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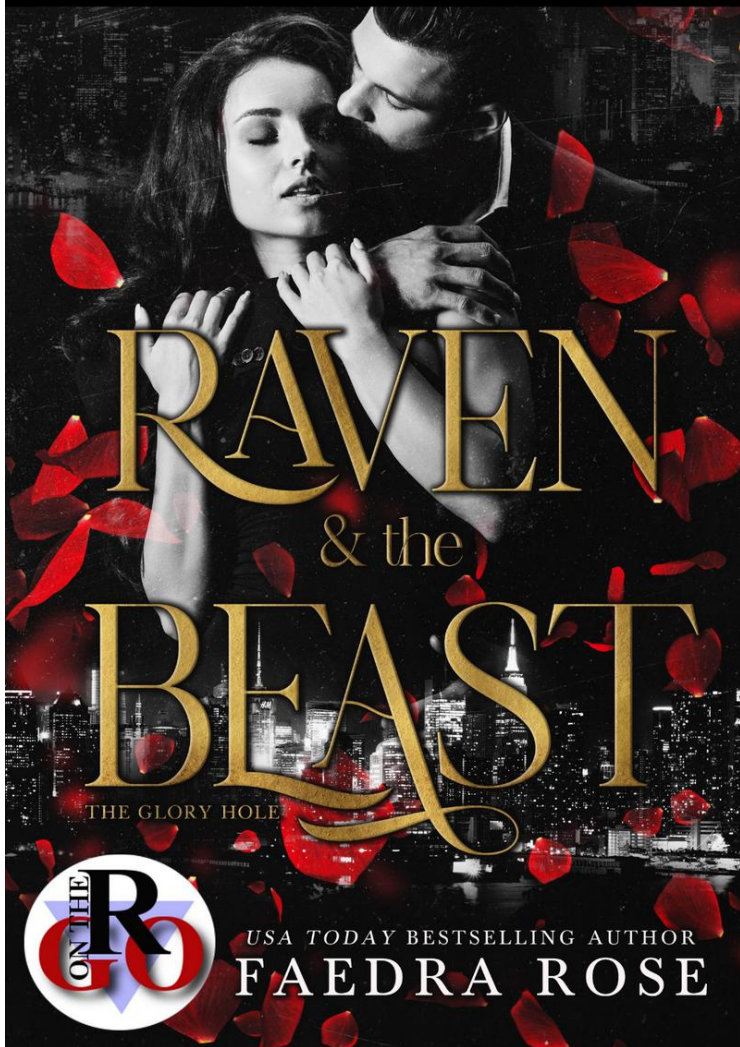
RAVEN  
& the  
BEAST

THE GLORY HOLE



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
FAEDRA ROSE

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## **DEDICATION**

This series is dedicated to all the women who revel in darkness and depravity, but still crave that satisfyingly romantic fairy tale *Happily Ever After...*

# **RAVEN AND THE BEAST**

*The Glory Hole, 1*

**Faedra Rose**

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## Chapter One

My heart races as I enter through the STAFF ONLY door of The Glory Hole. With a full face of makeup, and my pitch-black hair freshly washed and loose, I slip through the dark, neon-lit halls to find a free booth. It's my first night working, and I couldn't be more anxious. My skin prickles with electricity, practically vibrating with nervous energy. I never imagined I'd end up in the sex industry, just another piece of meat in the grinder ... *but here we are.*

Truth be told, I have no other options. I can't stand facing people. Even just doing my shopping and getting from one place to the next consumes all my mental fortitude. There is no way I could deal with your run-of-the-mill customer service jobs, be it cashier, waitress, or telemarketer. Since my ex isolated me, breaking me down piece by piece until he shattered my expressive and once bold soul, I've become low-level agoraphobic. If I'm outside of my safe space for too long, or around crowds of people, I put myself at risk of suffering a panic attack.

The brutality of my ex-boyfriend's particular brand of love still haunts me. The pain he caused remains as clear on my flesh as it does in my heart. *Abusive piece of shit.* He lured me into the BDSM scene with his smoking hot good looks, knee-weakening charm, and natural dominance.

Like a hapless moth entranced by a glowing flame, I eventually ventured too close to his fire—and I got burned. What started out as a consensual Dom/sub relationship soon turned ugly. There were no limits, safewords, or respect. I became his collared property. And I wasn't his precious pet, or his beloved submissive ... he treated me like I was worthless. He made me feel like I should be grateful he even allowed me to breathe.

He stole my heart when I was at my most vulnerable and took advantage, asserting his power over me in the most violent and toxic ways imaginable. I grew to fear him,

trembling at his touch in genuine terror for my life. And then I learned I wasn't the first. I was just another dumb bitch in a long line of used up, abused, and discarded women. I wasn't special. And he wasn't just losing control. I was simply nothing to him, and he never really loved me. He wasn't worthy of the excuses I was making for him. He really was just a monster.

So, I ran as far I could and hitched the rest of the way when my legs would no longer carry me. And now I have nothing to call my own in this world. No family, no savings, no friends to fall back on. There's just what I am—a *body*. A body that can enter into service of the oldest profession known to mankind. I can sell my tomb of flesh by the hour, but at least this time it's on my terms. I know what I'm getting myself into. Everything is upfront, literally written in black and white, and signed on the dotted line. With my prior experience in the BDSM lifestyle, and my utter lack of self-esteem, this seemed like the next logical step in rebuilding my life. I love sex. I just hate my fucking ex. I'm going to earn a wage to survive on, and reclaim my sexuality at the same time.

My job here at The Glory Hole is to be one of many anonymous fucks—with three holes and two hands to be used for the pleasure of others for as long as they desire, until my shift ends. But instead of death threats, black eyes, bruises, bloody lips, and hours of painful, emotional rejection, I get to leave each night with a fat paycheck for my efforts. And if I'm lucky, I might just enjoy some of it and begin to heal the damage of my past. I mean, it's sex minus the violence. It's a start, and some of it is bound to feel good, right?

At the end of the day, what matters most is that I'm finally safe from that bastard who so selfishly carved his name onto my heart with his cruelty. I have a chance to start over. I might be crawling up from rock bottom, but I refuse to lay down and die. And it's not like I can fall any further. I'll suck cock for as long as it takes to claw my way to true freedom and independence. And thankfully, until I can afford a place of my own, I can rent a room above the club. The security here is



second to none, and the club takes care of its girls. We may be commodities, but here at least we're valued. And if I get to bliss out to an orgasm or two as my clients get their rocks off? Awesome. I can think of worse jobs.

The booth is clean but small, and covered with artistic street graffiti, setting the mood. This may not be a high-class establishment, but it's one of the oldest and well-known in New York City. You're just as likely to find an undercover celebrity frequenting the glory holes to satisfy his carnal lust as the crackhead that deals drugs down glass-strewn, dark alleys.

The Glory Hole rejects no one who can afford to be here, assuming you check out physically. Whether you've got old money, a steady blue-collar job, or you just hawked everything you own to get in the door, one man's paper is as good as any other's.

Licking my glossy black lips, I sit down and strap on my matching black heels. Here, my name is Raven. Gothic, exotic, and tantalizing—I'd like to think I offer something a little less vanilla than most are used to. Dabbing some perfume on my pulse points, I freshen up and take a deep swig of liquid courage from the flask in my handbag. We're not allowed to be inebriated on the job, but they're not going to begrudge a new girl a little bit of comfort on her first night.

Slipping off my skirt and G-string, I let them fall to the floor. Then sucking in a steadying breath, I perch my ass on the padded leather bench that's to be my fuck bed. Laying down, I slip my legs through the curtain made of soft leather strips that match the bench. Wiggling down until the strips tickle my hips, I'm painfully aware that my waxed cunt and voluptuous butt are now on display to anyone who might be on the other side of the glory hole.

I reach for the wall-mounted pump of lube, and squirt some into my hand, before reaching down cautiously beyond the curtain. My fingers graze my clit as I make both my holes slick, readying myself for my first customer until I naturally

have time to get warmed up. I shiver as my long black nails play across my delicate folds, before sliding up my stomach to disappear from view once more.

Unable to see anything beyond my own navel, I stare up at the ceiling and bite my lower lip. *This is it*, I realize with a scintillating thrill. *From this moment on, I'm officially a whore.*

## Chapter Two

A new track starts playing, its seductive rhythm and heavy base makes me want to slow-dance like a stripper. The lyricless song has a lurid, dark, and erotic vibe, and brings to mind flashing images of naked limbs, strobing red lights, and dangerous creatures with fangs. I've always found the idea of predators and monsters sexy ... I can blame my obsession with reading and love of fairy tales for that. When I ran from my ex, it broke my heart to leave behind countless shelves of my most beloved books—stories that provided an escape from my nightmare.

The idea of being hunted, stalked, and claimed, to be used and abused has always titillated me. But in my fantasies the monsters covet me. To them I am special, a treasure to be cherished, loved, and protected. In my dreams my monster saves me.

As the first set of rough fingers splay their way up the flesh of my ass, I let my imagination run away with me. Strong hands secure my ankles to wall-mounted shackles. "What a beautiful cunt," says a deep voice.

My breath catches in my throat as those rough fingers stroke my folds, before my ass sings with pain. I yelp as he spansk each fleshy cheek, one after the other—again and again—until I'm bucking in the shackles. And suddenly I'm a princess in a Gothic tower, a helpless prisoner of a beastly prince. Entirely at his mercy, I can only endure his darkest, most debauched desires if I'm to survive.

Moments later a shrieking cry escapes me as my poor, unsuspecting pussy is whipped. My bare skin dances with fire, the sting hot and sharp in a way I've never experienced. Before I have time to steal another breath, a strangled cry is torn from me again as my fleshy lips scream with heat. The pain is sharp, but not singular. It fans out across my puffy lips, seemingly striking all of me at once. *A cat-o'-nine-tails?* I wonder, gripping the sides of the bench with white knuckles.

“Do you like that, Princess?” asks the Beast.

I shudder in the wake of the pain, my ass squirming against the end of the leather bench, my knees desperately trying to tilt inward against the shackles to protect my searing flesh. I know what he wants to hear. I know what I’m supposed to say. I’m here to play a role in this mutual fantasy, and the princess never says no.

“Yes,” I sob, biting down on my lower lip.

The Beast gently trails the many tails of the flogger up my thighs, sending a shiver through me. “I want you to beg for more,” he says, that deep voice of his growing thick with desire. “Beg to be punished.”

I can feel my cunt contract with wanting, as if his powerful voice alone could command an orgasm from me. Another sting sings across my inner thigh and I tense reactively. I hear my own cry in my ears and grimace internally.

“I can’t hear you,” he growls, a note of warning to his tone.

“Please,” I breathe. The whip comes down across my other inner thigh with perfect brutality, and I jump in the shackles, almost crawling back up the bench in a vain effort to escape. With the music filling the club, I imagine he couldn’t hear me against the moans and screams of ecstasy, of the other men and women present. “Please!” I beg, raising my voice. “I need more.”

Strong hands grope my ass, massaging the ample flesh gratuitously as if they were kneading dough. “Good girl,” says the Beast. “I knew you could handle it.” A tattooed hand slides over my sore cunt, and up my belly past the curtain, leaving a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill sitting between my breasts.

*Holy shit!* I gawp at the money, my eyes and mouth wide in shock. *My first tip!* Despite the burning of my skin, I decide then and there that this princess can take whatever this beastly client can dish out. I didn’t survive an abusive ex not to be

able to endure a little role-play for cash. I'm already being paid a wage for my shifts, but if fulfilling some dark fantasies means big tips on top of that, I'm here for it. The more I earn, the faster I can get out of here.

A thick finger slips easily inside of me, followed by another. I moan aloud, instinctively raising my hips.

"Where are your manners, Princess?" asks the Beast as he begins to pump those deliciously tattooed fingers deeper inside me.

"Thank you, Sir," I say, my back arching. I let the bill fall to the floor as he increases his speed, ravaging my cunt with ass-puckering expertise. "Thank you!"

"That's better," he says.

My pussy quivers, and I let go of the bench, instead trailing my hands over my own body. His words are like sugar for my soul. That voice, and his subtle, commanding praise has me just aching for his cock. I want this anonymous dick buried inside me, just so I can hear the growls and moans of his pleasure as he takes what he wants. And I want him to praise me as he plunders. *I want to be his good girl.*

His fingers curl upward, pummeling the most sensitive parts of me as his free hand manipulates my clit like a demon with a puzzle box. Every move is an exquisite agony, until together his hands bring me closer and closer toward my own ecstasy. "Oh my God," I moan, groping at my own breasts, before trailing my fingers through my hair in wicked frustration. "I'm going to come!"

"Not yet," the Beast says.

My black-painted toenails curl in my heels, and my legs tense as my cunt clutches at his fingers. *Ugh!* Orgasm denial. "Please, Sir," I beg, grinding my ass against the leather in desperation. "Please, I can't!"

"Good girl, Princess. Beg."

I desperately hold back the tide of pleasure that so violently wants to unleash itself upon me. Yet another agony I've not been subjected to before. My ex never denied me pleasure when I could reach it, more often he'd try to elicit as many of them as he could from me, until I was so exhausted and raw that I begged him to stop.

This beast of a man, on the other hand, is holding me hostage to my own release. Forbidding me to let go. The crescendo of my orgasm builds until I feel like I'll explode, or die, or possibly both! "Please, Sir," I whimper, my heart in my throat. "Please. I can't stand it!"

## Chapter Three

“Now,” he says in that shiver-inducing voice of his, his hands withdrawing.

Just as I let go, a vicious sting whips my pussy, and I cry out in anguish and ecstasy as sharp, hot pain and pleasure mix with a surprisingly brutal beauty. *This man is a master*, I marvel in a fleeting moment of clarity, before succumbing again to the wicked orgasm that rapes me from within. It’s so completely intense and overwhelming that I find myself clutching at my head, fingers tangling in my hair.

“Good girl,” I hear him growl over the music as he whips my inner thighs, one after the other.

I jump, my cunt clenching with each strike. The flogger leaves stinging kisses on my flesh that continue to burn as I ride out the last throes of my release. “Holy shit,” I breathe.

“Well done, baby,” says my mysterious, inked client. “That was beautiful to watch.”

A small, post-coital smile quirks my lips and I sigh with relief. Tonight, whatever happens, I’m just glad to have met—if you can call it that—this gorgeous master of pleasure and pain. His deep voice rumbles through my soul as his fingers alight upon my burning flesh, soothing it with gentle, attentive strokes. The juxtaposition of soft aftercare and violent delight blows my mind.

The base of the Gothic background music fills me with a slow, primal fire that yearns to be quenched with cock. Despite my brain-numbing orgasm, my need for him has only grown. I don’t want him. I literally *need* him. *If he doesn’t fuck me blind, I’m going to cry my eyes out!*

“Are you ready for what comes next?” he asks, interrupting my thoughts.

“Yes,” I answer, projecting my voice beyond the curtain. “Please Sir, I want your cock. Please fuck me!”

Haughty laughter rises above the music, and my Beast languidly trails the tips of his fingers over my puffy pussy lips. “Oh, I got lucky tonight,” he says with a note of wonder in his tone. “I found myself a sweet little cock-hungry beauty.”

I swear to fucking Christ that I nearly purr in response. This man just utterly melts me, and I’m only too happy to become his malleable plaything. Whatever he wants, I want. My body craves his love as much as his punishment, and it makes no goddamn sense, but I’m not here to make sense of it. I’m here to enjoy being used like a whore and worshipped like a goddess. And I’ll revel in it for as long as it lasts.

“Very well, Princess,” says the Beast finally. “I’ll fuck your pussy while it’s nice and tight, and then I’m going to fill it with the biggest vibrator I can find while I fuck the shit out of this tasty ass. How does that sound?”

I feel the unholy kiss of the cat-o’-nine-tails on my legs, and I whimper, my ass puckering as I startle at the pain.

“How does that sound?” he repeats, a dark edge to his voice.

“It sounds like Heaven,” I respond quickly to avoid another stinging kiss.

“Good girl,” says the Beast. “You’re a fast learner, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Sir!”

I can almost sense his smile as the familiar feeling of a deliciously fleshy hardness is dragged up and down my lips.

He slaps his cock against my bare mound a few times, teasing me, enjoying his position of unchallenged dominance over me, and it only makes me wetter. The warmth of my release and excitement dribbles from my slit and down to my asshole, eliciting a gut-deep shudder from within. A moment later his cock presses to my cunt, his smooth head dipping in just far enough that my pussy swallows it, before he pulls back. Again and again he teases me, until I choke out a sob of frustration.



“Please, Sir! I need your cock more than I need air!” The torturously slow and shallow teasing continues a few moments longer.

“Am I frustrating you, Princess?” he asks, his grip on my left thigh tightening.

“Yes, Sir,” I sob, wiggling my ass. “I’ve been a good girl.”

“You have,” the Beast agrees. “And good behavior should always be rewarded.”

A sharp intake of breath escapes me as the Beast slams his cock inside of me, burying every inch of himself right to the hilt.

The Beast groans as his fingers dig into my thighs. “Oh, yes, baby girl. You’re what I’ve been needing.”

And then the onslaught begins. My cunt is his. Like a seasoned master he pumps me with beastly brutality, slamming the full weight of his hips into me with every single thrust. His sac slaps against me, and it’s beyond erotic. There’s just something innately primal about it—the seat of his manhood just wildly beating me as he sinks his big, thick, beastly cock inside of me.

He fucks me in a way I’ve never been fucked before. It’s wild and frenetic, but somehow calculated at the same time. There’s an uncanny intent behind each stroke. And the Beast seems to know just how to angle it, and how deep to push, to elicit the most desperate and needy moans from me. It’s maddening and delicious, and in this moment it’s everything I’ve ever wanted from a hot, anonymous fuck.

The Beast is all my fantasies come true. He covets me, yet is intent on destroying me. And I couldn’t be more in lust. Just as I feel myself reaching the Big O, the Beast adds a little more magic into the mix. My throbbing clit is suddenly on fire, assaulted by lightning-fast vibrations that sizzle me to my very core. *Oh fuck. I’m in trouble!*

## Chapter Four

“That’s it, my beauty,” the Beast growls as he turns the settings up on the clit tickler.

I writhe in my shackles, wild with heat and wanting. My cunt is on fire, and God, I want to burn alive! This deep-voiced Dom knows just how to bring me to the edge, before letting me back down just enough to increase my frustration.

“You’re so fucking cruel,” I grate out.

“Oh, baby girl, you have no idea. If you were mine, I’d keep you locked up forever.”

A purr escapes me and I tangle my fingers in my hair as my back arches. “What else?” I ask, the *s* dragged out into a breathy whisper.

He grinds his hips into me in delicious circular motions, and I can all but sense the wicked grin on his lips. “You’d be a kept woman. You’d want for nothing. And I’d fuck you every day like a depraved, sex-starved beast.”

“Mmm,” I moan, my toes curling in my heels. “What a fantasy.”

“It’s our fantasy, Beauty,” he says discarding the vibrator to seize both my legs. “Tonight, it’s ours.” And then he pummels my insides until a scream tears from my throat and I feel something I’ve never felt before. Wave after wave of pleasure rips through me, accompanied by a godawful intense pressure. It has me swearing like a fucking sailor. “Shit! Fuck! Oh my God!” I cry. And then my eyes widen and a mortifying feeling overwhelms me. It feels like I’m going to piss myself! *Jesus, no!* But it’s too late. There’s no stopping it. The sensation crests and crashes, and I feel a deluge of warmth surging from my body, and a part of me dies inside at the humiliation.

But on the other side of the curtain strips, the Beast’s reaction is very different. “Fuck, yes!” he crows, riding me to

his own ecstasy. “Oh, baby! You didn’t tell me you’re a fucking squirter!” His grip on my thighs tightens painfully and his pelvis seizes against me before he bucks—once, twice, three times, pumping his load inside of me—filling my already sopping wet cunt with his cum.

The Beast groans. Then a series of thuds against the booth shocks me, causing me to jolt in my bindings. I can only assume my patron just punched the fuck out of the wall on the comedown from his orgasm.

*That’s so hot! To think that had anything to do with me...*

“Sweet fucking Christ,” he breathes, trailing the backs of his tattooed knuckles over the hot flesh of my bare cunt. “That was incredible. You’re a rarity, Beauty,” he says. “It’s not every day you meet a squirter.”

My brow furrows and the corner of my mouth quirks in a thoughtful grimace. I’ve seen a woman squirt online before—I’m no stranger to porn—but I’ve never experienced it myself. *And I certainly didn’t know it would feel like that.* “I didn’t know,” I answer honestly, my humiliation sloughing away, replaced by first-time sense of shyness. “It’s never happened before.”

The Beast growls. “This was your first time? And it was with me? Fuck. You are in so much trouble.”

I shiver at the danger in his tone.

“You know what’s coming next, don’t you, baby?”

I lick my lips, then bite the lower one. I know, all right. “My ass, Sir.”

“I’m going to fuck the shit out of you,” he warns. “Now, I’m going to let you free, and you’re going to roll over and back this fine thing out here. Understood?”

A sting sings across my poor pussy as he slaps me. I yip and wince. “Yes, Sir,” I say loud enough to be heard above the music. “Anything you want, Sir.”

The words tumble from my lips as if they're something I've said a thousand times, as if they're as natural to say as breathing. Being his personal service slut consumes me. It's degrading and erotic all at once, and all I know is I want more. *More of this feeling.* And thank fucking God, my Beast seems only too willing to oblige my desires.

One after the other the Beast releases my legs from their shackles. With a concerted effort, I slide up the leather bench, pulling my legs back through as elegantly as I'm able to while sliding in our combined fluids. My legs are still quivering from the last orgasm he tore from me. I reach for my handbag and snatch up my secret flask, sculling another shot of liquid courage. Added to the delirium of my release it instantly relaxes me, the hot, smooth buzz rushing straight to my head.

“You okay in there, Beauty?”

“Coming, Sir,” I call back, securing my booze before climbing back onto my wet fuck bed. Carefully, I get on my knees and back up through the glory curtain, the leather strips tickling my ass as I go.

“That's my girl.”

His praise sends shivers through my soul. A moment later and I feel his strong hands on the fleshy globes of my ass as I ease myself over the edge. Relief floods me when my heels make contact with the floor on the other side. With my upper half hidden from view, I adjust myself until I'm comfortable, resting my weight on my forearms. This position feels somehow even more intimate and vulnerable than being shackled and spread-eagled on my back. Teetering precariously on my heels, my voluptuous ass out there in the air for all to see, I feel like a bitch-cat in heat—presenting my puckered and sopping hole for a fuck-starved tomcat—ready to be bred.

## Chapter Five

“You’re shaking, baby girl. Are you afraid I’ll split you in half?”

My breath catches in my throat and my heart races, but I’m not afraid. Tonight, I’m a whore, and I can take anything he can dish out. I’m just another woman practicing the oldest known profession on Earth—just another fuck hole in a long and cum-smearred history of the trade. As long as he’s not actually being truly violent, I’ll be fucking fine.

“I’m not afraid of you,” I answer back with a little more sass than intended.

A resounding sting sings across my ass, jiggling the flesh with a hot, searing pain. I hiss through my teeth, realizing my mistake. “I’m not afraid, Sir,” I correct, already getting wet over the thought that I’ll have a nice, big, pink handprint on my white ass to remember the Beast by when the night is through.

“I enjoy power play, Beauty,” he says, dragging his cock up and down my ass crack. “And I want you to want me, but I don’t want you to fear me. I want to fuck you to within an inch of your life, but I don’t want to break you.”

I sway my hips suggestively as he spreads my cheeks. “But what if I like to feel scared, Sir?”

His grip on my flesh tightens, and I feel him readjust his stance. “My voluptuous beauty is a fast learner and wants to dance with the Devil?” he asks, as if to himself. “I certainly did get lucky tonight. If fear is what you desire, pretty bird, then I will indulge you.”

To my surprise the Beast’s cock vanishes momentarily and something pliant but hard is pressed to my still-sopping cunt. Without the need for foreplay he eases a huge fucking fake cock inside of me one inch at a time. I won’t know whether it’s a dildo or a vibrator until ... I do. It slides in—stretching me—and forces a gasp from me.

“How does that feel?” he growls.

I whimper as I try to maneuver my hips, but he holds me down, one strong, inked hand splayed on the base of my spine. “It’s so big.”

“That’s a thick ten inches, Beauty. And you’ve taken it like such a good girl.”

I almost purr in response to his praise. I don’t know how he does it, or what it is, but his deep and commanding voice sends shivers through my very soul. When he speaks I want nothing more than to please him. Every “good girl” is like a balm of honey across old wounds, healing some dark and desperate part of me that craves love, as much as pain.

“Are you ready for this?” he asks.

“Yes, Sir. Please, Sir. Fuck my ass!”

My world explodes in a mind-numbing cacophony of sensation. The faux cock in my pussy begins to vibrate, buzzing away inside me with an intensity that has me curling my toes in my heels. A second later, the Beast is buried in my ass and I see stars as I’m shoved forward. My poor nipples scream as the nipple clamps biting them jostle against the leather-covered bench.

A tirade of curse words spills from my lips, syllable bitten off and expelled with a breathy punch as the Beast fucks my poor chocolate starfish without mercy.

His cock feels even bigger inside my ass than it felt inside my pussy. Perhaps because there’s so much more resistance back there? My tight sphincter clutches at him as he reams me, and his groans and growls of ecstasy heighten my own. Time loses all meaning, and I find myself drifting away from myself. *Is this what they call subspace?* I wonder vaguely as my cunt spasms endlessly, and another rush of warmth runs down my legs to splatter my feet and the floor.

“Oh, Beauty. Your body was made for magic,” croons my master. “I think it’s time to ramp this party up and test your limits.”

I hear his words like the echo of a storm, distant and powerful it rumbles over me as I ride the high of my orgasm.

The Beast slows his strides, until there's just the vibe humming inside my quivering cunt. Then I feel something else. His fingers brush my clit, and I moan, lost in a world of pleasure. He attaches something to it, and I wonder if it's one of those butterfly clips that boyfriends put on their girlfriends to tease and torture them from afar in a sinisterly discreet fashion.

My whole body weeps with exquisite, agonizing wonder as my clit begins to buzz—the vibrations sizzle through me and straight to my core, stealing my feet from under me. Sagging against the bench, I almost lose my grip and begin to slip. Panic surges within me. If I slip too far I'll fall right off the bench and my identity will be revealed!

Before my precious anonymity can be stolen from me, my Beast takes action. As my cunt and clit are ravaged and my body so alive with sensation as to be numb, he secures me to the bench with a soft but firm rope, wrapping it around me and the bench.

Relief floods my soul. I want to thank him, but it takes all my energy to keep breathing. So I do the only thing I can. Oblivious to the pain caused by the nipple clamps as I lay upon them, I reach back a weary arm, my hand searching for his. I feel his strong fingers enclose around mine, and it's everything. My soul thrills.

He squeezes gently, then withdraws, spreading my legs roughly to chain them to the floor—ensuring unhindered access to both my needy holes.

*Dear God. What now?*

## Chapter Six

Voices reach my ears over the sexy and hypnotic bass as I wonder what's to come. I know the business end of the glory holes are open to anyone who wants to be there. It's only our booths on this side of the curtain that are closed off into individual small rooms to afford us glory girls some sense of privacy. But until now, whoever else was frequenting the other holes was busy with their own escapades.

Now, snippets of targeted conversation leach into my pleasure-fueled delirium. They're talking about me. Multiple men. Some are commenting on my extensive tattoo work, admiring the lush red roses with their thorny bramble vines that wind their way up from my ankles to my panty-line, creating a naughty path for those brave enough to follow.

The Beast slathers something cold on my poor asshole—lube—priming me for what's to come. And then I know exactly what's coming ... or at least I think I do. Another silicone cock works its way deep inside my ass, eliciting a low moan from my lips. I feel so full, and so very used. The clit tickler still assaults my nerve endings, frying my brain, while the vibe firmly lodged up my pussy vibrates with a vengeance. *How can I possibly take more?* I muse vaguely. I'm about to find out.

A switch is flicked and seconds later my ass is vibrating from within. I cry out. It feels like a fucking construction company has gone to work inside me. Everything vibrates. Everything! A screaming great orgasms rips through my exhausted body as I reach some new threshold of brutal overstimulation, and I spasm on the bench, my bound limbs jerking of their own accord.

Judging by the comments echoing in my ears, I have a decent audience now. A bunch of voyeurs just watching my Beast destroy me—and loving every minute of it. A part of me registers that I should find this all highly erotic. The thought of putting on a show for multiple men, and having them all



jacking off over my pale, curvy body is hot to the extreme. But my mind is a blur. Everything is distant, as if the experience is happening to someone else. Yet at the same time, my body is very, very present.

“Are you still with me, Beauty?” I hear the Beast’s voice pierce my mind like a hot razor blade, cutting through the cacophony of the music, and the commentary of the voyeurs.

“Yes, Sir,” I manage.

“I need you to relax now. This is your grand finale. It’s curtains after this, baby.”

I don’t know that I could be more relaxed. I feel like a frenetic pile of jelly. I’m utterly fatigued, but still somehow mercilessly on fire. My body is as pliant and ready for more as it’s ever going to be. If the Beast is going to pull out all the stops, then now’s the time.

A probing sensation registers and I feel myself stretched beyond my wildest fucking fantasies. It seems impossible. I can’t quite grasp what I’m feeling. But then I feel the Beast’s sac slap firmly against my ass, and with an almost mortifying gratification I realize what’s going on. *Holy shit!*

“How does that feel, Beauty?” he asks, his voice thick with desire. “How does it feel to be fucked in the ass by two cocks?”

My mind spins and I feel almost drunk on adrenaline and orgasm-infused dopamine. He’s DP’ing my poor ass! I can’t even.

The Beast starts slow, teasing me with long strokes as he grates out a growl. “Fuck, baby girl. You have no idea how good this feels—how good *you* feel.”

My arms hang limply over the sides of the bench now, my face gracelessly smooshed against my fuck bench. I have no words. I have nothing left in reserve at all. I’ve officially been reduced to a series of warm, sloppy holes to be used and abused. I couldn’t put up a fight now if I tried. There’s no spunk in me, no resistance. I am submissive, and it’s all I’ve

ever wanted. To be used, to feel like I matter. All that's left is to feel treasured and loved. But for tonight, I'm rocking someone else's world, and that's enough. It has to be. At least for now.

The Beast's fingers dig into my hips as he picks up the pace, plowing my ass alongside the buzzing vibrator lodged way up in there. Guttural groans tumble from his lips as the vibrations thrum through his sensitive cock.

I can't imagine what it must feel like for him. He's sandwiched between two vibrators as he pounds the literal shit out of me. At this point, for me, it's just all icing. I've lost count of the number of orgasms this wicked man and his playthings have torn from me. Like a rag doll I lay limp and spent as the Beast thunders home. Then in a monstrously animalistic show of power, he pulls out at the last moment and I feel his hot cum splatter the small of my back. It almost reminds me of a dog pissing to mark its territory.

I wish. What a dream it would be to be with this delicious Beast again. But the odds of that are unlikely, unless he's a regular. What I wouldn't give to be with him, to see the no-doubt devilishly handsome face that belongs to that gruff, sexy voice, and those strong tattooed hands. A sigh escapes me and I close my eyes a moment. I could almost fall asleep right here, ass to the world and all.

"Good girl, my Beauty," says the Beast, interrupting my doze. He gently removes the clit tickler and one after the other, withdraws the vibrators filling me. Releasing my ankles from their bonds, he unties the rope securing my middle. Then with his pelvis pressing firmly against my ass, he reaches beyond my curtain of anonymity and delicately removes the nipple clamps.

I shriek in agony, suddenly and instantly alert as the pain of blood flowing back to my poor nipples sobers me. *Fucking Jesus*. They hurt so much! I bite my lip and whimper as tears sting my eyes. Who knew that the clamps would be the most painful part of this whole damn experience? Mind blown.

The Beast strokes the swell of my hip where his short fingernails have broken the flesh, and he growls low in his throat. “I’ll see you again soon, Beauty. You’re mine.” And then he smacks my ass—hard—causing me to yelp. Then, with a heavy heart, a broken body, and a regretful desire to see his face, I allow him to boost me back up onto the bench. Then like the slut that I am, I crawl back through the curtain in my wet heels and into the safety of my grungy, neon-lit, graffitied booth.

## Chapter Seven

Everything aches as I stumble from my booth barefooted, handbag slung over my shoulder. As I climb the stairs in the back of the building to the Glory Girls' accommodation, my poor nipples feel like they're on fire, and I have no sense of anything below my navel. I can't tell my cunt from my ass. The agony blurs together to the point that it's all just one pulsing, aching mess.

Tonight, I've been used to the max. I feel thoroughly and outrageously satisfied, not to mention exhausted. I can barely walk. The Beast gave me more pleasure in a single session than my so-called Dom ex did in the years we were together. To say this experience has been mind-blowing is a viciously severe understatement.

When I reach my room, lucky 13, I turn the key in the lock and shoulder open the door. Shutting it behind me, I literally drop my shoes, toss my handbag on the coatrack, and managing a few more paces I collapse onto my bed. It's so soft and welcoming. It feels like a cloud compared to the firm leather bench of the booth.

With a small grimace as I snuggle up, hugging an L-shaped pillow for comfort, I vaguely regret that I'm making a mess of my sheets. They'll be fluid covered and crunchy by morning... But there's nothing for it. I'm spent. I'm so very, very done. I couldn't shower right now even if I wanted to. The Beast stole the legs from under me, that's for sure, and I'm not sure I'll ever be the same again. *My beautiful, seductive, inked devil has ruined me!*

So, now there's nothing to do but give in—to succumb to a black, dreamless sleep—and hope that I'll find my strength again when the sun rises. But I'm not holding my breath, because I think that damned Beast stole more than just my legs.

\*\*\*\*

The alarm on my phone goes ballistic, sounding from across the room in my handbag where I left it on the floor, dragging me from blissful nothingness. I groan in the all-consuming darkness of my room. There're no windows to let the sunlight in. If I didn't set my alarm, I'd never know night from day. My sparse room, though empty of anything that defines me, feels like what I imagine the womb is—warm, dark, and safe.

With a sigh, I roll onto my back and rub my eyes, immediately overwhelmed by last night's shift. "Jesus H. Christ," I say under my breath to the darkness. How am I going to survive if every shift is like that? It might be phenomenal money, but damn! Even now every nerve in my body thrums, still overstimulated, still reliving the memory of my one night with the Beast. Heaving a sigh, I slip from my sheets and make my way toward the door, thankful my room is almost furniture free.

Stooping down, I find my handbag and free my phone, switching off the stupid alarm. I feel like I could sleep for a hundred years more. The glare of the screen has me squinting my eyes to read the time. It's 10:00 AM. And I suddenly realize I'm starving. I guess I worked up an appetite. But first, I'm in dire need of a shower. Flicking on the light switch, I yawn and head to my small but sufficient bathroom.

When the hot water hits my skin, a relieved sigh escapes me, and the tension and aches in my body slowly begin to melt away, disappearing down the drain, along with cum and lube. I don't think I've ever appreciated a shower so much. Grabbing my loofah and shower gel, I begin to scrub, washing vigorously until I'm sure that every inch of me is squeaky clean.

The aroma of my coconut and spring jasmine shampoo relaxes me further, and soon I feel like a new woman. Turning off the shower, I towel dry my long black locks and get ready for the day. Slipping into my favorite pair of worn black jeans, I pull on a well-loved hoodie, slap on some basic makeup, and

before long I'm out the door and on my way into the city to seek out a late breakfast.

Catching myself in the mirror as I leave through the rear of The Glory Hole, I shake my head with amusement. My everyday look is light-years apart from my Glory Girl one. It's like chalk and cheese, and somewhat amusing. Without my heavy makeup, perfectly straightened hair, and ink on display, I could be anyone or no one. Passersby would never guess that I'm the newest girl at the most well-known and exclusive glory hole club in New York.

I don't even have to walk a block and I find a bustling cafe with people from all walks of life. As agoraphobic as I am, I still feel safer among a varied crowd than a ritzy one. Being a curvy, tattooed girl, I've never fit in with the wealthier sort that makes this hive of activity their home. In my head, I'm just me. A woman trying to find her feet in the world, and a path that will lead to a better life. I imagine to the elite, I must look like scum. The kind of filth they wouldn't even deign to spit on in the street. I'll never be high class. I'll never belong to their world, so why even try? It's not who I am. I'm an outcast and I'm okay with that.

Finding a window seat away from everyone else, I sit down, remove my sunglasses, and look at the menu. My rumbling belly wants to indulge in quite a few options. Overwhelmed with choice, I eventually decide on eggs benedict and a cappuccino. Some protein and caffeine to get my day started sounds like a smart idea. After all, who the hell knows what tonight will bring? I'm probably going to need all the energy I can get!

## Chapter Eight

Just as the waitress brings my order, a familiar voice rocks my world.

“May I join you, Beauty?”

My heart nearly stops, then takes off like a bat out of Hell, flapping about in my chest like it’s on ‘roids. *Holy shit. No fucking way!* I swallow the lump in my throat, my mouth uncomfortably dry. “Beast,” I whisper, my gaze rising to meet those of the impeccably dressed, and handsome-as-fuck man standing by my table. He’s beyond beautiful. The perfect mix of classic style and carefree rugged manliness that only comes with money and confidence.

The Beast sits, adjusting his jacket, his eyes never leaving mine.

I can barely breathe. *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.* “What are you doing here?” I manage, squeezing my thighs together and biting my lip anxiously.

The Beast smiles, and it’s the smile of a fucking devil. It could melt hearts and wet panties. “I did tell you I’d see you soon,” he reminds me.

“I didn’t think ... I thought you meant you’d come back to the club.”

“Then you forgot the part where I told you that you’re mine?” he asks, raising a brow.

I lick my lips and tuck my hair behind my ear. “I guess I didn’t really think too much on it,” I admit. “I was pretty wrecked last night ... I could barely walk up the stairs to my room.”

The Beast smiles again, clearly proud of his efforts. “And how would you feel about being barely able to walk somewhere else?”

“Somewhere else?” I ask, frowning, and fidgeting beneath the table. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” he starts, adjusting his cufflinks with a smirk, “you and I in my penthouse.”

My eyes must be bugging out my goddamned head. “I’m sorry, what? I’m a Glory Girl, not an escort. I don’t do take-home gigs.”

“This is not that sort of ‘gig’, as you put it,” he says. “I want you, Raven. And I want you to be mine, and only mine.”

My jaw drops. “I don’t know what to say.”

“I came here to claim you, my Beauty, and I won’t take no for an answer. I know why you’re working The Glory Hole. I know you’re struggling and that you’ve been hurt. I want to protect you. Give you a home to call your own. And I want what we shared last night to be only ours from this day forward.”

I stare at the Beast. *What does he do for a living? Who is he? Why me?* I have so many questions, but he only wants one answer. “How do you know anything about me?” I retort a little more boldly than I intend—a bit more like my old self.

“When you have money, nothing is off limits, Raven. And I always get what I want. I asked after your when you finished your shift. Nothing insidious. Cash for information, that’s all.”

“So, you want me to be your personal slut?” I ask, my gaze falling to my untouched coffee as I fight my anxiety.

“I want you to be my everything.”

“So, what—your girlfriend? You’re asking me out?”

“In a manner of speaking. My limousine is waiting out front. You need only say yes, and a whole new world awaits you. You can have anything and everything your heart desires,” he says, his deep brown eyes drawing me in like a moth to a flame.



“What were you even doing at The Glory Hole?” I ask, unable to bury my burning curiosity a moment longer. “You’re handsome and obviously rich. You said yourself that you always get what you want. So, why the hell visit a place like that?”

The Beast smirks. “Why does anyone visit?” he retorts.

“For anonymous, degrading, dirty sex.”

“When you’re as well-off as I am, you soon learn that every woman you meet just wants a piece of you. They’ll do anything to please you. They’re liars looking for a payday. Nothing about them is genuine or real. They’ll do things they hate to snare you. And you get tired of it. I’ve visited The Glory Hole a handful of times to let off steam and enjoy myself with someone who genuinely enjoys what they’re there for. When I spank a woman, I want to know she’s getting off on it, not faking it. So, there you have it. I visited for the same reasons any deviant male does. For anonymous, dirty, and degrading sex.”

Satisfied with his honest answer, I push on. “How do I know I can trust you? And why me? I’m no one.”

“I may be many things, Raven, but I will never hurt you. That is, unless you ask me to.”

My cunt begins to tingle and I catch my breath behind my teeth, mind racing. This man does things to me I can’t even begin to explain. He’s the most devilishly handsome man I’ve ever laid eyes on. It’s like he just walked straight off the front page of *Mafia Weekly* or something. Not to mention his voice is like my very own kryptonite, and the things he did with those tattooed hands ... I sigh. *Am I trading up one devil for another? A sparse cage for a gilded one?*

“I inquired after you because our session was unlike any I’ve ever experienced. I felt *you*, Raven. I felt a connection between us—an inexplicable and perfect compatibility. And when our time was over, I realized that one night with you would never be enough.”

Heart racing, I could die on the spot. I felt it too. And I wished our time didn't have to end, but this is like something out of a dark, fucked-up fairy tale!

"You don't have to decide now, but come home with me. Let me show you what could be yours."

I grimace, shaking my head. "I think this might be a mistake. I don't belong in your world. Just look at me!"

"I am looking at you, and I like what I see, Raven. You're beautiful, and you have a killer body. Just because you have a dark past doesn't mean you don't deserve more. Why be a Glory Girl when you can be a queen of New York? Why not take the chance?"

I glance down at my untouched food and a shiver of excitement, combined with anxiety, thrills through me. "All right," I say. "I think you're a little mad, or on something, but I'll come see your place, Mr. Beast."

"Call me Dante."

*Ugh.* What a gorgeous and befitting name. "My name's Cassidy," I offer.

"I know," says Dante.

Returning his smirk with more courage than I feel, I fish into my purse for the money he tipped me last night to pay for my sad, cold, and untouched breakfast. "Of course you do." *The club manager would have spilled his guts for a couple hundred.*

Dante catches the waitress's eye and she returns to our table.

"Would you like the bill, sir?" she asks.

"No need. This should cover it," he says, passing her a crisp fifty-dollar bill. "Keep the change."

The waitress's eyes boggle, and she grins. "Thank you, sir. Thank you so much," she says as she removes my cold meal from the table.

“Shall we?” Dante rises, offering me his hand.

Throwing caution to the wind, I shoulder my bag and place my hand in his, my heart hammering as his fingers close around mine. *I took a chance leaving my ex. I took a chance becoming a sex worker. And now, I'm going to take this chance, too!*

Dante smiles, offering me a small nod of appreciation. “Fortune favors the bold, Cassidy,” he says approvingly. He guides me from the cafe and toward his limo, and a world to which I’ve never dared dream of, let alone possibly belong.

## Chapter Nine

I gawp in wonder at Dante's living space. It's beautiful. And the view is absolutely breathtaking. It's like I can see for eternity, from horizon to horizon. The city stretches before us, sprawling in all directions like a living, breathing entity—its sole purpose to consume all that it touches. But despite this, at its very heart, Central Park stands out like a lush green jewel. The waters of the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Reservoir glitter as blue as a sapphire beneath the midday sun, adding to the spectacular sight.

“Oh, Dante,” I say, suppressing a gasp. “It's so beautiful. It'd be like living in the clouds, looking down on the world like gods.”

Dante comes to stand beside me. “You could wake up to this view every morning if you wanted,” he says.

I sigh, approaching the floor-to-ceiling windows until my toes can go no further. Suddenly the Beast returns. Unexpectedly, I feel his strong hands on my hips, and the firmness of his muscular body crushes me against the glass. I throw my hands up instinctively, my palms pressed to the window as he kicks my legs apart. He leans into me until I'm forced to turn my face and my cheek is flattened ungraciously against the cool, smooth surface. My breath fogs on the glass, and I'm acutely and deliciously aware of the growing bulge in his tailored trousers wedged against my ass.

“Now,” he says, his breath hot against my ear. “Imagine me fucking you against these windows, my Beauty. Your naked body on display, far above the world, as I bury my cock deep inside you.”

*Sweet Jesus.* I'm already wet. I can feel it. And still I don't understand. How can this affluent and gorgeous king of New York City want me of all people?

“Would you like that, Cassidy? Would you like Housekeeping to find your splayed fingerprints, and the swell

of your breasts left behind on the glass for them to clean? Or, I could turn you around, and we scrub these shining panes with this thick, sexy ass.” Dante gropes my ass, his fingers slipping between my thighs to tease my pussy. Even with the protective fabric barrier of my jeans, his touch sets me on fire.

“I can’t hear you, my Beauty. Would you like that?”

I feel his hands tangle in my long raven-black locks a second later, and wince as he ramps up the tension, sending tingling bolts of lightning dancing across my scalp. I moan, despite myself. It’s all I can do. Words fail me completely as his free hand cups my breast, taunting my nipple to agonizing hardness. My breath hisses out of me, and I whimper. Without thinking I push back, pressing my ass to his bulge in need.

“Cat got your tongue, my Beauty?” he asks, a dark chuckle in his tantalizing voice. “Very well. I always find actions speak louder than words anyway.” Taking a small step back, his deep growl washes over me. “If you want to be fucked right here and right now, take off your pants.”

Before I know what I’m doing I begin to unbutton my jeans with trembling fingers. If nothing else eventuates from this strange adventure into the Lifestyles of the Rich and Shameless, how can I deny myself this fantasy? Being fucked against the windows overlooking Central Park? It’s a scenario I never imagined but instantly want gratified.

I start to wiggle, gently easing my jeans over my hips and down my ass.

And it’s all the Beast needs—my consent and desire, the confirmation that I want this. He reefs my pants down without effort, and I assist as best as I’m able when they get to my ankles. Stepping on one toe, then the other, I pull my feet out of my boots. No sooner am I done, than the Beast grabs the hem of my hoodie and my tank top underneath. I raise my arms automatically as he yanks them both over my head, leaving me in nothing but my lacy black bra.

In a breathless second I feel it go slack as he flicks the clips free. The last item of clothing concealing my form from the endlessness before us falls to the floor, and I'm nude.

"How does it feel?" He breathes against my neck, brushing my long dark curls over one shoulder to trail kisses along my throat.

I lean back against him and let out a little mewl of pleasure. His warm lips feel so good on my skin, and I'm lost in the moment, eyes closed, savoring it like the last melting morsel of a delectable chocolate on my tongue.

I zone out, because in the next instant I'm shoved against the glass again, and there's no mistaking the feel of his bare cock against my flesh.

"Oh, Beauty, you were truly made for me. Look how wet you are," he says, bending his knees to rub his cockhead against my soaking pussy lips. "You can't fight it, Cassidy. You and I are meant to be."

Before I can utter a sound he plunges inside of me, his hard shaft burying itself like a honed blade. I cry out in exhilaration as he thrusts deep, using his weight to anchor me to the glass. With my ample breasts pressed to the windows, I gaze out over New York City, my breath fogging the pane as I pant like a bitch in heat.

"Oh God," I gasp, splaying my fingers for better purchase on the smooth surface.

"No, baby. It's just your Beast, conquering his Beauty in the tower."

Our fantasy role-play he's so naturally adopted sings to my book-loving soul, and I mewl as he pumps faster, quickening his viciously brutal strokes until I'm not sure I can stand without the support of the window.

"That's my good girl," he soothes as he fucks me like a wild thing. "I'm going to take such good care of you."

And I believe him. *God, I believe him.* I might be a fool, but he calls out to a deeply primal instinct within me, one that begs to be fucked into oblivion, then filled with his cum.

“Will you let me take care of you, Cassidy?” He croons in my ear, slowing his strokes to slam me into the glass with each enunciated word. “Will you be mine?”

I cry out as he hits my G-spot with pinpoint accuracy. It robs me of my wits, and all I can do is shudder as I ride the wave of my orgasm, grimacing inwardly as my cunt anoints his pristine windows with my pussy cream.

## Chapter Ten

The Beast withdraws and spins me around, the cool glass suddenly at my back.

Sighing, I let my head fall back a moment to catch my breath, before returning my attention to his beautiful, chiseled features.

“So, pretty bird, will you be mine?” he asks again, his dark gaze boring into my soul. “Say yes, and I’ll give you the world. Fine dining, haut couture, jewelry, exotic holidays, you name it, and I’ll make it happen. Just be mine, Cassidy.”

With my heart curiously quiet in my chest, I suck in my lower lip, scrutinizing the man who would give me the world. “Call me Raven,” I answer. “Cassidy is gone.”

Dante’s smile takes my breath away.

“Well, Raven,” he answers without missing a beat. “Same question.”

Distancing myself from the broken girl I became, I embrace who I once was—the alternative, bold, book-loving nerd. The woman I can choose to be again. “I will.” I grin.

The Beast descends upon me, picking me up as easily as if I were a rag doll and not a voluptuous sex worker. He spins me around, embracing me tightly. “Come,” he says. He puts me down gently and takes me by the hand. “Let me show you your new home.”

Practically dragged from room to room, I follow Dante in a daze. The penthouse is perfect. Everything is white, and all rooms feature floor-to-ceiling windows to make the most of the scenic, panoramic city and Central Park views. The entire place is appointed to a level of luxury and style that I feel I’ll have trouble coming to grips with for years to come.

“Close your eyes,” he says suddenly.



I quirk my brows in question, but obey, putting my trust in my Beast, my Sir, my Dante. He leads me slowly forward, then guides me around a corner.

“All right,” he says, and I can hear the smile in his panty-melting voice. “Open them.”

I swear to God that for several beats in time my heart just stops dead in tracks, and I forget how to breathe. From floor to vaulted ceiling and all around me, books line custom-built shelves in a circular library of such opulence that I want to cry. “Oh my God, Dante,” I gasp. “You have a private library?”

“Do you like it?” he asks. “Being the inked, expressive, and alternative type who is so evidently into fairy tales, I thought you’d appreciate it. This is where I come to think and lose myself when I need to take a breather from the family business.”

“It’s what dreams are made of,” I whisper, turning on my heel to drink it all in. “It might be the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. I had to leave all my books when I left my ex. It devastated me, because stories have always been my everything. I could read for days on end. And I’ve always wanted to write, though I’ve never had the chance. It was taken from me...”

Dante smiles and places a gentle kiss on my hair. “Then it’s yours, Beauty,” he says. “Read and write until your heart’s content. Make it your own, decorate it as you please. It’s my gift to you for taking a chance on me—on us. You have my undying support.”

A million thoughts race through my mind, each one ending with *holy shit!* Tears leak unbidden from my eyes, and I try to snuffle them back, but it’s as futile as fighting my Beast’s charm. I’m done for. He’s got me hook, line, and sinker. If he had an enchanted rose and a monstrous curse, I’d still throw myself at him. Dante is a living, breathing fantasy come to life. He’s the monster that’s come to save me. And I’ll be damned if I’m going to let him slip through my fingers.

“Thank you so much,” I sob, crushing myself to his chest. “For everything.” *For visiting The Glory Hole last night. For choosing to spend your session with me. For rocking the very foundation of my world. And for deciding I was worth more than what life had given me,* I want to say. But I think he knows, so I just close my eyes and revel in the intoxicating aroma of his signature aftershave.

“Thank you, Raven,” he replies, stroking my hair, and holding me tightly in return. “I’ve been wishing for a girl like you for a long time. You’re everything I’ve ever wanted.”

I hiccup and laugh against his chest, before raising my face to meet his gaze. “I’m a grungy and tattoo-covered weirdo, Dante.”

“And I’m a tattooed, underworld kingpin,” he answers casually, his dark eyes gleaming.

“So ... when you said I’d be your queen, you weren’t joking, were you? You’re like, with the mafia or something?”

Dante brings my hand to his lips and kisses it, formally introducing himself. “I’m the King of the Underworld, and the Don of the Mafielli Family. I *own* New York City.”

Eyes wide, I blink. “Fuck me,” I breathe. “That would explain the shit ton of security, and the dudes in suits on every level.”

Dante Mafielli simply nods. “This is my castle, and this, my tower. You are safer here than anywhere else in the country.”

“Dante, I ... I don’t know what to say.”

My Beast swoops down. Seizing my face in his hands, he silences me before I can formulate my next sentence. He kisses me with such passion and ferocity that I’m left reeling in its wake, like a sailor dunked and tumbled through the barrel of an impossible wave only to be spat out the other side, not knowing which way is up or down.

In the next instant, Dante sweeps the nearest table with a broad stroke of his arm, sending books flying to the floor.

My book-loving soul flinches, but there's no time to dwell on the sacrilege, because Dante bends me over it, pinning me down with a firm hand between my shoulder blades. "I say we christen your library, Beauty."

And so the deal is sealed. I grip the table, moaning as he fucks me, fingering my clit beneath the table—playing my body like a fucking master musician. "Oh, Dante," I pant, grinding my cunt into the table. "I need more!" A moment later a resounding *smack* echoes throughout the library, and pain flares from my ass, emanating in torrid waves of stinging shock.

The Beast growls low in his throat.

"Please, Sir!" I correct, frantic with need. "I need more."

"Good girl," the Don of the Mafielli family praises, sending shivers down my spine. "I knew you were a smart one." Then like a devil he begins to work one finger after another into my quivering ass, all the while maintaining his delicious stride. "You're going to get more, my Beauty," he promises. "*So much more.*"

**The End**

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## **BONUS SAMPLE CHAPTER**

# **INFERNAL DESIRES**

### *Loving Monsters, 3*

**Faedra Rose**

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**Sample Chapter**

“With this blood I summon thee, Lucifer Morningstar, Fallen One, King of Hell, Bringer of Light, and Master of Truth.” My voice is strong and unwavering as I chant alone in the middle of the forest. “Come to me on this Hallowed Eve, grant me your favor! Grant me my desires!” The lush forest falls silent as the candles of my circle are extinguished by a timely gust of brisk autumn wind.

I hold my breath, shivering in my simple white slip-dress beneath my black velvet cloak. The shadows loom and stretch around me, distorted by the dappled moonlight, reaching with gnarled fingers as if to ensnare the unwary.

For most, Halloween is nothing more than an excuse to overindulge in candy, wear risqué costumes, and run-amok ... but for me it's so much more. Tonight represents sacred tradition, a duty passed down from mother to daughter since the time of the infamous Salem Witch Trials. The foremother of our line paid with blood and flesh to save us all, to grant us protection, and to ensure we had a future beyond the cruelty and barbarism of those dark days.

The world has changed, and continues to change, but religious zealots still exist, and bigots of all kinds ravage the world with their hate-mongering. Inciting fear and panic among the masses on a daily basis, they ruthlessly corrupt from their untouchable positions of authority. And so, the truth remains that people have in fact not changed at all. Not really. The ill-informed are still as easily led, and stupid as sheep. They'll flock to the first false shepherd to promise prosperity, and rid them of their supposed enemies. And history has proven that time and time again my kind often fall prey to being viewed as just such an enemy.

And that's why I stand here tonight in my ceremonial circle of salt and flame, pantless and ready for what is to come. I must make the same sacrifice my forebears have made over the centuries if I am to ensure the renewal of our powers, and the safety of my great family. These powers I speak of are no sham. They are real, a gift from the Dark Lord, himself. All he asks in return is our fealty and love—quite literally. Soon, I will know the fiery touch of the Devil, and experience the depths of his depraved and infernal desires for myself.

The candles unexpectedly relight, bursting into flames one by one, until the circle is complete once more. A great fire erupts from the center of my makeshift altar on the forest floor, the flames spiraling upon themselves in a flurry, as if caught up in a great hurricane. The heat and wind buffets me, and I shield my eyes as the brightness diminishes.

There can be no mistaking the horrifyingly beautiful beast that now stands before me on cloven feet. His pitch-black eyes gleam with the eternal darkness of the Abyss, like

unholy jewels nestled into the face of an angel, his form more perfect than any likeness ever carved by the hands of man. Great curling horns like those of a ram sprout from his head—adding to his already unnatural height—and black hair spirals to his shoulders, drawing my attention to his long, braided goatee.

My breath catches in my throat as my gaze drops one painstaking inch at a time, drinking in the magnificence of his broad shoulders, chiseled abs, and the definition of the famed Triangle of Adonis that leads to the forbidden treasure resting beneath the silky black fur that covers his crotch and monstrous goats' legs.

"I've been expecting you," says Lucifer, his deep voice husky and full of illicit promise.

"Master," I breathe, falling to my knees, head bowed.

"What is your name, girl?"

Swallowing the urge to whimper, I clear my throat and raise my voice to just above a whisper. "It's Willow Wildes, Master. Daughter of Lily, granddaughter of Abigail."

"Ah, yes," he says. "I remember them most fondly. Each more than earned their power." Lucifer pauses a moment, before squatting and lifting my chin with a long, curved claw. "And now you seek your own power," he says. "As the women of your line have done for some three-hundred years."

I tremble as I gaze into the eternity of his dark eyes. "Yes, Master. I have come to offer you blood and flesh in return for your favor, just as Sarah did so long ago."

"You are a unique beauty, Willow Wildes," he says thoughtfully. "I have not seen this for over a hundred years." Raising my chin further, he brushes away errant strands of my blood-red hair to examine my face. "One blue, and one green, for the sky above and the earth below. Most intriguing."

"It's a condition. We call it heterochromia," I whisper.



“It is a good and rare omen,” the Devil interjects. “It bodes well for you, my pretty. To be different is a gift in and of itself. To wear your difference with pride, and stand apart from others as unique takes courage.”

“I only ask for that which my foremothers were given,” I say as he rises.

“I cannot give you the powers of your foremothers,” he answers, looking down upon me.

Fear and sudden panic surge in the pit of my stomach, bringing with it the sour taste of bile. I wring my hands in my lap in an effort to contain my nerves and maintain my self-control. *Dare I question the Dark Lord?* I lick my lips, my gaze fixed on his cloven hooves. “Have I offended you, Master?”

“No, child.”

Heart racing, I feel like I’m going to be sick. “Am I unworthy?”

“Far from it.”

“Then why?” I ask, looking up to gaze upon his flawless face backlit against the bright moon.

“You have been marked for greatness, Willow. I cannot give you that which I have given your foremothers because you are destined to have much greater powers.”

“Greater?” The word tumbles from my lips unbidden in wonder.

“Much greater,” he emphasizes.

With chaotic butterflies in my belly, I place my hands on my knees—palms facing up in submission and obedience—and hold his gaze as boldly as I’m able. “Ask of me what you will, Master, and it will be yours.”

End of sample chapter

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