not resist about her. Even so, she'd need more calories than she appeared to be getting, if she were to be filled out the way I'd love to see.

What disturbed me more, and it was something I had only felt once before in my life, was the sense that fell over me almost instantly as soon as I saw her naked body.

That this woman was *mine*. That I already owned her, possessed her, and that what happened to her from here on out was entirely up to me.

Perhaps that was selfish, chauvinistic, even patriarchal. I didn't give a shit. Lola Grant *was* mine. Of course, in the end I still might have to send her packing anyway. That remained to be seen. But if what I had seen thus far—the spark of that connection between us—was real, was genuine, then I had a very good feeling Lola was going to feel in every way possible that she was indeed mine.

And very soon.

“Alicia, I trust you—”

“And you trust me to give it to you like it is. So, here it is. You're making a mistake here.” She stood once more, flashing me a smile. “But when it blows up, I'll be here to help you pick up the pieces. Just like I always have been. It's what I do.”

“It's one of the many reasons why I keep you around.” I rubbed my forehead, sighing as I took a drink from the glass tumbler of whiskey, the liquor burning as it went down my throat. “And if it does, I won't even object when you tell me I told you so.”

Alicia grinned at that, turning for the door. “I’ll hold you to that, Ellis. And for the record, I hope I’m wrong about this... but I don’t think I am.”

She slipped out, the door to my office closing shut behind her with a muted *snick*.

Taking another sip from my whiskey, I stared out that window. The drifting, twisting columns of steam coming from the rooftop across the street from one of the buildings floated slowly across the line of my sight.

“I hope you’re wrong too, Alicia,” I muttered. “But I’m going to enjoy finding out for myself.”

CHAPTER 12



*L*ola

I knew it was probably insane to even try to do this, especially on a Saturday morning, but getting this over with, getting it behind me, was just that important.

As I stood there on his front porch marveling again at the intricate stonework and the gold trim around the sidelights of his massive front door, I thought again about how out of place I truly was there, even standing out on his doorstep.

This was simply a higher cut of society that I would never fit in with. Sure, I would have *liked* to have fit in with it, but liking and having that be true were often two very different things.

I pressed the doorbell button, again impressed at even the quality of the button, the LED outlined in palest blue, signaling quality even in the most simple and everyday of items as a *doorbell*. I shook my head again, smiling to myself. It was strange how things happened, how something as boring as a doorbell seemed to put a quotation mark on doing the right thing.

And doing the right thing was putting Ellis Winters in my rearview mirror.

The lock on the door thunked, and then the huge door swung wide. I had to will myself not to slap a hand over my mouth as I saw him filling the doorway. He was wearing a tight navy

blue T-shirt that stretched across his shoulders, showing off the slabs of muscle of his chest and displayed arms that up until that moment, I hadn't realized were so massive and powerful, hidden as they were at all times by his dress shirts.

His chest tapered down to a pleasingly tight and narrow waist. The black and blue patterned pajama pants—something I would never have *ever* pictured him in—were slung low across his hips. My breath caught in my throat, my pussy tightening of its own free will, as I saw the length of his cock perfectly outlined and delineated by the thin fabric of his pants. He was big, he was thick, and he wasn't even hard. I didn't think I'd ever seen a cock like that, except possibly in porn. Maybe not even there.

Size queen now, are you?

It wasn't that it mattered that much to me, either way; I cared far more about how a guy used his dick than about how big it was.

But it was a *very* nice bonus nonetheless.

Get your fucking mind out of the gutter, and say what needs to be said, idiot.

“I suppose I could ask you what the fuck you think you're doing here, on a Saturday morning, but then I suppose you're about to tell me.”

My mouth practically fell open at the curt, arrogant tone of his voice. It was itself the perfect exclamation point on why he was indeed an asshole, and why saying goodbye to him now before anything happened was by far the best choice of action here.

I had to admit that it would have been a lot easier if he were hideous, rather than a mouthwatering example of exquisite masculinity that in any other circumstances would have had me on my knees begging to lick the sweat off his balls.

Jesus Christ, where the fuck did that come from, Lola!

“Yeah, I'm uh, I'm sorry about coming here on a weekend. I'm just really nervous. But I didn't think that this should wait until Monday when I'm supposed to come work for you.”

“Oh?” He raised his right arm, resting it along the doorjamb, the effect making him look even more massive and imposing, intimidating me even further, threatening to banish any notion I might have of controlling this situation. Getting this over with, and getting away from him, was the only possible way this could go anything other than horribly.

Deep breath, Lola. Just say it, and get out.

“I, what I mean to say is that, I can’t take the job, Mr. Winters. Even if that means I don’t get the money. Even with what happened the other day, I just don’t think this is a good idea.”

His eyes grew incredibly cold in an instant, and he glared at me, the weight of that stare so profound I felt almost bolted down in place, my feet suddenly weighing ten thousand pounds apiece. Then he finally spoke. “I think that may just be the dumbest thing you’ve ever said. So, you’re going to have to come inside and we’re going to talk about this.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, I mean, I just would rather... go home.” I held up my hands, as if to convince him that this was indeed the better idea, even though I knew that was about as useful as holding up your hand in front of a bear before he attacks you. “I don’t know that there’s anything else for us to say, really.”

His dark brow arched. “Oh, I think there is a lot for us to be talking about. But I’m not going to be doing it out here in my front porch looking like this. And I most definitely *am* going to talk to you. So, you’re going to come inside. We’re going to sit down at the table. And we’re going to discuss this, like adults. And when we’re done I have every confidence that you’re going to realize that your trip here today was a mistake, and that you actually do want to take the job, and you thinking that you don’t is simply foolish, silly girl prattle.” He jabbed a finger at me. “Now get your fucking ass inside.”

My mouth had gone so dry at his stern tone of voice that for a moment I could barely speak. I cleared my throat, trying to find words, any words, to show that he hadn’t shocked me into utter silence. It didn’t help that as dry as my mouth was, my pussy was exactly the opposite.

So, you're getting physically aroused from being scolded by an older man as if you're a stupid horny girl?

Yes, yes, I was.

There would be time for me to sort out the meaning of that, at how humiliating and embarrassing that was, but that time was not now. My task now was to decide if I was going to have the courage to turn around and flee back to my car, or if I was going to do exactly what he told me to do. As before, the reactions of my body were not cooperating, and making this decision was surprisingly more difficult than it should have been. In any other circumstances I would have told him to go fuck himself, spun about on my heel, and headed off to the rest of my life.

Mr. Winters was not the sort of man that would put up with that. And the last thing I wanted was to make this more of a scene than it already was. So, I would talk to him, listen to what he had to say, and then tell him my decision was final.

At least then he would feel heard. Respected. Wasn't that what men valued the most?

I was sure Mr. Winters was no different. "Okay. I can talk. But I don't think I'm going to change my mind."

He stepped aside then, his arm sweeping inside toward the interior of the house. "We'll just see about that, Ms. Grant. We'll see."

I stepped inside, the door slamming behind me with an almost sepulchral thud, a chill of unease dancing down my spine. He followed me closely as I walked to the dining room.

I pulled out one of the sumptuous high-back chairs, the seat a cream overstuffed softness beckoning one to sit, the ornate carving of the legs, the back, and the arms as elegant as any dining room set I'd ever seen. The table and chairs alone probably cost more than the entirety of my earthly possessions.

Surprisingly—or perhaps I shouldn't have been surprised at all—Ellis did not sit. Instead, his arms crossed over his massive chest, he paced slowly back and forth along the other side of

the long, broad table not looking at me at all, instead seeming to study the floor intently, as if weighing what to say, or deciding whether or not he was going to explode on me.

I could tell he was angry, the firm set of his jaw, his sudden utter quiet, the tension of the sinews of his forearms signaling in no uncertain terms that this was a very unhappy—and perhaps dangerous—male.

That this display both frightened me and turned me on was as confusing as it had ever been, and Mr. Winters was nothing if not excellent at confusing the living shit out of me, in just about everything he ever did. That was maddening, intriguing, and mystifying.

“Now, I suppose I could ask you why you think that not taking the job is a good idea. But to be honest, I don’t really care why. Because I suspect the reasons that you don’t want to do this are likely to be silly misunderstandings, or simply just nerves.”

Now I was pissed. “Silly? I don’t know who you think I am, but I’m not some stupid little girl.”

He spun slowly, facing me, the muscles in his forearms twitching, his eyes narrowing slightly. “Oh, I think that’s exactly what you are. And I think the little treatment I gave you the other night wasn’t near enough.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” I held up my hands, then slapped them on the dining room table. “You know what? I don’t care. Let’s just call this a bad idea, and something that we never should have even considered.”

“I want you to close your mouth, and listen to the words I’m saying to you. Can you do that, Lola?”

“I don’t really—”

His voice lowered, the tone almost a growl now. “I *said*, can you do that?”

I didn’t say anything then, wondering what it was he had in mind. If I went by my instincts, they told me to shut the fuck up, or get the hell out. But I knew enough about this man to

know that right now doing what he told me to do was probably the better idea. So, I did. “Yes... I can do that, I guess.”

He laid both of his hands atop the back of one of the chairs, his long fingers squeezing it tightly. I initially thought it was from anger, but I quickly realized it was overconfidence. The subtle hint of mirth at his lips confirmed it to me. How was it I had just told him I was calling the whole thing off, and yet, he looked like the cat who got the cream.

“I want you to tell me exactly what it is you’re objecting to with this little arrangement. And don’t bullshit me. Lay it out, whatever it is.”

I definitely didn’t expect that, either, when what I was sure I was going to get from him was a tongue lashing, a scolding. And the whole time I’d have to figure out a way not to be turned on by that too.

You’re so fucked up.

“Setting aside the fact that you’re literally almost twenty years older than me—that’s right, isn’t it? There’s the whole vibe of the payment. I’d be doing this for money, wouldn’t I?”

He inclined his head at me, his eyes watching closely. “I don’t know. Are you?”

“There you go again, answering my questions with a question.” I blew out a breath, staring at the ceiling. Then I met his gaze once more. “The fact that I’m getting paid for this makes this a little bit uncomfortable for me. I mean, we’re not doing anything wrong... but it is a little weird, nonetheless. So, I think I’m going to have to say no. I just... I just can’t do it.”

What I really didn’t expect was the sudden feeling of almost... loss. As if I were passing up the opportunity of a lifetime, something that might be special. Or at the very least, a lot of fucking fun.

And don’t you think that’s exactly what you’re doing?

He began to pace again, seeming to be deep in thought. For a long while he wouldn’t even look at me, the tension and awkwardness of the moment dragging on, deepening. Finally

he spoke. “So, let me get this straight. You’re worried that you’re going to be what? A prostitute?”

I hated the feel of my cheeks heating. But I forced myself to keep looking at him. “Something like that, yeah.” I sighed, tracing one of the patterns of the wood grain with my fingertip on the table. It was a stunning piece of furniture, and I envied it even now. “What else would you call this?”

“The only person using that word here is you, Lola. If you think you’re a whore for agreeing to this arrangement, I can’t help that. Or, actually there *is* a way I might be able to help that.” His head tilted to the side for a moment, his eyes darting left then right. “Here’s what I’m going to do. Since you’re so worried about the financial underpinnings of what we’re going to do, I’m going to put the money that’s in that envelope in an escrow account. As in today. Neither one of us will have access to it until thirty days have elapsed from Monday. At the end of those thirty days that money is going to be deposited in your account. I already got your account information from your boss.”

I gasped in shock. “Um, how did you do that? I’m pretty sure that’s illegal, Mr. Winters.”

He gave me the tiniest of shrugs. “Laws aren’t much of a barrier to people like me, Ms. Grant. Any other objections?”

I grunted, turning my hand over palm up on the table, frustrated. “So, just like that? You think that’s going to fix everything?”

“Actually, yes I do. Here’s how. At the end of those thirty days you get the money, no matter what you do. Meaning you could just decide not to show up even once to do any work at my house. You could decide to skip out on the deal altogether.” He gave me a scowl as cold as the winter wind. “But I know you enough to know that going back on your word, it hurts you. Stings. You hate even thinking about it. So, I don’t think you will do that. I think you will do what you said you would do. And at the end of that month you get paid.”

“Oh...” I stared at him for a long moment, a sour taste in my mouth. “That’s not fair.”

“I think that’s *more* than fair, Ms. Grant. It’s guaranteed money, no matter what.”

What he was doing here was both devious, and yet, something I couldn’t really argue with. What’s more, it actually *did* address my specific objection. The problem was that this objection wasn’t really why I was getting cold feet.

But now I didn’t have anything to really hang my hat on as to why I was doing it other than I just didn’t want to do it. Somehow, that didn’t seem right either.

You’re rationalizing, Lola.

“Now, like I said before.” He grinned at me, but there wasn’t an ounce of genuine mirth in it. It was pure triumph. “Any other objections?”

“No... no, I guess that takes care of it.” I looked at him then, a sense of irritation I didn’t understand welling up within me. “You’re really that sure of yourself, that I won’t just simply skip out on the whole deal? Cash in the money at the end and say goodbye forever?”

“I’m as sure of this as I’ve ever been about anything in my life. You seem to think you’re complex, deep, mysterious. But you’re a lot more of an open book than you’d ever believe, Lola.” He grasped the chair again, leaned over it slightly, drawing himself closer. “And I find that extremely... curious.”

I sighed then. “I guess we’ll have to see then, won’t we?”

His gaze grew cold once again, and he tipped his head toward the front door. “Yes, I think we will. But not today. We’ll have to have a discussion later on about the propriety of you showing up at my house on a day when you’re not supposed to be here. Without even giving me a call or warning beforehand.”

“Wait a second, that doesn’t—”

“Be quiet, girl. What you did showing up today was rude. But since your concern was valid, I’ll let it go. That *doesn’t* mean we’re not going to have a discussion about it. But having it right now standing here in my underwear isn’t going to be the time or the place. So, it’s time for you to go home.”

My mouth dropped open like a trap door. He'd surprised me yet again.

How the hell does he keep doing this to me?

At a total loss, I stood up, shaking my head slowly. "I don't know how you do it."

As I walked to the door I heard him clear his throat.

"I want you here at seven sharp Monday morning, Lola. Then we can see about showing you exactly how I do it."

As I closed the front door behind me I shivered against the cold of the morning breeze. Pulling my jacket tighter around me, I tried to convince myself his last words didn't mean what they actually meant.

If you had a brain in your fucking head you wouldn't even think about showing up Monday.

It was by far the wisest choice, of course, which made it that much more frustrating that there was almost zero chance I was going to follow that advice.

CHAPTER 13



*L*ola

I wasn't sure what it was I expected to happen on Monday, but it had been supremely anticlimactic. At least the first part of it was. I checked my watch, wiping a bead of sweat from my temple. It was almost four o'clock. I had spent the first day cleaning the entirety of the downstairs again, even though it really didn't need anything of the sort. But it was what the note left for me said I was supposed to clean that first day.

Where the front part of the massive ground floor of Mr. Winters' house was dominated by the huge living room and the sumptuous dining room, the back part of it was the gigantic kitchen—something I hadn't even attempted to clean yet—and then across the hall from that was a room that I wasn't quite sure what to call.

It had a sunken floor, the carpet a deep pile the color of slate. Two of the walls were completely covered with built-ins, books and knick-knacks, and trophies and all sorts of various sundries crowding the shelves.

It was totally at odds with what I expected from somebody like Mr. Winters. This room looked almost... lived in. On the third wall was another television almost as large as the one in the living room. There were several sumptuous couches, two recliners, and even a few ottomans scattered across the floor here and there. With patterned throw pillows and thick woven blankets tastefully added to the mix, it was a supremely

comfortable room. More than once I was tempted to have a seat and take a little break.

But that wasn't how it worked.

I took hold of my shirt, trying to air it out. I'd chosen a long-sleeved baby blue T-shirt, because it was so cold out this morning, but now after several hours of work it was stifling. My skin-tight gray yoga pants, while cute and comfortable, definitely did not help in that matter at all. Back in my old job I probably would have been written up for wearing something like that. But I wasn't at my old job anymore.

One of the minor perks of working for yourself now, right?

Then I heard a key rattling in the front door lock, and I tensed, immediately snatching up the spray bottle and the chamois that I was using to dust all of those shelves. My heart instantly began to pound as I thought about what it was I should do.

Should I greet him at the door? Should I just act like nothing is happening?

There isn't anything untoward happening here, Lola. Or is there?

The door opened, and filling the doorway, the gray of the afternoon behind him rendering his figure into nothing but shadow, was the hulking form of Mr. Winters. He had a briefcase in his left hand, a thick coat draped over his right. Even though he was little more than a silhouette, I could see the brilliant eyes intently staring at me even though he was more than thirty feet away. I was in the family room still debating whether I should walk down the hall, but there was really nothing there for me other than his office—which I was strictly forbidden from going inside—and the master bedroom, which I hadn't even been assigned to clean that day.

He strolled slowly into the room, staring me down the entire time. He looked much less than happy.

"Um, hi, Mr. Winters." I felt like an idiot saying it, but I had to say *something*, didn't I?

"Have you cleaned as I specified in the note?"

I offered him a bright smile, putting on the best face, even as I had no idea what it was he was up to here. “Of course! It’s all done. I was just finishing up the last of your shelving here...”

His glance slid across the room to those same shelves. “Hmm, we’ll see about that.”

“What, uh, what does that mean?”

But he didn’t answer me, instead walking into the kitchen. I heard the *thunk* of what I assumed was his briefcase being dropped on one of the counters. A cupboard opened, then closed, followed by a soft grunt. Then he returned, and my mouth dropped open in shock.

On his right hand he was wearing... a white glove.

“It’s a little cliché, don’t you think?” I regretted the words the instant I said them, wincing at the almost physical pain of the stupidity of me uttering such a thing. “Crap. I’m sorry, that was a smart-ass thing to say.”

He was deadly still as he stood there looking at me. “Or perhaps you should simply keep that mouth *shut*.”

It was a rebuke, and an effective one. I stared at the floor, nodding miserably.

And yet a hot trickle of tickling moisture was gathering between the lips of my sex.

Oh, my God.

I watched, dumbfounded, as Mr. Winters made a beeline straight for the shelving that I’d just finished dusting. He ran a long gloved finger upon the plane at one, then another, and another. He made a soft tsking sound, and held up the finger for me to look at. His eyes were alight, his lips pulled back into something between a grimace and creative satisfaction. “What do you think this is, Ms. Grant? Is this your idea of just finishing up?”

“I’m... I guess I missed that spot. Sir.”

I wasn’t sure why I called him that, but it seemed the prudent thing to do. I was in trouble, and I was embarrassed. But it wasn’t that big of a deal in the grand scheme of things. What

was a *much* bigger deal though was the fact that I was getting physically turned on at seeing him inspect my work as if I were some disobedient delinquent.

Yes, a much bigger deal indeed, Lola.

He stepped toward me slowly, still holding up the finger as if it were a crucifix before him, warding off the vampire of my shitty work ethic and careless attention to detail. I almost giggled at that absurd thought, but it did serve to break the tension ever so slightly, at least for me. “Look, Mr. Winters, I’m really sorry I missed that. I’ll make sure I do a better job next time. I’m usually very thorough. It won’t happen again.”

But he was standing directly in front of me, towering above me. “Oh, I’m quite confident it won’t happen again. But this has to be addressed; it’s *going* to be addressed right now.”

Still holding up the gloved hand, with his other he fished in the front pocket of his deep blue slacks, not even bothering to undo the matching navy suitcoat. Then he held it up, the metal gleaming in the light. It was a quarter. “Follow me, Ms. Grant.”

Oh, shit.

My mind was awlirl at what he was up to, but I knew instinctively it wasn’t going to be good.

It certainly wasn’t going to be a tip.

I clapped a hand over my mouth again, cursing myself silently at my stupidity. Cracking into crazed nervous laughter was not exactly going to make the situation better, whatever it was he had planned.

He walked down the hallway toward his bedroom, but then stopped along the wall next to the entrance to his office. He spun, facing me, stabbing a finger at the floor in front of him. “Come here.”

Now I was really concerned what it was he had in mind. “Um, what’s happening here?”

But he didn’t answer me, his brilliant eyes flashing. His gaze never wavered as he waited, watching me. I reluctantly walked

to the indicated spot. I was so close I could smell his cologne, and I hated that it made my mouth water. It smelled *so* good, and yet I was quite obviously frightened, standing so close to him. I had no idea what it was he was going to do, but I was about to find out.

“You see this coin here on this wall?” He slapped the quarter against the painted surface, looking back at me accusingly. “Get those hands behind your head. Fingers laced together just like I’ve told you before.”

For the briefest of moments, I considered disobeying him. This wasn’t part of the deal, not officially. But after the spanking I had taken at his hands, we both knew that pretty much whatever he said, I was expected to obey without question. My face flaming hot, I did as he indicated. My fingers trembled as I brought them together, my palms resting upon the softness of my hair.

I hated how the position lifted my tits, that even in the shirt I was in it seemed to display them, present them to him.

He made no attempt to hide the fact that his gaze lowered to my breasts, a low hum of approval—or perhaps something else—slipping from his lips as he did. “As I told you before, I’m a big believer in starting as I intend to go. When you fuck things up, I’m going to correct you. That starts today, on your very first day. I assumed you’d be on your best behavior starting on a job like this, but I can see this is going to be more of a training job than I initially expected.” His gaze shifted up to mine, satisfaction dancing in his eyes. “But I have *no* problem taking care of that actually. I quite enjoy it, to be frank.”

My mouth went so dry my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. I didn’t even attempt to say anything, so embarrassed I could barely resist looking away from him. Somehow, I knew that would make things worse, that trying to look elsewhere, anywhere, would be a sign of... disrespect?

Is he your boss, or your drill sergeant?

“Now, I want you take your cute little nose and press it to this coin. And God help you—and your disobedient little ass—if

that coin drops to the floor. You're going to stand here at the wall, at attention, and think about what it is I expect from my employees. What my expectations are of someone I trust to do the best job that can possibly be done in cleaning my home."

Oh, dear God.

But he was serious. So embarrassed I thought my face might catch fire, I did as he asked, moving toward the wall, leaning in until the metal was cold against the tip of my nose. His finger was pulled away, and then he took a step behind me. I could sense the pressure of his body on the air, and it made my skin tingle, even as I dreaded the humiliating tableau I formed for him pressing a coin to the wall with my nose like some recalcitrant punished girl.

Of all the things I thought might happen that day, or how my first interaction with Mr. Winters as his employee would go, not in a million years would I have guessed this would happen.

And yet your pussy is so wet, you're going to need a change of panties.

For a minute or two—I wasn't really sure—I stood there at that wall, my nose pushed firmly against the quarter, Mr. Winters watching from somewhere behind me.

His voice finally sounded then, so low it vibrated in my chest. "I expected better from you, Ms. Grant. How do you feel about your predicament right now? Do you like the fact that I had to punish my employee on her *first* day on the job? Do you think that maybe my assessment of you as being capable and reliable, as someone who will keep her word was at all off the mark? I'm *speaking* to you, Lola."

I swallowed hard at that, unsure whether or not his questions were rhetorical or not. "I'm... I'm not really sure what to say, Mr. Winters. I'm sorry? Like I said, I won't let it happen—"

My words died in my throat, as his strong, hard hand spread upon my upper back between my shoulder blades. He pushed me against the wall firmly, until my tits ballooned flat against the cold plaster. I made a soft sound of protest in my throat, but didn't have the courage to resist more than that.

My heart was in my throat, and yet I was more excited in that moment than I wanted to admit. It was fright, anticipation, and then almost an eagerness to see what it was he would do next.

I had zero frame of reference for how to act around a man who was so unafraid to handle me, to do whatever he wanted with me. It was both unsettling and an incredible turn-on all at once.

Even though I knew it probably made me a terrible person, I *liked* men who weren't afraid to manhandle a woman. It had always turned me on, even though it wasn't exactly something that I readily admitted to anyone.

Apparently satisfied that I was pressed humiliatingly enough against the wall, his hand eased its pressure but its touch remained upon me, his palm coursing down the center of my back, his fingers testing my flesh here and there. It was an unhurried, almost possessive way that he touched me, and I wanted to lean into it. But I knew, somehow, that that wasn't my place, in that moment.

Down, down some more he went, his fingers submerging under the waistband of my yoga pants. My breath caught in my throat as he slowly but surely tugged the hem of my shirt out from the clutch of my pants. Then just as casually, he pushed the shirt back up my torso, baring my skin inch by inch to his gaze. Then my bra was exposed, and both of his hands were on me, bunching the fabric of my shirt at the backs of my shoulders.

He made a sound of what I thought was mild irritation, as if the fact my arms were linked above were getting in his way. He took hold of my right arm, drawing it away and down, his hand like a manacle about my wrist. Then he angled it so that he could draw my limb back through the arm of my shirt until it bunched atop my shoulder. Then slowly, wordlessly, he returned my hand to the back of my head.

“Keep that hand there until I tell you otherwise.”

“Oh... okay.”

He repeated the same process with my other arm, again bringing it back, pressing that other hand to the back of my head. He forced me to lace my fingers together once more. Both of his palms coursed down the naked flesh of my back exploring every inch of me. His fingers made quick work of the clasp of my bra, and I whimpered as it snapped loose, the band hanging down at either side, suspended by the bra straps.

Rather than try to draw the bra off the same way he had with my shirt , he simply left it there while his hands coursed around my sides slowly, surely, flipping the cups up and over the tops of my breasts and exposing them. He tugged those cups up from between my breasts and then the wall until they too rested atop the compressed shelf with my bosom.

My breath was coming hard and fast then, and my pussy was a seething lake of wetness. But I didn't dare move, didn't dare say a word. It would ruin the moment, the intense energy of the encounter. I didn't know what he had in mind, and part of me loved it. And part of me loved that I was scared I didn't know what he'd do to me next.

What does that make you, Lola?

I couldn't help a soft moan then, as his hands explored my sides up and under my lifted arms, the fingertips tickling me there. "Hmm, stubble here. Need to do a better job shaving these, girl. Unacceptable."

I wanted to curl into myself with embarrassment at the callous, yet soft words. He was so casual in his degradation of me, his diminution of my person. Once again I marveled at his control, but he seemed utterly unperturbed at what he was doing. His touch upon my skin, while it was wrong, felt more right than I ever wanted to admit.

His fingertips traced over the compressed bulging sides of my breasts then slipped underneath to touch and stroke that oh so sensitive flush underneath them. I was more embarrassed still at how sweaty I was there, but he didn't comment on it at all, and his touch lingered there far longer that it would have if he'd found it off-putting.

Maybe he likes sweaty cleaning girls?

It was a stupid thing to think, but in that moment as he touched me, fondled me, explored me as if I was a new toy he was familiarizing himself with, my mind was drifting. It was the arousal, the lust, the feeling of being unmoored, in losing control. It was both deeply arousing and anxiety inducing.

And still I wanted more.

He tapped my breasts at the sides where they ballooned against the wall. “What’s your cup size?”

“*W-what?*” I could hardly believe what I’d just heard.

“How big are these, Lola? What’s your cup size? I’m guessing the band is a thirty-four. Is that right?”

I swallowed against the lump in my throat at being discussed so impersonally, as if I were a heifer on auction. “Yes... yeah, that’s right.”

His hard finger jammed into the soft swell of my breast, gentle rebuke clear in his voice. “*Cup size*, Lola. How big are these tits of yours?”

The question made me gasp, as no man had ever asked me that before. I don’t think I’ve ever had a man even use those words around me before. But it turned me on. “D, I mean last time I checked.”

“Were they always a D? With you looking like you’re not eating enough... I wonder.”

“Oh, God,” I breathed, my embarrassment deepening at such an intimate statement. He was right though, but I wasn’t sure he knew it. I hadn’t been eating enough. It wasn’t really a luxury I could indulge in. “I guess not? They used to be... a little bigger.”

Why are you telling him this?

“Those days are coming back soon, my dear. If I get my way we will have these tits bursting your bra in no time at all. I want you well fed and healthy. No arguments. Do you understand me?”

My heart squeezed at the sentiment underlying the outwardly cruel and degrading words. It was so confusing, that he could

be at once so callous and selfish, and yet say something so touching. So *caring*.

Is that really what you think this is?

But my attention was drawn once more to the devilishly clever touch of his hands, his fingers caressing and exploring. His palms eased down my sides, and soon enough his fingers hooked into the waistband of my yoga pants. I tensed at the invasion, but I had no real intention of resisting him. If I went by how wet, hot, and sticky my pussy was, it appeared my body had completely mutinied, no longer following any sort of dictate or desire of my mind.

I whined softly, as the fabric was drawn down the swell of my ass. He kept pulling them down until they were bunched under the lower curves of my buttocks, the fabric stretched across my thighs. I hated I that I could smell the note of my arousal immediately. Because it meant he could too.

“No marks left from my treatment of you the other night? I have to be honest—I’m a little disappointed to see that.” He patted my bottom possessively, and my face flamed anew at the way my bottom bounced, my objectification deepening. “We have plenty of time to remedy that little problem though. Judging by your slacking and your work ethic, I’ll have plenty of opportunities to address it, I think.”

“No...”

He squeezed my right buttock firmly in his hand. “No, you’re not slacking? Or no, I won’t have any chances to address it?”

“Both... I mean, I’m not a slacker. I’m a good worker!”

“Then you’d better start proving it, girl.” His hand clamped upon my flesh even harder, and I whined with the discomfort. “I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t looking forward to you being unable to live up to those words.”

I didn’t reply then, knowing it was futile.

His big hands stroked up and down the curves of my hips, and he made a low growl, as if he were pleased—or disapproving—of what it was that he saw. “What about these hips? What are your measurements?” His palms lifted both of my

buttocks, bouncing them obscenely in his hands. “Lots of good flesh here. But I want this ass bigger and rounder. The way I suspect it should be, once you’re eating properly.”

I wanted to hide my face so badly then, because his words were true in a way. I *did* used to have a lush, rounder figure. In better days. Yes, it was nice to be so small that it was easy to find clothing no matter what. But I missed the old me. And I wondered if I’d ever see it again.

His hard finger indented the soft flesh of my bottom cheek. “Stay here, slut.”

I tensed at the word, unsure if he even realized he’d said it. Shouldn’t I have been more angry about that? Apparently not, because the only reaction I had when I heard him say it was that my pussy clenched.

Getting off on being degraded now too?

I wasn’t sure where it was he went, but in less than a minute he had returned. The tip of my nose was beginning to numb, but I dared not move away, afraid of what he might do if I were to disobey him in so blatant a way.

Then I froze, the feel of the tape encircling my flesh something so shocking that for a moment I thought I was imagining it. “What are... what are you doing?”

“What does it look like? Just need a few measurements. You be quiet and still while I do this. If you’re very good for me, you may yet get out of this without another spanking.”

The next few minutes were truly surreal, as with his tailor’s tape, he took measurements of every part of my body. At one point he even eased me back from the wall, with a growled warning to “Keep that fucking coin pressed against the plaster.”

He’d taken my breasts up in his hands then, giving them a hard squeeze that made me moan despite my best efforts to keep quiet. But then he did it again, even harder, and I winced, a soft yelp of pain escaping from behind my clenched teeth. He chuckled at that, then preceded to measure the circumference

of each of my breasts. It was degrading and objectifying ...and it was one of the hottest things anyone had ever done to me.

The tape fell away then, and his hand was pressed to my back once more. His voice was close behind me. "You get your fucking body against that wall. You hear me? As close as you can."

I did as he told me, tensing once more, the thickness of his voice, the roughening of his tone, signaling something that I knew I'd heard before.

He was aroused.

Then there was a subtle, but distinctive sound behind me, heralding him undoing his fly. Then something hot and heavy tapped against my bottom.

Holy shit.

It was his cock, and it was very, very hard. I could hear the sounds of him stroking it, and he growled once more as he pressed me even harder against the wall, so firmly I thought my ribs would begin to creak with the pressure.

My breasts throbbed under the structure, my nipples abraded by the rough paint of the plaster. And still my pussy was almost dripping, so hot and aching, such rough, degrading treatment something I never should have responded so viscerally to.

"Be very still. Don't move, slut." His voice was so low it was little more than an angry rumble. The sounds of him stroking his cock became faster, his breathing quickening. Then he groaned, long and loud, almost soulful, and hot wetness splashed against my bottom. He grunted once, then again, his breathing almost a panting now. More hot drops splattered across my skin. Then he took a deep breath, and another. The coppery tang of semen rose, its note clearly detectable on the air.

The inexorable, brutal pressure upon my back eased then, and his hand fell away. "One of your first training lessons, girl."

His fingers closed around my wrists and he drew my hands down, turning them until they met at the small of my back.

Then he pressed my palms to my buttocks, my hands instantly wet with the sticky seed coating them.

“Anytime you have the privilege of taking my cum anywhere on your body, you rub it into your skin afterward. It’s how you show respect, and your gratitude that I wanted to use your body to come. Do you understand me?”

“Oh, *fuck*... I... yes, sir.”

His grip on my wrists guided my hands, and I obeyed him, rubbing his semen in everywhere in circles on my buttocks, until his essence had dried upon my skin.

Then his hand took firm hold of the top of my shoulder, squeezing me there where it met the base of my neck. His voice was close again, his warm breath tickling the edge of my ear. “I’m going to go up and get a shower now. Your lesson is over. Get your clothes back on. It’s quite a shameful sight, seeing you standing here with your tits and your ass hanging out like a slut. Now, get dressed, and go home.”

I didn’t move right away, instead listening for him, still keeping my nose pressed to the quarter against the wall.

It wasn’t until I heard the water turn on upstairs that I let the coin drop to the floor.

Frantically pulling my things back on, I fled Mr. Winters’ house then, my pussy a cauldron of frustrated lust, my heart a storm of confused emotions.

CHAPTER 14



Ellis

I stared into the orange flames, the first fire of the fall filling the room with the subtle but pleasing scent of wood smoke. The burn of my whiskey as I sipped from the glass tumbler matched the fiery mood I was in.

Of course, I'd crossed the line doing what I had done, in pushing Lola to a new part of what I now saw was likely to be a relationship—unless that is she got cold feet for good this time.

The fact was, though, that I had to take that chance. I had to see how she would react, and what I'd found was pleasing and shocking both. Her yielding nature was clear, but that could easily be chalked up to simply her youth and inexperience. Her spirit and her defiance though seemed to indicate that that wasn't all that was going on there. I sipped again from my whiskey, gasping at the burn.

But it was the sight of her body, this time pinned up against the wall, helpless, her small size in comparison to me that stirred something within my soul, a part of me that I thought had died.

Don't get ahead of yourself, Ellis. She's just a silly girl.

Perhaps that was true, at the beginning. But now? I wasn't so sure. What I *was* sure of was that I wanted more of her, to see

how far I could take her. I wanted to test the boundaries of what she would tolerate, what she would surrender to.

Even better, the prospect of teaching her, of showing her what it was like to be with a real man, rather than the young, fumbling fools of her age. I liked that prospect very much indeed. Did that make me a dirty old man?

No. It made me a *man*.

There was still much to be done, at least when it came to sorting out my own feelings about the girl. I *would* have her. The only question now was when, and in what circumstances. I'd already begun to break down her resistance, to undermine her reluctance to confront her own feelings. Feelings that her own body, especially her absolutely dripping pussy, betrayed at the slightest of touches.

I picked up my phone again, reading the message once more from Patrick. I'd previously asked him to have the car looked at by his mechanic, to make sure there wasn't anything seriously wrong with it that might endanger her safety.

Fortunately he hadn't found anything, but he had noted that she strictly forbid him from checking the trunk. I didn't even have to read the rest of his messages to know what that likely meant. It wasn't positive of course—could be anything really—but it was a mystery that I would have to solve at some point. If I was to take her down the road I wanted to.

But at that moment I kept replaying what happened down there in that hallway. How good it felt to have her under my thumb, how yielding her gorgeous body had been. How overcome I'd been with lust, and a dark, animal urge to dominate her, even punish her. It wasn't that I wanted to hurt her in a serious way, not ever. Rather, it was the desire to bend her to my will, to make her mine, to make her see that her natural place in life, one she was most suited to be, was on her knees and at my feet.

That she was so young complicated matters, yes, but it also sweetened the prize. For if I was able to train her to my specifications, mold her into the sweet, yielding girl with a

servant's heart, that would be something I had always wanted, but feared I'd never find again.

I sought a woman who was made for me, would serve, worship, and make it her life's mission to please me in all things. And if I were *very* lucky, find a woman who might one day learn to love her bonds of servitude to a strict man who would give her everything she needed, and so much more than she ever thought she wanted.

I sipped once more, coughing softly at the burn. The whiskey was already warming my belly, my vision fuzzy at the edges. It was a pleasant effect, and I intended to nurse it the rest of the evening. The fire popped loudly, a brilliant orange cinder arcing onto the hearth, shining bright for a moment, then winking out.

There was a problem though, and it was one I still had yet to find a solution for. It was the fact that I could only take things so far, even with a girl as beautiful and interesting as this one. Ever since that day, the awful black day I'd vowed that I'd closed off that part of me. Forever, if necessary. It would only be physical, sexual, indulging my animal urges, my darker lusts, with a woman willing—or perhaps not quite as willing, at least at the beginning. One who knew how to satisfy those needs I harbored deep inside.

Could Lola be that woman? I thought so, but she wasn't yet where I wanted her to be.

But still when I had her trapped against that wall, her gorgeous breasts ballooning against the plaster, crying out for punishment and training, her body made for plundering at my hands and my cock, I knew that I was lost to it. This overwhelming need to take her, to make her mine in a way that only a man like me could do. She had no idea what she was in for, but I couldn't wait to take her down that path.

But it was that soft, broad bottom of hers, so pale, so lush, that undid me at the end. The need to drive into her, to take her as deep as I possibly could was so overwhelming, I almost fled that hallway in a bid to avoid succumbing to my darker urges.

I was fortunately able to control myself. But it didn't mean that I could avoid imprinting myself upon her flesh for much longer. It was itself a test of sorts, as I sprayed my seed all over her ass, watching it splatter and run across her skin. Then as I'd forced her to rub it into her bottom as if it were the divine essence of her God, I knew that it was only the beginning.

I knew then that I had Lola in my grasp already, and that with every day we spent together, she became ever more my possession, my property.

And I couldn't wait to see what came next.

CHAPTER 15



*L*ola

A hard knocking against the window startled me awake, and I cried out, clapping my hands to my eyes at the bright early morning light pouring through the windows. I had been dreaming, a lurid, twisted pastiche of all the interactions I'd had with the strange, stern, impossible to resist man who had come to occupy so much of my thoughts of late.

The knock came again, harsher this time. I removed my hands, squinting against the light. "Jesus, what is it? How early is... what time is it?" I was so tired I was still disoriented. I had a sheen of slick drool down the right side of my chin. The left side of my neck hurt terribly, which was a common feature of sleeping in my driver seat. At some point overnight, the pillow I'd propped behind my head last night had slipped down between the seat and the door. It no doubt had left my head hanging to the side as if I were a corpse sitting in my car. It was cold, freezing actually, the thin blanket I used totally inadequate for keeping away the chill of the early morning.

Then I looked out to see who it was banging on my window—and my heart seized in my chest.

It was Mr. Winters.

Oh, fuck!

I went to start the ignition, but he knocked on the door again, giving me a silent shake of his head. He was wearing a white

T-shirt and those same pajama bottoms he had on when I'd come to confront him. His hair was mussed, but somehow it made him look even more devastatingly attractive, the thick growth of five o'clock shadow only enhancing the ruggedness of his face, emphasizing the uber-masculine look and shape of his jaw. The man was entirely too good-looking to be my boss.

You've got a whole lot of problems right now that are far more important than drooling over this man.

I cracked open my door. His fingers curled in over the top edge, drawing the door wide. He filled the doorway, staring down at me, his eyes as cold as the morning wind. "I could ask you what the hell you're doing out here parking on my street so early. But there are other questions I want answers to first." He tipped his head in the direction of his house a block down the street. "Get yourself together and come park in my driveway. You and I need to talk."

* * *

Lola

My eyes burned as I sat there on the deep, impossibly soft couch in his living room. The urge to lie down and go to sleep was incredibly strong. But at that moment I knew this wasn't going to be one of those conversations I could just sleep through.

Why the fuck didn't you just find somewhere else to park last night?

It had been a risk, of course, but to my mind it had been a reasonable one. I thought I could just pull up in his neighborhood, which was quiet as a mouse on even the busiest night, park along the curb, and get a few hours' rest.

However, I hadn't thought about what would happen if I forgot to set my alarm on my phone.

I'd become used to seeing Ellis pacing before me, his hands shoved in the pockets of his pajama pants. The way they highlighted the narrowness of his hips and the compact roundness of his ass had me thinking entirely non-sleepy thoughts. I purposely avoided watching the swing of his cock as he walked by me. The last thing I needed to be thinking about at that moment was Mr. Winters' penis.

"When were you gonna tell me that you're living in your car?"

I bit off a gasp, my stomach dropping to my feet. "I... why do you think I live in my car?"

Ellis stopped, his eyes narrowing as he stared at me. "Patrick tipped me off that you looked like someone who might be living in their vehicle. He's seen it plenty of times before. He thought I might want to know."

My stomach twisted with a familiar sheepishness. It was a quiet shame that I loathed, but couldn't help but feel at my pitiful circumstances. Literally nobody in my life knew.

Until now.

He began pacing again, taking his hands from his pockets and scrubbing them across his face. "So, I want to hear it from you. *Are you living in your vehicle? Are you homeless?*"

The tears pricked in my eyes so fast I was shocked at their swiftness, and I pleaded with myself silently not to start crying. It was hard to hear someone else say that about me, that I was *homeless*.

That I had nowhere to go.

His voice softened somewhat as he continued. "Just tell me the truth, Lola. I'm not one of those people who looks down on those who have less than I do. I just want to know what I'm dealing with here."

A single tear slipped down my cheek and I swiped it away instantly. "It was just supposed to be for a few weeks. My roommates were into drugs again, and I told them that I was never going to live that life. Seen too many people be consumed by it. But I knew if I kicked them out, I'd barely be able to afford my rent—and they'd probably end up on the

street.” I dashed away another tear, the lump in my throat painful now. “So I just decided to pack up my shit and leave. My grandma at the time, she was... she wasn’t doing very well. And I knew she was likely to end up in a nursing home any day. So that wasn’t an option at all.”

He sat down at the other end of the couch, his fingers laced together between the span of his thighs. Thankfully, he didn’t give me that terrible pitying look that I’d gotten from so many people when they realized I was homeless. I hated that most of all.

“Look, Lola, I wanna know something right now. Do you *really* have nowhere to go? No family, no friends?”

I took a deep breath, hating how shaky it was, but I had to keep it together. Dissolving into childish tears here would just make me look even more unreliable, more stupid. “No, not anymore. I mean, I’ve got friends who’d take me in, but it would just be couch riding—and they’d be high half the time. I’d rather chance it in my car than that.” I sighed, holding up my hands. “They never tell you how expensive it is to live in your car. I figured I could save money for a few weeks, get a place... but it never really panned out. Rent is so incredibly fucking high right now, even if I could qualify with my credit—which is a sick joke. The only place I could even hope to get it would be in a neighborhood so sketchy I’d be afraid of dying between my front door and my car. So, I do the best I can with the situation I’m presented with. All you can really do is the best you can, you know?”

Ellis seemed to be looking past me, his gaze shifting from me to something beyond my shoulder. Then he finally spoke. “What happened to your grandma? She won’t take you in? What about your parents? Where are they?”

I shrugged, not wanting to go down this line of questioning. “Not really an option. Believe me, if I could, I would.”

“You’re being evasive right now. Normally, I’d consider that to be grounds for termination.”

I tensed at that, knowing this was coming. Things were going too well, and eventually the world went back to normal.

Normal for me tended to be shitty.

But then Ellis' gaze fixed upon me, and he watched me for a long moment, until I was almost squirming under the weight of those striking blue eyes. "Here's what's going to happen. You're going to stop living in your car. It's not good for you, it's not safe, and most important, I simply don't *like* it. Especially for somebody who's working for me, and has access to my home."

What the hell is he saying here?

"I don't know what else I'm gonna do. It isn't as if safe and affordable rentals grow on trees around here. Christ, I think a tool shed is \$1000 a month."

"I want you to be quiet for a minute, and listen to me." His jaw was firm, his gaze suddenly cool, evaluating.

"Sorry," I murmured miserably, looking down at the carpet.

"You're done living in your car, because you're going to come live here."

I lifted my head, shaking it, looking at him, unsure of what it was I just heard. "You wanna say that again? I don't think I'm awake yet..."

A muscle ticked at the corner of his jaw. "You heard me right. You're going to take one of the rooms upstairs. My room is down here on the main, so you'll be fine up there. I want to know where you are anyway, so this just makes it easy. I'll have your car put in storage, *after* I have my mechanic look it over thoroughly. Patrick said it looked to be in adequate condition, but I want a professional to go over it top to bottom."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "You gotta be kidding me. You're fucking with me, right?"

He shook his head slowly, his eyes never leaving me. "I'm dead serious. You're *not* going to spend one more goddamned night out there in your car alone. Not as long as you're working for me."

"I don't think that's such a good idea. I mean, what if I—"

“It’s not up for debate, Lola. It’s done.”

I made an exasperated sound deep in my throat. “Ellis, I mean, Mr. Winters, you can’t just *do* this.”

“I just did.” He stood up then, his hands in his pockets. He seemed utterly at ease, despite the fact he’d changed the entirety of my life circumstances. Apparently, without even getting my agreement.

Are you just going to let him run over you like this?

“You stay here for the rest of your thirty days—just as we agreed—and at the end of it you get the money. That’s more than enough to get your own place, start over again, no matter what you decide to do after that. Right?”

It was definitely hard to argue with his logic, no matter how bad I knew the idea really was. This could go south so easily, especially considering what had happened the previous day. We still hadn’t even talked about that, and Ellis seemed to want to think that nothing had even happened. Which made this even weirder to me.

But it wasn’t as if I had a bunch of choices that were better than this one. I just had to be careful.

“Okay... I guess I can try that.” I smiled at him, genuinely grateful, even as I wondered if there was some other motive involved here. It was very rare for someone to ever be simply altruistically kind to me. Most people just didn’t work that way. “I really appreciate this, Mr. Winters.”

He frowned at me, shaking his head slowly. He rose to his feet, cocking his thumb toward the stairs. “Two things. Stop calling me Mr. Winters. You can call me Ellis, or Sir. I prefer the latter. And I *don’t* want you thinking I’m doing this out of the charity of my heart, what’s left of it. I’m going to work you hard, Ms. Grant. You have even less of an excuse for slacking off now. You got me?”

I nodded, plunging my hands between my thighs sheepishly, trying to ignore the clench of my womb at his stern words.

He strode off toward his room, then stopped, his hand on the door handle. He looked back at me. “One last thing. I have to

go to the office today, so I'm going to get dressed. Go upstairs, take a shower, and get something to eat. Then get your fucking ass to work."

CHAPTER 16



*L*ola

It had been a week, and while I was eternally grateful for what Mr. Winters had done for me, it still felt exceedingly odd, not going anywhere after I was done working.

I moved my things—what few of them there were—into one of the upstairs bedrooms. It already had a huge bed—far larger than anything I’d ever experienced—and a dresser and vanity so generous I felt like I could have stored my car in it. It was more like a luxurious hotel room than a guest room in a man’s house.

The bathroom was directly across the hall, and while not nearly as absurdly immense as his master bathroom, this one was more than well enough appointed for me and any needs I could possibly have.

I’d quickly made a habit of submerging myself in the jetted tub at the end of each workday, letting the wonderful warm water wash my aches and pains away, if not the increasingly confused and intense thoughts swirling in my mind. I’d masturbated way too many times in that same tub to those same thoughts, and I’d only been there for a week!

But what was a girl to do, when she’d essentially become—in not so many words—a rich, stern man’s kept woman?

You know that’s not anything like what you are.

Oddly, I'd seen almost none of Mr. Winters that entire first week. He'd warned me he'd be traveling, but for some reason I didn't really think that meant he'd be gone overnight.

Between Tuesday and Friday I had the place almost entirely to myself. It was borderline absurd to be obsessively cleaning an immense house that seemed to have no one actually living in it... except for the person taking care of it. It all paid the same though.

Well, in thirty days, anyway.

So, on Friday afternoon, just before four o'clock, my informal quitting time, it was rather surprising to hear the doorbell ring. I was wearing only a black tank top and a pair of ratty denim shorts. I'd been taking advantage of the elliptical in Mr. Winters rather well-equipped home gym tucked away in one of the rooms upstairs. I was sweaty and nasty, as I hurried down the stairs to grab the door. He received packages regularly at home, and I'd become quite familiar with the mailman, the UPS man, *and* the FedEx man. I didn't know the Amazon guy yet, but I'd seen him enough times that when he looked at me I saw recognition in his eyes.

But when I opened the door, it wasn't a man of any kind standing there.

It was the ice queen.

"Hi?" I almost winced with the valley girl note of my voice. This was the same woman on the first day I'd come here who'd been such a cunt to me. Perhaps she'd just been having a bad day? I wasn't going to go out of my way to be mean to her. Even if she probably deserved it.

The woman—Lyssa or Lisa, I couldn't remember which one—was wearing a brilliant red peacoat and a matching mid-length skirt, her heels a dark almost black, mid-rise, showing off her trim and attractive legs. Her brilliant blonde hair was down, only a single pin keeping it out of her face. The wind caught it, the locks waving slightly in the breeze. Her eyes were that same glittering glacial blue I'd remembered from that first morning.

Those same eyes looked me up and down as if I were a vagabond or a hobo who'd answered the door. Considering how I knew I looked, I couldn't really blame her.

"I came to let you know that Ellis is going to be arriving late tonight. I want you to make sure you've got everything ready for him, because he's going to be exhausted. He's had a very tough week of travel. He needs to know that he doesn't have to take care of *anything* here. Do you think you can do that?"

"Well, I don't really work for you. Why are you showing up giving me orders? Why couldn't Mr. Winters just call me himself?"

"Do you remember who I am, Ms. Grant?" The woman's eyes narrowed just the slightest bit. "Never mind, don't answer that. I can see right now, you don't understand the situation here. So, let me clear it up for you. I don't think you're a good match for him, for this job. I think you're too young, and too dumb, and knowing how girls your age typically are, probably too slutty too."

I grabbed the towel at my neck with both hands, squeezing it. "I really don't care who you are. You show up here talking to me as if I'm a stupid child. Why don't you just—"

"As far as I'm concerned, a stupid child is a fairly good description of what you are." The woman took a step closer, and I couldn't help but notice the differences in our size. Though she was slender and quite athletic, she was much taller than me. Though I liked to think I could take her in a fight, the fact was she probably could have kicked my ass. "Mr. Winters is special to me. We've been through a lot together, he and I. And I make it my business to look out for him. Which means if I think I see something that is a danger to him, I'm going to take action. So, let me be entirely clear with you. If you fuck with him, you're going to have a problem with *me*. A big problem."

I had no idea what the woman's issue was with me.

Don't be stupid. She's got a thing for him. It's as obvious as the fucking sunrise.

It was time to clear up that misconception, and quickly. “I don’t know what you think is going on here, but this is *strictly* business. I’m just cleaning for him. I’m renting a room from him for now, but only until I can get enough money to save up for a place. That’s all.”

The woman’s gaze flashed, then she pursed her red lips. “Like I said, Ms. Grant. He’s been through a lot, and I’ll be damned if I let some young chick, some poor little gold-digging bitch worm her way into his heart, only to break it when she’s done with him. So, you can tell me that this is just business all you want, but I know your type. I’ve seen it before. You heard what I had to say. Don’t forget it.”

I opened my mouth to give her a smart retort, but she’d already turned on her heel, striding back down the walk toward the front gate. Just as I had on that first morning I’d encountered her, I watched her ass, her round, very pretty ass sway enviously in the tight grip of her skirt.

I wanted to plant my fucking foot in that too pretty ass.

The truth was that in any potential competition between her and me, I didn’t have a chance. So, the fact that she was so suspicious of me, and so hostile, just didn’t make any sense.

I closed the door, shaking my head, wondering at the odd lives these upper class people seemed to lead.

It seemed as if they always thought there was an angle, seeming to harbor this conviction that all people held venal, negative ulterior motives. It was kind of depressing, really.

Just stay in your lane, dummy.

The ice queen may have been a bitch, but it probably was a good idea to keep my nose clean when it came to Mr. Winters.

CHAPTER 17



*E*llis

I found her that morning in the kitchen, following the smell of the food she was making. My mouth was watering at the delicious scent of the eggs and the bacon, the sound of the sizzling only making my hunger worse. For a moment, I stood at the threshold of the kitchen just inside the dining room, and watched her. It was a far more welcome sight than I would have imagined. Seeing her pretty form in only a pair of light gray yoga pants and a dark blue tank top was more than I could have hoped for. The business trip had been long and grueling, but it was lucrative, too. My company would be set for several more years with the accounts that I landed on that marathon journey.

Her dark hair was pulled back in a messy bun, which was a look that I normally didn't like. But on her somehow it was endearing. I wondered what she'd been doing during the week but judging by the house and the immaculate condition of it, it seemed that her moving in had been at the very least good for her work ethic.

That didn't mean I wasn't going to keep her accountable, and look for any opportunities to hold her feet to the fire. But I understood her enough by now to know that she liked that strictness almost as much as I did. Even if she might never allow herself to admit it.

She glanced over her shoulder at me. Her eyes met mine, going wide instantly, and she yelped so loud, she dropped the spatula on the counter.

“Sneak up on you, did I?”

“Oh, my God, I’m sorry, Mr. Winters.” Her face blushed fetchingly, and she turned back to the stove, looking away from me. “I had... no idea you were there.”

I hadn’t gotten in until after 3:00 a.m., and it was more than endearing seeing that she’d fallen asleep on the couch in the living room, one of the throw pillows draped over her hips. She looked impossibly beautiful as she slept, and I couldn’t bear to wake her to take her up to her room.

So, I’d simply left her there, assuming she would eventually wake up and go back to her bed. But as I sat there at the other end of the couch having one last drink, trying to calm my fried nerves from the ordeal that travel always was, I watched her in silence.

Her existence, her purpose, at my home was simple, more than she probably realized. I intended to make sure that her focus was on pleasing me, on making me happy, and eventually, giving me pleasure. I couldn’t help but look at the swell of her hip as she lay there, and replayed in my mind that gorgeous ass revealed to me as I’d peeled those yoga pants down and come on her, marking her flesh as mine. I wanted to do so much more than that to her, but it wasn’t quite time for it.

That time was coming very soon though.

I stepped into the kitchen, still watching her, and opened the fridge, retrieving a bottle of water. Normally, I would have probably grabbed a beer, perhaps made a drink. But it was too early, and what I had planned required me to have a clear head. I’d enjoy it more if I did anyway. I moved closer to her until I was standing almost directly behind her, and she seemed to sense me, glancing back over her shoulder, clearly nervous.

“No, as you were. I want to look at you.” My cock twitched at the way she instantly looked back at what she was doing,

obeying my simple barely muttered command as if that had become almost normal for her.

If it hadn't yet, then I wanted it to be, the sooner the better. I longed to touch her, to take those pants down, to strip off that shirt to have her entirely bared to me, surrendered to my lust, a vessel whose existence was solely focused on pleasing me.

"When you're done in here, I want you to come see me in my office."

Her voice was tight, a note of almost fright in it that I was ashamed to admit I found exciting, something that had my cock already getting hard. "I... okay, I shouldn't be long here. Do you want anything? I'm not a very good cook, unfortunately, but I can make you some eggs or something."

I reached out, playing with the ends of her hair, her breath catching when she realized what I was doing. But she made no move at all to stop me, and if anything she seemed to lean ever so slightly toward my touch.

I thrilled to it.

"Nothing for me, Lola." I drew a step closer, reveling in the fresh, fruity note of her perfume. "My appetite today is for something other than food."

"Oh... oh, my *God*," she whispered. She cleared her throat, raising her voice slightly. "Yes, sir."

I turned, heading back out of the kitchen, loving the sound of those two words on her lips. "See you in a few minutes, Lola."

* * *

Lola

I knocked on his door, finding it halfway open, my heart pounding like a frightened animal in my chest. I didn't know why I was so keyed up, but there had been so much tension in the kitchen when he came in to see me.

He looked mouthwatering as he'd stood behind me in nothing but warm-ups and a dark T-shirt. His beard was thicker now, dark, yet generously frosted at the chin with gray, as if he'd neglected shaving at all during his trip. While I was standing there at the stove, cooking, I had the insane urge to turn around and touch that stubble, and try not to imagine what that rasp of his facial hair would feel like against my inner thighs.

Jesus Christ, Lola! Down, girl!

He was sitting behind his desk, tapping out something on his keyboard, the two massive monitors almost like a wall before him.

"Close the door behind you, girl," he muttered, his eyes not leaving the screen as he continued to type.

I shut the door, pushing against it with my ass, leaning on it for a moment, willing myself to have the courage to go through with... whatever it was that was about to happen here.

Finally, his gaze flicked over to me, and once again he had that preternatural, almost predatory gleam in his eye. It unsettled me and excited me all at once. I wondered if he knew he had that effect, that simply looking up on a young girl like me had her tummy flipping, her mouth going dry. I hoped he didn't, because it would make him even more dangerous.

"Come over here, Lola." He beckoned with a finger. As I walked around to his side of the desk, he swung his chair toward me, his legs spread casually. His gaze locked upon mine as he leaned forward slightly, reaching down to one of the lower drawers at the right of his chair. He drew it open, extracting a package wrapped in plain brown paper. He held it up to me. "This is for you." He didn't smile, in fact, his lips didn't even quirk. It didn't seem like it was a gift.

"What's this?"

He gave me a slow nod. "Your uniform finally came in. I want you to put it on."

I took the package from his hands, my heart beating even faster now. I didn't know what to expect, exactly, but I *was* kind of excited to see what it looked like. Even though I knew

it was likely to be slutty. “Thank you, sir. I’ll go get changed right now.”

“No. You’ll do it right here.”

My mouth instantly went dry as a desert. “Uh, I don’t understand, sir. It won’t take me but a minute to do...”

He shook his head. “I need to see how it looks on you. Do as you’re told.”

“Yes... yes, sir.” My fingers shook horribly as I tore the packaging open. My jaw practically hit the floor when I saw what was inside the box. The first thing I noticed was that there was hardly anything there. And there was almost as much lingerie as there was what I guessed was a degrading mockery of a ‘uniform.’

He sat back in his chair, the bearings creaking slightly as he did, his hands gripping both of the polished wood armrests. “Go on, get on with it.”

I couldn’t believe I was doing it, but I immediately thumbed down my yoga pants until they pooled at my feet. I was less than two feet away from him, almost within the span of his thighs, and there I was disrobing in front of him. I couldn’t believe I was doing it. I couldn’t believe how wet my pussy was, either.

He’s turning you into a whore, Lola. And you’re cooperating every step of the way.

Maybe it was true. Maybe it didn’t matter. If it was just us, would any of it matter?

Nobody else has to know, right?

I was horrified that I was wearing my ugliest plain white panties. ‘Grandma panties’ were what I always thought of them as, even though they weren’t quite *that* bad. I decided to leave those on and instead take my tank top off next.

I quickly stripped it off, dropping it to my feet behind me, then turning back to him, trying to ascertain what it was he wanted from me in that moment. The tension was palpable then, almost as obvious as my arousal.

I nearly gasped when I saw the outline of his cock against the sweatpants had lengthened and thickened, extending down his left pant leg. It was the biggest penis I'd ever seen, and I hadn't even seen it for real yet. Just looking at it had my heart pounding in my chest, my nipples drawing into rock-hard points.

Worse than my white granny panties though, was the fact that my bra didn't match them at all. I put it on that morning because nothing else was clean. Doing my own laundry was apparently something that I had forgotten to do the entire week, focused as I was in making sure I kept his house as clean as I possibly could.

The dark green lace was completely at odds with the white fabric of my underwear, and I felt like a street urchin standing in front of him. As if that weren't embarrassing enough, it was too large for my tits, and rather than hold them up and accentuate them, the bra sort of just... held them. No support whatsoever.

He gave me a slow nod, a clear signal he wanted the rest of it off too. I was afraid of that.

My face flaming hot, I unsnapped the bra, slipping it from my shoulders and letting it fall. My nipples were tingling, they were so hard, and I couldn't bear to look at him as he stared at my tits.

"Very good," he murmured, a slow smile spreading across his face. "Now, get those panties off too."

Deciding I wasn't going to draw out my humiliation any further than I had to, I yanked the shameful granny panties down my legs then kicked them off behind me. My face was blushing so hot now, I was sure I must have been fire engine red. But there was nothing I could do about it.

"Put it on. Bra first, then the uniform, then your panties and your garters last."

The brassiere was ridiculously brief, a thin patterned lace. The demi cup did little more than lift my tits up as if they were on a shelf. My nipples were only barely covered, the upper

crescents of my areolas clearly visible over the fringe of the lace. It was a ridiculous mockery of a bra, solely intended to display my assets, to the exclusion of all other useful purposes it may otherwise have had.

“The size is a little bigger than you need now,” he said, his gaze glued to my breasts.

“W-why?” I was afraid I already knew the answer though.

“Because I anticipate those tits of yours are going to be getting bigger, now that you’ve got a proper food intake. Even your roomiest bras are going to be quite snug, if I have anything to say about it.” He leaned forward. “And I want to make myself clear here. What I say and think are the only two things you need concern yourself with. You got me?”

I shuddered, but nodded anyway. “I... yes, I understand.”

“Uniform now,” he murmured, his grin back. “I rather like how the design turned out. Just need to see how it looks on that body of yours.”

I looked down as I plucked the shaming, slutty outfit from the packaging and put it on. It was, thankfully, surprisingly comfortable, but that was the only thing about it that wasn’t mortifying. The bodice, lined with lace, was scandalously low and wide, presenting my bra-clad breasts in a stark, sexual, objectifying display.

“I like to accentuate the most important parts of you,” he growled, staring at my shaming presentation.

The whole thing was essentially an extended corset, or modified bustier, extending down to just above the fringe of the incredibly brief, barely there panties I pulled on next. They were the same black diaphanous lace as the bra, and the dark delta of my pubic hair was clearly visible through them. The fabric clutched my mons jealously, and it tended to ride up my cleft, delineating the split of my sex, which further shamed me.

He on the other hand seemed to absolutely delight in it, his eyes glittering, his cock now tenting the soft cotton fabric of his warm-ups.

“Let’s get those garters on. I want to see the whole look.” His jaw clenched, and he seemed quite unabashed as he adjusted the jutting length of his cock under the fabric of his pants. “So far, it’s even better than I hoped for.”

I drew up the garter belt, constructed of the same almost muslin lace that the panties and bra were made of. I made sure the garter straps were straight up the front and back, assuming he would fault me if I were to let them hang haphazardly. Then the last items from the package were held up for me, draped across his long finger. “Get these on then you’re done, Lola.”

I lifted one foot, then the other, drawing the smoky dark stockings up my legs. I hated how far down my thighs they ended, and the way they clasped my thighs just firmly enough to make the soft flesh bulge above them slightly. It was an extra humiliation I knew was absolutely intentional.

Then I attached the straps and drew them as snugly as I dared, not wanting to stretch the hem of the stockings too much but knowing he would love how it left a band of my pale flesh between the top of the thigh highs and the lace of my panties. I always thought that a woman looked even more naked wearing these than they did if they hadn’t been wearing anything at all. Standing there before him, less than an arm’s length away, displaying my body like prized livestock, I felt that truth keenly. I was naked, vulnerable, presented for his enjoyment and his pure male lust.

What I hoped he *didn’t* notice though was that my lace panties were already sticking to the slit of my very wet sex.

He held up a finger, making a rolling motion, his dark gaze glittering once more. I knew very well what he meant, turning slowly before him.

“Stop right there,” he said. “Hands on your waist.”

I took the humiliating position, knowing he would just force me to do it if I tried to refuse. What shocked me though was that despite my objectification in the uniform, I *did* feel sexy and desirable—and I liked that he wanted me.

Very much so.

In that position, displaying my ass to him, I blushed all over again at the sight I knew was presented to him. For the panties in the back were little more than a string, diving between my buttocks, the lace firm and shaming against my bottomhole. I'd never liked thongs, and I didn't like them now, but still I hoped he was pleased by what he saw at that moment.

That he didn't say a thing, staying utterly silent, somehow made me more nervous, and I found myself bizarrely berating myself for not being more cooperative, or wondering what I could have done to be more alluring to his eye.

He's already got you brainwashed, and he hasn't even needed to try.

"Very good," he murmured, and I jerked slightly as his rough palm caressed my right buttock. "Turn around, girl."

I faced him once more, but I couldn't bear to meet his gaze, staring down at the floor instead, the shaming bulge of my breasts filling my vision.

"Look at me, Lola."

That was the last thing I wanted to do, but I raised my eyes to his, swallowing down a whimper at the triumph and lust I saw in his dark gaze.

"You're to wear this any time you're on duty. I'll leave the choice of heels up to you, but they'd better be no less than three inches—and I prefer five or more."

I shivered at that, picturing myself having to totter through my cleaning duties in ridiculous spike heels, knowing how they would make my ass jiggle and sway as I moved.

Ellis continued. "I want you in uniform at all times when you're cleaning, no matter who may be in the house, and no matter what it is I may or may not be doing. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir," I said, trying not to think about what he implied by 'no matter who may be in the house.' The prospect of anybody but Ellis seeing me in that ridiculous getup was utterly mortifying. I didn't think I'd be able to survive that level of humiliation.

And yet my pussy was hot and wet, the lips slipping together slickly. Was I actually getting turned on from being objectified and humiliated in this way? At that point nothing would surprise me, because the fact was he seemed to know my body better than I did.

It was either dark magic, or the man was pure evil.

Pure, sexy evil, that is.

He stroked my hip, the fingertips playing with the thin band of my panties, his thumb laid upon the exposed flesh there, making me tingle. Even the most minor casual touches were stirring things within me, and I had no idea what to make of it.

“I know Saturday isn’t your typical day for working, but I want to see you working today, nonetheless.” He reached around and slapped my bottom, and I cringed at the way my buttocks bounced and jiggled. “Now, go find something to clean.”

CHAPTER 18



*E*llis

For the next three or four days, I tried my best to stay away from her. She looked so mouthwateringly good in that outfit, like a French maid from my most twisted dreams, that I knew as soon as I saw her I wouldn't be able to resist her anymore.

It was Thursday, and the day had been rough, something that seemed to be more and more common of late. So, I decided to go home early, even though it vastly increased the chances of me encountering Lola.

I'd take that chance.

Of course, part of me very much wanted to see her, especially considering that, if she were doing as she was told, she'd be wearing her new—and incredibly slutty—uniform.

The rain was falling sideways as I strolled up the sidewalk, my key already out. My head was pounding, but I knew it was stress related—which was all the more reason for me to go home and relax for a bit.

As soon as I stepped in the front door, closing and locking it behind me, I could hear the strange noise. But it was much too faint to make out exactly what it was. Trying to put my finger on what it was, I dropped my briefcase by the front door in the foyer, shedding my coat, wiping the icy rain from my cheek. As I walked down the hallway toward my room, the noise was louder. As I reached the stairwell, it was louder still.

Stalking up the risers, I could begin to make out what it was. It was a buzzing.

That can't be. You're just wishing that's what it is.

When I reached the door of the first guest bathroom, the one directly across from Lola's room, I knew.

The sound I was hearing... was a vibrator.

Ever so slowly, I turned the knob and eased the door open, warm air whispering out of the crack. I stood there for a moment, simply listening. The last thing I wanted to do was walk in on her while she was taking a shower—or something even more private.

But it became immediately clear that that was not exactly what she was engaged in.

I opened the door further and found her. The toilet was directly opposite the door, the big jetted tub to its right, while on the left hand side stretched the double marble vanity. For a moment I couldn't quite believe what I was seeing—Lola sprawled sitting atop the toilet, a big black cordless Hitachi in her hand, the thick rounded end pressed to her clit. Her panties were tangled, stretching between her legs just below her knees. The air in the room was thick with the smell of pussy.

Her eyes were closed, her mouth hanging open. She had worked her bra down underneath the swells of her breasts, both of them projecting through the opening in her bodice, the fingers of her right hand pulling and pinching her nipples. I simply watched her for a minute or two, marveling at the fact she had no idea I was even there. Then my irritation began to rise, that once again she was caught completely unaware of my presence.

And unlike last time she was doing something she *knew* I was not going to approve of. She was playing with her pussy, on the clock! That was bad enough. But the fact that she still considered it hers to play with whenever she wanted to... *that* actually bothered me more than her extracurricular activities during work hours.

It was a huge step, a turning point, and even then at the last second I paused, pondering what might happen if I went through with this. My cock was already an iron bar in my slacks, throbbing and urgent, needing to finally get the satisfaction that it had been waiting for so very long. I was done waiting.

“What the *hell* do you think you’re doing?”

Her shriek was so high pitched, I struggled not to burst into laughter. The vibrator dropped to the tile floor and she scrambled up from the toilet, yanking her panties back into place, her breasts bobbing and bouncing as she did. Her face was flushed, as was her chest, her mouth hanging open. Her hair was a crazed mess.

“Oh, my God, I’m... I’m so sorry!” She held out her hands as if to implore me, and for a moment I considered just backing out of the room. She’d probably been embarrassed enough as it was. But the smell of her pussy, the quick glimpse of that sable pubic hair, the wine-dark nipples. It was too much.

I advanced on her in three steps and she backed up instinctively, tripping on the toilet and falling back onto the lid. I submerged my hands into the hair at the top of her head, then hauled her up to her feet. She squawked, grabbing hold of my arm, but the resistance was only for show. Her eyes were wide, watching me closely.

“Of all the things I thought I’d see you up to, Lola, playing with your cunt is definitely not one of them. So, we’re going to take care of that problem right now. I told you that if you disobeyed me again, you’d be corrected. Do you think that playing with your pussy on my dime is what you’d call obeying me?”

“Mr. Winters, sir, I’m really sorry. I know I shouldn’t have been doing that. I don’t know what—oh, *God*—what came over me.”

“Doesn’t really matter at this point, does it, Lola?” I spun her to the side, facing the tub. “Get on your knees, right now.”

Her gaze snapped up to mine as she looked over her shoulder.
“What are you... what are you doing?”

“Correcting you, Ms. Grant. Now, get on your knees, or I’ll have to put you there myself. And you won’t like that.”

“Okay...” She lowered herself to the tile, one of her heels slipping off.

I crouched down next to her and removed her other heel, tossing both of her shoes behind me where they clattered against the tile, then hit the base of the door.

“Bend over the side of the tub. I want your head down, and your ass up.”

For a heartbeat, she twisted against the grip of my fist in her hair, and I wondered if she was contemplating resisting. “Lola, you knew this would happen to you if you did not follow my directions. So, you’re going to be punished. I’m not going to hurt you. But your ass is getting a spanking.”

With a pitiful sound of resignation, she reluctantly obeyed, bending over until her head rested against her forearm near the base of the tub.

I took a moment to admire the roundness of her ass, then I hooked my fingers in the rear waistband of her panties and tore them away, the sound of rending fabric harsh in the close confines of the bathroom. She gasped loudly, but made no attempt to do anything else to resist.

“Now, judging by how wet your cunt is, I’d say either you’ve been up here doing this for a while, or you’re even more of a slut that I thought you were.” I gave her right buttock a light slap. “Which is it, Lola? Are you a slut? Do you think it’s okay for someone to be up here jilling off on the clock?”

“No, sir, I don’t think that it’s okay at all.” Her voice dripped with misery. I knew she was embarrassed, and that only turned me on more. Only one other woman had ever had this kind of effect on me, and I thought she was a once in a lifetime thing.

Apparently, I’d been wrong. But now was no time to think about that.

“Then it’s right that you be spanked for this, isn’t it?”

“I... I don’t know.”

“Are you saying *no*, Lola? Because the only way you’re getting out of this is if you end this right now, and quit your job.” I waited for her to respond, silently praying she wouldn’t be stupid enough to actually go through with it. This was a sweet deal, and she knew it. Getting her ass beat now and then was a relatively modest price to pay for what she stood to earn.

“No.” She took a deep, shaky breath. “No, sir.”

Curious, I paused, dropping to one knee behind her, my hand still submerged in her hair, keeping her in place. I caressed her right bottom cheek then eased it away from its twin, exposing her cleft.

I grinned at what I saw—and smelled. Her drool was thick and copious, glistening within the swollen, almost quivering lips of her cunt. She was deeply aroused, and what was better was that it was certainly *not* from her vibrator. She’d had plenty of time to cool down from that. No, this was quite something else firing her arousal.

“My God, Lola. Your pussy is leaking like a fucking faucet. Are you actually getting *excited* at the prospect of being spanked?”

“No! I... I don’t know why it’s doing that. I’m not that kind of...”

But I wasn’t even listening to her, staring at the slot of her incredibly aroused, wet, and fragrant sex. I wanted to fuck her so badly I could taste it. But this had to be taken care of first.

Even so, I couldn’t resist, driving two fingers inside her. She moaned as I did it, her pussy so wet I could hear it giving way to the thrust of my digits. I pushed them in all the way to the knuckles, tickling the rounded, firm nose of her cervix. She jerked each time I did it, which made me want to do it more. “Does it hurt when your cervix is played with? Or does it turn you on even more? Does it make you come, or does it make you come *because* it hurts?”

“Oh *fuck*,” she hissed, pushing back slightly as I forced a third finger inside her. “Yes... no, it doesn’t hurt. It’s just so... intense.”

I kept going, thrusting harder and harder, planting my hand upon her lower back, pinning her over the side of the tub in order to give me better leverage to push even more firmly into her.

Working her that way higher and higher, I ruthlessly stirred up more of her wetness until it was dripping down off of my fingers onto the tile below. Then just as she began to pant, I swiftly pulled out.

She moaned loudly, driving her hips back toward me. “Please... oh, God, please keep going.”

“Do you think you deserve it? Do you think I should make you come after I found you spanking the muffin on the clock? Like a dirty whore?” I didn’t give her a chance to answer. “No, I think the only one who’s going to be coming today is going to be me. But first we have something to take care of, don’t we?”

Pinning her more firmly over the side of the tub, I smacked her ass crisply, my wet fingers curling around the edge of her hip. I slapped the other side even harder, loving the way her flesh rippled and jiggled. Right and left, I alternated back and forth, steadily increasing the tempo until within a minute I was smacking her ass harshly, the timing of the spansks like a metronome, ensuring every inch of her skin was reddened. Soon enough she began to groan, then cry out at each blow. But still I kept going, smacking her harder and harder, pausing every now and then to slip a finger or two inside her hot, dripping cunt. She was enjoying this, pain or not. And so was I.

Determined to ensure she learned her lesson, I took up especially harsh blows, striking up from below. Lifting each of her plump buttocks upon my cruel palm, pausing each time to watch her flesh bound and wobble wildly. Making a girl feel her own bottom jiggling obscenely under discipline amplified the objectification, the humiliation of being corrected in a deeply primitive, embarrassing way.

With a final flurry of especially cruel slaps, I peppered the lower curves of her ass, then marched blow after blow down the lengths of her bare thighs, her thin stockings giving her scant protection against the tender mercies of my hard palm.

Then finishing up with the final few blows, grinning at the appearance of a couple of purple marks across the middle curve of her left buttock—those would be bruising in the next couple of days—I finally ceased her punishment. I clasped her bottom, a warning, and merely watched her in silence, drinking in the moment, savoring her desperation and embarrassment still more.

“I want you to stay there for five minutes, your head down, your red, punished bottom waving in the air to display the results of your shameful behavior.” I stood then, watching her closely to be sure she didn’t balk. “While you’re down there, I want you to think about what you did. About how sorry you are that you disobeyed me, that you disappointed me. And then I want you to make a promise to yourself that you’ll do better. When you think you properly learned your lesson here, you’re to immediately go to your room.”

She made a shocked sound. “My... my room? You... you’re sending me to... my *room*?”

“Of course. You need to think long and hard about this, about what happens when you disobey me. When I’m ready to talk, I’ll come get you. But you are not to leave that room until I do. Do you understand?”

“I... I guess.”

“No guessing. Or maybe I have haven’t spanked you enough to get you thinking clearly?”

“No! I mean, yes, I... okay. I’ll stay in my room. Sir.” Her voice began to break on that last word.

“You’re a good girl, most of the time. But I’ll be *damned* if I won’t hold you accountable each and every time you decide to be selfish, to succumb to your lusts and your shameful desires. I’ll be here, every time, to be sure you walk the straight and narrow, Lola Grant. And don’t you ever forget it.”

I strode for the door then, trying to adjust my erection into a position, any position at all, that wasn't agony. My cock was so hard, it was tangling in my underwear, and I desperately extricated it, angling it down one leg of my slacks. I sighed, finally getting a modicum of relief.

Looking back at her one last time, I smiled to myself, pleased at the swiftness, harshness, and most important, *appropriateness* of her spanking. She deserved her correction, and both of us knew it.

What I hadn't known was how insanely turned on meting out her painful discipline was going to make me.

I needed to fuck Lola, and right now.

But still, I waited.

I left the bathroom then, to the dulcet tones of her muted, quiet weeping.

My God, she's fucking perfect.

CHAPTER 19



*L*ola

I woke to a strange sound, my awareness muddled such that I couldn't tell if I was awake or dreaming. I was curled up on my bed, my blankets twisted about my legs. The light outside had gone almost full dark, the bedroom shrouded in deep shadow. I was much too hot, a symptom of probably tunneling my head under the covers. It was something I sometimes did in my slumber—and which never failed to overheat me, often giving me disturbing nightmares in the process.

It wasn't until moving into Ellis' house—and lying in the sumptuous guest room bed that practically seduced me to sleep each night—that I realized just how very badly I'd been sleeping in my car. Yes, my muscles were always sore, and I was perpetually fatigued, but it was amazing what the human body could accustom itself to, given no other choice in the matter.

Now, finally rested for the first time in many months, I'd remembered what it was like to get truly deep sleep. And it was fucking *glorious*.

I rolled over onto my back, stretching. “Ow...”

My ass was sore. Really sore.

Then I remembered what had happened earlier in the day, and I clapped my hand to my mouth, finally snapping fully awake.

At that precise moment, the door to my bedroom opened, warm yellow light spilling across the floor in a long, angular column.

Someone stood in the doorway, partially blocking the light, and my stomach dropped ever so slightly.

It was *him*.

“Hello?”

He said nothing, instead stepping inside, advancing slowly toward my bed, his face entirely shadowed, obscured by the bright light from the hallway beyond.

“Will you... turn on a light at least?”

“Be quiet, Lola.”

I almost swallowed my tongue. But my nipples had a quite different reaction, tightening, tingling.

Then he was standing at the foot of my bed, and I could finally make out his visage at least a little bit. He was stone-faced, but his eyes were brilliant, seeming to almost glow in the low light. “Are you okay? You slept for hours.”

I relaxed ever so slightly, relieved he didn't seem angry anymore. Why did it matter so much to me all of a sudden that I was being pleasing to him?

Why do you think, slut?

Trying to slide off the bed, I shifted my weight to my right side, but his hand wrapped about my ankle, stopping me.

“W-what are you doing, Mr. Winters?”

“I want you to stay where you are.” He took a breath. “Spread your legs.”

“W-what?”

“Do it.” His voice had the slightest of edges now.

“Why?” I didn't really know why I asked it. I wasn't stupid. I knew what he wanted. That knowledge wasn't particularly unsettling either, and the sudden heat between my thighs heralded something that troubled me far more.

My body's intense reaction to what it was he might have intended for me in the next few seconds was a shock to me.

"You know why." He drew my leg slowly away from its twin. "Now is the time to decide. I'm going to fuck you, Lola Grant. There's no getting around that now. I'm going to fuck you very hard, even if it hurts you. And I'm going to enjoy it whether it hurts you or not. You're not leaving this room tonight until my cock is buried in your tight little cunt just as deep as I can ram it. Unless you call this whole thing off." He clamped my ankle tighter, leaning slightly over the bed. "Last chance."

Oh, holy shit.

For seconds, maybe a whole minute, I laid there, stunned, and so aroused I could hardly think straight.

"I... want to stay," I finally said, my heart in my throat. I wanted this. I *so* wanted this, and yet, I was scared shitless too. I'd never been with a man even a fraction as intimidating, as implacable, as stern as Mr. Winters.

And it seemed I'd been most definitely been missing out.

The slightest hint of a smile curved his lips, then it was gone. He rose back to his full height. "Spread your legs as far as you can. Until it hurts. I want you to show me your cunt."

My heart thudding in my chest, I complied until the tendons of my inner thighs were aching.

"That's not all, Lola. When I tell you to show me your cunt, I mean *all* of it. Spread the lips. As wide as they will go. Then expose your clit to me. You won't hide *anything* from me."

I swallowed hard at the cruel and searing words, but I did as he asked, moving my hands down, spreading my sex open for him. My face flamed with embarrassment, but at the same time the feeling of being so open and exposed to him, laid bare for whatever it was he had planned for me next... it was deeply arousing.

He waited for me, until it seemed he was pleased with my obedience. Then he stripped off the dark T-shirt he was wearing, revealing his lean, well-muscled physique. His chest

was covered in thick dark hair, more of it leading in a trail down the center of his belly, disappearing under the waistband of his warm-ups.

Then he brought those down too, his eyes never leaving me as he did. And there I lay breathless, everything I had completely exposed to him, Mr. Winters standing naked, towering over me, the huge truncheon of his cock jutting out at me, as if it meant to hurt me, to conquer me, to consume me.

What did it mean that all of those things... were what I wanted too?

He climbed up on the bed then, slowly, his movements almost feline with their smoothness, so very deliberate, unhurried, the heavy shaft of his cock swaying side to side as he came closer. His penis was lined with thick, congested veins, the head, broad and flaring, a deep reddish purple. He paused between my thighs, his hands stroking them, the slit at the head of his cock glistening. "This is going to hurt you. And I'm not going to lie to you, I like that it's going to hurt you. It's not going to stop me either."

I couldn't peel my eyes away from his huge cock, and I was sure there was no way it was going in without tearing me. "What if... what if I just can't take it?"

"You'll just have to get used to it, won't you?" He squeezed my thighs again, his thumb stroking my skin. "Because this is only the first time, Lola, and I guarantee you you're going to be getting my cock a lot more than this."

The heavy penis lolled across my leg, and then the head tapped at my clit, making me gasp. I was even more afraid he was going to hurt me with it, and yet there was a confusing sense of almost eagerness within me, to see what it felt like, wondering how far he would be ruthless enough to take me.

Then he drove inside me in one long, steady thrust.

"Oh! Oh, *shit*... wait, wait, oh, my God." I moaned then as his thick shaft drilled into me still more, and my flesh yielded before its irresistible power, leaving me panting almost immediately. "It's too much, oh, *fuck*, it's too much!"

“Shh, you’re doing just fine. I know it’s hard to take, but you’re going to have to get used to it.”

I threw my head back, groaning once again, the feeling of being stretched well past the point of pain one I had an almost visceral urge to get away from, but at the same time paradoxically, something I wanted more of. It made no sense but I wanted him to keep going no matter how much I begged him to stop, because even though it did hurt, it felt so *very* good too.

What does that mean? What does that make me?

Then incredibly, his cock rammed almost entirely inside me. I felt so full I could swear his penis was all the way up into my throat, my breaths coming in tight little sips of air. I’d never had a man this big take me, and though I wasn’t sure I’d even be able to survive this, I was damn well going to try. Because as much as the stretching was definitely painful, and I knew it was going to be sore the next day, there was nothing else in the world like it.

And I wanted more, so much more.

I *wanted* to be destroyed by it, consumed by it, annihilated on the end of the cock of this man that I was increasingly obsessed with. The man I had absolutely no defenses against.

That fact only made him even more fascinating to me.

As he took up a steady, deep, devastating thrusting inside me, he grasped my hips, then my waist, as if searching for a better grip, a way to more easily drive inside me, to fuck me still harder. “Tonight, I’ll allow you to come, if you can. The pain might be too much for you this first time. But I’ll allow it.”

“Oh, my God,” I whimpered, clenching down upon his thick, pistoning shaft, the sound of my juices squeezing out around his girth making me blush anew.

He reared over me then, his hips snapping against me harder now, the grind of his pubic bone against my clit threatening to make me explode into a billion pieces. “But in the future, slut, you need to remember something. Your orgasms belong to *me*

now. And you're not to pleasure this pussy without my express permission. You got me?"

"Fuck... fuck, yes... yes, sir."

He ground against me once, then again, and I was already at the edge. I'd never felt this way from just being penetrated before. I'd never been able to orgasm from penetration at all. And yet here I was about to explode on this man's cock.

He began to thrust harder, stabbing into my pussy, plundering it now, the head impacting my cervix directly on each impossibly deep thrust, the pain and the pleasure of it working together, until I couldn't tell where one ended and the other began. My orgasm was close, on a knife's edge, and yet I held it back, almost not believing that it was possible this was happening to me.

His hand closed about my throat, and that was it, the straw that broke the camel's back, my orgasm exploding out from the depths of my soul, making me scream and cry out again and again and the entire time he never let up pounding me mercilessly, growling at me to come, to come on his cock, show me what a good girl I was. Over and over again I spasmed upon him, yet still kept coming. The sheets below me were wet, I could feel the slickness against my ass now. Then finally he tensed, his cock growing harder, filling me still more, his grip on my throat tightening.

"Fuck, I'm coming. Take my cock, bitch. Take it!" He buried himself inside me, rearing up over me, groaning.

I almost came all over again at the power of his tense body completely pinning mine against the bed, rendering me utterly helpless against his strength. I reveled in that, in my powerlessness, in my total surrender to his will, his lust. Then my pussy was flooded with hot, sticky wetness, and I moaned as it dripped out of me, thick and fragrant. His hips snapped against me, once, twice, a third time, his groans devolving into almost animal growls.

"Yes," he hissed, and after one more harsh thrust he laid down upon me, pressing me still further into the bed. I was surrounded by man, in masculine, heavy muscle, overwhelmed

by this male who controlled me, conquered me in a way only a man could, and showed me how much I'd been missing.

As I laid there under the impossible weight of his body, listening to his quick breathing, feeling the sweat of his chest dripping upon me, I knew then that I could never hope to resist him. Even if I wanted to.

Which I emphatically did *not*.

We'd turned a corner, a milestone of sorts. And though I couldn't possibly know where all of this was headed, I knew for a certainty that I could never go back again.

CHAPTER 20



*L*ola

I opened my eyes the next morning finding myself wrapped up like a burrito in my sweaty blankets, forgetting for the moment where I was. I scrubbed my face with my palm, the morning light angling brightness across the bed. I rolled onto my side reaching for him... but he was gone.

Sitting up in the bed, I tried to shrug off my nagging, selfish disappointment that he wasn't there.

What did you expect, Lola? He fucked you and left. That's what guys like him do.

I swung my legs over the side of the bed, the carpet cool upon my bare feet. I winced at the twinge of soreness at my pussy. I pulled the covers up to check, wondering if I had blood down there. But there wasn't any.

What I found was only the pungent, musky fragrance of our combined fluids, some of it dried in my pubic hair, and my swollen, slightly stinging, and very well-fucked pussy. I definitely felt a little... looser than I normally was. I still couldn't believe he'd actually fit inside me, and yet at the same time that thought started a slow tightening deep in my belly, my nipples hardening.

My door was still half open, but I couldn't hear anything coming from the hallway. I glanced over at the clock on the side table, confirming it was definitely time for work, the time

just past eight o'clock. I usually started right now, and Ellis was almost always long gone well before I began my day's toil.

The man was a workaholic, it seemed.

We hadn't only crossed lines last night—we'd obliterated them. Maybe it wasn't so much that *I* had crossed lines, and more that he had. I was almost twenty years younger than the man—something that still shocked me and, if I were totally honest, excited me in a quasi-taboo way. I was sure he was having second thoughts this morning about doing what he did. Not because it was wrong, *per se*, but more that he probably realized I was just some young, stupid girl. It went without saying that a man like Ellis Winters could do a lot better than some poor, homeless twit like me.

Still, I smiled at the memory of it. He was good, *really* good. And it wasn't just that first time either. He woke me late in the night once again, gruffly ordering me to 'open your fucking legs' before driving deep inside me all over again. That second time hurt more, actually, but I still came, and came hard, on that cock of his.

He'd waited until I was panting and exhausted before he allowed himself to spill, too. But unlike the first time when he'd flooded me to overflowing, this time he'd pulled out, groaning and grunting above me, pumping his cock in his fist, spraying my belly and my mons with searing, thick goutts of his semen. He'd watched in heated silence afterward, my cheeks blushing hot with embarrassment once more as he made me rub his cum into my skin, just as he had that first time he'd spurted his seed across my ass.

A man of his word.

Why had I had such a strong reaction to such treatment? Was it despite the pain? Or did the pain somehow excite me even more?

It was so confusing.

After he'd stretched out my pussy around that huge cock of his, he'd finally rolled over on his side, bringing me with him,

drawing me in close to his body. His arms were so strong I could barely move against him, and yet at the same time that was a comfort all its own. Again, I'd marveled at how he just manhandled me the way he did, and I had responded to it viscerally, as if each time he showed his strength it spoke to something primitive, instinctual within me, sending a signal of lust and want straight down to my clit.

Another twinge of pain sparked between my legs, and I sighed. "Jesus, he really fucking pounded me..."

A big stupid grin was plastered on my face as I picked up my shirt, slipping it on, then stepping out in the hall and into the bathroom. I couldn't stop thinking about it.

How I'd felt. What he'd done to me. *How* he'd done it to me.

And I hoped he couldn't stop thinking about it either.

* * *

Lola

As I made my way downstairs, still rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I lamented the fact that I hadn't had a chance to talk to him this morning. There was a lot that I wanted to go over with him, mostly for me, to try to sort out everything I felt, to make sure that what was happening was really what was actually happening.

He was so hard to read, and while part of me loved that, the mystery of it, another part found it immensely frustrating. I didn't want to think this was something more than what it actually was. And yet, I wasn't even sure what I wanted it to be.

Confused girl is confused.

I was scrolling through my phone as I stepped down from the last riser on the stairs. Still reading my emails, I cursed at myself softly that the battery was almost dead. I needed to

remember to charge the damn thing up at night. I was terrible about that.

“Hello, Lola.”

I shrieked, my phone clattering to the floor, both my hands clapped over my mouth.

Ellis was standing in the foyer, his briefcase resting on the floor. He was dressed in dark slacks, the shoes polished to a brilliant sheen. He was buttoning up the top button of his white dress shirt when I met his eyes. I could smell the soap on him, and the subtle cologne he always seemed to favor. His gaze upon me was intent, and a little amused, the slightest hint of a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “Good. I was planning on talking to you tonight, but since you’re up early, we can discuss it right now.” He glanced at his watch, the silver metal glittering under the lights of the foyer. “We have a thing or two to discuss, my dear.” He tilted his head toward the living room. “After you, Ms. Grant.”

“Um, okay,” I said, already moving into the living room. The lips of my pussy slid against one another as I walked, wetness already gathering between my thighs. I was wearing my uniform, but I was barefoot. My heels were actually in the bathroom. The only thing missing from my ensemble were my panties; the torn ones from the night before were completely unserviceable. Mr. Winters hadn’t issued me a replacement either. I thought about using a pair of my own, but I figured since no one else was going to be around, it wouldn’t be a problem to just go commando for the day.

That was apparently a poor decision.

I found a spot at the end of one side of the couch, pulling my legs up and tucking them underneath me, angling my hips away such that I could hide the fact that my pussy was entirely bare. I just had to hope I didn’t leave some of my wetness on his upholstery. I knew instinctively he would not take well to that one bit.

“I *do* like the look of that uniform. A proper slut’s uniform,” he said, his voice like the distant rumble of thunder. “But that’s not what I want to talk to you about today.”

Rather than take a seat himself, he strolled toward me, utterly unhurried. Then he stood over me, his gaze pinning me in place on the couch. The note of his cologne was stronger now, and I loved it, marveling anew at how the mere scent of a man could excite me.

“Things are going to change between us from now on. I think you understand why.”

I cleared my throat, suddenly having trouble finding my words. “Because of what happened last night?”

“Not just that. I’ve decided that it’s time to take things to a deeper level with us. I’ve seen who you are, and I know what you need. You’re going to find some of it quite difficult, and I’ll be honest I *like* that too. But you need it. I’m going to enjoy giving you all you need—and more.”

My heart was beginning to pound, but the heat blooming between my thighs was a raging fire now. “What... what did you have in mind?”

He kept pacing again, not even looking at me as he spoke, and I had a real sense of being his secretary taking dictation from this man. Only the subject wasn’t some battle business matter.

The subject was *me*.

“From now on you aren’t just going to be subject to me during work hours. You’re mine all the time. Do you understand?”

I nodded. Thankfully, I didn’t really have to speak, my tongue suddenly feeling like it was about three times its size.

He continued. “Your job now isn’t just to clean my house, and make sure everything is in its place. Part of your duties now are to serve me, more to the point serving my *cock*. Your job is to make my cock happy, to give me pleasure, and to make me come. Am I clear?”

Oh, my God.

“Yes...”

“Which brings me to the next issue. You will only call me Sir from now on as long as you’re working for me. Even in polite company Sir will do. No more Ellis, or Mr. Winters, or any of

that shit. Your state of mind and how you speak to me are going to reinforce that. You most of all need that, that regular reminder of your place in this relationship.”

That word surprised me. “We’re in a... relationship?”

“If by relationship, you mean that you do everything you’re told, when you’re told, in the way you’re told, then yes, we’re in a relationship now. What would you call it?”

“I don’t know... I’m just, there’s so much for me to think about, especially about last night.”

He surprised me then. “Is your cunt sore?”

My mouth dropped open, then I snapped it shut again, trying to regain my composure. “I...”

“Answer the question. It’s just you and me here. No one else has to know what it is that you need.”

I swallowed hard at that, confused at how difficult it was to admit this. “Yes, yes, it is.”

“And has it ever happened to you before? Been sore like that after someone fucked you?”

“Maybe after my first time?” It was a reach and we both knew it.

“That doesn’t count, Lola.”

I looked down as I said the words. “Then... no. That’s never happened to me before.”

“And did you like it? Did you like that it hurt you? I want you to be honest with me. Always.”

Fuck.

“Y-yes...” I couldn’t believe that I was actually admitting it.

His voice lowered an octave. “That’s not good enough for me. I want you to tell me exactly what you mean. Yes, *what?*”

“Yes, I liked... that it hurt.” I forced myself to look up at him, meeting his gaze. “Why? Why did I like it? I don’t like pain...”

He stopped pacing then, drawing close to me until he towered over me. I thought he might reach for me, but he didn't. "Part of my job is to show you who you really are. To peel back your protective facade you show to the world, and expose the truth of you—even if you don't think you want to know the truth. Because I do. I want to know *exactly* who you are. Even if you're the sort of girl who likes pain, but can't bring herself to admit it."

Was I that kind of girl though? I didn't know anymore. After what he done to me last night, my conception of myself, and my needs, they were all twisted up, jumbled, confused. I wasn't sure I knew up from down anymore. But what I did know was that I wanted more, I wanted to see where else he would take me. And though I was ashamed to admit it, I wanted to see what else he would do to me.

Even if it hurt.

If anything his gaze grew harder, icier, as he stared down at me.

I peered up at him like a scared girl, my mouth going dry, simultaneously hating and reveling in how he made me feel at a mere look.

"Here's how things are going to go. Until your thirty days are up—which isn't for another two weeks—you're going to do *exactly* as I tell you. Any refusal of my orders, and we talk. And unless you ultimately decide to obey, then this whole thing is off. I'm not interested in negotiation or debate. And I'm definitely *not* looking for willfulness or defiance either. I'm interested in obedience, and service, and a girl who knows how to do exactly as she's told. Clear?"

My voice was a little more than a whispering rasp. "Yes, sir. Clear."

"Since we have two more weeks to go, things are going to change. If I find that you have not met my requirements in either your job duties or servicing my cock, then you're going to be punished. That's not all either.

“Once a week, you’ll be punished as a matter of course, to remind you of your place, to reinforce your obedience and your service to me. And to my cock. I know you think that’s not fair, but you’re going to have to understand that fair no longer applies to you. The fact is I enjoy unfairness. A relationship with me isn’t anything at all to do with fairness; quite the opposite, in fact.

“I really do believe you’re the kind of girl who craves that, who needs it right down to her bones, to know that what’s fair or equitable isn’t what she needs. Who knows that that’s *not* what’s good for her. But instead what’s good for her is being subject to a man strong enough to put her in her place, show her who she really is, and free her from any notion that she’s anything but his plaything. To show her in every way that she is his, that she belongs to him body and soul, and that her only concern is in making him happy, serving him and giving him as much pleasure as she possibly can. His pleasure is *her* pleasure.

“That’s the kind of girl you are, Lola. And even if you think I’m full of shit, I’m going to prove to you that’s who you’ve been all along. And one day you’re going to thank me. You’re going to get down on your knees and thank me for freeing you. For letting the real you finally show.”

A shiver ran down my spine at the words, but it wasn’t in fright, or at least not *only* in fright. It was more than that, and while I wasn’t sure I quite understood it yet, it was like opening a book and learning something for the first time, that nagging sense that there was a hidden truth just under the surface, one that I could feel and sense, but couldn’t quite see.

Is that what’s happening here?

Was it true that I was this person that Ellis thought I was? What if he was wrong, what if this was merely a man projecting upon me his secret desires for the perfect woman? That was a danger, of course, but I didn’t care about any of that right then. I cared about how he was making me feel.

And how much I wanted to explore all that he thought I was.

Sure, he might be wrong. But what if he was right?

“I don’t know what I’m doing here. I’m confused, and a little scared, but I’m also—I can’t believe I’m going to say this—I’m really fucking turned on, too.”

He grinned at that. “A little scared and a lot turned on is exactly how I want you. I won’t hurt you, Lola, not really. But some of the things I’m going to do to you *will* hurt. You need that. You need a man who will give you what you need. And I assure you, silly girl, that I am exactly that sort of man. You’re a young woman, naive, inexperienced, and you have no idea what you’re in for. I like that too. But you’re safe with me. Never forget that.”

My heart squeezed at those last words, and I hadn’t realized how much I needed to hear them. The fact was I wanted everything he said, despite the fact I didn’t understand if it was something that I actually needed. Or maybe I just wasn’t ready to face it yet.

But the prospect of obeying him. Of being subject to him. Even of being punished and hurt by him. I liked all of those things very much. It was terrifying to admit that to myself, but it was true.

I would have to sort out all the whys of that later. Someday.

“I can... I want this, sir.”

Then he really did reach out to me, softly stroking my hair. “Good. Then I want you to stand, and pull your uniform up.”

My heart sank. “Um, why?”

“I see we have a long way to go.” He took a deep breath, his nostrils flaring slightly. “That’ll answer that question. One, because I told you to. Two, because I want to inspect your cunt. Each morning you’re going to be doing this. You’ll want to present your cunt to me, for me to inspect, for me to ensure it’s in the state that I desire it. Or sometimes for me to punish it. Do I make myself clear?”

Holy shit.

“Yes, sir.” I rose to my feet on shaky legs. Then raised the mockery of the skirt of a uniform. My face blushed blazing hot, as I remembered that I didn’t have any panties on.

“Oh, dear. That’s unfortunate. Would you care to explain to me why you’re not wearing part of your uniform?”

I was in trouble already, and I hadn’t even started work yet.

CHAPTER 21



*E*llis

I loved the way her face paled as I shook my head slowly, showing my clear displeasure. “Do you make it a habit of sashaying around my house with your cunt bare and dripping like a common whore?”

The pretty column of her throat worked as she swallowed, and my cock twitched at the sight. I was coming to deeply enjoy her nervousness, that wide-eyed fright that she showed so clearly in her eyes.

“You tore the other pair last night. I didn’t know what to do…”

“Are you telling me you didn’t have another pair of panties you could have put on?”

Her lashes fluttered a moment. “But they wouldn’t have matched. I mean, you’d have been mad at me for them not matching, wouldn’t you?”

Absolutely adorable.

“You’re learning fast, I see.” I stroked her hair again, patronizingly. “Yes, I would have. But I wouldn’t have been as disappointed as I am right now seeing you with a bare, wet pussy under your uniform. That’s something only slutty servant girls would do.”

Hmm. Serving girl.

I quite liked that imagery, actually.

“But that’s... that’s not fair. You’re the one who tore them. What was I supposed to do?”

I sighed for effect, wanting to let her twist in the wind just a little bit longer. “Ask me, certainly. What you *should* have done was come and ask me nicely, and respectfully, to give you another pair of panties that matched your uniform. Yes, you’d still be in trouble for wearing mismatched panties at all, but that really can’t be helped in this situation, can it?”

Color bloomed in her cheeks, and I wasn’t sure if she was angry, or simply shocked. “How... That’s like no win. It’s not fair.”

I took hold of the hair at the crown of her head, and she stiffened, her eyes going wide. “I already told you. This isn’t about fair at all. This is about what gives me pleasure. And I’ll be honest with you, unfairness and injustice for you? Those please me very much. You’re going to learn—and maybe you’ll have to learn the hard way—that giving me pleasure, making me happy, even if it comes at your expense, is the only thing you should be concerned with. Serving me is all that matters. Do you understand that yet?”

My cock was fully hard now, bulging at the front of my slacks. Her glance downward for just a heartbeat confirmed she’d seen it too, then she gazed up at me once again. Her lips moved silently, as if she were weighing what to say next. Then she took a deep breath, her lips firming. “I think so, sir.” She closed her eyes for a moment. Then she peered up at me, the imploring, nervous note in her soulful gaze making my cock throb. “Sir, may I have a new pair of panties for my uniform? Please?”

I gave her an indulgent smile, loosening my grip in her hair but not letting go of it entirely. “Of course you may. But first we need to address your misbehavior. Don’t we?”

Her head drooped, and she nodded miserably, whispering, “Yes, sir.”

“Good. I’m glad to see you’re sensible about this, and about your responsibility for atoning for your wrongdoing.” I

stepped back. “Get that uniform off. You may leave your bra, garters, and stockings on. For now.”

She made a tiny squeak, but pulled the outfit up and over her head, dropping it onto the couch behind her.

I drank in the gorgeous way the smoky stockings and garters framed and highlighted the dark, dense pubic hair. She had a very pretty pussy, the lips plump, well-formed, and close-seamed. Remarkably, there wasn't a single peep of her inner labia from her slit, something I'd never encountered in a woman before.

I appreciated variety, and liked the look quite a lot.

“How does it feel standing there with your wet whore pussy on display, but everything else covered up? Feeling sheepish yet? This is *shameful* behavior, and I won't have it in my house. Lay back on that couch.” I jabbed a finger at her. “Get those legs up, and spread them as wide as you can. I want your cunt exposed properly.”

I waited for her to comply, pleased to see she wasted no time obeying. She was tolerably and pleasantly embarrassed, her face flaming as she hoisted her long, stockinged legs into the air, then opened her thighs, splaying them until the sticky lips of her cunt opened, thick, glistening arcs of her drool draped between the bright pink inner labia, the scent of her arousal musky and strong on the air. Even her clit was visible, its deep pink tip nosing out from under her hood.

Once her legs were in position, I sat down on the couch next to her stroking along the column of her thigh, enjoying the way she shivered at my touch. “Since your pussy is what's gotten you in trouble today, then I think it's only fair that's what gets punished today. Do you have a problem with that? Does that seem unfair to you?”

“No, sir,” she whispered, looking straight up at the ceiling. Her eyes were wide, her teeth nibbling her lower lip, but I sensed she wasn't truly scared. Mostly, she was just nervous, as if dreading what I might do to her next.

She was right to worry about that.

“I *much* prefer when a punishment is agreed upon ahead of time.”

I brought my palm down on her pussy, the loud splat even louder than I expected. She jerked, then hissed, but didn't try to move any more than that.

Three more times in rapid succession I slapped her cunt, loving the way with each blow the sound grew wetter and wetter. Her wetness was slickening my hand when I showed it to her, arching a brow at her accusingly. “Look at this. What do you have to say for yourself? Your pussy is getting even wetter as it's punished. What do you think that makes you, Lola?”

“I don't know, sir. I can't help it!”

“No, I don't suspect you can. This is what happens to sluts—their pussies get them in trouble. Not much to be done about it, I'm afraid. Except show you the error of your ways.”

I began smacking her pussy even harder then, interspersing it now and then with sharp cracks against her tender inner thighs. Those made her cry out each time.

I paused now and then between slaps, leaning in, splaying wide the lips of her now reddened pussy, thumbing the thick, hard clitoris until her hips bucked against my touch.

Then I got back to scorching her sex over again, until she whimpered with each blow, and her helplessly presented, vulnerable sex glowed a bright pink. She was begging in a high-pitched whine by the time I finished up her punishment with the last flurry of harsh slaps, landing two of the hardest yet, one across each of the backs of her thighs. She shrieked at those, shaking her legs.

But it was over, and I waited for a moment watching her, my cock so hard I thought it was going to batter its way from behind my fly. I stroked her thighs gently now, cooing at her. “All over now, sweet girl. You did very well. I know that hurts, but your disobedient pussy needs to understand that what it wants no longer matters anymore. This type of misbehavior can't happen again, or we're going to be right

back in the same position in no time at all. I'll *never* fail to correct you, Lola. You need it, and it's my pleasure to give it."

She swallowed down a miserable whimper, but surprisingly she nodded in reply. "Thank you, sir."

"What do you say, Lola? Now that you've been punished?"

The pretty girl swallowed hard, her eyes closing tightly for a moment. "I'm sorry, sir."

"Sorry for what, sweet girl?"

"Ellis—I mean, sir—*please* don't make me say this. I can't say it!"

I smiled down at her, stroking her thighs again. "I'm afraid you're going to have to. If you don't, I suppose I'll have to keep spanking you. Judging by how red and swollen your cunt is, I'm guessing you don't want that at all. So be a good girl, and say the words."

"I'm sorry, sir... for... not wearing my panties."

"And?" I squeezed her leg just above her knee, a warning. "What else?"

"Oh, my God!" Her face turned beet red, but she forced herself to say the words. "I'm sorry... that... that my pussy was... so wet, sir."

I beamed at her, leaning in and giving her a soft kiss upon her thigh. Moving my hand lower, I gently traced a finger down the seam of her sex. "All's forgiven, pretty girl. Maybe next time you'll remember this, and behave. Yes?"

She nodded emphatically, her eyes closed once more, her face crimson. "I will, sir. Oh, *God*, I will."

I took hold of both of her feet, flipping her up to a sitting position. Gripping her by the hair, I forced her down to her knees in front of me, until she knelt between the span of my thighs. "Get my cock out, Lola. I want you to show me how grateful you are to me for taking the time to correct you. It's time for you to serve that which owns you now."

My hand firmly twisted in her long, thick locks, I slapped the heavy shaft of my cock against her mouth. "Suck."

"There's... there's no way I can take all of that."

"Maybe not the first time, but you *will* with enough practice." I tightened my fingers in her hair, and she winced. "I'll make sure you get plenty of practice too. Before you know it, you'll be swallowing my cock like a trained whore. Just as a good girl should."

Her lips were searing hot, soft and wet, as they engulfed the head of my cock. I let her take her time getting used to the size. I had the impression she'd never actually done this to one that was of my dimensions. It gave me a special satisfaction that this was such a challenge for her, and I intended to make sure she had no choice but to face it.

Literally.

I pulled my cock out, holding her tightly by the hair as I rubbed the shaft up and down, then across her face, again and again. She blushed furiously as I did it, closing her eyes and gasping. I couldn't tell if it was from shame, or if she was aroused by the degrading treatment.

Both made my cock even harder.

I slapped both her cheeks quite harshly with my cock, and she flinched, but made no another complaint. Then I forced it inside her mouth once again, pulling her down upon me until she gagged. She coughed once, and I gave her a chance to get a breath of air, then I brought her slowly down upon me again even further this time.

"Take as much as you can, slut. More! No, you aren't even trying. More than that. That's it." She gagged again, coughing as I pulled out enough to let her breathe for an instant.

"Again. Deeper this time."

I drove into her mouth once more. Over and over, I forced her this way, not letting up in the least, until she surrendered to it. I used that mouth for my own pleasure, making it clear that she was to be passive in the servicing of my cock. That I

would use her mouth just as selfishly, harshly, and cruelly as I'd used her pussy the night before.

My balls gathering tight, I loosened my grip on her hair, giving her more freedom of movement with her mouth. "Make me come, silly girl. Your *job* is to make me come. Now, do it. Suck hard. Faster. Faster, bitch!"

Her head was bobbing at a rapid pace then, the tight clutch of her lips around me threatening to undo me at any moment. Then her fingers slipped under the sensitive underside of my scrotum, lifting and gently squeezing my balls as she continued her ministrations. She moaned softly as she continued to suck, my whispered exhortations to 'worship that cock, bitch' and 'make me come, or I'm going take a belt to your clit next time' seeming to drive her to even more frantic working of my shaft with her mouth.

Then a final swirl of her tongue just under the head of my cock, and I was undone, driving up into her, making her cough and gag anew as I groaned, my semen leaping forth, coating her tongue, her mouth overflowing with it. A thick, heavy dollop slipped from her lips onto my pubic hair, and I softly admonished her once I'd come down from my climax, my breathing still labored. "I'll teach you... slut... not a drop... should be... wasted."

Then I finally slumped back against the couch, her tongue still gently snaking up and down my still half-erect shaft. She made sure to clean me completely, even pressing her tongue tip into the sensitive slit at the tip of my cock to draw the last thin string of seed between her lips, her pretty throat working as she swallowed that too.

I pressed her face down then, forcing her to rest her heated, scarlet cheek against my hip. I caressed the tangled, sweaty locks of her hair. "That was... a good start. You sucked well, mostly. But we'll work on it. I expect much more enthusiasm, but it was a decent first try. You've got to learn you're not dealing with a stupid, hair-trigger boy anymore. You're learning how to please a man now. And a man who has very high expectations for your service of his cock. Understand?"

She nodded, her gaze lowering.

“You’re a good girl though,” I said, laying the back of my hand against her flushing cheek, loving the blazing heat of her blush against my fingers. “And I look forward to making you even *more* of a good girl for me soon enough.”

CHAPTER 22



*L*ola

I'd attempted to go back to some semblance of normalcy, after he'd used my mouth, after he'd shown me my new position in our relationship. I loved it, and it scared me, and I wasn't sure how it would all end up.

I wanted to find out though, no matter what. I hadn't seen him the rest of that day, after he'd fucked my face. It was probably for the best though, because I still didn't know what to think of it. Of course, in one sense it was straight out of my darkest fantasies, even better in real life than in my imagination, but that didn't mean that it hadn't sparked a whole other line of questions within me. Where was this going? What was I to him, really? What did I *want* to be to him?

While I pondered those questions, we fell into a new normal somewhat. The morning after, I awoke to find a brand new crisp pair of black lace thong panties, identical to the ones he'd torn. I felt sheepish at how much I grinned at them, holding them to my chest and sighing. They were just panties, so why was I having such a girlish reaction to them? Mainly, it was the thoughtfulness of the gesture, that I was on his mind, even when he wasn't around.

That was new for me, and I found I loved it.

For the rest of the week, our new pattern became clear within a day or two. Little had changed in our morning routine, and I

typically wouldn't even see him before he went off to the office.

But every day he seemed to come home earlier and earlier. His inspections of my work—and my body—became more and more thorough, increasingly uncompromising, strict, and yes, unfair. Invariably, I would fail some aspect of these inspections, and I'd be punished for it. And I was embarrassed at how much I looked forward to seeing what he would do to me next.

I think I was spanked over every piece of furniture, every counter, every table in the entire house. And every time I was punished, afterward there was a requirement to thank him as well.

My thanks would always be conveyed through his vigorous sexual use—and abuse—of my body.

Sometimes it was kneeling for him and choking on his cock, while somewhere above me he berated me and shamed me for failing to take every inch of his shaft all the way down. I might be forced to swallow all of his cum, or extend my tongue and show all that he had deposited there before ordering me to swallow it down gratefully. Thanking him in a quiet, trembling voice for the gift of his cum was always expected afterward.

Other times, he would pound my pussy relentlessly, ruthlessly, until I was crying out in both pain and pleasure as his cock brutalized my cervix, my pussy so stretched I thought I was ruined when he got done with me.

Many a night he'd left me in bed with a soft kiss to my temple as I curled up on my side, in a fetal position, my pussy throbbing and stinging, my heart pounding, my mind replaying how he'd just used me so thoroughly, how he'd left me exhausted, spent, utterly used up in the very best of ways. He'd take everything from me, showing me what I was to him, that I was little more than a place for him to come, a set of holes and tits for him to enjoy, revel in, hurt, and put away when he was done using them.

And I loved every fucking minute at it. What did that say about me?

Just as he'd promised, at the end of the week, I was punished. It wasn't because of anything I had done specifically, more it was a way to reinforce his power over me, to remind me of my place, and serve as an excuse for him to spank my ass red. The first time had been with his hand, over his knee. Before that commenced though, he'd forced me to stand before him naked while he was still dressed in his gorgeous suit. I was required to recite in exhausting detail every single oversight I'd made, any error, anything I'd overlooked.

It was a surprisingly humbling, and yes, deeply *erotic* experience, confessing all to him. And at the end of those sessions I'd felt real remorse and shame. I had a sort of anticipation building within me, at the prospect of having my sins cleansed from me by the pain I knew he was about to inflict, for the shame I was about to sink deep into at being punished in such an intimate and humiliating way.

At the end of it I was a crying, sobbing mess, and he held me against his chest stroking my hair, kissing my forehead, telling me I was his very good girl, that all was forgiven, that I never looked more beautiful than I did in that moment in his arms.

I could have told him I loved him in those moments, but it wasn't right, the emotions too strong, too stormy, my ability to think clearly totally compromised. I didn't trust myself enough in the grips of that passion, so vulnerable that I felt I might say anything.

The second time I had my punishment, it was with a wooden paddle. Just as before I'd been forced to confess to him entirely naked, not even allowed shoes, my hands clasped shamefully behind my back. I was told to keep my eyes on the floor, and to maintain a respectful tone of voice as I recited to him my many sins, both minor and profound. That second time he was much stricter, more uncompromising, pacing before me, snapping the paddle against his palm now and then, telling me how disappointed he was, that I hadn't met his high standards, and that though the paddle was going to hurt me, it was going to hurt him far, far more.

Of course, neither one of us believed that, and it had its intended effect, emphasizing, deepening the unfairness, the

unequal power dynamic between us that was growing with every day. And it was that same dynamic that I dreamed of at night, that had me shoving my fingers into my pussy over and over again.

As each work day went on, the scenes, the tableaux replaying in my mind over and over again, it was all I could do not to stop and touch myself as I worked, to moan his name, ask for his forgiveness, and ask him for more, to punish me, to hurt me, to make me his, even if it meant breaking me completely.

Those fantasies and thoughts, they frightened me, and yet they were so exciting, so animalistic, that feeling of losing complete control, of succumbing to my emotions, my needs, and my deepest darkest fantasies something I could never get enough of. No man had ever elicited feelings like that within me, and I didn't know what to do with those emotions, didn't know if such thoughts were even *normal*.

In the end, I concluded it was a question without any meaningful answer. For *us*, it was normal. And that was all that really mattered to me.

Invariably before the end of those punishment sessions, I would surrender to them, breaking a little inside, needing his touch—and he could give it, taking me into his arms. In those special, intimate moments, I sobbed pitifully into his chest, his shirt soaked with my tears, hiccupping, my nose running, my face red and flushed, my hair an utter mess, my bottom throbbing.

Oh, *God*, how it hurt, that burning, my ass feeling twice its size, and still in the end, it would be me asking him to please punish me, to give me more, if I had pleased him, that all I cared about was making him happy. In those moments I would give him everything, anything he could possibly want.

When it was all over, I huddled against him, his impossibly strong arms all around me, squeezing me tight, his deep rumbling voice rattling in my chest as he assured me I was everything he could possibly want, and that there was nothing more I had to give to him. Except one thing.

We both knew what that one thing was, and yet we didn't speak of it. For it was nearing the end of the thirty days, and the implications of that hung heavy in the air, the elephant in the room, unresolved the closer we got to that fateful day.

As I fell asleep against him each night, spooned against his body, his hard cock deep within, I wondered anew. He'd taken to enjoying sleeping that way the night that he'd taken me into his bed. I would tremble and sigh as that long, thick cock slid into me, all the way, deep, *so* deep. Then he would still within me, and all I could feel was the pulse of the blood in the veins of his penis, the heat of his flesh, the gentle, now almost tolerable stretch of my pussy around his incredible girth. He would coo and whisper to me, telling me to be calm, to be his good girl, and to go to sleep as he stroked my hair, my back, gently caressing my breasts before taking one in hand and firmly grasping it, holding it possessively as we drifted off to slumber.

Multiple times during the night I would wake to find that cock driving into me again, and I would sigh and moan, half asleep, my breath driven from my lungs as he began to pound me.

But I wanted it *every* time, I would never say no. I would never dream to say no, for every time he took me, no matter how animalistic, no matter how much it hurt, I simply wanted *more*. I would moan that word over and over and over again, as he plundered the depths of my pussy, my cervix screaming, my womb clenching, my flesh feeling as if it might tear under the relentless thrust of his cock.

Even then, especially then, I knew I was exactly where I needed to be. With the man who was meant for me.

But as I would drift back to sleep, I couldn't help but wonder, the most important question of all.

If he was the man who was meant for me, then why on earth hadn't I told him?

CHAPTER 23



*L*ola

As we sat there at the outdoor tables at the coffee shop, it seemed to me that the weather had just decided to skip fall altogether, and had gone straight into winter.

“Jesus, feels like freaking January out here.” I sipped from my scalding coffee. At least *that* was hot.

“This was your choice, genius,” Michelle said with a roll of her eyes, wrapping both of her hands around her tall latte. “We could still go inside, you know.”

I shrugged. “Mo, I’m going to have to get going soon. It’s fucking packed in there anyway.”

“Maybe that’s because those people like to be warm...”

I giggled then. “Smells like patchouli, B.O., and weed in there. No, thanks.”

Michelle’s green eyes sparkled as she sipped from her cup. “Sounds pretty good to me—minus the pit stink, that is.” She set her cup down on the worn surface of the outdoor steel table, the twisted wire of the top flaking with hunter green paint. “You know what I’m going to ask you. We haven’t talked in like a couple weeks now, and I’m dying to know how it’s going.”

Truth be told I’d been putting off talking to Michelle about what was going on between Ellis and me. It wasn’t so much

that I felt insecure or ashamed of what was happening between us. More it was simply a matter of not wanting to get into it, having to explain the complications and confusing aspects of what it meant to be in a relationship with a man like him. I really wasn't sure that Michelle would understand it.

Or maybe that was just rationalization on my part.

Still she *was* my friend, and it was wrong to not talk to her about this. No matter how solid my reasons may have been. "It's going really well, actually. I don't think I've ever met a man like him before. Maybe it's just because he's older, but he does things to me, for me, that I didn't even know that I wanted. But now that I've been shown what can be... I just want more of it."

Michelle tipped her head slightly. "There's a *but* in there somewhere, isn't there? What's really going on? I mean, I *know* you. Something's not quite sitting well with you."

I sighed, instantly regretting talking about this subject with her at all. My friend definitely had her problems, but she could be wickedly, almost supernaturally insightful sometimes. "Nothing's ever perfect, right? It certainly isn't with us. Or maybe, maybe it's just that things seem too good? You know how you get that feeling when things are just effortless and wonderful, and you're just in total bliss. But in the back of your mind you're sure that there's something about to happen, something about to go wrong or sideways, and you almost *look* for it? Sometimes, it almost becomes a self-filling prophecy. You know what I mean?"

"Unfortunately, I do. It's human nature, I think, to always be wary of the other shoe dropping. It's insane, sure, but it's a real thing." Her eyes narrowed ever so slightly as she looked at me. "Maybe there is something there though. Maybe this isn't just your imagination?"

It had been nagging at me for a while, and part of it was the fact that our relationship was so... odd compared to anything I'd ever experienced before.

That newness, the novel way we'd sort of fallen in together, it didn't have any sort of pattern, no rhyme or reason that I could

use to compare it to previous experiences. And while that very nature made it fun and intriguing, it also made it a little bit frustrating because I really wasn't sure what was going to happen. "There is something, and it's kind of been on my mind for a while. It's that we're not strangers, but we don't really connect in a way that, I don't know, that boyfriend and girlfriend should? And that actually *could* be fine, too, but I just... I feel like he's not letting me in. Maybe that's just me trying to find a problem where none exists, and maybe I'm just a stupid girl, but I keep coming back to that."

Michelle's fingers tapped against the side of her cup, and she looked out at the street, a gust of wind rolling through, stirring her long, dark curly hair. "You know, maybe what's bothering you about this is the fact that you really know next to nothing about this man. He's your boss, yes, but generally when you're fucking someone you probably should, I don't know, learn *something* about them beyond how much their cock makes you scream?"

I laughed then, taking another scalding sip. "But what if that's all I really care about?"

Michelle was silent a moment. "You tell me, Lola. *Is* that all you care about when it comes to Ellis Winters?"

I shook my head at that, forcing myself to give her a smile of confidence that I didn't feel. "Of course not."

"You know next to nothing about this man, still, and yet he knows all about you. Don't you think there's something odd about that? I mean beyond the basic mismatch of communication, doesn't that make you wonder?"

It *did* make me wonder, and I had been for a while, if I were honest with myself. But the fact that it was a finite period of time, that I had pretty much resigned myself at the beginning to simply take my money and leave at the end of it, had allowed me to sort of check out. I could set that concern aside for the time being, if the ending was already preordained. How important was that, really, if I had already decided I was going to leave?

The answer to that question is as obvious as a heart attack, you idiot.

I gasped as another icy blast of wind blew right through us. “I think I had myself convinced that this was transitory, just a temporary arrangement. Something that was just fun, and maybe where I get to do a little bit of... exploration.”

Michelle nodded at me. “Only now you realize it’s become something a lot more than that. Is that about right?”

“Yes...” I hated that she was so good at zeroing in on what was most important—and sometimes painful—even as I was relieved that she’d isolated the core of my problem.

“Lola, if this has evolved into something more than you planned, I think you know what has to be done.”

I winced, my heart squeezing in my chest. “I hate to cut this short, Michelle.” I sipped the last of my coffee, meeting her gaze. “But I have to go talk to Ellis.”

“Should I wish you luck?” Michelle asked, real concern in her eyes.

“What I need isn’t luck,” I said, standing up. “What I need is the courage to do what I have to do. To do what I probably should have done a long time ago.”

* * *

Lola

His deep rumble stirred me from my sleep, the post-orgasm lassitude that took me over after he used me ruthlessly deep into the night having sent me off into unconscious oblivion.

I was curled up on the bed, Ellis lying next to me, his breathing slow and peaceful. Was he asleep? Did I have the courage say this?

Instantly awake, I rolled over to face him, splaying my hand across the hard muscles of his chest, loving once again the feel

of his coarse hair upon my palm. I rubbed a lock of it between my fingertips. “Ellis... Ellis, are you still awake?”

“I wasn’t, but I am now.” He didn’t sound displeased though. If anything, his voice was far more relaxed, less terse than his usual tone.

The deep shadow of his room meant I could only get an impression of his face, the muted sparkle of his eyes. He stirred, a big hand closing about my hip, giving it a proprietary squeeze. “I didn’t use that pussy enough? If you aren’t sore down there, I’m not doing my job.”

“Oh, it’s plenty sore,” I murmured. And it was, throbbing in the very best of ways. “I... I was talking to a friend of mine today. She got me thinking about... things.”

“Lord...” Ellis murmured. “These conversations never lead to anything good.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“If ever there was a real-world example of the definition of a stick in the fucking spokes... it’s a woman’s *friends*.”

I ignored it, deciding not to take the bait. I needed to know. I propped my head up on my arm. “Why don’t you ever want... more?”

“I don’t need more when I have all I want already.”

Damn him.

“What... did something happen to you? That made you not want to get close to anyone?”

He sat straight up, a sterner note in his voice then. “What are you up to right now, Lola?”

I curled my legs up against his hip, not wanting to lose contact with him. I wasn’t going to have any hope with this line of questioning if I let him put a wall between us so effortlessly.

“Wanting to know more about the man fucking my brains out isn’t what I’d call being up to something. It really is possible that I want to know more about you.”

“I don’t think I like that tone, young lady.”

Normally, that steel in his voice and him calling me something like that would have had me on my knees before him begging for more, but I wasn't fooled. He was serious this time. I'd either hit a nerve, or there was something else going on here that I didn't yet understand.

"Why do you make it so hard for me? You... it just seems like you won't let anyone in."

He slid off the bed so quickly, my mouth dropped open. He yanked on a pair of warm-ups, and even as my anger was growing I couldn't help but admire the play of the thick muscles of his chest and shoulders.

Drooling over his body is about the last thing you need to be doing right now, dummy.

"Why I do things isn't your concern, Lola. Doing as I tell you is. I thought we were both clear on that."

I sat up. "We are. But... I can't help how I'm feeling here. The same questions keep ringing in my head. Is it a warning? Am I just being stupid to worry about this?"

He said nothing though, standing there with his hands on his hips.

"Why don't you want more?"

I knew it was very likely to anger him, me pushing him on this, but I desperately wanted to know. I *had* to know. At that moment, I realized it was perhaps the most important question of all.

The why.

But I was bitterly disappointed.

"That question isn't one I'm inclined to discuss with you, Lola. It's not part of our deal, and never was. It's not your concern about why I do what I do. I just want the physical part, the lust, the pleasure. I'm honest about this. How many men are? I'm not trying to fool anyone here. I'm not deceiving anyone here, either."

"Then what *are* you doing?" I brought my knees up, tucking them under my chin as I stared at the mess of the bedsheets.

He crossed his arms. “What I’m doing is delineating boundaries. There’s a difference between defining the extent of a relationship and hiding, or being deceptive. I thought you were someone who understood that.”

“*Fuck* you, Ellis.”

His eyes blinked quickly, then he inclined his chin, glaring at me. “Anything else you want to accuse me of while we’re at it?”

I turned away from him, dropping my feet to the cold carpet. My pulse was pounding wildly, a rushing in my ears. “No. But I think now I see what I didn’t want to see, what I rationalized away even though it was staring me right in the face.”

“And what’s that?” His voice had grown softer, but I detected zero inclination to be conciliatory, or even any sign of an attempt on his part to understand where I was coming from. This reminded me a lot more of a parent mollifying a child just coming down from her tantrum.

Placating. Patronizing.

It only made me angrier.

“Actually, I do want to say one more thing, Mr. Winters.” I met his gaze over my shoulder, staring daggers at him even as my heart ached. “I quit.”

Lola! What the fuck are you doing?

CHAPTER 24



*L*ola

The glass was so cold and wet against my hand. the rain outside streaming down the window. It had been three weeks since I had left him, and in many ways it seemed like three years.

The night we'd had our fight, and I'd left, I'd called Michelle to come get me. I'd stayed on their couch for the first time in a long time, crying and sleeping, and crying and sleeping some more. I didn't know why I was so upset; it wasn't as if I was the one who had been dumped. Maybe it was the fact that I realized deep down that it really was the end.

Acknowledging that a relationship had run its course, for better or worse, was never an easy thing, but it hit me surprisingly hard when it came to saying goodbye to Ellis Winters.

The morning after I left him, the money hit my account, just as he said it would, and I knew I'd never forget sitting there stunned on the couch that morning seeing that number in my account. It was more money than I'd ever had at one time in my life, by a good margin. That money was how I got the crappy apartment I was standing in at this moment. I had enough to pay for first and last, a nice healthy deposit too. I even got my car back.

It had taken me a lot longer to get used to living in a place by myself than I realized it would. In many ways it felt like when

I was staying with Ellis, that I was simply on a trip or a lark. It had never really felt like a legitimate or permanent living situation.

That's because it wasn't, Lola.

What most mystified me was the fact that Ellis never called, didn't even text. I don't know what it was I expected, but I definitely had not expected that. Why did it bother me so that he didn't fight harder to keep me? I wondered if it was something to do with the fact that he never really had me. This whole thing was an ad hoc arrangement, inherently unstable and temporary, ephemeral. Perhaps he simply hadn't gotten that attached to me. That thought hurt more than I expected it would.

Still, as I watched the rain come down outside, the sound of the pattering against the wall on the window and on the rooftop, alone in my crappy rundown apartment with virtually no furniture, it hit me. I was starting over again.

Fortunately, Craig had actually given me my old job back, which definitely helped me to feel like I was getting back to normal. Or at least some semblance of it.

I didn't even cry that much anymore. The nights were still very hard, and I struggled with the loneliness, missing in a visceral, almost DNA-level way his touch and his scent, the sound of his deep, gruff voice. The visions of our sessions together, me being punished, kneeling for his cock, all of it swirled in my mind, over and over again. And at night it was the worst.

I couldn't tell Michelle about that, of course. She'd never understand, tell me to forget him, to find a new man. It was probably good advice, but it didn't mean I was going to take it. I didn't want to forget Ellis Winters. I wanted to forget how I felt about him when he and I were together.

And I wanted to forget how much I missed him.

Perhaps it was always doomed from the beginning, a man nearly twice my age, with needs and desires and baggage that I could never hope to understand. What hurt most though was

the feeling of loss, the sense that it was within my grasp. That if I'd only done something slightly differently, asked the right questions, listened just a little bit more... he would still be there by my side.

I switched off my lone floor lamp, and padded my way toward my bedroom. It wasn't even quite dark yet, but I was ready for bed.

If nothing else, for a few hours, sleep offered a refuge from my hurt, and silenced that voice in my mind.

The same voice that whispered to me that I might have made the biggest mistake of my life.

CHAPTER 25



Ellis

As I stood at the plate-glass window, gazing across the gray, rainy cityscape, Alicia's voice droned on somewhere behind me. I should have had my mind on the project status reports she was relaying to me.

Instead, all I could think about was how things had gone so fucking sideways.

It was always a danger, of course, and I'd been on guard against it, that slow slide into developing deeper feelings for a woman, but I'd always managed to avoid such complications.

Until Lola.

What made it more frustrating was that it had snuck up entirely by surprise. I'd convinced myself I was the one in control here, and it wasn't until she'd walked out that door that I'd realized I understood far, far less about what was happening between us than I'd ever imagined.

How could a young, inexperienced woman like her have you tied up in fucking knots, Ellis?

It was in the nature of that very question that I found my answer. I'd let my guard down *because* she was young and inexperienced. Or so I thought.

I'd only ever felt this way once before—and I'd resolved to never, ever allow myself to be in this position again. No matter

what.

You aren't in this position anymore. She left. You need to move on from this. She did you a favor.

I turned back from the window, dropping into my desk chair once more.

“Ellis, have you heard a *word* I’ve been saying to you for the last five minutes?” Alicia tapped her pen against her blush lips.

“Yes, and no.”

“That’s a big no.” She sighed, sitting back on the black leather of the couch. No office of mine was ever complete without one. Her open laptop was on the glass coffee table before her. She peered at me over the top of the screen. “What’s gotten into you? Is it... Lola?”

I shrugged. “It should be easy to just drop her and move on to someone else. Shouldn’t it?”

She scratched her temple as she looked upon me. “Nothing about love is easy, is it?”

“Who said anything about love?” I growled at her, trying much too hard to ignore what was increasingly obvious.

She held up her hands. “Not what I meant, relax.” Her eyes narrowed. “Little defensive though, I’ve gotta say. Was there more going on here than just another temporary conquest?” Her lips twisted just the tiniest bit as she said the last word.

I ignored it though. I didn’t want to get into it, those deeper issues her tone hinted at. “More going on? I should be able to give you a snappy answer to that, but I can’t. Truth is, I have no fucking clue what I’m feeling, or what’s happening here. I thought I had everything figured out, planned. I knew exactly what I wanted to do, and then—”

“The heart got in the way.” Her voice was so quiet it was little more than a murmur, but the meaning behind the words hit me like a hammer.

What if she was right though?

I was a lot more fucked up than I realized.

You're not fucked up at all. You just don't want to face the truth here.

I was running. That was the brutal, ugly fact. She'd left, but I was the one running. Still.

How long, Ellis? How much longer until it's enough? How much longer until it no longer haunts you?

It was at that very moment that I realized it. How fucking stupid I'd been. I shouldn't be running.

I should be fighting.

For her.

I snatched up my coat, waving at Alicia to stay put. "I'll be back in a while."

Alicia's brow arched, and I couldn't tell if she was doubtful or fearful. Or perhaps something else entirely. "You sure you want to do this, Ellis?"

"I'm not sure of much of anything anymore." I buttoned up my coat. "But if I don't try, I'll never forgive myself."

Then I was out the door, and hoping to God I wasn't too late.

* * *

Lola

Bag of groceries in hand, hunched over against the cold breeze, I was just about to punch in my unit number on the battered key-entry pad to my apartment building, when I heard the voice.

"Lola..."

I froze, listening intently. Sometimes the moan of the wind could carry sounds that eerily resembled words. Or names.

"Lola... look at me."

Oh, my God.

It was Ellis.

Turning slowly, not quite believing what I'd just heard, part of me still expected to find nobody on the street at the bottom of the steep, cracked concrete steps that led down from the main entrance door.

But there he was, standing on the broken sidewalk, in a rich black coat, the collar turned up to shield his ears from the icy wind. Tall, dark, and devastatingly handsome.

Sir.

I shook that off though. Falling into old thought patterns, succumbing to the allure of the twisted desires I'd dived deep into with him were *not* the way to move on.

"You didn't call," I said.

"You didn't either." His voice was soft and low, strangely muted by the breeze.

There was so much unsaid. So much I shouldn't say or admit. And, yet, the best thing for me, what a smart girl would do... was to say nothing at all.

Nothing you've done with this man has been anything resembling smart. Why start now?

"I came here to ask you to come back. I've missed you, Lola. Come back. We can talk through this. All of this."

The conciliatory tone in his voice, the sly smile curving his lips, they conspired to wear down my will in an instant. I wanted it to be true, his words. I wanted to believe that was possible, that it wouldn't just end up at the same dead end.

"Craig agreed to hire me back. I don't need your job anymore, Ellis." I nodded back toward the apartment building. "You kept your word. I kept mine. Shouldn't we just leave it at that, and call it good?"

My heart twisted at the way his brow furrowed, the tightening of his jaw. He persisted though.

“I’m not asking you to come back to work for me. I’m asking you to come back to be mine again. For good this time. To come back for *me*.”

I looked away, knowing I shouldn’t say it, but my momentary weakness for him was simply too much. “I won’t lie to you. I missed it... missed you, too.”

“Then stop this,” he said, a new urgency to his tone. “Come back. Whatever it is, we can work through it. Together.”

I sighed, the pull toward him almost a physical force at that point. It would be so easy, so good, to simply rush down to him. Be enveloped in those strong arms again. So very easy.

But it wasn’t easy. Not any of it. The central, unsolved problem still lay between us. I wasn’t sure there was a solution for it, either.

Mostly because Ellis didn’t seem to *want* to solve it.

“Ellis, I can’t.”

“Yes, you *can*. There’s nothing stopping you.” He grabbed the rusty handrail that ran down along the concrete steps. His left foot, the leather of his shoe gleaming in the gray light, rested on the lowest riser. “If it’s your lease you’re worried about, I’ll buy it out. No questions asked. I’ll do it right now, as we stand here. I *want* you. I’ll have you again, in all ways. All you have to do is come back to me.”

“Has anything really changed?” I shifted the bag of groceries to my left arm. “I need you to let me in. And that’s the one thing you can’t—or won’t—do. How do we talk through that, Ellis?”

“I need you, Lola. Fuck, I need you.” He shook his head. “Yes, I’m hard to live with. I can be an asshole sometimes—a lot of times. I know that. I know I’m cruel to you. I know I’ve hurt you...” His glance slid away, and he stared down the street. “Our connection, it’s real. And it’s special.”

“Let me in, Ellis! Stop this!” I hated that I’d raised my voice, but the frustration boiled up from deep within me was too much to keep bottled up. He was a wonderful man, and I wanted him, too. But I needed more than that.

“I am who I am, Lola. I’m not going to change. I’m not going to pretend to be someone I’m not. And I don’t think you *want* me to do that, either. Not really.”

“Jesus Christ, Ellis, I’m not asking you to change. I’m asking you—telling you—I need to know I’m more than just a booty call, a sex toy for you to get off with. I mean, I love being those things for you, don’t get me wrong... but that can’t be all that there is between us.”

“That isn’t all you are to me. Not even close.”

“Then fucking show me that.” I turned away, tears already threatening. I did *not* want to cry in front of him. I’d cried so many tears already.

“Lola, I’m not a young man anymore, but for you, that difference between us... it meets a need in you. And it’s something I love too. When I’m with you, that difference in age doesn’t matter. Because when I’m with you, I feel young, vital, like it was at the beginning for me, before...” He looked down, shaking his head.

“Before *what*, Ellis? Tell me...”

But he didn’t say anything more, peering up at me once more.

I took a deep breath, the pain in my chest twisting, aching again. “Ellis... you aren’t the kind of man who commits. That’s not who you are, for whatever reason. I don’t understand why you won’t. I don’t understand why I can’t reach you. But I need more. I need to know I’m not just a diversion for a man who could have his pick of dozens of women. I need more than to be wanted. I need to be chosen. And I need to know the real you, the painful you, the part of you that you’re keeping from me right this second. Because that is the real you, Ellis, whether you want to admit it to me or not. I... I can’t just be okay with that. With knowing you’re keeping part of yourself, a vital part, from me. I need more...”

“Lola, don’t...” His voice was almost strangled now. “Don’t do this. We can talk this out...”

I punched in the number, my fingers trembling horribly, a painful lump in my throat. How I wanted to go to him, even

then, and just give in to my need, to just let him take care of everything again.

God, how I wanted it.

“Lola...”

Then I walked inside, the main entrance door closing behind me.

And the tears began to fall once more.

CHAPTER 26



*L*ola

I was staring up at the whiteboard, flipping the dry-erase pen over and over in my hand as I scanned the dispatch schedule for all the other cleaning girls, when the front door chime went off.

Sighing, I didn't even take my eyes from the board. Craig had given me the extra job duty of helping to schedule the other girls, and the whiteboard was where we all looked to confirm where our assignments were for any given day. "We're not open for another half hour," I said, yawning. "We can schedule you—"

"I'm not here to get my house cleaned."

I dropped the pen on the floor with a muted squeak. I *knew* that voice from somewhere.

Spinning around, I couldn't help my jaw dropping. "Oh, shit."

It was Alicia.

Dressed in a cream turtleneck that showcased her very generous breasts, a long black skirt, and devastatingly attractive, high-heeled boots the color of onyx, she looked every inch the *femme fatale*, her brilliant blonde hair pulled back in twin braids, her plump lips painted with the palest of blush gloss.

In my ratty torn jeans and stained t-shirt, I felt like a fucking street urchin by comparison. At least I'd showered that morning. "Um, hi... what, uh, what are you doing here?"

Craig's voice called out from his office, his door closed but slightly ajar. "Lola, is someone there?"

"Got it, boss!" I called back in a louder voice than necessary.

"I need to talk to you." Alicia's voice was that same smooth, cultured tone, silky and almost husky in a most feminine way. Not for the first time, I thought she'd definitely have a promising second career as a voice actress if she ever got tired of playing helper girl to Ellis.

The thing was I knew she was more than that to him. Or she wanted to be. I wasn't stupid.

"Look, Alicia, if you're here to gloat that your competition for Ellis is out of the way, save it. I'm not—"

"Oh, *please*," the woman said, rolling her eyes. "I have about as much interest in Ellis' cock as you do in my pussy."

"You're free to pursue hi—wait, *what* did you say?"

Alicia just scowled at me, her sculpted brow arched.

"Oh... *oh!*" My stomach dropped, realization dawning on me. "You mean, you're a..."

She nodded as one might to a child just discovering object permanence. "Yes. That's *exactly* what I am. And don't get any fucking ideas, either. I like my women young. But I *don't* like them stupid. So, that takes someone like you right out of the running."

My face burned so bright, I thought it might melt. "Oh Jesus, all this time I thought... you and..." I put a hand over my eyes. "Fuck, I'm an idiot."

"No argument from me on that count. That's not why I'm here though."

I took a deep breath, swallowing down my embarrassment, forcing myself to face her. Despite my mortification at my clumsy misapprehension about Alicia's motivations, a strange

sense of relief settled upon me. It was the dissipation of a tension I hadn't realized had been taking such a toll upon my spirit.

"I've just spent the last forty-eight hours playing counselor to one of my oldest and dearest of friends. And while I think I've gotten him to see the light, so to speak, that's not the true problem here. The problem here is a certain young, and dumb, and full of cum *twit* who can't seem to recognize a good thing, even when it's practically slapping her in the goddamned face."

"What's that... what's that supposed to mean?"

But I knew.

"Exactly what you think it means." Alicia raised her voice, though even in her pique, she still managed to sound classy and attractive. "There is a man out there, who dozens, *hundreds* of women would give anything to have even a chance at. But that man doesn't want any of those women. Because he's almost as dumb as you. He wants, well... a stupid girl. An attractive one, with good tits and pretty eyes, yes, but one who isn't even close to the sharpest knife in the drawer."

My legs started to feel rubbery, and I leaned a hip against the front counter to steady myself.

Craig's door swung open, and he strolled out to the front lobby, eyebrows raised. "Is there a prob—oh, hi, Alicia." He cocked his thumb toward the board, looking from me to Alicia and back. "Is... does Mr. Winters need a...?"

"No, thank you, Craig," Alicia said, giving him a saccharine smile. "Just need to get Lola here to... see some sense."

He seemed stunned into silence by that, content to hang back and watch our conversation.

Alicia turned her attention back to me. "You need to know something. You're so concerned about commitment, and him letting you in or whatever other shit rattles around in that head of yours, but let me clear something up for you. That man has been through hell and back. You can't possibly understand

what he's been through. It's not my story to tell, so I won't tell it, but I will say he's been broken before, and you *won't* break him again, God help me."

"Wait, Alicia, that's not fair."

But she kept talking, and with every word she said, a sense of dread grew within me, as it became ever clearer I'd misunderstood... almost everything.

"Even though he's been broken, he took another chance—on you. You *twit*. He did let you in. You just didn't have the fucking patience to, I don't know, give him a chance to let you see the real him. Instead, you ran out at the *instant* it got a little real. The very moment he appeared to be a man with some flaws, even, God forbid a thousand times, a vulnerability to his emotions. You said you wanted commitment—right before you showed anything but."

Fuck.

"There is a man out there prepared to do anything for you. One who's already changed your life. You give him what he needs, and he gives you what you need. But that wasn't good enough for you, was it?"

She leaned over the counter, her eyes blazing. "I think you have some sort of problem with success. I really do. Because if you had one single brain in your fucking head, you'd be running over to see him right now, and begging him to take you back. Because you have a man who is right for you, in every way. Who could give you the relationship, the connection, the life most women could only dream of. And this man longs for, of all the things in the world he *could* have... he longs for *you*."

"Oh, shit," I whispered, my heart in my throat, a sick weight sinking in my stomach.

Alicia nodded slowly, her gaze flashing. "Yeah, 'oh, shit' is right. Silly, *stupid* girl."

What have you done, Lola? What the fuck have you done?

I looked over at Craig. "Boss, I need... I gotta go."

“Oh, yeah... okay.” Craig looked dumbfounded.

I met Alicia’s gaze as I shrugged on my jacket. “Is... is he home?”

“Office,” she said, her voice softer now. “*Go*. He needs you.”

Pulling the door open to a blast of cool morning air, I looked back at Alicia. “Thank you... thank you for telling me.”

Exasperation clear in his voice, Craig ran a hand through his bedraggled hair. “Does this mean I’m about to lose my best employee? Again?”

Alicia grinned, her words for Craig, but her gaze remaining on me. “If she knows what’s best for her, then I’m afraid so.”

Then I stepped outside, the door closing behind me.

I prayed I wasn’t too late to fix what I’d fucked up so badly.

CHAPTER 27



*E*llis

The knocking on my door startled me out of the report I was reading, and yet not absorbing one bit. I dropped the folder on my desk, rubbing my eyes with both hands.

I couldn't even think properly anymore. Not after the fiasco of going to her apartment. Coming to work was likely a monumental waste of time, but if I ever hoped to get back to normal, I needed to start doing the shit I *considered* normal.

Then the knock came again, louder this time.

Who the hell is that?

I didn't have any meetings scheduled, and Alicia had told me she was stepping out for a bit.

I sat there hoping they'd just go away, whoever they were, my desire to be in really anyone's company perhaps the lowest it had ever been.

My door opened, and I stood up, striding from behind my desk. I caught it before it swung wide. "Who the *fuck*—"

A head with a shock of gorgeous dark hair peeked around, deep blue eyes meeting mine.

I stumbled back, letting go of the door, stunned. "Lola...?"

She pushed her way inside, her pretty eyes locked on mine. Closing the door behind her, she leaned against it, her hands

trapped at the small of her back, the prominent swell of her breasts thrown out in mouthwatering relief.

Instantly, I longed to touch them, to squeeze them until she moaned. She wore only a plain white T-shirt, a small brown stain adorning it on her right side near the lower hem. Her jeans had more holes in them than Swiss cheese, the threads fraying everywhere I looked.

But she was still beautiful. Perhaps more beautiful than I'd ever seen her.

"I... Alicia... I didn't know." Her slender throat worked, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Can I... can we talk?"

"What is there left to talk about? You made it pretty clear, Lola. I... I needed to accept that. And I have."

But it was a goddamned lie! I hadn't accepted *anything*. Not in my heart, anyway. In my head, I'd grimly moved on, of course. I wished my heart would have fallen in line though.

I walked back to my desk, slumping into my seat. Was she here to try to be friends? To smooth things over? Maybe she wanted to assuage her own guilt?

It didn't matter, of course. It was done. I just had to accept it.

"I know I don't deserve it, but I... I came to ask you something." She moved closer, slowly, as if afraid I might pounce on her.

The imagery certainly appealed, in a dark way. One last fuck for old-time's sake?

It would just be a bitter reminder of what could never be.

"Why is it you want to talk now?" I blew out a breath. "Lola, what are you *doing* here?"

She closed her eyes a moment, then looked upon me once more, her gaze wet and bright—and anguished. "I was wrong. So wrong. I just... I couldn't bear the thought of not having all of you. I was afraid that you... didn't trust me enough to show me everything, to be who you are. The good and the bad, with me. It's all I've ever wanted. And I didn't think I'd ever find it—until I found you." A tear tracked down her face then, and

my chest tightened at the sight, even as I found it unspeakably beautiful. “Nobody knows this. Not even my friends. Because I’ve never told anyone. But I want to tell you. Even if I’m in a room full of people who like me, friends, coworkers. People who know me... I feel alone. I’ve... always felt alone.”

Oh, my sweet Lola.

She sniffled, taking a ragged breath. “I just figured that was... normal? For me. That feeling, that emptiness. How could I really know? I was resigned to it, always feeling that missing part.” She looked down at the carpet, wringing her hands. “Until I met someone. That person... banished all of that. That... that missing piece wasn’t missing anymore. I was... whole.” She began to weep then, and I swallowed down the painful lump in my throat. She met my eyes. “That person was you.”

“Lola... *oh*, Lola.” I beckoned her with my arms, needing to touch her, to have her close. “Come here, you silly girl.”

She dashed around the end of my desk, and I rose up to meet her as she flew into my embrace. “I’m so sorry! So sorry! I can’t... I don’t want to be alone anymore, Ellis!”

I hugged her savagely tight then, kissing the silky soft hair at the crown of her head. “You’ll never be alone again, Lola. Not as long as I’m around. *Never* alone.”

“Do you promise? Please?” She clutched desperately to me, and I sighed at how right it felt to hold her in my arms again.

“I promise you, girl.”

But it was time to do this. Finally time. She deserved nothing less.

I pulled her back slightly, then picked her up, seating her soft, round ass on my desk before my chair. Her pretty lashes blinked as she peered up at me, questioning, even as more tears slipped down her cheeks.

“I have to tell you something now,” I said, sitting down in my chair. I rolled it forward, spreading her thighs wide, until I was within the span of her knees, the heat of her lovely body so

close, all around me. I didn't look up at her as I spoke. It would have been too difficult.

"Many years ago, I woke up late into the night, terrified. I was crying—and I *never* cry. I looked over, frantically, to see if she was all right. And she was. My Mari. So beautiful. Sleeping peacefully beside me, her mouth open slightly in the way she was always so self-conscious about. I found it adorable. But that night... it was one of those dreams where you can't remember the details, but you remember the dread. But I'd forgotten even that, once it was time to get up."

I breathed in slowly, fighting the tightness in my chest. It was time to get this out.

"Mari was killed on the way to work the next morning. She turned in front of a tractor-trailer... hit her on the driver's side going at least fifty. The mercy of it was that it was fast. Medical examiner stated her death was... instantaneous." I swallowed, trying to keep my voice steady, the images playing in my mind all over again. The *horror* of it. "The day she died... was exactly two months before our wedding day."

"Oh, Ellis... oh, my God, I'm so sorry." She touched my hair, but I didn't respond. Not yet.

Get it done.

"There's something else. Only Alicia knows... and now I'm going to tell you."

"Okay..."

"Mari was pregnant. She... didn't want anyone to know until it took. You know how it goes."

"Ellis... you poor man. Oh, Jesus..."

"I didn't have the heart to tell her parents—or mine. They'd already lost enough. They didn't need to know they'd lost a grandchild, too. That was... my burden to bear, I guess. Alone." Then I looked up at her. Tears were pouring down her face, and I reached up to touch her cheek. "Get down here, girl."

She flew off the desk, landing in my lap, straddling me. I held her close, tucking her head under my chin. I could feel the quick beat of her heart against mine.

I said the last against her hair. “I was so angry, so lost. And I told myself I could never endure that kind of pain again. It would kill me, if I did. So... I decided I wouldn’t ever risk it. No close relationships. One night stands, or limited time... arrangements. Those were safe. Those couldn’t hurt me, not really.” I gritted my teeth, willing my voice not to break. “Until I realized I was slowly dying inside without that connection, knowing that if I didn’t ever take that chance... there would come a day when the opportunity to take that chance would be taken from me. For good. Time has no friends, and is an enemy to all. And just in case you hadn’t noticed... I’m not getting any younger.”

“You don’t say,” she said, giggling against my chest between her snuffles.

I touched her chin, forcing her to look up at me. Her eyes were red and swollen, her cheeks slick with tears. “I was ready to accept that... until something happened. Until the day I saw the impossibly round and juicy ass of some girl *much* too young for me. A girl who’d have been better off never meeting a man like me. But she did, the poor thing.” I swallowed hard. “And now... all my plans are fucked. Because that chance I never wanted to take? I’ve already taken it, without even knowing it. Because I fell in love with that girl.” I kissed her swollen, reddened lips then, savoring the taste of them, the salt of her tears, the essence of her surrender. I murmured the last against her cheek. “I love you, Lola. God help me, but I do.”

Then her big, fathomless eyes looked me over until I thought I might fall right into them.

“Thank you. Thank you for telling me... for everything.” A fresh pair of tears dashed down either cheek, but her radiant smile outshined them. Then she drew close, kissing my ear, and she whispered the sweet words. “I love you too, Mr. Winters.”

EPILOGUE



*O*ne year later

It was on the back deck that I found her, tending to the huge forest of potted evergreens, flowers, and herbs she'd taken to installing all about the formerly barren stained wood expanse behind the house.

I slipped out through the sliding glass, fresh from a shower, wearing only my jeans, my towel still slung over my shoulder. The afternoon was humid and warm, cicadas buzzing incessantly. I just wanted to watch her for the moment, so I stayed silent. I wondered if she'd note the scent of soap on me, her sense of smell growing so acute since she'd gotten pregnant, it was much more a curse than a blessing.

She wore the impossibly diaphanous sundress I'd laid out for her that morning, the yellows, oranges, and reds of the gentle floral pattern rendered into a ghostly pattern of hues where the daytime light shown against it. In the background, the sun was low in the western sky, but still brilliant, revealing the clear outline of her body below the fabric, in all its mouthwatering glory.

The burgeoning, generous breasts, grown even larger so late in her term, the profile of the prominent, seemingly perpetually hard nipples, becoming dark and swollen over the past few months. The swell of her belly, quite large now, was perfectly counterbalanced by the enhanced, luscious curves of her hips, the bouncy, soft rounds of her buttocks calling out to me with

a power I could never hope—nor want—to resist. But now I was even more helpless against her magnetic allure, the woman I loved now heavy with my child, carrying the promise, the prospect of something I feared I'd never have a chance at again.

As she lifted the battered metal of the watering can high, I snuck up behind her, clasping the exaggerated curves of her hips in a proprietary grip. Her body tensed, a breath catching in her throat. Glancing back at me, her eyes locked with mine, for the briefest of moments. But I merely stared, wondering what she might do. Her mouth dropped open, a momentary surprised O, then those plump, pink lips closed, her nostrils flaring the slightest bit.

She understood what I was after.

The trembling of her body as she slowly lowered the can told me everything I needed to know, my swelling cock already beginning to press insistently at the constriction of my zipper. I rubbed my crotch against the soft buttocks, so pleasingly hinted at under the thin fabric of the dress. The subtle, but unmistakable, push back against me confirmed what I already knew.

Insatiable.

Though her first trimester had been a pure misery for Lola, morning sickness regularly laying her low, her libido, indeed her absolute ravenous hunger for sex, grew and grew thereafter, becoming a raging fire over the past few weeks. Her lust had grown so intense, she'd actually asked her OB about it at the last checkup, asking—a dark flush suffusing her cheeks—if it was normal to be so *interested*, if there was something wrong that would cause her to be swollen and sensitive 'down there.'

Ever the professional, especially considering I had been sitting there next to Lola at that moment, her doctor had explained that not only was it normal, but that it was quite healthy, and that she needed to appreciate and embrace it—and enjoy it.

And Lola did. We both did.

She made as if to turn to me, but I held her in place, facing away, her breath coming faster now.

Without a word, I took the can from her hand, dropping it to the deck boards with a loud *thunk*. A drop of water splashed out, landing on the top of my bare foot, then running down between my toes.

Then I hooked a finger under the strap of the dress at her left shoulder, drawing it off and leaving it hanging down her arm. The bodice of her dress sagged down, exposing the provocative curve of her naked breast—I'd very purposefully not included a bra in the clothing I'd set out for her in the morning—revealing the hormone-darkened areola, the hard, swollen nipple. I flicked the tip, wishing I could do so much more to it. The doctor had advised refraining from stimulating her nipples too much, as it might spark Braxton-Hicks—and possibly even labor itself.

I plunged my hand under the fabric, cupping that heavy breast, lifting it fully from the concealment of the dress. She moaned, her head dropping back against my shoulder, as I gave the soft globe a long, firm squeeze, loving the feel of her in my hand.

Her ass pressed more insistently against my erection.

Letting go of her breast, leaving it exposed, vulnerable, her dress in disarray just the way I wanted her, I took hold of her left wrist, wrapping my right hand firmly about the nape of her neck.

Ushering her along in that heated silence, I loved the way her breath caught as I marched her back inside like that, holding her as if she were a prisoner, a captive of my dark lusts. I luxuriated in the languid bounce and sway of her breast as we moved down the hallway to the dark coolness of the bedroom. It was an inner sanctum, blanketed in shadow, the buzz of the cicadas muted, the beat of my own heart rushing in my ears.

My fist twisted cruelly in her hair, I held her fast, stripping the dress the rest of the way down her lush body until I had her utterly naked, exposed, helpless against me. For a long moment, I simply looked at her, drinking in the sight of the stunning, cock-hardening femininity before me, her

curvaceous, buxom figure more beautiful now than it had ever been. Lola was all mine—pregnant, vulnerable, surrendered.

And I could not wait a moment longer to have her once again.

Guiding her to her hands and knees upon the bed, I forced her head down, until her broad, soft bottom was uppermost, the swollen slot of her naked pussy presented below, tempting, swollen, wet, irresistible. Unbuttoning my jeans then kicking them off, I stroked my aching cock for a moment, making her wait, drawing it out for both of us, her silent, obedient, yielding calling to something dark, animal, and primitive within me.

Then I fell upon her, driving my cock as deep as it would go in one long, urgent lunge, Lola groaning, her cunt squeezing my shaft feverishly. She was ridiculously wet, her juices dripping out, coating my swinging balls as I took up a firm, relentless thrusting inside her searing, soaking heat.

I stroked my hand up and down her back as I took her, the silence of the room contrasted against with the wet sounds of the pounding of my cock into her sodden cunt, her desperate moans, the harsh slap of my hand against her lush, bouncing buttocks as I spanked her, urging her wordlessly to submit, to open to me, accept me as deep inside her as it was possible for a man to go, to surrender *everything* to me.

Her cunt, squeezing my cock once more, was already beginning to tremble, to spasm, her breaths reduced to staccato panting, her body writhing under mine. I took firm hold of her hair once more, reaching under, squeezing her breasts again in my hard hand, then spreading a palm down the side of her huge belly, my growl pure male triumph at the irrefutable evidence of my conquering of her body, in making her mine in that most elemental of ways, of imprinting my dominion upon her body, her mind, and her soul that she was and always would be mine.

Lola's moaning was almost continuous then, and still I rode her, not going easy on her one bit, unable to resist speaking the words as I fucked her relentlessly. "You know you can't escape this, even if you wanted to." I slapped her bottom

again, and she gasped, her pussy clenching viselike upon my cock, even as I continued to plunder her grasping, wet cunt. “I’m going to fuck you like this every day, and hard, right up until the day you give birth.”

“*Fuck...*” she said desperately. She was very, very close, clearly holding at bay her orgasm, just as I’d taught her.

“And while you nurse and recover, I’ll be impatient to have you like this again—oh, you squeezed hard there—to make you swell big and round all over again. Yes, it’ll be like this all the time now, Lola. You’ll be fucked so much, so hard. You won’t know anything but cock, and cum, and orgasms, and spanking, and pain, and pleasure. All of it—oh, fuck, I’m close—all of that, and more. It’s what you are now, Lola. You’re mine, all mine, and I’m going to breed this tight, wet cunt over and over again, make you heavy and swollen, until you can’t remember what it was like not to be full of my cum, pregnant, leaking milk, stretched and fucked by my cock. Until you forget what it was like not to be my property, my slave, my *everything*.”

“I can’t... I can’t hold it back, sir! Oh, fuck, I’m *coming*...!”

And the spasming of her pussy down the length of my cock, the thrashing of her body in the throes of ecstasy drove me over the precipice too, and I groaned loudly as I spurted deep inside, flooding her with my seed until it was hot and overflowing, dripping down to the sheets below, the combined scent of her juices and my semen thick on the air.

Then we collapsed to the bed, and I drew her up against me as I wrapped my body around hers, holding her back to my chest, breathing in the intoxicating scent of her long, luxurious hair, the wonderful feel of her soft buttocks pressed to my softening cock making me clutch her still closer, settling her lush, heated body against me.

We lay that way for a while, just staying close, enjoying the magic of her skin against mine. We murmured to one another wordlessly, as I ran my hand over every part of her body, lifting and holding one of her breasts possessively as we

drifted in our post-orgasmic lassitude, our combined fluids cooling upon our thighs.

But it wasn't long before her voice and the mischievous squirming of her broad bottom against my genitals finally stirred me back to life just as sleep threatened to claim me.

"I need you... Ellis, sir, please... I need you."

"Again? Horny slut..."

She whimpered at that, but canted her hips, the wet heat of her pussy pressing against my rapidly hardening cock. "Please..."

I held her tight as we laid there on our side, ensuring she couldn't move a muscle, loving exerting my strength against her in that moment. She shuddered as I slid my cock deep inside her, torturously slow, not stopping until the head of my erection kissed the blunt nose of her cervix. I held it there like that for a long moment, the throb and squeeze of her heated pussy clenching down upon my length making me want nothing else but to ride her cunt mercilessly all over again.

"Ellis... please, I need it. I need you. I *need* you!"

I pulled back and drove in again, cruelly, holding there, making her moan with it. "And you'll have me. Always, Lola. Always."

I began to thrust harder then, unable to resist being back inside her, taking hold of the dramatic curve of her hip once more, her flesh rippling with each loud slap of my hips against her soft bottom.

"Now, be quiet, and be a good girl. And give me what I want."

The End

AFTERWORD

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Need

When he ordered me to bare myself for him, I should have done anything other than obey. But as I stand here watching him devour me with his eyes, what I feel isn't merely shame.

It is need.

Need for his gaze wandering over my quivering body like a beast about to pounce on his prey.

Need for his hands roaming over every inch of me, reminding me that it all belongs to him, then pinning my arms with ease as he spans me raw before reclaiming me as roughly as he pleases.

Need so desperate I couldn't control it even if I wanted to... and I'm not sure I want to.

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DARK SCI-FI ROMANCES BY TRENT EVANS

Mate

The moment her ship crash-landed, Selena Marks knew she was in way over her head, and that was before the natives of this planet took her captive, stripped her bare, and brought her deep into a sacred cave to be given as a sexual sacrifice to the godlike brute whose whims they serve.

Though Selena has an idea of what is in store for her, when her captor claims her it is far more intense than anything she could have imagined. Every attempt at defiance or escape ends with her pleading for mercy as her quivering body is punished and ravaged in the most shameful ways possible, but with each helpless, screaming climax, the truth becomes harder and harder to deny.

She is his mate, and soon she will beg for him to breed her.

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Depraved

Breaking women like Yulia Wyndham is the reason for Jon Rexall's existence, and bending her to his will should have been just like countless previous missions. Simply hunt her down, strip her bare, and torment her quivering body until she yields. Then move on to the next target.

But as Yulia lies before him naked and bound, her throat sore from screaming and her thighs glistening with the evidence of her helpless, desperate need, Jon knows this time is different.

She will plead for mercy as she is punished and beg shamefully for the climax endlessly denied to her. But when she surrenders at last he is not just going to ravage her long, hard, and painfully.

He is going to make her his.

Forever.

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