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TO BEG, TO CRAVE.

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR
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Chapter One

Mason Campbell was fucking bored.

Leaning his head back in the booth, he closed his eyes. Even the whiskey didn't help to numb this feeling. At forty-five years old, he had everything he dreamed of having. Actually, he had a lot more than he ever dreamed of having. The music filled the air, not giving any real time to hear people talking, or to think, but he was able to drown it out.

His thoughts drifted back to when he was a kid. He had nothing. No parents, no real home, nothing to his name. The people at the foster homes he was bounced between had always told him he'd never amount to anything. He'd just go through life being a lazy drunk bum.

None of them had known the monster they would create.

Every single one of them had eaten their words because not only had he amounted to something, he was the most powerful man in the city, and everyone feared him, as they should.

No one would ever fucking oppose him. He'd make them all suffer and he'd do so gladly. He'd visited all those men and women from his past who dared raise a hand to him, allowed them to see just how powerful he'd gotten. He watched the fear fill their eyes, the panic, the understanding that he could, if he wanted to, take them out. He hadn't. No.

He wasn't a cruel man, but he made sure they never fostered any more children. From time to time, he'd make sure to be seen in their neighborhood, to keep instilling the fear. Of course, not all the men and women from his past had gotten an easy ride. He'd killed those he knew were dirty, filthy scumbags. Their deaths had been easy to handle.

Mason knew he had it all. Women fawned all over him. Most of them just wanted to earn the reputation of being with the most feared man in the city. It was fun in the beginning but that had long since lost its appeal. He had no interest in the sluts that vied for his attention.

The music in the nightclub changed, became sensual, almost erotic in nature. It was Valentine's Day so he expected it, but something made him open his eyes and as he did, he saw her.

One woman, dressed in red. The bodice of her dress molded to her tits, and seemed to press them together to outline a perfect cleavage. The dress seemed to curve in at the waist before flaring out with the skirt seeming to

have splits all around, giving a hint of leg or thigh. She had long, black hair, naturally curly, or so it seemed. No man was with her.

She had completely captivated an audience. There were couples on the dance floor trying to get their men's attention away from the woman, but she didn't seem to care who looked at her.

Her eyes were closed as she danced, moving her hips to the beat of the music, and it was hypnotic to watch. The people faded away and Mason watched her, imagining this dance was for him and him alone.

The woman oozed sex. It was like she was designed for a cock, *his* cock. He could imagine putting his hands on her waist, thrusting his dick inside her, and riding her until she screamed his name and begged for more. Those lips, painted a dark red, would look so good wrapped around his length. An instant hit of heat rushed through his body and for the first time in months, Mason didn't feel bored. He felt alive.

Tipping his whiskey to the back of his throat, he watched her. The couples on the floor moved out of her way as she let the beat of the music fill her body, and gave her the space to dance. She seemed almost untouchable.

He knew the song was coming to an end, and he'd never seen this woman before. She wasn't a regular at his nightclubs and she certainly didn't work for him.

When he clicked his fingers, one of his men quickly came to his side.

"Who is that woman?" he asked.

The man glanced at the dance floor and even he wore a flush to his cheeks. Her dancing had affected so many men.

All of her curves were barely on display, more of a glimpse here and there, nothing too revealing. Yet there were women wearing a hell of a lot less who were not getting a single bit of attention.

The music came to a close and the woman simply left the dance floor.

"I, er, I don't know, sir."

"Find out."

Mason got to his feet, leaving his empty whiskey glass on the table, and made his way toward the bar, only to see the woman wasn't there. She hadn't gone to the bathroom, which meant she had left.

Stepping out of the nightclub, he spotted his man talking to the main bouncer controlling entrance to the club.

"Who is she?"

The bouncer looked terrified. This was a man completely covered in muscle but all it had taken was one question from him, and he was filled with fear.

“I ... uh ... I didn't get her ID.”

He had one job to do.

One.

Not two or three.

Any other day, Mason wouldn't give a shit. Underage kids tried to get into his club all the time. Any that got past the bouncer were often escorted out of the premises by cops. He was good like that, making sure parents were aware of what their little angels were up to. If a bouncer had let them in, he made sure that bouncer paid by moving him away from the door to do other work—the kind of work that involved threatening and breaking people who owed him money. Providing the jobs got done, he didn't give a shit who did them. Looking down the street, he nodded at his man, and within minutes the bouncer was replaced.

Mason walked back into his nightclub.

The moment of boredom had passed. Now all he was focused on was finding that woman. He went straight to his security room. Stepping inside, he saw Michael, his computer whiz, sitting in the chair.

“Hey, boss man,” Michael said.

“Did you see the woman on the dance floor? Black hair, dressed in red?”

“Yeah, I did.” Michael laughed and immediately stopped as he looked at him. He cleared his throat. “Er, I might have seen her, sir.”

Mason stepped closer. “I want you to find her.”

“Sir? Did she not pay her bill?”

“She paid her bill but I want to know everything about her.” He was aware of Michael's skills. The man could find anything with a few clicks on the keyboard. Mason had never been a computer genius. He always used the power of his fists and his mind. Many years ago he'd saved Michael from serving time. He called in a few contacts and several owed favors to keep him out of the firing line. Michael was loyal to him, and only to him. It also helped that he'd played matchmaker, and Michael was a happily married man with two children.

Michael didn't ask any questions, just leaned forward and began to

click away at the keyboard. Mason watched as he found the image of her and began to run searches.

“Will I need to call in a few more favors?” he asked, knowing Michael wasn’t exactly going through the legal route.

“I’m covering my tracks, and besides, we’re not stealing anything. Just attempting to fill in the blanks.” He continued to type away.

The image of his goddess had been frozen on the screen. She hadn’t been dancing for anyone but herself. He saw that, even now. Her eyes were closed and when she did open them, she didn’t look anywhere or at anyone. Mason couldn’t help but wonder what her story was.

He hoped she wasn’t underage, getting a kick out of sneaking into a nightclub. Staring at that body, there was no way she was a child. She was all woman.

“I’ve got her,” Michael said.

Pulling his gaze from the screen, Mason looked to Michael, who’d been able to locate this mystery woman. He couldn’t help but smile.

His mystery woman was Holly Allan, a thirty-year-old librarian. Her hair was pinned back in the picture and she was also wearing a pair of glasses. At first glance, the two images looked nothing alike but Mason saw it. It was in the eyes.

“Email me all the details,” Mason said.

He would hunt for this woman and he was going to possess her.

Holly winced as she slid her finger down the edge of the paper. Stupid paper. There was a small line of red and she quickly shoved her finger into her mouth and began to suck up the blood. The metallic taste made her wince.

Books were not supposed to be dangerous.

She had experienced so many papercuts and scuffed fingers. Pulling her finger from between her lips, she stared down at the cut and saw that it was no longer bleeding.

Wiping her finger down her skirt, she went back to filling the bookshelves. Her feet also hurt, but that was to be expected when she’d worn those expensive heels last night. She couldn’t believe she had actually gone and done what she’d been wanting to do for ten years. She had gotten married ten years ago. At the time she had thought William was everything. An

adventurer, or at least he'd seemed it with his tales of going abroad. He'd been older than her, thirty to her twenty, an up-and-coming lawyer at a reputable firm. She had thought she was in love.

Nine years they'd been married. He never once took her out of the country. They never went dancing. They vacationed to cities where he was needed by his firm. Her role as a librarian was often the source of mockery amongst his friends. She never understood why. There was nothing to make fun off. She studied hard to be where she was today. Her love of books and the written word had driven her to become a librarian.

Holly hadn't wanted to give up her job, which had become a bone of contention between them. He earned the money, she didn't have to work. Staying at home all day, waiting for him, didn't sound like fun. Nor did shopping. So, she kept her job and was still home before him.

Everything about married life had bored her. They didn't have any children because William wasn't ready. He had a name to build and until he had made partner, there would not be any children.

Holly had known he'd never been faithful to her. She never could prove it, though. He went through assistants and secretaries so fast. Their names were constantly changing, and it seemed a new one was in place each time she phoned the office.

A year ago, she had picked up her cell phone and was about to call him about lunch. William often canceled lunch when he had a new girl to train. Holly had known there was a new woman working for him. She hated her marriage. Hated her husband. Hated her life. So, rather than call and go on pretending, she had walked up to his office, and that was where she had stood, door open, watching him fuck his latest secretary.

To help with the divorce, she had filmed several minutes of it before they had even realized someone was watching them.

She had gotten half of everything he had. There had been no arguing. Even with his lawyer, a friend of them both, or at least he had been until then, had tried to suggest her lack of support in leaving her job had ruined the marriage.

What William hadn't known was that his infidelity had caught up with him. Holly had kept a record of the women who worked for him as it seemed odd how many employees he went through. From the moment they were married, she finally had proof he'd never been faithful. All the women he'd

screwed had been angry he got them fired. They all helped her.

The divorce had been final six months ago. For six months she had kept to her old ways—working, going home, eating alone, watching television, going to bed, and then getting back up, and the cycle repeating. Until last night.

She had been walking home when she passed a clothing store. There in the shop window a beautiful red dress had called out to her. She'd not been able to resist. With one look at the dress, she had known she wanted it for herself. She'd never splurged on anything quite so extravagant. Even though her husband had been quite wealthy, she hated shopping, hated buying clothes, but in that instant, she wanted it. So, she walked right in and lo and behold, they had the dress in her size. She changed into it right then and there, dumping her other clothes in the trash bin outside. Before she left, she picked up a pair of matching shoes, and then on a spur of the moment, she found the first nightclub she could find, and danced.

The moment she wore the dress, all she wanted to do was dance, and it had been one of the most exhilarating moments of her life.

She hadn't stuck around. There hadn't been any reason to.

Holly smiled.

William never once took her dancing. She could imagine him taking out many of his assistants and secretaries. Looking back over her married life, she had to wonder what she ever saw in him. Any kind of love had died a long time ago. She pushed the thoughts of him out of her mind, because each time she thought of her ten-year marriage, she felt embarrassed to have stayed with the man for so long. He'd been truly awful throughout it all.

She focused again on the books. Her papercut had gone to a dull throb, and she quickly picked up the books and started to place them back in order on the shelves. She loved being a librarian, loved surrounding herself with books. There was so much knowledge and of course fantasy, be it fiction or nonfiction. She loved them all.

Once her latest trolley was empty of returned books, she headed to the end of the aisle and went straight toward the elevator. Reaching out, she pressed the button that would take her down to the main floor.

Would she go dancing again tonight? She had no idea.

She'd taken the dress to be dry cleaned. Usually when she purchased clothes, she always had them washed before she wore them. This time was so

different.

The elevator doors opened and she stepped out, pushing her trolley toward the main desk. The second trolley had a couple of returns already.

Evie, another librarian, stood at the counter, working on the computer. They had an order of new books coming in a couple of weeks, which they were pretty excited about. Funds for the library were always sparse and they had no choice but to fix building damage rather than purchase books. This time, though, with the building repaired and maintenance handled, they were able to order new books.

They had a lot of customers lately. Renting books was a lot cheaper than purchasing. Over the years the closing of the library had always been met with anger from the locals, and so far they'd been able to remain open.

"Done already?" Evie asked.

"Not many books to put away and you know I like to organize them down here so it's a lot easier when I go upstairs."

Evie chuckled.

"Everything still going according to plan with the new books?" she asked.

"Yes, and we've also had a donation of books as well, which should be arriving next Friday."

"Sounds great."

Evie stepped away from the computer and rubbed at her eyes. "What are your plans for the weekend?"

Holly thought about last night. At the library they didn't exactly have much of a weekend. It was Saturday, so they closed a little earlier than throughout the week, and had Sunday off.

"Not much, probably rest, read a book."

"You've been divorced for a long time now. Why don't you go out and meet someone?" Evie asked.

Holly wrinkled her nose. "I'm not interested in meeting anyone. Trust me. For now, I'm more than happy to remain single."

"You're a beautiful woman and trust me, you're not getting any younger." Evie winked at her. "You wasted way too much time on that asshole husband of yours."

"Exactly. I don't want to make the same mistake twice."

"Impossible to do. You know what you're looking for. I didn't say you

had to look for husband number two. There's nothing wrong with going out and having a whole lot of fun."

"You're encouraging me to sleep around?" Holly asked.

"I'm encouraging you to have a lot of fun. If that means sleeping around, then enjoy that. I've seen how miserable you've been these past ten years. Marriage is not supposed to make you that sad. Not until you've been married thirty-plus years."

Holly chuckled. "Would you know something about that?"

Evie was a married woman in her fifties. She married her childhood sweetheart, and they'd been married for thirty-two years. Married at eighteen, five kids, and still going strong.

"Not everyone can be like me and my Christopher."

"But people like me wish for a marriage like yours," Holly said.

"One day, Holly, you'll have it, but to find someone you want to spend the rest of your life with, you've got to be willing to go out and explore. You can't hide forever."

Chapter Two

It didn't take Mason long to find the library where his siren worked. Glancing through the large windows, he saw the endless rows of books. There were not a lot of people. It was a Saturday afternoon and the sun was shining. The outside was much more alluring than the inside of a stuffy old library.

He'd never stepped foot into a library.

The call of his woman was too great to ignore. He needed to see her again. Stepping into the main building, there was a sign for bathrooms to his right, and then doors leading to the first level of the library. Past the bathrooms he saw an elevator and a set of stairs. Walking into the main part of the library, he moved slow, perusing the shelves, when he was in fact looking for Holly. The beauty in red.

He'd not been able to get her out of his mind. Michael had been a genius and found her home address, but he didn't want to startle her by turning up at her home uninvited. Walking down one long shelf, marked "Science," along with a couple of numbers, he looked toward the main desk.

There was a woman standing behind the counter, scanning a pile of books. She was blonde, appeared slightly older than him, but she had a smile on her face. This wasn't Holly.

Approaching the desk, the woman looked up and seemed to do a double-take. He had that effect on most women. He defied his title in the city. Whenever people met him, they always expected him to be wearing a suit, something rich and branded. He never did. He was a jeans and t-shirt kind of guy, and when it got cold, he threw on a jacket. He'd never been one to confine his body in a suit. That was not him, it would never be him.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"I'm looking for Holly Allan," he said.

"Holly?"

"Yes, I've been informed she works here."

The woman's badge told him her name was Evie.

"Holly is on the second floor," Evie said.

"Thank you." He winked at her and he saw Evie blush. He also had that effect on women.

He left the ground floor and took the stairs, stopping at the second

level. He stepped into the main library section. The place was huge, which surprised him. He thought libraries were one of the many dying buildings around.

At first glance, he couldn't see her down the main aisle, but there were five more for him to check. She wasn't down the first three, nor the fourth or fifth, so he checked out the sixth, and there she was.

A frown decorated her beautiful face. Her top teeth nibbled her lip as she ran her fingers across the spine of the books. She moved some out of the way, and slid the books back onto the shelves. Her long black hair had been pulled back into a ponytail, and today she wore a pair of glasses, which she had to keep pushing up her nose to keep in place. There was not a single shade of red on her.

She looked absolutely stunning to him. There was no red dress, but she wore a pencil skirt that molded to her body like a second skin. He saw a white shirt peeking out beneath a small jacket. She looked like a porn librarian. He could imagine pulling her hair out of the ponytail, stripping her naked, spreading those beautiful thighs, and fucking her until she screamed his name and begged for more. His cock went instantly hard.

He was done watching. Stepping toward her, he gripped the handles of the trolley, drawing her attention to him.

"Hey, Beautiful," he said.

Her blue eyes went to his hands and then slowly began to travel up his body until she got to his face.

"Beautiful?" she asked, frowning.

She didn't recognize him. That made her even more appealing. Last night's show hadn't been for him and he had a feeling it hadn't been for anyone.

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked.

Oh, he liked that.

"Yeah, I want to know what made a beautiful woman like yourself come to my nightclub in red," he said.

Her mouth dropped open and she closed it, glancing around the library.

"How do you know about that?"

"I saw you last night at my bar and I watched you, Beautiful. You put on quite a show."

"Stop calling me Beautiful, and I didn't put on any kind of show. I have

no idea what you're talking about." She grabbed her trolley and pulled it back.

This was not the response he was accustomed to. He was used to women falling over themselves to please him. He could work with whatever was thrown his way.

Grabbing the trolley, her strength was no match for his. She had no choice but to release a growl and then look at him. "Why?" she asked.

"You tell me first, why were you dancing last night? For your boyfriend? For your husband?" He noticed at the mention of a husband the corner of her eye seemed to twitch. She wasn't happy about that.

According to the information Michael had obtained, she'd been divorced for six months. What was even stranger, he knew her ex-husband. Not personally, but the firm where he worked represented him from time to time. An expensive but damn good service.

"I didn't realize going dancing would result in being harassed. I don't know who you are and I'm sorry if my dancing at your club offended you."

"Who were you dancing for?" he asked.

She frowned at him. "Seriously, you don't get it?"

His brows went up and she rolled her eyes.

"Fine. I was dancing for me, okay? I wasn't dancing for any man or anything. I was dancing because I had bought a pretty dress and I wanted to. That's the only reason."

He let go of the trolley and she left the aisle, going around to the other. He went back the way he came so there wasn't a trolley between them.

"Go out with me tonight," he said.

Holly looked up at him and shook her head. "No."

"Why not?" he asked. It had been a long time since a woman rejected him. He wasn't angry, but he was ... intrigued. This woman knew nothing about him.

"Because I don't want to go out with a stranger I've been forced to meet. Can't you see that?" She shook her head. "I don't have a clue who you are and I can't believe you've come here to where I work to ... why?"

"I wanted to ask you out," he said.

"Ask me out?"

"Yes."

Holly put a hand on her hip. "Let me get this straight. Based on the way

I danced last night, you want to ask me out on a date. You found some way of figuring out who I was, where I worked, all to ask me out on a date?"

"Yes." He didn't even hesitate.

"You do realize that kind of sounds like a stalker."

"I'm not here to frighten you, Holly," he said. "You could look at it that I stalked, or you could see that I was so enraptured by your dance last night, but by the time I got to you, you'd already left. You do escape fast." He was tempted to reach out and touch her, but he figured he'd already kind of freaked her out by his visit, and he didn't want her calling for the cops, at least not yet.

"I went to dance, not to be picked up by guys."

"And I didn't get the chance to pick you up last night."

"I don't recall seeing you there."

"You were dancing for yourself but if you had paid attention, you had captivated everyone."

She chuckled. "I highly doubt that. Your pickup lines need a little bit of work." She held her thumb and forefinger close together.

"Go out with me tonight," he said.

"I still don't know you."

He thrust out his hand. "I'm Mason Campbell, and let's just say I'm an entrepreneur. I own many businesses."

"You don't look like a businessman."

"Don't let the looks fool you. Besides, you don't have to wear a suit to be successful."

He didn't know what he said, but the smile on her lips told him he'd done the job.

"You're right, and okay, yes, I will go on a date with you tonight. I finish at five."

That was two hours away. "I'll be waiting." He wanted to pull her in close, kiss those luscious lips, but he didn't. There would be time for that. A lot of time for that.

When it came to Holly Allan, he intended to explore every single inch of her, to learn everything there was to know about her body, and find a way to make this woman his own.

William had been her first and only date. They hadn't been dating that

long before they had gotten married, so Holly didn't have a clue how to date.

Evie had asked her if the gentleman had found her. She agreed he had, but that he was an old friend, just looking for directions. Holly hated lying, but she didn't know how to explain to her colleague that she found a dress and went dancing all on her own last night. How did she explain those details, including how lonely she'd been during and after her marriage? There was a lot she wanted to say and so much she didn't.

Her life hadn't been hard, just lonely. William had never tried to include her in anything. He and his friends had all assumed she didn't understand their mockery jokes when they were directed at her. Each dinner, she had smiled through them while feeling punched in the gut.

So, dating wasn't high on her list of things to do. There was something about Mason, though. She was a little shocked by the fact he found her, but also thrilled. He had taken steps to find her, and he wanted to go out on a date with her. Before leaving the library, she made sure she had pepper spray and her cell phone was fully charged.

This had to be the craziest idea, to agree to go out on a date with a total stranger.

Stepping outside of the safety of work, at first she didn't see him and figured he'd either forgotten or it was some prank. She had to wonder if William had put him up to this. She wouldn't put it past her pathetic ex.

William had called her a few times, claiming to miss her, that if she would give him a second chance, he'd make it work. How he only went to other women because she wouldn't give him what he was looking for.

That last part, yeah, that made her mightily pissed off. William, in the bedroom, had been the kind of guy who wanted the lights down, would climb on, thrust around, finish, get off, and go to sleep. She had tried multiple times over the years to try something different, to enjoy each other, but William never wanted to, at least not with her.

Holly took care of her own needs. Once she realized William wouldn't satisfy her in the bedroom, she'd taken a trip to a sex shop, purchased an array of dildos and other toys, and took matters into her own hands. On all of William's business trips or working weekends, she entertained herself. She'd never once cheated on him, as that was something she would never do.

Pulling out of the memories of the past, she spotted Mason as he came toward her. She hadn't realized he'd been standing by a tree, watching her. It

was still warm, but he'd changed out of his black t-shirt into a white one, and he now wore a pair of black jeans. Did the man own a suit? Rather than hate it, though, she found herself loving it. Her ex was always in a suit. She was pretty sure he'd been born in one.

"Evening, Beautiful."

"Holly," she said. "That's my name."

He winked at her and held out his arm. "So, I got us a table at one of the restaurants we own. It's Italian, makes the best pasta you could ever want. Please tell me you love pasta."

"Why? Would that be a deal-breaker on this date?" she asked.

"Could be."

Holly chuckled. "I happen to love pasta."

His grip tightened a little on her arm. She had been tempted to tell him that she hated pasta to see how he reacted, but she was intrigued by how this date would go.

They walked away from the library and headed toward the main city center. There were not a lot of cars around as the streets had boulders to stop them taking shortcuts through the main city. Trucks and vans were able to make stops, but the shopkeepers had to come out to allow them entry. The city was busy. There was rarely a time it wasn't.

Holly didn't have a clue what to say to this man. Dating had been hard ten years ago, or at least that's what she heard. She and William had known each other for a few months before they went on a date. Their relationship had come about through mutual friends. All of which over the years had either stayed William's friends or dropped by the wayside. She had to wonder if that was because they knew of William's cheating and didn't want to face her.

It no longer mattered to her.

This was a date and William had to be the last person on her mind. It wasn't like she had been thinking about him for the past year. All she wanted was be clear of him and now that she was, she was still thinking about him.

They arrived at a restaurant that was very much closed. Mason lifted his knuckles and gave a rap on the door.

Holly looked toward him then at the restaurant. "I think this one is closed."

"Oh, it is, but not to me."

Seconds later the door opened and Holly watched as the man cheered, saying something in Italian, and embracing Mason. They did that man-hug thing where they embraced, slapped each other on the back, and then pulled apart.

The man turned toward her and pressed a hand to his heart. “Beautiful,” he said.

Holly couldn’t help but smile and gasped as she was pulled into a hug and then each of her cheeks kissed in turn.

“I have prepared a special menu for you tonight. Please, come in. Come in.”

Mason put a hand at the base of her back and urged her forward. She stepped inside and saw there were several tables that were not set, but there was a single table with a few candles, and wineglasses already filled.

The man pointed at the table.

“I prepared this just for you, Mason.”

“Thanks, Phillip,” Mason said.

Seconds later they were alone as she watched the man she now knew was Phillip walk away. There were a couple of people at the bar and she saw waiters milling around, but no one approached them.

Mason pulled out the chair and she slid into it, not exactly sure what she should do.

“There’s no one here,” she said.

“I called ahead. Asked Phillip if we could have the restaurant to ourselves for the evening.”

“Okay, that’s not strange at all,” she said.

He chuckled. “I didn’t want any interruptions tonight.”

“A Saturday night—isn’t this like the busiest night of the week?”

“This is my restaurant,” Mason said. “I’ve already taken care of the details.”

“Oh,” Holly said.

What did she say to that? She sat down and Mason pushed the chair beneath the table. She slid her bag onto the floor between her legs, pressing her ankles close to it as she stared at Mason. Some of her hair had pulled out of her ponytail and she pushed it out of the way and watched him.

“So, the nightclub and restaurant business,” she said. “Do you own more of them, and are they spread out across the country?”

“I own them in this city, along with a few other ventures,” he said.

“What kind of ventures?”

“I don’t like to put all my eggs into one basket. I learned long ago that to succeed, you always need to know when to take the plunge.”

“When to take the plunge?”

“Yes.” Mason smiled. “Have you been on many dates, Ms. Allan?” he asked.

She blew out a breath and chuckled. “Is it that obvious?”

“Yes.”

Holly tried not to cringe but she doubted it worked. “No, I’ve not been on many dates at all. I was married, as I know you know, but dating wasn’t exactly high on his list.” She pressed her lips together. “I don’t know how to date. I don’t know how to be around men. Last night was just a spur-of-the-moment kind of thing. I saw the dress in a shop, I wanted it, I wore it, I went dancing. That’s the breakdown of what happened last night.” She had to make him realize last night wasn’t anything special. She didn’t go out of her way to appeal to men, it was just dancing for herself. Not for anyone else.

Mason reached for her hands. “Then how about we start at the beginning and you stop panicking? I’m not your ex-husband. I’m a new guy, who saw a beautiful woman, and he wants to get to know her.”

She licked her lips. “You make it sound so easy.”

“Why shouldn’t it be easy for us, Holly?”

Chapter Three

Mason didn't know her history. The details he had on her were fact-based. Nothing to do with feelings. He didn't know what her marriage was like, how many dates they went on prior to getting married, or how many dates they had once they had gotten married.

Facts: She was married at twenty to a man she barely knew. They stayed together for nine years as by the tenth year, she had already filed for divorce. Adultery was what Michael had found out, which Mason thought was crazy. William was a fucking moron to have cheated on this woman.

He found her nervousness to be charming. She wasn't trying to seduce him or garner his attention. All these little details just added to her allure. And he wanted it all to himself. Every single part of her.

Michael had also found out she hadn't quit her job once, nor had she had children. He had to wonder about her marriage, but he wasn't going to bring up her ex.

"Why should it be easy for us, Mason?" she asked. "Do you date a lot?"

"No."

She chuckled and the sound was sweet precious music. "Neither of us knows how to date. Don't you think that's kind of funny?"

He laughed with her, he couldn't help it. "We could do a search online. See what comes up."

"Seriously, do you think we should?" Holly asked.

"I'm tempted, but seeing as neither of us knows how to date, why don't we make up our own rules? We just keep talking and see where it goes?"

"I do like the sound of that but I find it hard to believe you haven't dated," she said.

"Are you trying to tell me you think I'm handsome and I should have women fawning all over me?" he asked.

She rolled her eyes and shrugged. "If we're being completely honest here, we both know you're a good-looking guy. You're clearly wealthy. I know this place is hard to get a table at, as I've tried several times. The nightclub I was at last night is one of the best in the city. I do believe there have also been celebrity sightings. Again, I don't follow much of the gossip, but it's there."

“I said I didn’t go on dates, I didn’t say I haven’t fucked a lot of women,” he said.

“Oh.” Holly’s lips formed a perfect O and her cheeks flamed. “And I’m good enough to date but not to fuck?” Those teeth went into her bottom lip.

Mason smiled. “I didn’t say that. It has been a long time since I’ve been with a woman, and trust me, Holly, I want to fuck you, but I have a feeling I’m going to need more from you than a one-night stand.”

“And what if all I want from *you* is a one-night stand?” she asked.

“Trust me, you won’t.” He leaned forward reaching for her hand. “But if you want to skip dinner right now and head back to my place, I’m happy to do so and I’ll show you how a real man fucks.”

He expected her to reject him. Her cheeks were a beautiful shade of red, nothing like the dress last night, but close. He had a feeling she had never been propositioned like this before.

“I’m not hungry,” she said. “I don’t suppose Phillip would make our food to go?”

Mason clicked his fingers and a waiter immediately appeared. He put their orders to go, and as he did, he kept watching her waiting for her to suddenly change her mind. She didn’t. Their orders were ready in less than five minutes.

Mason held out his arm to her. His driver was already outside, and he waited. They climbed into the backseat of his car, and his driver took him to the building he owned, pulling into his own personal spot. Most of his men lived in the building. It was all part of working for him. If they were loyal to him and him alone, he took care of them. He made sure they never wanted for anything. Some of his men had families. This was one of the many reasons he’d risen to the top and stayed there. He gave his men a good life, all they had to do was follow orders and stay loyal, not to be bought.

Stepping into his penthouse apartment, he closed and locked the door, placing the to-go bag on the cabinet several steps away from the front door. He turned toward Holly and stared at her. Her gaze was on him.

Mason didn’t know who made the first move—him or her. One day, he would realize that they both moved together at the same time.

Sinking his fingers into her hair, he eased out the band that kept those locks contained in a ponytail. Her long strands fell around her. He cupped the back of her head and kissed her hard.

Holly wrapped her arms around his back and slowly ran them up his body, holding him tightly. With his other hand, he teased the edge of her jacket and let go of her head to remove the jacket, letting it fall to the floor. They moved together as Holly tugged his shirt.

They stopped kissing long enough for him to get the t-shirt off his body. She took a few seconds to look at his naked, heavily inked chest, and she gasped. Her hands reached out to touch him, but now it was his turn. He held the front of her shirt and tugged it open. Buttons sprayed everywhere as he stripped the shirt from her body.

She wore a white full-cupped bra underneath. Reaching behind her, he flicked the catch of the bra, and her tits tumbled free.

One look and he knew he needed to feel them. Cupping the mounds in his palms, he groaned. Full tight red nipples called to be sucked. Dipping his head down, he took one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking on the hard bud.

He heard her gasp and moan and he licked between the valley of her breasts to do exactly the same to the other tit. Sliding his tongue back and forth, he heard her moan.

His cock was rock-hard and he wanted inside her. Holly's hands touched his stomach and then went to the button of his pants as she tried to work it open.

He pulled away from her tits to take care of his jeans, sliding them down his legs. Before he removed his boxers, he dealt with her skirt and panties. Once she was completely naked, he grabbed her hand and led her to his bedroom.

Once he was inside his room, he pushed her down toward the bed and eased her back. Kissing her lips, he slid his tongue across her mouth and she opened up. He plundered inside, then broke the kiss. Trailing his lips down to her neck, he sucked on her pulse and heard her gasp. Mason used his teeth before soothing out the bite with his tongue. He kissed down toward her tits, sucking each of them in turn, but not giving them too much attention before traveling toward her pussy.

Spreading the lips of her cunt open, he looked at her sweet clit, and the scent coming from her aroused him. He wanted a taste. No, he wanted to fucking drown in her.

He pressed the tip of his tongue to her clit and she gasped. His name

fell from her lips in a moan that echoed around the room. He held onto her hips as he stroked his tongue down toward her entrance, circling where his cock would go, and then drawing back up to her nub. He focused on her clit, going back and forth, and he was surprised by how fast Holly's orgasm took. One moment it was slowly building and then like a fever pitch, the pleasure took over and she screamed his name, begging him to stop and to continue.

He licked at her cunt and he just knew no one had ever licked her pussy before. Again, how could she have been married for ten years but never had her pussy licked?

Moving up her body, he nudged Holly up the bed, until they were both against his pillows. Her black hair spread out, her legs wide open, the taste of her cum on his lips. This was exactly what he wanted, and before the night was through, he was going to know every inch of this woman.

Holly had never done anything like this before. She'd never gone to bed with a man on the first date.

No one had ever licked her pussy before. She was completely out of her depth, but she didn't want any of this to stop. Mason was a total stranger and maybe that was the appeal. She didn't know.

There was so much she didn't know, like how long was it supposed to take a woman to reach orgasm? Was there an allotted amount of time? Had she taken too long? Was it too quick?

She felt Mason's cock at her entrance and all thought fled her mind as he thrust inside her slowly, inch by inch. He was wide and big, and Holly had to wonder if he would fit. Of course he was going to fit.

She gripped his thick shoulders and at the last couple of inches, he didn't go slow, he slammed them balls-deep inside her, making her gasp. Holy crap. That felt ... amazing.

"Look at me, beautiful," he said.

Opening her eyes, she hadn't even realized she closed them, and she stared up into his brown eyes. The light in the bedroom was shining bright. She could look at him. This was new to her.

Mason took hold of her hands. "I want to take my time with you, Holly, but this first time, I'm not going to have the patience. I want to fuck you, hard."

"Then do it," she said, biting her lip as she did. She had already gone so

far out of her comfort zone.

She was in a stranger's house, in his bed. Why not finish what they had started?

He pressed her hands to either side of her head, locking her to the bed. Staring up at him, she waited.

Mason pulled out of her, going slow at first, and she felt every inch of him as he did this. She waited, and part of her expected this to be boring, for it to be awful.

Holly knew she shouldn't have been expecting the same old routine. He slammed deep inside her, going in and out, fucking her harder than she had ever been before. The pleasure was intense, her body on fire for more. There was nothing gentle in the way he pounded inside her, taking her, and what felt like owning her.

In that moment, she belonged to Mason, and she marveled at it. She thrust her pelvis up to meet every one of his thrusts, not wanting him to stop. It felt incredible. Better than incredible.

She also felt what she had thought was impossible—the start of another orgasm. It wasn't life-shattering like his tongue, but more like a miniature ripple as it took over her body.

His name fell from her lips, and then she felt it. Mason tensed up, thrust his cock deeper inside her, and it was like it grew a little more. There was a point of pain and pleasure combined. He had stretched her to fit him, and she felt each pulse of his cock as he came inside her.

Holly lay beneath him, panting. She didn't know how long it had lasted, but it was the first time the missionary position had been in any way exciting for her.

She just had sex with a stranger. For some reason, she expected to feel guilty, but there was none of that. She and William had been over a long time ago.

She expected Mason to pull out, to curl up on whatever side of the bed he usually did, and that would be the end of it. He didn't do that.

Seconds passed and he lifted, staring down at her lips and then into her eyes. "Are you ready for round two?" he asked.

"Round two?"

"Yes."

She felt his cock already twitching inside her, and she released a gasp, a

little startled by how quickly he was getting hard again.

“You don’t think a quick fuck is all you’re getting tonight?” he asked.

“I thought men could only go once a night.”

“Your ex-husband is a fucking prick,” he said. “I don’t even know him and I already don’t like him.”

“I do know him and you can join the club,” she said. “I don’t want to talk about him.”

Mason tensed up and pulled back. “Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why don’t you want to talk about him? Do you still have feelings for him?”

She burst out laughing. “You’ve got to be kidding me, right? I’m in bed with you, and you’re asking me if I still have feelings for another man. I don’t know you, but trust me, if I still had feelings for my ex-husband, I wouldn’t have divorced him. I’d have continued to pretend I didn’t know about his affairs. I don’t want to talk about my ex, because he’s not part of my life anymore. I don’t want to have sex with another man while his name is filling the room, unless your name is not Mason, and you’re also called William?”

He smiled.

“My name is Mason.”

“Good.”

“He cheated on you?”

She rolled her eyes. “Yes, from the moment we were first married. He was never faithful to me. Trust me, I don’t love my husband. Not anymore.”

“Does love die that easily?” he asked.

Holly dropped to the bed. Mason’s cock was still inside her, and he was still hard. She shrugged her shoulders. “Do you want to have this conversation?”

“I was just curious.”

“Love doesn’t die easily, but if you were in my marriage for ten years and you realized that he never once truly loved you, and that he went through secretaries and personal assistants faster than you went through underwear, trust me, love has a way of getting a little ... in the way. Can we not talk about it?”

He pulled out of her and before she knew what was happening, she was

on her knees. One of his hands was at her stomach, but he didn't linger there, as he slid down, going between her thighs.

"I'm already starting to get the picture of what your husband was like. I guess he worked all the time, didn't give you any attention. I wonder if he was even critical of you when you were together. He was afraid of you, Holly."

She didn't know what he was doing, but as his fingers played her pussy, she no longer cared what he was saying. William was the last person on her mind.

"I bet he never knew what to do with this body. You were too much woman for him. Not for me, though. I know how to touch you, how to drive you wild." He pressed three fingers deep inside her, then drew them back to stroke over her clit. She had already orgasmed once, but she was so close to another.

She tried to grit her teeth to contain the pleasure, but she already felt the start of another orgasm building. Holly couldn't believe how easily he worked his magic over her body. It no longer felt like her own, but his.

He knew what buttons to press, how to work her, and as she came a second time to the dance of his fingers, Mason didn't give her long before sliding his cock inside her from behind. His hands were at her hips, holding her in place as he fucked her.

He would randomly stop, spread the cheeks of her ass open, and watch his cock. Mason told her everything he was doing in great detail, how pretty her pussy looked stuffed with his cock. How he was going to use her asshole soon. How every single hole that could take his cock was going to get filled by it. He wanted to feel her lips around his length. Every little dirty word he spoke heightened her arousal for him.

She was desperate, hungry, in so much need, and when she came for a third time, she was in shock. Feeling Mason fill her pussy a second time, she thought that would be it, but he was nowhere near done with her.

Holly couldn't believe what was happening. It had to be a dream.

By the end of the night, they had fucked four times, and she lost count of the number of orgasms she had. Falling asleep in his bed, with his arms wrapped around her, she knew it had to be a dream. There was no way this was real, but even if it was, she'd deal with it in the morning.

Chapter Four

Mason was a light sleeper, always had been. From the time he was a kid when he realized the dangers that surrounded him, he never fell into a deep sleep.

Waking up after spending hours fucking the woman of his dreams, he was a little shocked to see the bed empty beside him. He sat up, shoved the blankets from his body, and went to the bathroom. There was no sign of Holly. He walked through his penthouse and noticed her clothes were gone. There was not a single sign of Holly even being at his place. Running a hand down his face, he didn't like this.

It had been fucking years since he had slept that deeply. Stepping back into his room, he went straight for a shower. There was no way he was going to let Holly get away with sneaking out of his penthouse.

Once he showered, he stepped into his room and grabbed his cell phone. Typing into the security app that Michael had set up, he checked over the footage and saw that at seven o'clock, Holly had taken her clothes, changed as best she could, and left his apartment. She hadn't gone sneaking around or stolen anything.

Over the years, he'd had women attempt to steal from him. There had been one woman who tried to get herself pregnant with one of his used condoms. He knew all the tricks there were, and never trusted women.

He was a little unnerved by the fact that he'd slept through Holly leaving. Throwing his cell phone to the bed, he got to his feet, entered his closet, and began to change.

He pulled on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. He grabbed his cell phone, contacted his driver, and as he got to the underground parking facility, his driver was already waiting for him. He gave him Holly's address and climbed in the back.

With it being a Sunday, the roads were not too busy, even though it was close to ten-thirty.

He still didn't like that Holly had snuck out, that he'd slept so well he didn't hear her leave. Mason had never slept well. There were a lot of nights he stayed awake, waiting for something to happen. He didn't know if every single foster kid experienced bad shit, but he knew he got dealt a bad hand. He learned to always sleep with one eye open, which made no sense as to

why he slept tonight.

Other than the facts he knew about Holly, he didn't know if she was a good woman, a kind woman. There could be many reasons her husband did what he did. But he'd fallen asleep with Holly in his arms. Never had he felt so content.

Twenty minutes later, his driver pulled up to a nice-looking city house in a nice area. His car didn't stand out, and there was a space in front of her place. He got his driver to park before climbing out of the car.

He stepped up to her house and rang the bell, waiting. Mason heard her steps, and knew she looked out of the door peephole. She hesitated.

"I know you're there, Holly," he said.

She opened the door. Gone was the skirt, shirt, and jacket. She wore a pair of torn jeans at the knees, and a shirt that had seen much better days. Her hair was pinned back and her brow covered in sweat.

"How do you know where I live?" she asked.

"I have many resources at my disposal."

"Even though you own nightclubs and restaurants."

"I'm a man of many businesses. I told you that. Are you not going to invite me in or would you like to have this conversation on your doorstep where anyone can hear?" He didn't want the neighborhood to know his business but if that was what Holly was into, he'd live with it.

She pulled the door open slightly. "Come in."

He stepped into her world and Holly closed the door.

"Would you like a drink?"

"You snuck out of my apartment this morning, why?"

She shrugged. "I didn't know what to do. I'm an early riser and I've never done the morning-after-the-whole-night-before thing. I didn't know what to do." She blew out a breath. "Is this what this is about? I didn't take anything and we said it was only going to be a one-time thing."

"I fucked you four times last night. You had multiple orgasms. This has already been more than a one-time thing," he said.

"I didn't steal anything," she said. "I just grabbed my stuff and left. You've totally ruined my shirt. I've already tried to attach the buttons and there are tiny holes." She sighed.

He followed her through to her kitchen and he saw the oven was open, and there was a light smell of chemicals in the air.

“You’re cleaning your kitchen?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Don’t you hire people to do that?”

“Not everything needs to be done by other people. Besides, I happen to like cleaning.” She shrugged. “I don’t know why I love to clean but I do. Do you want a drink? I have tea and coffee. That’s pretty much it. Or water. I don’t drink soda. Or I’ve got milk. Unless you want something stronger.”

He watched her as she pushed a strand of hair off her forehead.

“I don’t need anything stronger. Is there any other reason you left this morning?” he asked.

“No. I didn’t want to do this part as I thought it would be too awkward, and you’re kind of proving me right. This is a whole lot of awkward right now.” She pressed her lips together. “I’ve never done this. I’ve never experienced anything like this and I feel like I’m constantly saying the same thing.”

“I understand what you’re saying.”

“Great, so why are you here?” Holly asked. “I thought men don’t want women who cling, and yet you’re here.”

“I don’t like it when women sneak out of my apartment after I fuck them hard and well.” He closed the distance between them and he was a little surprised she didn’t back away from him.

“Then put it down as a brand-new experience,” she said. “I’m pretty sure there have been plenty of women who haven’t wanted the morning-after weirdness.”

He smiled. “No, not a single one, but then I guess that has something to do with the fact I don’t let them stay, and none of them are allowed in my apartment. Whenever I fuck them, we go to a hotel. Never to my place.”

“Are you trying to say that I’m special?” she asked.

He loved her snarky attitude. He loved the fact she wasn’t frightened of him. *She doesn’t know who you are, or what you’re capable of. If she did, she’d have run across the country by now.*

Gripping the back of her neck, he pulled her close and slammed his lips down on hers. He avoided answering the question because as of right now, she was fucking special. She had taken away his boredom and in return given him something to look forward to. No woman had ever done that. From the moment she started dancing in his nightclub, he’d been hooked.

Mason traced across her bottom lip and as he heard her gasp, he couldn't help but smile. He loved how responsive she was. Moving her backward, he pressed her up against the kitchen counter. He let go of her neck to capture her wrists, pinning them either side of her. He was a lot taller than her. Looking at her now, he felt that craving again, the hunger to take her.

Thrusting his pelvis against her, he watched her eyes, seeing her response. They widened, just slightly, but enough for him to see that his body affected her. He was so hard it would be impossible for her to not feel his arousal.

“Do you not want me to take you, Holly? Do you want me to leave?”

She whimpered and he pressed his lips against her neck, sliding his tongue back and forth across the pulse, and then nipping the delicate flesh with his teeth. Another whimper escaped her.

He let go of her arms, she was perfectly capable of pushing him away, of rejecting him. She didn't do either. Her hands stayed at her side and he reached for the edge of her old shirt. In one swift swoop, he peeled it over her head.

Underneath she wore a delicate lacy bra, peach this time, and it seemed to highlight the dark red of her nipples. His mouth watered for a taste of her delicate flesh. He craved her so fucking much, wanted her badly.

But the anticipation was all part of the play. There was no fun in scoffing the dessert when you could take it spoonful by spoonful. He didn't want to stuff himself. No, he wanted to take his time with Holly, and as he did, he was going to enjoy it.

Holly couldn't believe Mason was in her home. She knew she should be calling the police because he was a total stranger, and she'd not given him her address. That could only mean one thing, he'd gotten it illegally, maybe? She didn't know how it worked. When she went to his nightclub, the bouncer on the door hadn't asked to see her ID. Actually, she didn't need to queue to get inside either. He'd seen her and regardless of the upset from the crowd in front of him, he let her right inside. It was another first for her.

Mason ran his hands up from her waist, cupping her tits. He held them in his palms like a shelf.

“Tell me to stop, Holly,” he said.

Why would she do that when she loved the feel of his lips on her body, and the touch of his fingers? They were slightly rough around the edges, and for some reason they made her body so sensitive.

She couldn't stop her body's reaction to his touch. She didn't want to.

His lips went back to her neck, but this time they didn't linger. He slowly kissed down her chest. She bit her lip to stop herself from begging him to suck on her tits. She'd never been the demanding kind of woman.

He traced across the edge of her lacy bra, and never had she been so offended by an item of clothing before. She was now, more than offended. In fact, she was pissed off that it was getting in his way. But then, he lifted her tit and his mouth closed over the nipple and he sucked it through the lace of her bra.

Instant heat pooled between her thighs, and she tried to press them closed, to create the right amount of friction she was looking for, but he stopped her. Pressing his thigh between her thighs, she whimpered because he let go of her tit.

She didn't want him to stop touching her. Far from it.

"Please," she said.

Staring into his dark brown gaze, Mason lifted his knee and pressed it between her thighs, touching her pussy. She couldn't help herself and began to rub her pussy against his leg. It felt so good.

"Does your pussy need my cock?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Should you have snuck out of my apartment?"

This time, she smiled. "Yes."

He growled and she chuckled.

"If I hadn't snuck out, you wouldn't have come to me," she said.

"True, but if you hadn't snuck out, I'd have woken you up with my tongue on your pussy and my fingers inside you."

She didn't get a chance to regret her actions as he moved to her other nipple, sucking it through her lacy bra. His thigh rocked between her legs, rubbing her pussy.

The friction of the jeans wasn't enough. She didn't want to be dry-humped. No, she wanted his hands, his body, everything. She felt greedy in her need for him.

He reached behind her and with a single flick of his wrist, he removed

the bra covering her body.

She was thankful for the awful thing to be off her body. Actually, it was a very comfortable bra, but she much preferred his hands holding her. He did so, right away, lifting them up, and she cried out as his time there was nothing between her and his mouth. He stroked his tongue across each peak, flicking back and forth, and she cried out. The pleasure was instant and as he continued to rub her pussy with his thigh, it was sending her arousal even higher.

She didn't want him to stop. Not ever.

"Please," she said.

"Tell me what you need."

At first, she hesitated, not exactly sure what she needed.

"I need you naked." It was the first thought that came to mind.

He chuckled. "That's easy."

He let her go, which she didn't want him to do, but she stopped herself from complaining as he pulled off his shirt, followed by his jeans. He was naked in record time and she couldn't help but bite her lip. She had never seen the appeal of tattoos, but right now, his heavily muscled body covered in an array of different ink was so arousing.

All she wanted to do was touch him, to feel him, to explore every inch of him herself. She forced herself away from the kitchen counter and reached out, putting her hands on his chest. He only wore the boxer briefs.

Mason touched her stomach and she felt the jeans she wore get loose as he flicked the button open and tugged on the zipper.

"Take them off," he said.

She wriggled out of them, not caring that it had to be the most ungraceful sight he'd seen. Stepping out of them, she kicked them aside, having already taken care of her sneakers seconds before.

Staring up at him, he reached out, cupping her neck, and drew her closer. His other palm landed on her back and traced down, going toward her panties. She cried out as he tugged them in his grip, tearing them right off her body.

"You will not be needing these," he said.

Her panties were completely ruined but she didn't care. She loved how he touched her. The edge of roughness and danger. He took possession of her lips, and this kiss wasn't gentle or sweet. It was hard, rough, their teeth

crashing together. She didn't care.

A hunger started inside her and at first she stood there, accepting his kiss, her hands by her sides, not knowing what to do. She started at his chest but she knew it wasn't the whole of his body she wanted to explore, not yet. Sliding straight down, she pushed her hand into his boxer briefs and wrapped her fingers around his thick cock. He was already so hard. She couldn't believe how erect he was. From her past experience with her ex-husband, sex had been difficult for him to even start. Mason was nothing like her husband and the more she realized it, the more she liked it.

"That's it, baby," he said as he stopped sucking her tits. "Touch me, work it, get me hard."

She thought he was already hard, but as she began to work up and down his length, she felt him get even harder. Another moan escaped her lips as he went back to licking and sucking at her tits. All too soon, Mason pushed her away, spinning her around and placing her hands flat on the counter.

He ran his hands down her back, going to her ass and spreading the cheeks open, wide. She heard his moan and then felt his fingers between her thighs. He thrust two fingers inside her, pulling them out, drawing them toward her clit, where he stroked her.

She couldn't think. There was no way for her to focus on anything else. The pleasure of his touch was incredible.

"I want to feel you coming all over my dick," he said.

There was no time to think about his statement as he let her go and began to press his cock deep inside her, inch by glorious inch. She was already full and he kept going, thrusting in hard and deep. She cried out. He was all the way inside her and it was to the point of pain.

Mason touched her clit, and that slight pain turned to pleasure as he worked her clit, stroking over the nub, heightening her arousal. She moaned his name and he began to slowly thrust in and out of her, taking his time.

"Your cunt likes my dick, baby," he said. "If you hadn't left this morning, you could have had all of this, all day long."

She hated how good that sounded. Holly had never spent the whole day having sex. The very thought of it was exciting.

"Come for me, Holly," he said.

The way he said her name and the dark timbre of his voice sent a shock wave of pleasure rushing through her. He was only saying her name, but it

was so sexy. She didn't want him to stop talking.

He groaned. "That's it, baby, yeah, ride my dick."

Holly didn't even realize that she'd started to thrust back against him, but need took over. She felt his fingers dancing across her clit and she wanted to feel more. Mason had awakened something inside her. She didn't know what it was, but it didn't scare her. This was a hunger like no other.

Was it just sex? Fucking? A joining of bodies? She didn't know. What she did know was she didn't want it to stop.

Holly cried out as he stroked her clit and she fell hard into her orgasm, thrusting back onto his cock, wanting him to take her harder than ever before.

She didn't care that he was a stranger.

All she knew was what her body needed, and for once, she was going to give it exactly what it wanted.

Chapter Five

Mason wasn't done with her.

Pumping his cum deep inside her, he knew he didn't want to let her go, not for a single second. This had never happened to him before. Never.

Women never held his attention for so long. There had always been willing women around him, vying for his attention. He'd never been without female fuck buddies, but none of them meant anything to him. No other woman had made him chase after them, not like this.

With other women, even when he took them to hotels, he had to ask them to leave, as they often refused. This was why he didn't take women to his place, never ever. He wrapped his arms around Holly's waist, pressing his face against her back, and simply breathed her in. It was all he could do in that moment. There was no way for him to think or to focus. His body shook a little from the intense orgasm he'd experienced. He couldn't believe this was happening to him.

Pressing kisses to her back, he felt her pussy pulse around his length. He had to close his eyes as the pleasure was too much for him to handle.

The spell was suddenly broken by the ring of the doorbell. Holly groaned.

"Are you expecting someone?" he asked.

"No, no one is supposed to be coming today."

"Do you want to ignore it?"

"Yes." There was no hesitation and he couldn't help but smile, running his hands up her body and cupping her tits. "I like the sound of that."

She moaned.

"It's not like I can answer the door right now."

He chuckled. "We both know you love the feel of my dick inside you."

The doorbell didn't stop ringing. Whoever was on the other end began to bang on the door, rather incessantly.

The banging and ringing stopped, but her telephone started to ring.

"For goodness sake," Holly said.

"Do you know who it is?"

"I've got a good idea who it is."

"Who?"

"My ex. I'm going to have to open it. Trust me, William will not back

down until he has his say.”

Mason didn't want to leave the pleasure of her pussy, but his curiosity was what made him pull out of her tight heat. He watched as Holly grabbed her jeans and slid them on. Before she covered her pretty cunt, he saw his cum dribbling down her inner thigh.

He'd not used condoms with her once. Was she on the pill? Could he have knocked her up? In all his life, he'd never been so careless.

She picked up her shirt and threw it over her head. Mason grabbed his own jeans but didn't bother with a shirt as Holly was already making her way toward the door. He watched as she checked through the peephole and then shook her head, opening the door. He noticed she didn't open it wide.

“What do you want, William?”

“What took you so long to answer the fucking door?”

“Er, it's the weekend and I don't need to answer the door to you.”

“Damn it, Holly, this is my house.”

“No, it's my house, and you should have thought about that before you screwed every other woman that entered your life.”

Mason heard him sigh.

“Look, I'm sorry, okay? I just ... I have a problem—”

“What do you want?” Holly asked.

“I wanted to see you. You don't answer my calls or texts. Are you even getting my emails?”

“We're divorced. I don't have to answer anything.”

Mason liked her response to her ex. There was no emotion there, no indication that she missed him, nothing.

“Holly, please, you know I still love you and I know you love me.”

This made Holly laugh. “Are you being serious right now?”

“Come on, baby, let me, let *us* make this right.”

Mason didn't like this.

“Babe, is everything okay?” he said, stepping up behind Holly and wrapping a possessive arm around her waist.

He took one look at this William and instantly didn't like him, and he did recognize him. William had never been his lawyer, but he'd seen him around the office when he visited.

“Who are you?” Mason asked.

William looked from Holly to him, then back again. “Who is this?”

Holly took a deep breath and shook her head. “He’s none of your business. We’ve been divorced for six months, William. I’ve told you multiple times, if you don’t stop this, I will get a restraining order. I’m tired of this. I’m done. I did love you at the start of our marriage, and it was a long time ago. You destroyed that feeling. I want you to leave me alone.”

Mason watched William as he ran fingers through his hair, clearly not happy with how this interaction was going.

“How long have you been seeing him? Does your lawyer know about him?”

“I met him last night, William. If you think you can try to blame me for the failure of our marriage, you can think again. Mason Campbell, I’d like you to meet my cheating ex-husband, William.”

Mason stepped around Holly, doing everything he could to protect her. He didn’t like this William, not one bit. Holding his hand out for William, the man suddenly had a flash of fear in his eyes, and he just knew his reputation preceded him. Holly had no idea who he was or what he was capable of, but William did.

Mason smiled at him. “Pleasure to meet the man who finally put this fine woman on the market.” He shook William’s hand, tightening his grip on purpose.

“We need to talk,” William said, pulling his hand away and staring directly at his wife.

Mason knew. The law firm William worked for knew exactly who he was, and they were terrified of him. Good.

He didn’t like William, and not just because he’d been married to Holly first. He just didn’t like him. There wasn’t even a reason, unless he counted the fact he just had one of those faces that made him want to punch. William was the kind of guy who had everything handed to him on a plate. He’d met the sort before. He never had a truly hard day in his life.

“I’ve told you many times, William, there’s nothing for you and I to discuss. Please leave.” She went to close the door, but William put his hand against it.

“This is really important.”

“The woman said leave,” Mason said. He was done playing the nice guy and he was certainly done gloating. He didn’t like William and the sooner he was gone, the better.

William was no match for him as he pressed his palm flat against the door. “Go before *I* deal with this.” The threat was real. He would gladly knock this asshole on his ass.

He had a feeling William knew who he was and planned on telling Holly all about him. Mason wasn’t ready for Holly to know the truth. There was a story he’d wait until absolutely necessary to tell.

He closed the door, not meeting any resistance, and turned to look at Holly. She frowned at the door, and then spun on her heel and headed back toward the kitchen.

“Are you okay?” he asked, following her.

This was still unusual to him. He never followed women. They were the ones that normally followed him.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just can’t believe him.”

“Has he been bothering you often?” Mason asked.

“He’s not bothering, just randomly showing up for no reason. I don’t know. He did used to live here and maybe I’m being too much of a bitch.”

“Not from where I stand. He wants you back.”

She rolled her eyes. “No, he doesn’t.”

“Trust me, I know what guys want and he wants you back. He probably realizes he made a big fucking mistake and is trying to figure out what he can do to win you back.”

“It’s not going to work.” She sighed. “I’m sorry you had to see that.”

She had gone to her fridge and he noticed she pulled out a bottle of whiskey.

“I thought you were supposed to keep that at room temperature and just add ice,” he said.

Holly shrugged. “Wouldn’t you be watering it down?” She poured two glasses, handed him one, and then downed the contents of her own glass, wincing as she did. “It’s nasty.”

Mason couldn’t help but laugh as he watched her shudder, but then she poured herself a second glass.

William had been paying random visits to the house for the last couple of months. There was a short time immediately after the divorce when he didn’t say or do anything. They were over, simple as that.

His visits had gotten more frequent and Holly didn’t want them. She

had fallen out of love with him a long time ago, and only stayed with him to try and make their marriage work. She couldn't remember the exact moment she stopped loving him. Maybe around the first affair she kind of knew he was having, but was too scared to investigate. She hadn't known at the time he'd been unfaithful throughout their marriage. The man didn't have a monogamous bone in his body.

Pouring herself that second glass of whiskey felt good. She looked at Mason, who was still drinking from his first.

"You need to drink up if you want to keep up," she said.

"Do you want me to have a word with him?" Mason asked.

She kept her gaze on Mason, tempted to take him up on his offer, but instead she shook her head.

"No, trust me, when he doesn't get what he wants, he either throws a tantrum or he gets bored. I'm like the toy that told him no." She shrugged. "He'll get bored."

"And you're not even tempted to go back to him."

She shook her head. "I don't know if that makes me a bad woman or not."

"Not from where I'm standing."

Holly couldn't help but chuckle. "True, but you want something, don't you?"

"True," he said.

She felt a tingle run all the way through her body, from the tip of her head down to her toes, spreading out toward her tits and between her thighs.

"I know his game and he won't do anything to jeopardize his position at work. Work always came first."

"The man's an asshole."

"He's driven, and I think that might have been one of the things I loved about him. When we first started to date, he was amazing," Holly said.

She stroked the lobe of her ear and knew she shouldn't be talking about past relationships with this man. She had no idea what they were, but it wasn't serious. They had fucked a couple of times, that was it. There was nothing special here, just pure sex.

"We had a lot of fun times. He took me out, we did things together as a couple, and once we married, it was like it instantly changed. Gone was the fun-loving man I'd become used to and in his place was a guy I didn't

recognize. He was so thirsty to prove himself, time and time again. He had a plan when it came to work, and children weren't part of it. Actually, scrap that, he said he would gladly give me kids, but then I'd have to take care of them as he couldn't have anything messing with his goals."

"Do you even want kids?" he asked.

"Yes, I want kids. I'd love to have a big family. I didn't come from a large family. My parents had me when they were quite a bit older. They passed away five years ago. My father went first, then my mother."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It's fine." She forced a smile to her lips. "But even at their funeral, I was pulling him away from his life, from his career." She shook her head. "I refused to have kids when there was a chance they would never know their father. So I refused to have them."

Mason finished his glass of whiskey and held it out for some more. She poured him a generous shot.

"What about you?" she asked. "Do you want kids?"

"I honestly don't know how to answer that question."

She laughed. "You're kidding, right?"

He shook his head. "I didn't have any parents growing up. I was bounced around the foster care system. I don't even know what it's like to be part of a family. There was a time I would say I never wanted kids, and life has a way of getting in the way."

"So you don't have any kids anywhere?"

"No, none. You're shocked?" he asked.

"A little surprised. I thought you would have kids."

He stared at her over the rim of his glass. "You know I've come inside you without using a condom."

"I know," Holly said. "Do you have any diseases I should be worried about?"

He raised a brow and then laughed. "None. What about you?"

"I got tested after facing the fact William had been having an affair. Once I realized the extent of his infidelity, I got another workup. I'm clean." She rounded the kitchen counter and he turned as she took a step toward him.

In one hand she held her half-filled glass of whiskey, in the other, the bottle. "I'm tired of sitting up, let's go and sit down."

She took a couple of steps and then turned. He hadn't moved a step as

he was too busy admiring her ass.

“Oh, and I’m on the pill,” she said.

Mason didn’t like that. Why the fuck didn’t he like that? Holding onto his glass, he followed her into her sitting room.

She dropped down onto her sofa. “You were in the foster system?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know who your parents are?”

“No.” He dropped down beside her.

“Do you want to know who they are?”

“No.”

“How come?”

“I have no interest in looking or knowing who it was that sent me into foster care. They were not there to help me, and I’m not there to help them feel good with a potential tale that doesn’t exist.”

Holly leaned forward and put her glass on the table, the bottle of whiskey, and then did the same with his.

He watched her as she stood and wriggled out of her jeans. She straddled his waist and he tilted his head back to look at her.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“I’m going to kiss it all better.” She dropped her lips to his cheek, then his neck. She flicked her tongue across his pulse. “Unless you want me to stop?”

“No, I don’t want you to stop.”

She ran her hands down his body, teasing the opening of his jeans. He’d not done them up properly from going to answer the door with her. At first, she’d been a little surprised Mason had done that, but it had also given her a thrill as he wrapped his arm around her waist. She had loved his ... possessiveness. Was that what it was? Returning to his jeans she saw the zipper was pulled up. She slid the zipper down, and then touched his aching cock. One touch from her and he was already hard as rock.

She groaned as did he. “You’re hard already.”

“That’s because I want to fuck you, Holly.”

“As tempting as that is, I’ve got other ideas.”

She wriggled off his lap and he watched as she tugged on his jeans. Pressing his palms to the sofa, he lifted himself up to assist her and she gave him that sexy smile.

Now he was naked but she still wore the old ratty shirt, and she wanted it off. Easily fixed as it was clear Mason wanted the same thing as he reached for it, tugging it over her head, and throwing it out of his way.

She gave him a tut, but then ran her hands up either of his thighs. His cock was long, thick, and already aroused. Wrapping her fingers around his length, she stared at his sexy dick, and then flicked the tip with her tongue. He was already slick with pre-cum or perhaps it was their combined release from earlier. She tasted them both on his dick. Mason let out a growl and then a hiss, which she smiled at. Taking more of him into her mouth, she sucked him, hard.

He tugged her hair out of the ponytail and wrapped his fingers in her hair, guiding her over his cock. She sucked him to the back of her throat, and when he pushed for her to take just a little bit more, she did so, moaning. He tasted so good.

“Oh, fuck, Holly. I’m going to come.”

She wanted him to come and as she kept sucking, she opened her eyes and watched him. Mason stared down at her. His gaze was intense and she didn’t stop in her ministrations, sucking him into her mouth. He hit the back of her throat multiple times, and then she felt the hard pulse of his cock seconds later, her mouth filled with his cum. She swallowed every single drop, drinking him down.

He closed his eyes and she loved to see him lose control. She felt powerful and she loved that she’d given him that kind of pleasure.

Chapter Six

Mason had no choice but to leave Holly's home, even though it was the last thing he wanted to do. Duty called, problems to resolve and issues to fix.

Running a city didn't come without its consequences. He had a lot of enemies everywhere and for that reason, he had to put men on guard duty of Holly. Finding her, meeting her, he'd not exactly been careful. He intended for it to be a fleeting moment in time. Instead, he was close to wanting to keep her.

So, he made sure men were close by, blending in with the general public. A couple of his men had also joined the library to help place them in the building. He didn't know if they read the books and he didn't give a shit. They had two jobs: keep her safe and report to him if her ex-husband turned up.

In the meantime, he had to solve a few delicate situations. The first was handling a potential rat. He got a call from his informant in the police force about a guy claiming to have all of the ins and outs of a drug he peddled in his nightclubs.

It was wrong. The one line of business Mason didn't dabble in was drugs. He didn't give a shit about anything else, but he'd seen firsthand what drugs could do to people. They were messy and created the biggest trail, so he didn't delve into them. This was why the cop had contacted him. The second problem was the woman who worked in one of the brothels had been caught trying to sell cocaine.

These were not small incidents for his men to resolve. This was on him.

Taking care of the rat was easy. He tortured him for a good six hours, and then made sure the body was dumped. He made sure to send a message. Mason injected all the dope the guy had on him into the guy's system. Simple as that.

Mason had a big reputation and it was known for not peddling smack or dope, or whatever kind of secret word shit people were calling it. That was not him.

As for the woman, well, he knew how evil women could be.

He found a connection between the rat and the prostitute, so they both ended up being messages to people.

Once that was done, he made sure to take a shower, handle some more

legitimate business, and then headed to the library to see his woman.

He spotted several of his men outside, some were on their cell phones, and he knew they were playing their roles. Another was eating his lunch, dressed as if he was an everyday worker. Once inside, he saw two of his men, one of them looking at books, another reading in the corner.

Holly wasn't anywhere to be found and he approached the desk. "Where can I find Holly?"

Evie smiled at him. "Second floor."

He winked at her and then headed toward the stairs, taking them two at a time.

Walking onto the second floor, he checked, and sure enough, one of his men was on the floor and had Holly in his sights. With where his men were stationed, all of them at some point would have their eyes on Holly.

He walked down the length of the room, checking down each aisle, like he had done on Saturday. Mason spotted her at the far corner of the end aisle. She was dressed in a pencil skirt and a white shirt, which peeked out beneath her jacket that had ridden up as she reached to place something on the shelf. He approached her before she had time to reach the shelf and he took the book from her, sliding it into the spot.

"There, all done," he said.

Holly spun around and pressed a hand on her chest. "You scared me."

"It wasn't my intention. I wanted to help you. Normal people say thank you."

She rolled her eyes. "Thank you."

"And then they give the men for helping them, a kiss."

"A kiss? So for every single guy that helps me, I should kiss him?"

He thought about random men helping her and he shook his head. "No, just me."

This made her chuckle. "I figured you'd change your tune." She put her hands flat on his chest and raised up on her toes, kissing his cheek. "Thank you."

He cupped her waist, pulled her in close, and took the kiss. He was really chasing. He wanted to feel her lips under his. It had only been a couple of days since he had felt her close, but that was already too long.

As he slid his tongue across her mouth, she released a gasp, and he took complete advantage, deepening the kiss. He wanted her so badly he could

taste it.

“You feel so good,” he said, pulling her body close against his. Damn. He wanted her naked. Looking left and right, he pressed her up against the bookshelves.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

He smiled at her, but refused to answer as he grabbed her skirt and slowly began to bunch it up in his fist. Her eyes went wide and she looked left and right.

“Mason?”

Pressing his palm against her panty-covered pussy, he took possession of her lips, kissing her, swallowing down her moan. Her panties were already wet and as he slid beneath the fabric, finally touched her, and she was soaking wet.

Mason broke the kiss, going toward her ear. “You’re going to have to keep quiet or someone is going to hear you.” His man would keep people off the second floor.

His men always knew how to do their job. He’d trained them well, and the only men he kept beside Holly were the ones he considered most faithful.

“We ... shouldn’t ... be ... doing ... this...”

“Do you want me to stop?” He moved his hand as if to pull away and she groaned, and he couldn’t help but chuckle.

“You’re being horrible to me.”

“No, I’m making up for lost time.” He stroked her clit, then moved down, plunging two fingers inside her cunt. “I don’t want your pussy to feel like I’ve neglected her. I bet she’s been without orgasms for two days straight.”

“No, she hasn’t,” Holly said.

Mason’s cock went even harder as he looked down at her. Holly had tilted her head back to look at him.

“What?”

“I don’t wait to have orgasms, Mason. I know how to take care of myself.”

This woman had come to this fucking planet for him. He was convinced of it. Staring into her eyes, seeing the temptress she was, staring right back at him. His cock ached. He wanted to be inside her.

For the past two days, he’d been wanting to see her, but he’d not

wanted to mix his business with her. He didn't want the hardness of his life, what he did, to ever touch her.

Holly leaned back and he saw the delicate column of her neck, and he stroked his tongue across the pulse, biting down just slightly, but then sucking on the flesh. He wanted to mark her so everyone who came to see her knew she was taken. No other man could have her. She was all his. Holly belonged to him.

Stroking his other hand up her body, he cupped her tit, playing with the nipple through the clothes she wore. This was torture.

Holly gasped and he saw her teeth sink into her lip as she tried to contain the sounds she clearly wanted to make. He wanted to drive her wild, to watch her orgasm for him and him alone.

Staring into her eyes, he waited, knowing she was close. He saw the flush building from her chest and as she came, she did so with a gasp and a moan, and he kissed her, helping to swallow down the sounds she made as she rode his fingers to completion. He didn't stop until he knew she couldn't take any more. Once he was satisfied, he pulled his fingers from her pussy and kissed the tip of her head.

"Good girl," he said.

"We could have gotten caught."

"No, we couldn't. Do you think I'd ever share you with anyone?" he asked. Lifting his fingers to his lips, he licked each digit, moaning as he did so, tasting her sweet nectar. "How much longer do you have to work?"

She glanced down at her watch. "Forty-five minutes."

"I'll wait."

He was taking her home and then she was going to show him exactly how she took care of her needs. Mason didn't have a problem with her finding her orgasm, but he wanted to know exactly what she did to find it.

Holly squealed as Mason lifted her up over his shoulder and proceeded to carry her upstairs.

"Put me down. You're going to drop me."

He slapped her ass, which made her scream even louder. Mason was insistent on taking her home as well as feeding her. They stopped at a drive-thru, enjoyed some burgers, and then he'd driven her home. He parked outside, and once they were at the door, he shoved his shoulders into her hips,

lifting her over his shoulder, opened her door, locked it, and now they were traveling the stairs.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” she said.

She wasn’t.

She wanted him to put her down.

Mason wasn’t fooled, though. He didn’t put her down once, and she growled at him.

“Not going to happen, sweetheart,” he said.

“If you drop me, you could kill me.”

“I better not drop you then.” He gave her ass another slap and she screamed.

“Then don’t do stupid things like that! If you’re going to carry me, do so with both hands.”

Another scream and she was tempted to bite his ass.

They made it upstairs and she knew they were close to her bedroom. The moment he put her on the bed, she released a sigh.

“Phew,” she said, flopping back.

Mason stepped between her thighs and she opened her eyes to smile up at him.

“Show me,” he said.

Lifting onto her arms, she tilted her head to the side. “Show you what?”

“Show me how you made yourself come while I wasn’t here,” he said.

“Are you upset that I didn’t wait for you?”

“Not upset,” he said. He removed his jacket and pulled his shirt over his head. She watched as he kicked off his sneakers, followed by his jeans. This time, he did wear a pair of boxer briefs, a plain black pair that rode low on his hips. “I want to see.”

She lifted her legs from either side of him and rolled over the bed, going toward her drawer.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

Holly looked up at him. “I thought you wanted to see.” She held up the dildo, a butt plug, and some lubricant. “Or is this too much for you?”

Delving into sex toys had been embarrassing to her at first. Once she started to have a lot of pleasure and explore her own body, finding her orgasm, she learned to ignore the embarrassment.

“It’s not too much for me.”

She saw the outline of his cock as it pressed against the front of his boxer briefs.

“I’ll be right back,” Holly said.

She had never put on a performance or showed anyone what she did while she was seeking her release.

Washing each item, apart from the lubricant, she glanced at her reflection. Her cheeks were bright red. Ignoring the nerves swirling in her stomach, she stripped out of her clothes. She saw a robe on the back of the bathroom door and reached for it.

“You can do this,” she said to herself, whispering the words so Mason wouldn’t hear.

With her cleaned sex toys, she stepped out of the bathroom and found Mason lying on the bed, watching the door.

“You took your time,” he said.

“Anticipation is key.” Putting the toys on the bed, she eased the robe off her body and climbed onto the bed. “Would you like to do the honors?” she asked, holding out the toys for him.

Mason shook his head. “No, I want to watch you. This is all you, Holly.”

She was nervous but aroused at the same time.

Picking up the butt plug, she applied a small amount of lubrication to the toy. She liked to build up, and tonight she just wanted to take it easy. She had never done this in front of anyone and she didn’t know how Mason would react.

Reaching behind her, she touched the plug, knowing where her anus was. She had put more lubrication on the butt plug than she needed, and that was to work some against her anus. She pushed the plug inside her, pushing out so that it would go past the tight ring of muscles that were pesky little things. A moan escaped her as she felt it slide inside her. It didn’t go too deep, not that she needed it to. She did have bigger plugs and even harder ones, but they were for another time.

Staring at Mason, she felt her nipples pucker, the tight buds hardening. Licking her lips, she reached for the dildo. There was no need to add lubrication to this one. She pressed it between the folds of her sex. Her clit was already so sensitive, which was a surprise as she’d already had an orgasm earlier. The one Mason had given her.

She didn't look away as she moved the fake cock to slide inside her. Another moan left her and she felt herself clench around both. Pulling it out of her pussy, she closed her eyes as she began to stroke it against her clit. She thrust her pelvis against the cock, shoving it inside her. Licking her fingers, she reached between her thighs, and worked over her clit. She had a plug in her ass and a dildo in her pussy.

Another moan. She was so close.

Just as she was about to orgasm, hands gripped her waist. Opening her eyes, she watched as Mason pulled the cock from her pussy. He lifted her up over him, brought her down, and within seconds, his cock had replaced the dildo.

He still held the cock in his hand and presented it to her lips. "Taste yourself."

She opened her mouth and he slid the cock inside her lips, tasting her pussy. Mason held the cock for her to lick clean and once he was satisfied she had done what he wanted, he tossed it onto the bed.

"Touch yourself."

She pressed her fingers back to her clit, stroking herself, feeling the start of her orgasm again. Mason had taken over, holding onto her hips, as he pulled her down, working his cock inside her.

With the plug in her ass, it was a tight fit, and she felt every single ripple as he moved in and out of her.

Holly wasn't quite sure what happened next as her orgasm took over. She knew she rode that wave of release, but then Mason had pushed her to the bed and pulled out the butt plug. He used more lubrication, and then his cock began to replace the plug. This time, he was a lot bigger than her plugs.

Slowly, he started. Giving her time to get accustomed to one inch, then the second inch of him. Once she could take more of him, he held onto her hips and slid inside. She was flat on her stomach, Mason was over her, his hands either side of her head.

"Tell me if it's too much," he said, his lips kissing across her neck. One of his hands moved between her and the bed, and he cupped her pussy.

"It's not."

"Is my cock the first?" he asked.

"Yes." She didn't need him to clarify or continue to ask questions. She knew what he wanted to know.

Holly had never had a man's cock inside her ass. She had never done anal sex with anyone. Mason was her first.

He was still for several minutes, not moving, not doing anything, just allowing her to get accustomed to him. He played with her sensitive pussy, and she didn't think she would be able to stand too much attention, but her body had other ideas. Her body could take a lot more pleasure than she imagined.

She felt another orgasm begin to build but Mason didn't topple her over the edge this time. No, he stopped touching her pussy and began to fuck her ass. Long, slow, deep thrusts that made her ache and moan for more. She didn't want him to stop. Each thrust and pulse drove her higher than before.

Holly felt so close to orgasm but she wanted to feel Mason lose control. His hands gripped her hips as he built up his pace, driving inside her, seeming to go deeper. There was a fine line between pleasure and pain, and she knew Mason rode it. Each thrust was making her ache, driving her higher. She just couldn't stop herself. Sliding her hand back between her thighs, she stroked her pussy, feeling the start of her orgasm almost instantly.

Mason tensed. "You fucking dirty girl. That's it, let me feel you come."

She did. And he joined her. His cock thickened and he released wave upon wave of his cum, deep inside her anus.

They were both panting once it was over and Holly couldn't believe what they had just done.

Chapter Seven

Mason wasn't happy. He didn't like when he wasn't happy.

Actually, he didn't like it when Holly's ex tried to see her. That pissed him off big time.

William had tried multiple times to see Holly, either at her home, when Mason was there to answer the door, or at work. When he wasn't there, his men were there. They were under strict instructions to stop him from approaching her. He didn't want his woman upset.

Mason did believe she no longer loved her ex. He'd asked her enough questions over the past week about her time married to William, to know that she had once loved him, but that love died.

William was an asshole. A cheating, manipulative bastard. A man who had ignored his wife and spent most of his free time chasing whatever skirt was in the office. Even though he had a willing, sexy wife at home. Mason couldn't believe how fucking crazy William had been. Holly was everything. In fact, he had a feeling if he were to tell his men and ask their views on Holly and William, they would all say he was a stupid fucking prick. As far as Mason was concerned, William had his chance. He lost her, and now she belonged to Mason.

The moment she walked into his bar, which had only been a week ago, Mason knew he was hooked. This wasn't a one-time, two-time, or even a week-long thing. No, his feelings for Holly were not going away in a rush. This was the real fucking deal.

Scary as fuck. He couldn't deny that. No woman had ever made him feel so possessive. He'd never missed a woman either. He'd not seen her for two of the days he'd known her, and that had been too much. Mason had never been the kind of man who allowed emotions to get in the way of business. He just didn't. Holly was different. So fucking different.

And he was getting tired of William's meddling. Entering the law firm, he had already called his man, Gary, the lawyer he used to help conduct his business. Gary had let him know that William was in the office all day.

Ever since he realized these feelings for Holly were not going away, Mason had asked Michael to find out every single little detail about William, also about Holly.

For the ten years Holly had been married, she had been loyal. There

was nothing in her life that rang any alarm bells. She truly had been the loving, doting wife, who had been made to look like a fool at many occasions because William was such a fucking cheater. As for William, well, he had to wonder if Holly was aware of the three children he'd fathered. There was a reason he wanted to make partner, and was obsessed with work. A portion of his paycheck went to keeping the children and women out of his life. One of the women was from before he was married, but doing the math, Mason knew they had been dating when he knocked the first woman up.

The second two, well, they had happened within the first five years of their marriage.

William didn't need to worry about money as he came from a wealthy family. The problem ... they were old-fashioned. He couldn't go running back to his father to ask to silence three women and keep three of his kids quiet.

There was a lot of bad shit in William's past. Including and not limited to spending a fortune in Mason's brothels. Yep, William liked his women willing. Crazy fucker. But William's stupidity had been Mason's gain.

He went straight to William's office. The door was open and he stepped inside, watching William. William looked up and Mason saw the flash of fear in his eyes.

"I don't believe we have an appointment. Would you like me to take you to Gary's office?"

"I know where Gary is, trust me." He closed the door. "I think you and I need to have a conversation."

William stood. "We don't have any appointments and I have a lunch date."

"To silence your second child's mother. I know."

His eyes went wide. "How do you know that?"

Mason shrugged. "I have my ways."

"Of course you do." William ran a hand down his face.

All the other times he'd caught sight of William, the man had looked cocky, self-assured, confident. This man wasn't. This man looked worn-down, tired, and scared.

He had no intention of killing William. It would be easy to do, but that would involve Holly, and he wasn't going to allow his life to touch hers.

"Does Holly know?" William asked.

“That while you were telling her your career is more important than a family, you were screwing anything with a pussy, and knocked up three women in the process?”

William winced.

“No, she doesn’t know. She does know about the women, but she knew about them before I met her.”

“Holly is better than you,” William said.

“And she is better than you.”

“You’ve got to leave her alone. She doesn’t know who you are. She doesn’t know what you’re capable of.”

“And you think it’s your place to tell her all this bad shit?” Mason asked.

“She needs taking care of.”

Mason chuckled. “You decide that now? Why? Because she divorced your ass. Tell me, William, where were you when Holly wanted her husband? I know you had plenty of time to see your wife. Your law firm demands most of its members take time for their family.” Even though they often helped people who were on the dodgy side of the law, the reputation of the firm was always important. Gary had said they were all family men.

Looking at William, he knew his divorced status and especially the reason infidelity was a problem to the firm. There was a chance William could lose his job because of it.

Mason tutted.

“I love my wife,” William said.

“You do? You have a hard way of showing it.”

“She wouldn’t ... she liked to work, okay? She didn’t just want to stay home, and I have work here. She didn’t do as she was told, and what did she expect?”

“Ah, so we’re blaming her for your faults,” Mason said.

William stopped and he watched as the other man’s shoulders slumped. “I ... I didn’t mean to ... hurt her.”

“Oh, you didn’t? Your behavior over the years is what killed her love for you. The cheating, the women, that was just a way for her to get out of the marriage.” Mason stepped up to the desk. “You will stop contacting Holly. Your marriage is over and if I find out you tried to contact her to tell her who I am and what I do, I will take matters into my own hands.”

“Are you threatening me?”

“I’m giving you a warning. You do not want to take me on, William. Trust me.”

“I know who you are. I know what you’re capable of. You expect me to sit back and let you ruin Holly? She doesn’t deserve that.”

“You’re right. She didn’t deserve for the man she had fallen in love with to ignore her. To cheat on her with all those other women. She doesn’t need to know that the same man who wouldn’t have kids with her already has three, that he doesn’t see. Unlike you, I know how precious Holly is and I’m not going to do anything foolish to risk losing her.”

William sneered. “How long have you been seeing her? It has to be longer than a couple of days.”

Mason smiled. “You’re right, today is officially a week since I met Holly. Your wife was a saint to you. She never once stepped out of line and trust me, I’ve checked. She loved you, she was loyal to you, and you lost her. You’re never going to get her back. Heed my warning, or try and take me on. You will lose.”

With that, Mason turned on his heel and left. Gary was on the elevator when he stepped inside.

“Did you do what you needed to?” Gary asked.

“How long does he have a job?” Mason asked.

“I don’t know. I believe the partners are giving him a limited time to reconcile with his wife. They liked Holly. She was nice. William was a bastard to her, often using her as the butt of his jokes. He didn’t realize the partners liked her and the fact she still wanted to work. They admired it.”

“William is never winning her back.”

“How do you know?”

“Because she’s mine, and I don’t share, nor do I give back to stupid fucks that don’t see what’s right in front of them.”

Holly was nervous.

When she found the red dress, put it on with matching shoes, found a nightclub, and danced, there had been no plan. She had simply reacted. She saw the dress, wanted it, and then wanted to dance.

This was different.

She wore a different dress, one that Mason had asked her to wear. This

was a teal blue, it molded to her body like a second skin, stopping at just above her knee. It was tight against her breasts, pushing them up to make them look as if they had a mind of their own. Which was fine. It was all fine.

He asked her to come to his nightclub, which she had done. She had to approach the bouncer on the front door, give her name, and he allowed her in. Much to the annoyance of the men and women waiting to get inside.

Holly wasn't used to being pushed to the front of the line. In her thirty years, it had happened once. The time with the red dress. She had pulled her hair down, no makeup, because she hated wearing the stuff. She had also changed her glasses for contacts. It was rare for her to wear her glasses. Normally she had contacts but sometimes her eyes got irritated by the lenses.

Swirling the olive in her drink, she knew the bartender kept staring at her. Actually, he kept staring at her chest. This was why she had enjoyed her dance, and then left. She wasn't looking for a date. She wasn't looking for any man.

The truth was, she shouldn't have been here for Mason either. She rather enjoyed being single—not having to wait for someone to return home, eating what she wanted, rather than having to consider what her other half ate.

Mason was different, though. He enjoyed cheeseburgers just like her. He didn't have an issue going for takeout, nor did he seem to mind her working at the library. There was a lot about Mason that was different from her ex, and she loved it. In fact, it was making her realize what she had accepted through her marriage, that she wouldn't any longer.

“Hello, pretty lady,” Mason said, sliding into the stool next to her.

She rolled her eyes. “Hello.”

“What brings you to this nightclub?” he asked.

Holly chuckled but decided to play along. “I'm supposed to be meeting a guy here.”

“A guy?”

“Yeah, I don't know what he wants from me, but he got me all dressed up, and I have nowhere else to go.”

“You look stunning.”

“Do you think so?” she asked, turning toward him.

Holly didn't know if this was flirting or not.

Mason's gaze traveled down her body, lingering at her chest, then back

up again. “Your man has exquisite taste.”

She tsked. “I don’t believe he is my man.”

“You don’t?”

She shook her head, sliding the olive into her mouth and chewing. She dropped the stick onto the bar and lifted her glass. “I don’t know much about him, other than what seems to matter right now.”

“And what matters?”

Holly finished her drink, stepped off the barstool, and moved close. Leaning forward she brushed her lips against his ear. “He knows how to fuck me and to make me scream. I love feeling him in my mouth, my pussy, and my ass. Right now, I think that’s more important.”

She grabbed his hand, and she wasn’t going to take no for an answer. There was a song playing, and she wanted to dance.

Pulling Mason onto the dance floor, she took a step back, but he wasn’t having that. He pulled her close, one of his hands going to her ass, the other sinking into her hair. He slid a thigh between her legs, and the dress had enough give for him to work it up. As he did so, she knew the dress lifted, but she didn’t care.

With how close he was, everything seemed to drown out. The nightclub was full, but she focused on him. His cock was hard and she felt him against her stomach as they danced. Moving to the beat, she felt it through her whole body, heating her blood, imagining them both alone.

Mason spun her around and she wrapped her arms around the back of his neck. The hand on her ass moved to just beneath her breasts. His lips danced across her neck.

“Men are watching you,” he said, whispering the words against her ear.

She didn’t care what other men were doing. Her only focus was Mason.

She wanted to know what he was doing, what he was thinking.

“They want you.”

Holly spun in his arms, putting her hands at his hips, and she swayed from side to side. Lifting up on her toes, she didn’t have to go far because the heels he’d provided gave her enough height.

“What do you want?” she asked.

“You.”

He gripped the back of her neck, pulling her in close and kissing her hard.

She melted against him. The dance floor, the people, none of it mattered. She wanted him and him alone.

The kiss was demanding and it set her blood pumping. Her nipples were tight and she felt an answering tightness between her thighs. She was so aroused.

Mason suddenly took her hand and she didn't know where they were going, until she felt the air of the night. It was one of the few cool nights that summer.

He pressed her up against the wall and she felt his thigh slide between her thighs, brushing across her pussy. Another moan fell from her lips. His touch, his possession, made her lose focus and she loved this feeling that overrode and consumed her. She didn't want it to stop, not for a second.

Mason wore jeans again, and she reached out, opened the button, and slid down the zipper, pulling out his cock. He swatted her hand out of the way. Holly was already taking care of her panties, wriggling out of them. He lifted her up and found her entrance, and began to slide down on him. They both moaned.

Holly couldn't believe they were still not using condoms. She had never been this reckless but she did believe him when he said he was clean.

He lifted her up and down his length. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she thrust against him, the wall digging into her back, but she didn't care. She wanted to feel him come inside her. They were outside, around the back of the nightclub, where anyone could stumble onto them. Holly had never done anything this reckless. There was a lot she had done in the past week that had been so reckless. She didn't care, though. Mason made her feel alive, and she didn't want that to stop.

He groaned and she felt him tense as he filled her, shooting wave upon wave of cum inside her. Mason lifted his head as it had been resting between her breasts.

They stared at each other. She had no idea what to do or say. Looking at him, something seemed to shift in his gaze. She licked her lips.

“Do you want to go back inside?” he asked.

“No.”

“Do you want to go back to your place or mine?”

She nibbled her lip and shook just a little. “Yours.”

Mason had been coming to her place for the past week. They had not

gone back to his place since she had snuck out of his apartment last week.

He lowered her to the ground, and she gasped as he eased out of her. She felt his cum as it began to leak from her pussy.

Mason took the panties from her and used them to wipe his seed away. He wrapped them up and pocketed them. She watched as he pulled out his cell phone and talked to someone. She figured it was his driver.

It wasn't long before they were inside the back of his car. Mason pulled her in close, wrapping his arms around her. She didn't know what was happening to her, why her body shook a little, or what this feeling was. It consumed her.

Sex. That was what she and Mason were having. Hot, crazy, mindless sex. There was no meaning, and she refused to put a label or even a feeling to it.

He stroked her hair and she tried not to think about how good that felt, or wonder what he was thinking or feeling. Had he done this with a lot of women?

Stop it, Holly. This is sex. This is not a love match. It's just two people enjoying each other, so do not read anything more into it.

Chapter Eight

Mason couldn't believe what was happening. He had a woman in his penthouse suite and rather than just fucking her, he was sitting in his living room with said woman curled up against him. He'd never done anything like this.

Holly let out another little yawn.

"It sounds to me like someone needs bed," he said.

She chuckled. "You've got that right. I'm up way past my bedtime. I can stay a little more."

"Stay?"

"You know, with you, unless you want me to leave?"

"No, I don't want you to leave." It was still Friday night. They hadn't stayed long at his nightclub. Long enough to enjoy a couple of dances and then take it outside to fuck against his club wall. After that, he got his driver to bring them to his apartment, where he'd made love to her throughout his apartment. Checking the time, he saw it was close to three. "Do you have to work in the morning?" he asked.

She made some kind of noise of agreement.

"Then I think it's time for you to go to sleep."

In response, he got a light snore.

Holly had fallen asleep resting up against him. Slowly, he eased out, allowing her to lie down, but he couldn't exactly leave her on the sofa. He didn't invite her back, just to pass out in his living room.

He eased his hands beneath her knees and slid a hand behind her back, and then picked her up. She wasn't light at all, but he didn't give a shit about that. Holding her in his arms, he carried her through to his bedroom. The sheets were already pulled down from where they'd been fucking an hour earlier.

Neither of them at the time could sleep and so they both opted to watch a little television. He didn't have one in his room, so they'd gone to his main sitting room.

He placed her on the bed, gently. She gave another little sound, one he couldn't quite understand, but then she rolled over, curled up, and there was the cutest, softest snore he'd ever heard. Leaning down, he pressed a kiss to her temple.

Mason left the bedroom, going back through his apartment, and he went first to the sitting room, picking up their cups and taking them to the kitchen. Once he was inside the kitchen, though, he got that weird feeling once again. The one that was close to panic. He gripped the edge of the sink and took a deep breath. In all of his forty-five years, he had never loved anything. Never had this overwhelming feeling, which he felt was similar to fear swirling in his gut.

One week. That was how long he'd known about Holly Allan. The mystery woman who came into his bar, danced like a fucking siren, and completely obliterated all sense of his boredom. One week. That was it. But, he knew without a single shred of doubt, he loved her.

It was fucking crazy. One week wasn't enough to do anything. It wasn't long enough to know someone. Nor to have this feeling where you were afraid of them realizing what kind of evil bastard you were, and to leave you.

He ran a hand down his face, and felt that same panic building once again. No, it couldn't be possible. He wasn't the kind of man to fall in love.

Mason was known to be an evil bastard. No one wanted to get on his bad side. They certainly never want him to focus on them for too long as if he did, it all went fucking sour for them.

Holly was different. His world hadn't touched her. She didn't know who he was. She had no idea what he was capable of. There was no judgment in her eyes when she looked at him.

Mason couldn't recall a time in his life when he hadn't had someone judge him. In the beginning it was because he was a foster kid, then as time slid by, it was because he was homeless. Then there was the time he made a name for himself, and even now, people judged him. Fairly, he could imagine, because he wasn't a nice guy.

William had gotten off lightly.

He didn't allow feelings to get in the way of business. Not for a single fucking second.

Once he cleaned the dishes, it was getting close to four in the morning and he knew he couldn't leave her. The temptation to go and lie down next to her was killing him. The fact he'd been able to hold off for an hour was a fucking miracle. He made his way to his bedroom, then pulling off his shirt and sweatpants, he climbed into bed.

Holly was curled up close to him, her hands beneath her head, and he watched her. She looked so peaceful in sleep. He didn't want to wake her.

Leaning forward, he pressed a kiss against her lips, and she let out a moan. She seemed to move a little closer to him. He pushed some of her hair off her face so he could see her without any obstructions in his way. She looked so beautiful in sleep, or wide awake.

Holly was ... she was *it* for him. Completely and totally his. He couldn't let her go.

The gentlemanly thing to do would be to allow her to leave, to find someone who was better for her than him, but he just couldn't bring himself to do that.

"I'm not letting you go," he said, whispering the words. "Not ever. You're mine." He pressed a kiss to her forehead. "And I think I'm in love with you."

Holly was fast asleep.

He wasn't waiting for a response, nor did he expect one. When the time came, he knew Holly would know who he was, and then it would be too late. She would want to leave him, but once you entered his world, there was no going back.

Summer was fast coming to an end.

Holly couldn't believe she'd been dating Mason for about a month now. It had been a strange month. They divided their time between her place and Mason's. He seemed to love it when she didn't sneak out of his apartment. Of course, she often had to set an alarm. Whenever she slept beside him, she never woke up in time.

She'd been late to work twice, and Evie hadn't wanted to give her a warning, but seeing as Evie was the boss and all, she had no choice. Holly hadn't let it happen again. So she always set her alarm, even if Mason tried to turn it off.

Her relationship with Mason was ... normal. No, it was strange, if she compared it to her time with William.

Mason was always there—at lunchtime and in the evening to pick her up. He loved to take her out every Friday night, and he insisted on her wearing a new dress and the prettiest heels she'd ever seen. Of course, she did it all for him.

She didn't know what he'd said to William, either way, it had worked. He no longer bugged her at work, for which she was grateful. She hated when he showed up uninvited to her place of work, or at home.

Holly had a rough idea what Mason had done, but she hadn't asked him about it.

Running fingers through her hair, she stared at the books and wrinkled her nose. That morning, she had woken up and hadn't been feeling well. One look in the mirror and she knew she was coming down with something. After Mason had dropped her off, she had gone to a pharmacy to get some medications for a flu or cough. She had already taken them, but throughout the morning, her temperature had started to rise, the coughing getting a little out of hand.

To add insult to injury, she hadn't been able to eat a thing, and as she burped, she pressed one hand against her stomach, and the other against her mouth. She had no idea what was up with her. The pharmacist had said there was a sickness and plenty of bugs making the rounds at the moment. Last week, they had a selection of schoolchildren in to do a read time as well as join the library.

Her stomach wasn't happy. She took several deep breaths and after a few seconds, she started to feel fine. Holly quickly filled the shelves and then pushed her trolley toward the elevator. Perspiration dotted her brow and she used the back of her sleeve to wipe it off.

Her shirt was already sodden beneath her jacket. She was sweating but freezing cold at the same time. Approaching the desk, she felt another wave of sickness wash over her.

"You don't look so good," Evie said.

"I'm starting to think I might have caught something from the kids."

"Normally happens. They're back to school now, aren't they, after their summer break?"

"I think so," Holly said.

"Yeah, that's usually when a whole load of bugs start to make their way around the schools. Do you want to go home? I could call you a cab."

"No. No. I'm fine." Only she wasn't. It wasn't even lunchtime yet, but she wasn't going to allow herself to go down because of a silly little bug. It wasn't happening.

By lunchtime, which for her was close to one o'clock, she finally saw

Mason. He'd make her feel better. He stepped into the library and approached her.

She rounded the counter, and it would seem that all the times she had put off throwing up had led to this very moment, and within a matter of seconds, as he got close, it all decided to come up. Holly couldn't control it. She bent forward and vomited all over his shoes. She couldn't even believe she'd done that. She felt sick to her stomach, quite literally.

Someone held her, pulling her hair back. She'd not felt well enough to tie it back into a bun or ponytail today. She had a horrible feeling that her "sickness" was already in her hair.

"I've got you," he said.

She was glad someone did. The ground looked like it was spinning, just a little too much for her liking.

"Take her home," she heard Evie speak up.

"Yes, I will." Mason talked to a few other people, and then she was lifted from the ground.

"Everywhere is spinning," she said.

"I know. I've got you."

"You should drop me off at home, Mason. I think this is contagious."

"I'll be fine."

"I don't want you to be sick like I just was. I bet that was very unattractive," she said, groaning. "You're never going to want to have sex with me now, are you?"

Mason chuckled. "I will never have a problem having sex with you." He kissed her forehead.

"Don't kiss me. I'm all gross."

Another chuckle which she felt vibrated through his body seemed to hit him.

She pressed her face against his chest. "You're so warm."

"And you're so cold."

He was moving and his body heat disappeared. She whimpered, not wanting him to leave.

"You'll have to drive," Mason said.

His body jerked and she imagined he was throwing something.

She didn't care who drove as long as Mason kept his arms wrapped around her. He was so warm and she loved it when he wrapped his arms

around her. She felt safe, protected, and like nothing was ever going to hurt her again. She actually felt like she could finally relax. Sleep would be nice.

And in Mason's arms, she fell asleep.

Chapter Nine

The doctor had told him it was a simple bug. Holly had been awake during the doctor's exam and diagnosis, and she told them about the children visiting the library. The doctor confirmed that they were the lovely little carriers.

As for Mason, he was extremely disappointed but he kept his feelings in check. Holly had told him that morning she felt sick. He had looked it up online and one of the possible causes could have been pregnancy. A child. A baby growing inside her.

Even though she was on the pill and he'd seen her take them, he'd hoped she was pregnant with his child. He'd even attempted to change her pills. Yes, he had found some kind of pills which looked similar, and he'd swapped them. This lasted for only a couple of hours, when he then took them back, leaving the correct pills for her to take. When it came to Holly, he didn't want to fuck this up, and lying to her or manipulating her with the pills didn't seem the best way to start. This was not like him. He was the kind of man used to getting what he wanted, by any means possible.

He had no reason to change, not for Holly. But he loved her.

One week had turned into two, then three, then four. Each week, his feelings becoming clearer with every passing second. He loved her. And yet, it didn't even feel as basic as that. There were no words to describe what he felt for her.

Having her throw up on his clothes and boots didn't bother him either. Holly worried that he wouldn't want to have sex with her was just straight-up stupid. He wanted to have sex with her when she was well. Not now, obviously. She needed to get better.

Holly had been able to make it home without throwing up in the car. However, she had then thrown up in the elevator, down the corridor, in the hallway of his penthouse suite. She finally made it to the toilet to vomit. With her constantly vomiting and with the cold, sweaty shakes, he'd called his doctor.

Now it was close to seven in the evening. He'd organized the cleaning crew to take care of the main building, and he'd taken care of the vomit in the hallway.

Holly was curled up in bed and he had presented her with a sick bowl,

which was a plastic mixing bowl from the kitchen.

Making her a tea without any milk, he also toasted some bread, and didn't spread it either. Chicken soup was on order, as that was supposed to be good for sick people, and he carried them to the bedroom.

Holly looked like total crap. Her hair was a mess. She had sweat covering her body.

She sat up and he saw tears running down her face. He moved in beside her, wrapping his arms around her, and felt her body was clammy as well.

"What's the matter?" he asked. He wanted to find out why she was crying.

"I'm sick," she said, sniffing again.

"I know."

"This is horrible. You're not going to want me after this."

Mason chuckled.

"Don't laugh at me, I'm sick." She groaned and her weight dropped against him.

"You *are* sick." He cupped her face and tilted her head back. "And I'm taking care of you. I figure once you're well, you can take care of my needs."

"Your needs."

"Yes. I'm thinking in the future, you can suck my cock until I come in that pretty mouth and you can swallow it all. After that, you'll have to ride my dick, because I'm going to need to feel that tight cunt on me. Then, it's been too long since I felt your ass, so that would be next."

She groaned.

"Do you like that, baby?"

"Yes," she said. "I hope I'm alive to make it up to you."

"You will be, but until then, I can just add up those sex points, what do you say?"

Holly giggled.

Pushing back the covers of the bed, he helped her to her feet. Every time he tried to pick her up, she complained the world was spinning, so he had to be careful.

He helped her to the bathroom, being careful with her, taking his time. He helped her onto the toilet seat, while he ran them both a bath. She was clearly too exhausted for a shower. Mason added bath salts to the bath and stripped out of his clothes, tossing them to the floor. He went to Holly, who

was still in her pencil skirt and white blouse. They were untucked and disheveled.

With all the vomiting and the doctor's visit, he didn't have time to get her washed. He stripped her out of her clothes and helped her into the bath. He was being very good and didn't look at her tits or her pussy. Instead, he focused on getting her well. She moaned as she sunk into the water. Mason climbed in behind her, wrapping an arm around her waist, and holding her close.

"You're being so good to me," she said. "I'm sorry I'm so sick." She sniffled.

"I'll take care of you."

"I bet you're not used to taking care of women you randomly screw."

"Holly, I think we can both agree that we're no longer random fucks to each other." He kissed the top of her head.

There was silence for several seconds. "What would you call us then?" she asked.

He smiled. He reached for her hand, locked their fingers together, and stared at where they were joined.

"We could go with the good old traditional boyfriend and girlfriend?"

"You want to be my boyfriend?"

"Or, you could opt to be my fiancée?" he asked.

"Fiancée?"

"Yes."

There was more silence.

"You're proposing to me after I've thrown up all over you and your apartment?"

"Yes, and I'm still proposing to you, so that should tell you I'm very much interested in keeping you." He pressed a kiss to her head. "Forever."

"You do know what a fiancée means, don't you?"

He chuckled. "I'm proposing marriage to you, Holly." He wanted to keep her and seeing as with Holly he wanted to do the right thing, that meant taking the next step. Not forcing her to get pregnant, not manipulating her. "You don't have to answer right away."

"I've been married, Mason. Marriage is ... it's..."

"You married a cheating asshole, Holly. This time, you'll be marrying me, and I don't come without my faults, but I can promise you this: I will

never, ever step out on you. I will never cheat on you.”

“I can’t believe you’re doing this to me when I’m sick,” she said.

He kissed the top of her head. “I know when to choose the times that will make you listen.”

Holly laughed and then groaned, putting a hand to her stomach.

Seeing as he’d just proposed, he might as well tell her the rest. “I want you to have my children, Holly. I want you to stop taking those pills so you and I can have children.”

She pulled out of his arms, and even though her eyes were bloodshot, she shook a little, and her hair was a mess. “That’s a ... pretty big commitment. We’ve known each other for a month.”

“I know. You can take your time in responding.”

Holly pressed a finger to his lips. “This is really fast.”

He stared at her.

“I love you, Holly.”

“What?”

“I love you and I know this is moving too fast, but I do, I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Also, I don’t expect you to answer right now.” He kissed her temple. “I know you’re feeling sick and I can wait.”

He grabbed a sponge from the side of the bath, filled it with water, and squeezed it tight, allowing the water to run down her face.

She released a gasp. “Are you kidding me?”

“Let me take care of you and you can tell me how you’re feeling once you’re well.”

Two Days Later

Mason wouldn’t be drawn into any kind of conversation with her, which she did find rather frustrating. When she tried to bring up his proposal, his love confession, and even his desire to have children with her, he would tell her to get well.

The first day was horrible. She kept vomiting and Mason held her hair as she did so, helping her to clean up. Once she covered the sheets in sweat, he was there to remove and change them for fresh sheets.

He was always there with soup, toast, tea, or water, even some soda. Mason didn’t leave her alone.

He called Evie at the library to let her know she wouldn't be in for work. Even though he didn't leave, he had one of his men gather her clothing. She wasn't allowed to leave his bed.

She had to rest, which she did. When she couldn't sleep, she thought about Mason and his impromptu everything.

In all the years she'd been married to William, he never once told her he loved her. It was probably true that he didn't, seeing as he never once was faithful to her. Mason was nothing like him. She'd been sick throughout her marriage to William. He wouldn't stick around.

Sitting up in bed on the second day, the bed was dry around her, she hadn't sweat, and her stomach wasn't turning. The bug was out of her system. In fact, she felt hungry for the first time in forty-eight hours. Wiping at her brow, she threw the covers off and made her way toward the bathroom.

Mason loved her. He was the one who said he loved her. And she knew he told the truth.

She held her hands beneath the cold water tap and splashed some water on her face. He wanted to get married and have children. Marriage was a commitment. They had known each other for a month. *You'd known William for at least six months to a year before he proposed. Look how that turned out. Not once did he love you, or was faithful to you. He slept with other women.*

She grabbed her toothbrush, cleaned her teeth, and then ran a brush through her hair. She wore one of Mason's old shirts, as well as a pair of his shorts. Before she went on the hunt to find Mason, she quickly made the bed and then left the bedroom. There was no sick feeling anymore, which she was thankful for. Stepping out into the hallway, she walked toward the dining room, hearing his voice.

"I don't give a fuck, I want them located and dealt with. Call me when you have them, preferably alive," he said, hanging up.

Holly cleared her throat and Mason spun around.

"Morning," she said.

"You're up."

"Yes, I am up and I'm moving around."

He put his cell phone down on the table and closed the distance between them. "How are you feeling? Do you need any more dry toast? Tea?" He cupped her cheek, tilting her head back, and placed his other hand

flat on her stomach.

Holly took hold of his hand and placed the strip of pills she had also picked up on her way out of his bedroom.

“Here you go,” she said.

“Holly?”

“Yes,” she said. “I ... I’m kind of scared. I don’t know what it’s going to be like to be married to you. The first time around, it really kind of sucked, but I want to marry you. I want to have your children and I do want to give this a chance. I love you, Mason Campbell, and I think that does scare me, not a little either, it scares me a lot.” She took a deep breath.

He pulled her in close and kissed her. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him in close, not wanting to let him go.

“Do you have any idea how much I love that?” he asked.

Holly chuckled.

“I want you to move in with me,” he said.

“Okay.” Her home held no sentimental value. “I’ll put my place on the market, but if you’re wanting kids, we will need to find a place with a garden for them to run around in. Also a place where I can order you to mow the lawn.”

Mason laughed. “Consider it done.”

“Just like that?” she asked.

“Yes, just like that.”

“And do you always get what you want?”

“Can’t you tell I do?”

Holly chuckled. He had seen her, wanted her, and now he had her.

Her stomach chose that moment to growl.

“I think that’s my cue to feed you.”

She followed him into the kitchen and pulled out one of the chairs so she could sit at the table. Holly couldn’t believe that she was now engaged.

“Oh,” Mason said, suddenly. “That reminds me.” He reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out a ring. “I got this for you.”

It was a beautiful, very expensive-looking diamond engagement ring.

“You were really planning to propose?”

“I don’t think I imagined doing it in the bath while you were throwing your guts up, but it’s certainly going to be a tale we tell the kids. Do you want to try it on?”

She held her hand out to him and he slid the ring over her finger.
“Perfect fit.”

It was. There was no reason to resize it. The ring was perfect.

“I know you’re nervous but I promise you, you don’t have to be. I’ll take care of you, Holly. I’ll look after you. I promise.”

She believed him, especially as he made her pancakes for breakfast, and didn’t say a word about her asking for some scrambled eggs and bacon, along with more hot maple syrup to drizzle on top. She was starving.

Chapter Ten

One Month Later

Wedding plans were coming along, slowly.

Mason had a few challenging things to deal with at work, which were not limited to the legal side of his life. After he had discovered the lab that was supplying the dope in his nightclub, he had sent the cops to take it down, to destroy it. This had caused a few tricky details. Holly's identity as his soon-to-be wife had also been discovered. He had more men guarding her, but just last week there had been someone who entered the library, and if it hadn't been for his trained men, he would have stabbed her.

He got close. They had been wandering through the shelves, looking for a book. The man, who was now dead, knew where to take Holly to get her alone. Once his men realized the danger she was in, one of his men distracted her, while the other took care of the threat. Holly was none the wiser. There was no getting out of this life for him.

"You're distracted," Holly said.

She sipped her drink. This was their Friday night date where Holly wore whatever dress he'd chosen for her, and he took her dancing. He loved to see her dance and the clothes he chose for her highlighted every curve. He loved the way her tits pressed up against the front of her dress. Then of course there was the small piece of flesh exposed at the back.

That time at the library hadn't been the only hit. Two men had killed his main receptionist within the building. Before the man died, he'd hit the alert, which went out to all the apartments. Mason had been on his cell phone as the alert activated on his phone. He went out with his men, took care of the problem, killing the two men and discarding the bodies.

There was always a danger to his life, a threat. Now that he had Holly and he wanted to keep that life away from her, the threats seemed to be everywhere and he couldn't stop it.

This angered him more than ever before.

For years he had accepted the threat. When you were king, people always came after you, and he didn't have anything or anyone he cared about or loved.

Holly was different. He reached out, running a hand down her arm.

"How can I not be distracted with you at my side?"

She smirked. “Nice recovery, but I have a feeling something is on your mind. Talk to me.”

“There’s nothing on my mind. I promise you, baby, nothing.”

She rolled her eyes. “Now you’re lying.” She took hold of his hand, locking their fingers together. “Tell me honestly, are you getting cold feet?”

He lifted his gaze to hers. “Cold feet?”

“You know, about the wedding and everything else? If you don’t want to have kids, I can go back on it. If you don’t want to get married, we can stop—”

He needed to silence her. Reaching out, he grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her in close. He slammed his lips down on hers and she released a moan. Her body melted against him, and that was exactly what he wanted.

“No,” he said. “No, I don’t want you to go back on the pill. No, I’m not getting cold feet. No to all.” He kissed down toward her neck, sucking on her pulse. “I want you to be mine so badly, Holly.”

“Then tell me what’s wrong?”

I’m an evil fucking bastard who knew what he was doing and didn’t care about the threat to my life, but now I have you, and I care more than fucking ever.

“It’s just work.” He wasn’t going to tell her any of his work. He would keep her safe.

Taking hold of her hand, he led her onto the dance floor. This was their date night and he wasn’t going to allow work to interfere with his woman.

He’d never been one for dancing but since Holly had entered his world, he couldn’t help himself. Pulling her close to him, he pressed a hand on her stomach and the other on her hip.

She leaned back against him, and he marveled at how they moved as one. Holly pressed her ass back against him, and he gritted his teeth but didn’t let go. He didn’t want to. She was all his. Her ass rubbing against his dick heightened every single one of his senses. He felt so consumed and ready for her.

His cock went from flaccid to hard. She had already given him back what he wanted. After she had been well for a week, he had woken up to her sucking his cock. That had been one heck of a way to wake up in the morning. At one of the lunchtimes, he’d taken her to a fancy restaurant and

she left to go to the bathroom. While people were coming and going, he fucked her right there in the stall. He loved making her come and she tried to stay quiet as well. Of course, he'd fucked her ass multiple times, and he loved it when she pulled out her toys.

He just loved Holly. Everything about her. She was fire and passion rolled into one package.

Spinning her around on the dance floor, he pulled her in close, staring down into her blue eyes. They were so filled with love for him.

Holly didn't hold back. She told him she loved him every chance she got, and he'd become addicted to her touch. She smiled up at him, and he knew she was who he was searching for all his life.

After being beaten as a boy, he'd lain awake, staring up at the stars or at the ceiling, wherever he was, and he prayed for a woman or an angel. Someone to come and take his pain away, to love him for who he was. Over the years, he had come to believe there was no chance of him ever finding love, or being loved. There was no one who would ever want to love him. Staring into Holly's eyes, he knew she did, but she didn't know the whole truth. She didn't know who he was, or what he was capable of.

Holly grabbed his hand, and he didn't fight her. Mason knew he had to tell her the truth. Keeping this life away from her was doable, but she had been married for nine years to a man who'd lied to her. He wouldn't repeat William's mistakes.

Tonight was not the night.

He followed her through the door, leading to the back rooms and his office. She took the stairs and he followed her up, admiring the curve of her ass while she walked. His dick ached. Once inside his office, she pushed him back and pressed him into his chair. She reached for the button of his jeans. He never wore a suit. The only day he would would be the day she married him, not a moment before.

Mason took over, easing his dick out of the tight confines of the jeans and boxer briefs. Running his hand up and down the length, he watched as Holly wriggled the dress up her body. She wasn't wearing any panties, as per his request.

She stepped closer to him and slowly slid down on his length. They both cried out, groaning, as he filled her. Her pussy was tight and wet as she took him in inch by glorious inch. He tried to let her set the pace, but he was

so close to blowing. He needed to fuck her, to fill her with his cum. Holding her hips, he tightened his grip, thrusting up inside, going hard and deep. Another moan spilled from her lips.

He let go of her hips long enough to pull the top of her dress down. It was the stretchy kind, and he eased her tits out of the bra she wore as well. Perfection. Mason sucked on one of her tits as he thrust up inside her, feeling her tighten and quiver around his cock. She was amazing.

He was so close but before he came, he wanted to feel her. Reaching between them, he started to stroke her pussy, and within seconds she cried out his name and he felt her cunt tightening around him. Her orgasm set off his, and he slammed deep inside her.

With each pulse of her pussy, it was like she was trying to suck his cum inside her. He hoped this one took. He wanted to knock her up. Make her his.

He was growing impatient with the wedding planning.

But first, before he did all of that, he knew he had to tell her the truth.

“Wow,” Holly said.

“Do you want go back dancing, or should we call it a night?” he asked, stroking the tips of his fingers down her back.

She sighed. “I think we should call it a night.”

Holly eased off him, and he cleaned up his cum that drizzled down her leg. He wanted to push his seed back inside her, but there was no way for him to do that in his office. Right now, he wanted to take her home. He eased her dress into place and tucked his cock back inside his pants.

Mason shoved the used tissue, folded up, into his pocket. He didn't trust anyone, and he followed Holly out of his office. They snuck out the back entrance and he called for his driver to come and pick them up.

Something didn't sit well with Mason. He felt that tingling feeling that something wasn't quite right. Every time he felt that way in the past, he knew danger was close. He looked down the alleyway, then across the road.

Mason heard the car approaching, and as the lights shone down the street, it was when he saw the man coming at them. He was carrying a knife. He pulled Holly behind him and shoved his palm into the guy's throat as he was close enough. The man choked, but flailed as he did, striking out at him.

The knife slashed across his arm, and he gritted his teeth. Taking the blade from the man was easy. He was aware of Holly there, but he knew his driver would take care of her. Drawing the blade up, he embedded it into the

man's throat.

Seconds later, more of his men arrived and took care of it. The man who had attacked them was dead. Mason checked his body, there was no blood on him. He nodded at his men; they knew what to do, and he stepped toward the car and climbed in the back.

"Are you okay?" Holly asked. "Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine, Holly."

He cupped her face, staring into her eyes.

"Mason, that guy had a knife and it cut you. I know it did." She reached for his arm and gasped. "You're bleeding. We need to take you to the hospital."

"I don't do hospitals," he said.

She tutted. "Then I'll take care of you. Take us home, Jude," she said.

"You know my driver's name?" he asked.

"Of course I know his name. I'm not going to constantly be escorted by a man and not know his name." She held onto his arm and frowned. "Does it hurt?"

"No."

"You don't have to be brave for me."

"It doesn't hurt, Holly."

No, what hurt was knowing he had to tell her the truth before he could make her his. If it hadn't been for that fucker William, he wouldn't have cared, but she had been lied to in the past. He couldn't be one to lie to her as well.

They arrived at his apartment building. Holly thanked Jude again for driving them home, and she took charge, getting them onto the elevator.

"Baby, I'm fine."

"Don't tell me what you are or are not. I am going to take care of you whether you like it or not." She held his arm and pulled him toward their penthouse suite.

Holly had yet to call it her home, but it was.

They stepped inside the apartment, and Holly wasn't done; she took him straight toward the bathroom, finding his emergency first aid kit.

"I'm cutting you out of this shirt," she said.

"I can take it off."

"You're not going to overexert yourself. Stop being Mr. Macho, okay?"

You don't need to do that for me."

"I'm not. It doesn't hurt."

"You're telling me that being slashed with a knife doesn't hurt?"

"I've had worse, believe me."

Holly was silent and he watched her as she pulled out several antibacterial wipes, a few dressings, and some Band-Aids.

"How worse?" Holly asked.

"You don't need to worry about it."

"Mason Campbell, in a few weeks' or months' time, I am going to be marrying you. I'm not worrying about it, but I would like to know more about you."

He let out a breath. "You know I was a foster kid, and let's just say some of the parents, they didn't like the kids. I was a young boy, I was probably an irritating asshole. I got the belt a few times. Sometimes fists."

"They beat you up?"

"Yeah. I've had my share of cuts."

Holly reached out and touched his chest, dancing across one of his many pieces of ink. "Is that why you got tattoos?"

"In the beginning, yes. I wasn't going to let it define me. This,"—he pointed at his arm—"it's nothing. I've had worse."

"I hate them," Holly said. "Whoever hurt you in the past, I hate them all."

He gripped her chin. "They're not going to hurt me."

"What about other children?"

"Trust me, they won't hurt them either." He smiled at her. "Haven't you realized yet, that I take care of everything."

Tears filled her eyes and he stared down into her face. "What's the matter?"

"I was so scared. I love you, Mason, so much that it's scary, and I don't want you to get hurt."

"I won't. I promise. I know how to take care of myself."

Chapter Eleven

Mason was busy and for the first time in nearly three months, Holly ate lunch on her own. She knew she wasn't quite on her own, but she sat in the park, watching the swans as they danced around in the small pool. The children as well, chasing after some bubbles their parents were blowing into the air. It was getting colder, and everyone had their coats on.

Holly had on a hat and a scarf. Her gloves were inside her coat pockets as she ate her lunch. Mason had sent her some hot meatballs and pasta from one of his favorite Italian places. If he couldn't be there to see her eat well, he'd at least send food. She couldn't help but smile as one of his men delivered it to her.

Evie had sent her off to go and enjoy lunch. Her boss and friend had grumbled at men and how her own husband had stopped doing sweet things like that for her years ago. Holly knew she was lucky. Mason was one of a kind.

She twirled her pasta and watched the kids as they giggled and she couldn't help but smile. She wasn't pregnant yet. She had taken a test last night as her period was late, and it had given a negative reading.

The doctor had told her it might take awhile for her to get pregnant. All she had to do was give it time.

Everything was moving fast with Mason, but it wasn't a scary fast anymore. She loved him, and even though she had been married before, she knew this was going to be different.

Life with William was not the same as with Mason. With Mason, she really lived. They spent time together, they laughed, made love, and enjoyed each other. Ten years ago, she didn't know that was how it was meant to be.

"You're a hard woman to find these days."

Holly looked up to see William sit on the bench beside her. He had on a hat, gloves, scarf, and half of his face was covered.

"William, what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you. I know that's impossible with all your bodyguards around you," he said.

"Why—"

"Shut up and let me speak. I heard the guys at work talking that Mason had gotten engaged. He doesn't want a prenuptial agreement and your name

was mentioned. You're engaged to him?"

She glanced down at the ring on her finger. "Yes. Mason proposed and I said yes."

"Could you be any more fucking stupid? Do you have any idea what kind of man he is? What he's capable of? He's a murderer, Holly. He is a monster. Do you know he's considered the fucking king of this city? He has a lot of enemies. People who would like to see him dead. The law firm I work for, they help him when he needs it."

Holly glared at him.

"How could you have been so fucking stupid? You need to get out of this. Go to the police. They'll help you."

She closed the lid on her lunch, because she had eaten enough, and stood up. She glared at William and pointed a finger at him. "Do not ever call me stupid again. Yes, I was stupid, for the nine years I was married to you. I thought you loved me but the truth of it was you needed me to make you look good. Your company needs family people, and that's what you tried to do. You used me and manipulated me, screwing other women and cheating on me. How dare you even come here and claim to care about me! You have your own agenda here and you leave Mason out of it."

"You'll end up dead," William said. "If you stay with him."

She shrugged. "Then at least I'll be happy. If you come near me again, I will have Mason hurt you."

Her heart pounded inside her chest and she felt sick to her stomach. She moved out of the park and then approached one of the men she recognized.

"Where's Mason?"

He stared at her and then past her shoulder.

"I know you work for him, so don't try to pretend. I need you to take me to him, now."

The man looked like he was going to argue with her. Seconds passed, and if he didn't take her, she'd go to the next man.

"Follow me," he said.

He walked down the street toward a parking lot. He held open the back passenger seat of the car and she slid inside. He closed the door and she watched him, knowing he was already contacting Mason to let him know she was coming.

She didn't care. Let Mason know she was coming. This conversation

was long overdue.

She didn't know the man's name. She'd seen him hanging around the library and now outside the park. He pulled out of the parking space, and they started to drive, going through the city, and she knew they were heading to Mason's main nightclub. He owned several around the city, but this one, the place she danced in, was the first one he'd opened.

The drive took about forty minutes as there was a lot of roadwork and traffic. She didn't stop as there was already someone waiting for her at the front door. The man who drove her didn't come inside with her.

"Mason's up in his office," the man she recognized from the bar said.

Nerves were getting the better of her, but she didn't stop in her tracks. She walked up the back stairs, going to Mason's office. She didn't knock. She twisted the door handle, and then stepped inside.

Mason was leaning in front of his desk. His gaze was on the door, but now it was on her. Neither of them spoke for several seconds, or it might have been minutes. Time passed and she looked at him.

"Is this the part where you throw my ring at me, call me all sorts of fucked-up names, threaten to go to the police, and then leave?" Mason asked.

Holly stared at him.

"I take it William filled in all the blanks for you," he said. "He found out I had proposed to you and he wanted to be the good guy, didn't he? I bet he even told you he was in love with you."

"William has never told me loved me and he didn't tell me now, and how about rather than assuming what I'm here to say, you shut up and let me speak?"

She'd surprised him.

Holly removed her hat, then her scarf. She hadn't put the gloves back on, but she still held her lunch.

"This was delicious, by the way. Thank you."

"I'll pass your compliments on to the chef."

"Do that," she said, nibbling her lip. She paced the length of his office, frowning as she did, not knowing exactly how to start this. She stopped suddenly and turned toward him. "Do you think I'm stupid?"

"What?"

"I just ... I need to know. Do you think I'm stupid?"

"No."

“Because my ex has just called me stupid two, maybe three times, and it has really pissed me off.” She hated being called stupid. In fact, when it came to William, she hated all the insults he threw her way. This wasn’t the first time he’d insulted her but it would certainly be the last.

“I know you saw your ex.”

“Oh, you did, did you, and you still don’t think I’m stupid?”

“No, you know I don’t think you’re stupid. He told you, didn’t he? He told you who I am, what I do, all of it?”

Holly looked at him. He had his arms folded across his chest and he didn’t look happy, not even for a second, and she hated that.

“William didn’t tell me anything I didn’t already know,” she said.

Mason frowned and she started to pace the width of his office.

“I know who you are, Mason. It wasn’t exactly hard to figure out. I was married to a defense attorney for nine years. Trust me, your name came up. I didn’t know who you were exactly that first day, because I didn’t know what Mason Campbell looked like. It wasn’t hard to find out. All I had to do was search your name on the internet and find it. I did that, and put two and two together.”

Mason frowned. “Then why did you continue seeing me? Weren’t you afraid?”

“No, I wasn’t afraid of you.” She stopped and looked at him. “I kept seeing you because for the first time in my life, I finally felt alive, I felt free. I felt ... wanted. I know that’s crazy, but I loved that feeling. I loved the way you made me feel, and after nine years of being ignored, it was the most amazing feeling.”

“And now?” he asked.

“And now I’ve fallen in love with you and it’s been weird, I won’t deny that. It’s been crazy weird, but I wouldn’t have it any other way. William can list the bad things you’ve done, I don’t care. It probably makes me sound heartless, but in a weird way it makes sense.” She took a step toward him. “You were a child on your own. There was no one willing to hold your hand, to love you, to take care of you. You were on your own.”

She closed the distance between them.

“You ended up on the streets at a young age, fighting for your place in the world. Fighting to survive and exist. You’re a strong man, Mason. I can imagine it didn’t take you long to build a reputation for yourself. You’ve

never hurt me. Do you think I didn't notice the sudden men around the library? You've got that guy who brought me here to you, he seems to like hanging out in the science fiction section of the library, and he stands in that aisle all day. Only leaving when another guy takes over long enough for him to have a toilet break. Yeah, I saw all of that."

"I've got a lot of enemies."

"I guessed."

"I don't want this life to touch you."

She nodded her head. "And your life does scare me a lot, but I know that I love you. I know there's no one else in this world that I want." She took his hand and slowly placed it over her head. "You sent men to protect me. You took me out dancing. You make me laugh, and want to sing, and just live. This has been one of the most amazing feelings, and I wouldn't change it for the world." She pressed her hands against his chest, lifted on her tiptoes, and gently pressed a kiss to his cheek.

Mason sunk his fingers into her hair and pulled her in close.

"Do you think after you've just admitted who I was, that you still love me, and I know I'm going to cherish you for the rest of my life, a simple peck on the cheek is enough?"

Holly giggled. "This is supposed to be my romantic gesture to you."

"I wanted to tell you," he said. "I knew William would do it the first chance he got, but I wanted to be the one to tell you who I was."

"I already knew. Trust me, Mason. Please, I'm not like those other people in your life." She cupped his face and stared into his dark brown eyes. She couldn't imagine the life he'd lived. Everything that had led him to become the man he is. She had no regrets over who he was. She loved him so completely. "I love you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, grow old with you. Have kids. I want to make memories with you."

He slammed his lips down on hers, and Holly melted against him. This was what she wanted more than anything. She loved him so much.

Feeling his lips touch hers, it sent pleasure rushing through her body, and she couldn't get enough of him.

"I fucking love you," he said.

"Good. Don't ever cheat on me, Mason, because if you do, I will cut your balls off."

"Why my balls?" Mason asked.

“Because I love you. I didn’t love William, and any woman you touch, I’ll hurt.” Holly didn’t know if she would be able to do that, but the very thought of him touching another woman filled her with so much rage, she couldn’t even think straight. There was no way she would allow a woman to touch what was hers.

Mason had chosen her. She loved him. And she was never going to let him go. She didn’t care what William had told her, or tried to tell her. Holly had tried to reason with herself that Mason wasn’t a good guy, but she liked him, and those feelings hadn’t changed. He was a bad person but there was more to him than that. Mason had only been good to her.

“How about I try and put a child inside you right now?” he asked.

“I’ve got nowhere else to be.” She’d call the library, deal with her job then, but for now, she needed to feel Mason inside her more than anything else.

Epilogue

Five Years Later

It was their anniversary. Not their wedding anniversary, as that was Christmas Day. Holly had wanted to get married in the winter, surrounded by snow. Luck hadn't quite been on their side, and the only date available to the two of them was Christmas Day.

Their anniversary was shared with their three children on Christmas Day. They completely exhausted their kids throughout the day with new toys, and playing. At night, he always got his wife to himself.

Staring across the dance floor, he waited. He already had Michael ready to time the song to begin when she entered.

Five years ago, this very night, his life had changed. Mason had been bored. Life had sucked big time and he'd been going through the motions all the freaking time. His life had been one big cycle of shit. He hated it.

Then that night, his woman, the person he'd been waiting for, had walked in, complete in one of the sexiest red dresses he'd ever seen, and she danced to a song. She hadn't cared who watched or saw her. He watched, he saw, and she'd been completely hypnotizing. Holly. His wife. The mother of his three children. The love of his life.

Mason kept his eye on the door, waiting for the moment she would enter. This had been Holly's idea.

His men were watching the kids. He felt sorry for them because little Leo was a menace. His firstborn had been a son. He also had two daughters, who were not terrors, but Bethany, their second child, could be a little difficult when she wanted to be. He loved all his children. There was a short time when he didn't, especially when they were just born, and Holly was screaming in pain.

That was the only time he struggled with their births. Seeing the love on her face, he knew he loved his children more than anything. Holly, though, was his life.

His beautiful wife stepped into his nightclub. Her hair was long with a few curls cascading through the length that fell to her waist. She was stunning. She wore a red dress, this one different. Three children later, she had told him there was no way she was fitting into the old one. He didn't care. She had full curves, and he loved every inch of her.

Holly never had to hide her body from him. She was pure perfection.

She stepped toward the dance floor, the heels on her feet making his cock ache. She rarely wore heels with the kids and he wouldn't want her to. Running after children required flats or sneakers, not heels. She would break her neck doing that.

The music began to change and she had already caught the attention of several men in the room. None of them would ever be able to touch. She belonged to him. And then, she started to dance. He watched her body, the way her hips swayed to the beat of the music. Her eyes were closed as she got lost.

Five years ago, he watched her, and before he got chance to touch, she had vanished into thin air. This time, he didn't just have to watch. He could touch, and that was exactly what he intended to do. Throwing back the last of his whiskey, he got to his feet and stepped toward his wife. Other men watched him and they were clearly shocked, but as he wrapped an arm around her, Holly opened her eyes.

Sliding his thigh between her legs, he pulled her in close and allowed her to rock to the beat of the music. Slowly, the music filled their senses and the rest of the nightclub disappeared. It was only the two of them. He loved this woman so fucking much.

Holly slid her hands up his chest, wrapping them around his neck. "Happy Anniversary, Mason."

He ran his hand down toward her ass, squeezing the flesh in his palm, hearing her moan. "Happy Anniversary, Holly."

She tilted her head back and stared up at him.

Gripping the back of her head, he slammed his lips down on hers, taking the kiss he'd been craving for so long. Holly had given him more than just her love. She had given him a reason to live. She had given him something he never thought he would have. She'd given him a family, a life that he loved.

He was still Mason Campbell and he protected his family fiercely. That was never going to change, not now, not ever. He would always love his family and if anyone tried to take them away, they would answer to him. And no one would want to feel his wrath. He was a family man and a father, a husband, but he was still the king of this city, and he had no problems hurting those who threatened him. All they needed to do was ask William, her ex,

who had decided to take a job overseas. Mason had warned him not to talk to Holly. It was a mistake he had made, and he had paid for it.

Holly would always be safe. She would only ever know happiness and love, because she belonged to him.

Staring into his wife's eyes, he felt the love he had for her and only her. She was the woman for him and he would never, ever let her go.

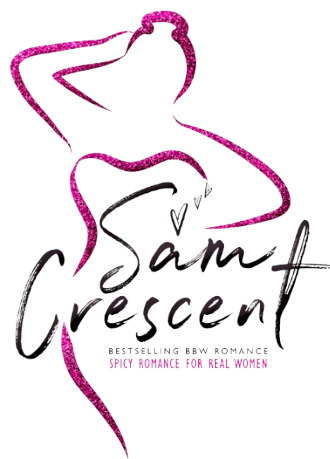
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BONUS SAMPLE CHAPTER

TOXIC

Satan's Death Riders MC, 1

Sam Crescent

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Sample Chapter

Life can change before we know it.

Rosalie Barlowe, or Rose to her friends, threw back her head and laughed. Her best friend couldn't sing, not even a single note. Everything that came out of Petal's mouth was a disaster. People would actually pay her to just shut up, but she loved her so damn much.

When a long note came up, she had no choice but to cover her ears. Once the song came to an end, Rosalie quickly turned the music down. "That's enough singing for one day."

"Spoil sport. Come on, it's a lot of fun," Petal said.

"We need to preserve our voices." Rosalie touched her throat as it already felt a little scratchy from screeching at the top of her lungs.

Petal snorted. "Right, because asking horrible assholes if they want more coffee or the free fries is so challenging."

Rosalie didn't even need to look at her friend to know she was already rolling her eyes. They worked at Al's Diner, a run-down shack in the middle of nowhere, but clearly had enough business as it had been going for years. Rosalie recalled many times her mother took her there for a birthday treat. Al made the best cakes. Even now kids got excited at the prospect of going to Al's. As for her and Petal, they had long forgotten the attraction seeing as Al was ... handsy.

He liked to think of them as his property and with him, they had no choice but to be stern. Some of the waitresses had fallen into his trap, but neither she nor Petal had. So long as they didn't give him any confusing vibes, he left them alone.

"It's a job."

"Yeah, and when are we going to get out of this shithole!" Petal raised her voice and slammed her palm onto the steering wheel.

Ever since they were kids, they both had this dream of getting out of town, getting away and starting a new life together. Rosalie had spent many nights thinking about what she could do, where she could go. As the years went by, she realized she couldn't leave her mom behind.

She had to protect her, from *him*.

"Where do you want to go?" Rosalie asked.

Petal tilted her head back and howled. "Anywhere but here."

They both laughed.

For Petal, that often meant a beach with some kind of hunky stranger who was her love slave for all eternity. Rosalie wanted a life where her mother didn't hear certain sounds and become a mess.

"That sounds awesome."

"So, are we going to that party?" Petal asked.

"What party?"

Rosalie had no idea how her friend got to know where a party was happening let alone when. She never heard anything.

"At some biker bar, I think it is. It's supposed to be like a big deal or something."

She paused. "A biker bar?"

"Yeah, I don't know what they're called. Some kind of stupid name."

Rosalie tried never to say the name but she needed to know. "Evil Fuckers MC?"

Petal threw back her head and laughed. She had no choice but to reach for the steering wheel as they veered a little toward the opposite road. Not good. She didn't want to die.

Her friend whistled. "You saved us."

"Yeah, I think it's time we keep an eye on the road."

There was no argument. Petal liked to have fun and party, but she also knew when to keep her shit together. This was one of those times. Neither of

them wanted to die because she drove recklessly.

“What a messed-up name,” Petal said. “But it’s not that one.”

“It’s not?”

“No, this one ... ugh, what is it?” She let one hand go off the wheel and clicked her fingers. “It’s Death something or other. This is going to drive me mental if I don’t think of it.”

Rosalie didn’t make it a habit of learning the names of MC clubs that often ventured through town. She reached into her jeans pocket and pulled out her cell phone to see if her mother had called her. Nothing. She was probably still working.

Gabrielle, her mother, loved working in the fabric shop, but then she was also an avid seamstress. Like her mother, she also loved to sew and craft, but she’d not been able to get a job in the same store, so it was waitressing for her.

“Satan’s Death Riders MC.” Petal slapped the steering wheel. “That’s the club.”

“Seriously?”

Rosalie tried not to become aware of the local MCs that surrounded them, but she couldn’t help but hear the gossip.

The Satan’s Death Riders were meant to be worse than the Evil Fuckers MC, or they were supposed to be evenly matched in being assholes. Rosalie didn’t quite know which one it was. Either way, there was no way she would hang out at any MC club. None.

She wrinkled her nose. “Not happening.”

“Oh, come on, Rosalie. Free booze, lots of guys, dancing.”

“Yeah, I don’t think there’s going to be a whole lot of dancing in those places or free anything.” She rubbed at her temple, pleased to see her street coming up. She couldn’t afford her own car yet, so she constantly had to get rides from Petal. Not that her friend minded.

“It’s going to be fun and wild. We did promise ourselves we would live more dangerously while we’re still in town.”

Rosalie chuckled as she pulled up outside her home. She didn’t look back at her house and focused on her friend. “We said dangerous and wild, not crazy or making stupid decisions. We can’t go there.”

Another eye roll and Petal’s gaze went past her shoulder and she whistled. “Does your mom have a lover you don’t know about?”

“No, why?”

“Because that is one insane bike. Whoever is riding that, I bet is a scary motherfucker. Way to go, Gabby.”

Her mother hated that nickname. Rosalie had tried to get Petal to stop calling her that and once Petal saw how much it upset her, she stopped saying it in front of her.

Rosalie looked behind her and then saw the bike she hated more than anything in the world. She tried not to tense up or show her friend any sign that the bike affected her.

“It’s nothing,” Rosalie said, but she was already climbing out of the car.

“Whoa, Rose, you okay, babe?” Petal asked.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine. I just better head inside. Call me later and we’ll talk about this MC party thing.”

“Come on, Rose, we’ve got to do something fun. Working at the diner, avoiding his hands is getting old and I’ve already checked. There are no other jobs for us, but there must be more to life than this.”

Rosalie forced a smile to her lips. Right now, she’d say or do anything to get Petal gone so she could go and see what the hell was going on.

“We’ll talk, okay?”

Petal threw her arms up in the air and whooped. “That’s what I’m talking about. Talk to you later, girlfriend.”

Rosalie stayed on her driveway, watching her friend leave and turn off the street, before spinning on her heel and rushing toward her home.

Pulling out her keys, her hands shook so badly. She tried to get her shit together, but she didn’t know how long *he’d* been here. She should have known there was something going on. The day had been too good. Her mother had been so happy this very morning. Everything had seemed amazing. Work aside, Rosalie had felt hopeful.

It was like he knew when her mother was feeling stronger, happier. He always stopped by to fuck it up. The piece of shit.

Twisting the key into the lock, Rosalie opened the door, being as noisy as possible.

“Mom, I’m home,” Rosalie said. “Sorry I’m late, I had to work at the diner a few extra hours. It was a crazy shift, but someone’s got to do it.”

She closed the door and stepped into the house, knowing *he* was there

somewhere.

Rosalie took a step toward the kitchen and there he was—Daemon. She didn't even know his last name. Her father. And ... the president of the Evil Fuckers MC.

That was why she knew of the club and also why she would insist and try to lure her best friend into something else. Something safe. Something sane.

“Hello, Rosalie,” he said.

His voice was rough and always had a sharp edge to it. He wore his leather cut, but he'd opted for the one that didn't have any sleeves, which showcased his endless tattoos as well as his muscles. He always did this on purpose.

“Where's Mom?” she asked.

“Gabby's in the kitchen.”

Staring at him, she tried to listen for her mother, for any sign that she was okay. With Daemon in their home, nothing was okay. Not until he left. Like so many other times before, she would have to pick up the pieces of the mess he created.

Rosalie had two choices: to stay where she was, keeping a distance between herself and her old man; or risk pissing him off, to go and check on her mother. He clearly didn't want her to go into the kitchen, which only made her want to check on her mother even more.

Staring at him, she waited, hating him, and then decided Gabrielle was far more important than him.

Big mistake.

He wrapped his fingers around her neck and pressed her up against the nearest wall.

“Are you disobeying me?”

“I want to go check on my mother,” she said, gritting her teeth.

He tutted. “And I'm telling you that you're not going. You will do as you're told.” He didn't cuss and was completely calm. This wasn't good. This was never a good look. She stared at the man she called her father—well, she didn't call him that—and wondered what the hell he'd done. The only consolation she had was she couldn't hear her mother sobbing.

“Why are you here?” she asked.

He stared at her, his gaze moving up and down her body, assessing her.

“How old are you?” he asked.

This was almost laughable. He was her father and yet, he didn't have a clue of her age.

“I'm twenty-one in a couple of weeks.”

He smiled and it scared the shit out of Rosalie. The man never smiled.

At the sight of her mother in the kitchen doorway, she was distracted.

“Mom, are you okay?”

“I'm fine, sweetheart.” She was positively shaking. Were those red marks around her neck? “Your father wanted to talk to you about something.”

Rosalie didn't want to talk to him about anything. There was nothing good he could say to her. She waited, trying to figure out what it was he wanted but she kept drawing a blank. It couldn't be anything important.

“You'll do. It would help if you were skinny, but I think we could make this work.”

She wanted him out of their house. Her mother was pale and she didn't look good. She shook so freaking much as well. The fear was clearly getting too much for her.

“I think you should leave.”

“I've found a husband for you.”

This made Rosalie pause. “Excuse me.”

“You heard me. I found a husband for you. Sunday, a couple of the boys are going to pick you up. We'll get everything ready. You can get married.”

“What the fuck?” she asked.

His lips pursed.

“I'm not getting married. There's no way in hell I am.”

The calm, collective man was gone, and in his place was something far more terrifying as he wrapped his fingers around her throat and pressed her against the wall. He tightened his grip just enough to offer the threat of choking, but not too much to make her stop breathing.

The threat, though, oh, it was there.

“You will do as I fucking tell you,” Daemon said, practically spitting in her face as he did.

“Let her go,” Gabrielle said.

“Do you think I'll stop with her? You know what I'm capable of, Gabby.”

“Leave her alone,” her mother said.

Daemon loosened his grip but she saw the look he sent her mother and that wasn't good. Her mother could be the protector, but when faced with him, she crumbled.

“It's fine. It's fine,” Rosalie said, stepping in front of her mother so he could only see her. “Sunday, a couple of your guys will pick me up. It's fine.”

He took a step toward her.

“Mom, why don't you go and fix us some food?” Rosalie said, facing off with the man that terrified her.

She wished she had the strength to take him out. Her hands clenched, hoping one day she'd get to hurt him, just once. To make him afraid as he'd made her mother for so many years.

“When you arrive at my clubhouse, I expect you to dress accordingly. I'll send the necessary clothes, and you will not speak, you will not say a single word. If you do, I'll make sure your mother pays for it.”

Rosalie tried not to argue with him. Keeping her lips closed, she stared at him, waiting, and then Daemon took one last lingering look into the kitchen, before turning on his heel and leaving. The moment the door closed, Rosalie rushed to it and flicked the lock into place. Her throat felt sore.

She didn't linger, though, and instead went straight to her mother. “Are you okay?”

Gabrielle broke down. She collapsed to the floor, covering her face with her hands. “I'm so sorry, Rose, so, so, so sorry.”

Rosalie wrapped her arms around her mother, holding her. “It will be fine.”

“How? You will ... he'll...”

“It'll be fine.”

Daemon had made up his mind. Whoever she was supposed to marry, that would happen. There was no getting away from that, she only hoped whoever it was didn't want her and would gladly leave her the fuck alone.

“This is a fucking joke, right?” Colt asked, looking at his dad and president of the Satan's Death Riders MC. Warden was not laughing. There was no twinkle in his eyes. This shit was serious.

He should have known it was no joke, seeing his mom, Kim, sitting on

the office sofa. It was rare for his mother to be invited to club meetings. The whole club wasn't present but Ox, Crow, and Pirate stood, arms folded, not looking the least bit happy.

"It's not a joke, son," Warden said.

"You want me to marry that piece of shit's daughter, assuming he even has one."

"There's a rumor he has one," Kim said. "I've never seen her myself, but I don't know, the details are kind of murky." She gave a shrug. "From what I know, she has nothing to do with her father."

"I don't believe that for a second," Colt said. "There's no way that anyone attached to the Evil Fuckers MC wouldn't use that connection." It was a trick, it had to be.

"I've spoken to Daemon, they're on their way over here."

"What?" Colt didn't like this. Inviting that shithead to their clubhouse was a big mistake. "Prez, you can't do this."

"Right now, Colt, I'm your father, and I'm telling you, this is good for both clubs. We've had a lot of bloodshed lately, on both sides. Something has to give."

"They're responsible for what happened to Nancy. Have you forgotten that?" he asked.

Warden glared at him.

"Enough, Colt," Kim said.

"You agree with him?" Colt asked.

"Yes, I do. How many more people are we going to bury because of this petty dispute?" Kim stood. "I know it's not the best idea, you marrying someone you don't love or care about, but we all have to make sacrifices for this family. I have, every single day."

One look toward his father and he saw Warden drop his head.

Out of everyone in the room, Kim had to give up the most. One night at a party, many years ago, Kim had been hanging out with friends. She'd been the good girl, but for one night, she wanted to experience the wild side. That night, she met Warden, unbeknownst to Kim at the time, he'd arranged for them to meet. Warden had been passing through and spotted Kim running some errands or something. Either way, he took one look at her and wanted her. The rest, well, it ended up in him having to spend a whole year wooing her in secret, and then knocking her up. What happened after that was a

wedding without any of her friends or family. They all turned their backs on her, and since then, Warden had kept his promise to love and honor her for the rest of his life. Not once had he swayed.

Colt knew it still upset him to know Kim missed her family. She never said anything, but it always bugged her that she couldn't take him nor Nancy—when she was alive—to Grandma's or Grandpa's.

“You're asking me to be with the enemy, Dad.”

“This woman, whoever she is, is not the one who killed Nancy,” Kim said. “Have you ever considered that she might not want this either?”

“Please, the chance to have a Satan's Death Rider between her thighs, I'm pretty sure she's fucking thrilled.”

He got a slap around the back of the head.

“Don't you speak so much disrespect in my presence,” Kim said. “You do not know who this woman is. I raised you better than this, and if it means we no longer have to bury our people, then it's what we must do.” Kim licked her lips and lifted her head high. “I'm going to get a drink.”

She walked to Warden, touched his cheek, making the bangles on her wrist clink as she did so. Next, she came to him and kissed his cheek before leaving the office.

“Prez, come on, what's the deal here?” Colt asked.

While his mother was in Warden's presence, he was Dad. When they were alone with other members of the club, he was back to being the boss.

His dad nodded at Ox, Crow, and Pirate, clicked his fingers, and without a word, they left. Warden stepped back, resting against the front of his desk. For the longest time, he didn't speak. Colt waited, wondering what he wasn't saying.

“I know this is not an ideal situation, Colt, but you are my only son. I've met with Daemon and we both have felt loss.”

“We didn't kill his daughter,” Colt said.

“I know and I know Nancy's death on you is hard to bear.”

Hard to bear? Colt had been there. They'd been in the park, he'd been the one watching her, and then, out of nowhere, bullets flew at them. He'd acted too late. Nancy had been shot. He'd held her as she died, as she begged and pleaded with him to make her stay.

That would stay with him forever. There was no way he'd ever forgive any Evil Fuckers MC.

“But, I need us to come to an arrangement with them this time, Colt. We need them on our side.”

He stared at his father and hearing him say that, he knew something else was going on. “What is it?”

Warden shook his head. “I don’t expect you to like her, but you will need to marry her, and you will ... need to have children.”

“I’ve got to fuck her as well?” Colt gritted his teeth.

“Yes. This is not a joke marriage, Colt. I expect you to act accordingly. Your mother would expect nothing less from you.”

Colt ran a hand down his face. At nearly thirty years old, he hated that his father was still making him jump through all the hoops, not that he wanted any leeway. Being his father’s son, guys at the club had assumed life would be easy for him, but it hadn’t. He’d had to fight and claw his way to where he was right now, a fully patched member of the club.

No one would take his patch and if his dad needed a dick to marry this woman, then that was exactly what Colt would be.

“Fine,” Colt said.

“You may go. Daemon will arrive in ten minutes. Tell the club to be on alert.”

Colt nodded, left his father’s office, and headed out. Several of the club looked toward him and he lifted his finger in the air, spinning it around, a signal they all knew, and would pass along the message better than any text.

They never knew who was reading their messages, so only necessary texts were sent, nothing that would point the finger at any wrongdoing. Heading toward the bar, he slapped his hand on the counter. Rooster was serving tonight. Normally they had a couple of prospects but they’d been sent away for the day and now he knew why.

Their prospects were viewed as weak and it was up to the club to make them strong. Until they got inside their heads and tested their very fucking being, they were not to be trusted. They had to prove themselves time and time again. It wasn’t easy.

Colt had been there, sometimes close to shitting himself, but he’d never backed down. He’d always done what needed to be done.

“You look fucking cheery,” Rooster said.

He picked up the shot of whiskey and downed it in one gulp. It was the only thing that would keep him sane for the next few hours.

“Another.”

“What the man asked for.” Rooster was about to pour another shot when Kim’s hand came over the glass.

“Enough.”

“Mom, come on.”

“You’re not going to meet this woman drunk and be an embarrassment to me or the club. You can drown your sorrows after they leave, not before.”

Rooster left him alone and he turned to his mother.

Kim was a force to be reckoned with. Life at the club hadn’t always been easy. He knew that. She fought hard for where she was right now and she was finally happy. His parents were both happy. Their life hadn’t been easy. Colt knew this.

“I’m surprised you’re happy with this.”

“Colt, I mean it. Enough.”

There was a sudden whistle, alerting them to the approaching Evil Fuckers MC.

“I guess it’s showtime.”

Kim looked at him and shook her head.

Colt watched as his father came out of his office and for a split second, he was pretty sure he saw rage in his eyes. There was no time to ask questions. Following behind his father and mother, he and several of the men walked out. A show of force.

They waited.

It was dark out and they had put on the lights to illuminate the parking lot.

He spotted Daemon up front, but there was no one with him. Colt adjusted to the darkness and then he heard the feminine grunt and saw as a mass of brown hair seemed to land on the floor, to which she gave a wince.

“Get up,” Daemon said.

The woman, whoever she was, flicked her hair back and glared up at him, but then stood.

Okay, this was a surprise.

The woman wore ... dungarees. She looked like she had stepped right out of the nineties. Dungarees as well as shirt underneath that went all the way around her neck. Not what he was expecting. She also wore a pair of glasses, which she pushed up her nose.

No one offered to help her up, nor did she ask for help. She got up and then winced as Daemon grabbed her arm. As he brought her closer, Colt saw her lip had swollen, and there was a little blood in the corner.

“Daemon,” Warden said.

“Warden, I’d like you to meet my daughter, Gabrielle Barlowe.”

The woman in front of them shook her head. “My name’s Rosalie,” she said. “Gabrielle is my mother.”

Interesting.

Did she even realize in correcting Daemon, she had made him look like a fool? Colt saw the slight tilt of her lips, and he imagined she did realize what she was doing and enjoyed it. There was no love between father and daughter, unless it was a trick.

“Are we conducting business outside, or do you want to continue insulting us, Warden?” Daemon asked.

“By all means, come through to my office.”

Colt watched as Daemon grabbed Rosalie’s arm. She let out a gasp but he saw her hand clench and her teeth grit.

“If this doesn’t go well, he’ll kill her,” one of the Evil Fuckers MC said.

Colt didn’t know who it was, but he waited for people to keep moving. Seeing as he was the groom in this scenario, he should be the first one at the office, but he wanted to hear what people had to say.

“She didn’t wear what he sent. She was supposed to be in a miniskirt and a top that showed her tits off.”

How interesting. He’d heard enough and made his way toward his father’s office, which was now crowded. He noticed his mother had gone to Rosalie’s side and wrapped an arm around her, almost protecting her. Why?

One look at the room and they were surrounded by men. On closer inspection, Colt also saw that she was shaking a little. Was she nervous? Angry? Or was it just an act? He didn’t trust her, so he wasn’t going to believe anything he saw. It was probably all lies anyway.

Warden cleared his throat.

“As we’re all clear, I take it we can confirm this as an agreement. My son and your daughter will marry and align our clubs.”

“Yes. We will become allies. Your enemies become mine and mine become yours,” Daemon said.

Colt didn't like this. This wasn't going to end well. He wondered if he could just kill his forced bride and then everything would go smoothly.

"The finer details need to be dealt with," Warden said. "The wedding needs to take place as soon as possible."

"We can have the wedding tomorrow if you're ready," Daemon said.

"It needs to be in a church," Rosalie said, speaking up.

Daemon spun around and glared at her.

Rosalie glared right back. Colt had a feeling he'd have hit her again if it wasn't for his mother standing by her side.

"A church?" Kim asked.

"My mother has always wanted to see me get married in a church. Seeing as all her other wishes are being squashed, the least I can do is give her the church."

"Then a church is where it will be," Kim said. "We can make that arrangement. I would love the opportunity to speak with your mother. We can work together to have this wedding in, say, a few months."

"No," Warden and Daemon said at the same time.

"A couple of weeks," Daemon said. "That's the longest it can be."

Rosalie averted her gaze from her father.

"A couple of weeks," Warden said.

"Perfect. I'm sure Rosalie's mother and I can handle it." Kim stood and smiled. "Now, don't you think we should let the happy couple have a few moments with each other?"

End of sample chapter

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