



Tantalizing
BOYS OF
KINGSTON
ACADEMY *Kings*

ALISHA WILLIAMS

TANTALIZING KINGS
BOYS OF KINGSTON
ACADEMY

BY ALISHA WILLIAMS

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CONTENT WARNING

Please note that Boys Of Kingston Academy is a dark reverse harem. There is no bullying with in the harem, but there could be some triggering content. The BDSM in this book should not be used as a guide in any way, and if you are looking to practice, please do the research on how, to make sure you're partaking properly and safely.

While the first book can be seen more on the lighter side, as the series progresses, there will be dark content and story lines involved.

In this book, there are hidden cameras where one of the main men pleasures himself. As well as watching the main girl as she sleeps. Future books in this series will contain MM and BDSM

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Content:

*Violence

*OW drama

*Mention of MMC's with OW in the past.

*Offensive language

*Profanity

*Voyeurism

*Masturbation

*degradation

*Rough sex

*Stalking

*Overly obsessive men

*Stepbrother

*Student/Teacher

*Host Club

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Trigger Warning:

*Alcohol use

*Eating disorder

*Past Near Death mentioned

*Child Abuse

*Bullying (outside harem)

*Hurtful insults

*Mention of past SA

*Cheating (Main girl's ex. Not harem members.)

WELCOME TO KINGSTON ACADEMY

The Kingston Host club would like to formally welcome you to Kingston Academy.

These fine men are not what they appear. If you're looking for sweet gentlemen who whisper pretty words in your ear, you've come to the wrong place.

Now, if you're looking for something a little more dirty, naughty and down right sinful, then we've got you.

DEDICATION

This one's for the lovers of a certain Host Club anime.

I give you a dark romance with drama, sex and in this story,
she doesn't choose.

Chapter 1

Sadie

A deep, heavy sigh leaves my lips as I check my phone for the fifth time in the last few minutes.

I texted Raymond, my boyfriend, that I decided to go to this end of the summer party after all. Looking down at the text, I see that it's been delivered, but not read. So, he hasn't even looked at the message.

Parties haven't really been my thing for quite some time. I have my reasons, but this is the last party before me and my friends start university, and I feel like the past two years I've missed out on a lot of my teenage experiences. I only have one year left before I'm officially not a teenager anymore, and I don't want to look back and regret it.

Lucas, a legacy of Kingston Academy, is throwing this party at his lake house. His parties are always wild and crazy. I've been to a few in the past, and I have no doubt this party will be another one to remember.

Sadly, so was the last one I went to.

I huff and check my phone one last time—nothing. I'm not going to sit around here all night, waiting for him to message me back. Getting out of my car, I leave it on the side of the road with all the others, and start heading toward the lake house.

The road is on a hill, giving me a view of the property below. The house is full of life, with people screaming and laughing as they spread out over the lawn.

Looking down at the beach, I shake my head at the drunk fools who are making a dangerous choice by swimming. Judging by the way they're stumbling over their own feet and laughing like it's the funniest thing in the world, it's the last thing they should be doing.

I walk down the gravel path, cursing myself for not wearing my sneakers as I feel every jagged rock through my

thinning flip-flops. I'm starting to wonder if this is even worth it.

Once I'm at the bottom, the music and the people get louder, and I instantly regret coming here. I'm already trying to get rid of a headache, and this is just going to make it worse.

Shaking off the negative thoughts, I look at my phone again and see that Raymond still hasn't read my message, but it says he's online.

He's the one who asked me to come tonight. He knows I'm not one for parties, and I know I turned him down like I always do, but it never seemed to bother him before, so why is he ignoring me now?

"Hey, Sadie!" one of the guys from the lacrosse team shouts as I walk up the stairs to the front door.

I give him a little wave and a small smile but keep going, trying to fight my way through the crowd gathering on the porch.

I'm not what you would call popular, but because of my friend group, people know me. Plus, dating the captain of the football team, everyone knows who I am by default.

Stepping inside, I look around the sea of people, hoping to catch a glimpse of him anywhere. My eyes stop on one of his best friends, Todd. If anyone knows where Raymond is, it's Todd. As I approach him, he looks over and his eyes go wide. He quickly looks over and whispers something to the guy he's talking to then turns around and takes off upstairs.

Well, that was weird.

"Sadie!" one of my best friends, Emma, shouts as she staggers her way over to me. "You made it."

"Hey, Em." I laugh as she bumps into me. "Yeah, I thought I'd come for a little bit. Have you seen Raymond?"

"Nope," she replies, popping the p. "But who cares? We're so much better than some stupid boyfriend! The girls are

waiting for me to come out back with some more drinks, come hang out with us.”

“I will in a few minutes,” I tell her, looking around the room to see if I can see him through the crowd of bodies. “Just want to say hi to Raymond first, let him know I’m here.”

“Fine.” She pouts. “But you better come out back after.”

She takes off and I shake my head, smiling as she stumbles her way back through the crowd, bumping into everyone she passes. My friends are a hot mess, but they’re my hot mess.

I’m about to check the kitchen when I see Todd heading back down the stairs. He meets my eyes again, a panicked look on his face before glancing back the way he came.

There’s a voice inside my head that’s telling me I have something to worry about, making my pulse start to race and my gut feel like it’s sinking.

“Where is Raymond?” I ask Todd. *I know he knows.*

“Ahh, he’s in the bathroom. I just let him know you’re here. He said he will be down in a few. You know guys and number two. Always taking forever.” He lets out a nervous chuckle—the tremble in his voice is giving away the fact that he’s hiding something.

I crinkle my nose at the mention of Raymond taking a shit, then shake my head.

“I’m going to go up and meet him” I move to take the first step, but he quickly blocks my path.

“Just wait here.” He laughs. “No need to go all the way up there when he’s just going to be a moment.”

I shoot him a glare. “Move.” I step to the side to go around him.

“Sadie, please don’t go up there,” he groans, moving in front of me.

“Come on, man, let the girl go see her boyfriend.” That voice makes the hair on the back of my neck stand, and my

jaw clenches in anger. Lionel, Raymond's other best friend, chuckles.

"Lionel," Todd says in a warning. Done with their bullshit, I ignore them both, push past Todd, and make my way up the stairs.

I know where the bathroom is, so that's the first place I go to. Only the person that comes out of it isn't Raymond, but some other guy.

I'm about to look around, poke my head into a few doors to see if I just missed him, when I hear a loud, lusty moan. "Oh, Raymond!"

My body freezes as my heart begins to pound painfully in my chest, my gut churning. I shouldn't go toward it, I know I'm not going to like what I see, but my feet slowly walk in the direction the sound came from.

Stopping at the bedroom door, I hear the loud sounds of a headboard banging against the wall. As I turn the knob, I swallow down the lump in my throat.

Raymond's pasty white ass bounces as he pounds into some girl from behind. "Fuck!" he groans. "Your pussy is so fucking wet. So tight."

Angry tears fill my eyes as I watch my boyfriend cheat on me. And to top it off like some fucked up cherry on a sundae, the bed is angled, so you can see the door in the mirror off to the side, giving me a view of who it is. He's fucking Tina, the girl who made my life hell when no one was around.

Raymond hasn't noticed me yet as he continues to pound into her. She doesn't freak out at the fact that I just walked in on them. Instead, a slow grin takes over her lips. "I bet Sadie doesn't let you fuck her like this," she moans.

He lets out a grunt and a chuckle. "That bitch doesn't let me do anything. Fucking prude. She never puts out. Not like you, baby."

"It's why you keep coming back to me, don't you, baby," she moans, thrusting her ass back into him, making him groan.

“Can’t help it. You’re addicting, baby. You always give me what I need. She doesn’t. She doesn’t know how to please me like you do. Oh, fuck!” He groans, stilling as he cums inside her.

I’m not sure if I should cry or puke, maybe both? And it’s not just because I caught my boyfriend of three years cheating on me with my enemy, it’s because he’s been pressuring me to go on birth control so we can stop using condoms, not that we had sex all that much, anyway. All the while, he was fucking her without them behind my back.

Tina gets around. There’s nothing wrong with being open sexually and enjoying sex with whoever you want, but the fact that Raymond is willing to take that risk with her and then push it unknowingly onto me makes me sick. I feel gross; I feel fucking violated.

As Raymond pulls out of her, he finally notices me standing here, tears running down my cheeks.

“Fuck,” he hisses, eyes going wide.

I put my hand up to stop him before he can say anything else. “Don’t even. Save it. How could you! And with her!” I point to the smug bitch. “After everything she’s done to me. We are *done*. Don’t call me, don’t text me. We are *over!*” I hate how my voice shakes, but I’m proud of myself for ending things. For knowing I’m worth more than this.

Not wanting to give him the chance to try to make up some bullshit excuse and talk his way out of it, I turn around, leaving the door wide open as I head back toward the stairs.

He shoves the dagger deeper into my heart, as he doesn’t try to defend himself, but just screams after me. “Like I fucking care! You’re nothing but a prude. A sorry excuse for a lay!”

Swallowing down my cry, I wipe my tears away with the sleeve of my hoodie.

I can’t believe he would do this to me. We’ve been together for so long, I thought he loved me. He told me he did. But clearly he didn’t.

If I'm being honest with myself, I never loved him. At least not in that way. I think I convinced myself that I did, because I thought I should. We were friends for so long before getting into a relationship, we had a connection, a past.

I had a crush on him, I thought he was funny and cute. All my friends had boyfriends and I wanted that too. So when he asked me out, I jumped at the chance.

At first, everything was fun and exciting. He made me smile, laugh and I even had butterflies in my belly any time I would see him.

But as time went on, things changed—he changed. He wasn't the guy I fell for. He started going out with friends all the time and partying. Then he would call me drunk and let his friends make crude comments, not bothering to defend me.

That led to us getting into fights. When he was sober, he would come over with flowers and tell me how much he was sorry and that he loved me.

I stupidly forgave him every time. Slowly, over time, it changed me. I wouldn't say I hate who I am now, but I miss the days when I was carefree. I think I just ended up staying with Raymond because I hate big changes. Maybe I was too blind to see the signs, but I have a feeling he's been cheating on me for a long time.

“Hey there, Shady. See anything interesting up there?”
Lionel taunts as I reach the bottom of the stairs.

“Fuck you!” I spit. “And fuck your stupid friend. Now I don't have to see your ugly face anymore.”

His nostrils flare as he takes a step forward. “Watch your mouth, you little bitch.”

“Hey, man, chill,” Todd says, stepping between us.

Not wanting to be around any of these assholes, I turn around and head outside to find my friends sitting by the fire pit.

Taking the chair next to Emma, I snatch her bottle of beer out of her and bring it to my lips. Tipping it back, I chug it all.

“Hey!” she protests. “That was mine.”

I gasp, sucking in a breath as I grimace. “Fucking nasty,” I grumble, dropping the bottle on the ground and grabbing whatever Alice is drinking.

“What the hell, Sadie?” Alice laughs.

“Sorry.” I wipe my mouth with the sleeve of my hoodie. “Just found Raymond fucking Tina.”

Emma’s eyes practically bug out of her head. “You’re fucking kidding me?” she asks, gaping at me.

“Nope.” I take another drink of Alice’s fruity drink.

“I never liked him. And I’ve always hated her. They deserve each other,” Alice scoffs before giving me a pitying look. “I’m sorry that happened, babe. Want us to go up there and chop all her hair off or something?”

That makes me laugh. “No. We’re better than her.” Although, seeing her freak out over the loss of her long, luscious locks would make me feel a hell of a lot better.

“Fine.” Alice sounds disappointed. “I’m going to get more drinks. How does getting shit-faced sound?”

“Like a better ending to my night than the way it started.”

Alice gets everyone more drinks and we spend the rest of the night getting trashed. By the fourth drink, I don’t have a care in the world when it comes to Raymond; and by the sixth, I’m too fucked up to even walk.

“Careful. I got you,” a voice sounds from around me as I walk toward my car. At least I think that’s where I’m going. I don’t have a clue what’s going on.

Arms wrap around my waist as someone literally sweeps me off my feet. Or maybe I’m flying? I close my eyes and pray I don’t puke on whoever this is. I should be fearful that some strange man is carrying me somewhere.

Whoever this is, though, he smells nice. I sigh and snuggle into him. Fuck Raymond and his tiny dick. Fuck the shitty sex. Fuck everything about him.

I'm too out of it to care about anything anymore, drifting off into the blackness. *Stupid Sadie, didn't you learn from the last time?*

I'm never drinking again.

Chapter 2

Sadie

I jolt up in the bed, my hand slapping over my mouth. Panic rises in me as I scramble to get out of bed. I take off, running out of my room and across the hall to the bathroom.

Thankfully, I make it to the toilet before heaving up everything from last night.

“Sadie, honey, are you okay?” my mom asks, sounding close behind me. I didn’t have time to shut the door, and now she has to see me hungover as hell, puking my guts up.

“No,” I groan as I get sick again. She sighs and walks over to the bathroom sink. She waits until I’m done and flushes the toilet before handing me a wet cloth and a cup of water.

“Thanks.”

“Are you sick? Did you eat something bad?”

“No.” I close my eyes and lean back against the wall closest to me as I place the cold cloth over my face.

“Are you pregnant?” she asks slowly.

“What?” I sputter, pulling the cloth off my face and glaring at her. “No, Mom, I’m not pregnant. We use condoms.”

“Condoms can break, you know.” She raises a brow as she leans back against the door.

“I’m not pregnant, okay? Me and Raymond hardly had sex, anyway.” I wouldn’t be surprised if that’s why he felt the need to cheat on me. Not getting any from me, so he went somewhere else to get it. *Fucking asshole.*

“Then why are you getting sick right now?”

I groan, knowing she’s not going to be too happy with me. “I went to the end of the summer party.”

“Really?” Her brows jump. “You never go to parties.”

“I know. But I thought, why not, life is short and all that. Turns out I should have just stayed home.”

“What happened?” Her face contorts with concern.

“I caught Raymond with another girl.” I feel another wave of nausea hit me as I think about it.

“Oh, honey.” She crouches down, putting her hand on my knee.

“I’m okay. I don’t want to be with someone who will cheat on me, so I broke up with him.”

“Good! I never liked him.” She shakes her head. “He’s so full of himself.”

“Yeah.” I use the cloth to wet my face. “So, I kind of got caught up in the moment and got drunk with my friends.”

“You’re nineteen, going to University. I can’t tell you what to do. But please be safe. I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

“I will.” I give her a small smile. “I’m sorry.”

“Come on, let’s get you back to bed. School starts tomorrow, and you don’t want to feel like shit on your first day.”

I snort a laugh at her choice of words and let her help me to my feet.

For the rest of the day, I lay in bed and scroll on my phone. I change my relationship status to single, which caused the comment section to blow up with more questions than I care to answer.

It’s not the only thing I do. I change my profile photo on everything to me and my friends, block Raymond’s number, and delete the thirty-five texts he sent me without looking at them. Going through my phone, I get rid of any photos of him and me, and crop him out of group ones.

By the time supper rolls around, it’s like we had never been together. I know it’s not that easy to forget someone you spent so much time with, but it’s a good start.

I used to think any time one of my friends broke up with their boyfriends and practically deleted them from their life, that it was drastic because they’re erasing memories. Some that they might want to look back on in the future.

Now, I get why. And if it's someone who's hurt them as bad as Raymond hurt me, then I don't blame them.

Mom has to work after supper, so I just end up having a night in and going to bed early.

When I wake up the next morning, my stomach is in knots. Forcing myself out of bed, I take a shower and dry my hair. I don't style it or put on makeup, not really finding it in me to care about that today.

Grabbing my uniform, I put on the gold and red skirt, making sure to wear my spandex shorts under it. Normally, I'd wear my school sweater but decide on the white and red shirt with the matching blazer to the skirt.

Thankfully, I didn't need to buy anything new for this year. Kingston Academy isn't like most schools. It's broken up into three different buildings; elementary, junior/high school, and then the university. The property is massive and a full-time job to maintain.

That's where my mom comes in. She is a third generation groundskeeper. Her grandfather started here when the school was founded, then her father took over, and now her.

This place, this little cottage on the edge of the property, is the only home I've ever known. I was born and raised here.

I've been going to school with these kids my entire life. While I might not be crazy rich like the kids I grew up with, I'm a bit of a legacy myself. Kind of like I'm grandfathered in.

No one has really bothered me about it, except for Tina and her asshole friends in the past. Overall, it's been amazing.

My mom is actually best friends with the headmistress. Headmistress Killian's great-grandfather founded the school. She and my mom went to school together, raised their kids together, and are still going strong.

Only, I haven't seen the boy who watched over me like my own personal bodyguard in a very long time. I asked Mom whatever happened to Collin, and she just told me he went to the all-boys' academy in the next town over. While it sucked because I really did like him, he was a few years older than

me. I couldn't expect a teenager to show interest in some little kid anymore.

As I leave my room, I pick up my messenger bag and toss it over my shoulder, then head down the hall to the kitchen. There's a note on the counter, and I smile as I read it.

Have a great first day of school, Sadie. Remember, hoes before bros. I love you!

I snort a laugh, smiling as I shake my head. I love my mom. It's just been the two of us my whole life, but she's amazing. My dad passed away when I was a baby, and my mom doesn't talk about him much. It takes everything in her to hold herself together when he's mentioned. All I know is they had a great love, she called him her soulmate.

She never bothered remarrying. She never even really dated until this past year. Her boyfriend's name is Mark, but any time I try to get any information out of her when it comes to him, she just blushes and tells me they're taking things slow.

I can tell this Mark guy makes her happy. I wish I had his last name so I could stalk him on social media and make sure he's not hiding some kind of horrible past. But she's an adult and knows what she's doing.

Tucking the note into my bag, I grab an apple out of the fruit bowl and head out, locking up behind me.

It's a warm day, the sun beaming down on me, and I'm tempted to take my blazer off already.

I jog up the little hill that separates our cottage from the rest of the property. When I get to the top, I can see the girls' dorm.

Emma, Alice, and Mia are all waiting by the tree next to the dorm. When Emma sees me, she starts to wave like crazy before they all come rushing over to me.

"She's alive!" Mia cheers, laughing, her bright purple hair blowing in the soft breeze.

“Hardly,” I sigh, taking a bite of the apple as we walk toward the University building.

“We’ve seen you’ve been busy.” Alice laughs, bumping her shoulder against mine.

“After what he did to me, I’d like to forget everything. Including the three years I’ve wasted on him.”

“You’re better off without him. You can do so much better. And now you’re a university girl, single, ready to mingle, and free to play the field,” Emma jests.

“Why, so the next guy can call me a prude and go fuck someone else when I don’t put out on the first date?” I snark, still feeling bitter and hurt about what Raymond said.

“That’s why I said play the field. Have some fun. Experiment, enjoy life! You’re young, you don’t need a boyfriend. Test a few guys out, see what you like.”

I snort. “Emma, they’re humans, not sex toys.”

“Why can’t they be both?” She wiggles her eyebrows, making us all laugh.

As we get to the University building, I pull my phone out to see where my first class is located. We took a tour before summer, so I’m pretty sure I can find my way around.

At least, I hope so. This place is huge, like a damn castle.

Alice and Mia take off to their class, telling us they will meet us in the café at lunch. Emma stays back. “I know Raymond has always been a part of our friend group, but now that you’re not together, we choose you. Honestly, it’s not just me who stopped liking him a while ago. Since he joined the football team, he’s turned into an asshole. We are more than happy that you two are not together.” She grimaces. “Sorry, Sadie, I didn’t mean it like that. What he did to you was fucked up, and we’re sorry you’re hurting.”

“It’s fine,” I sigh, tucking my phone into my bag. “As much as it hurts, I’m glad we’re over. I wanted to end things a long time ago, but I guess I just didn’t want to be the bad guy.”

“Not the bad guy, babe, never the bad guy. You’re the sweetest person ever.” She puts her hand on my arm. “You’ve changed a lot, you know, over the past few years. Not in a bad way, but...” She bites her lower lip.

Tears sting my eyes and I swallow hard. I’ve wanted to tell her, to tell the others. I’m just not sure of the details of that night.

“Someday,” I whisper, letting her pull me in for a hug.

“We just want that shine in you back. For you to be happy. We’re not going anywhere, you know that, right?”

“I know.” I hug her before taking a step back. “Like my mom said, hoes before bros.”

“What?” she laughs.

“Never mind.” I toss my arm over her shoulder and walk toward the entrance.

As we go to step inside, I feel someone watching me. I look around, wondering if it’s Lionel. But my eyes land on someone else. My brows furrow as I see a tall man, dressed in a charcoal suit standing by a nearby tree. He’s watching me, his stare intense.

The mystery man slowly gives me a sexy grin before looking me up and down. He licks his lips and turns away, heading around the corner of the building.

What the hell was that? *Who* the hell was that?



“SADIE, WOULD YOU JUST talk to me!” Raymond shouts, pretty much chasing after me as I rush down the hall. As I was leaving my class to go meet the girls for lunch, Raymond was out there waiting for me. I didn’t stop and took off down the hall. I guess he doesn’t understand that I don’t want to talk to him. Or maybe he does and just doesn’t care.

I don’t know why he would want to talk to me, anyway, seeing how he made his thoughts on me very clear the other

night.

“I was drunk! I didn’t mean it. It was a mistake.”

I don’t say anything, my heart pounding erratically. I feel sick. I just want him to leave me alone. Ducking my head, I weave my way around students.

When I don’t hear him shouting at me anymore, I cast a glance over my shoulder only to see the man from before blocking Raymond from passing.

That has me pausing in my tracks. I step closer to the wall and watch. Raymond is pissed as he directs his shouting at him. The guy says something, getting in his face and Raymond shuts up, his jaw ticking and nostrils flaring. I’m too far away to hear what they’re saying.

They argue for a few more seconds before Raymond looks my way. The man looks too before looking back at Raymond and pointing down the hall in the opposite direction from me.

Once I see Raymond turn around and leave, I resume my path toward the café. I can’t stop thinking about that guy, how he stopped Raymond. He must be a teacher here. Not one of mine, not that I know of. But I’ve only been to three classes so far.

The first thing I do when I walk into the café is look for my friends. I sigh in relief when I see them all sitting at the table, no guys with them. Then I look for Lionel, knowing if he’s here, Raymond will end up joining him. After making a few passes over the room, I don’t find him and let out another sigh.

“Hey, sexy bitch! How was your morning?” Alice asks as I take a seat at the table, sitting next to Emma and across from Alice and Mia.

“Not bad.” I shrug. “I picked all the easy classes.”

“Lucky,” Mia grumbles. “You have a job waiting for you whenever you want it.”

“Ah, so do you.” Emma laughs.

“Yeah, but I still have to take all the business classes before my dad will let me have a spot in his company. It’s not just being handed to me like Sadie.”

“Hey!” I huff, tossing a fry at Mia who picks it up and eats it while flipping me off.

After University, I plan on working with my mom, then taking over for her when the time comes. I’ve never really had any major dreams like being a doctor, teacher, or lawyer. It always fascinated me that my family has a rich history, being a part of Kingston Academy. I want to be a part of that legacy. I don’t have any siblings, so if I don’t take after my mom, this job dies with her and is given to someone new. I can’t let that happen.

My mom does have a brother, but he married a Kingston legacy and pretty much disowned my mom and grandfather before he passed. He saw an easy life with money and took it. He has a daughter, Emily. We’ve gone to the same school, but run in different friend circles. She’s nice enough, but we’re not close.

It hasn’t stopped people from comparing me to her from time to time. *I hate it.* She’s rich, popular, and doesn’t hide it.

And I’m not. I mean, my mom gets paid really well, so we’re not exactly hard off, but it’s nowhere near how much money these kids get to live off. Pretty much what my mom gets in a year, these kids get in a month to just piss around with.

My dad was a student here, but he was one of the few scholarship students. So when he passed, my mom wasn’t left with anything but a broken heart.

“Did you run into the one who shall not be named?” Emma asks.

“Yup. He was waiting for me outside my last class.”

“What did you say to him?” Mia asks.

“Nothing. I walked past him without a word. That didn’t stop him from chasing me down the hall, though. It was so

embarrassing. Everyone was watching.” I groan, putting my head down on the table.

“Where is he then?” Alice asks, looking around.

“A teacher stopped him and sent him away.”

“Good,” Emma says.

“Did you hear about Lionel?” Alice asks.

My head pops up. “What about him?”

“One of the girls from the party texted me that he got arrested last night.”

My brows furrow. “What for?”

Her face goes grim. “Rumor is, he hurt a girl there. Like beat her up. That’s all I know, but she said they’re looking to charge him with more.”

“What?” I whisper in disbelief, my stomach dropping, no longer hungry.

“Yeah, I have a feeling if he doesn’t get locked up, his parents will send him away. They don’t want it to mess with their perfect image.” Alice shakes her head. “Guy’s a fucking creep.”

“He better fucking get locked up,” Emma seethes. “I hate how guys like him get away with things because of their money.”

For the next half hour, I mindlessly scroll on my phone, trying not to think of that monster and the poor girl he attacked. Thoughts of that night are not what I need to ruin my day today.

“Sadie!” Emma bumps my shoulder.

“Sorry, what?” I ask, putting my phone down.

“We’re sharing juicy stories, girl. You’re missing out.” Alice laughs.

“What kind of stories?” I smile, raising a brow.

“Craziest place you’ve ever fucked,” Mia answers with a smirk.

My brows jump and my eyes widen. “Ahh...”

“Mine was that one time at that party, on the dance floor.” Alice grins proudly. I remember her texting me that night and telling me all about it.

“I ate a girl out on the bus during a school trip,” Mia offers, blushing.

Emma laughs. “Trust me, we all knew.” Mia’s face pales.

“Really?” she looks around at all of us.

“Girl, Molly was pretty much screaming the whole time. You picked the loudest girl possible. Also, it was all over your face when you popped up from the seat.”

“Oh, god,” Mia groans, sliding down in her chair.

“And mine was in Charlie’s hot tub.” Emma wiggles her eyebrows. Charlie is her boyfriend who goes to the all-boys school an hour away. She goes to his parents’ place most weekends.

“What about you?” Mia asks.

Embarrassment floods me. “I don’t have any crazy places.” It’s my turn to slide down in my chair.

“What? You and Raymond did have sex, right?”

“Yes. A few times.”

“A few times!” Alice gawks. “You’ve been dating for three years!”

“And I’m pretty sure the main reason why he cheated on me was because I didn’t put out.” I sit up in my seat and lean over to lower my voice. “I didn’t want to hurt his feelings, but Raymond fucked like a fish out of water. He would lay on top of me and flop around a little bit before dramatically groaning. Then he would roll off and ask if I came. I indeed did *not*. If you have to ask, then clearly you’re doing it wrong,” I declare, giving them a blank look.

They all look at me, shocked, before bursting out laughing. “Oh, babe. I’m so sorry.” Alice’s face is red from laughing so hard.

“Yeah, yeah,” I grumble, slumping back in my chair.

“You poor thing.” Emma wipes her eyes. I flip her off, making her laugh harder.

“I would do things with him every now and then to please him, but I didn’t want to have sex with him just because he wanted it. I don’t like being used like that. So, we hardly had sex. He only cared what he got out of it. Any time I brought up trying something that might help get me off, he would blow up and act hurt, so I stopped asking.”

“What a selfish dick,” Emma scoffs. “He never even tried to get you off?”

“Does the time he thought he was playing with my clit, but it was really my left labia count?” I glare at her, and she struggles to hold in more laughter.

“Oh, babe, we need to get you a real man. I can’t believe you’ve never had an orgasm.”

“I’ve given myself plenty,” I argue.

“Yes, but it’s so much better when it’s with someone who knows what he’s doing. Who reads your body like a book, who makes sure you’re feeling good before focusing on themselves.”

“There are guys out there like that?” I ask. “Where can I find myself one because that sounds pretty damn nice, if you ask me.”

“Yes,” Alice sighs, giving me a pitying look.

It’s just now that I notice she’s eating a piece of strawberry cheesecake. “Wait!” I whine. “They were serving cheesecake?”

“Sorry, babe.” Alice winces. “You know the rules, only one per person. I thought you would have made it in time.” I didn’t even go to the line to grab something to eat, coming right to their table as soon as I saw them.

Disappointment fills me as I pout. I’m about to beg for her last bite because it’s my favorite when someone places a full slice down on the table in front of me.

My eyes widen, a smile finding my lips. I look up, only no one is there. All three girls are looking to my left. I follow their gaze and my belly flips. Biting my lip, I watch as Declan Harris walks out of the café.

Declan is a year older than me. We didn't go to school together last year because he'd already graduated. But before that, the first year everything started going dark in my life, Declan was the little piece of light that I looked forward to. We never really talked, not more than a few words here and there. But it's like he knew when I was at my lowest. He would do things like this, giving me my favorite dessert when there wasn't any left. I'd open my locker to find a rose, or little origami butterflies on my desk.

I always knew it was him because I'd find him watching me, waiting for me to notice. And as soon as I did, he would give me a small smile and leave.

"It's been a few years since that's happened," Alice says, sounding amused.

I look down at the cheesecake and take a bite, moaning as the flavor hits my tongue.

"I bet you wish it was Declan making you moan like that," Mia teases with a chuckle, and I choke on my cheesecake.

"Mia!" I shout before taking a sip of Emma's water. "He's your fiancé."

She waves her hand at me. "And I'm gayer than gay. You know it's just stupid family business. You really think I plan on having a loving marriage with him? He's nice and all, but not my type."

"I'll never understand you rich people and your marriage contracts." I shake my head. "Why can't you just marry for love?"

"That's the goal, babe. We're working on it," Mia sighs, casting a quick glance at Alice. Mia is madly in love with our best friend, but Alice is too dick drunk to notice. "He's free to be with whoever he wants. Even if I'm unable to get out of this arrangement my parents are forcing me into."

“Oh! I know the perfect people to teach you.” Emma bounces in her seat excitedly, staring expectantly at Mia.

“Teach me what?” I give her a look.

“Yes!” Mia snaps her fingers and points to Emma. “They would be perfect.”

“Who would be perfect for what?!” I look at them with frustration and confusion.

Alice grins wide. “To show you the proper way to fuck and be fucked.”

My face falls. “Who?”

“Declan and his merry men.” Mia grins, leaning back in her seat.

“You don’t mean....”

“The Kingston Host Club,” Alice confirms with a nod. “It’s perfect. It’s what they do.”

“No, it’s not!” I glare at her. “Women pay them for company, someone to talk to, to spend time with. Not fuck!”

“Sadie, our sweet, innocent Sadie,” Emma sighs, shaking her head. “You have so much to learn.”

Chapter 3

Sadie

I'm not really doing this, am I? This is crazy. My friends are nuts. I should turn around and head back to the café and tell them I'm not doing it.

There's no way they would take me on as their client. I'm not even sure this is something they would accept, even if my friends think so. Not to mention, I'm nothing like the girls they work with. They're going to take one look at me and laugh.

"I'm not going in," I say to myself and turn away from the red and gold wooden doors.

"Oh, yes, you are," Emma responds, popping up from behind a potted plant.

"What the fuck?!" I jump back, nearly having a heart attack. "Why the hell are you hiding?" I hold my hand to my chest, my heart racing.

"Because we knew you would chicken out," Mia says, stepping out from behind the statue a few feet behind Emma.

"Really?!" I glare at my best friends as Alice steps out from behind Mia.

"Yeah, really. Come on. Just go in there and see what they can do for you. What can it hurt?"

"My pride, that's what," I mutter, running a hand down my face. "I can't really go in there and say 'hey, I know you guys rent yourselves out to women, so I was wondering if you would let me hire you to help me build confidence when it comes to sex and maybe teach me a few things.'"

"Why not?" Emma shrugs her shoulders. "I would, but my man keeps me very satisfied, thank you very much. And you can't act like you don't have a thing for the main Host Club members."

"I don't. I don't even know who they are. It could be full of assholes for all I know." I toss my arms in the air. "This is crazy."

“You do know them. Grayson Taylor, Preston Jones, Declan Harris,” Emma lists, a smug smirk spreading across her face.

My jaw drops. “You’re kidding me, right? Why has no one told me this!”

“Nope.” Alice and Mia adopt the same smirk as Emma.

My eyes drift to the doors as I nibble on my lower lip. They’re the three guys who have a significant meaning in my life while still being strangers. Because the fact is, I’ve never had a real conversation with any of them, but I have a past with each of them.

“Who better to worship your body like a temple than the men you dream about at night?” Emma wonders as she tosses her arm over my shoulder.

“I do not dream about them,” I huff. *Lie*, I do. Or at least, I have before.

“Look, if you really don’t want to, you don’t have to,” Emma says, her face growing serious. “If you wanna be single for a bit, just enjoy some you time, go for it. Or maybe go on a few dates and see what’s out there. Maybe your next boyfriend will know what to do with his dick and find your clit.”

Emma tries really hard to keep a straight face, but we both burst out laughing, the other two joining in.

“I don’t know, this isn’t something I ever thought I’d do.” I look back at the doors.

“I think you owe it to yourself to explore and see who the real Sadie is. Life is short, don’t spend it with someone who can’t make you cum.”

“Oh my god, can we stop making this all about sex?” I snort, pushing her arm. “They could help me learn to talk to guys, to build up some confidence. I mean, who better to ask what a guy wants than a guy?”

And I want to do this for myself. I want to feel good. To feel wanted. Even if it’s just a little fun. But to have a man

look at me, really look at me, and not think about anyone else is something I want.

“Fuck it,” I sigh, shaking out the nerves. “I’ll do it. What can it hurt? If I don’t like it, I can always leave. Hell, I don’t even know if I can afford their prices.”

“That’s our girl. Get that sexy ass in there and try,” Emma cheers, slapping my ass. I shoot her a quick glare as she winks.

Taking a deep breath in and blowing it out slowly, I head toward the massive red and gold doors.

As soon as I step in, I’m in awe. Classical music with the mix of people talking and laughing drifts around the room.

I feel out of place. I look so... plain next to these girls. They all somehow look like super models in their uniforms.

“Can I help you?” someone asks, startling me. I look over and then up to a very handsome man. He towers over me easily. Grayson Taylor. He’s smirking down at me, a flirty grin on his face, along with a raised brow. His arms are crossed, pulling his red blazer pulling tight around his broad shoulders.

When he clears his throat, my eyes snap up to his and he chuckles deeply— damn it, I do like that sound. He steps forward but I don’t move, my feet rooted in place as I hold my breath, my heart pounding in my chest. His hand reaches out, and I wait to see what he’s going to do.

Reaching around my head, he pulls my satin scrunchie from my ponytail, making my hair tumble down around my shoulders. “Better,” he whispers, licking his lip.

Holy shit, this man is intense in a surprisingly arousing way.

“Now, let me ask again. Can I help you?”

Swallowing thickly, I try to form words. “I-I ahh... Never mind,” I mumble, spinning around to leave, but as I turn, Grayson darts around me, blocking my path.

“Not so fast, Pretty Girl. You came here for a reason, and I’d like to know why.” He leans forward, his lips brushing

against my ear, and I shiver, holding in a whimper. “Stay and play for a while. I’ve missed you.”

He steps back, a smirk curling his lips, which tells me he knows exactly what he’s doing to my body as he extends an arm in the direction behind me. “This way.”

Grayson, Preston, and Declan, as far as I knew, were not friends growing up. If I remember correctly, they actually hated each other. Well, at least Grayson and Preston did. They always got in trouble because Grayson loved to get Preston all riled up. While Grayson was the class clown and the school flirt, Preston was the broody asshole who most people feared to piss off. He never used his fists, but I’ve heard that him using his words as a weapon was just as bad.

My past with Grayson is different from the others. While we’ve never talked much, it seemed to be Grayson’s goal, for as long as I could remember, to make me blush. He would give me flirty compliments, call me pretty girl, and tell me how good looking I was as we passed one another in the hall.

We were in different grades, so I never had any classes with him, but he always found a way to compliment me every day. I never realized how much I missed it until right now.

“I always did love it when you wore your hair down,” Grayson’s voice is low and husky in my ear as he steps around me to lead the way.

My cheeks heat, as does my belly. This man. My my, how he has grown. It doesn’t surprise me he would be a part of the Kingston Academy Host Club.

Taking deep breaths to try to calm my racing nerves, I follow Grayson.

“Boys, we have a guest,” Grayson announces as we step into a little sitting room toward the back.

Everyone stops what they’re doing and looks over at me. I fidget with the hem of my sleeve, hating all the attention on me.

Looking around, I see a few guys and girls I don’t know. They look at Grayson, and there must be a look on his face,

which I can't see, that makes them nod their heads and leave, taking their clients with them.

My eyes find Declan, and I can't help but smile a little as a giddy feeling fills my chest at remembering the piece of cake he left me. But it falls fast when I see the conflicting emotions on his face as he leans in to whisper something to the girl he's talking to. She looks over at me, shooting me a glare before huffing and walking past me. I have to step to the side to avoid her walking directly into me, then quickly jump back to avoid the girl who was talking to Preston.

I'm quickly reminded of how much I don't belong here. "You know what? I'm going to leave. I'm sorry to bother you." I turn to run, but Preston's one worded demand has me stopping.

"Stay," he commands, his voice hard and filled with authority. Slowly, I turn around to find him standing in the corner, leaning against the fireplace. His blazer is off, revealing his pristine white dress shirt. The first few buttons are undone, and I'm surprised to see a bit of ink poking out. Not many people in Kingston Academy have tattoos. It's pretty frowned upon in their society.

"Sit," he commands again, nodding his head to the couch.

That pisses me off. "I'm not a dog, you know. You can't just give me one word commands, expecting me to listen," I argue, lifting my chin with a raised brow as I cross my arms.

"Oh, ho, ho." Grayson chuckles. "Sassy, I like it."

I want to shoot him a glare, but I'm caught in a standoff with Preston. His jaw ticks, nostrils flaring. He didn't like my little outburst, and I'm regretting it because I came here to ask them for help with something. This isn't how I should be going about the situation.

He's still the same man with a dark cloud over his head. The man I used to spend time with almost every day.

There's a little church on the school's property that holds sentimental value to me. When I'm feeling sad, or just wanting some time alone, I'd go there, climb to the top of the tower

and sit, looking out the window, looking over the property as far as I could see.

The church is old and run down—I didn't expect to find anyone there. Until one day I did. Preston was sitting in my spot at the top of the tower. He looked up at me and I could tell he wasn't in a good place. I kept my mouth shut, just taking a seat on the other side of the window. We sat there in silence for hours until he had to get up and leave. He never said a word to me.

That became a regular thing until he started University. He stopped showing up, and it was just me, alone once again.

Knowing this isn't going to get me anywhere, I let out a little sigh and take a seat on the couch.

“Good girl,” he praises, and fuck, I want to melt into a puddle at his feet. But at the same time, I want to tell him to get fucked. *What is wrong with me?* Never have those two words affected me so much.

“Now, wanna tell us why you're here?” Grayson asks as Preston and Declan join him, standing at his sides.

“Ah...” Awesome time for my mind to go blank. “I heard you sleep with girls for money.”

Grayson lets out a sharp laugh as I close my eyes, groaning as I die of embarrassment.

“That's not what I meant,” I squeak, refusing to open my eyes.

“So you're not accusing us of prostitution?” Preston asks.

My eyes fly open. “No! No, that's not what I meant.”

“And what exactly did you mean, Sadie?” Grayson asks, finding this all highly amusing.

“You know my name?”

He chuckles. “Of course, I do. Sadie Evans,” he says my name as a damn purr. Holy hell.

“I have better things to do than sit around and listen to a girl babble. Tell us why you're here or leave,” Preston urges.

“Gee, fine already. Who pissed in your cornflakes?” I deflect, but blush when Declan snorts a little laugh, earning a glare from Preston. “This isn’t easy for me to admit, but I need your assistance. I would like to hire you guys to help me...” I trail off, playing with the hem of my skirt, not able to meet any of their eyes. “Gain some confidence.”

“You seem pretty confident to me,” Grayson counters.

My eyes remain on my skirt. “Not with people.” I clear my throat and lower my voice to a near whisper. “With guys. In the bedroom.”

Everyone is silent, and I just want the ground to open up and swallow me whole. “I’m sorry, what did you say?” Grayson asks.

I sigh heavily. “I want to become more confident in the bedroom. I want to explore my body with a partner and find out what I like, what I need, okay?” I grumble.

“Am I hearing her right?” Grayson asks the guys, practically ignoring me for a moment.

“So, you’re asking us to fuck you, so you can cheat on your boyfriend?” Preston scoffs.

“It’s not cheating if we broke up,” I snap, my eyes darting up to his. “He cheated on me. Slipped and his dick fell into your fiancée.” My eyes widen in shock at my words, my hand slapping over my mouth. *Shit. I didn’t mean to say that.* He just pisses me off.

Did I mention that Tina just so happens to be Preston’s fiancée? Arranged to be married from birth, from what I heard.

If the news of his fiancée sleeping with other men bothered him, he doesn’t show it. “Why am I not surprised?” he sighs, shaking his head. “Tina really will fuck anything that moves.”

“You’re better off without him,” Grayson says. “He was always a tool.”

“Yeah, a tool who didn’t know how to use his,” I mutter, looking back down at my hands.

“Even if we could do what you’re asking us to do, it’s a daily rate of a thousand dollars. Is that something you can afford?”

My stomach drops, disappointment filling me. “No,” I whisper, getting to my feet. “Sorry to waste your time.”

“Wait!” Declan shouts as I start to walk away. “What if you can work off your debt, would that be something you are interested in?”

“Declan. What the hell? No,” Preston growls.

I turn around to face him as he continues. “Be... be like our personal assistant. Whatever we need, you do or get for us. In return, we will help you in whatever way we think needs work.”

“I thought you don’t sleep with your clients?” I ask softly.

“We don’t...” Declan looks at the guys, and I’m not all convinced that he’s telling the truth. “At least, not for money.” Grayson snorts, earning a glare from Declan.

“Yeah. Work for us, and we will help you with anything... not sexual. And anything that is, call it a bonus. Free of charge.” He gives me a sexy smirk as he looks me up and down. “A very good bonus indeed.”

“No,” Preston declines, shaking his head. “Not happening.”

“Fine.” I turn back around. I won’t beg them. I’m not desperate. “I’m sure someone in this school will be willing to help me.”

“Wait,” Preston grinds out, and I can almost hear his jaw crack. “Fine,” he growls. “You start Monday. Now go, we have paying clients to deal with right now.”

Biting my lip, I hold back my grin as nervous excitement fills my belly and I walk away, not looking back.

“So!” Emma questions as I step outside the doors.

I grin, nodding. “They’ll do it.”

My friends all squeal as they surround me, asking a million questions at once.

Am I really doing this? Did I just hire the Kingston Host Club? To teach me how to have sex? God, that sounds so bad.

But I want the feeling of being wanted, needed, feeling sexy and confident. To know how to use my body for my pleasure as well as for my partners. To know theirs too. I'm jealous of my friends, I want what they have.

Most of all, I want to take back the part of me that was stolen.

I want to take my control back, to not hide. I should be able to enjoy sex, not be afraid of it. Raymond isn't the only one to blame for my issues.

So, I'm going to do what the Host Club asks of me in exchange for sexual favors.

What the hell am I doing?

Chapter 4

Grayson

I watch as the last girl leaves the room, closing the massive red and gold wooden doors behind her.

My face slips into a cocky smirk, and I clap my hands together, spinning around. “So...”

“So, what?” Preston asks, his face locked into his permanent scowl.

I sigh dramatically, rolling my eyes. “You know what. Sadie—the Sadie Evans—just walked into our club and hired us to have sex with her!”

“She didn’t,” Declan denies. “Well, not exactly. She wants us to teach her about her body, about pleasuring herself and her partner.”

“Yes, but the bottom line is, we get to have sex with her.” I waggle my eyebrows. “Come on, you can’t tell me you’re not fucking stoked about this? I can’t be the only one who has wet dreams about that girl.”

“Fuck off, Grayson!” Preston snaps and turns around, heading over to the desk in the corner of the room. “We should have said no. This is only going to make things messy.”

“There is a reason why we’ve kept our distance from her all these years,” Declan reminds, perching on the arm of the couch.

“Right, as if we haven’t been doing a shit job at that.” I snort. “Like you haven’t left little gifts for her for years. Or went into the kitchen to put aside a piece of her favorite cheesecake every time they served it to make sure she got some since she always ran late.” I raise a brow, and he blushes, looking away but not denying the truth.

“And you.” I toss my hand in Preston’s direction. He looks up from his computer and glares at me. “Don’t think I haven’t seen you leaving that chapel, Sadie leaving not long after. I don’t know what you two did in there, but that’s not exactly keeping away from her.”

Preston slams his laptop shut. “Like you have room to talk. You flirted with her every chance you could. Would go out of your way to at least see her once a day.”

“Yeah, but I’m not denying it. We all had trouble doing what we agreed to. But none of us pursued her like we promised.”

These guys and I, we weren’t friends growing up. We all had our own circles that we ran with. But the one thing we had in common was Sadie Evans; we have all wanted her for as long as I can remember. The only thing stopping any of us was that we all had our future planned out for us from the time we were born.

Each of us is arranged to marry a woman of our parent’s choosing. Someone to form strong family alliances with.

It’s something we grew to accept, knowing that’s how our world works. Only, none of us were expecting this sandy blonde, twelve-year-old girl to catch our eyes.

Preston saw how me and Declan looked at her and cornered us one day when we were around fourteen. He reminded us what our future was, and that she wasn’t part of the same world we were. That she should be with someone who wouldn’t have to break her heart and leave her someday to be with another woman. *I partly think he was saying that just because he didn’t want one of us to be with her if he couldn’t.* But he made a good point. She deserved better than what we could offer her. So we agreed to stay away.

We watched her from a distance for a while, but it didn’t take long before we all needed to interact with her in some way.

For me, at first, I just wanted to see her smile. But as we got older, the more I craved her, I needed to see if she saw me in the same way, even if it was just a little. So the smile became blushes, and I became addicted.

It stopped when we got moved from the high school to the University building. Her walking into our club room was everything I didn’t know I needed in my life.

And when she told us what she was here for, I almost came in my pants.

“This is the loophole we’ve all been dreaming of,” I point out.

Declan’s brows crease. “What do you mean?”

“We can’t pursue a relationship with her, we know that. But this is the once in a lifetime chance to act on every dirty fantasy we ever wanted with her. We can act like the boyfriends we wish we could be for her, treat her the way she deserves to be treated.” Unlike how her fucking dumbass of an ex did. He’s someone I plan on having a fucking word with soon. “And there’s no expectations. No broken hearts. Well, at least not hers.”

Because once this is over, and our time with her is done, I know I’ll never be able to truly walk away. Doesn’t matter who I marry, she will always be the one I’m thinking of.

“I didn’t think of it like that.” Declan looks off into the distance.

“I should have stuck with no,” Preston grumbles as he stands up and starts to pace around the room. “This is no life for her. By us agreeing to this, we are bringing her into something much darker. What she’s asking for, we can’t do it here. We don’t offer the services she’s asking for as the Host Club.”

Well, me and Declan don’t do anything more than maybe a make out session if they tip well; but Preston breaks the rules sometimes for the right price.

“We have to reveal our biggest kept secret. What makes you think she won’t tell anyone?”

“She won’t.” I shake my head. “Sadie isn’t like that.”

Preston stops his pacing, whirling around to face me. “You don’t even know the girl! She was a teenage fantasy we all wanted but that’s it. None of us know her, outside of what we’ve seen from a distance.”

That's what he thinks. I have my dirty little secrets. I know a lot more about my little pet than they do. But I'll keep that little bit of information to myself.

"Then we make her sign a waiver, like we do with everyone else who enters," Declan suggests, stepping toward Preston like he's some wild animal. Poor sap has it bad for Preston, but Preston is too damaged to see it. Not that it would matter. Something tells me I don't think Declan would like to be anyone's side piece.

"Fine," he growls out through gritted teeth. "I'll have something made up for her to sign. In the meantime, I'll be thinking up ways for her to pay off her debts. I've been meaning to get myself a little lapdog."

"Be nice, P," I warn him. "Just because you're a raging asshole doesn't mean you can fuck with her. She did nothing to you."

"Except exist," he mutters, pushing past us and heading out of the room for his next class.

"You don't think he's going to be cruel, do you?" Declan asks, walking up next to me as we watch Preston go.

"I think he's pissed at himself because he wants something he can't have. I think he has such a fucked up home life that he takes it out on people he shouldn't. He hates Sadie because he can't have her."

"It's not right." He turns to me, pushing his glasses up his nose.

"No, it's not." I shrug. "But the best we can do is watch how he is with her. I won't let him hurt her."

"I don't think he will."

"You try to see the best in everyone, D." I give him a pitying look as I place my hand on his shoulder, giving him a little shake. "You're a good man. Too good for all of this."

"It's not so bad. The girls are mostly nice. They just want someone to talk to, someone to listen." He shrugs.

“Maybe from you.” I chuckle. “You’re the sweet and sensitive one. They love that shit. Preston is the broody asshole, the bad boy some girls crave.”

“And you’re the flirt that makes all the girls blush and wet their panties.” He grins, and we both burst out laughing.

“Something like that.”

“You know, Collin isn’t going to be happy about this.” Declan gives me a wary look.

“Oh, trust me, I know.” I grin mischievously. I can’t wait to see that fucker lose his mind over this when he finds out.

None of us are in the Host Club because we want to be. At least not me, Preston, and Declan. It’s because we’re legacy, it’s in our blood.

We are the founding families of Kingston Academy. This club is something that our great-great-grandfathers made. It’s meant for the men of the family to build connections, to network, but also to enjoy ourselves as young gentlemen with women before we’re married to the same woman for the rest of our lives.

But behind closed doors, some of the members are naughty and break the rules. Past members could never really give up the life of being with more than one partner. But everyone casts a blind eye.

Is it fucked up of me to say that I would never have a mistress if Sadie was my wife, but I would be willing to make her a mistress when I get married?

The woman I’m meant to marry, I don’t know her; we’re practically strangers. She lives in England. Her family works with mine, and while our fathers acquainted, I’ve only been in the same room with her a few times, all while I was a child.

I couldn’t do that to my pet, though. Sadie deserves someone who can love her, someone who can give her the world. Not to be someone’s dirty little secret.

Doesn’t mean I’m not going to take this chance to touch her, taste her, fucking *consume* her while I can. If this is all I

can get of my girl, my little pet, then I'll take it.



AS SOON AS I GET HOME, I head straight for my room, just like I do every day. She should be home by now, not one to go out much. That could change now with her and Raymond being over and that fuck-wit Lionel no longer around.

Never liked them. Raymond was always a self-absorbed twit who didn't care about anyone but himself. I have no idea how Sadie ended up with him, or stayed with him as long as she did.

As for his little best friend, Lionel, the guy is a fucking creep. It didn't surprise me that he got arrested. I bet if every girl he attacked came forward, he'd go bankrupt trying to buy his way out of it.

I hated he was friends with Raymond because that led to him hanging around Sadie sometimes. Any time I saw him sitting at the same table as her, I wanted to go over there and kick his ass. When we moved to the University building, I made sure to have a few people keep an eye on her whenever they could.

At least while she's at school. When she's home? Yeah, I have that covered.

Tossing my bag on the bed, I go over to the bookshelf and lift the photo next to it, revealing the key pad. Punching in the code, I hear a little click and the bookshelf pops out a little. Grinning, I pull it open and step inside my little slice of heaven. Closing the door behind me, I plop myself into my chair that's sitting in front of a wall of computer screens.

With a click of a button, they hum to life. Each of them is hooked up to a different camera. All of them live streaming a room in Sadie's cozy little cottage.

When I said I had my own secrets, this is what I meant. I tell myself it's to make sure she's safe, but that's not the only reason.

The simplest way to put it is, I'm obsessed. There's something about Sadie that turns me into this crazed person. It makes my fucking skin crawl when I can't see her. I can't seem to go a day without her.

These cameras were a godsend when I wasn't able to see her in school any longer.

My eyes find my favorite screen, Sadie's room.

Leaning back in the chair, I widen my legs and run my hand over my growing erection as Sadie enters her bedroom.

I grin when I see her hair is still down, flowing over her shoulders in long waves. My eyes flick down to her hair tie around my wrist. My new little accessory.

My cock twitches as I remember what she smelled like when I whispered in her ear. Peaches and cream. Fucking delicious. Just like I know her sweet pussy will be when she cums all over my fucking face.

Sadie places her bag on the chair in the corner of her room. My hands go to the zipper on my slacks. I make quick work of freeing my cock, groaning when I wrap my hand around my hard, heavy length. Slowly, I stroke myself from base to tip, rubbing the pre-cum over the head of my cock before going back down as Sadie does her after school ritual of changing out of her school uniform into something more comfortable.

My breathing picks up as I watch her take off her blazer. She hangs it up in her closet before making work of her dress shirt. My eyes rapidly watch as her fingers work one button at a time. It's like a slow strip tease that she has no idea she's putting on, revealing the swell of her breasts the further down she goes.

"Fuck," I moan as I tighten my grip, moving my hand a little faster as she takes her shirt off, her tits encased in a lace bra. It's simple and black but so fucking sexy on her.

Licking my lips, I shift in my seat, widening my legs even further as I work my hand, my balls tingling with pleasure as she unzips her skirt, letting it fall to the floor.

It's like the gods are on my side, giving me this gift as Sadie steps out of her skirt, turns around and bends over to pick it up. Her pale, smooth ass is in the air, presented to me like the good girl I know she is. She's my undoing, my downfall. But fuck me, I'll fall hard, so fucking hard. It's worth it. *She's* worth it.

Grunting, I thrust up into my hand, my other one reaching down to play with my balls. The little minx doesn't put on anything else just yet. No, she walks over to her dresser mirror and grabs her lip gloss. Leaning forward, she pops the cap off and brings it to her lips, putting a layer of product over her plump, pink, tempting lips.

"That's right, my pet, get those lips ready for me. They're going to look so fucking good wrapped around my cock as I make you choke on it," I pant out, my hand working overtime with my dirty words. "You want someone to show you how a man should please a woman? Baby, you have no idea the things I'm going to do to you."

I'm close, I can feel the orgasm rushing to the surface. It's when Sadie smacks her lips, rubbing the lip gloss in as she reaches around to unclip her bra, that I lose it. Her full, perky breasts fall free, her nipples tight and just begging to be sucked. My body goes stiff, and I lose my mind over this goddess yet again. "Fucking hell!" I let out a long, pained groan as my cock jerks in my hand, cum spurting out of the tip in hot, thick ropes onto my dress shirt.

Slumping back in my chair, I revel in the feeling, watching as she gets dressed and heads out to the kitchen to make something to eat.

"Until next time, pet," I murmur, my hand touching the screen before shutting it down.

Grabbing some tissues, I clean myself up the best I can before taking my shirt off. Once I leave my little private quarters, I toss my dirty shirt in my hamper and grab a clean black t-shirt and jeans.

As my eyes find the hair tie on my wrist, I remember it's not the only thing of hers that I have. Going over to my bag, I

dig around in the pocket on the side, finding the small object I'm looking for.

I hold it in the palm of my hand, a gold diamond studded earring. I may have snagged it while I was freeing her hair. I don't think she noticed, and if she did, she didn't say anything.

Rolling it between my fingers, I walk over to my dresser and pull the top drawer open, tossing the earring in the box that holds all my little treasures, which I've collected over the years; hair ties, clips, pins, and a lot more—all Sadie's.

Like I said, I'm obsessed. She owns me and doesn't even know it.

But she will. Soon she'll know just how much I want her, crave her, fucking *need* her. Soon, it will be me deep inside her, marking what's mine. Because even though I can never have Sadie in the way I desperately want, she is mine. My pretty little pet.

Chapter 5

Sadie

I can do this. It's no big deal. They're just boys... crazy handsome boys who can probably make a girl cream her panties with just one look, but they're only boys.

I've spent the whole weekend with the girls. Most of it in person hanging out at my place, but the rest was us chatting in our group chat. The type of things they said I should ask the guys to teach me is kind of terrifying and intimidating. I just want a guy to be able to have sex with me and get me off, too. Everything else is just a bonus. But the things they were talking about were straight out of a BDSM book.

I've been on edge all morning, trying to let the girls' words of encouragement hype me up, but I've felt sick to my stomach.

Who am I kidding? I can't do this.

I go to turn around and run with my tail tucked between my legs when I bump into a solid chest.

"Shit, sorry," I huff out, looking up to see who it is. My belly swoops, and my palms start to sweat as I see Declan pushing his glasses up his nose.

"Leaving already?" he asks, a small smirk forming on his lip as he raises a brow.

"Ah... no?" I say, blinking up at him as my heart races.

"Really? Then why were you heading in the opposite direction?" he asks, grabbing my shoulders and spinning me around to face the gold and red doors. "The Host Club room is that way."

"Right." I let out an awkward laugh.

"Come on." He takes a step forward, then looks at me over his shoulder. "Unless you're having second thoughts?"

I swallow hard, trying to school my expression because I *was* having second thoughts, I really was. But I don't want fear to keep me from missing out on things. And honestly,

doing a few things for these guys is worth it if I get to be with them in ways I've only ever dreamed about. It's kind of pathetic how hard I've been crushing on them for years, and I'm secretly jumping for joy at this chance.

"No!" I'm quick to respond. I blush at my outburst and clear my throat. "No, I'm not backing out," I reiterate, holding my head high. "Let's do this."

His playful smile makes my belly flutter as he shakes his head. I follow as he walks us into the room.

This time, I take a moment to look around. It's like something out of a history book. The walls are just big bookshelves, covered in hundreds of old books. All the furniture is handcrafted wood. People sit in little seating areas around the room; the couches are Victorian in style and the wooden tables are made of oak.

My eyes widen as I stare up at the balcony that overlooks the room. I have no idea how I missed it the first time. From what I can see, there are some tables, couches, and more bookshelves. I feel like Belle in the Beast's castle library. Only this room isn't for me to enjoy. I'm here to work, to do a job. Whatever that might be.

The thought of not knowing what they will ask of me makes my belly flip.

Declan walks me past the other Host Club members chatting with their clients and to the back of the room, in the little office like last time.

"There she is!" Grayson says in a cheerful voice, a mischievous grin playing on his lips. My heart does a little skip at the sight of him. *He's so damn handsome. They all are.*

"Alright, let's do this," I say, feigning confidence. "Where do you want me? Is there some kind of private room?" I ask, looking around.

Grayson chuckles as Preston steps forward, a scowl etched on his face. He runs a hand through his dirty blond locks. "Private room?"

“Well, I’m not doing it out here where everyone can see me.” I furrow my brow as my nose scrunches. “I might be willing to sleep with all three of you, but I’m not doing it with other people around.” I’m not sure what kind of things they are into, but voyeurism with a good chunk of the guys from the University sophomore year class watching is not on the list of things I’m willing to do.

Preston stares at me like I’ve grown a second head, and embarrassment floods me, making my cheeks heat. *Fuck. I’m stupid.* So stupid.

“You think we’re going to just take you to a room during school hours and fuck you?” he asks me, taking a step forward.

My heart thunders in my chest as my body breaks out into a cold sweat. “You think just because we made a deal with you, that we’re going to drop all our clients to give you all of our attention?”

“N-no,” I stutter, my eyes flicking between his narrowed storming ones.

“Prest, chill,” Grayson says in a warning tone, grabbing him by the arm and pulling him back. “What the fuck is your problem?” he growls lowly, getting in Preston’s face.

Preston just glares at him before turning around. “Here’s how this is going to go,” Preston starts, perching his ass on the side of the desk. I feel like an idiot right now. Of course, they’re not going to do this here and now.

I stand there mortified, trying to hold back my tears of humiliation. I want to run. *God, this was a bad idea.*

“For the next week, you’re to come here at lunch. You observe, you watch us in our element. You get the clients things like refreshments or anything they might need so that our host members don’t have to waste their valuable time with their clients. Then, if we deem that you’ve done a good enough job and can trust that you can hold up your part of this deal, then we will start on our end. Got it?”

Not trusting myself to speak, I nod my head, willing myself not to cry. I'm too sensitive to be around Preston. As much as I think he's attractive, he scares the living shit out of me.

"Wonderful. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a client waiting for me." He gives me a once over before dismissing me as he walks past and out into the main part of the room. I watch as he goes over to a girl. She gives him a flirty smile as he gets close to her. He plays with her hair, making her blush before stepping to the side, giving me a view of his seductive smile. Nodding his head to the left, he steps away from her. She follows him into another room and my stomach sinks. *What are they doing that they need to leave the room?*

"You have got to be kidding me." Grayson lets out an annoyed growl. "Is he serious?"

I look over to Declan, who's the direction Preston went in, a flash of hurt taking over his face. "He's going to do what he always does. You know this," Declan states, then looks over at me for a moment before leaving, heading over to his client. She seems to be a shy girl, blushing profusely at Declan. They share a few words before they each take a seat on one of the couches.

"So." I look over at Grayson. "Who's the lucky lady you're spending your lunch with?" I ask, knowing that he's gonna leave me too.

"No one important." He steps closer to me, but unlike with Preston, I don't step back, letting him crowd me. He grins, lifting a piece of my hair. "You wore it down, just how I like it." He lifts his eyes to mine. "Good girl," he practically purrs before winking.

I stand there, stunned and very horny at being called a good girl. *I liked it.* I liked it a bit too much. And coming from Grayson, *holy shit!*

He's a flirt, it's what he does. But that doesn't lessen the effect he has on me.

Shaking myself out of the moment, I take a few deep breaths before plastering a friendly smile on my face.

For the next hour, I do everything the Host Club men ask of me; fetching them drinks, getting them food. My eyes keep drifting to one of my guys. Yes, until our deal is completed, I'm going to call them mine.

Preston hasn't come out of the room with that girl yet, and I'm not getting a good feeling. The girls said the Host Club members sometimes sleep with their clients for the right price. Did that girl offer Preston a price he couldn't turn down? I don't even want to think about it—it makes my stomach turn.

Declan is still with the same client. From the bits and pieces of conversation I've picked up, they spend their time talking about books. Listening to Declan talk about his love for reading has me hiding a smile every time I walk by him.

As for Grayson, he's just how I expected him to be; flirting away with his client, making her blush and giggle. Every time she places her hand on his shoulder, I get the urge to rip it off.

But the way Grayson's attention keeps drifting to me, like he can't keep his eyes off me for very long, settles me in a weird way.

Overall, I'm already not a fan of my duties here. One girl even spilled her juice and stared at me like I was some kind of lower-class help as I cleaned it up.

Kingston Academy had never made me feel less than for not having money like the rest of the students do. But right now, it's obvious that I'm not well off. Because if I'm cleaning up after these people, then I don't have the money to pay to be here as their client. They most likely don't know about the deal I made, so they probably think I am the hired help. That still doesn't give this girl who's giving me the stink-eyeing me right now any right to look at me like I'm less than. *Guess not everyone can be nice.*

The bell chimes, signaling the end of the lunch hour. I watch as the guys say goodbye to their clients, some even

walking out with them, offering to take them to their next class.

“Not bad for your first day,” Grayson comments as he saunters over to me.

“Thanks.” I smile. “It wasn’t horrible, but I could have lived without the stink eye from that one girl.” I look towards the door, watching as she leaves.

“Ah, yes, Lacy. She’s... she’s something.” He chuckles. “Been trying to work her way up to me since I started.” He turns to me with a devilish grin. “I make sure to up my price to something even daddy’s money can’t buy.”

My eyes widen, and I snort out a laugh. “Is she really that bad?”

He grins. “Oh, yeah. Poor Brent over there”— he nods his head to the guy who was working with Lacy. Dude looks like he aged a few years within the last hour. “needs the money bad enough.”

“Yikes.” I cringe and look back at Grayson. “So, am I good to go?”

“Yup. See you...” he pauses, a sly smile I don’t understand taking over his face. “Tomorrow.”

I stare at him oddly for a moment before nodding. “Tomorrow. Bye.” I look over and wave to Declan who’s standing near the couch he was sitting on. He smiles and nods before turning around and heading up to the balcony.

As walking out, my belly growls due to the fact that I didn’t eat beforehand because I was so nervous. I stumble to a stop as Preston exits the room he was in.

He looks different. His hair is ruffled, his shirt is unbuttoned and untucked. And is that... lipstick on his neck? His client comes out of the room after him, a very satisfied look on her face. This girl does nothing to try and hide what they just did.

“See you later, Preston. Thanks for the... talk.” She winks before spinning away and practically skipping out of the room.

“I trust your lunch hour was productive.” Preston glares down at me.

“Not as productive as yours,” I reply, crossing my arms, trying to push down the uneasy feeling I have.

He gives me a predatory grin. “Trust me, it was very productive. My client left very... satisfied with the quality of my services,” he snarls, stepping closer. This time I hold my ground. He leans in, our lips only a breath apart. I try to keep my breathing steady, not letting him see the effect he has on me. “But don’t worry, Sadie. I’ll make sure you are too when it’s your time.”

I close my eyes, willing him to step away. When I hear his distant chuckle, my eyes snap open to find him gone. I take the chance to get the fuck out of here, rushing out the door, almost crashing into Emma.

“Hey there, hot stuff. Where’s the fire?” She laughs as she steadies me by gripping my shoulders.

“No fire,” I huff, getting myself together. “Come on, I wanna grab something to eat before I’m late for my class.”

“So, how was it?” she asks eagerly as we walk to the cafe.

“Could’ve been worse,” I sigh. “But they want to have me do some work for them before they help me on my end.”

“Trust me, Sade, it’s gonna be worth it. If anyone can show you how a man should be in the bedroom, it’s them.”

As much as I want to say *I hope so*, the idea of how many girls they’ve slept with to gain their skills unsettles me. I shouldn’t be jealous, they’re not mine. They can sleep with whoever they want, however often they want. It still doesn’t change the fact that I am.

I hope this feeling goes away, or working for them is going to become my own personal hell.

Chapter 6

Sadie

My phone chimes again for the millionth time this morning. Huffing, I bring up the group chat and put it on mute. The girls have been blowing up the group chat, teasing me about the Host Club.

When I told them the conditions of the deal, Alice pouted and said she didn't want to wait that long to hear about how they blew my mind. I swear, all that girl thinks about is sex.

I don't mind waiting a week. I don't mind waiting longer. Because I'm *not* ready. What I asked of them... it's personal. It's intimate and while I'm okay with having sex with someone that I'm not dating or have feelings for, that isn't the case when it comes to these guys.

In some form or another, we have a past. I share something special, at least to me, with each of them. I don't stand a chance of having anything more than this with them. But it's something. At least I can look back and know I had them in some way.

When the time comes and I find someone I can build a future with, I'll know what to do in the bedroom. I know that should be something you learn as you go, to explore it with your partner, but I wasted three years of my life already with someone who only cared about himself in the bedroom. He was an okay boyfriend. Until he wasn't.

I want to feel confident and sexy the next time I'm with someone I love.

Once I'm done blow-drying my hair, I shake it out and run a brush through it. Grabbing my hair tie, I reach around to gather up my hair but pause. Biting the inside of my cheek, I smile at myself in the mirror. Grayson likes my hair down. Normally, I don't care what anyone thinks; it's my body, I do as I please. Even with Raymond, he would always comment on the fact that I like to wear the school sweater instead of the blazer. But I didn't care. The sweater is more comfortable.

And even though I wore the blazer a few times the first week of school, I put on the red sweater with the school crest today.

I toss the hair tie down on my dresser and give myself a once over. I'm not wearing any makeup, but with my naturally wavy, sandy blonde hair brought forward, I feel pretty.

Grabbing some clear gloss, I put on a layer before tossing it back down beside the hair tie. Looking back up, I frown, noticing I'm missing one of my earrings. I have no idea when I lost it. Damn it, I really liked that pair.

Putting on a new pair of earrings, I grab my bag and head out to the living room. "Morning, sweetie. Excited for today?" Mom asks me with a bright smile, and I pause.

"Why..." *Does she know about the Host Club?* No, that would be crazy, how would she? God, what would she think if she knew I was hiring people to fuck me? *Okay, that sounds really bad.*

"Because it's your first Ancient Greek Mythology and Religion class! I know you've been excited about that one."

I let out a sigh of relief and give her a genuine smile. "Yeah. I'm pretty excited."

"Good." She nods, handing me a homemade muffin and an iced coffee. "Here, go meet up with your friends before school. Don't think I haven't heard your phone buzzing like crazy this morning."

"Thanks." I take it from her with a laugh and kiss her on the cheek. "You're the best."

"Pretty sure that would be you, my perfect girl." She winks, making me laugh again. "Also, it's a fend-for-yourself kind of night. I'm going out with Mark." A small blush takes over her cheeks.

"Oooohhhh, where is he taking you?"

"No idea," she huffs out. "And I have no idea how to dress. He said it was a surprise."

"I still need to meet this man, Mother," I playfully scold her. "He's been keeping you out all night the past few weeks."

It must be serious.”

“You will meet him soon. It’s hard trying to find time to plan something that matches up with everyone’s schedules. I’d like to find a time for all of us to sit down and get to know each other over dinner.”

Mom mentioned something about Mark having a son. It started with an S; I think. Sonny or something, maybe? She said I would be going to school with him this year and that he was a few years older than me. I have no idea who he is and not knowing Mark’s last name, I wouldn’t know where to start to find him on social media if I wanted to. Not that I’m too worried. If something more serious happens with Mom and Mark, as long as this guy isn’t an asshole, I’ll learn to live.

“That would be nice,” I agree, taking a drink of my coffee.

“Go, get!” She laughs as she shoos me away. “Have a good day.”

“You too. Love you!”

“Love you too.”

With my goodies in hand, I head out the door and up the little hill. I smile when I see my friends waiting by our tree. Emma shouts, waving her hand like a fool, and they all start to whoop and shout like a bunch of weirdos.

“You all are too much.” I laugh as I reach them.

Emma tosses her arm around my shoulders. “Yes, but you love it. And would totally miss it if we stopped.”

She’s right. These three are my best friends. Have been since kindergarten. Not once has money ever played a part in our friendship. We love each other for who we are. We are all into the same things for the most part and never run out of things to talk about.

I had missed this. This is the way things used to be. The more time that goes by since Raymond and I broke up, the more I realize how much I gave up to make him happy, how much I changed to please him. Not all of my changes are due to him, but I just wanted to avoid a fight.

Although, not going to parties didn't entirely have to do with him, but the people he associated with outside of my friends.

"Okay, so the first party of the new school year is coming up this weekend. I know parties aren't really your thing—"

"I'm going," I cut her off and all of them look at me, a little surprised.

"Really?" Emma asks with so much hope it kind of hurts my heart to see how much my absence has affected my best friends.

"Why not?" I shrug. "But I'm not getting drunk. Me and alcohol don't mix well." The night of the break-up, I was stupid. I was so worked up, set on drowning my sorrows and forgetting about the unsettling thing I just witnessed that I didn't think about the dangers of getting blackout drunk. I should have, seeing as what happened to me the last time I got that drunk.

"Oh, why not?" Emma whines as we start to walk toward the college building. "You're so much fun when you're drunk."

"Can't be too safe. We're going to college parties. I wouldn't put it past one of these guys to drug a girl's drink."

All of them go silent, casting looks at each other. "Well, shit. I didn't think of that. We need some guys to watch over us and be our watch guards, so we can let loose and have fun," Alice says.

"Oooooor." Emma turns around, stopping to look at us one by one. "We can hire some people. Say, like, some certain Host Club gentlemen." She wiggles her eyebrows. "I know they've worked parties before as dates—why not as babysitters for us to get shit-faced?"

"Right, because I totally have the money to hire them to do that." I raise a brow. "I just started paying off the debt I owe for something they haven't even started yet."

Emma had told me if I didn't want to work for them, she would pay it off for me. I said no. And she knew I would

say no. I don't like when my friends use their money for things we can't all enjoy. I've never asked them for a dime, and I never will unless it's a real emergency, and learning how to get laid properly isn't.

"Well, you know the deal. We can pay for group activities. And this counts." Emma shrugs. We continue to walk, and I move to her side.

"Don't you have a boyfriend to watch your drunk ass?" Brent often joins us on the weekends if Emma does group activities. I like him; he treats her like a queen.

"Have you seen my sexy, nerdy man? Maybe if it was just me, but all four of us? That poor boy would be having a panic attack. But it's fine because I don't have to drink this time. But, I'm not going to spend every party not drinking."

"You can drink, I never said *you* couldn't," I point out.

"No. But you don't feel safe drinking." She gives me a look, and I swallow hard, breaking out in a sweat. *Does she know?* How could she—I've never said anything. "And we don't want to leave you out. Hoes before bros, like your mom says."

We all burst out into giggles.

"What's so funny, girls?" My face falls when I hear his voice and the laughing stops.

"I'm sorry, do you girls hear that?" Emma asks, looking around confused.

"Sounds like someone farted. Smells like one too," Mia sneers at my ex.

"More like a baby back bitch," Alice adds, crossing her arms.

I could cry at how fucking amazing my girls are while they stand in front of me, blocking Raymond.

"Real mature," he drawls, rolling his eyes at them before turning to me. "Come on, Dee, talk to me. You blocked me on everything, how am I supposed to apologize if you won't even talk to me?"

“You’re not,” I say, my heart racing. “You cheated on me. End of story. There’s nothing you can do to fix that. To take it away. You tossed the last three years of our lives together away for some quick fuck. Not to mention the nasty things you said to me when I found you or what I overheard you saying to her.” I hate that tears are stinging the back of my eyes. I might be alright with moving on, but it doesn’t change the fact that what he did fucking hurt.

“What did you want me to do?!” He tosses his arms in the air. “You never fucking put out. You wouldn’t even suck my dick. I love you, Sadie, but I’m a dude. I have needs.”

And there go the tears of hurt turning into tears of anger.

“Are you fucking kidding me?!” I take a step forward, but so does Emma.

“Who the hell would want to suck your shrimp dick? It’s not like she would be able to wrap her lips around the damn thing. At best, she’d use her tongue to play with it like it’s a clit because it’s about the size of one. Not that you would know what a clit is. Also, of course she wouldn’t want to have sex with you. Her own fingers would fill her up more than you would. Now take a hint and fuck off. She’s done with you.”

“Listen here, you little bitch. No one is fucking talking to you.” Raymond pushes Emma, and all hell breaks loose.

We all start shouting at him, taking off our backpacks and beating him with them. He’s shouting back, telling us to fuck off. I hate him, and anger is fueling me fully at this moment. How fucking dare he talk to my friend like that.

Without thinking, I jump on his back. “I hate you!” I scream as he tries to fling me off. “Don’t talk to her like that!” I start to grab at his hair, giving the side of his head a few good punches.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!” a deep voice calls from among the screams. I feel someone pull me off, but I keep swinging. “Calm down there, spider monkey.”

Arms wrap around me, holding me still. I stop fighting, the strong arms keeping me in place while the smell of

sandalwood encompasses me.

My heart is beating wildly, my breathing unsteady. I've never acted like this before. But fuck, Raymond really knows how to press my damn buttons.

"Better?" the deep voice murmurs, his breath tickling my ear, making me shiver.

The girls stumble away as Raymond manages to jump back a few feet. "Fucking crazy, all of you!" he shouts, eyes wide as he looks around between us frantically.

"What is going on here?" the man who's holding me asks as he releases me. I miss the contact almost instantly.

"These crazy bitches started attacking me!" Raymond shouts, running a hand over his head.

"Lies. He pushed Emma! Called her a bitch after we told him I didn't want to talk to him." I spin around to face the man, and my eyes widen for a whole new reason. It's *him*, the mystery man from the first day of school. The same one who stopped Raymond from following me.

"They called my dick a shrimp," he growls. Mia breaks first, snorting out a laugh, and then it's like a domino effect. Next, it's Alice, then Emma, then me before we're all belly laughing.

"Fuck you all!" he roars.

"That's enough out of you," the man booms. "Dean's office. Now! We do not allow violence in this school. And didn't your father ever teach you that you should never lay your hands on a woman?"

Raymond opens his mouth to argue. "Now." The word comes out as a dangerous sound, a warning. And I find his dominating presence sexy.

Nope, Sadie, this man is a teacher. We are not going there.

Raymond shoots me a glare. "Don't fucking look at her," the man growls. "Move!"

We all stand there and watch the two of them leave.

“Two things: Raymond is a fucking tool, and I’m so fucking glad you dumped his ass,” Alice starts.

“What’s the second thing?” Mia asks.

“That man, that tall, dark, and handsome man is sooooo damn fine. I’ve never fucked a teacher, but I’m always down to try something new, at least once.”

“Come on, you horn ball. You are not sleeping with the teacher.” Emma laughs.

Two more things: One, Alice is right, that mystery man is gorgeous. Two, why does her wanting to sleep with him bug me so much?

I don’t even know this man’s name, yet I feel like I know him a lot better than I think. Who is this man?

Chapter 7

Sadie

The girls leave for their first class of the day. I know I should go to mine so I'm late, but I really need a moment to myself.

On my way, I slip into the nearest bathroom and go to the sink to splash some cold water on my face.

I can't believe that just happened. I've never had a violent bone in my body, but when it comes to my family, I won't sit back and do nothing. And those girls are like my sisters.

Just the things Raymond was saying about me and how he talked to Emma made my anger rise, but the moment he stepped toward her like that, I saw red.

That fool was my boyfriend, I wasted years of my life with him. Any sadness over losing anything good we might have had is all gone. I hate him. He's a creep, an asshole, and I will never again cry over someone so pathetic.

Looking at my phone, I curse when I see the time, and rush out of the bathroom. Thankfully, the lecture hall where my Ancient Greek Mythology and Religion class is being held is just a few doors down.

Quickly, I find an empty seat and get a notebook and pencil out, ready to start. Only when I look up at the front of the room, I don't see the professor.

Everyone in the class talks amongst themselves, and I choose to mess around on my phone to kill some time.

"Hello, everyone," the voice I've just recently become acquainted with greets, and my head snaps up. My eyes widen at the sight of my mystery man. *Is he the professor of this class?* There's no way. He looks way too young. I thought Professor Price was a sixty-year-old man. "I'm sorry for being late." He walks to the front of the room and turns to the class. "Had something to take care of at the Dean's office." As soon as he says that, his eyes find me.

I shift in my seat at his intense stare before he looks around the room. “I am Collin Jones. I am Professor Price’s teaching assistant. Unfortunately, he is unable to be here today due to a family emergency. But don’t worry, it’s the first day, nothing too interesting will be happening.” He chuckles. “In this course, you will be studying a selection of important Greek mythological stories and figures that are represented in Greek literature and art. We’ll begin with selections from the earliest existing Greek literature—Homer, Hesiod, and the Homeric Hymns before moving on to reading selections of Greek drama...”

He continues to talk, but I zone out. It’s like I’m hypnotized. I watch the way his lips move, his Adam’s apple bobbing when he swallows, the way he talks with his hands, moving them around to emphasize the passion of his words. Speaking of hands, he has nice ones. Big, veiny, look like they would be able to wrap around my throat nicely...

“Miss Evans?” And just like that, I’m snapped out of my little fantasy.

“Ah, yes?” I ask, a deep blush taking over my cheeks because I have no idea what is going on right now.

“Am I that boring?” Collin asks, raising a brow with a playful smirk.

“No!” I say quickly. A few students around me chuckle, and I slide down in my chair, wishing he would go away and stop putting the attention on me.

“I’d hope not. That would be a shame.” He licks his lips, his eyes glancing up and down my body. Is he checking me out? “This is a wonderful class. Try to pay attention when Professor Price comes back.”

I nod and he goes back to talking. Mortified, I make sure to pay attention so I’m not caught off guard again.

For the rest of the class, I find Collin’s eyes drifting toward me, and every time my heart beats a little faster.

This is so wrong. I can *not* have a crush on a TA. But ugh, it’s so hard not to. He is so pretty to look at.

As soon as the class is over, I'm up out of my seat and beelining it out of the room, not daring to look his way. Only when I'm halfway down the hall do I allow myself to breathe.

Guess mystery man is no longer a mystery. Collin Jones. I wonder if he's related to Preston Jones.

The next two classes go by a lot smoother, and by the time it's lunch, I'm starving so I head right to the café and grab something.

"Hey," I huff as I plop down in a chair at the table my friends are sitting at.

"How was your morning since that sexy teacher pulled you off of Raymond?" Emma asks, wiggling her eyebrows.

"He is so hot!" Alice sighs dreamily.

"His name is Collin Jones," I inform them, taking a bite of my sandwich.

They all turn and gawk at me. "And how do you know this?!" Alice demands.

I swallow the bite and take a drink of my water before answering. "Because he's the TA in my Ancient Greek Mythology and Religion class," I answer, stuffing the last bit of my sandwich in my mouth.

"No fucking way. Lucky bitch," Alice grumbles.

"Oh, yeah. Totally." I roll my eyes. "Anyways, I gotta go. Host Club duties."

"Right. The sexy men who are going to ravish you." Mia flutters her eyelashes, making me snort a laugh.

"More like rearrange her insides," Alice teases. "I heard they are all packing a good eight inches. Better get yourself a bigger dildo and train that tight pussy to take something bigger than—" She wiggles her pinky in the air.

A throat clears from behind me, and I freeze as Emma's eyes go wide before trying to hold back a laugh. "Ah, Sadie."

My eyes practically pop out of my head. I mouth *I'm going to kill you* to Alice before spinning around to face Declan.

“Hi,” I say, willing the blush on my face to go away. I love these girls but sometimes... sometimes I just wish they would be quiet for once.

“Ready?”

“Yup!” I say, way too quickly as I grab my bag. Declan looks at my friends with curious eyes before giving me a small smile. I follow after him as he heads toward the exit. I make sure to flip all my friends off as I pass, and the fuckers bust out into laughter. They are lucky I love them.

“I got you this,” Declan says, handing me a box.

“Oh. You didn’t have to get me anything,” I tell him as I take it, but on the inside, butterflies are swarming my belly. I open it and smile. “A cupcake?”

“Yeah, the kitchen made some for the staff. I snagged one for me and thought you would want one too.”

“Thank you. I love red velvet.” He’s so good to me for no good reason.

“I know,” he replies, flashing me a small smile. This man is too cute for his own good. He’s like a sexy nerd. I know he’s crazy smart when it comes to school. He has these white, round glasses that give me hardcore Milo Thatch vibes. He’s tall and lean but still has some muscle to him.

He stops me when we get to the Host Club doors. “Listen, about the deal,” he starts, looking adorably nervous.

“Are you having second thoughts?” I hope he’s not. I’ve come to accept this, to want this without wanting to run away.

“No. I mean, look at you.” He waves his hand at me.

“Anyone would be crazy to not jump at the chance to be with you. The thing is, I know there are rumors going around that the Host Club will... go above and beyond their normal duties if the client pays the right price. It’s not true. At least, not for me or Grayson.” *Why does that make me so fucking happy?*

“However...” He looks toward the door.

“It is for Preston,” I finish because I’m not stupid. I know he fucked that girl yesterday.

“Yeah. Not often, but... yeah.” He almost looks hurt by the admission. “But we get tested every month.”

“Why would you need to get tested if you don’t...” I look around to see if anyone is watching before finishing my sentence. “Sleep with your clients?”

“Ahhh, that’s something I can’t tell you quite yet,” he responds, scratching the back of his neck. “But you will know when it’s time for us to start our end of the deal.”

“Okay...” I narrow my eyes. “Not suspicious at all.”

He smiles. “We’re not bad guys. You’ll be fine.”

“Okay,” I say again, eyeing him as I take a bite of the cupcake. He chuckles, and I like the sound.

“I just wanted you to know that we don’t normally accept deals like this.”

His eyes fall to my lips as I lick the cream cheese frosting away. “So what you’re saying is, I’m special?”

“Yeah.” His voice is soft. “You are.”



I’M HATING THIS HOST Club shit. The amount of stink eye I’m getting from the clients is annoying. It’s like they’re jealous, but why? All I’m doing is getting them drinks and refreshments or cleaning up after them. Are they envious that Preston ordered me to go get him a coffee from the café even though they have an espresso machine in their room?

The only one I can understand is Grayson’s client. Just like yesterday, he can’t seem to keep his eyes off me. And I like it. Too much. You know who didn’t like it? The blonde girl who was three seconds away from strangling me with her own two hands.

The bell chimes, and I let out a sigh of relief. I swear if they start asking me to get their dry cleaning or give their dog a bath, I’m putting my foot down.

I gather the empty cups on a tray and take them to the back of the room to put on the trolley when I hear a phone ring. All the guys look around, confused.

“It’s the classroom phone,” Preston scoffs, looking at them all like they’re idiots. Preston goes over to a vintage-looking phone and answers it. And of course, I eavesdrop. “Why are you calling me?... You could have come found her yourself... Whatever... Yeah, I’ll tell her... Fuck you too,” he growls before hanging up.

He lifts his gaze to mine before narrowing his eyes. “Eavesdropping could get you in hot water. Curiosity killed the cat, Kitten.”

“I wasn’t eavesdropping,” I deny lamely.

He quirks a brow before shaking his head slightly. “Whatever. You’re wanted in the guidance counselor’s office.”

“I am?” I ask, surprised. “Why?” And why on earth would he talk to a faculty member like that?

“How would I know?” he growls. “Just go.” He waves his hand. “And drop that off at the kitchen on your way.”

“Sure.” I grind my teeth as I hold back the urge to tell him to pull the dick out of his ass.

Grabbing the trolley, I leave. Once I drop it off at the kitchen, I ask the staff where the guidance counselor’s office is. The good thing is I don’t have any other classes today so when I get lost, forgetting their directions, I don’t have to worry about missing any time in my next one.

Finally, after what feels like forever, I find the office. I have no idea why they would want to see me, though. Is this about the thing with Raymond this morning? If so, I’m putting the blame on him.

A little out of breath from rushing around, I knock on the door. “Come in,” a muffled voice sounds from the other side of the door.

“Sorry, I’m late. I’ve never been here before and this building is big. I got lost a few times and... you.” I blink

dumbly at Collin. “You’re the guidance counselor?”

I’m about to spend time alone in a room with the TA I’m wrongfully attracted to. This can’t be good.

Chapter 8

Collin

I watch Sadie run out of my classroom like her ass is on fire as she tries to avoid looking at me. My lips curve up into a smirk as I chuckle. She's so fucking adorable. Every time she blushes, it sends a shock right to my cock. *I wonder if I can make her other cheeks just as red.*

I'm almost positive my attention to her didn't go unnoticed by some of the students. I tried, I really tried to focus on the curriculum introduction of what they would be learning when Professor Price returns later this week. But my eyes drifted back to her like the enchantress she is.

The moment I laid eyes on her a few days ago, I was put under her spell.

I had been waiting for that day longer than I realized. She still doesn't recognize me. But I'd be able to pick her out of an ocean of people any day.

"Collin, honey, you better get going. You have a list of students to get through by the end of the day." My mother, the Dean of Kingston Academy, steps into the lecture hall as the last student leaves the room.

"I was just about to head to my office." I chuckle, gathering my things. "Class just ended."

"How was it?" she asks, crossing her arms. She looks so professional in her white pantsuit, her long black hair loose and over her shoulders. Thankfully, I get my genetics from her and not my slimy asshole of a father.

"Not too bad." I move to stand in front of her. "It was only an introduction to the class. Professor Price will be back by the next class, and I'll sit in the corner at my desk, looking pretty." I wink, making her laugh.

"Was that Sadie I saw running out of here like there was a fire in the room?"

I lick my lips and look toward the door. "Yup." My eyes find hers again.

“Collin,” she says in a low warning tone.

“Sorry, Mom. I know you’re about to warn me off of her, but it’s not going to happen. She’s eighteen now and fair game.”

She glares at me. “She’s not some prize to be won. She’s a very sweet, kind young lady. I don’t want you to break her heart.”

“I would never,” I growl. “Look, I know why you sent me to Archduke Academy, but I’d never hurt her. I would kill anyone who tried.”

“That’s the problem, Collin. You’ve been so overly protective of that girl from the moment she was born. At first, it was like you were her big brother, her protector, but it was becoming a lot. The older she got, the more controlling you became. It’s not healthy.”

“You’re acting like I was sexually attracted to her the whole time,” I scoff, rolling my eyes. “I didn’t have any feelings for her like that until I saw her on the first day of school this year. So relax, I’m not some kind of pervert.”

“I know, honey.” Her face softens. “I never thought you were. But you were intense. I sent you to Archduke Academy because Erin and I knew Sadie would never be able to be her own person with you shadowing her.”

“I only wanted to keep her safe. You of all people know how fucked up our world is. And even though Erin’s family has never been sucked up into that darkness, it doesn’t mean it’s not lurking around. And because you sent me away, I wasn’t able to protect her from that punk of an ex of hers.” I’m getting worked up, the idea of Sadie being hurt in any way by anyone has me murderous. But him? I want to crush his skull between my hands and watch as blood drips from his eyes. How can someone be so fucking stupid as to cheat on Sadie? How could he not see the amazing person he was lucky enough to be with? And to not only cheat on her, but with someone who’s known to fuck people’s boyfriends just for the fun of it. I’m glad Sadie has seen what he’s really like. It’s one less obstacle in my way.

“You couldn’t have known he was going to cheat on her. It’s a sad thing that happens.”

“Not anymore. No one will hurt her ever again. I’ll make sure of it. She deserves to be loved, fucking worshiped, not fucked around on.” My jaw ticks.

“I brought you back here because I thought you’d changed. Collin, I won’t warn you off from being with Sadie, but it has to be something *she* chooses. You will not force her, you will not pressure her in any way. She is an adult and can make her own choices. So if you both decide you want to be something more, then fine. But know this, while it’s not against the rules for a professor or TA to be with a student romantically, it is prohibited while they have the authority over the student’s grade. And you are the TA for one of her classes.”

“Fine.” I let out a heavy sigh. “I’ll play nice.” She raises a brow, calling me out. “Fine, I’ll do my best to keep my hands to myself.” *Like fuck that’s gonna happen.* “But come New Years, all bets are off.”

“You’re lucky you’re my son and I love you.” She rolls her eyes.

She knows me well, and she knows arguing with me isn’t going to get her anywhere.

“And I love you too.” I grin, then it falls with the next thing I say. “So, is Raymond getting written up?”

“Yes.” She nods her head slowly. “He touched another student and provoked a fight. We don’t allow that kind of behavior here.”

“And the girls are not getting in trouble for this, right? They were defending themselves.” It’s Sadie that really matters to me, but her friends are pretty good girls and stood up for her. So they’re good in my book.

“No. Relax.” She smiles.

“Good.” I nod. “Well, if you don’t mind, I have a list of new students to check in on today,” I say, kissing her cheek and heading toward the exit.

“Be good,” she warns.

I look at her over my shoulder and shoot her a mischievous grin. “When it comes to a pretty little blonde, I don’t think that’s possible.”

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AS MUCH AS I ENJOY my job, some of these students are frustrating. It’s like half the kids here are only here because their parents want them to be, and they have their parents’ money to fall back on, most of them don’t even have a plan for their future. It’s sad, really. I come from money—hell, I’m probably the richest person in this school, next to my mother—but I don’t let the money go to my head like a lot of these students do.

Lunch is over and the last meeting I had with a student ran later than I would have liked. But I don’t mind. It was with a young man who seemed very excited about everything he will be doing within the next four years. He comes from good money, but his dream is to work in the Elementary building as a teacher. It hit me right in the heart when he told me the reason was that his teachers were someone he felt he could talk to, to be there for him when he was a child when his parents were too busy to care for him the way a child needed to be, and he wanted to be that person to another child if they needed him.

My stomach growls as I look at my remaining meetings for the day. My next one isn’t for an hour, so I’ll have time to eat and get back.

Flipping through some papers, I see that I have a good hundred students left to meet with before the end of the week and sigh. Then I see her name. *Sadie Evans*. We haven’t set up an appointment time yet.

I stare at her name, my finger running over the printed black ink a few times before I type her name into my

computer. Her schedule pops up, and I check today to find that she has an early day.

The bell chimes, and I curse. I shouldn't do this, but if I call the room, I might be able to catch her before she leaves for the day.

Picking up the office phone, I dial the Host Club's number. It rings a few times before I'm greeted with a pissed off Preston.

"Hello?"

"Hello, little brother. Don't we sound cheery today? Did someone shit in your cornflakes this morning?" I chuckle, the need to get a rise out of him is a permanent thing.

"Why the fuck are you calling me?"

"You have a student I'm looking for, Sadie Evans. I need to see her."

"You could have come and found her yourself," he mutters.

"True, but I didn't."

"Whatever."

"So, let her know to come to my office."

"Yeah, I'll tell her."

"Thank you. That wasn't so hard? Now, be a good boy and stop being a little shithead."

"Fuck you too," he growls back before hanging up.

Preston Jones is my little brother. We share the same dad, unfortunately. Dear old pops married my mom, for her money, of course. It was a big deal for the Jones and Huntington families to merge together through an arranged marriage.

My mom did her duties for her family, married a man who didn't love her, and had me. Then my grandfather died, left everything to her, and it was her time to take over as headmaster of Kingston Academy.

Turns out Pops was fucking some girl for years behind my mother's back and she found out. Like most marriages in our society, he expected her to just pretend she knew nothing and play happy-little-family. Something he didn't know, or care to learn, is that my mom is a badass bitch, and she refused to be treated like that. She filed for divorce, causing a big scandal between the Jones and Huntington families. But my mom didn't care. She wanted out. She had her money, her legacy, and no hardass husband to tell her what to do anymore.

Pops got a nice payday out of it, but it wasn't enough. He hated that he no longer had access to that kind of wealth. He's been a bitter bastard ever since.

He ended up marrying his side piece, who happened to already be pregnant with his child. Preston.

Pops tried really hard to act like he wanted to be dad of the year and keep his boys together. Mom let him have custody of me on the weekends from the age of two to ten. After that, I refused to go over there anymore.

As much as I loved my brother and wanted to be there for him the best I could, that house was hell. No joke. Pops yelled a lot, always putting my mother down in front of me.

And when he wasn't there, Preston and I were raised by some good nannies.

When I stopped going, Preston asked me why I never came over anymore. I told him that our father wasn't a good man, and I didn't want to be there anymore.

It broke me to see the hurt in his eyes, and even though I told him I would be there for him no matter what, he didn't believe me because, at the end of the day, I didn't have to see that monster anymore while he had to live with him every day.

As the years went on, we drifted apart. I tried; I put up a fight to keep a relationship with him, but being under my father's thumb, having to endure his bullshit, turned Preston into a cold, bitter person for the most part.

I hate my father, and if I could have saved Preston from him, I would have.

Even though we're not close, I still try. It's why I became the faculty member in charge of the Host Club. I myself wasn't a member, even though I am a legacy. I didn't come back from Archduke Academy until I graduated with a master's degree last year.

When I found out that Preston was in the Host Club, I took over for a retiring professor.

Even if I did attend this University, I wouldn't have wanted to be a member of the Host Club.

I've never liked the idea of these grown men entertaining women while most of them are arranged to be married to someone once they graduate. A lot of the members use it as a way to fuck around before being with the same woman for the rest of their lives.

Unlike them, I'm not arranged to be married to anyone. At least, not in my eyes. My father set something up—god knows how long ago, but it's not happening. I don't know her, never cared to. I already know who I'm going to be with for the rest of my life, and it's not some rich chick my dad signed my life away to.

I've told him this, that I wasn't going to do it. He didn't care. He didn't listen to anything I had to say. So when I graduated, and he showed up on my doorstep with some girl I didn't know telling me it was time, I laughed in his face, told the girl sorry he wasted her time, and closed the door on them.

Then I called my lawyer and was told that I had the right to refuse. My father hasn't let it go. He, to this day, is still fighting me on this. I keep ignoring him, and I will continue to do so.

Because the only girl I want to have my ring on her finger is Sadie Evans. No one else in this world is worthy. Only her.

Now I just need to get her to fall in love with me to make that happen. And from the effect I seem to be having on her, I don't think that's going to be an issue.

There's a knock at the door. My eyes fly to it, a smile on my lips as my heart races. Being so close to her this morning,

the smell of her peaches and cream shampoo invading my nose, has been on my mind all day. Seeing her in class wasn't good enough. I couldn't talk to her, couldn't be close to her. But now? Now I get her all to myself. Restraining myself will be a bit of a challenge, but I don't want to come on too strong, and I don't want to freak her out. While we have a past together, she doesn't recognize me just yet. "Come in."

The second she opens the door, she adorably starts to ramble.

"Sorry, I'm late. I've never been here before and this building is big. I got lost a few times and... You..." She blinks at me like a deer caught in headlights. "You're the guidance counselor?"

Chapter 9

Sadie

“Come on in,” Collin encourages, a bright grin on his handsome face.

“Hi,” I reply, suddenly feeling a lot more shy than I normally do. Quickly, I step in and close the door behind me before rushing over to the seat in front of his desk.

“I’m sure you’re wondering why I asked you here,” he chuckles.

“Maybe.” I give him a small smile, butterflies taking over my belly.

“We are required to meet with all the new students to see how they are adjusting to their classes and talk about the future. So, Sadie, how are you liking University so far?” He places his elbows on the desk and leans forward to rest his chin on top of his hands. I try not to squirm at how closely he’s paying attention, his eyes locked on mine.

“Ahh...” I nervously tuck a piece of hair behind my ear. “I’m enjoying it. I like my classes.” I shrug.

“And what are your goals while attending Kingston Academy? What is the career you’re working toward?”

“I’d like to do well in my classes, and enjoy what I learn. But I’m not here to work toward a new career. Well, maybe with my business classes. They will help when I take over for my mom.”

“Joining the family business? And what might that be?”

Does he really not know who I am? I’m not really well known, but all the staff knows my mom. “My mom is Erin Evans. Our family has been the groundskeeper here since the school opened up. She made it into a company and is the head of all the landscapers and maintenance workers. I’m going to work for her when I graduate, and when she retires, I’ll take over for her,” I say proudly.

“That sounds interesting. Trade work is very important. Is this something you want to do, or something your mother expects of you?” He tilts his head to the side.

I sit up a little straighter, the need to defend my mom heavy on my chest. “My mom would never make me do something I didn’t want to do. If I wanted to become a doctor, teacher, lawyer—hell, even a circus clown—she would be there cheering me on. I chose this because it’s something I want to do. I want to keep the family business, my family legacy, going,” I rush out all at once, out of breath by the time I’m done.

Collin smirks at me, and I feel so damn embarrassed.

“Someone is passionate.” He chuckles and, damn it, my lower belly warms at the sound.

“Sorry.” I blush so hard.

“Don’t be. I like it. We need more people like you at the school. I’m glad you know what you want, and you’re going for it. If there is anything you need help with that I’m able to do, let me know.”

I let out a sigh of relief and give him a grateful smile. “I will. Also... sorry about this morning.”

“Which part?” He sits up and then back in his seat, smirking. “When I had to remove you from Raymond or when you got lost in space during class?”

Kill me now. “Both,” I cringe.

“For the class part, it’s understandable. I know I’m irresistible,” he jests playfully, winking at me.

That makes me smile. “Thinking highly of yourself?”

“Nah.” He gives me a look that tells me he knows how hot he is. “And about Raymond.” His face darkens, making my smile drop.

“I really am sorry about that. I’ve never caused a scene like that before. But he’s my ex, and he said some pretty mean things to me. My friends defended me, and then the asshole

had the nerve to put his hands on Emma.” My face heats, but this time in anger. I really do hate my ex.

Collin stands to his full height, making my eyes follow him up before he leans forward. I lean back, surprised by the sudden closeness. “You have nothing to be sorry about, Sadie. That little punk put his hands on another student, a woman nonetheless. He never should have. You were all defending yourselves.” His voice goes low, making me shiver. “If I didn’t work here, I’d have done more than just bring him to the Dean.”

I swallow hard, not sure if I should feel fear or be turned on. *Turned on, I’m totally turned on right now.*

“Thank you,” I whisper, not knowing what else to say.

We share an intense moment before he leans back. “You’re welcome. I don’t want to keep you any longer. Remember, my door is always open.”

“Of course.” I quickly stand up and awkwardly sling my bag over my shoulder. I give him a lame wave and I curse myself for being so fucking weird. I need to get out of here before I make a bigger fool of myself.

“And Sadie,” he says just as I’m about to step out of the door. “I trust I’ll be seeing you around.”

What does that mean?

I don’t say anything, rushing out of the room and down the hall. I don’t stop until I’m outside. “I’m too socially awkward for this,” I groan into my hands.

“For what?” a voice asks, making me jump.

“Dear god, Grayson. You should come with a bell,” I breathe out, placing a hand over my racing heart.

“Oh, kinky.” He gives me a flirty grin. “Can I put it on a collar?” He winks, and my face heats, causing his grin to grow wider. “So, what are you doing out here?”

“I was just meeting with the guidance counselor. He called the host room. I had to rush out,” I remind him.

“Ah, that explains why Preston looked extra pissy.”
Grayson nods.

“Do they not get along?”

“Preston and Collin have an interesting relationship.”

“I noticed they have the same last name, are they related?”

“Yes.” He chuckles. “Brothers.”

My eyes widen. “They seem so different.”

“Oh, trust me, they are.” He chuckles again and takes a step toward me. “Sorry, we didn’t talk much today. That girl wouldn’t stop blabbing on and on.” He rolls his eyes.

I blink at him, stunned. “Ah, that’s okay. I didn’t expect you to talk to me anyways.”

“Why not?” he asks, his brows furrowed.

“Because... I might be a client, but I’m not like them.” I shrug. “I thought you wanted me to just do my work and leave. You never really talked to me before I asked you for help. I don’t expect you to talk to me now.”

He steps closer, walking me backward until my back hits the wall. His grin turns hungry and my pulse goes haywire. My eyes flick back and forth between his rapidly as he lifts his hand to my head. A whimper slips free as he glides his fingers through my hair, making his grin grow wider before he cradles the back of my head. “Trust me, Pretty Girl. I’ve wanted to talk to you every single time I’ve seen you.” He leans forward, bringing his lips so close to mine. I stop breathing as warmth floods my core. “But I’m from a world that you don’t belong in. A world you’re way too fucking good for.” I should be embarrassed about the moan that slips free as his lips softly brush against mine. “I’m going to fuck you, Sadie. Soon. It would be pretty fucked up if I didn’t take the time to get to know you a little bit better beforehand, don’t you think?”

My eyes flutter close as I squeeze my legs together.
“Yeah.” I sound like I’m in a daze.

He brings his lips to my ear, pressing his lower half against my upper belly. I gasp at the feeling of his hard length. “And

trust me, Pretty Girl...” He sucks my earlobe into his mouth and bites down a little. *Holy shit.* I’ve *never* been this turned on in my life. Raymond was never able to get this kind of reaction out of me. I’m so damn wet it’s almost uncomfortable. “I’m not just going to fuck you, I’m going to rock your fucking world. I’m going to make you feel so good, you’re going to be a whimpering mess beneath me.” He slides his hand up my skirt, slowly inching its way up my inner thigh. “But for now, how about we have a free lesson?”

I squeeze my eyes, trying to get a hold of my breathing, but it’s pointless. I’m too hyper-fixated on the way Grayson is touching me.

We’re in public, tucked into a corner of the building. But anyone could walk by and catch us. *And why does the idea of that give me a thrill, making my pussy flutter?*

Is this how it was always supposed to feel like? Not even when I’m alone in my room, pleasuring myself, does it feel half as good as this. And he’s only just started touching me.

“Oh, Pretty Girl, I love it when you whimper for me.” He kisses my neck, his hot breath making me shiver. “But can I make you scream?” He moves so that his body is covering mine, shielding me from the outside world the best he can. “If I slip my fingers into your tight cunt, will I find you wet for me?”

I can’t think, I can’t make words form on my tongue, so I just nod. But it’s not good enough for Grayson. “Use your words, Sadie,” he growls, making me moan.

“Yes,” my voice is nothing but a needy whisper.

As if he just wants to check for himself, he slips his hand under my panties, cupping my pussy. “Fuck,” he groans against my neck, bringing his free hand up and around my throat. “Your panties are so damp, Pretty Girl.”

“Oh!” I cry out as he presses the heel of his hand against my aching clit. The pressure feels so fucking good.

Grayson chuckles as he moves my panties to the side. “Such a dirty girl. You’re not just wet, Sadie, you’re fucking

dripping. Is this all for me?" he purrs, and I gasp, my hands gripping his arms harder as he brushes his fingers through my folds before dipping them inside me.

"Yes," I pant out. No point in lying. I was already a little affected by Collin from before, but with what Grayson is doing to me, there's no help for me.

"Fuck, you're so warm, so tight," he groans, licking up the side of my neck as he starts to move his fingers inside me.

My knees start to shake, little gasps leaving my lips against my own wishes. I'm not in control right now, that's all him.

When Raymond would play with me like this, he would just jam his fingers inside me. It hurt. I'd fake the sounds of pleasure, letting him think he was doing a good job because I didn't want to hurt his feelings. And then I'd fake it, just wanting his fingers out of me.

But Grayson? No need to fake anything. Every sound, every reaction, is real. No pain, only pleasure. I don't want him to stop, never stop.

Grayson nibbles on my neck while pumping his thick fingers inside me. "That's it, Pretty Girl. Relax, let yourself feel the moment. Do what your body is telling you to do. Do you feel that fire, the pressure yet?"

"Yes," I pant out. My lower belly is burning, coiled so tight. It's a familiar feeling, only it's a lot more intense.

"Give in to it. Let me make you feel good. Don't hold back."

"Oh, fuck!" I cry out when he starts to work my clit with his thumb as he fucks me with his fingers. "I'm close. Please, don't stop."

At this point, I wouldn't even care if someone caught us, I'm not going anywhere until I get my orgasm. I *deserve* this.

It doesn't take much longer with how worked up I already was by Grayson's dirty talk and teasing touches.

"I can feel your cunt quivering around my fingers, Pretty Girl. You're close." He kisses my neck, brushing his lips up

the side and stopping at my ear. “Be a good girl and cum for me. I know you want to.”

And I’m done for. Moving forward, I bite down on Grayson’s shoulder, muffling my scream as I come apart on his fingers. I can feel my release gushing out of me and onto his hand as my eyes roll back, walls clamping down around him. I cum hard, harder than I ever have.

Mind blowing doesn’t even come close to what I’m feeling. It’s like I’m walking on fucking sunshine and rainbows.

I remove my hold on his shoulders and let my head fall back on the brick wall. Breathing heavily, my eyes slowly open to find he’s watching me, a pleased look on his face. “You listen so well, Pretty Girl.” He chuckles, removing his fingers from my spent pussy. “I can’t wait to see what else I can make you do. Next time, I want this,” he says, holding up his fingers, glistening with my release between us. “All over my fucking face.”

My eyes widen, and my pussy clenches as I watch him take a step back while bringing his fingers to his mouth. He sucks them in and growls, his eyes flashing with hunger as he licks my release off.

“So fucking good. I’ll make sure to use this hand tonight.” He gives me a devilish grin before taking another step back. “Be a good girl for me, Sadie. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

He winks, then takes off around the corner, leaving me there flushed, out of breath, and still turned on.

A few things I know for sure; I do not regret asking the Host Club for help, and I need more of whatever that was. I can’t even lie, I’m addicted. I need *more*.

It’s like he just opened Pandora’s box.

This isn’t like me. I’ve never given in to my friend’s crazy ideas before. But this one, even though it’s crazy, really fucking crazy, I’m glad I let them corrupt me this time.

I can’t believe I wasted so much time with Raymond. I’m starting to think that even if I did have the courage to voice my

needs, to help guide him to what feels good for me, he wouldn't have accepted it. He would have let it hurt his ego and made a big deal over it.

One time I suggested we try a different position. He turned me down and said he didn't like it like that. It was always about him and what he wanted. *Never* about me.

What just happened, though? Grayson got nothing in return. He made sure he left me feeling satisfied as fuck, and it feels good. It feels good to be put first. For someone to care about my needs.

The crunching of rocks has my head snapping over to my left. My eyes widen as I find Preston and Declan a few feet away. *Fuck. Did they see? Did they stay and watch? Or did they show up just now?*

Preston stares at me with a look I don't quite understand before letting out a huffed chuckle. "This is going to be fun." He shakes his head and takes off toward the door.

So, they did see. They caught us and watched. Shame fills me with how much I like that. My cheeks burst into flames and I take off, quickly walking in the direction of my cottage.

"Sadie, wait up!" Declan calls after me. *God, please go away. I'm embarrassed enough.* "Sadie!" his voice sounds closer. "Stop."

Tears fill my eyes, but I don't know why. I stop and look up at him. He's a little out of breath from running, but when he sees my face, he softens. "Hey." He steps closer. "Are you okay? Did Grayson hurt you?"

"No," I sniff. "God, I feel like an idiot. I don't even know why I'm crying."

He puts his hands on my shoulders. "You're allowed to feel, you know." He smiles. "Can I ask you something?" I nod. "Has anyone touched you like Grayson just did?"

I hesitated before shaking my head. "No. It's why I asked you guys to show me. To teach me."

“It’s not uncommon to get emotional after sex. Or even during sex. It’s new feelings, new sensations your body isn’t used to. Pleasures you’re having for the first time. Did he make you feel good?”

“Yes,” I whisper, my eyes falling to his lips when he licks them, making them shimmer.

“That’s good. That means we’re doing our job.” He chuckles. “Although, it’s just like Grayson to not play by the rules. We were hoping to start this in a more controlled environment rather than outside in the open.” He grins.

“I don’t know why I’m embarrassed. I’m literally hiring you to have sex with me.” I groan at my words. “God, hearing that out loud sounds so bad. I’m such a loser. Who pays people to make them feel good?”

“You’re not a loser.” Declan gives my shoulders a squeeze. “And a lot of people hire others for stuff like this. There are clubs just for that. You might think it’s men paying women, but trust me, it’s the other way too.”

My eyes narrow. “You sound like you know a lot about sex clubs.”

He lets out a surprised laugh. “Oh, Sweetheart. I know more than you think.” He wraps his arm around my shoulder. “Let me walk you home.”

Does he go to sex clubs? I don’t know how I feel about that. Does he pay women to sleep with him? I don’t see how any of them would need to pay for sex. I’m sure girls are throwing themselves at their feet for the chance. I’ve seen as much in the Host Club with the clients.

We start to walk toward my house, the silence heavy between us. “It’s weird, right?” I ask.

“What is?” He looks down at me.

“That I asked this of you guys. I know we don’t really know each other, but…” I look away. “We’re not exactly strangers. It was my friends’ idea. I was still messed up about finding Raymond cheating on me. And I was surprised you guys said yes. I thought you all—not hated me, but I didn’t

think you liked me. And I know I'm not bad to look at, but there are so many other girls in this school that are better looking than me. It's like I'm torturing myself." I let out a humorless laugh. "Because the fact is, if I didn't offer you some kind of payment in return, you wouldn't have wasted your time on me."

"Hey." He stops me. "Don't. Don't even think like that." He cups my face, making my breath catch in my throat. "Let's get something straight. What you asked us to do, we don't do. Never have. But we made an exception because it was you. And we would have gladly done it for free. Still would, if it wasn't for Preston needing some form of payment from you because it's his own fucked up way of justifying having something he shouldn't. *We* are the lucky ones. Anyone would jump at the chance to be with you, Sadie."

I don't believe his words, and I hate that I'm letting my own insecurities get to me. I guess Raymond really did a number on me after all with my self-worth and confidence. Like I wasn't good enough.

But the way Declan is looking at me makes me think, maybe *I'm* wrong. "You are stunning, Sadie. You don't see how amazing you are, do you?" He leans forward, putting his forehead against mine. I close my eyes, loving the feeling of his touch. "Don't worry, Sweetheart. We plan on showing you." He pulls back and places a soft kiss on my forehead. My heart does stupid things, and I have to remind myself that I can't fall for these guys.

They're doing a job. And they are all engaged to be married to other women. None of them are my future, and never can be.

So why does it hurt a little when Declan says goodbye and walks away, leaving me in front of my doorstep?

Something is telling me by the time these guys are done with their end of the deal, I'm going to be more broken than I was when I proposed this idea.

Chapter 10

Declan

I hate that she thinks of herself like that. That we wouldn't want her. She has no idea just how much we *do* want her. That we've wanted her for years.

When she came to us with this deal, I was asking myself if any of it was real. That the girl I've been silently pining after for years wants us, me, to teach her sexual things.

It's not something the Host Club does. At least, not during school hours. We have a time and place for that.

The only one who is the exception to the rule and does do sexual favors for payment is Preston. He has his own fucked up reasons for that. And while I can see why he does it, I don't like it.

Sadly, Sadie isn't the only one I've been pining after. I've been in love with Preston since we started University. Spending a lot of time with him at the Host Club, getting to know him better, I fell hard and fast. Unfortunately for me, I don't think Preston feels the same. Not that I've said anything about my feelings. I don't want to risk getting hurt and make things awkward. There's no point. We can't ever be together, even if he did feel the same way.

Everyone sees Preston as a broody asshole, but for some reason, he shows just the smallest glimpse of the man he really is when it's just the two of us.

Preston probably has it the worst out of the three of us. Hell, probably out of most people in this school. His dad is a horrible man. He belittles Preston, makes him feel like nothing he does is good enough. He's arranged to marry a terrible woman. I've never been inside his house, but the times I've gone to pick him up, I've heard the screaming and yelling coming from inside, and I can tell it's not an environment anyone should be in.

Collin is lucky, he has nothing to do with his father, and his mom is a good woman. Grayson's mom passed away when

he was a kid, but his dad is a good man. He cares and loves his son.

As for my parents, they're not the worst, but they are very absent. I'm the only one out of the three of us who lives on campus in the dorms because my parents are never home.

Do you have any idea how lonely it is to be in a mansion by yourself? Only the staff to keep you company? *I hate it.* I'd rather have a smaller room to call my own and be close to other people.

Even then, we spend most of our time at Grayson's house. He lets us stay in the guest rooms.

We weren't friends growing up, the only thing that we had in common back then was our desire for Sadie. But once we joined the Host Club, we slowly became friends. I wouldn't call us best friends, but we have each other's back if needed.

The further I get from Sadie's cottage, the more I want to turn around and go back. I would if I didn't have a class to get to. One that I'm already late for.

But I couldn't just let Sadie run off like that after what Grayson did. She looked a little ashamed, and she should never feel like that.

I was there for the whole thing, watching with Preston, so I know Grayson didn't force her to do anything, but he should have been more careful. They were out in the open and could have been seen by anyone. I know Grayson doesn't care what people think about him, he does what he wants, but I don't want Sadie's name to be sullied and have people talk bad about her or mess with her because his lack of care.

But fuck, the noises she made had my dick so damn hard. I wish I could have seen her face when Grayson made her shatter.

"Oh, hey, Declan," Mia's voice has my head snapping up as I enter the building.

I stop and give her a friendly smile. "Hey, Mia. What's up?" Mia is a nice girl, and it's still really odd that technically she's my fiancée.

“I wanted to talk to you. Do you have a moment?” she asks, giving me a small smile back. I look down at my phone and see that I only have fifteen minutes left of my class so there’s no real point in trying to rush to get there anymore. I’ll have to watch the class footage online later to catch up.

So I nod and put my phone away. “Sure, what’s up?”

“It’s about Sadie.”

I freeze, my heart starting to speed up. “What about Sadie?”

Mia crosses her arms and gives me one of her sassy brow lifts. “She’s my best friend. And I know the deal she has with you and the other Host Club members. I mean, we’re the ones who convinced her to ask you guys in the first place.”

“I know. She told me.”

“She did? That doesn’t matter—what matters is, I know you a lot better than I do the other guys. You’re a good guy, and I know Sadie is in good hands with you. But Grayson and Preston? I need you to make sure they don’t hurt my best friend.”

My brows furrow. “They would never hurt a woman,” I say urgently.

“I don’t mean physically, although that counts too! I mean with her heart,” Mia explains.

“What do you mean, her heart?” I ask, brow furrowing. “She just wants us to teach her... things.” It’s still going to take some getting used to.

Mia sighs, scrubbing her face with her hands. “I’m totally risking her getting mad at me for this, and I know it’s not my place to say anything, but I can’t stand by and let them mess with her emotions. Because you’re not the only one who saw what happened outside just before you walked her home.” She gives me a knowing look.

“Fuck,” I groan. “I’m going to kill Grayson.”

“Please do. Anyway, me and you, we might be engaged, but you know that’s bullshit. Nothing will ever happen

between us. You're too head over heels for Sadie and Preston, and I'm not into dicks. Although, if I was, I'm sure yours would be nice enough." She grins.

My eyes widen at the mention of Preston. "I—ah—"

"Relax." She rolls her eyes. "Your secret is safe with me. But, dude, you look like a love-sick puppy when he's not paying attention." My face heats. *Has Preston noticed?* And if he has, does it bother him? "But I've also been watching for years how you are with my girl." She smirks.

"Doesn't matter. Even if Sadie felt the same way about me, we can't be together past this agreement. She deserves someone who can show the world how much they love her. Not to be hidden away or be someone's mistress." I'm not even going to comment on the Preston thing.

"That's the thing. She does have... some kind of feelings for you. An attraction for sure, but I think it could lead to something more. And while I know you would be the best person to spare her heart, I don't trust that the others would."

Does Sadie like me, or all of us? *God, I sound like some confused preteen.* "So, what are you asking?" I question, my brows furrowing.

"I just want you to know that if you fall hard enough for Sadie, and she feels the same for you, I'd end things between us so that you two could be together. Believe that," is all she says before turning around and heading down the hall, leaving me there with my mouth agape.

Why did she have to say that? I've grown to accept that I could never have Sadie the way I want her. This arrangement we have is the closest I'll ever get to being with her, and that alone is a fucking miracle. Now Mia tells me that being with Sadie could be in my future, if that's what we wanted.

Is that something I want, knowing I'll never be able to be with Preston if that's the path I choose?

How fucked up and selfish of me to want two people at once. Would it be fair to be with Sadie while also having feelings for someone else as well?

I can't fucking be with either of them. At least, not without causing a lot of issues with more than one family.

I really can't think about this right now.

The bell chimes and I turn in the direction of the Host Club room to give Grayson hell for the little stunt he pulled.

Shoving the doors open, I find him sitting on the couch talking to a girl and laughing. "Hey, man." He nods as I stop next to him.

"Hey!" he shouts as I grab his arm, pulling him to his feet and over to the study in the corner. "What the fuck is your deal?"

"Really?" I growl, shoving him against the wall as I glare at him. "My deal? Gray, you finger fucked Sadie out in the fucking open. Anyone could have seen!"

He gives me a slow smirk that has my anger rising. "You're just jealous it was my fingers she was gushing around and not yours. Oh, and by the way, her pussy is so warm and tight. Don't worry, you will get your turn soon."

"That's not the point," I huff out. "You might not care about what people think of you. But I won't stand by while you put Sadie's reputation at risk. You already know the bullshit Tina is spewing about her. I don't want to give her a reason to add more fucking fuel to the fire."

Sadie only comes to the Host Club room at lunch, but we're technically open all day. We meet up with clients when we have an opening in our daily school schedule. Yesterday before last class, Tina and her bitchy friends were in here hanging out and Sadie's name was brought up. I was going to warn her to shut her fucking mouth, but surprisingly Preston beat me to it. She didn't like that her fiancé embarrassed her in front of her friends.

She was smart enough not to start something with him because she knows she won't win. Preston has made it known, on many occasions, that he doesn't like her and is only marrying her because of the agreement between their parents.

“She’s such a fucking bitch.” Anger flashes in his eyes. “And look, I’m sorry, you’re right. I don’t want to cause any issues for Sadie. But you know how I feel about her, and I just got lost in the moment. She’s so fucking tempting; I couldn’t control myself.”

“I get it, trust me, I feel the same way. But save it for behind closed doors, more importantly, the club. It’s the only way we can keep this professional. No more stolen moments. Nothing outside the club.”

Grayson bursts out laughing. “Yeah, okay, buddy. I’ll totally do that,” he replies with a laugh, patting me on the shoulder before stepping past me.

“I mean it!” I shout back. He turns around and gives me a thumbs-up. *Fucking asshole isn’t going to listen.*

“What’s your issue?” Preston demands. I spin around to find him sitting at the desk. “So what if he’s having a little fun with her outside the agreement?”

“Really?”

“What?” He raises a brow.

“We can’t make this complicated. It’s going to be hard enough to finally have her in this small way.”

“God, you’re too much of a damn gentleman sometimes, Dec. Say it, we’re going to fuck her. We’re going to stick our cocks inside her and make her cum over and over again. Eat her pussy like starved men. Just like we’ve imagined in our minds when we jacked off as teenagers.”

It’s a really bad time to get hard right now, but the image pops into my head, and I can’t help it. I blush and shift in my spot. Preston notices and smirks. Thankfully, he doesn’t point it out. “She came to us and asked us to teach her everything we know when it comes to sex. And that’s what we’re going to do. When we’re done, we part ways, just like every other client. It’s just business.”

“It’s not just business, and you know that! It’s the whole fucking reason why we made that pact to not pursue her.”

“And none of us are going to.” He raises a brow. “Are we?”

“No.” I shake my head. “You know we can’t.”

“I don’t see the big deal, Dec. I’ve gotten over my little crush years ago, but I wouldn’t say no to having some fun with her. I have eyes, she’s sexy. Not really the type of girl I go for, but,” he pauses and shrugs. “Hot enough for me not to turn down.”

“Really? That’s how you feel?” I haven’t been this pissed off toward Preston before.

“Look, Dec, we made that pact when we were kids. We had schoolboy crushes. But we’re not boys anymore.”

He dismisses me by looking back down at his laptop.

I take a seat in the chair and look out the window. *So Preston just wants to fuck her, nothing more? Or is that just an act?*

I know Grayson has a thing for her. He might be a big flirt, but I see that much. But would he go against his father and break his engagement with Sarah to be with Sadie? No, I can’t see him doing that.

So maybe I do have a chance if the other two are out of the picture? Shit, am I considering pursuing Sadie and going against something my parents have had in motion since I was born?

I can’t think too far ahead. Something like that is too big, and I’ve only had one damn conversation with the girl. I need to slow down and see where things go before I jump the gun.

But one thing I do know for sure is I’m going to be having sex with Sadie. Is it possible to be thrilled and terrified at the same time?

I might not be as good with women as Grayson and Preston are, but my number is up there. I have my own sexual preferences I like to explore and the club has been the perfect place to explore them. But will Sadie want me if she knows what my desires are in the bedroom?

Chapter 11

Sadie

The guys keep telling me they're going to be starting with my... lessons this weekend. But none of them told me where or any other details. It's Friday now, and I'm standing outside the host club room feeling like I'm seconds away from puking up my lunch.

This is my last day before everything changes. *Is it going to be weird working for them after I've slept with them? Will it be so bad they can't even look at me, making them call the whole thing off?*

I'm freaking out, sending myself into a downward spiral. Maybe I should just cut ties right now. No harm, no foul. Sure, I worked for them for a week, but that's nothing. It wasn't all that bad.

I'll just go home and hide, text Mia and tell her to tell Declan that I'm backing out of our deal. She would have his number, right? I mean, they are engaged.

Holy shit, I'm going to fuck my best friend's fiancé. What the hell even is my life? This isn't me.

"Is this your new thing?" Grayson's deep, amused voice has me yelping in surprise as I spin around to face his cocky grin.

"What?" I ask, heart pounding in my chest. My eyes fall to his lips, those sinful lips that spoke dirty things to me the other day. I look down at his hands by his sides and my cheeks heat. How could just two fingers and a thumb bring so much pleasure?

"Pretty Girl." He chuckles. Shit, I'm being weird. My eyes dart back up to his. "You're thinking about the other day, aren't you?"

"No!" I say a little too forcefully, giving myself away.

His grin widens as he steps forward. I don't move, I can't move. My heart races and my palms sweat. He's not going to touch me like that again right here, is he?

Grayson grips my chin softly, making me look into his eyes. “Are you going to run every time you come here?”

“I’m not running,” I whisper back, my belly going crazy with butterflies.

“But you’re thinking about it, every day you’re here. You stand outside this door and stare at it, a panicked look on your face, like you’re ready to run far away and never turn back.”

My brows furrow. “How do you know that?” *Did Declan tell him about the time he found me?*

“I have cameras, Pretty Girl. It’s my *thing* to keep an eye on everything.” He licks his lips, his eyes falling to mine. *Is he going to kiss me?* I hope he kisses me. Last time, I didn’t get a chance to taste his lips even though he made me cum.

“I’m not running.” Yet the way it comes out sounds like I’m not sure, like I will.

“You don’t have to do this, Sadie. No one will be upset. If you’re not comfortable, no one will force you.” His thumb brushes against my lower lip, making me shiver. “But it would be a shame because, as it turns out, after talking to the guys, I’m going to be the first one you’re with. And I have so many things I want to do to that sexy body of yours.”

“You think I’m sexy?” is all my stupid brain could come up with in response to him giving me an out.

He lets out a deep chuckle. “Pretty Girl, I think you’re fucking stunning.” He reaches up with his free hand, running his fingers through the ends of my hair. “You’re like a breath of fresh air. A natural beauty. I’m all for girls wearing makeup and shit—whatever makes them feel good about themselves, that’s all that matters—but you... you don’t wear any. You don’t need it. You’re perfect just the way you are. Although...” he pauses, leaning forward enough to brush his lips against mine. “Maybe when you’re with me, wear some mascara. I’d love to watch it run down your rosy cheeks as your eyes water from choking on my cock.”

My eyes widen as I suck in a sharp breath. He steps back, a cocky smirk on his face, before turning and heading to the

door. He opens it up and looks back. “Come on, Pretty Girl. You can run, but know this, I sure do love a good chase.” He winks before slipping inside the room.

“Holy fucking shit,” Emma laughs, popping out of nowhere.

“You scared the shit out of me!” I shriek, slapping her arm as she comes to stand next to me.

“I came to see if you were going to run after how nervous you were this morning. And girl, I heard *everything*. You better not. That man, holy shit, he wasn’t even talking to me and my panties are wet. I will forever hate you if you skip out on the opportunity to fuck that man. I want to be you so bad right now.”

“You have a boyfriend,” I remind her.

“Yes, I do, and I’ll be letting him know that filthy mouths are now a turn on for me.” She wiggles her eyebrows with a grin.

“The way he talks...” I let out a breath, my hand moving to my belly, where it’s still in knots. “Should I be this turned on?”

“Yes.” She laughs. “If not, you’re broken.”

“I want this. I do. I mean, it’s every girl’s dream come true, right?”

“I mean, at least in this school it is. But do this for you. Fuck Raymond and his shrimp dick. Go get ravished by real men. Then when you find your forever guy, the man who will love you hard and make you his queen, you will know what you like and won’t be afraid to ask him. Maybe even show him.” Her face grows serious. “Remember, Sadie, get that light back. Shine again. Give the biggest fuck you to whoever took that from you.”

“Thank you,” my voice cracks as I pull her in for a hug. “I’ll tell you someday.”

“I know you will.” She hugs me back. I haven’t said anything to anyone because I don’t remember everything, but I

know it happened. How do you tell someone something that's a jumbled mess of emotions and snapshots of a terrible night?

"Now, go in there and work for them one last time before they turn my best friend into a naughty little minx."

"Okay." I laugh, wiping the tears.

Taking a deep, steadying breath, I push the nerves down and open the big red and gold doors.

As soon as my eyes fall on him, I'm frozen again. *What is Collin doing here?*

"What are you doing here?" *Looks like my mouth is just spewing the first thing my brain thinks up.*

He turns his attention from Declan to me. When he sees who's speaking to him, his face lights up. "Well, hello to you too, Miss Evans." I blush, embarrassed by my outburst.

"This asshole here is the Host Club's teacher advisor. You will be seeing a lot more of him because I guess he wants to be a hands-on kind of person," Preston explains while glaring at his brother before heading to the back of the room.

"Oh." I take a few steps into the room.

"Best club in the whole school." Collin chuckles. "I didn't get the chance to be a part of it when I was in school."

"How come?" I ask.

"I didn't attend Kingston Academy for most of my high school years and University. So I missed out on the good stuff." He winks. "But now, I work here and offered to help run the host club." It's bad enough to be around Preston, Grayson, and Declan without turning into a drooling fool—now I have to deal with this sexy, hot teacher too?

Then it hits me. If he's in charge of this club, does he know about the deal I made with the guys? Fuck, I hope not. That would be so awkward.

"Doesn't hurt that his mommy runs the school." Grayson chuckles.

Wait, hold up, Mommy? But Carol runs this school.

No... it can't be. Oh, fuck. Collin. Collin is *the* Collin.

"Carol Killian is your mom?" I ask in a whisper, staring at Collin like I've seen a ghost.

He gives me this look, this knowing look like he was waiting for me to finally realize who he was. The relief on his face is clear as he gives me a soft look and a nod. "Yeah."

My feet are moving before I can even think, and I'm over to him in a second, wrapping my arms around his waist and squeezing tight. I don't care who's here or who's watching. This man was my everything for so long. He looks so different, so grown up.

"Hey there, Lollipop," he murmurs into the top of my head as he holds me tight. I huff out a watery laugh at the old nickname. "I've missed you so damn much."

"I missed you too," I reply, my voice breaking. "Why did you leave?"

He pulls back, so he can look me in the eye. "I didn't want to. I had to." I go to open my mouth to ask why, but he stops me. "I'll tell you another time. But know this, I never meant to disappear from your life."

"What the fuck is going on here? Collin, why are you hugging a student like she's your long lost lover or something?" Preston roars angrily, a sneer slashed across his face.

And then I remember he's a teacher, and I take a step back, cheeks heating as I feel all their eyes on me.

"His mom and my mom are best friends," I answer Preston for his brother. "Our families are close. Collin has been like a big brother to me since I was born." I don't miss the look on Collin's face when I said big brother, like the idea of that grosses him out. But why would it?

"How the hell didn't I know that?" Preston demands. "You didn't think to say anything when you found out she would be working for the host club?"

“My past is none of your business, Preston,” Collin replies in a clipped tone.

Preston’s eyes cast a dark look our way. “She’s the reason why you took a sudden interest in being a hands-on teacher for the club, isn’t it?” He shakes his head. “Fucking ridiculous.”

“Shut your mouth,” Collin growls at his brother.

But Preston sees something on Collin’s face that I don’t. He gives his brother a cruel smirk. “You like her, don’t you? Did you have some kind of fucked up crush on her when you were younger? You’re five years older than her. She was like ten when you left at fifteen. Did you want to fuck a ten-year-old, Collin?”

“I said shut the fuck up,” Collin steps closer to Preston.

What is Preston talking about? Why would he say these things? Collin never felt like that toward me. Did he? I mean, I had a little crush on him before he left, but he was older. He wouldn’t have seen me like that.

“Did you think now that she’s of age that it’s your chance to finally have her?” The look on Preston’s face as he gets into his brother’s space is pure venom. “Do you know why she came here? Why she’s working for us? The deal she made?” He waits, but Collin says nothing, just breathes heavily, his nostrils flaring. “No?” He lowers his voice so only Collin and us standing around him can hear. “I’ll tell you then. Grayson, Declan, and myself are going to fuck her. We’re taking her to Wonderlust this weekend where we’re going to do so many things to her sinful little body.”

“No,” Collin snarls, fists clenching at his side. “You will not touch her.”

“Oh, yes, we will. We will do much more than just touch her. You know what I like, you know everything about the club. And I can’t wait to do that all with *her*.”

Everything happens in a flash. Collin’s fist snaps forward, crashing right into his brother’s face.

“Oh my god!” I scream as Preston crumbles to the floor with a grunt, blood gushing from his nose.

“Stay the fuck away from her! I mean it!” Collin roars. He looks at me, my eyes wide with fear. His face morphs from fury to regret when he sees my face. But he doesn’t say anything as he pushes past us all and storms out of the room.

Preston sits on the ground, laughing maniacally as I watch Collin go.

“Well, that was a fucking shit show,” Grayson comments. I turn to see him toss a towel down to Preston.

“Are you okay?” I ask as Preston presses the towel to his nose and gets to his feet.

“No, I’m not. You shouldn’t be here. You’re going to cause a lot more trouble than you’re worth,” he snarls before pushing past me and into the room he went in with the girl on my first day.

Tears spring to my eyes, my mind racing with so much confusion. “I don’t know what’s going on,” I whisper, looking up at Grayson and Declan.

“We don’t either,” Declan says, pulling me into a hug. “Let us talk to him. Why don’t you go home if you don’t have any more classes for the day, and we’ll be by tomorrow, okay?”

“Okay,” I whisper.

“I’ll walk you home,” Grayson offers, pulling me out of Declan’s arms and into his.

This is all wrong, all messed up. Collin comes back into my life, and when I should be happy, excited to have someone who meant so much to me back, I’m left feeling upset and confused. Why did he get so worked up over the things Preston was saying? Why does he care what I do with the guys? He hasn’t seen me in years, why do I matter so much to him now?

Chapter 12

Grayson

“Where are you off to today?” My dad asks, lowering the newspaper he was reading as I step into the kitchen.

“Good morning to you too, Pops.” I give him a cheeky smirk. “I’m going out with the boys today. Probably won’t be back until later tonight.”

He narrows his eyes. “Are you going to the club?”

“And what if I am?” I ask, raising a brow.

He lets out a sigh. “You know how I feel about you and that club.”

“And you know that I’m a grown man and can do what I want.” I grab a bottle of water from the fridge.

He knows I’m right. I’m part owner of Wonderlust. We were all looking to venture into something outside of our families, to earn money that doesn’t come with strings attached.

The idea came last year when we were in the Host Club room. Preston made a joke about opening up a sex club, laughing it off.

I left that day, and by the time I went to bed, Wonderlust wasn’t just an idea. I did my own little sales pitch to the guys the next day. Declan was on the fence about the whole thing, but as soon as Preston heard the mention of making our own money—not tied to our families in any way—he was on board.

A few months later, with a lot of planning and work, the club was up and running. It’s a little bit of everything. Bar, club, and a place to go to make all your wildest dreams come true. Over the summer, we brought Collin on as an investor.

No one at the school, outside of the four of us, works there. We try to keep that part of our lives separate.

The thing about Wonderlust is, it might look legal on paper, but the things that go on inside are often far from it.

We are big about keeping things private. We have clients who spend a lot of time in the public eye; everyone from celebrities, politicians, to fucking crime bosses. Everyone who comes to the club must sign an NDA upon entry, but on top of that, we require everyone to wear masquerade masks. Not only does it help hide your identity, it allows you to slip into any role you wanna play, be any person you want to be, while adding to the fantasy vibe of it all.

My dad might not like my business endeavors, but he is proud of me, of what I've built, and that's all I can ask for. I'm lucky to have him as my dad. I know I could have gotten stuck with someone a hell of a lot worse, like Preston and Collin's dad.

"What about you?" I ask, a grin finding my lips again. "You seeing Erin again?"

His lips twitch with a smile. "And what if I am?"

"Well played, old man." I chuckle, taking a seat at the kitchen table. "Things are going pretty good between you and her, so when are you going to tie the knot?"

He raises a brow. "I'm not sure if you're joking or serious."

"A little bit of both." I shrug. "You're happy. I like seeing you happy. Mom's been gone for a long time now, and I know she was the love of your life, but you're allowed to love more than one person in your lifetime. If you feel like Erin is someone you can see spending the rest of your life with, don't let her go. If anyone should know how short life can be, it's you."

I envy my dad. My parents' marriage was arranged, but they lucked out big time because they ended up falling in love with each other in high school.

So while a lot of their friends entered into loveless marriages with strangers or people they couldn't stand, my parents were happy.

Sometimes I wonder if I grew up around Sarah, the woman I'm arranged to be married to, would I have had the same love

with her like my parents did. I didn't get the chance to find out because Sarah lives in London, and I've only met her a handful of times when we would go on family vacations over there.

A part of me knows if I don't want to marry Sarah, if I truly didn't want to go through with it, my dad wouldn't force me. This is all my grandfather's doing. He's the reason why my father was arranged to be with my mom, and me with Sarah. He set everything up with his connections, found me a family friend of his to form stronger alliances with.

"Thank you," his voice softens. "It means a lot to hear you say that. Because..." He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a black ring box, placing it on the table.

"Oh, I'm flattered. But I don't see you in that way," I tease.

He rolls his eyes, grinning. "I'm going to ask her this weekend."

"Holy shit, really?" I sit up straighter in my seat.

"I know it's only been six months, but I really do love her. She's an amazing woman, and I hate being apart from her."

"So, are we getting new roommates? Should I make up the guest room for my new little sister?"

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I haven't asked, she hasn't said yes, and I don't think her daughter would move in here anyways. She's in college now and would probably like to keep the cottage to herself."

That's not happening. Erin, my dad's girlfriend... yeah, she's also Sadie's mom.

As soon as I found out my dad was seeing someone, I took it upon myself to find out everything about her. I was both shocked and pleased to find out who her daughter was.

Sadie doesn't seem to know the connection between her mom's new boyfriend and me. If she does, she sure is good at hiding it.

Nah, my little pet wouldn't let me touch her if she knew she could be my future step sister. It's mostly why I've kept

this bit of information to myself. Not even the guys know.

I'm gonna taste every inch of that girl and have her screams of pleasure ingrained into my memory before she finds out.

Not that I'd let something like her being my step sister stop me from having her. If anything, it makes my cock harder knowing how fucked up it would be.

That woman has me all tied up. Part of me hates how much she affects me because I'll never get her past our arrangement, but the other half doesn't give a shit. I crave her, need her.

Her dating Raymond was a real test of my self-control. Anytime I saw them in public, I wanted to go over and smash his fucking face in.

Now that I know that he fucked around on Sadie, I plan on having a little alone time with the bastard. *Fucking fool out there living our dream and fucked it all up for a girl who only cares about sex and money. Plus, she has the personality of a rock.*

I stand up and walk over to my dad, placing my hand on his shoulder. "Well, I think she's going to say yes. I've seen the way she looks at you. You got this."

He smiles up at me. "Thanks, son."

Giving him a pat on the shoulder, I say my goodbyes and head outside. "Hello, Roger. Did you get what I asked?" I ask my driver as I slide inside the limo.

"Yes, Sir." He hands me something through the window.

I take the box from him and place it on my lap. Opening it, I grin as my fingers trace the gold and red mask. "Perfect," I whisper.

Picking it up, I place it to the side of me and take out the black lacy fabric that was under it. "Fuck," I groan, holding up the black lingerie in front of me. My cock thickens in my slacks when an image of Sadie wearing this tonight pops into my head.

Tonight is the night. The night I've dreamed about for years. I've spent hours watching her on the monitors, my hand tightly wrapped around my cock as I imagined all the little moans that left her lips as she played with her pretty pink pussy for me.

Sometimes they were just noises, sometimes my name left her lips as she brought herself to orgasm. Those were the times I came the hardest.

Now, I get the real thing.

I'm playing the fool, thinking that once this deal is over, I'll have her out of my system. But it's all a lie. I'll never be able to get Sadie Evans out of my mind, or my heart. She will always be my obsession.

Part of me feels bad for the woman I'm going to marry because, in the back of my mind, I'll always be reminded that she's not Sadie. And never will be.

"The limo, really?" Preston grumbles as he slides in when we get to his house to pick him up.

"Why not?" I grin, leaning back in my seat. "Limos are for special occasions, and I think finally fucking Sadie counts."

He rolls his eyes as the car starts to move again. "I highly doubt getting laid counts as a special occasion. It's a daily occurrence for me."

"Yes, but it's who it's with that's the special part."

"Some girl we all had the hots for when we were kids? Look, I know we all agreed to stay away from her and shit, but really, Gray? It's been years now. Aren't you over your little school boy crush?"

Anger rises within me. "No," I growl. "It was never some silly crush to me. And the only reason I made that deal was because I knew that even if I was with her then, I would have had to end things at some point and break her heart."

He lets out a snort of laughter as he shakes his head. "It's funny you think you would be the one out of the three of us she would have picked."

“And what, you think she would have picked you?” I ask, leaning forward in my seat.

“No.” He shrugs. “I’m too fucked up for a girl like her. It would have been Declan. You and I both know that. We never stood a chance.”

“From where I’m sitting, we have our chance now.”

He narrows his eyes at me. “She asked us to teach her how to fuck, Grayson, not to be her boyfriends. At the end of the day, a girl like Sadie wants someone who can love her, hold her at night, and give her the world. Can you do that? Can you be her forever?”

I say nothing, jaw ticking as I lean back in my seat and look out the window.

“My point exactly. We had our lives planned out for us while we were still in our fathers’ ball sacks. The pact was pointless because none of us stood a chance at having Sadie as our forever.”

I hate that he’s right. I hate that not once before Sadie did I ever think of a girl as anything more than a friend, maybe someone to warm my bed when I got a little bit older. Because he’s right, our lives were already owned by someone else.

“This is just sex, Grayson. Sex with a girl who sparked our interest back then. I know you and Declan still have a thing for her, but that’s not the case for me anymore. Why get all hung up over someone I could never have? It was a moment of weakness back then. I was still a boy. A small part of me believed in love. But there’s no such thing as love. Only regret and pain.” He lets out a humorless chuckle. “If anything, I have the better end of the deal when it comes to the three of us.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m to be married to a woman who only cares about sex and money. And I’m someone who could never love her. We’re both going to do our own thing, fuck around in the shadows while putting on a happy face for the public. She’s

not going to expect me to love her, or to treat her well. And that's how it should be."

"God, you really are fucked up," I mutter.

"Thank you." He winks.

I roll my eyes and a second later, Declan slides into the limo.

"Hey," he greets, taking a seat next to Preston. He looks from me to Preston and then back to me. "Ah, everything okay?"

"Yup. Everything is fine. You just missed the part where I told Grayson that we're all destined to have a loveless future," Preston says casually.

"Oh..." Declan's brows furrow. "About that. I wanted to talk to you guys."

"About what?" I raise a brow.

"So, you know Mia, right?"

"Your future wife? Yes, we know her, Dec." Preston chuckles, and Declan's face heats.

"Well, we were talking the other day and she told me some things that really had me thinking."

"Okay..." *This has officially piqued my interest.*

"Mia is gay."

"We all know that." I laugh.

"Yes, but that means she could never love me. Even if I gave our marriage a real try, it's something that would never happen." He plays with the hem of his jacket. "She said that if I found someone I really wanted to be with, that I loved hard, she would..." He looks up at me, then Preston. "She would let me out of our arranged marriage, and we would deal with the fall out together."

My stomach dips, and I feel like I'm going to puke. "What are you trying to say, Dec?" I growl.

Declan's head snaps over to me. "I was going to ask, if you guys are alright with it, that after we're done with our arrangement with Sadie... if you would be okay if I... umm... asked her out?"

I blink at him. "You want to date Sadie..."

"Yes." He nods his head. "I like her. I've never stopped liking her. I worked hard to try to get over her, knowing I could never give her what she needed, what she deserved. But... with what Mia said. What if I can? I mean, I have to at least try, right? If we date and things work out, I'd be willing to go through whatever it took to be with her."

"I don't care," Preston says, looking at his phone. "Once this is over, you're free to do whatever you want with her."

"Are you sure? We had that deal and—"

"It was a deal we made when we were thirteen. I told you, I don't have feelings for her anymore. If you think she's worth possibly being disowned by your family, who am I to stop you? But good luck because I have a feeling my brother wants her just as bad as you do, maybe even more. There's a lot of shit that I don't know regarding why he left Kingston Academy, but I'm positive it heavily has to do with her. You saw what he did to me for how I talked about her. He's going to be your competition. He doesn't care about the fact that he's her teacher, he will find a way around it."

Declan's face drops. Part of me wants to feel bad for the guy. The man he's in love with is so dismissive about him being with someone else. But another part of me wants to kick his ass and tell him to stay the fuck away from Sadie. That she's mine, and he can't have her.

But the thing is, as much as I wish I could do what Declan plans on doing and say fuck my family, I can't, for so many fucking reasons.

I should want Sadie to be with someone like Declan. He would give her the fucking moon if she asked. But I'm also a selfish bastard. If I can't have her, then neither will he.

I don't get the chance to tell him that before we are pulling up to Sadie's cottage. Thinking twice about it has me realizing that I need to get away before I say something that would fuck up the whole night. So, I rush out of the limo to go get my pet.

Nothing else matters right now, only her.

Chapter 13

Sadie

There's a knock at my door and I startle, almost jumping out of my chair at the kitchen table.

It's them. I know it is. I've been nervously waiting for them all day.

It feels like a lifetime since we made the deal and I started working for the host club. And now I'm about to go to some club with them and let them... shit. I'm not really sure what I'm about to let them do to me. *Are we going to have sex right away? Am I just going to be with one of them, or are they going to take turns with me? Or fuck at the same time?*

Another knock pulls me from my spiraling thoughts.

Taking a deep breath, I answer the door.

"Hello, Pretty Girl." The huskiness of his voice and the way he looks at me like he wants to eat me up have me ready to melt into a puddle at his feet. He tsks and reaches up. My heart pounds in my chest as I wait to see what he's going to do. I know how sinful those hands can be, but he just grabs the hair tie out of my hair and pulls it free. He takes his other hand and works it through the strands, straightening it up a little. My eyes flutter closed, and I lean into his touch. It feels good, too good. I moan as his fingers massage my scalp.

"Fuck, Pretty Girl. You're going to have to wait on making sounds like that, or I might just fuck you here."

My eyes snap open, and I swallow hard. *I mean, I'm not totally against that idea.*

He chuckles at the look on my face. "Come on. The guys are in the limo waiting for us."

Limo? I shake my head as he takes my hand and pulls me toward the vehicle. *Rich people.*

"Slide on in, my lady," Grayson says, opening the door for me.

I duck down and get inside. As soon as I'm seated, I look around at the other two and get the feeling something happened before they showed up here. Declan gives me a nervous smile that I return, but when I look at Preston, he's looking out the window—a scowl much deeper than his usual one is etched across his face.

Well, this is going to be a lovely night. “You know, if you don't want to do this, you don't have to,” I tell him, moving to get out of the car. “This is stupid. I shouldn't have asked you to have sex with me.”

“Sit,” Preston commands in a firm tone. The limo starts, and I fall back into my seat. “It's starting to sound like you're the one who doesn't want to do this. And if that's the case, let us know now, so we don't waste anyone else's time.”

His harsh glare sends a wave of embarrassment over me.

“Don't listen to Mr. Grumpy Pants. He's pissed off he hasn't gotten laid in a few days. But we wanted to make sure that none of us were with anyone else while we do this with you,” Declan says as he rolls his eyes.

“I never agreed to that. Just because you tell me to do something, doesn't mean I'm going to listen,” Preston grumbles, looking back out the window. “We're doing this. We want to. We wouldn't have agreed to it if we didn't.”

“Okay,” I whisper.

A hand finds my knee and I look up to Declan smiling softly at me. “I know this is unconventional. But Sadie, you're a gorgeous woman and your reason for asking us to do this for you is important to you. Therefore, it's important to me.”

“And me,” Grayson mumbles.

“If this is how you want to experiment and become comfortable with your body and sex, we're honored you've chosen us to be the ones to help you with that.”

His words settle my nerves, but with the way he's looking at me, I can't help but blush. *Why does he have to be so sweet, so perfect? Leave it to me to be attracted to someone who's unavailable. Taken men or assholes seem to be my thing.*

At least after this, I'll know what I like, what I need, and I won't have to settle for the first guy who tries to charm his way into my life with broken promises.

The rest of the drive is quiet, too quiet for my liking. It leaves me with my own thoughts. I should ask more questions, so I know what to expect, but I don't want to seem like I'm stupid or bother them.

Then my mind wanders to the last time I actually had sex. It's been a while and honestly, I should have been suspicious when Raymond stopped asking me for sex. He used to do it almost daily, then once a week, then it just stopped. And that was close to a year ago.

Now that I think about it, I maybe had sex with him only a handful of times.

Tears spring to my eyes as I think about the possibility that he's been sleeping with other women behind my back for longer than I've known. I wouldn't put it past him at this point.

"Hey." Grayson grips my chin and guides it so I'm looking at him "What's wrong?"

"Sorry," I mutter, huffing out a little laugh. "It's stupid."

"No. You're upset, what's wrong?" he asks again.

"I'm just thinking about how lame I am." I give him my best fake smile, trying to play it off.

"You're not lame," he growls.

"You know how many times I've had sex? Five, at most. I wouldn't put out, and my boyfriend went elsewhere to get it. I've been in my own head for years, too blind not to see it until I was forced to see it in person, while he was balls deep in another woman."

His eyes search mine for a moment. "Do you like sex?"

"I like the idea of it. I believe it can feel good if it's with someone who knows what they're doing. It's why I came to you," I mumble.

“I’m guessing he only thought of himself? What you could offer him? How you could help him get off and once he did, he rolled over and just went about his day?”

“Pretty much,” I sigh. “I was an afterthought. I felt like I was just being used and I didn’t matter.”

“There’s your problem. He didn’t care about your pleasure, only his own. That won’t happen here. This is all about you, we come last. Literally.” He winks, making me smile, and my belly warms. “Why would you want to have sex if you weren’t getting anything from it? You shouldn’t have to roll over and be a warm hole for anyone. If you didn’t want to have sex, then you shouldn’t have to. That’s it. No one should pressure you, no one should make you feel bad about it.”

New tears spring to my eyes. “Thank you.”

He leans over and kisses the tip of my nose. “I got you, Pretty Girl. You’re in good hands. You’ll be okay.”

And I know I will be.

Not once did Raymond ever try to make it good for me. I felt dirty and used when he would finish and leave me there like I was nothing.

Then there was the fact that any time Raymond was on me, pinning me to the bed, I was brought back to that night. The memory of stale beer breath and sweat would cause me to panic, to say no even after I said yes.

But damn it! It’s my right to say no, at any time. I shouldn’t feel guilty or be called a tease because of it. I want to be with someone who wants me for more than just my body. Yes, I want to be able to please my partner, make them feel as good as they make me feel. But I also want to be able to tell them no, that I’m not in the mood and not have them get upset over it.

“We’re here,” Preston announces before quickly throwing on what looks like a masquerade mask and practically sprinting from the limo.

“Dick,” Grayson says, then looks at me. “Okay, so before we get out of the car, I need you to put this on.” He opens a

black box and pulls out a gold and red masquerade mask. “We are big on discretion.”

“Okay.” I take the mask from him and hold it up to my face.

“Let me.” Declan takes the straps and carefully ties it for me. He gathers my hair, grazing his fingers against my neck as he pulls it free from under the tied straps and around to the front to lay across my breasts.

Grayson was right before. I don’t want sex unless I’m in the mood. I know for a fact that I’m not going to have an issue with that when it comes to them, because I’m already squirming in my seat, aching for them to touch me.

The guys put on their masks and Grayson gets out, holding his hand out for me to take. He helps me stand and Declan follows behind.

It’s quiet. Not a sound fills the night air apart from the crickets and the distant sounds of traffic.

“Ah... I thought you said this was a club?” I ask, looking around. “This is a warehouse.” My belly drops as my eyes snap over to Grayson. “You didn’t bring me out here to kill me, did you?” *Fuck, I should have put some kind of tracker on me and given it to my friends.*

Grayson lets out a deep chuckle. “No, Pretty Girl. The only thing that’s getting murdered tonight is that pretty little pussy of yours.” My whole body flushes. “I meant it about the discretion thing.”

“Really, Grayson?” Declan sighs. “Murder her pussy?”

“What?” Grayson gives him a cheeky grin. “It’s true.”

Declan rolls his eyes and turns to me. He’s in a black and white mask that looks handsome. “Sorry about him. He doesn’t have a filter.”

“And where would be the fun in that? I say what’s on my mind.” Grayson chuckles.

I smile, shaking my head. “You two are too cute.”

“Thank you!” Grayson grins. But Declan, he blushes. *Yup, adorable.*

The guys lead me inside as the limo leaves. Grayson is still carrying that black box, and I wonder what’s inside. Is it something else for me?

We walk all the way around to the back before stopping at one of the doors. Grayson knocks three times before pausing and doing it again. A little window on the door slides open. “Password?”

My brows jump. *Is this some kind of super top secret club?* “Throw me a frickin’ bone here!” Grayson says, and I snort out a laugh.

“Did you just quote Dr. Evil?” I ask, amusement flooding me.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He gives me a cheeky grin and winks.

“Granted. Next.”

Declan turns to me when he says his. “We loved with a love that was more than love.”

My heart does funny things as we stare into each other’s eyes. The intensity has me locked in his hold, never wanting to look away. Leave it to Declan to quote Edgar Allan Poe.

Grayson snorts. “Makes sense now.”

“Granted. Next.”

“She’s with us and will be given her own tonight,” Grayson answers.

The window closes, and a second later the door opens. I’m hit with a wave of nerves again as Declan places his hand on my lower back, guiding me inside.

“Don’t worry. We won’t let anything happen to you. If you feel overwhelmed, just look at me, okay?” Declan whispers into my ear.

“Okay.” I hate how dark it is in here. I have no idea how they know where we’re going, but I follow blindly, Declan’s

hand still guiding me.

We come to a stop, and the only light is a glowing button. Someone presses it, and a few seconds later, the elevator doors open. I squint, my eyes, having adjusted to the dark, are blinded by the brightness.

Declan guides me inside, Grayson following. The door closes and I stand there, staring at my reflection in the mirrored walls.

Something about how the two of them stand behind me, tall and proud as they watch me, makes me feel almost powerful.

Suddenly, the nerves are gone, replaced by thrilling excitement with what's about to happen tonight.

The elevator starts to move and that's when Grayson starts to speak. "You are to stay with me, Declan, or Preston at all times. Except when you're with one of our girls getting ready. Do you understand?"

Their girls? "Yes." I nod.

"The idea of one of these men getting their hands on you makes me want to do very bad things," he growls.

My belly flutters and so do other things. The possessiveness in his tone turning me on.

The elevator stops and the doors open. The silence dies as the sounds of music and people fill the air.

We step out, and Grayson grabs my hand, leading me through the club quickly. I try to take in as much of my surroundings as we move.

This place is huge. There's a stage on the far left with a stunning naked woman dancing on a pole. She has a mask on too. As does everyone else around me. There's a mix of men and women, both clothed and bare.

I've never seen so many body parts on display, and I'm surprised by how much I enjoy the sight. *Am I turned on by this?*

We stop for a moment while Grayson talks to someone, but I'm too distracted by the people sitting on a black leather chair. The man is in a suit and mask with a girl on her knees. She's slowly lapping at his cock while another man is behind her, on his knees, fucking her with slow, deep thrusts.

Fire burns within me and I shift, trying to find some friction to ease the need between my legs. I look away, thinking it would help, only to have my eyes land on another group. This time, it's a woman leaning against a naked man, his cock deep inside her while another one eats her out. The man behind her plays with her nipples, plucking and pulling as she moans and cries out, tossing her head back and forth.

I don't realize my breathing has grown heavy until arms wrap around me. "Do you like what you see?" Declan murmurs against my ear before sucking my earlobe into his mouth.

My eyes flutter closed, and I moan. "Yes."

I need him. His hands, his mouth... fuck, I've never wanted sex so much in my life as I do right now.

"That will be us soon," he promises. "Only we plan on locking you away in a room for our eyes only. No one gets to see you break apart but us."

My panties dampen, and I almost beg him to touch me when Grayson breaks the spell.

"Pretty Girl, this is Rosie. She will be helping you get ready and then bring you to my office for you to sign a few things, okay?" He looks behind me at Declan with a serious look. "We have something to deal with first."

Declan tenses and I almost sob at the loss of his touch when he steps away.

"Come on, you pretty little thing. Let's go get you ready."

I look at Grayson and he nods. "Rosie is good people. You're safe with her."

She loops her arm through mine. "Don't worry, if one of these perverts touches you, I'll just stab them."

I think she's joking, but as we step into the office and I'm able to get a better look at her, I see a very shiny silver dagger strapped to her inner thigh.

"Let me introduce myself. I'm Rosie. I've been working at Wonderlust for a year now. Not sure how long I'll stay, though."

"Why not?" I ask. She's really pretty with long blonde hair and bright blue eyes.

"I get bored easily. Also, in my line of work, I can't stay in one place too long before drawing attention." She winks.

I'm not sure I want to know what she means by that.

"Although, I should probably go home soon. My mother has been on my ass. She doesn't approve of my lifestyle. Not like she can talk. That woman has more bodies under her belt than a graveyard." She giggles. *Nope, not asking. I don't wanna know.*

"Anywho. Here." She holds out the black box Grayson had. "Change into this and pick a name you would like to be referred to by everyone in the club. I'll be back in a few to take you to Grayson's office."

I nod and grab the box. I wait until she leaves before placing the box on the desk next to the computer and opening it.

My eyes widen as I hold up a two-piece black lace lingerie set. I bite my lip and start to get undressed. I can't be shy about wearing this when they're about to see me naked.

Once I'm dressed and have my clothes folded neatly on the desk, I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. "Wow," I breathe.

I look... hot. My eyes roam over my body as I twist and turn to get a better look. My ass looks amazing, and my breasts are pushed up perfectly. My eyes fall to my hips. They're big, but this outfit makes them look sexy. Then my eyes fall to the little pooch of my belly, my hand automatically covering it.

Closing my eyes, I try to shove the negative thoughts from my mind. I've come too far to let myself fall back into that mindset. I'm beautiful, no matter my size. Size doesn't matter.

Sadly, that's not so easy when you're eleven. Tina, out of nowhere started bullying me, told me to lay off the fast food, said I was fat and poor. She even got her friends to join in.

Sometimes, words hurt more than anything else. They can cause a lot of damage. And her's triggered an eating disorder I've worked so hard to overcome that almost killed me. I have Preston to thank that it didn't.

Pulling my gaze away from the mirror, I take a seat on the chair at the desk and wait for Rosie to come back.

It feels like the seconds drag by. I pick at the desk, mindlessly picking things up and looking them over. My hand moves the mouse and the screen comes to life.

My eyes widen when I see what's on it. It's a video. And the person in it is very much the one and only Preston.

I know I shouldn't do it, but I do. I press play. My ears are met with moans and grunting. Preston is on a bed, pounding into a woman from behind. She's bound and gagged. He has a handful of her hair as the other one is wrapped around her throat.

He pulls her up so that her back is to his chest. I watch her eyes roll back, his hand tightening around her throat. I can't hear what he's saying in her ear, but she moans and nods her head. He fucks her harder, not giving her any mercy.

I can't look away. I should, but instead, my hand slides into my wet panties. I let out a shuddering breath as I brush the tips of my fingers against my swollen clit. My breathing picks up as I start to play with myself.

This is wrong. So fucking wrong. But my body isn't getting the memo as I start to move my fingers faster to the speed Preston is fucking that girl.

I've never gotten so close to an orgasm this quickly before, but I feel the fire burning in my belly fast. I move my fingers faster, my hips rocking against my hand.

My eyes are glued to Preston. The way his body moves, his muscles contracting with every thrust, the layer of sweat that coats his body, the look of determination on his face.

I watch as he pins the girl down, fucking her hard and fast before pulling out and ripping the condom off. He lets out one of the sexiest sounds as he jerks his cock, his body tensing up as he sends thick ropes of cum all over the girl's ass.

Then it's my turn to fall over the edge. My hand grips the arm of the chair so tight it hurts as I shatter against my fingers.

My breathing is a mess as the video comes to an end and reality hits me. I don't seem to have any shame, because the next thing I do is pull up the internet browser. I quickly sign in to my email and click on a new message. I click and drag the file into the message and watch as it uploads. I type in my email address to send to myself and quickly press send. As soon as it goes through, I rush to sign out and exit the tab.

Holy shit. I can't believe I just did that. Any of that.

Who am I?

"Knock, knock," Rosie's voice has me jumping to my feet like a kid caught with her hand in a cookie jar. "All ready?"

"Yup!" I say quickly as I step around the desk. She looks at me, then the computer, and smiles. She doesn't say anything as she holds out a robe.

"Put this on. Grayson made it clear that no one was to see your body but them." I nod, taking the silk robe from her and sliding it on. "You look hot, by the way."

"Thanks." I blush. For some reason, her compliment means more to me than most. It's something about another woman seeing your beauty as you do theirs that feels good.

She leads me out of the room and down the hall to another one. She knocks but no one answers so she opens the door.

For a moment, I think I'm still sitting at the desk watching the video. But what's going on before me now isn't the same thing.

Preston is sitting on a couch, his eyes shut, one arm laid on the back of it while a girl is on her knees, deep throating him.

He's roughly fucking her face as she moans like a porn star.

"Oh," Rosie says, getting Preston's attention.

His eyes snap open and lock on mine. I can see his hand gripping the girl's hair out of my peripheral vision. He holds her down, making her gag as he parts his lips. A moan slips past them, and I realize he's cumming while his eyes stay glued to mine.

The fire from before returns. But it's quickly extinguished when Preston pulls the girl off his dick and I see who it is.

My stomach drops and I feel sick. Jealousy and anger fill me. Tina. Fucking Tina. She looks over her shoulder and gives me a nasty smirk as she wipes the corners of her mouth with her thumb before sucking the cum that escaped off of it.

I'm overcome with the sudden need to show Preston that I can be better than any girl he's ever been with. Only thing is, that's a total lie. I'll never be like them. Someone he chose outside this arrangement.

I shouldn't care what he thinks. He's just some stupid guy with an attitude problem. But fuck, the way he looked at me just now as he was cumming down her throat has me wishing it were mine.

Chapter 14

Sadie

“I’m assuming you’re ready?” Preston asks. He stands up, tucking his cock away and walking past Tina like he’s forgotten she was even there.

She scrambles to her feet and shoots me a look that tells me she wishes she could kick my ass right now.

“Preston. We’re not done!” she whines.

His head snaps over to her. “Do not address me by my name! And put your fucking mask on,” he snarls, grabbing it from the ground and shoving it into her chest. “And, yes, we are done. You sucked my cock, and I came. Now leave.”

She wants to say more, but doesn’t. “Call me,” she huffs, storming past me and honest to god snarls as she goes.

“Hold up,” Rosie says. I spin around and find her hand wrapped around Tina’s wrist. “What do we have here?”

Preston rushes over and snatches something that looks like a flash drive from her hand. “What the fuck did you plan on doing with this?” he asks her in a low, dangerous tone. His hand shoots out, wrapping around her neck. My eyes widen while my body reacts with a mix of fear and a little arousal. *Man, I’m fucked.*

“I’m sorry,” she chokes out.

“A fucking flash drive? You really do have a death wish, don’t you? What did you plan on doing with this, blackmailing me into only being with you?” He lets out a cruel laugh. “Give it up already, Tina. We will only be married on paper. I could never love you,” he spits and turns to Rosie. “Deal with her. Get her out of my club. She’s never to step foot in here again.” He turns back to Tina. “You breathe a word of this place and my ties to it, I’ll make sure you wish your daddy sold you to another family. Do you understand?”

She whimpers and nods her head. He lets go, and she sucks in a gasping breath, tears filling her eyes.

“Come on. Be a good girl.” Rosie laughs, pushing Tina forward.

I continue to stand there, not sure what to do, as Preston goes over to a desk on the far side of the room. “Sit,” he commands, pointing to the chair in front of the desk.

Taking a deep breath in an attempt to calm my nerves, I take a seat.

My heart races as I watch him mess with some things on the desk before handing me a single sheet of paper. “I need you to sign this.”

“Okay?” I take the paper from him and look at it. “What is it?”

“It’s my security that you won’t speak a word of this club, what happens in it, or about anyone who steps foot within these walls.” He leans back in his seat and nods his head. “Pen’s there.”

“You know I won’t say anything, right? If you don’t want anyone to know, my lips are sealed.”

His eyes narrow, and he leans forward. “No, I don’t know. You are a stranger to me. I don’t know you. I don’t know what you’re capable of. And even if I did, I’d make my own family, best friend, the people I’m closest to sign it too. I wouldn’t risk trusting you. You’re no one to me.”

Ouch. That hurt a lot more than I would like to admit. It’s like all of those times in the chapel didn’t exist to him. But he is right. We are strangers at the end of the day. He knows nothing about me, nor I about him.

“Fine.” I clear my throat, trying not to let his words get to me. I glance over it but I don’t really retain any of the information. I don’t plan on mentioning anything about his club to anyone, not even to my friends. They know I’m with the guys tonight, they just don’t know where.

I feel like I’m signing away my life as I work the pen over the paper. When I’m done, I slap it on the table. “There.”

He says nothing as he takes the paper, looks it over and gets up, heading over to a filing cabinet. He unlocks it and places the paper in before closing and locking it again.

“Why are you doing this?” I ask him.

He looks at me over his shoulder before fully turning around. “I make all my guests sign one. Not just you.”

“Not that. This, agreeing to my deal. You clearly don’t like me, for some reason. So why would you want to waste your time teaching me things, touching me, having sex with me?” I shouldn’t want to have sex with him. He’s been nothing but an asshole. But my damn vagina didn’t get the memo and still quivers at the sight of him.

He leans back again, a slow smirk taking over his lips. “I’m not a blind man, Sadie. You’re hot. You have a good body. And I’d be a fool to turn that down. Having you screaming out my name as you gush around my cock sounds like a pretty fucking good deal to me.” He shrugs.

His words shoot right to my clit and now my mind is imagining that and liking it very much.

I lick my lips, trying not to squirm in my seat and give away how his words affect me. “You’re not the only one who’s getting something out of this. I’m using you just as much as you’re using me.” It should bother me, because isn’t that what Raymond did to me? Use me for my body. Not that he got it very often.

But no, this is different because I came to them. I’m using them to benefit myself.

His smile drops. “Don’t get the wrong idea. It’s sex, nothing more. It would be a real shame if you fell for one of us by the time we’re done with you. I know it’s going to be hard, but it’s for the best. It’s never going to happen.”

And there goes the asshole I’ve grown to know. “Please,” I scoff. “A little full of yourself much? Don’t worry, Preston. I only want you for your hands, mouth, and dick. Nothing more. I’m using you, just as much as you’re using me.” *Lies*. But he doesn’t need to know that.

“Glad we have an understanding.”

The door opens and I look over my shoulder to find Declan and Grayson. “Everything good here?” Grayson asks, looking from Preston to me.

“Yup.” Preston stands and moves around the desk, stopping next to me, and I look up. “So, Kitty Cat. You’re so curious, are you? Well, I hope you’re ready to get just what you asked for.”

Preston

I SHOULDN'T BE DOING this. She's the last person that should be in this place. But I don't put a stop to it as I lead her down the hallway all the way back to our private room. Declan and Grayson follow behind her. I can feel the nerves rolling off her in waves.

She's putting on a brave face. Sassy little thing she is. But she's going to see just how out of her comfort zone she's about to get.

It doesn't surprise me that her sorry excuse of an ex didn't know his way around a pussy. And I damn well know he couldn't find a clit if it bit him in the damn face.

Even so, I didn't think she would go as far as to come to us for help like this. I only agreed because the idea of her going elsewhere pissed me off more than helping her. Not because I'm jealous, but I know how Declan feels about her. I'm doing this for him, saving his heart from being broken again as she fucks her way through the freshman class.

The past few years were bad enough having to look at his lost puppy face any time he saw her and Raymond together. I'm doing this for my *friend*. Nothing else.

And I wasn't wrong about what I told her before. I'd be a fool to turn down having a chance to fuck her. I'm a man, and she's gorgeous. I can't deny that. But so are a lot of girls at the school. She's nothing special.

Only that's a big, fat fucking lie you keep telling yourself.

When we get to the door, I swipe my key card. The lock clicks, and the little light turns green. Pushing the door open, I let her pass.

Her eyes flick up to mine and my cock stirs at the slight fear that shines back at me. Once everyone is in, I close and lock the door. Tossing the key card onto the table next to the door, I turn around to find Sadie standing in the middle of the room.

She's slowly checking the room out, her eyes wide with wonder and a little confusion.

"Don't worry. We won't be using half of the things inside this room," I tell her, slowly walking toward the black leather couch on the far side of the room where Grayson and Declan stand, eyes on the pretty girl taking everything in.

It's sad how hard they've fallen for her. I'm the only one who realized what we felt for her and what it really was: a crush. A school boy crush on a pretty girl with a soft smile.

They're foolish, the both of them, catching feelings for someone they know they can't have. It's pointless, a waste of time.

It's why I shut that part of me off a long time ago. Feelings only cause pain, and pain is weakness. There's no love in our world, only sex, money, and power. Three things I have a good amount of.

"At least not yet." I chuckle, taking a seat on the couch.

She looks over at me. "What do they all do?"

"You'll find out in time. All you need right now is that bed." I nod toward the bed in the corner. "And us."

"Okay." She takes a deep breath and nods. The guys join me on the couch, leaving Sadie standing there alone, like a scared little kitty cat.

"Tonight is about you," I tell her. "No sex tonight. Just exploring."

"What the fuck!" Grayson's head swings my way. "That wasn't the plan!"

No, it wasn't. But I saw how he was in the limo when Declan stupidly voiced his thoughts about potentially screwing up his family and causing a big scandal that they may not recover from. All over a girl who they hardly know.

The moment he gets his cock inside her, Grayson is going to become hooked, like a fucking dog with a bone.

“It’s our first night with her.” I don’t look at him when I answer, eyes on Sadie. “We have lots of time to use our little fuck toy.” Her eyes flash with anger at my words and my lips twitch. I love pissing her off, seeing the fire that hides inside her.

“I’m not your fuck toy,” she huffs out.

“Oh? You’re not? Really? Because from where I’m sitting, you’re waiting for us to tell you what to do. If I told you to get on the bed and lay there like a good little girl, to open your legs nice and wide and show us your pretty little cunt, would you?”

“No,” she says, but it’s a lie.

“Then how would we show you what you need to know? If you’re not willing to listen to our directions, then we should just call it quits right now and walk out of this room.”

“No,” she rushes out. “Fine. Okay, if that’s what you want, I’ll do it.”

That makes me grin. “Yes, you will. Because, face it, Sadie. As long as we teach you what you asked us to, in the end, you’re ours to do with as we please. Our fuck toy.”

“Do you have to be so crass about it?” She glares at me.

“I’m only speaking the truth.”

“Enough,” Grayson mutters. “This isn’t getting us anywhere.”

“You’re right.” I look at him and nod, bringing my gaze back to Sadie. “Let’s get the night started, shall we? Are you ready to do as we ask? Whatever it is?”

“Within reason. I’m not doing any freaky shit.”

I huff out a laugh. *Someday, Kitten, but no, not today.* “Very well.” I wave my hand out toward her. “Show us what we’re working with.”

Chapter 15

Sadie

Okay. This is really happening.

I stand in the middle of the room, trying not to let my nerves show, but I'm terrified. Not *of* them, but the way they're all looking at me.

I've never had anyone look at me like this before. The three of them are sitting on the couch, settled back as they wait. For what, I don't know. Do I start? Do they tell me what to do?

Their eyes are full of lust, heavy lidded with need as they slowly take in my body. I chew my lower lip as butterflies assault my belly.

"So..." I say awkwardly, a blush creeping up my neck.

"Well, since sex is off the table tonight..." Preston starts, but pauses when he notices that I'm distracted by Grayson. If looks could kill, Preston would be toast, with the way Grayson is shooting daggers his way. Preston just rolls his eyes. "I guess we'll start... slow." He says the word like it offends him. From what I've seen and felt, I don't think slow is something Grayson is used to.

"Okay." I nod. "Just tell me what to do."

"Let's start with yourself. We want to see how you take your pleasure, make yourself feel good," Declan says, giving me an encouraging smile.

I blink, my mind going blank.

"We want to watch you play with yourself, Kitty Cat. Go get some toys, whatever you might use at home, and fuck yourself with them."

My eyes snap over to Preston. "What?"

He gives me a bored look. "You want us to fuck you, but you can't even get yourself off in front of us?"

"I didn't say that," I snap, letting out an annoyed breath.

Fuck this. They want a show, I'm going to give them a show. Let's just hope I don't make a fool out of myself in the process.

Raising my chin, I grab the belt of the robe and pull it open, letting it fall off my shoulders and onto the ground.

A chorus of hisses and groans ring out around the room. "Holy shit," Declan mutters, his pupils dilating. He shifts in his seat and my eyes fall to the bulge in his pants. A little thrill fills me, knowing that he likes what he sees.

Grayson, on the other hand, makes no move to hide his arousal. "Fuck, Pretty Girl. You look good enough to eat. Makes me ready to kill this bastard next to me for preventing me from devouring your body."

My core heats, wishing he could do just that. Preston's gaze is just as intense, that impressive cock of his pressing against his pants. He licks his lips and nods his head. "Carry on. Toys are in the closet over there. All new, never used. Go for it, act like you would at home, alone in your room."

"Oh, please do, Pretty Girl." Grayson's grin is downright sinful.

Turning away from them, I head over to the closet. "Fucking hell. You're telling me I can't take a bite out of that ass? You're fucking cruel," Grayson hisses.

I smirk, feeling so damn good right now. With each passing moment, I feel the nerves slowly ebbing away. But it won't last long because in a few moments, I'll be masturbating in front of them.

I can't believe those words just came into my mind. How did I go from being in a dead relationship with an asshole cheater to pleasuring myself at a sex club in front of three gorgeous and powerful men?

Swallowing hard, I reach out with shaky hands, willing myself not to puke and make a fool out of myself as I pull open the closet doors.

A light flicks on, casting a glow over a shelf of toys. "Wow," I whisper as my eyes scan over each of them.

“You okay over there?” Grayson asks, voice husky with a side of amusement. “Find something that’s scared you?”

“No,” I rush out, cheeks heating as I clear my throat. “Just a lot to choose from.”

“Go with what you know. Worry about the other stuff later,” Declan suggests.

Okay, okay, things I know. Well, I don’t have a crazy sex toy collection. Honestly, my own private time is almost as vanilla as my sex life was.

God, I hope they don’t laugh at me.

I grab three things and gather them up in my arms before closing the door.

“Done?” Preston asks.

“Yes,” I answer, but don’t turn around.

“Pretty Girl. Don’t be shy. Show us what you’re going to be playing with.”

Taking a deep breath, I turn around and walk over to the bed. I let them fall onto the mattress and take a step back.

Preston stands, his pants now undone and hanging low on his waist. My heart races as I check him out, his V so damn lickable.

He chuckles, making my eyes snap up to his. “Getting some spank bank material for when you give us your little show, Kitty Cat?”

“No,” I lie. Because I know for a fact, I’m going to be pretending the dildo he picks up from the bed is his dick.

“Not bad choices,” Preston muses. “But the size.”

“What about it?” I ask, brows furrowed.

“It’s kind of small, don’t you think?” He raises a brow. “If this is what you’ve been using inside that tight little cunt of yours, then I’m not sure you’re going to be able to take any of us without some prep and training.”

My belly swoops as I look at the dildo. It's seven inches, that's what the box says. It has a good girth too. The one I have at home always gave me a good stretch. And he's telling me he's... bigger? Maybe this wasn't a good idea. I don't want to die this young. What's my headstone going to say, *Death by massive cocks? Split in two and didn't see it coming.*

I snort out a laugh at my own inner monologue. My eyes widen, and I slap a hand over my mouth as Preston looks at me with a curious look.

I clear my throat. "It's bigger than what I'm used to."

Grayson barks out a laugh. "I knew that fucker has a shrimp dick."

He did. He really did.

I snatch the box from Preston. "This is fine for now. I'm sure if you know what you're doing, you will work my body into a puddle of goo, so I can take your big, fat cocks easily." I smirk.

His eyes darken. "Maybe with Grayson or Declan. But not with me. I like it rough, I like it to fucking hurt. It's why I'm going to be the last one to claim your sinful body. You're not ready for me. And you may never be."

My lips part as my breaths come out in little pants. I'm finding out more and more things about myself every time I'm around them; like the idea of Preston savagely fucking me is a turn on.

He is right, though. I'm nowhere near ready for that.

He picks up the next thing. A little bullet vibrator and turns it on. The buzzing fills the air. "So you fuck yourself with that," he says, pointing to the box. "Then press this to your clit?"

I swallow hard. "Yes."

He gives me a slow smirk as he brings the vibrator down. My body freezes as he slides his hand down my bottoms, bringing the bullet over my clit.

I gasp, my body locking up as I drop the box on the bed, my hands shooting out to grab onto his arms as the surprise of the vibration against my clit makes my knees buckle. His arm wraps around my waist, holding me up. "Like this?" he rumbles in my ear.

I'm too distracted to answer, my body going haywire. I'm not used to this much stimulation. I always move it away when it becomes too much. But I'm not the one controlling it, Preston is. And he has a firm grip on its placement. I try to get away from the intensity of the pleasure, but my feet won't work. "Give in, Kitty Cat. Show me how this makes you cum."

"P-please," I whimper. Not sure if I'm asking him to stop or asking him to make me cum.

"Preston," Grayson growls.

My eyes roll back as my orgasm hits. I cum hard, letting out a strangled cry. "There we go," Preston purrs, moving the bullet from my clit. I suck in lungfuls of air as I struggle to breathe. "You sure do sound pretty when you cum. I can't wait to hear what you sound like when you're on your knees like a good little whore, gagging on my cock."

My pussy flutters around nothing, his words an aftershock to my system.

Holy shit. I've never come like that before. And we haven't even gotten started. They're going to kill me. But fuck, if it feels that good, maybe it's worth dying for.

Now, now, Sadie, orgasms aren't worth dying for. Maybe...

"What the fuck, Preston?" Grayson pulls me away from Preston, spinning me around and cupping my face. "Are you okay?"

"Good. I'm good." I blink up at him, my mind a little fuzzy.

He shoots a glare at Preston. "So much for taking things slow and easing her into it. If you're not going to play by your own rules, then fuck you." Grayson scoops me up and lays me

down on the bed. “Not gonna lie, Pretty Girl. I almost came in my pants listening to you shatter in his arms.”

I give him a dopey grin. “That was intense.”

“I bet it was. But how about you take control this time.” Grayson hands me the toy and lube. I shake my head at the bullet.

“Too sensitive,” I tell him.

“Alright, Pretty Girl. Give us a show.” He winks before going to sit down on the couch. Preston joins him, and now that I’ve had a second to get myself under control, I move so that I’m lying back against the pillows at the head of the bed.

For now, I pretend they’re not in the room and grab the dildo out of the box. Once it’s lubed up, I pause. “Ah, is there any kind of music you could put on or something? It’s too quiet in here.”

“Soon the room is going to be drowning in your moans and whimpers, but I guess a little music wouldn’t hurt.” Grayson chuckles.

A moment later, instrumental mood music starts to play.

I’m stalling. I don’t care if I just came on Preston’s hand. I’m about to show them my damn pussy and shove a fake dick up there. It’s the most intimate I’ve ever been around someone. When I was with Raymond, he had hardly seen my body naked, always having sex with the lights off. I didn’t care then.

But now, there’s enough light in here that they can see me and what I’m about to do.

Willing my nerves to relax, I bring my knees up and bend them a little before letting them fall apart.

A hiss has my eyes snapping over to the three guys. All of them have their cocks out and in their hands, slowly stroking themselves as they watch.

My heart rate starts to pick up, need pooling in my belly. The way they’re all looking at me causes any insecurities about this entire situation to disappear.

Declan has been the quietest, and my eyes turn to him. His lips are parted, his eyes flicking from mine, to my chest, to my center, and back up. Like he wants to see all of me.

I was going to act like no one was watching, but as I pull my panties aside, I keep my eyes on Declan. He sucks in a breath as his hand starts to move faster.

“What do you want me to do now?” I ask.

“Fuck yourself with it,” Preston growls.

I ignore him. “Declan, what do you want me to do?”

He gives me a surprised look. “Ah...” He’s so damn cute. He clears his throat and swallows hard, shifting in his seat. “Take the tip and rub it along your pussy lips.”

Biting my lip, I slide the slippery toy up and down my pussy. “Like this?”

Declan nods. “Now put just the tip in.”

I do as I’m told and press the tip inside. “More,” Grayson urges impatiently, but I don’t move until Declan gives me my next order.

“Slide it inside. Let it fill you up.”

My lips part as I suck in a breath, pushing the toy slowly inside me, deeper and deeper until it’s all the way in. “Fuck,” I hiss out a breath.

“How does it feel?” Declan asks, his voice a little strained.

“Good. Full. Now what?”

“Just feel. Go with what’s right.”

So I close my eyes and feel. I move the toy in and out of me, giving my body a chance to get used to it.

It doesn’t take me long before I forget all about the guys in the room with me and focus on the pressure building inside me.

My breathing is coming in shallow breaths, my heart racing so fast I feel dizzy as I chase the high. And when I

adjust myself to a new angle, I hit that sweet spot, letting out a loud, lusty moan.

“Fuck, yes, Pretty Girl. Look at you. Your cunt looks so fucking good wrapped around that cock. I can’t wait until it’s mine. Are you close?”

“Yes,” I whimper as I struggle to keep moving it in the right spot. My wrist is hurting, and I’m about to cry if I can’t finish. I’m too worked up. I open my eyes and look to Declan. “Help me?”

He’s up and out of his seat in a flash, almost tripping over his pants before kicking them off. Fully naked, he rushes over to the bed and sits next to me. Licking his lips, he looks at where the toy is inside me and reaches for it. I let him take it, and he slowly pulls it out before thrusting back in.

My toes curl into the sheets as I run my hands up my body. Declan Harris is fucking me with a dildo right now. Never in my life did I think this would happen.

He’s watching my pussy like it’s going to disappear if he blinks. “Just relax. Open your legs a little more.” He pulls down on my knee. “There you go.”

In and out, angled perfectly, he pleasures me. My eyes stay on him, watching him watch me. “This good?”

“Yes, keep going.” I’m so worked up, the fire in my belly ready to explode at any moment.

My eyes fall to his cock and holy shit. Seeing it up close, that thing is a fucking monster. I don’t want that inside me, at least not yet.

But... my hand reaches out and takes his thick length into my hand. He sucks in a breath, his head snapping down to watch me stroke him. Starting at the base, I go all the way up, loving the way his hot velvety cock feels in my hand. When I get to the tip, I run my thumb over it, gathering the pre-cum and use it as lube as I bring my hand back down again. He lets out a strangled sound and wraps his free hand around mine. He grips it hard and starts to move our hands together faster. He moves the toy in tandem, fucking me harder as he jerks faster.

“Yes,” I moan as everything in me tightens, ready to explode. My free hand finds my breast, and I give it a squeeze before pulling the fabric to the side. My fingers find my nipple, giving it a pinch and a pull. The bite of pain sends a bolt of pleasure right to my clit. That’s something I didn’t know I liked.

It’s like I’m a different person right now, and I’m here for it. I’ll worry and overthink after I get the orgasm I’m desperately needing.

“Yes. Fuck, yes, Declan,” I moan, my chest heaving.

His cock twitches in my hand. “Damn it,” he grinds out. “My name sounds so fucking good on your lips, Sweet Girl.”

“Lucky bastard,” Grayson grumbles, sounding out of breath. But I don’t look over to him or Preston, knowing they’re still stroking their cocks as they watch. I’m too caught up in the look of awe on Declan’s face as he looks at me like I’m the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen.

And fuck if that doesn’t make me feel amazing.

“You’re so gorgeous, Sadie,” he says, his praise making me feel warm all over.

He leans over, still fucking me with the toy as our hands move over his cock and kisses me.

I whimper against his lips as his tongue slips in and over mine. The kiss is deep, sensual, and turns me on even more.

“I’m close,” I pant against his lips.

“So am I.” He kisses me again before moving to my breasts. His lips latch around my nipple and he sucks hard.

“Oh, god!” I shout.

He sucks and nips at my nipple as he thrusts the toy into me, hitting just the right spot.

“Yes! Fuck, don’t stop. Oh, god, yes!” My hand tightens around his cock in a death grip, making him grunt. My orgasm hits me so hard my eyes roll back as my body writhes beneath Declan. Wave after wave hits me, and I’m in fucking heaven.

Declan moans against my breast as I feel something warm hit my hip. He's cumming on me, and the idea has my pussy gripping the toy harder.

Two other grunts of pleasure fill the air, letting me know Preston and Grayson are cumming too.

But we don't get long to enjoy the high of the moment when someone comes bursting through the doors.

"I swear to god if Sadie is—" Declan is off of me in a flash, jumping to his feet. He stands there with his hand up, his peachy, toned ass directly in my view.

I'm mortified, absolutely humiliated, as I look over to see Collin, standing in the doorway like an angry bull.

To make matters worse, my guidance counselor has zeroed in on the fucking dildo still snug inside of my pussy.

I'm in shock, too damn stunned to do anything.

Then he surprises the hell out of me by storming over to me. For a moment I think he might punch Declan, but no, he just pushes him out of the way and without missing a beat, proceeds to pull the fucking dildo out of me and charges over to the other two guys on the couch.

"I told you not to fucking touch her!" he roars. I sit up quickly, my eyes bugging out of my head as I watch Collin beat the shit out of them with the dildo.

"Oh, my god," I whisper as the guys curse and shout at Collin.

"Should we help them?" Declan asks, looking at me with big eyes.

"Ahh, do you want to risk getting beat by a dildo?"

"Good point." He crawls up on the bed next to me, avoiding his mess, and pulls me into his arms.

"I'm dreaming, right? Because this is really fucking weird," I ask him.

"I'm starting to wonder that myself."

Chapter 16

Collin

“Why isn’t anyone picking up?” I grumble as I try Grayson’s cell again. I’m seconds away from losing my shit. “Perry, take me to Wonderlust,” I order my driver.

They’re there, I know they are. *Fucking assholes*. I’m going to kill them.

After I cooled down when I found out about the little deal they made with Sadie—*my* Sadie—and the pretty shiner I left on my little brother, I went back with a level head. I warned them against doing anything with Sadie, that she was off limits, and they were to retract their agreement to her offer.

She doesn’t need them to teach her anything when she has me. There’s nothing they can show her, do to her, that I can’t.

A part of me wants to find Raymond and kick his ass for making her feel like she needs to do something so drastic as to hire people to show her something she clearly wasn’t getting from him.

But another part of me is glad that she was unsatisfied with him because the idea of his hands on her, his tiny-ass dick inside her, sends me into a rage that if I act on, I would end up fired from the school. Maybe even arrested.

I can’t believe they would do this. I know how some of the host club members have used the club as a way to get their rocks off before being tied to the person their parents practically sold them off to, and I’ve always hated that mindset, but we don’t offer sex. It’s too much of a risk if it gets out.

That doesn’t stop my asshole of a brother, though. I can’t begin to wonder what goes on inside his head. I’ve always given him slack because I know the type of shit he’s had to endure when it comes to our monster of a father. But this has gone too far. Mess with my girl and that’s where I draw the line.

The car hardly stops before I'm hopping out, storming around the side of the warehouse. I scan my keycard, letting myself in, too pissed to deal with a password tonight. The worker at the door nods his head once at me before motioning to my eyes. *Shit!* I almost forget to put my mask on and quickly tie it into place. Last thing I need is someone finding out a teacher at Kingston Academy attends a club like this, let alone is the heir to the whole fucking school.

The elevator ride down feels like it takes forever, and my anger builds with each passing second. When the door dings and slides open, I'm out of there like a bat out of hell.

People around me stop and stare. I probably look like a madman as I frantically look around the room.

I make three passes over, and I don't see anyone that resembles them. And the fact that everyone is wearing masks makes it harder. *Fuck.* I can't just go barging into random rooms looking for them.

A flash of blonde hair, red lingerie, and a red mask brings my attention over to the bar. Her, I know.

"Where are they?" I ask Rosie, my heart pounding in my chest knowing that with each second that passes by, they could be fucking my girl.

"And who might you be talking about?" she asks, shifting her gaze from the man she's talking to up to me.

"Don't play stupid with me," I say in a warning tone.

She grins, crossing her arms. "What's got your panties in a twist?"

"Where are P, D, and G?" I ask, not using their names with people around.

"Around here somewhere, I'm sure." She shrugs.

My nostrils flare as my anger rises. I'd never lay my hand on a woman, but I'd raise my voice. Only not with this girl because I know who her family ties are, and I'd rather not die before I officially get my girl.

“They may or may not be in the Black room.” She winks before turning around and brushing me off.

Black room. *For fuck’s sake. I’m going to kill them.*

I weave my way through the crowd of sick, rich fuckers and half-naked bodies, my mind locked on getting to them before I’m too late.

I’m sprinting down the hall and come skidding to a stop in front of the Black room’s door. I try the door handle, but it’s locked. “Fuck!” I curse and take off toward the office.

Beelining for the desk, I press the code to open the safe and snatch the master key, really hating the fact we don’t keep these on us at all times. But we can’t risk them falling into the wrong hands.

I get back to the door and wave the key card over the lock. As soon as it turns green, I’m throwing the door open. “I swear to god, if Sadie is—” I start, but stop when I see my worst fucking nightmare.

Declan jumps to his feet, raising his arms in the air like he got caught doing something bad. *Because he fucking did.* He’s naked, his half-hard cock dangling between his legs. My eyes flick over to see a stunned Sadie lying there, her legs parted. And then I see it, a fucking dildo inside her pussy. *My fucking pussy.* Only thing that needs to be in there is my fucking cock!

Sadie makes me crazy, and I don’t fucking care. That’s why I’m now only seeing red for the assholes sitting on the couch across the room. So, I storm over to Sadie, shoving Declan to the side, sending his ass to the ground, before reaching for the fake dick and pulling it from her pussy. With it in hand, I turn and launch myself at Grayson and Preston.

“I told you not to fucking touch her!” I roar as I start swinging.

“What the fuck!” Grayson screams as I beat him across the face with the dildo. “Stop, man. Fuck!”

I start waving the thing around, hitting Preston next. He splutters as he tries to get away from me. “Fucking assholes!” The dildo goes upside Preston’s head. “She’s mine!”

“Hold up.” Sadie’s voice has me pausing. Chest heaving, I turn around to look at my girl. She sits up, her brows furrowing. She’s so adorable. “Yours? What the hell are you talking about?”

Tossing the dildo to the side, I stride over to the bed and lean over so that my face is next to hers, totally ignoring the smirking Declan lying next to her. “It means exactly what I said. You’re mine, Sadie Evans. And I’ll be fucking damned if these fuckers touch you again.”

Her eyes widen, lips parting. But she doesn’t get the chance to say anything as I scoop her up and throw her over my shoulder.

“What the hell!” she shouts as she starts to pound her little fists against my back. “Put me down, you crazy caveman!”

“Not happening,” I growl as I carry her out of the room and through the back exit, the guys shouting behind me as I go.

“What the fuck, Collin!” she growls, grabbing a handful of my ass and squeezing.

“Watch it, Lollipop. It’s only making me hard.” I chuckle as I slap her ass hard.

“I’m so confused.” She sounds defeated as her body slumps onto mine.

“No need to be confused, baby girl. You’re mine. It’s as simple as that.”

Sadie

“THIS IS KIDNAPPING, you know!” I shout as Collin tosses me into the back of a car. I scramble to sit up, chest heaving in anger. I brush my hair out of my face and shoot him a glare.

“The cottage on the far side of the school property,” Collin says, completely ignoring me.

“Hello!” I shout as the car starts to move. “Let me out!”

“No,” he denies, looking at his phone. It’s ringing like crazy. He presses a button and pockets it before looking up at me.

“What do you mean, no? What the fuck just happened?” I’m pissed and confused. I went from having the hottest moment of my life to having my guidance counselor and childhood friend burst into the fucking room like the Kool-Aid man, where he proceeded to attack the guys with the fucking dildo I just came all over.

I must be dreaming because there’s no way this is my reality.

“I’m barely hanging on by a thread, Lollipop. Now is not the time to ask questions.” He looks out the window, his body tense. I can feel the anger rolling off of him in waves.

He doesn’t have any right to be angry. I did *nothing* wrong.

“Excuse me?” I blink at him. “I think now is a great fucking time to ask questions. How dare you act like you did back there. You had no right.”

His head snaps over to me, and I jerk back at the look in his eyes. “I had every fucking right to react the way I did because you’re mine!” he shouts. “They were told to keep their fucking hands off you. They touched what is mine.”

“There you go with the *mine* thing.” I throw my hands in the air. “What does that even mean? How the hell am I yours? We haven’t seen each other in years.”

His jaw ticks, but he doesn't say anything. I don't even have a clue of what I should do. There's no way I'm going back into that club tonight. That was so fucking humiliating, and I'm beyond mad at him right now.

"You ruined everything," I murmur, crossing my arms as I slump into the seat. I'm cold, still only in this lingerie set still. And it hardly covers anything. A shiver wracks my body, and Collin lets out a heavy sigh. I hear him moving, but I don't look over.

"Lean forward," he instructs, his voice softer this time.

"No."

"Sadie," he growls, and damn it! Now is not the time to be affected by my hot guidance counselor. But I lean forward, still refusing to look his way as he places his jacket over my shoulders.

The warmth from it settles over me like a blanket and I'm surrounded by his musky scent, but I refuse to let it show that he has any effect on me.

"Sadie, don't be mad at me."

My head swings in his direction. "I'm sorry, what else do you expect me to feel? You charged in there like a madman and threw me over your fucking shoulder and kidnapped me!"

"I didn't kidnap you," he huffs.

"Sure felt like it to me."

"I'm sorry, but you are mine, and I couldn't leave you in there," he states like it's that simple.

There he goes again with the mine thing. I'm getting really worried because even though we grew up together, it's been close to eight years since I've last seen him. He's a stranger to me now. He didn't even bother to keep in contact with me, and he has the nerve to act like this? He sounds crazy, really fucking crazy. Maybe he spent the whole time locked up in some crazy house? Because, with the way he's acting, it wouldn't surprise me.

The car pulls up to my cottage, and the moment it stops, my hand grabs the handle. Only it doesn't open.

"Let me out," I demand, pulling on the handle.

Collin fucking ignores me again and gets out, slamming the door behind him. I slide over to get out of his door, only for mine to swing open. Collin grabs me by my hips and pulls me out of the car, slinging me back over his shoulder.

"This is getting really fucking old, fast!" I shout. I hope my mom isn't home, because how would I explain this to her? And to see her best friend's son manhandling me like this would make it even worse.

Collin carries me to the house and lets himself in. "How the hell did you get in?"

"I have a key," he grunts, slamming the door shut and continuing his way inside.

"You can let me down now."

"No."

"For fuck's sake." I bounce as he takes me down the hall.

"Which room is yours?" he asks.

"None of your fucking business," I snap. "Ouch!" He fucking slaps my ass again.

"As sexy as your bratty mouth is, I'm not in the mood." He starts opening the doors until he finds my room.

He goes over to the bed and pulls back the blanket before tossing me on it. "Stay here. You are not to leave your house at all tonight. Do not go back to the club and do not let any of those assholes in here. Do you understand me?"

"Fuck you," I spit.

He lets out a low chuckle. "Soon, my lollipop." He leans over me, boxing me into the bed. "You wanna know why you're mine? I'll tell you. From the moment your mother brought you home from the hospital, you meant something to me. At first, I felt like your protector, keeping you out of harm's way any chance I could, like a big brother. But as time

went on, it got worse. Why do you think I left? It sure as hell wasn't because I wanted to. You are my obsession, Sadie. No one was allowed near you without my say so. It wasn't sexual, at least not until I saw you on the first day of school this year.

“That’s when I knew deep in my heart and soul you were meant to be mine. My everything, my whole fucking world. That’s why I can’t let them touch you. I should kill them for what they did with you tonight. But I won’t because it would only upset you. You’re mad at me. I can see that in your eyes, and it sucks. But over time, you’re going to grow to love me as much as I love you. Someday, you will want me as I do you. I plan on waiting my whole life, if that’s what it takes. You might be mine, but I’ll make you want me to be yours too.”

I blink up at him, lips parted as I lie there, stunned. He kisses me on the forehead before standing up and leaving.

I continue to lie there, staring at the ceiling while trying to process everything he just said.

Let me get this right. Collin, my old friend, my TA, and guidance counselor is... in love with me?

Yup, he’s crazy. It’s the only explanation for tonight. Some psychotic break or something. Because he can’t love me. He doesn’t even know me. Hell, before tonight I’ve only talked to him for a few minutes for the first time in years.

If he thinks I’m just going to end my deal with the guys because he told me so, he has another thing coming.

Only thing is, how do I face them after tonight?

I groan, rolling over to shove my face into my pillow. They’re never going to want to touch me again after that. God, this night went from amazing to a shitshow in the blink of an eye.

To top it all off, I can’t even tell my friends about it because my phone is at the club as well as my damn clothes.

They are not going to let me live this down.

What the hell am I going to do now?

Chapter 17

Declan

Grayson texts in the group chat, saying we need to come over and talk about what happened last night.

I groan, really wishing I could forget about it. Well, not the whole night, but I could have lived without Collin crashing in and finding us with our dicks out... literally.

I do have to admit, watching the guys get beaten with a dildo was pretty funny. However, I'm not too happy with how he went all caveman. He had no right to tell us to stay away from Sadie in the first place. She's her own person. He's just her TA and guidance counselor. I don't care what kind of past they have. The fact is, he is a stranger to her now, as far as I know.

Everything was perfect before he ruined it. Fuck, I felt like I was in the best dream ever imagined. She looked so sexy and not just with what she was wearing, but how she took control of her body. She knew what she wanted and knew when to ask for help.

And fuck, I was more than happy to be the one who got to help her. Never thought I'd be jealous of a dildo, but the whole time it moved in and out of her, I was wishing it was my cock that her pussy was clamping around.

Her hand on me, along with her mouth against mine, made my brain short circuit. No one has ever made me feel the way she does. I've easily become addicted, and I want more.

I send a quick message in the chat that I'm on my way and roll out of bed where I've been hanging out all day. Once I slip on my coat and shoes, I make my way down to the lobby.

"Hey, Declan," a cute blonde greets, smiling at me as I pass. Normally, I'd blush, but today I just give her a friendly smile back and nod. She's not the one I want attention from, not the one I want to be seen by.

I'm not sure how this is going to affect my duties with the host club. I'm good enough of an actor to be what I need for

my clients, but sometimes they like physical touch. Maybe a kiss or a cuddle, but I don't think I'd be able to do that anymore.

A little breeze blows through the fallen leaves on the ground. I smile, watching them dance in the wind. It's crazy that September is almost over, but the school year has only just begun. There's still so much left to do before the end of this year.

Homecoming is in a few weeks, and the host club is usually in charge of the homecoming dance. In most schools, students would go to listen to some music and get drunk before leaving for an after party—but at Kingston, we do things a little differently.

It's a big deal. A massive masquerade ball.

I want to ask Sadie to go with me, but my father will be expecting me to take Mia. As will her parents.

I hate this. I feel bad for her. She doesn't want this anymore than I do. She should be able to find a woman she loves and be happy. I've always hated my family's money. If I woke up tomorrow and it was all gone, I wouldn't lose sleep over it.

Preston isn't the only one who's trying to secure his future by making money under the table. It's a big reason why I agreed to go into business with the guys and open Wonderlust. I, too, would like to have something to fall back on if shit ever hits the fan.

It's also why I've been thinking more about what Mia said.

But after Collin's little barbarian display, which proved what Preston said in the limo was true, I'm going to have a bit of a competition. *Is she someone I'm ready to fight for?*

I'd like to say yes, but I'm just a little less of a stranger than Collin is.

From the look on Sadie's face and the sounds of her angry shouting, I think Collin lowered his chances of winning her over by a lot. Manhandling her is not the way to go, if you ask me.

Hopping into my car, I head to Grayson's house. He lives just down the road, and normally I'd walk, but I kind of just want to get this conversation done and over with. My mind has been going crazy wondering what we're going to do now.

Are they going to listen to Collin and end our deal with Sadie? Fuck, I hope not. Last night was just a taste of what's to come. I'm not ready to give that up.

I punch in the gate code and drive through after it opens. When I pull up to the house, I see that Collin and Preston are already here.

Quickly, I park and jog over to the front door, letting myself in like I always do. At first, I'd wait until the doorman would let me in, but Grayson insisted I just make myself at home. He even went as far to tell the doorman not to answer the door, forcing me to let myself in or not come in at all. He's an odd one, but he's a good guy.

"Hello?" I call out, not sure where this little meeting is being held.

"In here!" Grayson's voice sounds from down the hall. I assume he's in the library, so I check there first. I'm right when I see Preston sitting on the couch, glaring at his brother, who's sitting on the chair across from him, returning the murderous look.

"Alright, now that we're all here. Let's get this done and over with, shall we?" Grayson says, taking a drag of a cigarette before tossing it into the fireplace.

"I can end this meeting right here and now," Collin snarks. "Stay away from Sadie, like I fucking told you to before. Simple as that."

Preston lets out a condescending laugh. "You're so fucking delusional, you know that, right? The stunt you pulled last night should have landed your ass in jail if you weren't... well, you."

"I told you to stay away from her. Why didn't you listen!?" Collin shouts.

Preston glares at his brother and leans forward. “Because I don’t answer to you. You can’t tell me to do shit. Sadie came to the host club to conduct a business transaction, just like every other client.”

“Oh, really? And how many clients do you bring to a sex club and gang bang?” Collin growls.

“Hey, woah.” Grayson raises his hands. “There was no gang bang happening there. Sadly.” He chuckles, earning a feral growl from Collin. “Just a bit of masturbation and some dildo fucking—which, by the way, I did not appreciate being beaten with. Not that I didn’t mind getting my Pretty Girl’s sweet release all over my face. Although, next time I’d rather get it right from her swollen, dripping pussy.” Gray licks his lips and gives Collin a wink.

Collin jumps to his feet, grabbing a fistful of Grayson’s shirt, but Grayson just laughs. “Watch how you talk about my woman.”

“Your woman? Please, that poor girl probably thinks you’re a psychopath. You busted in there, pulled a fucking dildo from her cunt, and attacked us with it. Then you kidnapped her!” Preston shouts.

“I didn’t fucking kidnap her,” Collin scoffs, letting go of Grayson, who still has a shit-eating grin on his face.

I’m just standing here for now, not really having any input at the moment.

“Well, she sure didn’t sound like she was a willing participant when she was being removed from the premises,” Preston retorts. “I’m not sure what kind of sick obsession you have with Sadie, and I really don’t care. It’s not my business. But what is my business is the deal we have with her. She’s a client, and we plan on going through with everything on our end of the deal. And yes, that includes all of us sticking our cocks inside of her, making her scream our fucking names. You can warn us off her all you want, but none of us are going to listen. The only way we end this is if Sadie herself tells us the deal is off. Until then, fuck off.” Preston downs the rest of the amber liquid in his glass and slams it on the side table.

He stands and walks over to me. My heart skips a beat at the intense look in his eye. He's so beautiful it hurts. "Looks like you might have a chance after all, D. With the way this one is acting, she will be diving into the arms of someone normal." He pats me on the shoulder as he leaves the room.

It hurts, his easy dismissal of me being with someone else. But he doesn't know how I feel and never will. It's easier that way.

"What the fuck does he mean by that?" Collin growls, stepping closer to me. He's bigger than me and could kick my ass if he wanted to. I'm not a pussy; I've been in my fair share of fights and won, but fuck, he's scary right now. "You trying to go after my girl?"

I clear my throat. "She's not your girl. Sadie is a single woman and can be with whoever she chooses to be with."

"You're forgetting one thing, Declan." The grin Collin gives me as he says this is eerie. "She might be single, but you're not. None of you are. You're all cheating on your soon-to-be wives." He raises a brow and my stomach drops. I'm not a cheater, I'd never cheat on someone I love. What Mia and I have isn't real to me. Or her.

"Don't be like that," Grayson protests, stepping between us. "You know D is a good man. And you damn well know we don't love the people we're going to be married off to. Preston is right. You can tell us to stay away from her all you want, but we're not going to. You can pursue her however you want, but until she comes to us and calls it off, we're not stopping."

Collin looks like he's ready to kill us. "Get this through your playboy heads. She's *mine*, whether she knows it or not. It won't be long before she calls it off, especially once she realizes I'm all she will ever fucking need."

Collin storms out of the room. "Whatever you say, crazy pants!" Grayson shouts.

"Well, that was... interesting." I sigh, taking my glasses off to scrub my face with my hand.

“He’s fucking crazy.” Grayson chuckles. “And so much fun to piss off.”

“So, what are we doing for the rest of the night?” Tonight was supposed to be our second night with Sadie, and Grayson’s night to show her whatever it was he had planned.

“Nothing,” he grinds out. “Preston thinks we should wait until next weekend, give Sadie some time after Collin’s little stunt. Asshole thinks she’s going to be too embarrassed to continue.”

My face falls. “What? You don’t think that, do you?”

“Nah, she’s a lot braver than he believes. She was so fucking hot last night. I saw some of that confidence coming out, and I don’t think she’s going to let this stop her. So as much as I hate to say it, Preston might be right about giving her some time.” His phone pings, and he checks his notifications. He chuckles and shows me his phone. It’s a message from Sadie’s friend Emma saying ‘She’s ours tonight, bitches!’ followed by a photo of Sadie and her whole friend group at what looks like a party. “But he said nothing about space. Dude, we’re going to a party.”



I’VE NEVER BEEN ONE for parties. I only go because it’s good for networking, and well, it beats sitting in my dorm alone.

Kingston’s parties are always the wildest. You never have trouble finding a handful of people doing shit that could get them arrested or killed.

It’s the only time the spoiled, little rich kids can let loose and forget about how unhappy they really are. We like to pretend money buys happiness, but it’s bullshit. Money means nothing if you’re alone at the end of the day. No one to love you, no one to answer your phone call if you’re in trouble.

“I’m going to get trashed, later.” Preston takes off as soon as we make it inside the house.

From the state of the front yard, I think we're a little late to the party.

Everyone is clearly drunk, but I pay them no mind. I'm here to find one person and make sure she's okay.

"His idea sounds fun. You want anything to drink?" Grayson asks.

"No. I'm good. I'm going to go find Sadie."

"Good idea. Let me know if her trash of an ex comes near her. I'm looking for a reason to smash his face in."

Grayson takes off and I look around for Sadie, weaving my way through the crowd. I head out back to the pool. Any parties I've seen her friends at, they're always outside, never inside.

I'm right because I find them immediately, lounging on the pool chairs. I pause, taking a moment to watch her. She's laughing with her friends, this carefree look on her face that makes me smile. It's been a long time, while watching from the shadows, since I've seen her this happy.

She spots me, her eyes going wide with excitement as her face slips into a grin. Damn it, if my heart doesn't love how she's looking at me. "Declan!" she shouts. "Come here!"

I chuckle at her drunk boldness and go to her.

"Hey," I say, smiling down at her.

"Hi," she replies. "Guys, this is Declan." She grabs my hand and pulls me to sit down next to her.

"We know, silly." Mia giggles. "He's my fiancé."

"Oh! I almost forgot." Sadie giggles. "Mia, did you know your fiancé has a massive cock!"

I choke, my eyes widening and my cheeks heating. *Oh boy.*

"Eww. I don't want to hear about his cock. Gross."

"Thanks..." I mumble.

"Ah, I do!" Emma grins. "Tell me more."

"No, really, it's okay—" I start, but Sadie keeps going.

“It’s big and long, and it’s totally going to rip me in two when he fucks me.”

And it’s like I’m not even here.

“I’m so jealous,” Alice groans. “Show us.”

“W-what?” I stammer, looking around panicked.

“Just stand up and whip it out! Come on!” Alice urges.

“No,” Sadie growls. “It’s my dick. You can’t look at it.”

Her possessiveness over my cock is oddly a turn on. It’s a good thing I’m sitting because if they knew I was sporting a semi, I wouldn’t hear the end of it.

“Fine. If you won’t share his dick, I’m going to find my own.” Alice gets up and takes off, stumbling as she goes.

“Oh, I want some dick too! I’m going to find my man,” Emma announces, following after Alice.

“And I don’t want anything to do with dicks. So, I’m going to find me a kitty cat. Byeeeee.” Mia takes off next, leaving me alone with Sadie.

“Dick is a funny word.” She giggles, looking up at me with her bright blue eyes. I’m a goner when it comes to her. She’s everything I could ever ask for. I want her to be mine. “Hi,” she says softly.

“Hi, Sweetheart. How are you doing?”

“Good, now that you’re here.” She gets to her feet. “Come on. I wanna show you something.”

I take her hand and let her lead me through the backyard. “Where are we going?” I ask, the light from the house starting to disappear the further we go.

“It’s a surprise.”

I follow her cute drunk ass as she leads us to what looks like a garden. It’s hard to tell in the dark.

She stumbles a few times, and I catch her, but when we stop, it’s in front of a lit up pond.

“Isn’t it pretty?”

“Yeah, it is,” I agree, but I’m looking at her. Corny, I know but I can’t help it. Her blonde hair is down in waves. She almost never does anything with it, except have it down or up. But she’s stunning no matter what she looks like.

She’s in a black dress that hugs her body. Her lips are painted in dark red lipstick and with a smokey eye. It’s nice to see a new side of Sadie. It means she’s not holding back anymore. I’m excited to watch her grow into the amazing woman I know she hides inside herself.

“Let’s sit,” I tell her, guiding her to the nearby bench.

She sighs and leans into me, so I wrap my arm around her. This moment with her is everything.

“Wanna know a secret?” she asks after a minute of silence.

“Sure.”

“But you can’t tell sober Sadie, she would be mad we opened our mouths,” she warns me.

I chuckle. “Promise.”

“Okay, good.”

She says nothing for a moment and I can’t help but laugh.

“Sadie?”

“Yeah?”

“You were going to tell me something.”

“Oh... I was? Oh, right.” She sits up and looks at me dead in the eye, a little smile playing on her lips. “I’ve had a crush on you for years.”

My eyes widen. “You have?”

“Mhmm.” She nods, biting her lower lip and my cock twitches. “I think you’re sweet and sexy. And when I’m alone in my room, fucking myself with my vibrator, I pretend it’s your cock as I scream out your name.”

Holy fucking shit. I blink at her, not knowing what to say. My cock is fully hard right now, and I’m really trying not to make a fool of myself.

“R-really?” I swallow hard.

She slowly slides off the bench and down to the ground, getting on her knees and parting my legs.

My heart is racing so fast. I should ask what she’s doing but I don’t, waiting to see what she does next.

A smile takes over her lips, and she rubs her hands up my thighs. I shiver as her eyes lock on the tent in my pants. “Let me take care of that for you.”

Is this really happening? Is Sadie Evans really about to go down on me? I shouldn’t be so surprised after what we did last night, but that was me doing things to her.

She’s about to have her red lips wrapped around my cock and the thought has the tip of my dick leaking pre cum.

“You don’t have to,” my voice is deep, filled with lust now.

She looks up at me, and fuck me, those teasing eyes. “But I want to.”

Her fingers find my zipper and she pulls it down, opening my pants enough to give her the room she needs to reach into them and pull my cock out of my boxers. She looks at it for a second, a whimper leaving her lips before she parts them and leans forward.

“Fuck,” I hiss as she sucks the tip into her mouth. Her tongue swirls around it, lapping the pre-cum off the tip before taking more of me in.

Her mouth is hot, wet, and feels so fucking good. It’s been awhile since I’ve gotten a blow job, and I forgot how amazing it feels.

My hand tangles in her hair, giving it a little tug. I don’t want to take control. I want her to have it all, to use me however she wants.

She starts to bob her head, her tongue flattening against the bottom of my shaft. She moans, making my cock jerk in her mouth, feeding her another burst of pre-cum.

That makes her suck harder. She wraps her hand around the base of my shaft, gripping tightly. “Holy shit, Sadie,” I moan as I jolt, trying to hold myself back from thrusting up into her throat.

She’s a little sloppy, the sounds of wetness and her sucking fill the night air. But I don’t care. It feels amazing.

Has she given blow jobs before? I know she’s with us to teach her things, so would it be bad if I used this as one of those opportunities?

“That’s it, Sweetheart. Fuck, look at you. On your knees for me, looking like a goddess. Take me all the way in, Sadie.” She does, all the way to the back of her throat, gagging a little bit, but it doesn’t stop her from sucking on my cock like it’s her favorite flavor of popsicle.

If this isn’t heaven, it’s pretty damn close to it. I’ve imagined her doing this to me so many times, but the real thing is un-fucking-believable.

She moans around my shaft, gripping me harder. “Use your free hand and cup my balls, Sweetheart.” Sadie dips her hand into my boxers and finds my balls, cradling them in her hand. I groan as she rolls them around between her fingers. I’m about to tell her to make sure she’s careful when she gives one a little squeeze. “Shit!” I pant out, liking that a little more than I thought I would. “Sadie, Sweetheart, I’m close. So if you don’t want my—Oh, god!” I shout as she sucks harder, moves faster, and grips both my cock and balls tighter.

I explode so hard down her throat, she has no choice but to swallow around my length and take every wave of cum I give her.

When she’s done taking every last drop, she pulls off my spent cock with a pop and looks up at me with a hazy grin on her face. “Yum.” She licks her lips. *Fuck me, she’s perfect.*

“There you are,” a voice has me jolting and quickly shoving my dick away so the newcomer doesn’t see. “I’ve been look—Oh, well, what do we have here?”

I look over to see Emma standing a few feet away, a guy standing behind her with an amused grin. “Just helping Declan with his man boner just like he helped me with my lady boner last night. I’m starting to see the appeal of your cum kink, Emma. I like it.”

Sadie and Emma burst into drunken giggles while I stand there with a face so hot I’m surprised it hasn’t burst into flames.

“Don’t mind them. You get used to it after a while. Their friend group doesn’t know what it means to have a filter,” the guy states. I don’t know who he is, never seen him around school, but by the way he looks down at Emma like she’s hung the moon, I’m guessing it’s her boyfriend.

“I’m starting to see that.” I chuckle. “We should get you home.”

“No!” Sadie whines.

“Nope. She’s ours for the night. We finally have our girl back to party and she’s not going anywhere. If you’re so worried, then follow behind and be a good little puppy like Brent.”

My brows jump as Brent laughs. Emma hooks her arm through Sadie’s and pulls her toward the house.

“You might wanna look after Sadie. She doesn’t drink much, but when she does, she’s just as bad as Emma,” Brent informs me.

I plan on keeping an eye on her for the rest of the night. She’s not in her right mind, and the idea of someone taking advantage of her again makes my stomach turn.

While I have no proof anything happened before, I have my suspicions that I wasn’t able to protect her. I won’t let that happen again.

Chapter 18

Sadie

Tonight has been the most fun I've had in years. I'm enjoying the party with my best friends, drinking, dancing, and having fun. No sight of Raymond.

And to top it all off, the mouth-watering host club guys showed up. I should be embarrassed for them to see me after what happened last night, but I'm too drunk to care.

The plan of hiring people to look after our drunk asses went out the window real fast. I needed to forget about the crazy ending to my night last night and well, the two people I was worried about aren't here, so I said, why the fuck not.

When people say alcohol is liquid courage, they're not wrong. If I was sober, there would be no way I'd be brave enough to pull Declan into the dark and get down on my knees for him.

But fuck, it was amazing. I've only given a blow job a few times, and it was over fast, so I've never really had a chance to enjoy the experience.

I sure as fuck enjoyed that one, though. The feeling of his hot, thick shaft against my tongue felt amazing. Listening to him moan in pleasure, the way he panted as I sucked him harder and faster gave me this rush of power I wasn't expecting. And the praise, the instructions to help me make him feel good... yup, my panties are soaked.

I'm horny now. I wonder if I can get him or one of the other guys to take me upstairs and fuck me?

Okay, yeah, I'm drunk. I need to keep it in my pants tonight before I make a fool of myself.

"I think that's enough for you, Pretty Girl," someone says, taking the fresh drink from my hand, just as it was about to reach my lips.

"Hey!" I grumble, scowling up at the drink thief. It's Grayson. "You're not my dad." I roll my eyes. "He's dead, so I can drink however much I want. Now, give that back."

“Nope, not happening,” he replies before tipping the cup back and drinking it in one go. “All gone.”

“Ugh, you’re worse than a dad!” I huff, crossing my arms. The motion pushes my breasts up, and I don’t miss how Grayson’s eyes glance down with a hungry look.

“Nah, Pretty Girl. But if you’re real good, I’ll be your Daddy,” he taunts with a wink.

Heat pools in my belly and fuck, why do I like the idea of that?

Although Grayson doesn’t scream *Daddy*. He has too much of a playboy vibe for that.

However Preston and Collin? Yeah, I could see it.

“Nope, not thinking about my hot teacher.” I shake my head.

“What?” Grayson laughs.

“Shit, I said that out loud, didn’t I?” I blush.

“Yes, you did.” He gives me an amused smile.

“Oh, well. It’s true. I got eyes.” I shrug. A song that I love comes on and my face lights up. I push past Grayson and out to the dance floor where my friends are.

Mia and Alice grind together as Emma and her boyfriend do the same. I just dance next to them, enjoying the beat of the song until someone comes up behind me.

“Wanna dance?” a husky voice asks. I turn around to see Paul. We used to be lab partners last year. He’s cute with black, shaggy hair. And he’s always been nice to me.

“Dance with him!” Alice shouts. “He’s cute. And you’re single.”

She’s right. I am single, so why not enjoy myself and dance with a cute guy?

I don’t say anything as I smile seductively—at least I hope that’s what it’s coming off as—and wrap my arms around his neck. He grins, pulling me close to his body.

My eyes close as our bodies move to the music. Paul spins me around and grips my hips. My eyes fly open when I feel something hard pressing against my ass.

I go with it, grinding back against him. He groans in my ear and I smile. My eyes close again while I enjoy the feeling of his hands on my body. He's not greedy or pushy, but takes his time to enjoy me without being overly touchy.

The feeling of someone watching me has my eyes popping open. In the dark corner of the room, Preston sits on a chair, a drink in hand as he stares at me.

My stomach drops at the sight of the girl on his lap. Because she's not just sitting, the way her hips are moving, I know he's fucking her.

Why does that feel like a betrayal to me? Grayson said they weren't going to have sex with anyone, knowing they're going to be with me. So, why is he?

I don't have the right to be mad that Preston isn't sticking to that deal. Why should he? I'm nothing to him. He's made that clear, so why wouldn't he sleep with other women?

All of those thoughts make me feel like I'm going to puke as well as fill me with white-hot jealousy. Can't he just keep it in his fucking pants? He's going to get to have as much sex with me as he wants when it's his turn. It's like he can't go a day without getting off.

And why do his eyes have to be on me while another girl rides his dick? He's such an asshole.

But then the guy who I'm dancing with brings his hand over my belly, inching lower. I let him go down, down, down until I see a flash of anger on Preston's face. It only lasts for a second, but I saw it.

I smile on the inside, knowing this is probably a bad idea, and I'm going to blame it on the alcohol because, let's be honest, I wouldn't do most of the things I do drunk when I'm sober.

This man is practically a stranger, and I have no idea where his fingers have been, so I'm not stupid enough to let

him put them inside me. But I do take his wrist and bring his hand down to cup my pussy over my dress.

I'm already worked up over what Declan and I did, so why not use Paul's hand to get off on.

Paul groans again, grinding his dick into my ass harder as we move to the music. His fingers start to move over my clothes covered clit, and I give him points for actually knowing where it is with all these layers in the way.

The pressure is perfect, and I start to rock my hips as a spark of pleasure hits me.

I see it, the twitch in Preston's eyes, the tick in his jaw.

Preston grips the girl who's riding him and starts to move her faster on his dick. But his eyes never leave me. They move from my eyes down to where Paul's hand moves against my pussy and back up to me.

I allow myself to believe he's jealous, and fuck, it makes me hotter. I moan, trying not to close my eyes and instead hold Preston's stare.

It's like we're in a competition to see who can get off first. It's not going to take me long because this whole game has me ready to explode.

My hand covers Paul's, and I hold him where I need him as I grind against our hands. Pleasure builds inside me, coiling tighter and tighter.

The girl on Preston's lap isn't shy about the noises she's making. But people don't look. Or at least, they try not to make it obvious, because it's Preston. Maybe they're used to this type of public display from him.

Seconds pass, our eyes still locked together, and then we're pushed over the edge at the same time. I bite my lip, swallowing down my moan as Preston holds the girl still, his throat bobbing as he cums.

Paul lets out a groan, and I know he came too. *In his pants.* Because he was grinding on my ass. I don't know if I should

be grossed out or turned on? Maybe if it was one of my guys. Ugh, not *my* guys. That'll never happen.

I'm panting, my body still buzzing from the not-so-bad orgasm, when Preston pushes the girl off him and shoves his dick away before getting up and disappearing.

The girl shouts after him, calling him an asshole. I don't think she got her release.

What is it with him using these women as nothing but his sex toys? He's a pig, an asshole, but fuck, why did that turn me on so damn much?

"I need a drink," I tell Paul. It's not a lie, I do need water, but I'm also done with dancing.

"Yeah, I... I need the bathroom," he mutters as he ducks away.

Heading over to one of the coolers, I grab a bottle of water and chug it.

"So, you looked like you had some fun," Mia comments, coming to stand next to me.

"I'm enjoying myself for once." I grin.

"Heard you were caught sucking my man's dick?" She grins wider, and my face drops.

"I'm sorry!" I panic, but she bursts out laughing.

"Babe, how drunk are you? Remember, I don't like what he's sporting. By all means, enjoy the fuck out of it."

"Right." I let out a sigh of relief. "You rich people are so weird."

"But you looove us," she sing-songs.

"Some of you." I giggle. A wave of dizziness hits me.

"Yeah, I'm done drinking for the night."

"Me too. Emma said to tell you all that she's leaving. And Alice took off with some guy too." I hate the hurt look on her face. "I'm gonna catch an Uber home. Want to come?"

“We got her,” Grayson interjects, coming up behind me and wrapping his arms around my waist.

Mia looks from Grayson to me. “You good?”

Butterflies fill my belly, and I nod. “I’m good.”

We say goodnight, and I turn to look at Grayson.

“Haven’t seen much of you tonight.”

“Had some business to deal with.” He winks. “Being a head of the host club is a time consuming job, you know.”

My eyes narrow. “You weren’t fucking some girl too, were you?”

His brows jump. “Too?” Then his face falls. “Damn it, Preston.”

“Oh, yeah, with an audience nonetheless.”

“Sorry about him, Pretty Girl. He’s a dick. There’s not much we can do about him.” He gives me a pitying look.

“Whatever. I’m going to pee, then we can leave,” I huff.

“I’m going to go find Declan. Meet you back here, okay?”

I nod and take off upstairs. Thankfully, the bathroom is free. After I’m done peeing and washing my hands, I hear laughter coming from outside the window. Curiosity gets the better of me, and I go to the window, straining to hear the two guys down below. One of them is Paul.

“Dude, I can’t believe you fingered Sadie Evans right where everyone could see you!” the other guy laughs.

“She was so fucking tight and wet. Soaked my fingers,” Paul boasts. My brows furrow. *Lies*. What a fucking dick.

“You should try to hit that. She’s pretty hot. You know when she’s not looking like a homeless bum.” They both crack up laughing and a not-so-good feeling takes over me.

“Although, I wouldn’t hold your breath on that one. From what Raymond said, she’s a frigid bitch. But by the looks of it, she’s a bit of a slut when you get a few drinks in her. Maybe give her enough and she will loosen right up for you.”

Bile rises in my throat as tears fill my eyes. I'm about to leave when I hear a pained shout.

My eyes widen at the sight of Preston pinning the guy who was talking to Paul down on the ground. People chant *fight, fight, fight* as Preston goes to town, punching the guy in the face over and over.

I'm in shock. *What the fuck is going on? Did he... did he do this because of what the guy said?* No, he must have said something to piss Preston off. This has nothing to do with me.

I watch as Grayson pulls Preston off the guy. Others rush over to help the asshole on the ground, but I don't pay attention to them. My eyes are on Grayson shouting in Preston's face while waving his hands around.

When they take off, I go to turn around and leave, but Tina catches my eye. She's glaring at me, her lip peeled back in an ugly snarl.

Not wanting to know what her issue is, I leave and head downstairs to find Declan or Grayson to take me home. I'm done with this night and just want to curl up in my bed and go to sleep. Maybe going to this party was a bad idea.

But I don't make it very far when Tina steps in front of me.

"What do you want?" I groan, not wanting to deal with her shit tonight.

"You sure are causing some issues, you know." She crosses her arms. "You're giving the Host Club a bad name. Preston shouldn't have to defend the club because you're nothing but a dirty whore."

"What the hell are you talking about?" My eyes narrow.

"I'm not sure why the guys took you on as a client. We both know you can't afford their prices. What are you doing, paying it off in sex?" she snorts out a laugh. "No, can't be that. There's no way they would touch you. They would much rather have the money."

"Fuck off, Tina. I don't want to hear your crap tonight." I've become numb to her nasty words by now. I move to step

around her, but she blocks my path.

“It’s only the truth. You know, you can offer your body up all you want, but the guys are only ever going to see you as a warm hole. Why would they want you for anything more than that? You’re poor, ugly, and well...” she trails off, eyeing me up and down while giving me a look of pity. “You still haven’t lost that weight from back in high school, have you?”

Tears sting the back of my eyes as I’m brought back to some of the worst times of my life. How can years of working on my self-esteem and mental health come crashing down by some words from a spiteful bitch.

“It’s why Raymond came to me. He only dated you because he felt bad for you. And you weren’t even a convenient fuck because he took one look at your body and came hunting for mine. Guess he isn’t into fat chicks.” She shrugs. “I’m sure there’s someone out there who will want your body, but it’s not going to be anyone in the host club. If they do end up sleeping with you, it’ll be because of whatever arrangement you made, it’ll be out of obligation. If anything, you should do them the favor and just break off your deal. Save them from the trouble of having to sleep with you.” She cringes and turns around, leaving me there, ready to break.

My heart races, my belly in knots and it’s taking everything in me not to cry. Feelings of self-doubt and hatred for my body hit me.

I need something to drink.

“Hey,” a guy mutters as I push him out of my way. I grab the half bottle of vodka from the drink table and take it outside.

Taking a seat on one of the deck chairs, I tip the bottle back and start chugging. I’m only a few mouthfuls in before I’m coughing and gagging, but once I stop, I do it again and again, drowning the nasty thoughts my mind is coming up with about myself.

Tina never missed an opportunity to remind me how pathetic, poor, or ugly I was in high school.

It's been a while since she said anything like that. I'm not sure what brought it on tonight. I shouldn't let her words get to me. *They're just words.*

Only, they never were for me. My mind has always betrayed me, and she held a power over me that I've always hated.

I'm not sure how long I sit here drinking, but soon I feel nothing, my mind blank and body at ease.

"Come on, Sweetheart," an angel's voice encourages as I'm being scooped up.

My eyes blink open, and I see a very blurry Declan. I groan and snuggle into him. "You smell nice," I slur as I inhale deeply through my nose. He smells familiar.

He chuckles. "Really? Like what?"

"What?" I have no idea what we're talking about or where we're going.

"Nothing, sweets." He laughs again and then sighs.

"Thanks for looking after me," I murmur, closing my eyes and relaxing into his hold.

"I always will," he whispers, kissing the top of my head. That feels nice. He feels nice. Safe.

I don't wake up again until I'm inside my house. My eyes fly open and my hand slams against my mouth. I struggle to get out of Declan's hold, and as soon as he puts me down on my feet, I'm over at the kitchen sink, bringing back up everything I drank.

"Shhh," he soothes, rubbing my back as he holds my hair away from my face. "It's okay."

"No, it's not," I sob as I puke again. Coughing a little, I take a few deep breaths. "She's right. She's always right."

"Who's right?"

I don't get to answer him as I start to get sick again. "I feel like death," I groan as I lie my cheek against the side of the sink, waiting to see if anything else is going to come up.

“Let’s get you to bed, okay?”

“Why are you being so nice to me?” I ask, taking the glass of water from his hand. I take a mouthful and spit it out.

“Because it’s easy to be nice to you.” He smiles. “You’re a likeable person.”

“Lies. I’m not. You’re doing this because of the deal.”

His brows furrow. “I am not. Sadie, I enjoy being around you.”

“You just enjoy an easy mouth to fuck.” Okay, that was a low blow, and the look of hurt on his face makes me want to cry some more. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to be a bitch.” As I apologize, the tears start to roll.

“Shh. You’re not a bitch. You’re anything but. Come on, Sweetheart, let’s get you to bed. And you’re wrong. Deal or not, I enjoy being around you.”

He helps me to bed, and I don’t even bother to get undressed before falling onto the mattress.

Closing my eyes, I hear him moving around my room. “There’s a bucket if you feel like you’re going to get sick again. And take these.”

He helps me sit up, taking the pills from his hands and then the glass of water.

After I swallow them, I snuggle down into the blankets. “Stay with me?” I ask him, wanting to be anything but alone right now.

“Of course,” he answers softly. I feel the bed dip, and then his arms come around me, pulling me into his warm embrace.

This, why can’t I have this? Why can’t I be in his arms like this forever?

I’ll take what I can get and enjoy him, even if it’s just for tonight.

Chapter 19

Preston

Ice cold water to the face is not how I was expecting to wake up this morning. I gasp, bolting upright in my bed, spluttering. “What the fuck!” I roar, disoriented from being shocked out of my sleep.

“Do you want to tell me why the fuck I just got a call from Timothy Rolland’s father!” my father barks.

Fuck. Fucking hell.

I wipe the water out of my eyes and open them to see my father enraged. “Maybe he wanted to ask you out for cookies and tea,” I snark back.

The sting across my face as he backhands me is a feeling I’m all too well acquainted with. “Don’t get smart with me, boy,” he snarls. “What the fuck did you do last night?”

“Solved world hunger. Why do you ask?” I glare at him, wiping my now bloody lip with the back of my hand.

My father’s eyes dart down to my hand. He grabs my wrist. “You did it, didn’t you? You attacked that boy.”

“It was only a few hits.” I snatch my hand back.

“You better have a damn good reason why, or so help me, Preston.”

“He undermined the Host Club. Pretty much said we were a whore house.” That’s a lie, but he doesn’t need to know the real reason why I broke that fucker’s nose. “I can’t have him tarnishing its name. You know that.”

It seems to be the right thing to say because he lets out a sigh and takes a step back. “He’s pressing charges.” He narrows his eyes on me once more. “I’m going to get him to drop them, but you owe me. Keep your anger under control or I won’t. When will you stop being such a fucking disappointment? Sometimes, I wonder if you’re even my son. Selfish good for nothing is what you are.”

He turns and storms out of my room, slamming my bedroom door behind him.

Anger simmers on the surface of my skin as I look down at my drenched bed. “Fucking asshole,” I mutter, crawling out of bed. I start stripping the sheets and toss them in the dirty hamper for the housekeeper to deal with.

It’s Sunday, and later tonight I have to go to the club for a few hours. But the rest of the day is wide open. For the first time in god knows how long, I have nothing to do.

I hardly drank last night, even though I planned on getting shit-faced. Once I started feeling it, I stopped. I don’t know why, but I felt like I needed to stay in the right headspace.

Or because if I was drunk I’d end up doing stupid shit, like tracking down the little blonde who gets on my fucking nerves and, well... I don’t know what I’d do.

She’s becoming a problem. She’s making me act out of character, and I don’t like it.

I stumbled upon her sucking Declan’s cock like the dirty little whore she dreams to be. My dick seemed to enjoy the sight of it all too well. So I found the first willing girl and messed around with her for a while.

But when I saw her with that Paul-fucker, something inside me was set off. Hell, I needed to get off. So, I fucked the girl right where everyone could see while she let Paul practically finger her on the dance floor.

I wanted to pull him off her and make him eat his own fucking tongue. The thought had me getting out of there fast.

And to make the whole fucking night end with a bang, Timothy had to go open his damn mouth.

I shouldn’t have reacted the way I did. I shouldn’t have hit him. But he lied. The things he said about Sadie weren’t true.

At least, not in the way he meant them. She is a tease, a slut, a dirty little whore—but she’s only those things *for us*. She’s willing to bend to our will and let us use her body how we please. At least, for now.

Once we show her what she wants to know and she sees how sex should be, she's going to go about her life. She's going to find a nice guy who treats her right, get married, and have two point five kids.

Because this isn't her world. She was born into it by default.

She has no idea about the monsters that lurk in the dark.

And one of the biggest ones I have the displeasure of knowing is none other than dear old pops.

I'm doing everything in my power to get out from under his thumb. I opened the club so that I'd have my own money, my own income, which he has no control over.

It's all under fake names, and the money gets sent to offshore accounts. Once I have close to what I would have if I continued to be my father's puppet, I'm out of here. I plan on disappearing to another country, change my fucking name, and living the rest of my life in peace.

There's no way I plan on letting my father control who I marry, and I'd rather swallow shards of glass than be tied to that crazy bitch my whole life.

All she's good for is an easy way to get my dick wet. It's pathetic, really. She's nothing but a gold-digging whore who only cares about money, power, and getting her pussy stuffed.

I'm not always a dick to women, only the ones who are shitty humans and little kitty cats who piss me off.

It's my job to treat my clients with respect and dignity.

Well, not all of them. Some of them pay me extra to use them, to call them degrading words. Not that I mind. Degradation is my thing, while Grayson is more of an exhibitionist, and Dec... Dec is too sweet for this world. Dec is a sub down to his very core.

The way he jumped to his feet, eager to please Sadie and do as she asked, has my cock aching.

Here's the thing, I know Dec is in love with me. I'm not blind, and while he does his best to hide it, I've noticed.

But I can't ever be what he needs. A part of me wishes I could because I care for Declan in my own way. He deserves better than this life we're all forced into. Better than some loveless marriage with someone who doesn't even like his gender.

When he said he wanted to give it all up for Sadie, I hated him in that moment.

Because he has a good chance at getting away with it. Sure, there would be some backlash within the families, but in the end, he would be happy. He has a good chunk of change from his grandparents who passed. He could give her a good life, be what she needs.

And the idea of them being happy together, in love... I hate it. I'm selfish. I'm greedy. And I can't have them.

In my mind, if I can't have them, they can't have each other. I'm a bastard, but I can be reasoned with. I'm not going to go out of my way to stop it, but I'm not going to support it.

What I really want, more than anything in this world, is one night with both of them on their knees for me, begging for my cock.

I don't even realize where I'm going until I get there. I stop and look up at the broken down chapel. The school hasn't done a good job of keeping it up, and the only reason why it's still standing is because of Sadie's mom. Erin fought tooth and nail to keep it.

The sounds of the forest greet me, and I take a moment to let it all go. All my anger, my resentment, and just let the serenity take hold.

I haven't been here in years. That night haunting me to my very core. *Why am I here now? Why did my feet bring me here?*

Taking the broken stone steps up, I head inside the chapel. Nothing's changed, everything frozen in time. No one comes out here; it's off limits to the students. Only her and I pay that rule no mind.

My footsteps echo through the room, leaves that were blown in from the outside crunching under my weight.

I don't stop and sit on one of the empty pews, but walk past them. With one hand on the stage, I use it as leverage to jump up and head to the stairwell behind it, making my way up to the top floor.

I'm not expecting her to be here when I step into the room. But I'm surprised to find her sitting on the end of the ledge of the big hole in the wall, her legs dangling over the edge and her head leaning against the side as she looks out at the trees.

She didn't hear me coming, but she can feel my eyes on her. She looks over at me, her pretty pink lips parting in surprise.

She's fucking stunning. She thinks I've always hated her, and I've never given her any reason to think otherwise, but that couldn't be further from the truth. She will never know just how much power she held over me in the past. *I won't let her.*

I need to hate her now. It's the only way. I'll never allow anyone the power to hurt me again.

She doesn't say anything as I walk over and take a seat on the other side of the ledge, but I don't expect her to. Never, not once, have we ever spoken a word to each other in all the times we sat together for hours.

I wonder what brought her back here? She stopped coming when she realized I wasn't going to show up anymore.

Her eyes are on me, watching me like she wants to say something. I risk a glance in her direction, and her eyes widen when she sees my split lip.

Her lips part to say something, but she catches herself, reminded of the unspoken rule. This place is our safe space. Our own little sanctuary away from the hard truths of reality.

It's the only place I've ever let my guard down. The only place I think I ever will. She knows the moment she opens her mouth, it's over. It would tarnish what we've built here.

But not being able to speak doesn't stop her. She grabs the bottle of water she brought with her and a little pack of purse sized tissues and stands up.

With each step that brings her closer, my heart rate intensifies. She takes a seat next to me, crossing her legs, and opens the bottle. She takes a tissue from the pack, wetting it before grabbing my chin and softly holding my face still.

It's cold against my lip as she blots the dried blood away. It stings, but I pay no mind to the pain. My eyes are on her lips, the way they part in concentration.

Wild thoughts race through my mind. What my lips would feel like against hers. The fact that I want to bite down on it, making her whimper before tasting her blood on my tongue.

I want to grab her by the wrist, tie her hands behind her back, and make her take my cock on her knees like a good little whore. For her to be dripping onto the floor below her, her cunt aching to be filled by my cock.

God, how I want to fill her with my cum and watch it drip from her swollen, used pussy.

But I don't do any of that. I let her clean me up, ignoring how every touch lights me on fire, and when she's done, she goes back to her side.

I'm not sure how long we sit there but never once do I feel bored. I don't reach for my phone to make the time pass. Because I don't want it to.

I want to stay here, with her... forever.

I know I have to leave at some point; I have work that needs to be done, but not yet, not now. Not even as my stomach begs for food.

As if she can read my mind, or maybe it's the growling coming from my stomach, she reaches into her satchel and pulls out a sandwich. Opening the bag, she takes out one half and offers it to me.

I look at it for a moment and she smiles, as if to say 'it's not poisoned.' I take it, giving her a little nod of thanks. I grin

when I take a bite. It's PB and J. Her favorite.

This isn't the first time she's shared her food with me. She always brings something to eat. Cupcakes, sandwiches, snack bars, or fruit. And always, she offers me some.

In the past, it was always me who left first. I had to, because if I didn't, I would have stayed there all night to see if she did. But now, I refuse to leave until she does.

Thankfully, not too long after eating, she moves to stand and so do I.

She gives me the smallest of smiles before leading the way. I follow after her down the stairs, out the chapel, and all the way through the wooded path.

It's dark now, so I stay as close as I can without touching her. I stay with her, all the way to the hill next to her cottage.

She doesn't say goodbye as I stop and she continues to walk. But when she gets down to her door, she looks back, giving me the smallest of waves before disappearing into her house.

The moment she's out of sight, it's like everything comes crashing into me at once. I hate this part—when reality takes over again.

With a growl, I turn away and walk home. I head to my car, not even bothering to go inside before taking off toward the club.

I'm going to find some girl who begs me to do all the dirty things to her tonight. And I'm going to love every moment of it, and hate myself with every inch of my soul for it.

Chapter 20

Sadie

I'm never drinking again. Okay, so I've said this before, but this time I'm really considering it.

I woke up hungover as fuck yesterday morning. I spent a good hour in bed before needing some air. I went to a place I haven't been at in a while. It was nice. I missed it, and it was just what I needed; to shut my mind off for a little bit and forget about stupid guys and nasty bullies.

That was until one of those stupid guys joined me. We both seemed surprised to see the other one there. I don't think he's been there in a while either.

His banged up hand didn't shock me, but the split lip? He didn't get that due to his fight from the night before. No, it was fresh. Like only hours old. I'm not sure who gave it to him, but it seemed pretty early to be getting a fat lip.

I guess Preston pisses a lot of people off.

When it's us in that chapel tower, everything from the outside world turns off. It's just him and me, nothing less, nothing more.

We've never talked in our many times there, and the only time I ever acknowledged him was to offer my food.

But the need to care for him had me acting out of character. He wasn't the Preston who's been nothing but a dick to me in that moment. He was the boy who spent years sitting with me for hours.

And he did the same last night. I never wanted to leave, just wanting to enjoy the familiar silence.

There was also a first. He never walked me home before. One of us always left before the other, never at the same time.

Why did he care? Why did he go out of his way to see that I got home safe? If that's even what he was doing.

Preston is a mystery, one with far too many twists and turns that I can't even fathom trying to figure out.

Today is Monday. Time to go back to school, back to working for the Host Club. How do I look them in the eyes after they saw me fuck myself? Not to mention, the very sloppy blow job I gave Declan at the party.

I groan, remembering that part. Yup, never drinking again.

“Look who’s alive!” Alice crows.

“Girl, is your phone broken? Or did one of those sexy men keep it hostage again?” Emma chuckles.

Since Collin kidnapped me, I didn’t get a chance to grab my things. But when I woke up the next morning, I found them on my kitchen table. Not sure how they got there but the idea of one of them having access to my house without my knowledge makes me a little uneasy.

I haven’t told them about the Collin bit just yet. My life is crazy enough—how do I tell them that our guidance counselor and TA has, out of the blue, become some crazy stalker who is obsessed with me?

I’m still letting myself believe that it was all some joke to mess with me. Because it’s crazy, right? How can he call me his? I haven’t talked to or seen him since I was ten.

I may have had a little crush on him back then, but I was just some pre-teen admiring the hot older guy who was so protective over me.

Never did I ever think he would see me as anything more than a kid sister. From the way he acted, I think he thinks of me as anything but.

“No, sorry, kind of lost track of time last night, and I guess the craziness of the party wore me out.” I hook my arms through Emma’s and Alice’s while Alice hooked hers through Mia’s.

“I was surprised that you drank. I thought that was a hard no for you.” Emma chuckles. “Not that I’m complaining. I love when you’re all carefree and loose. But Brent was pretty happy when the guys showed up. He said watching over us was like trying to wrangle cats in a corner.”

“Maybe we should just drink at my place next time. My mom’s been spending a lot of time with her boyfriend, so I’m sure we could get a night just for us.” Also, I don’t need to run into Tina again. She’s easy enough to avoid at school, other than the few times she was in the Host Club room. But at a party and being drunk, I don’t need to put myself in her line of fire.

“Oh, yes! Oh my god, we should have a sleepover next weekend!” Alice gushes excitedly.

“Ahh... Maybe.” I bite my lower lip, a blush creeping onto my cheeks as I think about why.

“What! Why not?” Alice shoots me a pout

“Alice, you know our girl has plans to get railed on the weekends, remember?” Emma shouts a little too loudly, earning some unwanted attention.

“Emma!” I groan.

“Oh, come on. Don’t be getting all shy now. You were all about how amazing Declan’s cock was at the party.” She giggles.

“And how hard they made you cum,” Alice teases.

“And how you wondered why you chose to have a boyfriend when you could have been getting all these amazing orgasms from sexy men,” Mia adds.

“Alright, that’s it. I’m done with you lot today. Call me when you’re not meanies,” I say, pulling my arms free and picking up the pace as I head toward the front door.

“Booo!” Alice yells.

“Party pooper!” Mia adds.

“It’s okay! We know you like big dicks and you can not lie!” she sings the last part, and I can’t help but grin as I turn around to flip them off while laughing.

As I turn back around, I bump into someone. “Shit, sorry.”

“Ugh,” Tina scoffs, and my face drops. *Awesome, just what I needed to start my morning.* “Watch where you’re going, you

fucking whale!” She brushes herself off like I’m diseased as she sneers before continuing on her way.

My stomach sinks, but I don’t have a chance to let her put me in a bad place when I feel someone wrap their arms around me from behind. “Pretty Girl, I heard you did naughty things to our boy Dec the other night.” Grayson’s low husky voice has me shivering. “Do you have any idea how jealous I am that he had your mouth on him before me?”

He kisses my neck, sucking on the sensitive skin behind my ear. My eyes flutter close as I melt into his touch. I’ve come to realize that Grayson is a touchy person. But from what I’ve seen, it’s only with me. I’m not sure why, but I’m not complaining. Every time he touches me, my body lights up, and I’m left with this amazing feeling.

“I’m sorry,” I say, not sounding it at all.

“Don’t be.” He steps back and turns me so that I’m facing him. “Now that I know being with you isn’t only limited to the weekends, I plan on slipping a few in for myself.” His smile is downright sinful, and I’m tempted to ask him if he can give me one of them right now.

Then the laughter of people around us reminds me that we’re at school.

“Did he tell you what he liked, Pretty Girl? Were you a good student and swallowed his cock so well?” Grayson growls, his thumb brushing against my lower lip.

My body ignites, and I let a little whimper slip as I nod my head, rubbing my thighs together. “Good girl.” I part my lips, allowing him to slip his thumb into my mouth. “Show me.”

I suck, letting my tongue lap at his digit. I get a rush of power as he groans low. “Fucking hell.”

“Damn, Sadie, baby! Look at you go. That’s right, suck him real good!” *Fucking Emma! I forgot they weren’t far behind me.*

Quickly, I pull back and die of embarrassment as he lets out a hardy chuckle. “Your friends are something else, aren’t they?”

“They’re assholes, is what they are,” I mumble. “But they’re the best too.”

“I like them.” Grayson grins and looks over his shoulder at the girls. “Don’t worry, ladies. Your girl is in good hands with me.” Grayson wraps his arm around my shoulder, pulling me in close.

“I bet she is,” Alice whoops. “Real good.”

“Can we go? Please?” I look up at him with pleading eyes. He chuckles again and leads me inside the building.

“You know, we should hang out.”

“We should?” I can’t help the surprise in my tone. “Why?”

“Ouch, Pretty Girl. Way to bruise a man’s ego,” he teases.

“No.” I shake my head. “It’s not that I don’t want to, but why would you want to hang out with me when you’re not obligated to?”

We stop at my first class’ door. “Because I like you. I think you’re funny, kind, and... well, you’re fun to mess with.” He gives me a lazy grin as he pulls on one of my curls. “Also, love the hair today.”

A warm feeling takes over at him noticing the slight change. “Thanks.”

“So, what do you say? Wanna be my friend? I could use one of those.”

“What do you mean? Don’t you have a ton?”

He raises a brow. “No, baby girl. I have Preston, Declan, and now you.” He boops me on the nose, punctuating the last word. “Most people I know are just acquaintances I’ve grown up alongside or been forced to mingle with. And everyone else are clients who paid me a good sum of money for my time.” He shrugs. “It’s hard to find genuine people in my world. Most see you as competition, hate you because you have more money than them, or put on a fake smile so they can use you for their own agenda. I gotta say, Pretty Girl, you really lucked out on those three. Your friends haven’t let the toxicity of our world change them. It’s rare to see.”

“I am lucky,” I agree. “They’ve never seen me as someone less and always made me feel like a part of their group. We just grew into a family over time. Money and power have never been issues with us.”

He nods. “Good. I’m glad.”

“Mr. Taylor,” a familiar voice has me tensing. “Last I checked, this isn’t your class.”

“Would you look at that, you’re right.” Grayson chuckles.

“Then why don’t you leave? Miss Evans is already late,” Collin chastises.

“No, I’m not.” I spin around, looking at him confused.

He doesn’t look at me, his death glare on Grayson.

“Just making sure my girl here got to class safe. No big deal.” I know Grayson is just trying to get under Collin’s skin, but calling me his girl makes my heart beat just a little bit faster.

“She’s not your girl.” Collin lets out a low growl, his jaw clenching.

“Whatever you say, teach. Pretty Girl?” I turn back to Grayson, and he steps closer. “Let me take you out tomorrow.”

His hazel eyes stare into my fucking soul. *Is it hot in here?* I can hardly breathe. “Okay.” I find myself whispering.

He smiles, leans down and kisses me on the tip of my nose. “Later, Sadie.”

“Bye.”

I watch Grayson walk away and the moment he’s out of sight, Collin growls. “You’re not going out with him.”

I spin back around, gaping at him. “Yes, I am. You can’t tell me what to do,” I huff, crossing my arms.

“Oh, trust me, Lollipop. I can and I will. You are mine. I don’t share.”

Annoyance fills me. “I am *not* yours. And I can hang out with, and be friends with, whoever I want. If you think you

can walk back into my life after eight years and start demanding things of me, you're so wrong."

He steps closer, boxing me in against the wall. My lips part in surprise as my heart starts to race. I try to look around, knowing we are in the hall and classes haven't started just yet. Anyone could see us; hell, there's probably people watching right now.

"What are you doing!" I hiss. "You are way too close for a TA or guidance counselor."

"I don't fucking care," he murmurs. "You drive me crazy, Sadie. Do you know how hard it is going to be to sit at that desk all hour while you're across the room from me?"

"N-not my problem you have no self-control," I stammer.

"When it comes to you, it's almost impossible." He licks his lips, his eyes dropping to mine like he wants to taste them.

I shouldn't like that idea. I shouldn't feel the heat between my legs growing, wishing he would. It's wrong. So wrong! He works at the school. He's like an older brother to me. Hell, he probably changed my damn diaper when I was a baby.

Nope, not the time to be thinking about that. He's hot, really fucking hot, and while anyone in this school would be falling to their knees for him if he called them his, it only leaves me with confusing and conflicting feelings.

"Did you think about getting that checked out?" I blurt.

His brows furrow. "Get what checked out?"

"The bad case of delusion you're suffering from. You said it yourself, you're crazy."

He chuckles, and damn it, I like the sound of it too much. "Don't worry, little girl. You're going to end up loving my brand of crazy."

"I highly doubt that," I huff.

"I'll make you see." He tucks a piece of hair behind my ear, his hand lingering.

The bell chimes, making me jump. I duck out from under Collin's arms and scurry into the classroom.

I don't stop until I've taken the very back seat on the opposite side of where Collin's desk is.

Thankfully, I manage to pay attention to what my professor is teaching, quickly getting lost in the fascinating topic of Greek mythology.

However, I don't miss the feeling of Collin's eyes on me the whole time. If this was last week, I would have been swooning over the fact that my hot TA has his sights set on me.

But now, knowing who he is and the way he's been acting, my mind is a big jumbled mess.

Does he really think he loves me? Or is this some lingering possessiveness from the past?

Before I know it, the bell chimes, signaling the end of our class. My professor assigns us a paper on a Greek God before dismissing us.

Quickly, I gather my stuff up and make my way to the door. Just when I think I'm free, I feel him right behind me. I let out an annoyed sigh. "What do you want?" I ask, not bothering to slow my steps. But he's a giant and has no trouble keeping up with me.

"For you to agree to go out with me." That has me stopping.

"What?!" my eyes widen. "No. You're my TA. We can't do that."

"Why not? My mom is best friends with your mom. We've been friends for years. There's nothing wrong with us hanging out."

I narrow my eyes. "Because you and I both know you don't want to hang out with me as friends." I cross my arms and raise my brow.

He gives me a handsome smirk. "You're right. Friends is something I never wanna be with you again. It's not enough

for me. But no one else but me and you need to know that.”
He winks.

“No.” I raise my chin. Mostly because the idea of being alone with him scares me. I have a feeling if he tried enough, he would wear me down. It’s too soon, too confusing.

“Your mom is coming over tonight for supper, at least come with her. My mom has been saying how much she misses you,” he pleads with hopeful eyes.

My mom did ask me to come along already. And I do miss his mom. She’s like an aunt to me.

I let out a heavy sigh. “Fine.”

He grins wider, and my heart flutters. “See you tonight, Lollipop.”

“Goodbye, Mr. Jones.” I try to hold my smile back.

“You can just call me Sir,” he says in a husky tone. “It would sound so much better when you’re screaming it as you cum around my cock tonight, like a good fucking girl.”

He turns around, leaving me stunned with my mouth hanging open.

Collin Jones is a damn hurricane that I didn’t see coming.
Fucking hell.

Chapter 21

Sadie

Who knew breaking up with Raymond would have changed my life so drastically in such a small amount of time?

Already, I've had more amazing sexual experiences with the guys than I ever had with him. And I haven't even had sex with any of them yet.

I was missing out. I was fucking robbed. I don't expect teenagers to know how to have amazing sex, so I'm not upset that it wasn't always good. I'm upset that it was *never* good.

The guys have so far put my needs before their own. Grayson comes on strong, but it's one of the things I find myself liking about him. I always loved when he would flirt with me but now he's bringing me out of my comfort zone, pushing my limits in all the best ways.

Declan is the sweetest, but I can see the fire in his eyes. He was so eager to do what I asked him. I love it.

I know whenever my time with Preston comes, it's going to be explosive and intense. It's going to hurt. And yet, I find myself excited for it.

Anything they're willing to do with me, to me, I want it. I want it all.

It's like overnight I've blossomed into a new me. And I'm starting to like her.

This morning things have gone back to normal. No Host Club, no mean girls, and no sexy crazy teachers.

At least until lunch, because the moment I walk into the Host Club room for my first day back to working off my end of the deal, all of them are there, waiting for me.

Thankfully, Tina is just leaving as I arrive. "Have you come to get on your knees?" she asks, giving me a smirk. "It's where whores belong."

“Maybe. But not for Preston. I’d need to make sure he scrubs down his dick real good before I got anywhere near it. I’ve seen the nasty places he’s put it.” I glare at her.

Her nostrils flare, her face turning red. “Puh-lease. Tell yourself whatever you need to to make yourself feel better. At least I’m the only girl here who doesn’t have to pay. He’s my future husband. I can do whatever I want with him.”

“Yeah, and half the school’s male population,” I snort.

She steps closer. “You’re pissed your boyfriend would rather have my body over yours. Don’t be jealous, sweetie. Lose a few pounds and I’m sure whoever is unfortunate enough to end up with you next won’t cheat on you too. But if I were you, I wouldn’t hold my breath.” She grins before pulling the door open and walking out.

I hate how much her words sting. The feeling of hunger I had slips away, so I take the bag of food I brought with me and throw it in the trash by the door.

Putting on a fake smile, I head over to the guys. Collin is standing off to the side, his eyes on me just like this morning. “Hi,” I say, a little too cheerily.

“Well, hello there, Pretty Girl. I trust you had a good morning?” Grayson grins as he steps up next to me.

My eyes flick over to Collin quickly. “It was... interesting...” *To say the least.*

A girl calls Grayson’s name, and his smile falls. He lets out a huff before saying, “Gotta go, Pretty Girl. Duty calls.” He rolls his eyes, shooting me a wink before sauntering off toward the girl waiting for him. She giggles as he says something to her, and they go over to sit in a private corner.

I hate the feeling of jealousy that hits me, but I shake it off.

“Hi.” I smile at Declan. “I’m guessing you need to go too?”

He gives me a wince. “I do. But are you free tonight? I’d like to hang out, if you’re okay with that?”

“Oh.” I blink, a warm feeling filling my heart. “I can’t, not tonight. I—” I start but get cut off.

“She can’t tonight,” Collin’s gruff voice breaks in. “Because she’s going on a date with me.”

“Not a date.” I glare at him, but he just hits me with one of his sexy grins.

“We’re going to dinner. That’s a thing people do on dates.”

I roll my eyes. “Our mothers are going to be there. Not a date.”

“Okay... well, what about tomorrow night?” Declan asks.

“I-um... can’t tomorrow either. I already promised Grayson I’d hang out with him tomorrow, but I’m free Wednesday,” I offer.

“You did?” He looks over toward Grayson and then back to me. “Okay, well... Wednesday works for me,” he confirms, giving me a soft smile. “I’ll see you later,” Declan says, giving Collin a strange look before turning away to leave too.

“Lollipop, meeting the family is one step closer to marriage. Stop fighting me on this.” He chuckles. He’s being very casual about openly showing interest in me with students around. It’s almost like he doesn’t care if anyone knows, and that could cause issues.

“I’m not meeting your family; I’ve known your mom my whole life. And in your dreams. I’m not marrying you.”

“Not yet. But some day.” He winks and my belly heats.

“Oh, shucks. If only that was possible. Sadly, you’re engaged to someone else,” I remind him and fake disappointment.

“No, he isn’t,” Preston pipes up from his desk, making my eyes flick over to him. He’s sitting back in his chair, his feet up on the desk. “He’s the only one in this club—hell, probably this school—who doesn’t have to marry someone he doesn’t want to.”

I look back to Collin. “Really? How did you get out of that?”

He shrugs. “My father has tried, trust me. He has some gold digger lined up, waiting for me. But it’s never going to happen. He’s never had a say in my life, especially since my parents got divorced, and he never will. My mom is more than okay with me paving my own path. Also, she knows I already have the woman who I’m going to spend the rest of my life with.”

He doesn’t mean me, does he? *Oh god, tell me he’s joking.* And his mom knows. Is she okay with this?

Preston drops his feet loudly and angrily gets up. “Well, some of us aren’t as lucky to own this fucking town. Some of us aren’t as lucky to be rid of their fathers,” Preston snarls before storming away.

“Fuck,” Collin sighs, watching Preston leave the room.

“You okay?” I ask.

“No. Sometimes I forget that while I escaped the monster, he’s still living in his lair.”

I look at the door, my heart hurting for Preston. I’ve heard my mom and Carol talking about her ex-husband, how mean and cruel he could be.

And Preston has to live with that. I’m hit with a heavy realization. *No wonder Preston is how he is.*

Fuck. And now I’m starting to have feelings toward Preston. This can’t end well.

Collin

“WOULD YOU RELAX?” MOM slaps my hand as I try to take one of the cookies she baked off the baking sheet.

“Ouch,” I grumble, shaking out my hand. “Just one.”

“No. They’re for Sadie and Erin. Would you go do something until they get here? You’re getting on my nerves. God, you’re even worse now than when you were a kid.” She glares at me, and I grin wide.

“But you love me.” I kiss her cheek, using it as a distraction as I snatch one of the cookies before darting away.

“You’re a brat!” she shouts after me.

I chuckle, shoving the cookie in my mouth.

“Collin, are you giving your mom a hard time?” a voice says from behind me, and I scream like a little girl. My heart pounds as I spin around to see Erin and Sadie.

My girl’s brows are raised as she gives me an amused smile. “You okay there, *Colleen*?” She giggles.

“Haha,” I deadpan, making her laugh harder. Erin smiles, shaking her head. “I didn’t hear you ring the bell.”

“Since when have I ever rang the bell?” Erin asks. “Honey, I’ve been walking into this house since before you were born.” She pats me on the shoulder as she passes me and heads toward the kitchen.

“Isn’t it great that our moms are best friends?” I ask my girl.

“It is. Your mom is amazing.” Fuck, she’s so gorgeous. I want to push her up against the wall and kiss her until she’s putty in my arms. “Stop looking at me like that.” She has this adorable blush on her face as she shifts from foot to foot.

“Like what?” I ask, stepping closer to her. She doesn’t move away, so I chance it until I’m towering over her. My

hands itch to touch her. But I don't. I've been coming on strong lately and I don't want to scare her away.

But after opening up the other night, admitting to her that she's mine, it's hard to act like it didn't happen. Frankly, I'm glad I said something.

My mother said I need to be on my best behavior until I'm no longer her teacher, but that's not happening. Hell, I'll be surprised if she leaves here without me kissing her.

Fuck, I really wanna kiss her right now. Her lips part as her eyes widen. She looks up at me and swallows hard.

"Like you want to eat me or something," she whispers.

My cock twitches at the thought. "Oh, baby girl, but I do. So very much."

Her breathing picks up, and I'm about to say fuck it and kiss her tempting lips when my mom steps into the hallway. "Supper's ready."

Sadie jerks back like she's been shocked and takes off toward the kitchen. "Coming."

I close my eyes and suck in a few deep breaths. This is going to be one long supper.



"SO, SADIE, HOW ARE you liking school?" my mom asks her. We're all seated at the table, and our moms have spent the last ten minutes talking about girly shit.

My eyes have been on my girl the whole time. She's been on her phone, trying to act like my presence has no effect on her.

"Sorry, what?" Sadie's head snaps up as she places her phone on the table.

"Sadie, don't be rude. Put your phone away," Erin scolds.

"Sorry," Sadie tells my mom. "You two were talking, I was just passing the time."

“You could have talked to Collin. I’m sure you two have a lot to catch up on.”

“Yeah, Sadie. Don’t be shy. You can talk to me. I don’t bite.” But the wolfish grin I give her suggests I very much do.

Sadie rolls her eyes, but I see a small smile on her face. “Carol asked how you’re liking school,” Erin repeats.

“It’s good.” Sadie smiles. “My friends and I have a few classes together, but otherwise I’m on my own for the most part. But I love all my classes.”

“That’s good. Join any new clubs?” Mom asks.

“No.” Sadie shakes her head. “Not really into clubs.”

“Oh?” I perk up. “You’re not?”

Sadie gives me a warning look. Her mother must not know about her involvement with the Host Club. I’m not surprised. The deal she has with them is not something you’d want your mom to know about.

“No.” Sadie swallows hard.

“Too bad. There’s some pretty good clubs to choose from. I even supervise one.”

“You do?” Erin asks. “Which one?”

“The Host Club.” I’m not surprised by the look on Erin’s face. A lot of people look down on the club. A lot of people are convinced it’s one big high-end escort service.

We’re not. Some of the clients are girls who—while they have money—don’t have a lot of friends, or aren’t very big in the guy department, so the Host Club gives them some social interaction. The other half are women who are after power and money. The men of the Host Club have that.

They think that if they can get close enough to one of the members, they can win them over and lock them down.

It’s pointless. While not everyone in our lifestyle are practically sold off at birth to be married to someone they have no say in, the men in the Host Club are.

But they think they can be the ones who make them break all the rules to be with them. It's never going to happen.

Sadie is the only client who has no business ever setting foot into that room. She's too good for them. She doesn't need to get dragged down by this life of backstabbers and money-hungry monsters.

"I never understood that club." Erin shakes her head. "A bunch of rich boys getting richer by leading on poor girls."

"It's not like that at all." Sadie surprises me by speaking up. "All the girls who hire a host club member know what they're getting into. If they want to spend their money pretending they're dating one of them, or just want to talk to someone, I don't see the harm in that."

All eyes are on Sadie now. She blushes and looks down at her food.

"I promise you, it's all harmless fun. A great tradition of Kingston Academy," I say, taking the attention off Sadie.

Our moms go back to talking to each other. Sadie stays quiet for the rest of the meal, but lifts her eyes to me every now and again. Every time I catch her, I smile, making her blush all over again.

She's my girl. I've always had this need to protect her, to make sure she was happy. That's what I want to do now. Only this time I want her in my arms, in my bed.

"Wanna play pool?" I ask her as the staff begins cleaning off the table and our moms move to the living room.

Sadie chews on her lip for a moment. "Sure."

"Well, come on, little Lollipop. Let's go."

"Would you stop calling me that?" She laughs, following behind me.

"Nah." I chuckle.

"I'm not five anymore," she sighs.

Grinning, I pull a cherry sucker out of my pocket and hold it out to her. She pauses, letting out a defeated groan and

snatches it from my hand. She pulls the wrapper off and pops it into her mouth. I give her a smug smirk, and she responds by flipping me the bird.

There she is, my feisty little thing. I can't wait to get her worked up. She's sexy when she's angry. It took everything in me not to kiss her when she was yelling at me in the car.

We head into my study. It's part office, part rec room. It's a place I come to when I want to get away. I don't let anyone in here, but she's not just anyone.

"Wow," she says as we walk into the room. "This is cool."

"Thanks." I go over to the mini fridge. "Drink?"

"Sure. Coke?" I nod and grab her an ice cold can.

She smiles and thanks me as she takes it. I lean against my desk, watching her as she slowly looks around the room, checking out all the different things I have in here.

I can't help but watch her. She's takes all my fucking attention. She's in a black and orange Halloween themed dress—her favorite holiday—and her hair is up in a ponytail with light makeup.

I missed her. She was my whole world for most of my life. I know it was unhealthy, the way I was with her. My mom, my teachers, and my therapist all said the same thing.

But no matter what they said or how they tried to 'help' me, it never worked. Because I didn't want it to.

A life without Sadie Evans is not a life I want to live. I just need to get her to let loose, to open up. To stop seeing me as her teacher and see me as the guy who knew everything about her. From the way she would always need three pillows in her bed with her when she slept, to how she would never wear red socks. I've always teased her about that. When I asked her why, she said she didn't know but it didn't *feel* right. And even if it was silly, because it was her, it mattered. So much so that I don't wear red socks either.

With socks on my mind, I look down and chuckle. "Cute socks."

“What?” She spins around and looks down at her feet. “Oh, thanks.” She smiles. “I saw them at the store, and had to get them. I mean, it’s bats in witch’s hat sitting on pumpkins. It’s too stinkin’ cute.”

My chest warms at the joy on her face. I’d do anything to keep that smile there.

“Remember the ones with the ghosts I got you?”

She barks out a laugh. “Oh my god. Yes! I wore them so much they got holes. Then my mom washed them and lost one. I was devastated.”

My face falls. “I don’t remember that.”

She gives me a forced smile. “It was after you left. The losing them part.” She shrugs. “Mom tried to get me a new pair, but couldn’t find them anywhere. Not that it matters, they wouldn’t have been the same, because they wouldn’t have been from you.”

She steps over to the pool table and places her can of soda on the side before getting the balls out of the pockets.

While she does that, I go over to my laptop and send my friend a quick email.

“You ready?” she asks.

My head pops up. “To beat that sexy little ass? Oh, yeah. In more ways than one.”

She rolls her eyes but smiles. “Come on, Mr. Big Talker.”

I grin, shutting my laptop and hurrying over to her. “Let’s make this game a little more fun.”

“Okay...” She narrows her eyes. “How?”

“By making it a game out of a game.”

“I’m not playing a pool version of strip poker, if that’s what you’re getting at.” She crosses her arms.

“Well, I wasn’t, but now I am.” I chuckle.

“Collin,” she says in a warning tone, making my cock twitch. *Fuck, I love it when she says my name.*

“I’m just joking, Lollipop.” I grin, taking the rack and setting up the balls. “If I get a ball in, you answer a question truthfully. And vice versa. That gives us a chance to get to know each other better again.”

“Alright, that doesn’t sound too bad,” she agrees, but the way it comes out sounds like she’s not too sure. Smart girl.

We grab our cue sticks and I break, sinking a ball right off the bat.

“Not fair.” She laughs.

“Fair is fair.”

“Fine. Shoot.”

“Do you want kids?”

Her eyes widen. “Getting deep already, I see.” She blows out a breath. “Yeah. I’d like a few. But not until I’m done with school. I want to work a few years before settling down. Babies are a lot of work.”

“Don’t worry. I’d help out all the time. Anything you need, I got you.” I wink.

She laughs again. “You’re crazy.”

“Only about you. Your turn.” I wave toward the balls.

She gets in position, her pert little ass rising up as she leans over. I bite my lip, wishing it was her ass cheek.

“Yes!” she cheers, and my eyes snap up.

“You got one in?”

“Yes,” she sighs. “Are you not paying attention?”

Oh, I am... just not to the game. “Hit me with your best shot.”

“You told me why you left, but why didn’t you contact me?”

“I wanted to. I really did.” I step closer. “But I knew that it would just make things harder. Being away from you was bad enough, but having you in my life and not being able to see you would be torture. You are my best friend, Sadie. It’s not

healthy for a teenage boy to want to spend all their time with a ten year old.”

“But you didn’t see me as anything but a friend, right? I don’t see the big deal.”

“I didn’t want you in the way I want you now, no.”

“I don’t like the way you left.” She turns away from me. “You didn’t even say goodbye.”

“I know,” I whisper, my gut churning. “I’m sorry.”

She looks over at me with tears in her eyes, and my fucking heart breaks. “You come back into my life, claiming me as yours after leaving me alone for years. And while I get it now why you had to go, can you see how crazy it is to me that you say these things? What if I let you back into my life and you leave again? Words are pretty but they mean nothing to me.”

“I’m never leaving you again, Sadie.” I cup her face, brushing a tear from her cheek. “I’ll take a step back. I’ll do my best to keep my possessiveness to myself. Let’s hang out more, get to know each other as the people we’ve grown into. Let me show you why I’m yours, and you’re mine.”

“Okay.” She nods. “But there’s a few rules.”

I groan. “I hate rules.”

She grins. “Sorry, big guy, but it’s either you follow my rules, or the deal is off.”

“Fine,” I growl.

“In school, you are my teacher. We are not friends.”

“Okay, but only until second semester. Then I’m not your teacher, and I can hand your file over to the other guidance counselor.” The idea of someone else having personal information on my girl makes me feel unsettled, but if it’s something I gotta do to have my girl, I’ll do it.

“You still need to act professionally in public.”

“Deal. Next?”

“I’m keeping my deal with the Host Club.” She stands her ground, raising her chin.

“Fuck no,” I growl.

“You don’t have any say in this, Collin. You are my friend right now, that’s it. This is my life, and I will do as I please. Anything between me and the other guys is none of your business.”

“But you’re mine.” The idea of their hands on her makes me want to fucking rip them off.

“Just because you say I am, doesn’t mean anything. I am my own person. I don’t belong to anyone. This is not up for discussion. If you can’t agree to that, then we’re done here.” She places her stick down and turns to walk away.

I panic and step in front of her. “Okay. As much as I hate it... okay.”

“That means hanging out with them outside Host Club activities and events,” she adds.

“Fine,” I grind out. “But I don’t want to know anything about you and them.”

She smiles and dammit, I can’t even be mad anymore. “Alright then, I look forward to becoming good friends with you, Mr. Jones.”

We play the rest of the game. After a number of questions and more back and forth banter, Sadie ends up winning. I don’t even care. Her little happy dance makes it worth it.

I invite her to the rooftop where there’s a fireplace and lounging area. We spend hours laughing and talking. I realize, now more than ever, that this girl is mine. I’m never letting her go. No one has the power to control me. She’s my end game, and I won’t let anyone get in my way.

But I also realize tonight that I need to change the way I’ve been going about this. Sadie will push back if I keep coming on strong, and I could end up losing her. I won’t allow that. So, I’ll rein myself in, just a little. Because I’m playing the long game.

After a few minutes of her not speaking, I look over to see her passed out on the chair. She's snuggled up in the blanket, her lips parted as she sleeps soundly.

I lie there on my side and watch her. I can't believe she's here. She grew up to be such an amazing woman.

A breeze makes me shiver and Sadie stirs. I don't have the heart to wake her up, mostly because she would leave if I did. So I carefully scoop her up and carry her down the stairs. She murmurs in her sleep and curls her body toward mine. She lets out a contented sigh, and I want to keep her here forever.

Would it be wrong of me if I just locked her up in my room?

Yeah, that won't go over well with our moms.

"She fell asleep?" my mom asks as I get to the bottom of the stairs.

"Yup." I smile down at Sadie and give her forehead a kiss.

"Do you think you should wake her up so she can go home? Erin already left."

I narrow my eyes. "No."

"Collin," she warns. "I told you to go easy until you're no longer her teacher. You agreed."

"And you kept me from her for years," I growl. "In that time, she dated some waste of space guy who treated her like shit and cheated on her. And don't think I don't know about the hospital." My mom looks surprised. "Yeah, I have eyes everywhere. You had the damn school put me on lock down until she was out. Smart, because I would have gone to see her. She was sick in the hospital, almost died, and I couldn't be there by her side. It fucking killed me, Mom. So no, I'm not going to keep away and watch myself. And no, I'm not going to wake her up so she can go home. She's going to sleep in my bed, next to me, where she belongs."

Mom lets out a frustrated sigh. "I didn't know you knew about her illness."

“I know more about it than anyone. And I know a lot of it has to do with that little bitch, Tina. You should have expelled her after Sadie told her mom what happened.”

“Sadie didn’t want to press charges and begged her mother not to. My hands were tied,” she tries to defend.

“Mine aren’t. And if I find out she fucks with my girl like that again, you better damn well know I’ll put her in the fucking ground.”

I don’t let her say another word and head down the hall to my wing of the house, walking past my office to my bedroom.

Pulling the sheets back, I lay her down carefully, not wanting to wake her up. When I know she’s good, I slip on some sleep pants and crawl into bed next to her.

She rolls over and I grin. Using this as a chance to be close to her while we sleep, I snuggle in behind her.

Only now, with her in my arms, can my mind stop racing and my soul calm. She’s my lighthouse, always guiding me back to shore when the storm gets too rough.

Chapter 22

Sadie

“So, where is he taking you?” Emma asks as she curls my hair.

“I don’t know.”

“What is the dress code?” Alice asks.

“I don’t know.”

“What *do* you know?” Mia asks with a laugh.

“That he asked to hang out and I said yes. He said he would pick me up tonight. That’s it. The only thing I’ve gotten from him since was a ‘See you tonight, Pretty Girl’ text and that’s it.”

“I can’t believe you’re going on a date with Grayson Taylor,” Alice squeals, flopping back on the bed and kicking her feet. “You’re living every girl’s dream.”

“It’s not a date,” I remind her. “He’s engaged, Alice. We’re just friends.”

“Yeah, just friends who have plans to fuck each others brains out this weekend,” Emma teases, wiggling her eyebrows in the mirror.

“Stop.” I laugh. “This is weird enough as it is. I want to be friends with him. That’s it.”

“Babe, I know you. You already had a crush on these guys. You’re gonna get pricked by all of their dicks, and they’re going to steal your heart. I just know it.” Alice grins.

“Stop it. I will not.” Only, there’s a little part of me that fears she might be right. I’m attracted to them, sure, but every time I’m around one of them, they make me feel good too. At first, I thought their charm and sweet words were an act, but I’m starting to think it’s just how they are.

Preston... Well, he’s a dick, but when we’re alone in the Chapel, I see him. And now I find myself wanting to fix him. I

can't. He's not mine to do anything with. But if his time with me in the tower helps in any way, that's something.

I fear I'm going to fall hard for them and get my heart crushed in the end. This is a risky game I'm playing because they can never be mine.

There's a knock at the door and everyone freezes, eyes wide.

Alice scrambles off the bed. "I'll get it!" She rushes out the door, Mia hot on her heels.

"No, you won't!" I shout, taking off after them. But I'm too slow and by the time I reach them, they have the door open and Grayson is standing there looking like some very bad choices I want to make.

He has his dark hair styled like he just got out of the shower, hanging over his left eye. He's wearing a pair of dark brown slacks and a black suit jacket. He's not wearing a shirt under it, allowing me to see a bit of his chest.

And to think I get to have sex with this man soon.

"So, what are your intentions with our girl?" Alice grills him.

"To take her out and show her a good time." Grayson's grin screams trouble, and I don't miss how Alice blushes.

Grayson's eyes flick over to me, and I watch as they darken. "I'm not too sure what I think about your outfit of choice. But it's definitely going to get me arrested if someone looks at you."

I'm confused about what he means when I realize I'm not dressed. My eyes widen and my cheeks heat. I'm standing there in the middle of the kitchen in nothing but a pale pink bra and underwear set.

"Shit!" I hiss and take off running back to my room as my asshole friends cackle like a bunch of witches. *More like bitches.* They just love to see me suffer.

I quickly change into a pair of ripped skinny jeans and a baggy sweater before joining them again.

“Sorry about that. I’m ready now.”

“I liked what you had on before, but this looks good too, Pretty Girl,” Grayson compliments as his eyes take me in.

“Don’t make us wait up!” Emma shouts as I grab my purse and jacket.

“You’re not my mom,” I jest.

“No, but I bet he will be your Daddy.” She wiggles her eyebrows teasingly, and I glare at her while Grayson chuckles.

Spinning around, I narrow my eyes at him. “No. Do not encourage her. She will never stop.”

“Oh, come on, Sade. You know you love me,” Emma whines.

“Come on, Pretty Girl.” Grayson holds out his hand.

I smile and take it. He pulls me outside, leaving my besties behind. When we start to walk, he lets go of my hand, and I miss the warmth of his touch immediately. That is until he moves to wrap his arm around my shoulder. “Crazy how it’s the last week of September already,” he muses.

It’s a nice day; the sun is shining and people mill around campus as we walk. A few glance our way, doing a double take. I blush, looking away, every time. I don’t like the attention on me. And being associated with the Host Club can come with a lot of attention.

“It is,” I murmur. “But that means Halloween is next month. So, starting October first, expect—”

“For you to be wearing a new Halloween themed outfit every day?” he asks, looking down at me with a playful grin. “I wouldn’t expect anything else.”

He knows. He remembers. A feeling of bliss settles over me like a warm blanket. In moments like this, I allow myself to believe that maybe he doesn’t want to be around me only because of the deal. You don’t remember details about someone if they don’t mean something to you, right?

Maybe Grayson really does want to become better friends. Friends, yeah, tell that to my stupid heart. Because all I want to do is lean into his touch, to wrap my arms around him.

“Yeah,” I whisper, a smile so wide spreading across my face as my heart does a happy dance. “So, where are you taking me? And I hope I’m dressed right for the occasion.”

“Well, Miss Evans, I know you better than you might think,” Grayson teases, poking me in the side.

I giggle. “Oh, really? How so, Mr. Taylor.”

“Like, I know that you don’t get all starry eyed over money. It doesn’t mean anything to you like it does everyone else at our school.”

“You would be correct.” I nod.

“So, I’m not taking you to a country club, or a fancy restaurant where you have no idea what half the stuff on the menu is. I thought I’d do something a little bit more to your liking.”

“And what would that be?” I ask as we stop next to a car.

“You’ll see.” The grin he gives me has me worried that this is about to be the best date of my life, or the worst.



“A RACE TRACK?” I ASK him. I mean, I don’t mind cars, and watching them go fast is cool and all, but I’m not really into watching.

“Don’t worry.” He laughs when he sees the lack of excitement on my face. “We’re not going to watch them race.”

“We’re not?”

“We are going over there,” he says, closing his car door and pointing across the street.

My eyes widen as a smile takes over my lips when I see the go-kart race track. “Okay, now this is the kind of racing I can get behind.”

“That’s what I thought. Come on, Pretty Girl, let’s see how well you ride.”

This is a side of Grayson I’ve never seen before, but I’m sure liking it real fast. The cocky, fuckboy attitude is gone, replaced by this sweet, playful man.

He grabs my hand as we run across the street. I squeal with nervous excitement as we hurry, trying not to get hit by oncoming cars. “You’re crazy.” I laugh, catching my breath as our feet land safely on the sidewalk.

“Maybe just a little.” He grins, shooting me a wink. “But I promise, my kind of crazy is the fun kind, Pet.”

He starts walking toward the building as I just stand there, head tilted in curiosity. Pet. *He did call me Pet, right?* Maybe I’m hearing things, but I could swear that’s what he called me. Huh.

Shaking my head out of my inner thoughts, I rush to catch up to him. “Have you ever been go-karting before?” Grayson asks as he takes two helmets from the man behind the counter.

“A few times. The girls and I did the ones at the fair.” I shrug. “I’ve always wanted to come here, but Alice should never be behind the wheel of a vehicle that’s going over five miles an hour.” I laugh.

“That bad, huh?” He chuckles as he places the helmet over my head. “How come you didn’t just come by yourself or with one of the other girls?”

“We try to do everything together. I don’t like the idea of leaving anyone out. And who wants to do things alone? I mean, sure, I enjoy having alone time, but I’d rather do stuff like this with someone else, someone I can enjoy the memories with.”

He slips his own helmet on. “Let’s go make some memories then, shall we?”

Grayson leads us down to the track where one of the workers goes over the rules. After, we’re told we get to pick whichever cart we want.

“This place seems pretty dead.” I point out as we look at the karts.

“That’s because I booked the whole place for the next hour.”

My eyes widen, lips parting in surprise. He can’t see my expression with the visor covering it, but my eyes tear up a little bit. He booked this whole place, to hang out with me. No one has ever done something like this for me. I know I’m not normally impressed by money, but this—this means something.

Shaking my head, I try not to think too much into it. We’re friends... with benefits. That’s it. Nothing more, I remind myself.

We pick out our karts and hop in. “Ready to eat my dust, Pretty Girl?” Grayson yells, shouting to be heard over the rumbling of the engines.

“No! Because you’re going to eat mine, sucker!” I cackle as the light turns green. I shoot off with a jolt, my body filling with adrenaline.

Knowing I can’t look back to see where Grayson is, I keep going, focusing on the track. There’s a permanent grin plastered to my face as I go around the track for the first time. It’s a freeing feeling, just being out here, racing, the kart vibrating under me.

Grayson is still behind me; I can feel his presence and hear his kart close by. I’m waiting for him to pass me at any moment, but by the time we start the lap before the race ends, he still hasn’t passed me.

I see the finish line, my heart thumping wildly in my chest as giddy excitement fills me. *I’m going to win!*

But when I’m only a few feet away, fucking Grayson appears out of nowhere, whipping past me and over the line, winning the race.

I slam on my brakes as Grayson hops out of his kart, hooting. “Cheater!” I shout, storming over to him.

“I did not!” he gasps, putting his hand on his heart.

“You were behind me the whole time. Then poof! You kick my ass out of nowhere?”

“And a nice ass it is,” he purrs, stepping closer to me. He lifts his visor as I lift mine. “What’s wrong, Pretty Girl? Being a sore loser.”

“Again.” I narrow my eyes, the need to kick his cocky ass riding me hard.

“You’re on, sweet cheeks.” He chuckles, winking before heading back over to his kart. “Winner has to kiss the loser.”

“How is that a prize?”

“Because either way I get to kiss you.” He grins. “Sounds like the perfect win or lose to me.” He snaps his visor shut and moves his cart back over to the starting line.

My belly swoops as heat fills my core. I guess it could be worse.

We go again and again until our hour is up. We do a total of nine rounds. Grayson wins four but I win the last one, making this my fifth win.

“Beat that sucker!” I boast as I get out of my kart and do a happy dance. “I win, you lose. Loserrrrr.”

“Yeah, yeah.” He chuckles. “I lost. Guess I gotta pay up.” He pulls off his helmet and shakes out his shaggy dark hair. It’s damp with sweat and makes him look so damn sexy.

My pulse starts to race for a whole new reason as he walks over to me. He drops his helmet to the ground and reaches for mine. Pulling it off, he tosses it beside his and sidles up close so that we are hardly an inch apart.

“Yeah,” I breathe out. “Pay up.”

“With pleasure,” his voice is husky, melting my core as he cradles the back of my head. He doesn’t kiss me immediately, taking his time to just look into my eyes as his thumb brushes back and forth against the base of my skull. My arms break out in goosebumps as I suppress a shiver.

He leans forward and I suck in a breath, the anticipation killing me. “Anytime I get to touch you, be near you, Pretty Girl... it’s always a win for me. When it comes to you, I can never lose.” My eyes flutter close as my heart pounds. He brushes his lips against my jaw and up to my lips.

I whimper the instant his lips press against mine because while a second ago it was sweet and sensual, now it’s slow and intense. I part my lips for him, letting his tongue invade my mouth to tangle with mine. His fingers tighten in my hair, changing the type of hold on me. I whimper, loving the bite of pain as he devours my mouth.

My whole body is on fire, my core aching to be filled. Grayson kisses like his sole purpose is to make you feel alive. And fuck, do I ever.

When he breaks the kiss, I chase him for more. We’re both panting, and I’m a little dazed, drunk off his kisses. “This weekend, Pretty Girl, I plan to take my time with you. I want to taste every inch of your body, to lick and suck that creamy skin. By the time I’m done with you, your body is going to be marked by me, *owned* by me.”

I sway a little and resist the urge to beg him to do that now.

I’m done for. I’m screwed. Because as much as I told myself that I wasn’t going to let my past feelings for these guys get in the way, I’ve fallen for Grayson Taylor and Declan Harris.

And I’m on my way there with Collin because after our night together, spending hours getting to know each other, that crush I once had as a young girl has sparked to life tenfold. Like I said, I’m fucked.

Jury is still out on Preston. He’s hurting, a broken boy. I can’t fix him, not if he doesn’t let me in. But do I even want to? As much as it hurts me knowing what he must be going through, you can’t help someone who doesn’t want it.

And why should I put so much time and effort into someone I can’t have?

Maybe Preston is always meant to be that dark craving that you know you should never have, but can't help but want.

Chapter 23

Declan

I hate the rain. It ruins everything. I planned on taking Sadie out to the street fair, but it's been canceled because of the weather.

Texting her to cancel hurts to do because I've been looking forward to this time with her. She hung out with Collin at his house. He has the advantage of knowing her practically her whole life, due to the fact that their moms are best friends. Then Grayson took her to the track yesterday and did not waste the opportunity to rub it in our faces.

Preston acted like he didn't care, but I could see how pissed off he was getting.

I want that, I want that time with Sadie to see her laugh and smile. She might be at the Host Club every lunch, but I'm always with a client, so I never get the chance to have some time to just sit and talk to her.

I'm sitting on the windowsill of my dorm room window, just watching the rain pound against the pavement. The gray storm clouds mock the feelings inside me. Maybe this idea of being with Sadie after this is all done with is stupid. She didn't even text me back.

A knock at my door has me glancing in the direction of the sound, brows furrowing. *I'm not expecting anyone.*

"Hello? Declan?" a sweet voice that I love listening to sounds from behind the door.

Sadie?

I jump up and rush over to the door, excitement filling me as I pull it open. "Hey there, handsome," she greets, stepping into my room, not even waiting to be invited in. "I know the rain makes it hard to do anything around here. I was looking forward to hanging out with you, and I wasn't going to let a little rain stop us. So, I thought we could just have a night in, hang out, eat junk, watch movies?"

I stand there, blinking at this beautiful girl. She looks at me with hopeful eyes, waiting for me to answer. “Y-yeah. That sounds like fun.”

“Good.” She gives me a smile that makes my heart fucking soar. She’s perfect.

She wanted to hang out with me and wasn’t going to let rain get in the way. Maybe I was overreacting before. I really need to stay out of my own head.

“So, I have candy, chocolate, and popcorn,” she says, holding each thing up as she lists them off. “And Coke. Can’t forget Coke.” She grins.

“Of course.” I chuckle. “Is that popcorn from the movie theater?”

She blushes. “Yes. Don’t judge me!” she scolds playfully. “It’s the best kind and the only kind I’ll eat. Even days later, it still tastes good. So, I normally have a bag at home. But don’t worry, I ordered this fresh. Did you know the theater does online orders? You can get popcorn delivered to your house without even having to go there and watch a movie. It’s a game changer.”

A silly grin slips onto my face as I get lost in her words. I could listen to her talk all day.

“So, I’m thinking... Scream marathon. But if you don’t like slasher movies, we can watch whatever you want.”

“Nope, Scream is perfect. I love Ghostface.”

She sits on the bed and smiles. “Me too.”

Finally, my feet work and I join her on the bed. We log into Netflix and put the first movie on.

“Want some?” she asks me, handing me a can of Coke and the popcorn bag.

“Thanks.” I smile, taking the can and putting it on my side table before grabbing a handful of popcorn.

I’m trying to watch the movie, I really am, but it’s hard when my eyes keep wandering back over to Sadie. I watch her

watching the movie. Every little frown, wide-eyed look, and smile that passes over her face.

After a while, she shifts on the bed and grumbles. “You okay?” I question.

“Yeah,” she huffs. “My butt just went numb. I need to lie down.”

I help her move everything off the bed before getting back into my position. She surprises me by lying down on her side and placing her head on my chest. “Is this okay?” she asks, her voice a soft whisper.

I wrap my arm around her, placing my hand on her hip and beg my cock to behave before answering. “More than okay.”

She snuggles into me, and I never want this night to end. I never want to let her go. This is what I want. I don’t need to go out and do things to have fun with Sadie. Just having her here in my arms is perfect.



WE MUST HAVE FALLEN asleep after the third movie because when I open my eyes again, I look over at the screen to see Netflix asking if we’re still watching.

Sadie is still here, all curled up in my arms. Only her body is now draped over mine, and I’m hard. Fuck, I hope she doesn’t wake up to feel me poking her in the stomach and think I’m a creep.

“Declan,” she mumbles in her sleep, shifting her body. I bite my lip to hold back a moan as she rubs against my dick. It’s painful and normally morning wood would just go away on its own, but with Sadie wiggling on top of me it’s keeping it hard for a whole new reason.

It takes me a moment to realize she said my name in her sleep. *Is she dreaming about me? If she is, what kind of dream?* I hope its good.

She says my name again, only this time it comes out as more of a moan. My whole body tenses as she rocks her hips

again, right against my cock. I can feel the heat of her pussy against me and my cock twitches.

I squeeze my eyes shut, and think of a naked grandma to try to distract myself from making a mess in my pants. But she keeps going, moaning my name in her sleep and fuck, I'm so turned on. I have no idea what she's dreaming about that she likes so much, but whatever it is, I want to do it in real life.

"Oh, Declan," she murmurs, her fingers curling against my chest. She moans softly again and again, rocking her pussy against my hard length.

I could do one of two things. I could move her off me and risk waking her up, or let her keep going and pray I don't cum in my pants.

But I take too long to decide. My balls are ready to burst so when she lets out a long, low whimper while shuddering on top of me, I lose it.

My hands dig into her hips, holding her still as I lift my hips just enough to get some added pressure as my cock jerks, filling my sleep pants with my warm, sticky release.

Holy shit. Did she just use me to get herself off in her sleep? And is it wrong that I thought it was hot enough to make me blow my load and not even feel bad about it?

She stops moving, letting out a content sigh as she snuggles deeper into me.

I lie there and stare at the ceiling as I wrap my arms around her. I should go clean up, but I'm not ready to let go of her. And how do I explain this? There's no way it's not seeping through my pants and onto her clothes. God, this is going to be so embarrassing to explain.

For the next hour we just lay there—her asleep, me awake—soaking up this moment, because I don't know if I'm ever going to get another one like this again.

My alarm goes off, and I curse. With Sadie on me, I can't grab it off the nightstand to shut it off.

“What’s going on?” Sadie murmurs sleepily, raising her head up off my chest. She’s so cute, her hair all messy. She looks at me and her eyes widen. “Declan?”

“Morning, Sweetheart.”

She crawls off me and sits up, looking around the room like she’s wondering how she got here. “Did we fall sleep?” she asks as I grab my phone and shut off the alarm.

“That we did.” I give her a sheepish grin, grabbing my glasses off the night stand and slip them on.

“Shit, I’m sorry.” She scrubs the sleep from her eyes.

“Don’t be. I’ve never had a sleepover with a girl.” I chuckle, and she gives me a sleepy smile.

“Really?”

“You’re the first.”

She looks down at her clothes, and I cringe. Fuck. Yup, this is embarrassing.

My cheeks heat as she leans down closer to where my cum has dried on the front of her crotch. “What is this?” She picks at it, and it flakes off. *God, please kill me now.* “Is that yogurt? I don’t remember eating yogurt.”

“Ah, not yogurt.” I let out a nervous chuckle. “Although I have heard guys call their dicks yogurt slingers before.” She gives me an odd look. *Shut up, Declan, you’re making this worse.*

I see it in her eyes the moment she realizes what it is, and I die inside. “Is this... is this cum?”

I groan, covering my face with my hands. “I’m so sorry. I swear I’m not some kind of pervert or something. It’s just, you ended up draped over me at some point in the night, and well... you were having a dream. A really good dream, by the sounds of it. And it was about me, so when you were moaning my name and rubbing against my morning wood, I—fuck, I’m sorry.”

She's silent and I move my hands to look at her. My heart sinks when I see her own embarrassment on her face. "Hey." I quickly sit up. "It's okay."

"I'm sorry. I—I didn't mean to," she whispers, moving to get off the bed. "God, I'm such a loser."

"Hey," I growl, grabbing her hand and pulling her back down onto the bed. Cupping her face, I brush my thumb against her cheek. "You are not a loser. I don't want to hear you ever say bad things about yourself because none of it is true. And you have nothing to be embarrassed about, if anyone does, it's me. Honestly, I thought it was one of the hottest things that's ever happened to me."

"Really?" That gets me a hint of a smile.

"Really." We get caught in each other's eyes, unable to look away. My heart thunders in my chest, and I do something I might end up regretting. Leaning forward, I take the kiss I've been dying for since the last time I tasted her. Our lips meet and she moans softly as they start to move together. The kiss is slow and sweet and perfect.

My second alarm has me groaning at the interruption. "Do you mind waiting for me as I shower? Then I can walk you home to get ready for school?"

"I'd like that," she whispers, nodding her head.

I smile, stealing another quick kiss, loving the way she bites her lower lip when I pull back. Jumping to my feet, I grab a towel and my shower caddy before heading for the door. "Don't go anywhere."

"I won't." She giggles, her whole face lighting up.

I take the quickest shower of my life and wrap a towel around my waist before rushing back to my room. "Sorry it took me so long."

"You weren't gone that—" she starts, but when she looks up from her phone, her words stop. Her eyes widen slightly as they travel up and down my body. "Long."

I'm reminded that I'm still only in a towel, nothing else, hair wet and dripping down my chest.

She licks her lips and reaches over, surprising the fuck out of me as she pulls off the towel. "Holy shit," she mutters. My cock twitches under her gaze, growing to life right before her eyes. "Wow."

"Sorry," I say, moving to cup my junk, but she grabs my hand.

"Don't be. I've never watched one, you know... become erect. Not gonna lie, it's kind of hot." She giggles, looking up at me with heat in her eyes. "Can I... ah, take care of that for you?"

Is she asking if she can give me another blow job? I must be dreaming.

"You... you don't need to. It's fine. It will go away on its own." I lie, because there's no way it's going down any time soon with the way she's looking at it.

"I want to." She moves off the bed and gets to her knees. "Isn't it part of the deal that I learn how to please my partner too? And I know I've already done this, but I was drunk and sloppy. Let me try again. And tell me what to do."

Her confidence is so sexy. I don't think I could ever tell her no. And she's right, we did agree to show her how to please a man as well. I'm not the best at giving direction in the bedroom, only taking it. But I know what I like, so I can help her.

Not that anything she's willing to give me wouldn't already feel amazing. Just dry humping me was enough.

"Are you sure?" I ask, swallowing hard. *Why am I second guessing my dream girl getting on her knees, asking to suck my cock? Because I'm a gentleman, that's why.*

She looks a little nervous, but I can see the determination in her eyes. "Yes." Her eyes flick down to my cock. "Tell me what you want."

“Get my cock wet first. It will slide into the back of your throat easier,” I tell her in a raspy tone.

She grabs the top of my cock and pulls it up so that she can flatten her tongue against the bottom of my shaft. I moan as her hot, wet tongue licks all the way up. “Gather spit on your tongue and show me.” Sadie sticks her tongue out, a pool of saliva sitting in the middle. “Now spit on the tip.”

With a wicked little grin, she does as she’s told, only she goes one step further. Gripping the base of my cock, she straightens herself up so that she’s as high as she can be while still being on her knees, hovering over my cock and opens her mouth. She sticks her tongue out and I almost wreck myself as she lets her spit slowly fall from her tongue to my cock.

I whimper, so fucking turned on watching this sexy woman take her power. Her eyes flick up to mine at the sound, and I try my hardest to be the one in control. But fuck, it’s really hard right now when all I want to do is beg her to tell me what to do, how to pleasure her, to use me how she pleases.

I watch as her spit slides down my shaft and I groan, hands shaking at my side. “Is this okay?”

“Y-yes,” I stammer out, nodding my head. “More than okay.”

“How about this?” she asks before sucking the head of my cock between her lips.

“Fuck. Yes, just like that,” I pant out. I’m already so worked up, my body trembling, and she hasn’t even taken me fully into her mouth.

I’m a very responsive lover. The doms I was with at the club would spend hours working me up, and I loved it. It always made my climax more intense. I never left without cumming at least a few times.

And here I am, ready to explode so damn easily. I can’t help it. It’s Sadie Evans, my dream girl, on her knees *for me*. This is going to end way too soon, and I hope she doesn’t make fun of me for it.

She looks up at me through her long lashes as she slides more of me into her mouth, inch by inch. “Just like that. Fuck, Sadie,” I moan.

She hollows out her cheeks before she starts to bob her head up and down. Her warm, wet mouth wrapped around my cock is everything. I can’t wait to feel what it’s like when it’s buried deep inside her weeping cunt.

Sadie pulls back with a pop. “Declan, can I ask you something?”

“S-sure?” I let out a shaky breath, my cock weeping with precum.

“You’re not one to take control, are you?” She tilts her head to the side, and my cheeks heat.

Be honest with her, don’t start something with lies. One of the points of this deal is to teach her how to pleasure her partner and at this moment that’s me. So I should tell her how to make me feel better, right?

“No,” I’ve seen of him answer softly. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.” She smiles sweetly. “I want this to feel good for you. I want to do what you like. So, can you tell me what you like so I can do my best to make that happen?”

I bite my lower lip. “I like to be told what to do. My pleasure is when my partner takes theirs and uses me for it.” My face heats more. “I like to be dominated. But you don’t have to do that.”

“If that’s what you like, that’s what I want to learn. At least enough to make our time together good for you.”

I huff out a laugh and brush my hand down the side of her face. “Just being in the same room as you is more than enough for me.”

Her pupils dilate as she licks her lips. “Do you want me to swallow your cock, Declan? Do you want me to choke on it, gag and have tears running down my cheeks? Would it make you hard knowing my panties are soaked just from the thought of how turned on you are by being with me?”

“Yes.” I nod. “God, yes. Please.” My heart could fucking burst right now with how perfect she is. She wants to try this, even just a little bit to please me. She’s not running away, calling me a freak or telling me to be a real man. Because that’s happened before and fuck, does it hurt when a woman looks at you like you’re some pussy.

“I want you to fuck my face, Declan. Make me choke on your cock and cum down my throat so I can swallow it all. Can you do that for me?”

“I can.” I nod.

“Good boy.” She grins before taking me fully into her mouth.

I’m dead. I’m fucking dead. She called me by my kryptonite, and I’m ready to get down on my knees, kiss her fucking feet, and call her Mistress. I want nothing more than for her to be mine.

My life would be perfect if I could have her and Preston. But that’s never going to happen. So I’ll take this moment and cherish it with everything that I have.

With a shaky hand, I tangle my fingers into her hair and do as my girl told me to. I tighten my grip until she’s moaning around my cock, the vibration sending a spurt of precum shooting from my tip, which she greedily swallows down.

Holding her in place, I start off with slow thrusts. Her hands grip my thighs, her fingers digging into my flesh as I force her to take me deeper. “Fuck,” I hiss, sparks of pleasure shooting through me and right to my balls. “Feels so good, Sweetheart. Fucking yes, just like that.”

She sucks harder, swallowing me down every time she takes me to the hilt. By the fifth thrust, it occurs to me... that I don’t think Sadie has a gag reflex.

So fucking hot.

That spurs me on more, making me move faster. I toss my head back, knowing I’m not going to last long. She feels too good, the way her throat contracts around me.

My eyes snap open when she pushes me back against the dresser. I have to release her hair to catch myself from falling.

She takes over, moving her head up and down, gripping my cock as she jerks me off too. Holy fucking hell.

“Sadie, fuck, I’m going to—fuckkkkk!” I groan as my balls draw up, and I cum hard. My whole body tenses as my cock twitches violently in her mouth, shooting streams of cum down her throat.

She swallows it all greedily before pulling off of me, both of us breathing heavily.

“Declan,” she pants out, getting to her feet. “I need you to do something for me.”

“Anything.” I breathe out.

I watch as she pulls her pants off, taking her panties along with them, and hops up on my bed.

My spent cock says *fuck it* and is hard again as she spreads her legs, baring her pussy to me.

“Make me cum,” she says, but it’s more like a question, like she’s not sure if she’s going too far.

Before she can second guess herself, I’m dropping to my knees eagerly and shoving my face between her legs like this gift presented to me is going to be taken away from me fast.

“Oh, god,” she moans, as I waste no time getting to work. I lick up her juices, whimpering as her flavor coats my tongue. I need more; I’m hungry for whatever she’s willing to give me. “This feels so—fuck!” she sobs as I devour her. When I’m done cleaning her up, I suck on her swollen clit as I thrust two fingers deep inside her. I’m not sure if this is something she and her ex did together. I know I should be taking things slow, doing this step by step, asking her questions like if she likes this.

But by the way she’s whimpering and moaning as she starts to grind her pussy against my mouth, I’m gonna go with she’s liking this.

“Yes, right there, Declan. Your fingers feel so good,” she pants. “I’m so close, keep doing that thing with your fingers, yes!” she shouts, bowing off the bed as I crook my fingers just right. “Oh, fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck! A little harder on the clit, yes, oh my god, fuck, Declan!” she screams my name so perfectly as she breaks apart for me. Her legs lock around my head as she cums hard, her whole body tensing as she arches off the bed, her head thrown back in pleasure.

I lap up her release eagerly, not wanting to waste any of this precious gift. But then something I’ve never done before happens. Her sounds, her smothering me with her pussy, knowing that I’m making my girl feel this good has me cumming again out of nowhere. I let out a pained groan against her swollen center as my cock jerks on its own, covering my comforter with my release.

I pull back from her pussy when she releases her grip on my head. My face is dripping with her essence as I suck in a breath of air.

“That was... Holy fuck, I didn’t know it could be that good.”

I chuckle. “Same.”

She gets up on her elbows, looking down at me between her legs and the mess I made. “Okay, that’s fucking hot.”

Yup, she’s perfect. While other girls might laugh at me for cumming so easily after I just did moments before, she thinks it’s hot.

My phone goes off, breaking the moment. “Shit,” I hiss, getting to my feet and grabbing it off the dresser.

“Hello?”

“Where the fuck are you?” Preston growls. “There was an early host club meeting this morning.”

“Shit,” I groan, closing my eyes. “I forgot. Is it too late?”

“Yes, we just finished. I tried texting you. Why didn’t you pick up?” Sadie gets up off the bed, and I know she can hear Preston on the other side. The room is quiet, and he’s...not.

“What’s more important than keeping your required engagements?”

Sadie snatches the phone from my hand. “He was busy getting his cock sucked like a fucking hoover until he fed me his cum. Then he ate me out until I screamed his name, devouring my pussy. That’s what was more important than some stupid boys club meeting,” Sadie sasses, all smug as fuck, before hanging up on him.

I gape at her. I’m going to have to hear about this later, but that was so fucking sexy.

“Come on, big guy. As much as I’d like to sit here and admire your sinful body, I need to get home and shower before school.” She winks, handing me my phone back and grabbing her pants off the floor.

“Wait!” I tell her, getting a pair of gray sweatpants out of my dresser and handing them to her. “I don’t think you want to walk home with a white spot over your crotch,” I chuckle.

“And you would be right about that.” She laughs and slips them on. “Gray sweatpants, huh? Think you could wear these one day?” She wiggles her brows, making me laugh harder.

“Anything for you, Sweetheart.”

She gives me a beaming smile at that, and now all I want to do is make her smile. To see her happy.

I rush to slip on a clean uniform and we head out. The whole way to her house, Sadie and I talk about the movies she’s excited to see next month. She tells me that every night of October she watches a horror movie, even the corny ones.

And when she asks me to join her again, I feel like I’ve been given the moon. I accept because I would be an idiot if I didn’t, and that makes her smile even more. At this point, I’m not sure if there’s anything I wouldn’t do for this girl.

I wait in her kitchen for her to shower and get ready. To pass the time and knowing she won’t have time to grab anything to eat, I whip her up some eggs and toast.

“Alright, I think I’m good to go,” she says, stepping into the kitchen.

She’s dressed in her red and gold skirt and a baggy red school sweatshirt. Her hair is still damp, and she has no makeup on. She’s gorgeous and puts any model to shame.

“What’s this?” she asks, looking down at the plate of food. “Declan…” she whispers. “You didn’t have to do this for me.”

“I did. You need to eat. So, eat up and then I’ll walk us to school.”

She smiles and sits down. She takes a moment to examine the eggs. “No yolk? How did you know?”

“There’s a lot I know about you, Sadie Evans,” is all I say in response.

She bites her lower lip as she looks down at the food again. She takes a bite and moans. “Marry me?” she mumbles around the pieces of food before taking another bite.

That’s the plan, isn’t it? I’m not going to end my engagement with Mia just to date Sadie with the hopes of something more. I want Sadie to be mine, for life.

Only thing is, I’m not the only one. Why did Collin have to come back now? He was gone for years while we were here. We watched over her. We did our best to keep her safe.

When she got sick before we came to the university building, Grayson and I felt horrible because there was nothing we could do.

I heard it was a bad flu that hit her hard. Still killed me that she was suffering.

Collin can’t just swoop in and claim her. That’s not how this works, is it?

Sadie isn’t the kind of girl who would allow that. No, Sadie’s been hurt; she needs actions, not words. And that’s what I plan to do, show her I can love her, I can treat her right. That I would never cheat on her, never choose someone else over her.

Even if a piece of my heart longs for another, she will always be the one I choose at the end of the day. Because she's the only one who's showing that I'm just as worthy. I deserve to be loved and wanted too, right?

Chapter 24

Grayson

“Oh my god, would you stop bitching,” I groan, rolling over onto my stomach to glare at Preston. He’s been going on and on about what Declan and Sadie did and how Declan missed the meeting for a piece of pussy. That pissed me off because Sadie isn’t just some girl, some lay. She’s so much more.

“I’m not bitching!” he snaps, snarling his teeth at me. “Sadie has changed him. Changed you too! You both are ready to get down on your knees and follow her like fucking puppies. It’s sad, really. All for a girl who will never fucking be yours. And now it’s affecting the club. She’s a client; we’re not even supposed to be hanging out with her outside of the time when she’s in the Host Club room doing her job, or when we’re at the club doing ours.”

“Oh, fuck off.” I roll my eyes. “Sadie isn’t just some regular client; she’s so much more than that, and you know it. And we know we can’t have her, we don’t need you reminding us every fucking day.” I don’t even mention that Declan could actually be with her, if that’s still what he plans to do. The only reason I don’t is because I’m playing stupid, and I’m going to assume he’s cast that silly little idea out of his head.

Unfortunately based on all the issues this argument is about, I don’t have the highest of hopes. I’m torn between knowing that Declan could be the one who gives Sadie everything I can’t and being happy for my friend, who truly deserves a loving woman, and not wanting him to have any part of her if I can’t either. He’s way too good for this life.

“And we are not changing because of her. Don’t be so dramatic.”

“Really? Alright, when is the last time you fucked another girl?” He looks at me, then to Declan. “Haven’t seen you around the club with any of your old mistresses?” He turns back to me. “Just because you get to stick your dicks in Sadie, doesn’t mean you have to give up your whole life for her.”

“We’re not with anyone else because it’s fucking disrespectful to be sleeping with other people while we do this with her. We’ve never done a deal like this, so changing a few things isn’t odd. You’re the one who’s being a fucking asshole. Do you have to get her going? To fuck other woman in front of her. What’s the point of it? Do you want to make her jealous? If so, why does it matter so much to you if she is when you keep going on about the fact that you don’t want anything more than to fulfill your side of this deal? You act like being with Sadie is such a fucking chore, when we damn well know you don’t really feel that way.”

“You don’t fucking know a damn thing about me.” He jumps to his feet. “And you’re not my fucking keeper. If you want to keep your dicks to yourself until we’re done with Sadie, by all means, go for it. But it doesn’t mean I’m going to let you tell me how to live my fucking life. If I want to let Tina suck my dick, then why not—especially when she’s on her knees begging for it. And if some rich bitch offers a pretty penny to ride me, I’m going to take it.”

I laugh, shaking my head as I sit up. “You’re a real piece of work, you know that? When are you going to stop lying to yourself?”

“Fuck you,” he spits before storming toward my door.

“Preston, wait,” Declan steps in front of him. Preston is fuming, his nostrils flaring. He says he doesn’t care about Sadie, yet always gets so worked up over anything that has to do with her. He’s not fooling anyone, even himself.

“When are you going to understand, Declan? We don’t get happy endings. We don’t get fairy-tale love. We have to give up the people we want most in the world to be good little soldiers and do as we’re told. The sooner you understand that, the sooner you can save your heart from being destroyed.” He steps around Declan and leaves.

Declan watches him go, a torn look on his face.

“Don’t let him get to you.” I get to my feet.

“It’s hard when he’s so dead set on everything being the end of the world. You know, we all have an out if we really ever wanted it.”

“What do you mean?”

“Your dad is amazing. Do you really think he would make you marry Sarah if you really didn’t want to? Like if you truly loved someone else, I think he would understand.”

“You’re right. If it was just up to my dad, I could marry whoever I wanted. But it’s not.” I give him a pitying look. “My grandfather runs my life. If I don’t do as he asks, he would stop at nothing to make my life a living hell. My dad is lucky, his parents don’t care, but this is my mom’s father. Her death meant one less family to have an alliance with. Because once my mother passed away, my father’s parents cut ties with my grandfather. I don’t blame them, I wouldn’t want to be tied to him too, if I could help it.”

My grandfather isn’t a good person. A lot of people in our society aren’t, but he’s one of the worst. Everything he’s done to get where he is now is fucked up and cruel. It’s all dirty money on my mom’s side of the family.

My dad is lucky. He can be with the woman he loves and not have to pay the price.

“And as for Preston, you know his father would literally kill him if he were to fuck up any of the plans he has for his son.” One of my dear old pop’s connections is Preston’s old man. From the stories I heard, he used Preston’s father to bury a few bodies for the right price. I fucking hate this life.

“You’re the only one out of the three of us who could get out of your engagement with the least amount of damage done. So if you find someone worth fighting for, I say go for it. Why should all three of us have to be miserable for the rest of our lives? At least one of us can have a happy ending, because Preston was wrong about that. Maybe for me and him, but not for you.”

I hate the crushed look on his face. Declan is too pure.

“This is fucking depressing,” Declan sighs.

“It is. But, Declan...” He looks up at me, his big blue eyes look wider under his glasses. “I can’t say that I approve of you making a go at Sadie after this is all done and over with, but...” *God this kills me to say.* “I won’t get in your way if you do.”

“Really?” he questions, his words drenched in disbelief.

“Really. But Preston is right about one thing.”

“What?”

“You have some heavy competition. Collin isn’t going to give up. That man would die before he steps back. So, your best bet is to show Sadie why you would be the better choice.”

“How do I do that?” he groans. “Collin is like a dog with a bone. He’s going to be so far up her ass, I won’t be able to get any more alone time with her.”

I’m still jealous as fuck about what they did. But when I overheard what Sadie said to Preston, I was equal parts in awe and turned on.

“Grayson!” my dad shouts. “Can you come down here for a moment?”

Declan and I head down to see what my dad wants, but I leave Declan to wait for me in the lobby. I’m surprised to find Erin sitting at the kitchen table when I get there.

“Hello, Grayson,” she greets me with a sweet smile. I like Erin. I’ve only really been around her a few times, but I know she’s good for my dad. She’s smart, caring, a good mom, and a hard worker. From what I’ve heard, she’s never let the people at this school change her. I respect that.

“Hello, Erin. Nice to see you again.” I smile back, then look at my father. “What’s up?”

“I’d like it if you could be home tomorrow night. Erin and her daughter will be coming over for supper. This is our first time meeting her, and I’d like for you to be on your best behavior.”

“Well, of course.” I give him a cheeky smile, as he shoots me a warning look. It’s a good thing my night with Sadie is

tonight, because it very well could be the last if tomorrow night goes south. At least this is happening after the fact. *Is it fucked up of me to sleep with Sadie knowing there's a good chance we're going to be step-siblings?* Probably. *Is it going to stop me?* Fuck no. *I have fucking cameras in her house that I jerk off to, you think something like this is going to scare me away?* Never. If anything, my fucked up little self is turned on by this new facet of our relationship more than anything.

“Your dad has asked me to marry him.” Erin smiles over at my dad, taking his hand and looking back over to me. “I’ve put my answer on hold until I’ve told Sadie. While she knows about your dad, I’ve been afraid to tell her just how serious this has gotten.” She looks a little guilty. “Sadie has been through so much over the past few years, I don’t want to add more to her plate. But now it’s time, and I’m hoping she’s alright with all of this.”

“Because if she’s not, you can’t say yes.” I give her an understanding smile and nod. “I’ll be on my best behavior, I’ll make Sadie love me. We’ll be besties in no time.”

“Thank you, Son. You know this means a lot to me.”

I say goodbye to them and slip out of the kitchen.

“What was that about?” Declan asks

“My dad and his girlfriend want to have supper tomorrow night. She’s bringing her daughter over with the hopes she’s alright with their new relationship status from dating to engaged.”

“Oh, wow. So, your dad is getting married. And you’re getting a sister?”

“Looks like it.” The grin on my face is a total giveaway.

“Why do you look like you enjoy that fact?”

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Grayson. Thank you, again, so much for agreeing to come to supper. I just want Sadie to like you both as much as I do,” Erin says, waving goodbye as my dad walks her out.

And then I turn to Declan, the look of pure shock and horror on his face. “Sadie? Your dad is dating Sadie’s mom?”

“Yup.” I grin.

“And she’s going to become your step-sister?”

“Yup.” I nod.

“Are you going to tell her before your date with her tonight?”

“Nope.” I shake my head.

“So... you’re going to sleep with your step-sister tonight?”

“Pretty much.” And the thought of it has my cock aching with need. Yeah, I’m a little twisted, and I really don’t fucking care.

Collin

I'M GOING FUCKING MAD knowing that my girl is in the room down the hall with Grayson. The idea of his hands on her, his mouth on her, his cock inside her fills me with pure fucking rage.

But here I am, in my office, not doing a damn thing about it, because if I do, I risk losing her. And I can't let that happen. I can let her fulfill her deal with them, then she *never* has to touch them again, right?

Fuck, maybe not without at least killing one person. Maybe that little bitch Tina. I'd sure like to wipe her stupid face from this earth. She's lucky she's still alive. She better know her place and stay in it, if she knows what's good for her.

"Hey, big boss man. Preston needs you for something," Rosie informs me, popping her head into my office.

"Why didn't he just call me?" I snap, then sigh, rubbing my face. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to be an asshole."

"But your girl is in another room getting railed by an insanely hot guy? It's okay, I understand." Rosie laughs, and if she didn't scare the shit out of me, I'd glare at her. "But to answer your question, he stopped me as he was feeling up some girl on the dance floor. He said to meet him in his office."

"Fucking little brat," I growl as Rosie takes off. Already worked up about Sadie, I channel all my anger, ready to release it all on my asshole little brother. I burst into his office, letting the door slam into the wall.

"What the fuck?" Preston shouts from his seat by his desk. There's a half naked girl getting him a glass of brandy over by the wet bar.

"Are you for-fucking-real right now?" I point to her. I've had it, I'm done with his bullshit. He can do whatever he wants with his life, but as long as he's plans to keep up his side

of this deal with Sadie, I won't allow him to act like a fucking manwhore. "Get out," I bark at the girl. She leaves the drink on the table, scrambling across the room and past me like a scared little mouse.

"Now who's gonna suck me off later," Preston mutters. "What's your fucking issue? I asked you here to talk about the club, not for you to come bursting in here like a SWAT team."

"Use your fucking hand. Use a sex doll, for all I fucking care, but you're done sleeping around." I slam the door shut and make my way over to him until I'm towering over him, forcing him to look up at me. "As much as I fucking despise the idea of you touching Sadie in any way, I have no say in it. But do you know what I do have a say in? Where your fucking dick goes. And it's not going anywhere but her." I try not to strangle him for the fact. "So, until your obligations with Sadie are met, no sex, no hand jobs, no blow jobs by anyone that's not her."

He snorts out a laugh. "You can't tell me what to do. You're not my father."

Speaking of fathers, by the look of the fresh shiner and bruised lip, it looks like that waste of space sperm donor had another go at him.

Conflicting feelings swirl around inside me. While I'm hurting for my brother and the way he's treated, I won't allow him to treat Sadie like he has been any longer.

"No sex with anyone else and stop being such a raging cunt toward her. She has never done anything to you, and you've been nothing but a royal piece of shit to her. She doesn't deserve that. So it stops now."

"Or what? What are you going to do? Gonna kick my ass? Tell me what a fucking disappointment I am, or how the world would be a better place without me? Save it, I've heard it all before," he scoffs and looks at his computer to ignore me.

"Five million."

"What?" Preston looks up at me with furrowed brows.

“I’ll give you five million dollars if you don’t touch another woman until you are done with Sadie. And I’m not asking you to be besties with Sadie, but you need to be nicer.”

“You’re joking, right?” He sits back in his chair. “You want to give me that much money over some girl?”

I smile, but it’s not a nice one as I shake my head. “See, that’s where you’re wrong, little brother. Sadie isn’t just *some girl*. She’s *the* girl. The girl of *my* fucking dreams. The girl who owns my heart and fucking soul. The girl I’d burn the world down for and kill for. The girl I would do anything to see smile, to make her happy. So yes, I’ll give you five million for you to not put my girl at risk for catching something from the women you so freely give yourself too. I’m not someone who shames people for liking sex, but you’re done doing it while you’re sleeping with Sadie. Also, you’re going to need to get tested before your cock goes anywhere near her.”

He just stares at me like he doesn’t know what to do with me. “You’re serious right now? You’re really going to give me that much if I do what you ask?”

“As a fucking heart attack.” I glare at him.

He lets out a long deep sigh as he thinks about it. He’s never taken money from me before in the past. I’ve been trying to help him get out from under our father for a while, but any time I bring up money, he shuts me down. I’ve never offered this much. He would be a fool to turn it down and he knows it

“Three weeks without sex for five million,” he mumbles to himself before looking up at me. “You got yourself a deal.”

We shake on it, and it takes everything in me not to strangle him. He’s so fucked up by our father’s hand that it turned him into this angry man. He trusts no one, is afraid of love, and only thinks about himself.

He believes loving someone is a weakness, but I believe it can give you power. What I feel for Sadie is so freeing, so soul consuming, that I couldn’t imagine my life without her. I refuse to.

I'd never give Sadie up so my brother could have her, but I know he wants her. We all do, and the more he acts like he doesn't, the more he shows his cards. But in the end the only thing he's doing is hurting my girl. And that just won't do.

Chapter 25

Sadie

“Sadie, are you okay in there?” Grayson’s voice makes my heart race faster.

Am I okay? Fuck no, I’m not okay. I’m about to have sex with Grayson Taylor, someone I’ve dreamed about doing this with for years.

It doesn’t matter that he’s gotten me off before or that he watched me fuck myself with a dildo. This is him, inside me, making me fall apart around him. The others aren’t here, just us.

“I’ll be out in a minute,” I call back, my nerves obvious in my voice. “Breathe, Sadie. You’ve had sex before, this isn’t a big deal,” I tell myself in the mirror as I lean against the sink. But it is a big deal. Because this isn’t going to be like it was with Raymond, that’s the whole point of me working with these guys.

Since we’ve made this deal, I’ve slowly gotten confident with sexual acts, like fucking around with Declan, but he makes it so easy to be comfortable around him.

Grayson can be kind of intimidating sometimes. But then I remember what it was like when we hung out. How I felt relaxed and at ease.

I can do this.

Fixing my hair again, I make sure the belt on my robe is tied before turning to the door.

I’m only in my bra and underwear because I had no idea what the dress code for something like this is.

When I step outside, Grayson stands up from where he’s been sitting on the bed. “Alright, let’s do this,” I state, going to grab the belt to open my robe.

He grabs my hands with a chuckle. “Slow down there, Pretty Girl.” I stop and look up at him. “Relax. Breathe.”

I nod, taking a few slow breaths. “Sorry, I don’t know what to do. How to start any of this.” I blush, trying to look away, but Grayson grips my chin, keeping my eyes locked on his.

“I have no plans on rushing tonight.” He wraps his arm around my lower back, pulling me closer to him until I’m pressed against his front. “I’ve waited so long to be able to touch you, to taste you. I plan to savor every inch of your sinful body.” His lips brush against mine in just the faintest of touches, and I shiver, a whimper escaping.

He moves until his lips are against my ear and groans. “I’m going to need you to keep making those sounds, as well as so much more.” My body sways as he kisses my neck.

How does he do that? Make me feel like my body is coming to life when he’s hardly even touched me?

I swallow thickly when he moves back. “Let me take the lead, okay?”

“Okay,” I whisper, nodding my head.

“The guys and I talked, and we’ve decided where our individual skills lie. Tonight, I’m going to show you how good sex can be. We’re going to find what you like and what you don’t like. I need you to be honest with me if I do something that feels good and if you want more, or if I do something you don’t enjoy, so I can stop. Don’t push through it to save my feelings. You won’t hurt them.” He chuckles, giving me a soft smile. “This is all about you and your pleasure. I’m just lucky enough to be along for the ride. While I might be the one who’s taking the lead, you’re the one in control. Always.”

His words make me want to cry. No one has ever put my thoughts into consideration like this. This man is amazing. The way he’s looking at me, the words he’s saying, it’s perfect. In this moment, I know I made the right choice in choosing to ask them to help me with something so personal, so intimate.

“Okay.” I blow out a small breath. “I trust you.”

The way his eyes change, his body shifts—for a moment I think I said the wrong thing, but then he grabs my face, catching me by surprise and kisses me.

I moan against his lips, placing my hands over his like I don't want him to let go. My belly swirls with heat.

“Sorry,” he pants when we break apart. He puts his forehead to mine, both of us trying to catch our breath. “I’m getting ahead of myself.”

“I’m not,” I murmur. “Kiss me.” I need more of his kisses, of the way he tastes. All the fear is gone, replaced by pure need.

He pulls back to look at me. “Fuck,” he hisses, his pupils dilating before he kisses me again. This time I part my lips for him, letting him deepen the connection. I wrap my arms around his neck, my nails digging into the back of his head as our lips move together in a frantic frenzy. He runs his hands down my shoulders before grabbing the belt of my robe. He pulls it apart, allowing the front of the robe to open. I whimper as his warm hands grip my hips, giving them a little squeeze before he’s gliding them up my body and over my breasts.

I moan as he cups my sensitive flesh, his thumb brushing over my peaked nipples.

We kiss until I’m almost dizzy before he breaks the connection again. He looks wild, his hair messy from my fingers, his chest heaving as he catches his breath. “What are you doing to me, Pretty Girl?” he murmurs, his eyes sweeping over my body. “Fucking hell. You are so damn gorgeous.”

I blush, my first instinct is to cover my belly when he stares too long. He lifts me up by the back of my thighs to place me on the bed.

My heart thunders in my chest as he drops to his knees. “I need to taste you now, Pretty Girl. This is where I take over. Remember what I told you—but most importantly, just let yourself feel.”

“Okay,” I give him verbal confirmation and lean back on my elbows. This is really happening. Grayson is about to eat me out.

Oral isn’t something I’ve enjoyed in the past, but I’m not surprised because I never really enjoyed anything sexual, until

I started working with the guys.

I'm starting to realize how badly Raymond fucked me up when it comes to my sex life. I have no expectations of anything, and everything I've done before feels like the very first time. Because with these guys, it's never just about them. So far, it's been equal pleasure, if not more for me.

Raymond only went down on me a few times. It wasn't something he enjoyed. And I didn't mind at all because the times we did were awful. He lapped at me like he was a dog licking peanut butter off a spoon. Messy, sloppy, and I was just uncomfortable. He acted like it was a race and the finish line was making me cum.

Only I never once felt close to a building orgasm, and before I could fake one, he would pop up—usually, after thirty seconds—and say it was his turn.

When Declan went down on me the other day, he quickly changed my thoughts about it. Seeing how amazing it can be, I now crave it. At least by someone who knows what they're doing.

But as I look down at Grayson, who's staring at my lace-covered center like it's a special treat, I know there's no way that this isn't going to end in pure ecstasy, and I'm dying to know what it feels like to have a man who knows what he's doing between my legs.

Biting my lip, I watch as he slowly slides his hands up my thighs, his thumb making little circles on my skin.

My skin prickles with pleasure at his touch, my body coming alive again like it always does with him.

He grabs my legs one by one, placing them onto his shoulders as he gets closer to the bed. He's now eye level with my pussy and my belly swoops.

“Are you wet for me, Pretty Girl?” he murmurs, brushing his thumb against my pussy.

I suck in a breath as my core clenches. “Yes,” I rasp. It's not a lie. Every second that passes, I'm soaking the fabric between my legs.

Leaning forward, he runs the tip of his nose up my slit and inhales, letting out a low, deep growl.

Fucking hell, this man.

My eyes widen when I see him pull up something metal. *Is that a switch blade?*

“W-what are you doing?” If he’s into some kind of knife play, that’s cool and all, but I’m nowhere near ready for anything like that. Maybe someday, but not today.

“Don’t worry, Pretty Girl. I’m not gonna hurt you,” he tries to reassure me, but I still suck in a breath as he brings the blade down to my panty line. I watch with rapt attention, not moving an inch.

The blade is cool against my heated skin. With one flick of his wrist, he slices the blade through the side of my panties. I gape, staring at the knife, following it as he brings it to the other side of them and does the same thing.

He pulls the now ruined fabric away so that my naked cunt is exposed to him. My pussy drips with the way he’s looking at it with heavy-lidded eyes.

I’m about to tell him he’s going to be buying me another pair because that shit isn’t cheap, but he leans forward and swipes his hot, wet tongue up my slit, and I’m a fucking goner.

“Grayson!” I moan as I fall back onto the bed.

“That’s it, Pretty Girl. Just lay back and let me take care of you. Let me make you feel good by feasting on this pretty pink pussy. Look at you, Sadie, so wet and swollen. Are you aching for my touch?”

“Yes,” I pant out, grabbing the blanket below me.

My eyes flutter shut as he starts to work that sinful tongue over my sensitive core. He takes his time, licking every inch of me.

Slowly, I feel the warmth inside my belly grow. When he finally makes it to my clit, I moan, my eyes rolling back as he brushes the tip of his tongue against my swollen bud. “So

sensitive. Fuck, that's so hot," he mutters against my pussy before doing it again and again.

Remembering I'm supposed to let him know what I like, I speak up. "I—I like it when you alternate," I relay, panting as he sucks hard on my clit, which causes me to let out a little shout.

He thrusts his tongue inside me a few times before licking me from taint to clit, which is when he goes back to focusing on my clit. He does it a few more times before asking. "Like this?"

"Y—yes. That thing with your tongue, do it again." I grab his hair and shove his face against my pussy.

He chuckles as he starts to fuck me with his tongue.

That warm feeling is quickly becoming a full-on inferno. "I'm... I'm close," I whimper. "Don't stop. Just like that. Please, don't stop."

I love what he's doing, it feels so damn good, but it's not enough. I don't know what else I need. "More," I pant out. "I need more." Whatever that is.

But he seems to understand me better than I do as he slowly inserts two fingers.

"Oh, god!" I moan, pushing myself deeper onto his fingers.

He works my clit over with his mouth while he slowly fucks me with his fingers. They feel good, thick, filling me up perfectly.

With every thrust, every lick of my clit, I'm getting closer and closer to the edge. But when he crooks his fingers in just the right place, I see stars. It hits me hard and fast. I scream out his name, my inner walls gripping him like a vise as I cum.

My back arches, my eyes roll, and my pussy pulses. It's intense and exhilarating.

I'm a panting mess as I come back down to earth, my head spinning, my body buzzing. He kisses my clit softly, the sensitivity of it making me jerk as he gets to his feet.

“My, my, my, Miss Evans. I think my new favorite place might just be between your creamy, thick thighs.”

My eyes flutter open. Grayson is looking down at me with this blissed out expression on his face. His mouth is glistening with my release. I blush and bite my lower lip. “Fuck, Pretty Girl. If you keep looking at me like that, I’m going to lose control and say fuck it to this whole lesson.”

I want to tell him to do just that, but I don’t. I want him to teach me everything he thinks I need to know. And I did learn something just now.

“That was... amazing. It’s never felt like that before.”

He scoffs. “Because you were with a selfish asshole who only cared about himself.” He moves to hover over me. I tilt my head back to look at him. “Your pleasure is all that matters to me. You did so good, Sadie, telling me what you like and didn’t like. I’m proud of you. Lesson one of the night is complete. You now know how you like oral. But remember, when you’re with different partners, you might find new things you enjoy down there. So don’t make yourself stick to one way. Remember to try new things.”

“Okay,” I whisper. I don’t want to think about being with other people right now, people other than Collin or the Host Club.

He leans down and kisses me. I can taste my juices on his lips, making my pussy clench around nothing.

Grayson moves over to my jaw, leaving open mouth kisses as he goes. He moves to my neck next, and I turn my head to the side, giving him access to suck and nip at the sensitive spot below my ear. I whimper, my hand grabbing a handful of his hair.

He chuckles against my throat as he kisses that too. “You’re so responsive, Pretty Girl. I love it. You’re driving me wild. As much as I can’t wait to sink my cock inside your tight, wet pussy, I’m enjoying taking my time with you.”

“Stop being a tease,” I huff out a laugh, making him chuckle again.

“A tease? Little miss impatient. Be a good girl for me and you’ll get what you need.”

Grayson kisses his way down the middle of my breasts, sliding his hands under my back to unclip my bra. He moves away long enough to get it out of the way before descending onto my breasts.

I gasp as he locks his mouth around one of my nipples. My core pulses as a shock of pleasure fills me at the new sensation. This is something I’ve quickly come to know that I enjoy. When Declan did it, it was just as amazing.

Only Grayson is a lot softer than Declan was. His tongue laps at the stiffened peak as he sucks gently. It feels good, but I want a little bit more of a bite like last time.

So I voice my needs. “Bite it,” I tell him. “Please.”

He growls, sucking hard enough to make me pull at his hair before he takes my nipple between his teeth, biting down just enough to send a zap of pain through my body. “Fuck,” I let out a lusty moan, a noise that I’ve never made before.

My cunt is a needy bitch, demanding to be filled by Grayson, and if he doesn’t give me what I need, I’m in such a pleasure drunk state, I will not be afraid to resort to begging. I’ll deal with the embarrassment later.

Thankfully, I don’t have to wait much longer when he pulls back, releasing my nipple with a pop.

His eyes flick down, taking in my breasts. “So full, so round,” he murmurs as he leans down and licks up the valley between them. “I’m going to fuck these.” He laughs when he sees my eyes going wide. “Not tonight, Pretty Girl. But I do very much want to fuck your tits and cum on your pretty face someday.”

This man and his dirty mouth. I’m surprised I don’t cum just from his words alone.

He stands up and takes a step back. We say nothing, eyes locked on each other as he starts to undo the buttons on his dress shirt. I’m lying there completely naked, and I’m more

nervous over the fact that I'm about to see him without any clothing.

Button by button my heart rate picks up in anticipation. I've seen him without a shirt before, but it's not any less appealing when he slides the shirt off and tosses it to the chair in the corner.

I lick my lips, my eyes slowly taking in his abs. God, he's so sexy. His skin untouched and smooth. I want to lean forward and lick the yummy V, but I'm too entranced.

"If you keep looking at me like that, Pretty Girl, you're going to make it hard not to blow the moment I slide inside your sweet pussy."

Fuck. Me. Literally, please.

"I don't know what you mean," I say, trying to play it off cool but he gives me a cheeky grin as I move to get into the middle of the bed. I slide up until I'm leaning against the pillows as I continue to watch this hot as hell man strip for me. Because that's what it feels like, like he's stripping just for me. He's not quick about it. Instead, he's taking his time and enjoying the attention I'm giving him.

I can't help it. Have you seen this man? Total heart throb with a killer body. I'm doomed.

When his hands move to his belt, my eyes stay glued to them, watching every move he makes. I try my best to school my face, but I have no doubt that the lust and want is showing brightly in my expression.

Just as he gets his pants undone, he stops and moves his hands away. I pout, literally pout, and look up at him with sad eyes.

He grins widely at me. "Oh, Pretty Girl. You sure are fucking adorable. I'm just getting this." He reaches over to the nightstand and opens the drawer, pulling out a condom. He tosses it on the bed and goes back to taking his pants off.

Yes, keep doing that, please.

“Not even the devil himself could drag me away from you right now,” his husky murmur makes me shiver.

With lips parted, my breathing uneven, I watch as he takes his pants and boxers off in one go.

“Fuck. Me,” I whisper, eyes widening as I take in his glorious cock. His very *pierced* cock.

“Ever been fucked by a cock with this much metal?” he asks me, smirking as he runs his hand over his shaft.

I shake my head, eyes still wide in wonder. “Does that thing go off at security in the airport?”

He lets out a deep laugh as he moves to crawl on the bed and over to me. “No. Only because I have my own private jet.”

“Rich people problems,” I huff, rolling my eyes.

“Brat,” he chuckles as he moves between my legs, licking his lips. “I can’t wait to watch my cock sink deep inside this juicy cunt.”

I shudder at his words. “Is that going to hurt me?” I ask, pointing to his robotic dick.

“No, Pretty Girl.” He shakes his head. “Only pleasure.”

Curiosity gets the better of me and I lean up, wanting a closer look. I reach out and run my finger over the bars through the bottom of his cock. He lets out a low groan as he shivers at my touch. “I’ve read about guys with these. But I never saw them up close. Is this a Jacob’s Ladder?”

“Mhmm,” he hums, watching me with hungry eyes.

I bite my lower lip as my thumb brushes against the piercing that goes through the tip of his cock and out the underside of the head. “What’s this one called?” I ask, smearing his weeping precum over the metal.

“Prince Albert.”

“What a fancy name for a dick piercing.” I giggle.

“Pretty Girl. As much as I love how much you admire my cock, I’ll let you get up close and personal with it another

time. Right now, I need to be inside you,” Grayson’s voice is low and gravely. I can tell he’s doing his best to hold himself back.

Lying back down, I nod. “I’m ready.” At least, I think I am. But as more time goes by, the more I’m going to let myself overthink everything and ruin the moment. I have to remember to just feel, to let go and take the pleasure Grayson gives me.

He grabs the condom and slowly rolls it down his hard length. With his size, length, and piercings, this is going to feel extremely different than any of my times with Raymond. Not to mention, Grayson knows what he’s doing and knows how to use that fine specimen between his legs.

“Relax, Pretty Girl.” His large warm hands grab my thighs, moving me so he can get into position. “I got you.”

Chapter 26

Grayson

Oh, my sweet little pet. Look at you, so innocent, so pure. I can't wait to fucking ruin you. Not now, but soon. By the time I'm done with you, no man will ever be able to compare.

Full of myself? Nah. Because while tonight is all about her, I have no plans on stopping after this deal is done. Declan and Collin be damned. Call me selfish, call me an asshole, but the moment my mouth met her pussy, I was done for.

There's no way I can give her up after just one taste, not even after a hundred. And I know the moment I sink myself inside her, I'm never going to be able to let her go.

I don't know how, but I need to find a way around this marriage contract bullshit. I meant what I said—I could never make Sadie my mistress, she deserves so much more than that.

But I can't just break off a marriage without incurring some severe consequences. No, the only way to get out of this is to beat my grandfather at his own game. I need to bide my time until I can find something on him big enough that he lets me out of this contract and I'm free to be with Sadie.

Sorry Declan, but it looks like you're going to have even more competition.

I look down at my condom covered cock and sneer inwardly. Fucking stupid barrier. I don't want anything in my way when I'm inside her. I want to feel her dripping, scorching hot cunt around my shaft as I drive it inside her, over and over until she's a sobbing, writhing mess below me.

It's too much to ask right now. This needs to be professional and asking her to trust me on something like this is too much of a risk. So I'll wear the stupid condom for now. But next time I'm inside her, I want my cum dripping from her spent cunt and down her thighs, a reminder of who owns that tight, pretty pussy.

My cock twitches as I brush the tip against her wet entrance. He knows who he belongs to and is desperate to be inside her.

My pretty girl has been a naughty girl this past week. Every night, she comes home and locks herself inside her room, grabs her vibrator and plays with herself until she's a mess. Every night she calls out a different name than the day before, and a few times it's been mine.

If only she knew how hard I came watching her at home, in my secret little room. Her name was on my lips as I painted my chest in my own seed, disappointed about wasting it when it should be inside her.

I want to rut into her like a madman, but I can't. This is about her finding out what she likes, and I want to know too. I want to know the perfect way to pleasure my girl. Oh, what I would give to see her squirt all over my cock.

Dick in one hand, I lean over until my body is blanketing hers. "I'm big on safe words, okay? If you don't like what I'm doing, or if you want me to stop, say red. Sometimes when pleasure becomes too much, you might want to say no, you'll want me to stop, but I promise if you push past it, you won't regret it. Don't be afraid of the new feelings, embrace them. But if you truly want me to stop, you say red, and I'm off you. Okay?"

"Okay." She nods.

My eyes stayed glued to her face as I press the tip of my cock against her entrance, needing to see the look on her face as I claim her body as mine.

I bite the inside of my cheek to keep myself from cumming as I slide into her. "Fuck," I huff out as my cock stretches her tight cunt.

Her eyes widen, lips part as she grabs onto my arms while sucking in a deep breath.

"Are you okay?" I ask, pausing my movements. I want to make sure I'm not hurting her.

"Yes," she breathes out. "Just a little pain."

“You want me to stop?” My brows furrow, hating the idea of hurting her.

“No.” She shakes her head. “Please, don’t stop. It’s just been awhile. I’ll be fine.”

“Are you sure?”

She gives me a soft smile. “Yes.”

I push in inch by inch, groaning as her cunt strangles me. I haven’t even started moving and I’m already in heaven. The warmth of her pussy wrapped around my cock makes me never want to leave.

I look down once I’ve bottomed out, and my cock twitches when I see us connected. “Look at you, Pretty Girl. Taking my whole cock.” My eyes flick back up to hers. She has this heavy-lidded look, and god, she’s so fucking sexy. “Such a good girl.”

Her walls tighten around me at my praise. My pretty girl likes hearing how good she’s doing, good to know.

“Move,” she huffs out, raising her hips. “Please, I need more.”

I pull out slowly, loving the way she feels dragging along my piercings before thrusting back in. Her body rocks, tits bouncing with the movement as she lets out a little sound of pleasure. I keep at this pace, getting more and more sounds of pleasure out of her.

“Does this feel good?” I ask her, but I know the answer by the look on her face.

“Yes,” she moans as I pick up speed, fucking into her harder. Her eyes flutter closed as she tosses her head back. “Oh, fuck,” she moans softly. “Grayson.”

Fucking hell, the way my name sounds right now, coming from her sinful lips, makes me ready to blow my fucking load.

As we rock together, my body is overcome with pleasure. This is so fucking good, but too sweet, too soft for my typical liking.

And then she says something that nearly breaks my control. “Don’t hold back. We’re not two virgins having sex for the first time. I need you to do what you said you would, Grayson. Blow my mind,” she growls as she drags her nails down my back, making me hiss with the pain.

I snarl, eyes darkening. If that’s what my pretty girl wants, then that’s what she’s going to get. “Remember to tell me if you don’t like something or if you want more.”

She nods her head, and I move to sit up. Shifting around a little, I bring her legs up and place her feet on my shoulders.

She gasps, her eyes widening at the new position. I grin. “Feels different?”

“Like you’re deeper. Holy shit,” she huffs out. “Move. Fuck me, Grayson. Please!”

Placing my hands on her plump ass cheeks, I grip hard, holding her in place as I start to fuck her hard.

She screams, eyes slamming shut as she digs her fingers into the blanket. “Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, yes! Oh, god.”

She’s a mess, writhing beneath me. When I start to play with her clit, her eyes snap open.

She lets out a string of moans, whimpers, and whines. She has no idea how stunning she looks right now. Sweat lines her brows, her cheeks flushed with arousal. She’s pure sex and desire. *All fucking mine.*

“That’s it, Pretty Girl. Take my fucking cock. It was made for this sweet, tight, little pussy. Fucking hell, Sadie, you’re going to be the sweet death of me.”

“Stop,” she pants out.

I slow down but don’t stop. She didn’t say the safe word.

“What’s wrong?”

“I feel—” She bites her bottom lip, looking a little embarrassed.

“Feel what, Sadie? Talk to me.”

“It feels good, really good, but also I feel like I... like I gotta pee.”

That has me grinning. “It’s normal. You’re not going to pee, Pretty Girl, even if you did, I think it would be hot.” I wink. She laughs, and I groan at the way her pussy squeezes me as she does so. “Just relax, let go, give into the feeling. I know it’s new, but I promise it’s going to feel so good.”

“Are you sure?”

“If you want to stop, say red. I won’t make you keep going.”

“Keep going.” She nods.

I pick up my pace, excitement filling me because I know what she’s about to do, at least I hope so. Fuck, if I can make her squirt, I’m going to feel like a fucking king.

I thrust into her with deep long strokes, knowing I’m hitting just the right spot as her body tenses, trembling in my grasp.

Her eyes squeeze shut as she starts chanting *Oh* over and over again. “Grayson,” she whines, looking up at me with pleading eyes. She’s ready to cum, and I’m ready for her to.

“Let go, Pretty Girl. Be a good girl and cum for me.”

“Oh god,” she sobs, and then she falls over the edge. Her pussy strangles my cock as she lets out a cry of pleasure. Her eyes are full of panic and pleasure. My eyes flick down, and I watch in fascination as she soaks my cock, her juices squirting out and dripping down my shaft, my belly, and onto the bed.

I don’t cum, despite how really fucking bad I want to. But I’m not ready to be done with her, so I lean over as she whimpers. “Shhhh,” I soothe her and pepper kisses over her cheeks and forehead. “You did so good. Fuck, Sadie, that was so hot. You came so beautifully.”

“That was?” she asks while breathing heavily, her voice sounding dazed. “I’ve never felt like that before. It was scary, but also felt so fucking good.”

I chuckle, pressing a kiss to her lips. “You were perfect.”

“Did you cum?” she asks, blinking up at me innocently.

“Not yet, Pretty Girl,” I growl and kiss her again. “I’m not done with you yet.”

Her eyes widen, like she’s not sure if she can keep going. *Oh pretty girl, you have no idea of all the dirty things I’m going to do to you soon.* “You’re not?”

I shake my head. “I want one more orgasm out of you. New position.”

“I don’t know if I can,” she whimpers. “I feel like jelly.”

I grin. “You’re going to be a full-on puddle of goo by the time I’m done.” She whimpers again, and I pull out of her slowly, hissing at how sensitive my cock is, ready for relief. “On your knees, Pretty Girl.”

She goes to move and looks down at the wet spot on the bed. “You said I wouldn’t pee!” she shouts, looking ready to bolt.

“Sadie,” I grab her arm and pull her back. “It’s not pee, baby girl.” I don’t know where the baby part came from, but I don’t worry about it because the poor girl looks traumatized.

“Then what is it?” She blinks.

“Have you ever heard of squirting?” I raise a brow, and she blushes harder.

“I’ve... read about it.” I chuckle because I’m almost positive that look tells me she watched some porn too.

“Wait... *I* squirted?”

I nod. “And it was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.” It’s not a lie. I’ve never made a girl squirt before, never cared to really try to be honest, but watching her come undone like that was so fucking hot.

She licks her lips. “Are you sure?”

“Get on your hands and knees, Pretty Girl. Show me that perfect ass,” I growl, needing her not to overthink this. “I don’t want you to be embarrassed about anything when it

comes to sex. This is all natural and new. Your body is experiencing things it never has before.”

She nods slowly, and like a good girl, gets on her knees for me.

“Fucking hell,” I whisper to myself, biting my fist at the sight of her ass and bare pussy on display for me. Her cunt so wet and swollen. Fuck, I need my cum to be dripping from her hole, to mark her as mine.

Moving behind her, I run my hands over the globes of her ass. “You have no idea how much I want to fuck this perfect ass, Pretty Girl.” She whimpers, making me chuckle. “Not tonight, baby.” I slap her ass cheek, watching it jiggle. She gasps. I do it again, and this time she moans. She’s perfect.

Lining my cock up with her entrance, I push inside her. We both moan at the new position. “Grayson,” she pleads as I give myself a second, my balls tingling. I usually can last a lot longer than this, but I’m not with just anyone. I’m with my woman, the one I’ve been dying to have for years.

Gripping her cheeks, I hold her in place and start to thrust into her. She cries out, her arms buckling under her. She falls forward, her face pressed sideways against the mattress, her face contorting in ecstasy. I pound into her, the need to cum, to make her cum again, taking over. Fuck, she feels so good, too fucking good.

“Oh god, Grayson,” she sobs. “Yes, right there. Feels so good.”

“Touch yourself, Sadie. Play with your aching clit. Be a good girl and help me make you cum.”

She moves her hand between her legs and lets out a long, lusty moan as her pussy clamps down around my cock when she starts to play with herself.

I turn into a grunting, growling mess as I fuck her hard. “Good girl, good fucking girl. You listen so well, Pretty Girl.”

My eyes close as I just enjoy the feeling of being inside her. No words can truly describe how it feels. Heaven doesn’t even come close.

I can tell Sadie is close as her hand moves faster between her legs, her ass meeting me thrust for thrust, making me take her deeper.

My eyes open and find her. Hers are closed, her lips parted, brows furrowed in concentration. My little goddess wants to cum.

“I’m close,” she sobs. “So close.”

“Cum for me, Sadie. Shatter with me,” I groan. “Fuck, I want to paint these ass cheeks with my cum,” I grunt, slamming into her as I slap both ass cheeks.

“Oh god!” she cries out. “Do it.”

“What?” I almost pause.

“Cum on me, Grayson, mark me.”

Holy fucking shit, this woman. My dirty pretty girl.

As my balls draw up, ready to cum. Sadie lets out a scream when I pound into her one last time, making her shatter below me.

I’m cumming too. The first stream of cum makes it into the condom, but I’m pulling out, unable to resist her permission and I rip it off.

Gripping my shaft, I jerk myself with firm, quick strokes, letting out a low, pained groan as I finish on her ass. I don’t think I’ve cum this hard, this much before. Rope after rope of cum coats her sweaty, pale skin.

Chest heaving, body buzzing, I lick my lips, grinning as I rub my cum into her skin.

Sadie lets out a happy sigh, and I lean over and kiss her back.

“How do you feel?” I ask her, moving to lie next to her. I pull her in my arms, and my heart warms as she cuddles into me.

“Amazing.” She sounds happy, satisfied. “I’m still processing everything.”

“Understandable. It was a lot of new feelings.” I run my hand up and down her back.

“Is it always like this? Sex I mean?”

“With me? Yes. In general. Well, you’ve had sex before. Was it like this?”

“No,” she answers, letting out an adorable snort. “Not even close.”

“Never settle for anything less than what you deserve, Sadie. You’re worth it. Never let anyone tell you otherwise.”

“Thank you,” she whispers, snuggling in deeper.

After care is important. And I do my best to give it. But a lot of the girls I’ve been with don’t want to cuddle or be cleaned up. Thanking me, they leave here happy and satisfied, but no one wants to stay.

But with Sadie, I want to care for her. To make her feel like she wasn’t just sex to me. She’s so much more.

We lay in comfortable silence for a bit before I kiss the top of her head and sit up. “What are you doing?”

“We need to get you cleaned up.” I scoop her up and bring her to the attached bathroom. There’s no tub in here, just a large walk-in shower with a bench.

I place her down on the bench and turn the water on. We don’t talk as I wash her, ridding the remnants of what we did from her body. That makes me kind of sad. I wish she could be marked by me all the time.

When she’s all cleaned up, I wrap her up in a towel and dry her off.

She sniffs and I pause, looking at her face. “Are you crying?”

“I’m sorry,” she whispers. “I don’t know why.”

“Hey.” I pull her into a hug. “It’s okay. Sex brings up a lot of emotions. It’s normal.”

“I’m not sad. I’m... I don’t know what I am. It’s a lot. I didn’t know it could be like this. No one...” She lets out a little sob. “No one has ever cared for me like this before. When Raymond was done, he would just get up and leave to go home, or go back to playing video games, leaving me there like I was nothing but a hole to be used.”

I hold her tighter, anger filling me at how much of a fucking asshole her ex is. “Shhh,” I murmur, kissing the top of her head. “You will never feel like that with me, do you understand? I’ll always take care of you. Being with you is a fucking privilege, one I’m so damn lucky to get. You’re not just sex to me, Sadie.”

I have to stop myself before I reveal all of my feelings to her and ruin everything.

“Thank you,” she sniffs, hugging me tight.

I hate this. I never want her to feel like that again.

I’m not letting this night end. Not after what she just told me, so I bring her out into the room, rip off the dirty blanket, and place her under the sheet. She smiles up at me and fuck if my heart doesn’t do funny things.

I’m in love with this girl, and I can’t fool myself into thinking otherwise. I need to find a way to make her mine.

Getting in bed, we cuddle some more. She ends up falling asleep in my arms. I never want her to leave my grasp.

But, of course, nothing can go my way, can it?

“What do you want?” I growl when I see Collin step into the room.

“I’ve come to get my girl. You’ve fulfilled your part in this deal. Now you can go away and give me back my girl.” He goes to pick her up, and I let out a low, savage snarl.

“Fucking touch her, fucking move her away from me right now, Jones, and I’ll kill you.” He pauses, and I can tell by the look on his face, he thinks I just might.

“Fine,” he growls back. “But I’m not leaving. I need her.”

“For fuck’s sake,” I mutter as he strips down to nothing but his boxers and slides into the bed on Sadie’s other side.

“So, am I welcoming you as a fellow competitor too?” he asks.

“Damn fucking right.” Because I plan on fighting for Sadie and I don’t plan on losing. She will be mine one way or another, and I’ll stop at nothing until she is.

Chapter 27

Sadie

I get the feeling someone is watching me, so I blink my eyes open. They widen and I jolt back when I come face to face with Collin. “What are you doing here?” I ask, voice cracking from sleep.

Rubbing my eyes, I look around and see that I’m still at the club.

“Grayson wouldn’t let me take you after you two were done, so I stayed,” Collin whispers, reaching over to brush some hair from my face.

“Take me?” I narrow my eyes. “Were you going to pull another kidnapping stunt?”

He chuckles and leans forward to kiss my forehead. “Clearly not. You’re still here.”

“But why are you?” I move to sit up, looking over to see Grayson is still asleep beside me.

“Because I missed you.”

I look back over to Collin, my heart warming at his words. This man is crazy. Mostly about me, but he’s oddly sweet and very sexy. I still have no idea why he’s so set on being with me, but the way he’s looking at me, damn.

“You saw me the other day, and don’t think I didn’t notice you following me around school.” I pull the blanket up to cover my naked chest.

Collin looks down at the fabric like it offends him before looking back up to me. “Hang out with me tonight.”

“I can’t. I’m meeting my mom’s boyfriend and his son tonight.” Before I came here last night, my mom sat down and talked to me.

She told me that things between them were going really well. She apologized for keeping just how serious their relationship was from me and that she hadn’t felt like this with anyone since my dad, so she was afraid herself.

Then she told me Mark asked her to marry him and she told him she couldn't give him an answer until I've met them and am okay with the idea.

She said that Mark was putting together a supper just for us and it would mean the world if I agreed to come.

Of course, I said yes. I wasn't mad at my mom for not telling me everything, she's an adult, and I trust her to make the right choices for her own life.

"Cancel." Collin goes to play with my hair again, but I slap his hand away.

"No."

"Fine. I'll stop by tomorrow after supper then," he says, getting out of bed, keeping his body facing me as he continues to talk. "But I am seeing you again tonight." My eyes widen when I see that he's only in his boxers. His morning wood has pitched a damn six man tent. But that's not the only shocking part. No, Collin Jones is inked all over. His arms and chest are covered in black and gray works of art. He turns, bending over to grab his pants, and I see that his back is covered too.

"Like what you see, Lollipop?" Collin chuckles as he slips his legs into his pants.

"No," I say too quickly.

He chuckles again. "Don't worry, Baby Girl, this is all yours. You can touch whenever, however you want."

I swallow thickly, liking the idea a little bit too much right now.

Thankfully, Grayson wakes up, breaking the moment and bringing the attention to him.

"What's going on?" he grumbles.

"I'm taking Sadie home," Collin replies, putting his shirt on.

"No, you're not." Grayson sits up.

I bite my lower lip, my belly heating as I take in how sexy he looks right now. His eyes are heavy-lidded, not fully awake,

and his black shaggy hair is so messy that I want to reach over and run my hands through it.

We had sex last night. This man made me cum three times. I can still feel the delicious ache between my legs from his thick, pierced cock.

“Sadie,” Collin growls, making my eyes snap up to his. “Stop looking at him like you’re ready to eat him,” he huffs. *Awe, he’s jealous, and it’s kind of adorable.*

“Was not,” I mumble. “And why are you bringing me home? Grayson can.”

“No, he can’t. He’s got to stay here and get some work done.”

“Why couldn’t you do it?” Grayson sits up. “I want more time with Sadie.”

“That’s exactly why I’m not doing it.” Collin smirks.

“Asshole,” Grayson mutters. He looks over at me with a sleepy grin. “Morning, Pretty Girl.”

His rough, husky voice has me squirming. “Morning.” This man fucked me like a god last night and now I’m playing shy?

He cups the back of my head and kisses me sweetly. “Morning breath.” I move back, but Grayson keeps his hold on my head.

“Fuck morning breath,” he growls before kissing me again. I moan as he slips his tongue in and over mine.

Of course, Mr. Caveman steps in and pulls Grayson off me. “Keep your lips off my girl!” Collin warns.

“Really?” Grayson snorts. “Your girl? You don’t want me to kiss her, yet we fucked last night?”

“You had a deal, you fulfilled your end. Now you’re done. Keep your hands off my girl.”

Grayson gets to his feet, butt-ass naked, and gets in Collin’s face. “Just because you laid your claim on her like

some psycho, doesn't mean she's yours. You don't tell me what to do."

Collin's jaw ticks, his nostrils flaring as he looks over at me. I'm glaring at him because Grayson is right. As hot as I think it is how much he wants me, I'm not his girl. I can do what I want with who I want.

Collin takes a step back and looks down. "Dude. What the fuck is wrong with your dick?"

I can't help but snort out a laugh. Grayson tosses me a wink before answering. "It's pierced, you asshole."

"Why would you mutilate it like that?" Collin scoffs.

"Sadie didn't seem to mind it all that much when she was gushing around my cock, now did she?" Grayson counters smugly, and Collin takes a step forward again, fists clenched.

I quickly crawl off the bed and step in between them. "Alright, that's enough with your macho bullshit. Stop beating on your chests like animals."

They both go quiet, and I realized I'm standing extremely close to both of them, fully naked. They're both looking down, eyes zeroed in on my peaked nipples. "Men," I huff, moving to bend over to grab the robe off the floor.

Two pained groans fill the air, and I smirk. "I'm going to get dressed. Then, Collin, you can take me home." I slip into the bathroom and get changed.

There's a smile on my face the whole time. I don't think I've been this happy in a long time.

I've been missing out. I feel like I've been robbed. Sex is amazing and something I think I could get quickly addicted to if I'm not careful.

Although would that be a bad thing with these guys?

The girls are going to demand details. Shit, I'm going to need to ask Grayson if he's alright with me talking about our sex life with other people. I know how they can get, and I don't want them bringing it up and teasing him over something he didn't agree to.

“Grayson?” I call, opening the door to find Grayson and Collin in each other’s faces again, having a hushed argument.

Both heads snap over to me. “Yes, Pretty Girl?”

I look at them curiously. Both of them are fully dressed. I’m part sad, part relieved.

My cheeks heat, I can’t believe I’m asking him this. “Ah, so you know my friends, right?”

“Yes.” He gives me an amused grin.

“Well, as you know, we’re as close as anyone can be. We tell each other everything.” Almost everything, they still don’t know about Collin. But to be fair, I don’t even know how to deal with the Collin situation right now, anyway.

“And you want to know if it’s alright if you discuss our time together?” he finishes for me. I nod my head, and he gives me this devilish grin. “Pretty Girl, if you want to tell your friends how I rocked your world, by all means, brag away.”

“Sadie, are you ready to go?” Collin asks, and I can tell he’s only hanging on by a thread when it comes to Grayson.

“Yes, Daddy,” I huff out, rolling my eyes. He stiffens, and Grayson cracks up laughing. “What? What’s so funny?”

“You almost made the man cum in his pants with that comment.”

“Fuck off, Grayson,” Collin snaps, making Grayson laugh harder.

My brows raise. “You... you like being called that?”

Collin looks over at me. “No.” I give him a look. “Not by just anyone. But from you? Don’t call me that unless you’re ready to deal with the consequences.”

Okay, then. Well... my panties are wet now. Yup, time to go.

As I’m heading toward the door, I stop next to Grayson. “Ah, thanks... for last night.”

“No, Pretty Girl. Thank you. And I know this asshole here thinks we’re done, but I’m not. I still have so much I’d love to teach you.” He takes a mask from his pocket and slips it on over my eyes. “If you’ll let me.”

He leans in, about to kiss me, but Collin shoves his hand over Grayson’s mouth. “Not so fast, hot lips. *Mine*,” he growls, and in the same caveman move like before, the fucker tosses me over his shoulder. I don’t fight this time, grumbling in annoyance.

“Dick head!” Grayson calls out. “Bye, Pretty Girl!”

“You really didn’t need to do that,” I tell Collin, and as I bounce, every step he takes has my face almost colliding with his ass.

“I did. Because if I had to watch you two giving each other fuck me eyes any longer, I was going to snap.”

“You’re crazy.”

His hand comes down hard on my ass, making me yelp. “When will you get it, Lollipop? Only for you.”



COLLIN DROPPED ME OFF outside my house. At least, that was the plan before he followed me inside and insisted on hanging out with me until my supper tonight.

Oddly, my mom doesn’t give Collin a second glance when she finds him here, sitting on our couch like this is his home.

Not going to lie, I like being around Collin. His jealousy can kinda be a turn on, sometimes. Other times, it’s annoying.

But being with him is fun and easy. When we’re with each other, just the two of us, I quickly find myself slipping into a familiar friendship. I laugh, smile, and just feel good.

“You sure you can’t just stay home with me and hang out?” Collin asks as he follows me around the house like a damn lost puppy while I get ready.

“No. And for the last time, sit down,” I growl, swinging an annoyed look his way.

“Nah.” He smirks, and... ugh, I just want to slap him in his handsome face. He pulls me into his arms, and I blink up at him as he stares down at me. “I like being close to you.”

My heart starts to race as he holds me close. He smells good, like a spicy cologne. “Collin.” I try to make my his name come out as a warning, but fail and it comes out as a breathy sigh.

“Sadie,” he murmurs, his eyes growing lidded, locked on my lips. They flash with heat as I slowly run my tongue between them.

He’s going to kiss me, isn’t he? And I’m going to let him.

“Sadie!” my mom calls out from her room. “Are you ready?”

She breaks the spell and Collin does not look happy about it. “Yes!” I call back, the moment ruined by my mom. “You need to go.”

“Next time, Lollipop. I will taste your sweet lips,” he promises, leaning down to kiss my forehead and turning around to head out.

What am I doing? I’m sleeping with three guys, whom I have very complicated relationships with, and my teacher is seconds away from branding his name on me as a mark of possession.

I’m dressed in a pair of black leggings and a sandy colored cashmere sweater, paired with a brown pair of boots. I curled my hair and put it up in a ponytail, leaving the bangs down.

I feel like it’s formal enough but also something I can still be comfortable in.

“I hope you and Mark’s son get along,” my mom says, stopping the car when we pull up to this massive mansion.

It is something I’m used to. All my friends live in mansions, and I’ve hung out at Carol’s place a lot, but this one? Holy shit.

It's not as big as Carol's, but it's a lot more modern.

"As long as he's not rude or mean to me, I'm sure we will be fine. I'll do my best to give him a chance."

"Sonny is so sweet and kind, very funny too," Mom adds. "As a respectable young man should be. He's been nothing but kind to me. I don't think you two will have a problem getting along."

"You won't have any issues on my part," I promise her.

"Thank you." Tears fill her eyes as she takes my hand, giving it a squeeze. "Mark means so much to me. I love him, Sadie. I never thought I'd find love again. And he will never be able to replace your father, but he makes me feel a lot of the same things your dad did."

"I'm happy for you, Mom." I give her a genuine smile. "I really am. I'm glad you were lucky enough to find two loves of your life."

We head to the front door and knock, waiting for someone to answer. "Soooo, you don't just like walk in?" I ask her.

She laughs. "No. This isn't my house."

"But you walk into Carol's house."

"Because Carol and I have been best friends for almost forty years." She gives me an amused look.

"Point taken." I nod.

The door opens and my mom's face lights up like she was given the moon. "Hello, my love," a deep voice greets her.

I let them have their moment as I take Mark in. He's tall, dark, and handsome that's for sure. *Way to go, mom!*

"Mark, this is my daughter, Sadie."

"Hello." I give him a small smile, and he gives me an even brighter one in return.

"It's very nice to meet you, Sadie. I've heard a lot of wonderful things. Come on in. You can meet, Sonny."

I follow them inside and my attention immediately goes to looking around the place. Not bad, everything is very modern and new.

I'm looking at the paintings on the wall facing away from the direction my mom and Mark are when I hear him say. "Ah, there he is. Grayson, son, come and meet Erin's daughter, Sadie."

Grayson? Surely it can't be the same... I turn around and there, standing at the top of the stairs, is the man who had me speaking in tongues last night while he did unforgettable things with his.

"Son?" I squeak out, eyes going wide as I gape at Grayson.

Why doesn't he look surprised to see me? Why isn't his father dating my mom coming as a shock to him? He almost looks... guilty? But why?

Grayson descends the rest of the stairs, stopping next to his dad. "Sadie, wonderful to see you again."

"Again?" my mom asks. "You two know each other?" She looks between me and Grayson.

"Ah... yeah," my response is slow, my mind still trying to process everything that is happening right now. "We go to school together. I've known Grayson for years."

"Really?" Mom looks at me like she's wondering if that's a good thing or bad.

"Not really friends or anything, but he's always been nice enough." No way I'm going to tell my mom that I've been crushing on her boyfriend's son and that he just fucked me into the next dimension last night.

"We'll let you two catch up, then. Grayson, do you mind showing Sadie around?"

"No problem, Dad." He gives his dad a smile.

Mom kisses me on the side of the head and says goodbye to Grayson as the two of them leave for another room.

As soon as they're out of sight, it's like everything snaps into place.

I whip around to Grayson, my eyes filled with rage.

"Sadie," he says with caution. "I can explain."

I grab him by the tie and yank him down so his face is level with mine. "Start talking, Sonny Boy," I snarl.

He nods, and I let go of his tie. I have no idea what any of these rooms are, but I walk into what looks like a study, with Grayson following behind me.

As soon as he shuts the door, I shove him up against it. "You knew!" I shout, the hurt I'm feeling seeping into my words. "You knew my mom was dating your dad, and you said nothing. Why? How long have you known?"

"Sadie, please don't hate me," he pleads.

"The jury is still out on that one." I shove him again, his back hitting the door, making it rattle. "How long?"

His throat bobs as he swallows hard. "From the start."

A sense of betrayal hits me. "They've been dating for almost a year now. You knew this when I made the deal with you guys. Yet, you still agreed. You still... touched me... last night." My stomach rolls. How could something so amazing feel so tainted now. "Why?" I hate the vulnerability in my voice right now.

"Please, believe me when I say I didn't do it to hurt you. Yes. I knew when you made the deal with us, and yes, I still agreed to it. I did it because I knew that if you were aware of our parents' relationship, you would have rescinded the deal. And I couldn't let that happen. Not until I've had you. Sadie, fuck... you have no idea how long I've wanted you, craved you."

He steps toward me, eyes wild. I step back, heart pounding as so many conflicting feelings hit me all at once.

"You lied to me." Tears fill my eyes. "We're going to be step siblings for fuck's sake, Grayson!" I grab a handful of my

hair. “And we fucked last night.” I whisper the last part harshly.

“And it was the best fucking night of my life, Pretty Girl.”

“This is so fucked up.” I shake my head and drop into the chair behind me.

Grayson gets to his knees and places his hands on mine. “I’m so fucking sorry. I know I should have told you. I shouldn’t have blindsided you like this.”

“Then why did you!” I shout.

“Because I’m a fucking selfish asshole, Sadie. My life is so damn complicated. And so are my feelings for you. I’ve wanted you to be mine for years, Sadie, *years*. Watching you live your life, knowing I couldn’t be in it, was fucking torture. Seeing you with Raymond made my gut turn. But I didn’t do anything because I knew what my fate was. I couldn’t have you. You came to us with this deal, and I saw it as my only chance to be with you. It was wrong to lie, but I don’t regret it. I don’t regret last night or anything we’ve done.”

He’s breathing heavily, his eyes boring into mine.

I don’t know what to think. I feel hurt, betrayed a little bit too. “I hate being lied to,” I tell him. “I’ve wasted too much time on someone who didn’t appreciate me. He lied, cheated, and used me.” The tears in my eyes spill over, rolling down my cheeks softly. “This isn’t much different from that.”

His eyes widen. “Sadie, no.” He shakes his head. “I am nothing like that asshole.”

“I don’t know what to believe anymore.” My voice breaks, I break, I’m just... fuck, how did everything go from being so amazing to this disaster? “I need time to process this.” I rub my temples, closing my eyes as the tears continue to fall. I sniff and take a deep breath before opening my eyes. “But this is what I can tell you right now, what I do believe and what will happen. Your dad makes my mom happy. And the only thing that can ruin that is us not getting along. So, we’re going to put smiles on our faces and pretend for the rest of tonight that none of this happened. That we never slept together,

nothing. Our parents will get married, and we will become family. So me and you, it can't happen again."

Grayson's face hardens as he stands to his feet. "Sadie."

"Don't." I stand, holding my hand up. "Just don't." I shake my head and leave the room.

Grayson knew, he didn't tell me, and still slept with me knowing that we were going to become something more soon. And not in the way I wish.

It's wrong, right? We can't be together anymore.

Fucked up part is, if he just was honest with me, I would have looked past the step-sibling part. Because the bottom line is, we won't be anything more than fuck buddies. We could have done our thing behind closed doors until it was over and then moved on. We're adults; we didn't grow up together so it wouldn't be as odd as if we had.

I don't like secrets. I don't like lies. And I sure as hell don't like being used and made a fool.

And that's exactly what I feel like right now.

Chapter 28

Grayson

She hardly looked at me the rest of the night. After she blew up at me and walked out of the study, she found her mom and helped set the table.

My eyes have been on her the whole night, even if she doesn't know it.

I fucked up, I know it. While I hate that she's mad at me and I lost trust with her, I don't regret what I did. I know I should, but I'm selfish when it comes to her.

I'd never deliberately hurt her, and I'll do my damndest not to. But this whole situation is fucked up.

Yes, I knew about her mom dating my dad. At first, my fucked up mind was excited about it because even though I'd never be with Sadie like I wanted to, I'd still get to have her in my life in some way. I'd get to see her at family events, even if it would hurt to see her with a husband and kids.

Only, that didn't go exactly how I thought it would. My obsession with Sadie started to grow more when I wasn't able to see her every day after we switched buildings and she stayed behind in the High School.

So, the only way I could think of was to set up cameras, to give me the chance to just see her face and settle the craving within.

One day when I checked the cameras, I found her laying on her bed, sprawled out screaming out in pleasure with a fucking dildo in her pussy screaming *my* name.

From that point on, it became a daily thing. I'd check the cameras for a live show, if there wasn't any, I'd re-watch old footage.

Then she came to the Host Club with her deal, and I saw the chance to be with her in the ways I've only ever conjured up in my mind. This was an opportunity I was never going to get again, and I needed to take it.

I'm fucked up, I know it. And while I should be apologetic for it, *I'm not*.

When we first made the deal, I didn't care much about how Sadie would react because I knew my fate.

But then, the more time I spent with her, the more my obsession turned to love. I'm so fucking in love with Sadie Evans, it's not healthy.

I just don't shove it in her face like Collin. *He's a fucking prick sometimes*.

While she might think it's a big deal we're going to be step-siblings, to me, it's not. We're not related, we didn't grow up together. Our parents just fell in love. It shouldn't have anything to do with us.

She's mad at me, and I understand that. She has a right to be. But like I said, I don't regret it. If she knew about our parents beforehand, last night wouldn't have happened and that would have been a downright tragedy within itself because last night was the *best* night of my life. Being inside her—holy fucking hell, there's nothing better. I would kill to re-live the night all over again, end lives and spill blood just to have her scream my name the way she did, to have her shattering by my hands, my mouth, my cock.

My pretty girl was so much better than anything my sick, twisted mind could come up with. I'm addicted, and I'm not letting her go.

So I'm going to win her over, show her she can't be mad at me for too long. I'll show her that just because our parents are together doesn't mean we can't be something more.

I want to tell her how I feel. Let her know I want her to be my girl. But I can't, not yet.

If I can't find the stuff I need to use against my grandfather, then telling her how I feel would be for nothing. While Sadie will always be my obsession, I'm okay with keeping in the shadows if it means not breaking her heart.

During supper, Sadie was all smiles and laughs as she talked to her mom and my dad. I could tell how much my dad

liked her already. I could see the love he had for Erin in his eyes when he looked at Sadie too.

Sadie is right, we can't be the reason they don't end up together.

After supper, Sadie got a car home while Erin stayed behind with my father for the night.

Of course, I followed her home. I waited and watched the camera feed from my phone, and when I was sure she was asleep, I let myself in with the key I had made up. I took it off Erin months ago while she was over and made myself a copy.

This isn't the only time I've let myself into her house. And this isn't the only time I've sat in her room, watching her sleep.

Last time was when Declan brought her home after the party. I needed to make sure she was okay, that she didn't choke on her own vomit if she got sick in the middle of the night.

I shouldn't be here, I know that. It's wrong, but I don't care. I never do.

"You can't stay mad at me forever, Pretty Girl," I murmur, my hand reaching out to touch her, to brush the blonde strands of hair that are laying against her cheek. "I'm going to do whatever I can to make you mine. I'm not sure how, but I'll find a way."

I lean over and kiss her forehead, thanking the gods she's a heavy sleeper. I sit there and watch her for a little while longer, captivated by her angelic looks. Her hair is fanned out on the pillow like a halo, the moonlight casting some light on her sleeping face. Her long lashes against her pale cheeks, her pink perfect lips parted as she breathes softly. She's perfect. My pretty girl. My everything.

A sick part of me wants to pull the blanket off, slide between her legs, and mark her as mine while she sleeps. *God, I really am fucking twisted.*

When I feel my own eyes start to droop, I know it's time to leave. I can't risk falling asleep here.

“This isn’t over, Sadie. You will be mine,” I whisper before kissing her again and getting up.

Just as I’m about to leave, something catches my attention. A slow smile spreads across my lips. The necklace she wore on our date is hung up on this little hook on a rotating jewelry display.

Hooking my finger under it, I pull it off and slip it into my pocket, then I grab the scrunchie she wore today before slipping out into the darkness of the house. I get back into my car and head home to watch the footage of our night together with my hand wrapped around my cock, wishing it was her tight, wet cunt.

I wonder if Sadie will want me when she finds out just how messed up I really am.

Chapter 29

Sadie

I still don't think I've fully processed what happened last night.

Grayson is going to be my step-brother. I fucked my soon-to-be step-brother.

And I want to keep doing it.

God, I'm so fucked up. But I'm also mad at him. I heard what he said, about why he did what he did, but he lied to me.

As much as it kills me to say this, Grayson and I can't be together anymore. It's wrong. It complicates things.

Try telling that to my new hussy of a pussy. I can't get our night together out of my mind.

Grayson texted me this morning, calling me his pretty girl and telling me to have a good day. I texted him back, telling him I wasn't going to the Host Club room, and I'll be back to my duties tomorrow.

I didn't expect him to agree, but he told me he understood and that he would see me tomorrow.

Maybe he is sorry? His confession of why he kept the truth from me was shocking. *He wanted me that badly? All these years?* I'm having a hard time believing that. But maybe that's my own insecurities talking.

It's lunch and my girls have been demanding me to spill the tea. If I don't fill them in now, they're going to take matters into their own hands.

Instead of eating in the café, we meet outside in the courtyard and sit at a picnic table under the big oak tree.

"Out with it. Don't leave a single thing unsaid," Emma demands as she sits down.

"You've been tight-lipped. That just won't do." Mia sighs taking a seat next to Emma while Alice takes Mia's other side.

"Yeah, we need all the dick details." Alice grins.

“Ugh, okay, where to start?” I sigh, scrubbing my face with my hands. “You know Preston’s brother, right?”

“Collin Jones? The hot TA, guidance counselor, and the heir to Kingston Academy? Yes, what about him?” Alice asks.

“Well, our moms are close friends. And, well... remember the guy I was best friends with before we became friends? Well, that was... is Collin.”

“You used to be besties with Mr. Hottie? Damn. And the way he’s been with you, coming to your defense. It makes sense.” Emma nods.

“Well, it gets more interesting. He’s... obsessed with me? He wants me. He’s made it known more than once.”

“Hold up! He’s like flat out told you he wants to be your guy?” Mia asks.

“Yup.” I nod. “He’s convinced we’re going to get married and have a million babies.”

“Holy shit,” Emma breathes out, eyes wide. “I was not expecting that.”

“And neither was I. It’s all really confusing.” I groan, placing my head on the table.

“Do you like him?” Alice questions.

“Yes,” I mumble. “He’s fucking crazy, but he’s also sweet, and we’ve hung out. I like being with him. It’s like old times, but so damn different. I’m attracted to him, and I kind of like the crazy caveman thing.” I look up at them with a pathetic expression. “I’m fucked up.”

Emma snorts. “Oh, babe, we know the good girl thing is just a front. There’s a freaky little thing underneath, you just gotta let that freak flag fly.”

I glare at her, and she grins wider.

“What does that mean for you and the guys? Is your arrangement with them done?”

“No.” I sit up straighter. “Well, with Grayson, yes. But I still have my time with Declan and Preston. I told Collin I’m

following through with it. It's what I want, and he can't just swoop into my life, demanding all these things from me. He needs to show me, prove himself to me. And I also need time to get to know him. I just got out of a three-year relationship with an asshole who didn't appreciate me at all. I'm not going to jump into another relationship the first chance I get. I'm not giving up things I want, like, or enjoy for another person. Not yet."

"That's my girl." Emma grins. "Why settle for one cock when you can have four?"

"Three," I correct. "Grayson and I are done."

"Just because you had your night already doesn't mean things need to end. Keep having fun with him while your agreement is going. He's hot as hell, and I wouldn't know because you haven't said shit! But I bet he's a beast in the sack."

"Well, about that. Yes, my time with Grayson was amazing, fucking mind blowing. So much so that I might be turning into a nymphomaniac."

"Damn girl. Come on, details!" Alice urges.

"I can't!" I groan. "I want to tell you, but it's too weird. I can't even think about it without getting weirded out."

"Was he into some kinky shit? Don't ick on someone's yum, Sadie," Mia scolds me.

"It's not that." I sigh.

"Then what?" Emma whines.

"I found out, last night at the supper with my mom and her boyfriend, that his son is Grayson."

All three of their eyes go wide, lips parting as they gape at me in shock.

"No." Emma starts.

"Fucking." Alice continues.

"Way." Mia finishes.

“How the hell did we not find out that Mark was Mark Taylor!” Emma shouts. “Oh my god, you fucked your step-brother!”

“Emma!” I hiss, looking around in panic.

“Okay, not going to lie, that’s kind of hot.” Alice giggles.

“Why is that stopping you?” Mia asks. “You’re both adults. It’s not like you grew up together, and it’s just a little bit of fun. Plus, he’s going to move out soon and marry some woman.”

“Thanks for the reminder, M,” I deadpan, like that doesn’t add a stink to my crush. “Doesn’t matter. Because he knew this whole time my mom was his dad’s girlfriend. He knew and never told me. He fucked me, knowing what we would become to each other.”

“What the fuck?” Emma sounds angry now. “What a fucking dick.”

“Did he tell you why?” Alice asks.

I nod. “He said he wanted me for so long, so badly that he didn’t want anything getting in his way of having me.”

“Oh.” Emma’s eyes widen. “Well, that’s kind of... sweet?”

“What!” I gasp. “No!”

“For the assholes in our world, it is. Grayson is known to be a player; he never has feelings for anyone he’s with. For him to admit that to you, that’s big on his end.”

“But he lied! He’s going to be my step-brother.”

“So?” Emma snorts. “Mia is engaged to be with a man. She’s gay. Alice hates the man she’s supposed to be with. Preston is set to be with the biggest witch to ever walk the face of the planet, and Grayson’s soon to be wife doesn’t even live on the same side of the world as he does. We all live fucked up lives in one way or another. We’re used to it. You’re lucky you don’t have to go through any of this, but you gotta remember the people who you grew up with, who you go to school with. This is a part of our lives. It’s not out of the norm for us.”

Fuck. She has a point. *At least, I think she does.*

“It’s all so complicated,” I whine, putting my head down again.

“Just make him work for your forgiveness and when he earns it, ride him like a pony off into the sunset,” Emma teases. “I’ve seen the way that man looks at you. I’m not surprised by his confession. I told you, all these boys want you. Declan is already madly in love with you.”

“He is not,” I scoff.

“Oh, he is,” Mia says, but looks away quickly without saying another word. She knows something.

“You and they went into this knowing you can’t be anything more. And feelings suck, it’s going to make things hurt more when you have to end things. But do you want to live your life with what ifs? Why do you think a lot of us fuck around before we’re tied down. Hell, a lot of us do so even after? Life is too short to live with regrets. It’s the biggest reason you went to the Host Club, to help you explore your wants and needs, isn’t it?” I nod. “Well, I say have your fun, sow your wild oats and know when you look back on your life, you did the best you could to have the things you wanted. Something is better than nothing.”

I see her point, I do. But another thing she’s right about is... I’m not from their world. I didn’t grow up with the expectation not to have love or be loved, to know that I’m going to be with someone I may never like. It’s not as easy for me as she’s saying.

Another part of me does agree. Life is short. Take what I can get. Live with as little regrets as possible.

But is it going to be worth it in the end if my heart is shattered? I’ll have Collin, but will he be enough when parts of my heart lie with others? How would that be fair to him?

With each passing day, my life gets more and more complicated. Fucking hell.



THE REST OF THE WEEK goes by slowly. Nothing exciting happens. Thankfully, I had no run-ins with Raymond or Tina.

Grayson has gone back to his flirty self, as if nothing happened. As if we didn't just find out we're going to be family. It's like he doesn't care—like it's not a big deal to him.

I'm trying to be mad at him, but he's making it really hard. The sexual tension has me on edge and the same with my pussy.

Things between Declan and me have been going good. Anytime we don't have a class at the same time, we hang out. Mostly it's just talking while sitting around the campus, enjoying the beauty of the fall colors on the trees. I feel at ease with him. He's easy to talk to, makes me smile, and allows me to just forget about the world for a little bit.

I've found myself going to the chapel every day now after school. I go right from my last class, grab something to eat on my way out, and spend hours there. I'll do my schoolwork or just sit there in silence.

And every day, Preston has shown up. Sometimes it's only for an hour, others he's there the whole time with me.

We don't speak. We *never* speak. Collin has been lurking in the shadows. Everywhere I turn at school, I'm finding him there; talking on the phone, talking to a teacher, or with his back turned to me. He never makes eye contact, but he's always... just there.

I feel his eyes watching me the whole time during class. He's becoming a distraction, and I'm going to need to have a talk with him because I'm not going to let his issues affect my grades.

It's not his fault I like him, that I'm drawn to him. That he's just so damn attractive that I can't help myself.

Sure, he's a little crazy, but he's crazy about me and that's not something I'm used to. It may be fucked up, but the longer

he looks, the more my belly heats and my heart flutters.

The bell chimes, and I'm up out of my seat, heading toward the exit as everyone starts to pack up their things.

I need air, I need to get away from his powerful presence.

I'm halfway down the hall, heading toward the exit, when I feel him behind me. A second later, I'm being grabbed by the arm and pulled into a room.

"What the hell!" I shout, but his hand comes up and covers my mouth.

"Shhh. Lollipop. We don't want anyone to hear us, now do we?"

It's pitch dark in here, wherever he is. "What are you doing?"

"I need to feel you," he murmurs low. I stumble back as he steps forward, pushing me against the wall. "I've been going out of my damn mind only being able to look but not touch. I've been trying to be on my best behavior, to not overwhelm you and scare you away. But I'm only human." I shiver as he cups my face, brushing his thumb against my cheek. "I need you, Lollipop. I've been going fucking mad without you."

My heart thunders in my chest as I feel his breath against my lips. "Collin." I try to say it as a warning, but it comes out like a plea. He groans, his arm coming around my waist. He presses me to his body, and I suck in a breath at the feeling of his hard cock against my lower belly.

"Fuck, baby girl, my name on your lips sounds so fucking good. I wanna hear you scream it while I'm buried deep inside you." His voice is husky, thick with need. I'm so turned on right now, I'm not thinking straight because I want that. I want to feel him inside me. Fuck. *What has gotten into me?* "Let's get one thing straight, Lollipop. You're mine. My girl, my fucking world. I've been a good boy while you fulfill your arrangement with the guys. Even though it fucking kills me knowing they get to feel you wrapped around them, to have your sweet release on their tongues, to see you shatter for

them. I want that. I need that, Sadie. I'll keep being good, I'll let you do your thing, but fuck Sadie. I need you."

I can hear the sheer desperation for me in his voice, and it makes me fucking putty at his feet. I don't get time to think as I feel his lips crash against mine.

I let out a shocked gasp that turns into a moan as he slides his tongue in and over mine. My eyes fall shut as I get lost in the kiss. Grabbing fistfuls of his shirt, I hold myself to him as his greedy lips devour mine.

He growls, grabbing handfuls of my ass and squeezing. I whimper as he starts to grind his cock against me, my pussy aching with the need for him to fill me.

Collin's kisses are all consuming; tongues clash, teeth knock together. It's messy and dirty and so fucking hot.

"Fucking hell, Sadie," he groans, breaking the kiss with heavy pants. I'm a dripping, needy mess. I can't think straight, the only thing on my mind is the need for him. So, I do something stupid, something I never thought I'd do. But hey, that seems to be my new thing now.

"Fuck me," I beg him.

"Don't tease me, Sadie," he growls in a low warning tone. "Because if I get my hands on you, how I really fucking want to, I will not, can not, hold back. You have an out, Sadie. Find the door handle and leave."

But of course I don't, instead I say again, this time in a lusty way. "Fuck me, Daddy."

The light flicks on, the chain to the light swinging, and I jump back in surprise as the low, dim light casts over Collin's face. My heart races at the sight of him. He's feral right now, pure hunger in his eyes.

We stand there, both breathing heavily. And it's like something snaps inside him, and the man I've seen up to this point has nothing on this one. He shows me crazy in a whole new way.

Collin grabs me, spinning me around and shoves me up against the wall. “My naughty girl,” he rumbles into my ear, his hot breath making me whimper as he grinds his erection against my ass while sliding his hands up my thighs. “Taunting Daddy. Bad girls need to be punished, Lollipop.”

Holy fucking shit. What did I get myself into? Whatever it is, I want to find out, really fucking bad.

Collin shoves my skirt up roughly with his hand and grabs each of my arms, placing them above my head. “Be a good fucking girl and do as I tell you. Keep your hands over your head, body against the wall. The only thing that’s going to be holding you up is me as I fuck you into this wall.”

I whimper, my pussy a fucking river for this man.

I do as I’m told, holding my hands above my head even when he lets go. His body moves away from mine as he gets to his knees. He shifts my legs apart before he grabs my ass. “I can’t wait to watch my cock sink between these perfect thick cheeks,” he groans, giving them a hard squeeze. I moan, the bite of pain going right to my clit. He chuckles but it turns into a groan as I feel something run along the fabric covering my pussy. He inhales deeply, letting out this deep, guttural growl. “Mine.” He rips my panties down and off my legs before burying his face into my pussy.

I almost buckle in on myself as he growls and grunts against my dripping core. I bite the inside of my cheek to hold back the screams of pleasure threatening to rip from my chest as he fucks my pussy with his tongue. He licks and sucks, and holy hell, I’m seeing stars within seconds.

An orgasm hits me out of nowhere, crashing into me in waves. My fingers claw at the wall as I scream into the crook of my arm.

“Good girl,” Collin praises as he gets to his feet. I’m a shaking mess and staying standing is becoming very difficult. “Now, shut the fuck up and take my fucking cock like the good girl you are.”

He shoves something into my mouth. I don't get a chance to think about what it is as he grabs my hips, yanks my ass closer to him, and a second later, his cock is at my entrance and he's slamming into me.

I scream into the fabric as Collin starts to fuck me like an animal. The noises leaving him are wild, savage, and so fucking hot.

He's big, his cock stretching me so good as I gush around him with every thrust. I'm unable to think, only feel as he sets my body on fire. "Take it," he snarls. "Fucking hell, Sadie, take my cock. That's it, baby, so fucking good. So tight and wet. This is my cunt, my fucking perfect pussy. Do you understand me? All fucking mine. They should be thankful I'm willing to share what's mine."

My head is spinning as I feel so many things at once.

When he slips his hands between my legs and starts playing with my swollen, needy clit, I lose it. I start to sob as a euphoric feeling takes over, unlike anything I've ever felt before.

"That's it, baby. Cum for Daddy, shatter in my fucking arms."

And I do. I'm crying now, sobbing as I cum so hard my vision blacks out. My arms start to slip, but Collin pins them back in place as he pounds into me. With every drag of his cock, in and out of my drenched pussy, I whimper at the overstimulation.

"So perfect, Daddy's perfect girl. Fuck, yes, Sadie!" he roars, not seeming to care about being quiet as he fucks into me one more time before crushing me against the wall. His cock pulses inside me, filling me with hot ropes of his cum.

We didn't use a condom; he's bare inside me. His cum is filling me. And while I'm going to freak out about this later, right now, the idea of me dripping with his release once he pulls out has me cumming again.

"That's it, baby," Collin murmurs in my ear, breathing heavy. He kisses my neck before biting down. "Take my cum."

It's all yours. Every last drop."

We stand there, locked together, our heavy panting filling the small, dark space. *Am I dreaming?* I must be. Because there's no way that Collin Jones just fucked my brains out and made me black out.

There's a knock at the door, jolting me back to reality. My eyes widen. Fuck. Someone caught us. God, this is bad. So bad. How do I explain this to my mother when she finds out? And Carol!

"Hate to break this fuck fest up..." I feel some sort of relief when I hear Emma's voice. "But if you two don't come out now, you're going to get caught. Break is over in less than a minute."

"Fuck," Collin groans, pulling out of me. I feel his cum spilling out of me and onto the floor. "The sight of my cum dripping from your pink, swollen pussy is enough to make me lose it again," Collin growls and pulls whatever he used as a gag out of my mouth. "I'm keeping these."

I look over to see my panties in his hand. *He fucking gagged me with my own underwear!*

"But..." I move away from the wall, my legs feeling like a newborn fawn. I look down at the cum on the floor and bite my lip, more of it is already running down my leg.

Collin tucks his cock away, doing his pants up and pocketing my panties before bending over to gather his dripping release from my inner thigh with his fingers and bringing them to my mouth. "Open," he demands, and I do as I'm told. He groans as I suck his cum off his fingers. "This is the only way you can clean up."

This might be the sex haze talking, but I think I have fallen in love with this man? I have no idea what's going to happen after my arrangement with the guys is done, but I'm starting to think maybe Collin's over the top possessiveness isn't such a bad thing. Maybe I'll let him keep me for himself.

The look he's giving me has me wanting to get down on my knees and do anything he asks.

But there's another knock, reminding me of who's outside the door.

“Go,” he says, his voice gravelly. “But remember to be Daddy's good little girl.”

I blink at him, not sure what to say or what to do, and open the door.

I'm still trying to process what just happened.

I stumble out of the closet, almost crashing into my best friend. “Girl, we gotta go. But I expect every last fucking detail later,” Emma teases, grabbing me by the hand and pulling me down the hall.

We're halfway down when the bell chimes again, the halls filling with people. I look back and see Collin standing there by the door, his hands in his pockets with a dark grin on his face that promises that this isn't the last I've seen of him—it's only the beginning.

I can't even be mad about what just happened, it was life altering.

I smile back, my heart fluttering as my belly does back flips.

Shit, everything just got so much more complicated because I just fell so damn hard for Collin. Now what do I do?

Chapter 30

Sadie

“Are you okay?” I ask Declan. We’re parked outside the club, sitting in the back of the town car. We got here a minute ago, but he’s made no move to get out of the car.

“Me?” he asks, eyes a little wide. “I’m fine. Why?”

A hint of a smile finds my lips. He’s nervous. *Oh, sweet boy.*

When you look at Declan, sweet and sensitive isn’t something you’d first guess, even with his glasses. But that boy is nothing but. His leg bounces as he looks out the window, then down to his hands and back to me.

I grab his hands and lace my fingers through his. “Breathe, Dec. It’s going to be okay.”

He shakes his head. “Maybe this is a bad idea.”

My face falls. “You don’t wanna to do this with me?” I go to move my hands from his, but he grips them tighter.

“I do!” he says urgently. “I really, really do. But...” He bites his lower lip like he’s ashamed to say the next part of his sentence.

“Is this about you liking your partners to be in control?”

He looks up at me and nods. “There’s something I haven’t told you.” He swallows thickly before continuing. “I-I don’t just own part of this club. I am, or should I say was, a member.”

I tilt my head to the side. “Like you came here to have sex?”

He nods again. “With a mistress.” I can’t see his face all that well with it being dark, but I can assume he has an adorable blush on his handsome face. “I’ve been thinking about taking the BDSM lifestyle more seriously and have tried out a few of the mistresses that work here. I, ah... I ended up really liking it and...” He pauses, letting out a sigh. “Before

you made the deal, I was going to start looking for a permanent mistress, an exclusive one.”

“And I’m getting in the way of that?” I try to keep the disappointment out of my voice.

“What? No, no, ugh. I’m doing this all wrong,” he says, sounding defeated.

“I’m sorry, I keep speaking before you can. I’ll stop.” My cheeks heat with embarrassment. I don’t mean to be like this, but I’ve been looking forward to this night with Declan for a while now. Our times together so far have been amazing and being with him has brought out a new side of me I didn’t know I liked.

He licks his lips before trying again. “I’m a sub. I’m sorry, but I don’t have a dominant bone in my body. I can’t give you what Grayson, Collin, or even Preston can give you. If we go in there tonight, you’re going to have to be the one who takes control, who runs the show, and I don’t know if that’s something you’d be into. I’m alright with not finding a mistress, and I’m not asking you to be that for me if it’s not something you want. I’m putting you on the spot, and I really should have told you this before tonight so that you at least had a heads up with what you were getting yourself into.”

“Wow, Dec, slow down.” I squeeze his hand. “I’m not getting into anything. Don’t make it sound like it’s a job to be here with you. I want this, I want to spend this night with *you*. When you told me before how you liked it when your partners took charge in the bedroom, I kind of... well, I kind of did a little bit of research.”

“You did?” His voice fills with wonder. “Really?”

“Well, yeah. I mean, I wanted to make sure that our time together was as good for you as it is for me. I did say when we made this arrangement that I wanted to learn how to please my partner too, and that’s what I’m going to do tonight. So, I won’t ask you what you need or what you want, I’ll do my best to read your emotions and body language. We can use the traffic light system, and if it’s something you don’t like, then just say red, and I’ll stop. But if there is something you want

me to do, at any point in time, all you have to do is ask, and I'll be more than happy to do my best.”

“Wow,” he breathes out, emotion caught in his voice that makes my heart skip a few beats faster. “You’re willing to do all this for me?”

“Of course.” I smile.

“But why?”

“Because you deserve to be comfortable too. I don’t want you to do things that you don’t enjoy or change who you are just to please me.”

“You’re amazing, Sweetheart, you know that?”

“Thank you,” I whisper.

“Excuse me, sir,” the driver says, rolling down the privacy window. “Are you staying or leaving?”

“Shit, sorry,” Declan mutters, then looks at me.

“We’re leaving,” I answer, my eyes still on Declan’s. He grins widely and slips on his black mask as I slip on my red and gold one.

Hand in hand, we walk around the warehouse to the entrance. “Before we go in there,” I start. “I should let you know, I’m nowhere near as knowledgeable about the proper BDSM practices. I just don’t want to upset you or anything if I do this wrong.”

“It’s alright.” He smiles softly. “We can take things slow. You don’t have to do anything crazy, just... take the lead?”

“I can do that.” I bite my lower lip. “But how about a few drinks and maybe some dancing to get rid of these nerves we both clearly have.”

“Yeah, I like that idea.” He chuckles.

Declan knocks and gives his password. As we walk toward the elevator, I’m filled with giddy excitement. The first two times I’ve come here, I didn’t really get to see the club. We were here for business, and they had no desire to stop and socialize with me. While I’m more than okay with that,

because I've left here satisfied with our unique deal both times, I do want to see the rest of the club. I want to see what these guys have created.

Plus, I like just being with Declan, hanging out with him. Out of all the guys, he's the most comfortable to be around. I enjoy his soft side, his sweet smiles, and kind words. He makes my stomach flutter, and it's like I'm a lovestruck teenager.

I know I'm treading in dangerous waters with these guys, but every passing day I seem to care less and less about the fact that I can't have them past this deal, unless I'm willing to be something to pass the time until they're obligated to be with their betrothed.

And by that time, I'd be so far gone with my feelings for them, I'd be setting myself up for major heartache.

After this is done, I should just take Collin up on his offer and be his girl. But the thing is, I don't just have feelings for him. *Would that be fair?* I'm thinking way too far ahead.

My mind needs to be here, in this moment, with this sweet man who I'm very dedicated to giving a good night. While I'm not the most experienced with sex, the experiences I have had with these guys have given me a little bit more confidence.

I'm going to try not to overthink things and go with the moment.

As we ride down, my heart is beating so fast I feel a little dizzy. I look up at the same time Declan looks down. We smile, and a little laugh slips free from the both of us.

As soon as the doors open again, music fills the silent space.

One thing I noticed about Declan, while he's not a very take charge kind of guy, his shy sub ways are more reserved for the bedroom.

While his hand is still in mine, he leads me to the bar and orders us a drink. I take a moment to look around.

Heat floods my body as I'm reminded that this isn't a regular club where people come to drink and dance.

Men and women are in various stages of nakedness. I try not to stare as a woman, who is only in a g-string and nipple tassels, walks past me. She looks up and winks at me. I blush and look away.

Declan chuckles. "Do I have to be worried about a pretty lady taking you away from me tonight?" he asks me, his voice raised to be heard over the music as he hands me my drink.

"No." I grin up at him. "My eyes are all for you tonight. I'm not into women anyway, even though there are some insanely hot ones here tonight."

"Really?" He takes a sip of his drink, eyes locked on mine. "I didn't notice."

Oh, he's good. Fuck me.

I grin, biting my lip before taking a drink of my own. We stand there until we're done before we put our glasses on the bar top. Declan takes my hand and leads me out to the dance floor.

While I'm not the best dancer, I can do a few moves to not embarrass myself.

He spins me around so that my back presses against his front. He wraps his arm around my waist, the other lands on my hip as we start to move to the sensual beat of the music.

My arms wrap around his neck, and his face presses into the crook of my neck. My belly starts to warm as I feel his length harden against my ass.

My eyes flutter closed as I enjoy the feeling of this moment. Declan kisses my neck, sucking and nipping until I'm a needy mess for him.

I get the feeling someone is watching me, and I open my eyes. I'm both shocked and not at all surprised to see not only one, but three sets of familiar eyes.

Collin and Grayson are sitting on stools at the bar that we just left, both watching. While Grayson looks like he wishes it

was him I was dancing with, Collin looks like he's three seconds away from ripping Declan off of me and tossing me over his shoulder in his signature caveman move. *Why is he even here if me being with the guys bugs him so much?*

His eyes meet mine and the way they change from anger to hunger so fast gives me whiplash. And maybe some wetness in my panties, too. That fucking man. He might be crazy, but he knows how to play my body like it was meant for him.

He's sexy, intense, and I can't get that memory of us in the closet out of my head. I still can't believe we slept together.

No, we fucked. What we did was dirty, sexy, and downright sinful. And I find myself wanting to do it again and again. So much for me telling him to keep things professional at school. We need to be careful because getting caught isn't something that can happen. I don't like drama or scandals, and if we got caught, that would be a big deal.

My eyes flick over to the third set of eyes. Preston sits at a table off to the side. He's alone, watching me with a fierce gaze.

A very sexy woman walks up to him, but he never takes his eyes off me as he talks to her. A moment later, I'm surprised to see her walk away.

She was clearly into him. *Why didn't he take her into one of the rooms? Invite her for a drink?*

My mind floats to the video I found on his computer. The one that's sitting in my inbox, still untouched.

Fire fills my core, and I feel a little bit of shame. That shouldn't turn me on, but for some reason, it does.

"Sadie," Declan hums against my neck, rocking his hard cock into me. "I need you."

"Let's go," I tell him, prying my eyes away from Preston's.

Declan takes my hand, and I lead him down to the room that we've been using. It's away from everyone else, and while they're all soundproof rooms, I like the idea of being secluded.

The door closes behind us, leaving Declan and I alone. We lock eyes, heat burning in both of our gazes.

I've fucked Grayson and Collin, now I'm about to fuck Declan.

In the back of my mind, a memory sparks. *Whore. Slut.* Those are the words he called me. He's wrong. I won't let him take this from me too.

I break the silence, giving Declan a soft smile. "Ready?"

Chapter 31

Declan

I've had sex before. A lot. Hell, I've been with more intimidating looking women than Sadie. Yet here I wait, standing in the middle of the room we've been using when we have our time with Sadie, as nervous as someone who's about to lose their virginity.

My heart is racing fast in anticipation; palms sweaty, stomach in knots, and my cock so fucking hard from when she was grinding her perfect ass against it.

I know the guys were watching, and I got a thrill at the different forms of jealousy in their eyes, knowing I get to be with Sadie tonight.

Her mouth has been heaven when she's taken me deep inside it, and watching her come apart by my hands and mouth has been amazing. But this, being inside her, connecting with her in a way I've wanted to for so long, I know it's going to be life changing.

We've been spending more time together, and each time my crush on her grows. Yet, I still don't think it's the time to mention anything more than what we've already discussed. At least not until she's had her time with Preston, then I'll ask her out on an official date.

Sadie looks amazing, fucking stunning in her black dress and gold and red mask.

I swallow thickly as I watch with rapt attention as she slowly starts to strip. My lips part, my breathing picking up as my cock strains painfully against my dress pants.

My hand twitches to touch myself, to relieve some of the pressure, but I don't. I don't do anything, not until she tells me to.

"Declan." She cocks her head to the side. "What color?"

I blink, my mind taking a moment to understand what she means. I give her a nervous smile. "Green."

“Good boy,” she purrs and fuck me. I lick my lips as she lets the dress drop to the floor, leaving her in only a black lace bra and panties. “Like what you see?”

“Yes.” I nod, swallowing again. “Very much.”

She walks over to me, her confidence growing by the second, and it’s such a turn on. She’s trying for *me*. She learned to do things to help me get the most enjoyment out of this. I don’t deserve her.

“Be a good boy and help me out of this, will you?” she asks, turning around so that I can undo the clasp of her bra.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I murmur, letting the name slip.

With trembling hands, I reach for her. But I don’t go for the clasp right away. I let my fingertips brush over the tops of her shoulders as I gather her hair away from her back, sweeping it around to the front.

She shivers, her skin breaking out in goosebumps. I smile and lean forward, brushing a kiss against her back. She lets out a low moan, and my cock twitches.

“Declan,” she breathes, her need for me noticeable by the way she said my name.

I make work of her clasp, letting it pop free before sliding the bra off her arms and down to the floor.

She turns around and looks up at me. “Such a precious boy, aren’t you?” she asks me, a soft smile on her face as she reaches up to cup my cheek. “Before we do this, do you want things sweet and slow, or do you like it more aggressive?”

My cheeks heat, and I’m thankful she asked. “I’m somewhere in the middle. I don’t mind things getting a little rough, depending on the mood.” Or who I’m with because if she was Preston, there’s no way things would be slow and sweet. It’s not in his DNA to be soft and tender with a lover. Everything about him is wild and intense. It’s part of the reason I’m so attracted to him, but it’s also part of the reason why I’ve never pursued anything with him. *Okay, that’s a lie.* It’s mostly because Preston is straight, and I have no chance in hell.

“We go with the moment? Do what feels right?”

I nod. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

“Good.” She smiles. “Now strip for me, Declan. I wanna see your sexy body.”

A thrill shoots through me, and I rush to do as I’m told. She giggles as I stumble over myself to get rid of my clothes.

“Good boy,” she whispers, her eyes slowly taking me in once I’m standing there, cock fully at attention and pointing right at her. “Get on the bed and lie on your back.”

I do as I’m told and climb on the bed. I lie down and watch her as she walks over to the table. She pulls out a bottle of lube and a condom before coming back over to me.

Her eyes land on the pre-cum forming a pool under the tip of my cock. “I’d like a taste,” she tells me. My cock jerks, and more pre-cum leaks out.

“O-okay,” I tell her. She can have anything she wants.

“Feed it to me.”

My eyes widen, and I look down at my cock. Holy shit. Using two fingers, I gather as much up as I can and hold it out to her. God, my heart is pounding so fast; I’m so turned on. I’m going to pass out before I’m even inside her.

She leans forward and takes my fingers into her mouth. Her eyes flutter closed, her tongue lapping them clean.

I’m too turned on and the moment she moans, I cum, without even anyone touching me. I whimper as my balls tighten and my cock starts to spasm, sending thick long spurts of cum, covering my belly.

Sadie opens her eyes, and they widen as she releases my fingers from her mouth. My cheeks flame as pure embarrassment and shame fills me.

“I’m sorry.” *I’m such a fucking pussy. Why am I about to cry?*

Because I fucking ruined everything. How is she not laughing at me right now? I couldn’t even last a minute.

“Hey,” she says in a soothing voice. “You have nothing to be sorry about.”

“I ruined everything.” I move to cover my face, but she grabs my hands.

“You ruined nothing,” she promises. “Do you know how fucking hot that was? That you were so turned on by me sucking your fingers that you came. Just for me.”

Is she for real? She grabs my hand and guides it so that I’m cupping her. “Feel how wet I am for you, Declan? This is all for you.”

My softening cock perks up again. Guess it’s a good thing my refractory period is very, very short. She pulls her panties to the side and pushes my fingers into her pussy. She moans, rocking against my hand before pulling them free. “Tell me how I taste,” she orders, guiding them to my mouth.

I take them greedily, sucking her juices off and moaning like a desperate man.

Sadie removes her panties and climbs on the bed, straddling my thighs. “Let’s clean you up a bit.”

I watch in awe as she leans over me and starts to lick up my release off my abs.

“Sadie,” I whimper. This woman is perfect. I have to be dreaming.

Once she’s gotten most of my cum cleaned up, she licks her lips and smiles. “It’s not that bad,” she tells me.

I blush hard, knowing she’s right. I’ve tasted myself out of curiosity a few times after pleasuring myself, wishing it was Preston’s cum I was tasting.

She looks at my cock, and I groan internally. I’m not hard enough for sex.

But the amazing person she is, she doesn’t point it out. She gives me a sexy grin. “You know, I’ve always wanted to try something. Want to be my first?”

“Yes,” I say quickly, not even caring what it is. She could ask me to fuck her in the ass with a banana and I’d agree.

She moves up my body, and I lie still, waiting.

Once her dripping pussy is hovering over my face, my cock is no longer an issue. I’m hard again, painfully so, but I say nothing because this goddess of a woman is about to ride my face.

I wait, but she does nothing. Looking up, I see a nervous look on her face. “You know what, this was stupid.” She shifts away, but I grab onto her thighs before she can move.

“Stay,” I whimper. “Sit. Smother me with this sweet pussy, Sadie, fucking drown me in your juices.”

She sucks in a breath, and before she can have the chance to second guess herself again, I pull her down.

The moment her pussy touches my tongue, I let go. “Oh, fuck!” she screams as I start to devour her. I might be meek and a nervous wreck around her, but the moment I’m near her addicting scent, it’s like I turn into someone different.

She starts to rock her hips, grinding against my face as I lick and suck. My hands dig into her thighs as I growl against her pussy. She tastes so fucking good, so sweet, and I can’t get enough. I want more, need more.

“Declan. Fuck, yes, just like that. Use your tongue, precious boy, fuck me with it.”

I do, I thrust it in and out of her, making her lose her mind before switching to her clit.

“I’m gonna cum, Declan,” she moans. “Oh, oh yes.” Her hips rock frantically, and I eat her, determined for her to cum. “Yes, yes, oh fuck yes!” she screams and her thighs lock around my head.

She thrusts against my mouth as she shatters above me, filling my mouth with her release.

“Wow,” she breathes as she finally releases me from her death grip.

I try not to make it obvious as I suck in a breath. But really, the thought of me passing out by her smothering me with her pussy just makes me harder.

“That was amazing,” I tell her as she climbs down my body.

“Really? It wasn’t too much?” It’s her turn to blush. She’s so fucking adorable.

“Never. And I’d say we’re good to go.” I chuckle, looking down at my cock.

She looks and licks her lips. “I think I want to ride you again. But this time, I want you inside me. What do you say?”

“Yes, please,” I groan.

This time, she straddles my hips and leans forward. “You’re being such a good boy,” she praises before kissing me. I moan, parting my lips and letting her deepen the kiss. My fingers tangle in her hair, holding her to me. I can’t get enough of her.

When she breaks the kiss, we’re both panting, and I look up at this amazing woman in awe.

How did I get so lucky? Sure, I’ve had plenty of women I’ve subbed for. But none of them ever made me feel the way she does; free, happy, wanted, and so much more. I’d be a fool if I didn’t try to fight for her to be mine.

She grabs the condom from behind us. I bite my lower lip, groaning as she rolls it over my thick cock. Then she grabs the lube and squirts some on the tip, letting it run down my length before using her hand to coat the whole thing.

“Want to be my first for something else?” she asks, her cheeks darkening. “And if it’s a no, please let me down easily, because this took a lot of courage to ask.”

“I’d never say no or do anything to make you feel bad,” I tell her, leaning up on my arms.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she mutters to herself before taking a deep breath. She grabs my hand and brings it under her. Only she doesn’t bring my fingers to her pussy, but

further back. They brush against something hard and my eyes go wide.

“Is that... are you wearing a plug?” I whisper. *Holy fucking shit.*

She nods. “I know, it’s stupid.”

“Hey.” I shake my head. “No, not stupid. Hot, so fucking hot.”

“Really?” she asks, blinking at me in surprise.

“Really, really. Please, if you’re asking me to take your perfect ass, please let me be the first. God.” I’m gonna blow my fucking load again. God, this woman is nothing like what I expected as she keeps surprising me. She’s more. So much more and I love it.

“I was thinking, maybe you can use a toy on me at the same time?” Her face blooms with a light shade of pink.

She’s doing so well with everything, voicing her needs and wants while still thinking of mine.

“Are you asking me, or telling me?”

Her eyes turn darker, full of need. “Telling you.” She rolls off me and goes over to the closet. A moment later, she comes back with a vibrator that has a clit stimulator attachment on it.

The wait is killing me as she gets back on the bed and straddles me again. She gets the lube again and coats the toy and hands it to me.

I take it and wait, watching her in fascination as she straightens up on her knees and reaches down.

She bites her lower lip, eyes locked with mine as she slowly pulls out her plug. She lets out a little whimper and tosses it onto the bed.

“Ready?” she asks, but it sounds like the question was for her.

“Whenever you are.” I smile sweetly.

She grabs my cock and places it at her back entrance. Her eyes flutter closed, and she takes a deep breath as she starts to lower herself down.

She hisses, her eyes squeezing shut. “Breathe,” I try to soothe her. She feels so tight, and she’s just got the tip in. God, I can’t believe this is happening. “That’s it, Sadie. Fuck, you look so sexy taking my cock. Your ass is so hot, so tight,” I moan.

Her breaths are coming in quick. Fuck, maybe I wasn’t the best person to be her first time with anal. Grayson would have been better for this.

Needing her to relax before she hurts herself, I bring my thighs up so that they rest behind her and turn the toy on. I bring the tip of it to her clit and watch as her whole body goes lax.

“Yes,” she breathes. “Good boy, knowing what to do. So smart,” she coos as she takes another inch of me.

I’m trying not to cum. Her tight ass is strangling my cock. But I hold off with a death grip on the sheets with my free hand.

Her teeth are clamped around her lower lip in a punishing bite as she bottoms out.

“How are you doing?” I ask, my own breathing picking up rapidly.

“Good.” She opens her eyes. I do nothing, letting her adjust to my size. “Toy. I need to move.”

Thank fuck. I take the tip and slowly slide it inside her. She leans back against my legs, her head tossed back in pure bliss. “Oh god,” she moans loudly.

She slowly starts to move, taking both the toy and my cock. My eyes are glued to where she’s locked to me, watching as her tight holes take both. Did I mention this woman is fucking amazing?

For someone who had the worst sex life, I can tell she’s been hiding so much of her desires inside. I’m glad she came

to us and that we can give her what she needs, what she craves.

She starts to bounce, and each time she takes my cock, I bite the inside of my cheek so I don't cum yet. It feels amazing.

Sadie plays with her breasts, plucking and pulling at her nipples. They're so sensitive, and I love how response she is.

"Fuck, Declan. My sweet, precious boy, this feels so good. You make me feel so fucking good. Your cock, god, your cock is perfect."

"You are," I pant out. "You're perfect. My perfect mistress," I say through gritted teeth.

Her eyes light up at the name that slipped free. She moves faster, her lips parting, pupils blown. I adjust the toy so it's covering her swollen clit and move my hand in rhythm with her movements.

"Yes! Fuck, yes, Declan."

"Fuck me, Mistress, take your pleasure, use me for it," I whimper, the need to cum overpowering me.

"I'm gonna cum. Fuck, I'm gonna—" She crumples in on herself as she cums, sobbing out her release. I run my hand up and down her back as she shakes on top of me. Her ass is gripping me so tightly. I'm not going to last.

I'm about to cum, to empty myself into her ass when she sits up and pulls the toy out of herself and tosses it to the side, still buzzing.

She slowly rises off my cock and flops on to the bed next to me. I'm in shock, wondering if this is it? Do I not get to cum? Fuck.

Then, surprising me yet again, she tells me, "Fuck me, Declan." I sit up and look down at her. She pulls the condom off and tosses it to the floor too. "I'm clean. And on birth control."

My eyes widen. "You mean..."

She bites her lip. “Color?” She’s asking me if I’m okay going inside her bare.

“Green. Bright green.” I breathe out. “I’m clean too.”

“I know.” She smiles. “Now cum, precious boy, you earned it.”

I’m between her legs, cock at her entrance in seconds. I don’t miss a beat as I slide inside her. “Fucking hell,” I moan. I’ve never had sex without a condom, so she’s getting one of my firsts too.

Our lips crash together in a frantic kiss as I pound into her. I swallow her whimpers, the need to fill her with my cum is the only thing on my mind.

It doesn’t take long before my body tenses up and my orgasm crashes into me. I groan against her lips as my cock jerks inside her, coating her insides with my cum.

“Such a good boy,” she murmurs sleepily, pecking my lips.

Panting, I roll off and lie down next to her. We stay like that for a little bit, just enjoying the high of our orgasms.

“Thank you,” she sighs after a few minutes. “Thank you for trusting me to be what you need. And thank you for talking me through things.”

I roll onto my side and lean up on my elbow. “No, Sadie, thank you. For trusting me to be the one to take some of your firsts. This was a big deal for you. I’m so proud of you for taking what you want and not being ashamed of it.”

Tears fill her eyes, but she smiles. She lets out a laugh as she wipes them. “Ugh, this is stupid.”

“No, it’s not.” I kiss her forehead. “I love that you’re not holding back. You’re taking what you need. You matter, Sadie; your feelings, your desires... they matter.”

She closes her eyes as more tears fall. My heart breaks for her. I hate that she was with someone who only took from this sweet, amazing woman and never gave back.

“Where are you going?” I ask as she rolls out of bed.

“After care, precious.” She smirks with a wink. I watch as she walks into the bathroom and groan as I see my cum sliding down her leg.

Flopping back onto the bed, my heart swells as I grin up at the ceiling like a fool.

She’s gone for about a minute, probably cleaning herself up, before coming back with a wet washcloth.

Sadie silently cleans me up. She’s so sweet and attentive. When she’s done, she tosses the cloth to the floor and crawls into bed.

“I don’t want to have spent this amazing night together and just leave. Are you okay if we sleep here tonight?” she asks, cuddling into me.

I wrap her up in my arms, my heart so fucking full it could burst. “There’s nowhere else I’d rather be.”

I can feel her smile against my chest, and I kiss the top of her head.

We’re almost asleep when light filters in through the door. We look over to see fucking Collin standing in the doorway. *What the hell?*

“No,” Sadie states firmly.

“But—”

“No. You are not taking me away right now, and no, you can’t sleep in here.”

“But—” he starts again.

“Collin Jones,” Sadie growls, and it’s ridiculously sexy.

Collin looks at me, casting me a murderous glare as his nostrils flare and his jaw ticks.

I shouldn’t, and I know it’s going to get me in trouble later, but I smirk. Because I feel like a man who just won the damn lottery.

“Fine,” he sneers. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

He shoots another death glare at me before closing the door.

“Sorry about him,” she mumbles, snuggling back into me. “He’s a damn caveman.”

I know in this moment, there’s no doubt in my mind that I’m in love with Sadie. Utterly and hopelessly in love with this girl. Only thing is, how do I show her I’m the best person for her?

Chapter 32

Sadie

“Have you forgiven him yet?” Emma asks from her spot on my bed.

“Kinda.” I look over at her as I slip an earring in.

It’s the weekend of homecoming and tonight is the dance. We, of course, skipped it because the after party is more our vibe. Plus, I know Raymond and his buddies would be there, and I also didn’t have a date.

I shouldn’t have felt bummed that none of the guys asked me, but I was. Still am. Doesn’t matter though because I have my best friends with me.

We’ve been hanging out at my house, getting ready for the party. Which we will be leaving for in a half hour.

“What do you mean, kinda?” Alice questions. “Give the man a break. It’s not something you casually tell someone. ‘Hey, sexy lady whom I’m desperate to stick my dick in, sorry, but I’m going to have to turn down your once in a lifetime deal because, hey, guess what, we’re going to be step siblings. One big happy family. So no pickle in your donut hole for you.’”

I can’t help it, I burst out laughing. “You are too much. God.” I shake my head. “Really?”

She just grins and shrugs. “Look, I know it hurt that he kept it from you, but is he really that bad of a guy that you need to keep punishing him?”

Grayson has not let me being upset with him stop him from being himself. He still flirts, makes me blush, and loves to whisper dirty things into my ear any chance he gets.

“Fine. Fine. We’re going to be at his place anyway, so if I happen to see him, maybe I’ll give him a break,” I sigh, putting my other earring in.

“And maybe a blow job.” Mia wiggles her brows. Her hair is now bright blue. It looks good on her. She has it up in space buns and is totally adorable.

“So, not to bring the mood down, but did you hear about Lionel?” Alice asks, and my heart stops in my chest.

“What about him?” Emma asks.

“His parents got him out on probation. Money can be nice, but damn, it really can be evil also. He’s not allowed back here. He’s going to Roxbury Academy For Boys now.”

“What!” Emma shrieks and grabs her phone. “I need to tell Brent.” She walks out of the room.

The idea that someone who is so vile is running around a free man makes my stomach sour.

“Hey, Sadie, you okay?” Alice asks when I’ve gone silent.

“I’m fine.” I give her my best fake smile. “Just don’t like the idea that he’s out there. There’s no way he’s not going to hurt another girl again.”

“I know.” Alice’s face falls. “At least he’s nowhere near us.”

“Just filled Brent in.” Emma steps back into the room. “He’s going to get some of his buddies to keep an eye on Lionel. One toe out of line, and he’s gonna get his ass handed to him.”

“Yessss!” Mia cheers, giving Emma a high five.

I give one too, playing along when really inside, I feel sick. Tonight, I don’t think I’m going to drink.



OF COURSE, THE PARTY has to be at Grayson’s house, of all places. We show up late, not wanting to be the first people there because that would be weird.

Everyone is drinking, having a good time, and the place is already on its way to being trashed. I get it doesn’t matter when you have money to clean up after yourself like nothing happened, but damn, teenagers are messy as fuck.

Mom and Mark left for a weekend getaway together to celebrate Mom officially saying yes to his proposal. I'm happy for her. Now that she's been open with me, I truly see how much she loves Mark.

"This place is nice," Emma says. "You sure you don't wanna move in here?" I still can't believe I have a room here.

"I like the cottage."

"It's cute and all, but girl, there's a pool here, a rec room, *and* a hot tub!"

"Everything your house has," I remind her, and look at the other two. "And both yours too."

"Yes, but our houses are far away," she pouts.

"It's a twenty minute drive," I deadpan.

"Come on, show us your room! We can crash there if we get too drunk," Mia suggests, changing the subject.

"I'm not drinking tonight," I tell Emma. She gives me a look of understanding and nods.

"Okay. Well, when we get drunk." Emma laughs, pointing to her, Alice, and Mia.

"Fine." I roll my eyes and head toward the stairs. We only just got here, so I haven't had the chance to see the guys, but I know they're around here somewhere.

We step around people on our way up, only to find more in the hallway. People come in and out of rooms and my nose scrunches.

"I swear to god..." I start as I reach the door of the room meant for me here and throw it open. "Oh, come on!" I shout as I look at a pasty ass pounding into some chick. Thankfully, it's not Raymond this time, but it is Tina and some random dude.

"Close the door!" the guy shouts.

"What's going on here?" Grayson's voice sounds from behind me. I look over to see him and Preston in the hall.

My face is pure fury. “People are fucking in my bed.” My eyes flick to Preston. “Put a fucking leash on your fiancé.”

He scowls and looks over my shoulder. “For fuck’s sake.” He steps past me and into the room, Grayson following.

“Alright, buddy. Time to go.” Grayson grabs the guy by the shoulders and shoves him off the bed. “Put your dick away.” Grayson kicks the clothes on the floor at the guy. The guy quickly gets dressed and books it out of the room.

“Get the fuck up,” Preston growls at Tina.

“It’s not what it looks like.” She has the balls to screech, sitting there with the blanket around her chest like she’s not naked under there.

“I want those burned,” I tell Grayson.

Tina shoots me a scathing look. “Just because you’re a prude, doesn’t mean you can judge me for what I do.”

“It has nothing to do with you sleeping with people, Tina. It’s the fact that your nasty-ass is naked in my bed,” I snap. Finding out about Lionel has me on edge, and my mood is really shitty right now. Also, it’s shark week, and I can turn into a real bitch. I can’t help it.

“Your bed?” Her brows furrow. “What the hell does that mean?”

“My mom lives here, and I have a room.” Mom moved in the other day, leaving me the cottage all to myself. I’m going to miss her, but I know I’ll still see her a lot. She’s already made me promise to Sunday suppers and has plans to check in on me everyday she’s not working.

She looks over at Grayson. “Nice for your dad to let the help and her kid live here. But that’s a little much, don’t you think?”

“Fuck you,” Grayson spits. “No one’s the fucking help. Sadie’s mom is engaged to my dad. So get the fuck out of this bed and please, for the love of god, don’t get naked in any more of my rooms. Better yet, just leave.”

She looks at Preston. “Are you going to let him talk to me like that?”

Preston looks bored, his arms crossed. “Yes.”

“I’m your fiancé!” she shouts.

“And you just fucked some other guy. Does it look like I care? Just go. You’re giving me a headache.”

She huffs and gets out of the bed. I look away because I’ve already seen more of her than I need to. Once she has her dress back on, she’s heading toward the door. “Bitch,” she mutters under her breath as she passes me, then lets out a scream before there’s a thud. I turn around, eyes wide... and snort out a laugh, finding her face planted on the ground.

“Oops, sorry. My bad,” Emma says innocently. “My foot has this thing where it randomly likes to trip really shitty people.”

Tina wants to say something, to get in her face with all the mean words she can think of, but she doesn’t, knowing Emma could bury her with one phone call.

She gets to her feet, shooting us all a snarl, and takes off down the hall.

“Why do you sleep with her?” I look back to see Grayson shudder.

“I don’t,” Preston grunts. “I’d never put my dick anywhere near her.”

“You let her suck you off,” Grayson points out.

“Yeah, that’s about all she’s good for. She’s convenient and willing. Sometimes, I don’t feel like working to get my dick wet.”

“Well, aren’t you Prince Charming,” Emma snarks. “But Sadie is right. Put a leash on that thing. She’s starting to piss me off.”

Emma and my friends don’t know about my past with Tina. Tina made sure to only spit her poisonous words when I was alone.

I know if they knew, they would have dealt with Tina for me. But at the time, I didn't want to feel like being a burden, to have someone fight my battles for me or cause issues. I didn't want them to think I was using them or was more trouble than I was worth.

Now I know how wrong I was and wish I said something sooner. Because now that I'm back in the guys' lives, it seems like she's starting back up again.

"Whatever. I shouldn't have even come here," I say, turning to leave.

"Sadie, wait." Grayson stops me. "Can we talk?"

I look at my friends, and they give me the eyes, the *go talk to the sexy, hot soon to be step-brother* eyes.

Okay, maybe not that, but close to it.

"Fine, but not in here. It stinks." I wrinkle my nose.

He nods and takes my hand, leading me down the hall. "This is my room." He has a key card lock on his door. *That's different. And not at all suspicious. He really doesn't want anyone in here, does he?*

"Alright, talk," I tell him as I look around his room.

"You have to stop avoiding me." His voice is right behind me, and I jump, spinning around to come face to face with him.

"I'm not avoiding you," I lie, because I have been, even if he's still found ways to be around me.

"I can't get you out of my head, Sadie. You can't give me a taste of heaven and just take it away." His voice is low and husky, and my traitorous pussy reacts to it. He plays with a piece of my hair, like he always does, and gives me one of his sinful smiles. "I miss you, Pretty Girl. Please forgive me. You can't be mad at me forever."

"I can." I mumble, my heart racing in my chest as my eyes fall to his lips. I lick mine, and he groans.

“Forgive me.” He brings his thumb up and brushes it against my lower lip.

“You’re my step-brother,” I remind him in a weak protest.

“Not yet. Our parents aren’t married.”

“Still,” I whisper as he steps closer, but I don’t move away.

“I won’t tell them if you don’t.” He lowers his face, his lips just a breath away from mine.

He’s about to kiss me, and I’m going to let him. I forgive him. As messed up as this situation is, I understand why he didn’t tell me. I’m not mad about it anymore. Honestly, I loved making him work for my attention. It felt nice.

“I know you’re in there, Grayson!” Collin’s voice booms from the other side of the door.

“Fucking hell,” Grayson mutters, stepping away from me. I take the time to suck in a breath at the space he gives me as he whips the door open. “You really fucking suck. Why do you have to be such a cock blocker?”

Collin grins. “Because your cock wants to be inside my girl. Not happening. Give her back to me now.”

“Really? I’m standing right here. No one is holding me hostage.” I sigh. *Men*. These men. *Ugh*.

Collin’s eyes find mine, and they fill with heat. “Lollipop.” His voice a deep rumble that does things to my pussy. She really needs to relax around these guys, but damn, they’ve awakened a vixen I didn’t know I had hidden within.

“Have you forgotten you’re a teacher at a party full of students? And what are you doing here anyway?” Grayson asks.

“I knew my girl was going to be here, so I came.”

“No one invited you,” Grayson deadpans.

“I invited myself,” Collin growls. “Watch yourself. I let you fuck my girl. Have more respect.”

“Really?” I glare at him. “You two need to grow up.” I shove past them.

“Sadie!” Collin follows after me and I spin around.

“Not here,” I warn him, because Grayson is right, he is a teacher and we can’t get caught. Sure, people could find out we’re friends, but nothing more. I don’t want people talking more than they’ve already been.

“Fine,” he says through gritted teeth. “But I’ll be watching.”

“Of course you will.” I give him a grin. “When are you not?”

“Never.” He smirks. This man. He might be crazy, but god he’s sexy. And sweet and, fuck...

I head downstairs with my friends and do my best to ignore what I saw upstairs. I’m not kidding, I want the blankets burned, the bed replaced, and the room deep cleaned if I’m ever going to sleep in there. Not that I plan on doing that anytime soon.

“Come on, girl!” Alice drags me by the hand into the sea of people. “Let’s dance!”

For the next two hours, I forget about everything and just enjoy the moment with my friends. We laugh so hard our cheeks hurt, sing from the top of our lungs until our throats are sore, and dance until our legs become like jelly.

“I need to pee,” I yell at Emma over the music.

“Okay! We’ll meet you out back.” I’m kind of surprised we’ve been inside as long as we have. Normally, at parties our friend group is always out back, relaxing by a fire or the pool side while drinking. But tonight has been nice.

I nod and head off into the direction of a bathroom. There are too many people downstairs, so I head back to the top floor in hopes that it’s less crowded.

I roam around the halls for a few minutes before I just start opening doors in search of the bathroom so I don’t piss my pants. I really should have paid more attention to the brief

house tour Grayson ended up giving me after supper. Although it's kind of hard to focus when you find out the man you just had mind blowing sex with is your step brother. Something I'm still having trouble believing is my reality.

A cry of relief sounds under my breath when I find the right room. I waste no time locking the door and doing my business. When I'm done, I wash up, fix my hair, and leave.

"How did you do it?" Tina's voice makes a cold shiver run down my spine.

"What do you want?" I ask as she blocks my path to head back downstairs.

"I asked you a question. How did you get the most popular, richest guys in the school to be friends with you?"

I sigh and indulge in her petty interrogation. "I don't know. Maybe I'm just a good person, and they would rather be around someone who's real than someone who's fake and only cares about money."

She sneers. "Bullshit. There's nothing good about you, Sadie. You have nothing to offer them in return, other than your body. Is that it? Are you whoring yourself out for money?"

"No, I'm not, not that it's any of your business." I move to step around her but she steps with me.

"Yeah, you're right. There's no way they would pay you for sex, you would probably have to pay them." She laughs like she told a funny joke. "But there's no amount of money in the world that would have them lowering themselves for someone like you. Some poor, fat, sad little girl." She gives me a pitying look, and I want to punch her in her stupid fucking face.

I want to scream at her that she's wrong, that I've fucked Grayson and Declan, and next weekend I'll be fucking her fiance like she fucked my boyfriend.

But I don't because I'm better than that. She doesn't need to know anything about me, especially if I can help it. The guys already agreed not to tell anyone about our deal that

doesn't need to know, and my friends would never betray me. If Tina found out that I've ruined years of her trying to get the guys away from me in just a few weeks, she will turn into more of a monster than she already is.

Her words hurt, though. I try to tell myself not to listen to her, that she's wrong and a petty jealous person who's just trying to hurt me to make herself feel better.

But there's a voice in the back of my mind, one I've worked so hard to bury that's whispering to me that she's right. I'm not tall and skinny like her. I have bigger breasts, my ass is rounder than a lot of girls we go to school with, and my thighs have cellulite.

I've never felt bad about my looks, not until she started to point out everything wrong with me, then added on her own nasty things to make her insults pack a real punch.

"Can I just go, please? My friends are waiting for me."

"Friends?" she snorts. "They're only with you because they pity you."

That doesn't hurt. She can get me with the name-calling, tell me the guys would never want me and I'd believe her, as much as I hate to admit it. But when it comes to my friends? No, nothing can make me doubt their love and loyalty to me.

"Yeah, okay. Sure. Bye, Tina."

She hates that I'm brushing her off and proceeds to follow me down the hall. Instead of going down the main set of stairs, I keep going to the end of the hall and take the set there.

I'm jogging down two steps at a time, needing to get away from that horrible bitch. Her words float around in my head, seeping into my mind like a toxic poison.

Don't let her win. You've come so far.

But still my heart is racing. I feel gross and weird and my whole night is ruined. I just want to go home, curl up in a blanket, eat some junk food, and watch TV.

That would only prove her right, though, wouldn't it? Suddenly the idea of chips and candy make my stomach turn.

“Shit, sorry,” I curse when I bump into someone as I step off the bottom step; I was going too fast to notice if anyone was there.

“Sadie?”

Raymond’s voice has my eyes snapping up. Fuck. No. This isn’t what I need right now.

I say nothing, going to move out of the way, but he grabs my arms and pushes me up against the wall.

My eyes widen with panic as my throat clogs up with a scream. He boxes me in, crowding over me.

Fear has me frozen in place, unable to think, to speak, to move. He’s been drinking, I can smell the beer wafting off his breath as he starts to speak. “I’ve missed you, baby,” he whines, running his fingers down the side of my cheek. I cringe, trying not to whimper. His touch makes me uncomfortable. I don’t feel safe. I want to leave. Why can’t I move! “We were so good together. I made a mistake.”

Is he for real right now? Good together? If anything, in the time since our break up, I’ve realized just how wrong we were for one another. It wasn’t love, or even a real relationship. It was just two people who put the wrong label on a friendship at best.

“Made a mistake?” I manage to speak. “You cheated on me.”

He lets out a frustrated groan. “You never put out! You were my girlfriend. You were supposed to have sex with me. That’s what people in a relationship do. I tried to hold off as long as I could, but I’m a guy, Sadie. I need sex. You weren’t giving it to me, so I found someone who would. But it was just sex. Nothing more. You’re the one I loved. Not her.”

I shake my head, not wanting to hear his bullshit. Everything he’s saying is so stupid. It doesn’t matter what he thinks anyway; I don’t want to hear it.

“We’re over, Raymond. We weren’t good together, you have to see that. I’ve moved on.”

“You’re fucking them, aren’t you?” he snarls, and I flinch when he bangs his fist against the wall above my head. “All of them.” He lets out a humorless laugh. “Real fucking nice, Sadie. You wouldn’t fuck me, but you’re opening your legs for them. It’s fucking sad, is what it is. You chose them over me? I could have given you everything. A house, kids, a fucking good life. They’re all fucking engaged! Yet you chose them over me?”

“Let me go, Raymond.” Tears fill my eyes as a sick feeling turns in my belly. I want to leave, I don’t want to be here anymore. I want to go home.

I close my eyes, chanting the same thing over and over in my head. And when he wraps his hand around my throat, I let out a sob of pure terror.

“Not until you give me what I’m owed, Sadie. One last fuck for good—”

He doesn’t get the chance to finish that sentence because he’s being pulled off me.

My mind is fuzzy, fear still having me frozen in place as I look over at Raymond pinned against the wall across from me.

I don’t hear his shouting, I don’t hear the people who rush into the small cramped space at the end of the stairs.

I just watch as Collin pounds his fist into Raymond’s face.

And a sick thrill fills me as he does.

Chapter 33

Collin

I've lost my Lollipop around here somewhere. I turned my back for a minute while she was dancing with her friends to grab a drink and she disappeared.

I asked Emma where she went and she gave me a knowing grin, telling me she went to the bathroom. I have no doubt her friends know exactly what happened in the closet the other day.

I don't care. I have no shame. Being inside her was single-handedly the best moment of my life. And it's also amped up my obsession with her tenfold. I want to be with her all the fucking time and not being able to is driving me fucking mad. Have I snuck into her house and watched her sleep like a fucking creeper? Maybe. Do I care? No.

Have I thought about parting her thick creamy thighs and sliding my cock inside her as she slept? Way too many times; it's unhealthy. I want my cock to live inside her dripping heat.

My mom said I need to watch how I am with her in school and I have. Not that I care about what anyone thinks of me, they can all fuck right off. No, it's because I know that it's important to Sadie. She's at school to get good grades, live new and exciting experiences. I don't want to be the one to get in the way of that.

It drives me mad to see her with the guys, and it takes all of my fucking will power not to rip their damn dicks off for putting them anywhere near my girl.

She's young and exploring her sexuality, and honestly, I thought I'd be a little bit more... I don't know... psychotic about it? But the thought alone turned me on more than I'm ever going to admit.

I don't want to share her when this is all over. I want her to be *mine*. I want to love her, spoil her, fucking worship her.

But I don't miss the way she looks at the guys. She feels something for them, and it pisses me off mostly because I

know they're going to break her heart.

It's one of the main reasons why I'm glad my fate isn't to be with someone I don't love so that my father can have more power and money.

Not that it stops him from trying. I've had to get my number changed numerous times due to the amount of times he's been calling me, texting me, and demanding that I meet with Connie—the girl he picked out for me.

Not fucking happening. Over my cold dead body. I'd never do anything to help that man, or should I say monster.

Preston has been good at hiding his bruises, but I see them. And they're getting more and more frequent. I want nothing more than to rip that fucker to shreds for hurting my brother.

We might not get along, but I love him. He's family. My mom is worried about him too and tried to get me to convince him to move in with us and away from our father. But he can't, it will just make it worse.

The only reason why he hasn't gotten his way when it comes to my life choices is because my mom's family has about twenty times more money than he does. And our connections run deeper.

But his run darker. My father is in bed with a lot of evil people who do fucked up shit. It's why I haven't tried to bring him down. I don't want to risk my mom, my girl, or my brother.

It's also why I've been on board with my brother's plans when it comes to getting out from under our father's thumb. I'm not sure how he plans on doing it, but I'm willing to help in whatever way I can.

I check the bathrooms, and when I don't find Sadie there, I start to panic. Opening one door after the other, I start to get frustrated that she's not in any of them. I don't go down the stairs I came up, but go down the set at the end of the hall.

As I'm about halfway down, I hear voices.

“Let me go, Raymond!” Sadie, my girl screams, her voice filled with fear.

That has me moving faster, but the sob that leaves her breaks my fucking heart, and when I see his fucking hands wrapped around my girl’s throat, it sends me into a murderous rage. All bets are off. I’m going to fucking kill him.

“Not until you give me what I’m owed, Sadie. One last fuck for good—” He doesn’t get to finish his sentence because I grab him by the back of the shirt and yank him off of her, throwing him up against the wall across from her.

“You fucking dare put your hands on what belongs to me!” I roar, spit flying from my lips as my chest heaves. My hands wrap around his throat, eyes wide. He chokes as my grip tightens. “I’m going to kill you. I’m going to rip off your fucking cock and shove it down your throat and make you choke on it. Then I’m going to gut you like a fish and laugh in your fucking face as you scream and cry. No one is going to save you.”

I punch him in the face, reveling in the feeling of his bones crunching under my blows. Over and over I hit him, pain splintering through my fist, but I don’t care. He hurt my girl, and now he must pay.

“Stop!” Two sets of hands pull me off of Raymond. He gasps for air, falling to the floor before breaking into a coughing fit.

“Let me go!” I snarl, thrashing like a wild animal as I try to get free.

“You’re going to kill him if you don’t stop.”

“That’s the fucking point!” I shout.

Declan steps in front of me, his face pinched in worry. “If you kill him, you go to jail. You’d be leaving Sadie behind.”

That has me stopping, my nostrils flaring, chest still heaving. I don’t bother telling him that I could buy my way out of it. It’s not the first time I’ve killed someone and gotten away with it, and I’m sure it won’t be my last. I’d kill every fucking person on this earth for Sadie. *Every. Last. One.*

Sadie, fuck.

Pulling myself free from Preston and Grayson's hold, I spin around to find Sadie staring at me with wide shocked eyes, tears streaming down her cheeks.

For a moment, I fear that I've scared her, that she sees me as a monster now.

But she lets out a sob that shatters my soul before throwing herself into my arms.

I catch her and hold her tight, burying my face into her mess of curls. "Fuck, Lollipop. I'm so fucking sorry he got his hands on you. I should have been here. Fuck!"

She says nothing, just cries as she clings to me.

"Take her home, okay?" Grayson suggests, his brows pinched with worry. I can see on his face how much she means to him. "We'll deal with that fucking waste of space."

I nod, not able to speak right now, and I don't bother looking back because if I see him again, no one will be able to stop me.

I lift her up by her thighs, and she wraps them around my waist. My arm presses against her back, holding her to me as my other hand cups her head. She tucks her face into the crook of my neck and cries.

I hate this, I hate seeing her cry. The sounds will fucking haunt my dreams. If this girl thought I was a pain in her ass before, she hasn't seen anything yet.

I don't care if she has her thing with the guys, she's still mine. I'm not going anywhere. I'll do anything she asks me, as long as I still have her.

We exit out of the side door, and I do my best to avoid people. The whole way to my car, I rub her back while murmuring to her that I have her and that everything is going to be okay. And I promise her no one will ever hurt her again. A promise I will do *everything* in my power to keep.

Sadie's sobs have slowed down to sniffles by the time we reach my car. Opening the passenger door, I try to put her in

but she clings to me for dear life and shakes her head against the crook of my neck.

“Shhh. I got you, Lollipop,” I murmur, peppering kisses to the side of her head. If my baby doesn’t want to let me go, I’m not going to make her.

Grabbing my phone from my pocket, I call my driver and give him the address.

With my arms wrapped around her tightly, we sit on the trunk of my car until our ride arrives.

The whole way home, Sadie sits in my lap, her legs still wrapped around my waist. She’s not crying anymore, but she’s not talking. I want to ask if she’s okay, but I can tell she’s not.

I would ask her if she wants to talk about it, but she’s not in the place for that right now.

So, when we get to my house, I carry her inside. I’m about to head up the stairs when I see my mom step out of the library. Her eyes go wide, and she takes a step forward, her lips part to speak, but I give her a look and shake my head.

I don’t care if that she’s my mom. Right now, I need to take care of Sadie and Mom asking questions will just make things worse.

She gives Sadie a worried look but nods her head.

Sadie is quiet as I bring her to my attached bathroom. She says nothing as I pry her arms off of me to sit her on the counter. She looks numb, dejected as I step away to run her a bath.

Her eyes are bloodshot and puffy from crying, make-up smudged from her tears. While the water runs, I grab a cloth, wetting it and cleaning her face up the best I can.

When I’m done, I toss the cloth to the side and cup her face. “I love you, Lollipop,” my voice is a low rumble. She just blinks at me, and fuck, it kills me to see her like this. What did that fucking asshole say to her before I found them? I saw that cunt of a bitch, Tina, too. Did she say something? Where’s

my sweet, bubbly, sassy Lollipop? How fucking dare someone take that shine from her eyes.

I undress her, and she lets me. I don't admire her body like I normally would, just strip out of my own clothes, too. Scooping her up, I bring her to the bath and slip inside the warm water with her. Turning the tap off, we just lie there, her back to my chest, my arms around her. I kiss her shoulder, running my hand up and down her arm.

We stay like this for a while until she passes out. Carefully, I get her dried and lay her in my bed. Grabbing an old shirt, I do my best to slide it over her head and down her body before putting a pair of my boxers on her. I grab a pair for myself and crawl into bed.

I should go and talk to my mom, let her know what's going on. But I don't want to leave her, not even for a few minutes. So, I pull her into my arms, and I fall asleep next to her.

Tomorrow I'll ask questions; tomorrow I'll get answers. But one thing I know, Raymond just got himself kicked out of Kingston Academy. And if I ever fucking see his face again, it will be as I toss him into a six foot grave before spitting on his cold, dead face.

Chapter 34

Sadie

When I wake up the next morning, my head is killing me. I feel like I have the worst hangover, but I didn't even drink.

I'm sitting up in bed, eyes closed, as a wave of nausea hits me. "Fuck," I groan, putting my head in my hands.

"You okay?" a gruff, sleepy voice sounds from next to me.

I jolt a little in surprise and look down to see Collin peering up at me with concern in his eyes. Right. Last night hits me all at once, and my stomach rolls.

Tears sting my eyes as I look away from Collin. "I'm fine," I answer, my voice small. But I'm not. For the first time in a long time I feel worn down, a dreaded feeling weighing down on me like a heavy blanket.

"Sadie, Lollipop, you're not. And it's okay to not be okay. Last night was traumatic, and you've been through a lot." I look down at him, tears spilling from my eyes, and launch myself into his arms. "Shhh," he murmurs against the top of my head, kissing my hair as I break apart in his arms.

I've been holding so much in for a long time, I knew it was only a matter of time before I broke. Collin holds me, rubbing my back and whispering sweet words in my ear.

He's perfect, and he cares about me. That much he's shown. "I'm sorry," I croak out once my tears have slowed.

"For what? You have nothing to be sorry about."

"You've been so good to me last night and now. I don't deserve your kindness."

"Enough of that," he growls. "You deserve the whole damn world. And I'd give it to you too if I could."

"I'm a mess, Collin. You shouldn't have to deal with that." I shake my head against his chest.

"You're not a mess. You're perfect."

I snort. “No, I’m not. Trust me, I’m not.”

“To me, you are, and there’s no way you can convince me otherwise. Sorry, it’s a waste of breath.”

I smile, shaking my head. “You’re crazy.”

“Only about you,” he chuckles.

I should tell him yes, that I’d be his girlfriend. I like him, a lot. He’s good to me, and even though he’s my TA and guidance counselor, I know there are ways around that if we tried. He would treat me right, give me the world.

But I can’t say yes, I can’t bring myself to tell him how I feel about him. Because I can’t give him what he wants: my heart. Because right now, it’s feeling things for more than one guy.

“Wanna talk about it?” Collin asks, his fingers lazily stroking up and down my arm.

Tears sting my eyes again. “I can’t believe he did that,” I whisper. “Sure, he’s not the best guy, but I never thought he would put his hands on me. He was the one who cheated; he was the one who only cared about himself. Why is he mad at me? Why hurt me?”

“Because he’s a fucking coward. He didn’t like the fact that you moved on and are doing fine without him. It hurt his pride and he lashed out. He’s a stupid boy who will never know how to love anyone but himself because he can’t see past his own ego. You were always too good for him, Sadie. You’re too good for all of us. None of us deserve you. But it’s not going to stop me from showing you every day how fucking blessed I am to even be in your presence.”

I move my head up so that I can look into his eyes. “Thank you,” I whisper. “For everything.” Tears fall again. “For taking care of me last night. You saved me. If you didn’t pull him off me, I don’t know what he would have done to me. And I don’t think I could have survived that again.”

His whole body goes stiff. *Fuck*. I said too much. “Again?” His voice is so low and dangerous, even I feel a little spark of fear, although I know he would never hurt me.

“Leave it,” I plead with him. This isn’t something I can talk about right now... or ever. It’s too much and complicated. Also, if he almost killed Raymond for choking me, he would lose his mind if he finds out about this.

“Did someone hurt you before, Sadie?” He sits up, his eyes scary as fuck.

“Please, leave it,” I beg him.

His jaw is tight, eyes narrowed. “I can’t do that, Lollipop. There was a good chance that Raymond was going to take what he wanted from you. And you said *again*. You need to tell me or I will go out of my fucking mind until you do.”

I’ve never spoken about this, never said the words out loud. Maybe I should. I don’t have to tell him who. I need this, to get this off my chest. For someone other than myself to know because I’ve been holding this in for so long, I feel it eating away at my soul.

With the guys coming into my life, they made it a little bit brighter, smothered some of that darkness lurking within.

But last night, when Raymond put his hands on me, it all came rushing back.

“Two years ago I was at a party,” I start, turning my head, not able to look at him when I speak these words. “I was out of my mind drunk. I don’t remember much of that night, really. It’s why I haven’t told anyone this because it’s so confusing. I think maybe my mind suppressed the memories because of how fucked up they were, or maybe I really was just black out drunk. But I have bits and pieces that flash in my mind, things that haunt my dreams to the point sometimes I wake up screaming because of it. I don’t know for sure who, and I don’t know exactly what happened, but I know *something* did.”

“What do you mean, Sadie? Did someone hurt you? Did someone touch you?”

“Yes,” I sob, hearing myself admit that out loud unleashes everything I’ve been holding back. “I don’t remember it all, but I remember being held down, crying, asking them to stop.

I remember it hurting, and I remember wishing I was dead. That's it. But it was enough to ruin me."

"Who?" Collin growls, I can feel his body vibrating from here.

I shake my head, wiping at my face. "No. It doesn't matter. I don't remember enough for it to make a difference. It's done, in the past. There's nothing I can do to change it." I let out a humorless laugh. "I'm glad I don't remember, because if I did, I don't think I would have survived."

Collin pulls me back into his arms, and I go willingly. "I'm sorry, Lollipop." I can hear the hurt in his voice. "I wish I was there to protect you. It fucking kills me that I wasn't. And last night... fuck, I'm so sorry for not being there sooner. I should have kept a better eye on you."

"Stop." I lace my fingers through his. "You're not my keeper. It's not your job to watch after me. I'm a big girl. You can't be there all the time."

"I can try," he grumbles. I laugh, sinking deeper into his arms. He tucks his face into the crook of my neck and kisses my throat. "I'm not going to press it right now. I can see you're hurting, and I don't want to add to that. But I will find out who, Sadie. And I will make them hurt, make them scream. I will make them fucking bleed. Anyone who dares to hurt what's mine will pay. With their blood."

I shiver at his declaration. I should be running for the hills at his unhinged words, but I find an odd comfort in them. This man has been there for me since the moment I was born. And continues to do so now tenfold. I have no doubt that this man would kill for me and that fills me with a sick thrill I don't have the energy to deal with right now.

Even though my mind, heart and soul are a mess, he helps settle them, even just a little bit.



THE NEXT FEW DAYS ARE awkward. No one really knows how to bring up what happened with Raymond, and honestly, I'm glad because I don't want to talk about it. I know it's not something I can just brush under the rug, and I have a meeting with my therapist for next week. It's brought up a bunch of old memories that I wish I could just shove into the back of my mind where they've lived for the past few years.

I feel myself slipping back into my old skin, the skin I wore since that night that haunts me up until I made the deal with the host club.

I've changed in the past month, and I didn't even realize how much until now. Since I've started working for the host club, I've grown more confident with what I look like and how I dress.

Before I started dating Raymond, I'd wear makeup, dress up all the time, and cared a lot about my appearance overall. I enjoyed makeup and shopping, feeling sexy in how I presented myself.

Then Tina and her toxic words took root, and over time, I started to change. Then, after that horrible night, I stopped putting in the effort.

Maybe it's because I believed what Tina said. That I was undesirable, so why even try? Or maybe because how I looked drew too much attention. Attention from someone I didn't want it from.

Baggy sweaters, leggings, and ponytails became my new thing. Maybe that's why Raymond went to other women, because I didn't look like the girl he fell for anymore. Maybe the reason why I hardly did anything with him sexually was because in the back of my mind, I was too fucked up over what happened to me, and by me feeling used just for sex by him made me not want him to touch me at all.

The biggest difference between my ex and my guys is that they put me first. They give and don't expect anything in return. I don't *feel* used.

They make me feel sexy and powerful, wanted and desired. Arrangement aside, they want me. Maybe not for anything more than sex, but somehow I don't feel used by it. We're all getting something out of it, even if it's just sexual gratification. Plus, they've been upfront about everything... well, mostly.

It's lunch on a Friday and I'm doing my regular Host Club duties. The clients no longer look at me oddly, becoming used to seeing me as a fixture in this place. I'm not too sure how I feel about that.

It's not that I don't enjoy this job, and I'm going to be sad when my part of the deal is settled. It's just something I've gotten used to as a part of my life. I go to school, do my work and at lunch I come here, go back to classes, then hang out with my friends. When I'm not doing that, I'm at the chapel in Preston's presence, hanging out with Declan in his dorm or having Collin following me around like a lost puppy.

After giving some of the clients their tea, I bring the empty tray back over to the cart by Preston's desk.

"Ah, is there anything else you need done?" I ask. Normally, I'd just walk around the room and check in on the clients, but Preston has been glaring at this laptop for a while now. Whatever he's working on seems to be stressing him out.

"A coffee. Two creams and sugar," he mutters, not fully paying attention as he lets out a frustrated sigh before his fingers start to frantically type.

It's the first time this week he hasn't spent the lunch hour watching me as I moved around the room.

Every time I'd caught him looking, he never looked away. He would just stare back at me with this intense look in his eye. I don't know if he was mad at me or wanted to fuck me. Maybe both?

He doesn't just watch me here, but at the chapel too. Normally, he would look out at the forest and get lost in thought or do his school work. But lately it's been spent with his eyes on me, making me become a lot more self-conscious.

Tomorrow is our time. And I know it's not going to be like it was with Grayson or Declan. Hell, not even like Collin.

There's a darkness to him that I have no doubt he carries over into the bedroom. He owns a sex club; does that mean he partakes in the BDSM lifestyle like Declan does?

Is he a dom, or does he just enjoy control on his own terms?

"Sadie." My name has me jolting out of my thoughts, the coffee cup clanking against the saucer it's placed on.

"Sorry," I mumble as I rush over to Preston, careful not to spill any of the hot coffee. He looks up from his laptop when I stand next to him, and I hold out the cup for him to take.

"Thank you," he grunts lowly.

This is the first time he's really thanked me for... well, anything.

"You're welcome," I reply, and when his fingers brush against mine as he takes the cup, I feel this low burning in my belly.

I suck in a breath as his fingers linger, my eyes flicking up to his. He's watching me again with that all consuming stare of his.

My heart start to race as my palms grow sweaty. His blond hair is hanging down on his forehead, and my fingers itch to brush it back. When his tongue flicks out to run along his lower lip, a fire sparks in my core.

"I-I gotta go to the bathroom," I blurt like a damn idiot turning around and speed walking my way out of the room.

When the doors close behind me, I curse at myself. "What the hell is wrong with me?" I groan.

I don't really need the bathroom, I just needed some damn air because he has this way of sucking it right out of my lungs and making me dizzy.

Not wanting to go back into the Host Club room yet, I head toward the stairwell a few doors down.

It's empty and quiet, giving me a chance to get my head on straight. I take a seat on the steps, tucking my skirt under my tights to keep them off the cold stone.

My belly is still tingling with the warm sensation of arousal, and I'm annoyed with myself for being turned on right now. But damn it, Preston just has that effect on me. They all do.

I'm horny, my panties are wet, and I'm uncomfortable. To distract myself, I grab my phone out of my blazer pocket and check my emails.

There's some from a few of my professors about some class assignments, a confirmation email from my therapist for our meeting, but I keep scrolling until I see one that's from me.

Brows furrowed, I click on it, wondering what I would have sent myself. When the email opens, I see that it's a video file, and my eyes widen.

Shit, it's the video I found on Preston's computer.

Biting my lower lip, my thumb hovers over the video. I shouldn't watch it. It's a bad idea.

My thumb taps play, and my heart thunders in my chest, nerves pin prick all over my body.

Moaning fills the air as soon as the screen pops up. I rush to turn the volume down, but I keep watching.

The girl is tied up, moaning and sobbing as Preston fucks into her ruthlessly from behind.

The longer I watch, the more the ache between my legs grows. I'm so turned on it's embarrassing. But there's no way I can go back out there feeling like this. I'll just take care of myself quickly, delete the video, and leave here like nothing happened.

My pulse quickens as my hand inches down my thigh and under my skirt.

This is so wrong, so messed up, but when my fingers brush against my swollen clit, sending a shiver of pleasure down my

spine, I bite back a moan and do it again.

Preston picks up his pace, grabbing a handful of the girl's hair. He slaps her ass, making her cry out in a long, lusty moan. He calls her filthy names, names that I've been called before that made me feel bad. Only as he calls her a slut, a whore, and a dirty girl, my fingers slip under my panties.

I whimper as my fingers slide through my arousal, dipping into my pussy. I pump my fingers a few times before bringing my wet fingers back to my clit. I press down and slowly rub in tight circles, biting my bottom lip so hard that I taste blood as I hold back my sounds of pleasure.

I'm so lost in the moment that I don't hear the door to the stairwell open until it's too late.

My eyes snap up as I suck in a gasp. Grayson stands in front of me, eyes lidded with a sexy smirk on his face.

"Oh, don't stop on my account," he purrs, licking his lips. "Continue."

"It's not what it looks like," I say quickly, clicking the phone screen off and shoving it in my blazer.

"Says the sinfully sexy women with her fingers still in her panties." He lets out a deep, sexy chuckle that has my pussy pulsing. *Damn it!*

"Fuck," I hiss, pulling my hand away from my clit.

I'm so damn embarrassed, my cheeks flaming hot right now. And it's not because I was caught touching myself, I've done that in front of him before.

It's because of what I was watching and the fact I'm in the damn school. Anyone could have found me like this. *God, I'm so stupid.*

He grabs my hand as I go to shove it in my pocket, making me suck in a sharp breath.

With a slow, sexy smirk, he brings them up to his lips, opens his mouth and sucks them in. I whimper as his tongue laps my juices from my fingers.

“Mmmm,” he groans. “I’ve been craving to have the taste of you on my tongue for days now, Pretty Girl.”

“Grayson,” I breathe out, trying to make it sound like a warning.

He steps forward and leans over, placing his hands on both sides of me on the step at my shoulders, forcing me to lean back.

I let out a shuddering breath as he brings his lips to my ear. “You can’t stay mad at me forever, Pretty Girl.” He brushes his lips against the shell of my ear, making me shiver and whimper again.

“We can’t,” I whisper, a very weak protest because I’m way too worked up to be thinking logically.

“Oh, but we can,” he purrs, sucking my earlobe into his mouth as he bites down, making me moan and my eyes roll back. *Fuck, he is not helping.* “While I don’t care at all about you being my little sister...” How does that sound so sexy coming from him? It’s so fucked up and wrong. “But if you don’t want anyone to know, we can keep it just between me and you. But, Pretty Girl, I’ve had a taste of your sweet cunt, I’ve felt the way you squeeze my cock as it’s buried deep inside your dripping pussy, and I’ve seen what you look like as you shatter in my arms; now there’s no way I can stop at just that one time. You have no idea how much I crave you, Pretty Girl. I ache for you.”

His whispers in my ear have my pulse beating so fast I feel dizzy. And when he brings my hand down to the front of his pants, placing it on his hard length and squeezing lightly, the fire in my belly becomes an inferno. He’s saying all the right things in the moment, and I know I’m losing this fight.

“There’s still so much I have left to teach you.” He slowly kisses his way down my throat. I let out a moan, titling my head to the side to give him better access. My body is buzzing, my nerve endings lighting up like a Christmas tree. “Will you let me?”

“Yes,” I find myself saying. “Please.”

He growls before biting down hard on my neck. I cry out, but his hand shoots up to cover my mouth. “Shhh,” he purrs. “We don’t want anyone to hear you, now do we?”

The thought of being caught sends a thrill up my spine. We shouldn’t do this; not here, not now. But fuck, I don’t think I can wait any longer.

“No.”

“Good girl.” He kisses me and everything in my mind goes blank, rebooting so that the only thing I can focus on is his lips on mine and the need for his cock to be inside me.

He pulls back, standing tall above me. I wonder what I look like to him right now; my legs spread, my panties beyond damp, chest heaving, my long curls hanging behind me as I look up at him with wild, lust-filled eyes. I’m worked up beyond belief.

His pupils dilate as his eyes take me in. “You’re such a naughty little thing, aren’t you, Pretty Girl.” He chuckles, his hands reaching for the buttons on his slacks. “Sitting here all alone in the stairwell, watching dirty videos of Preston fucking that girl.”

I bite my lip, embarrassment flooding me again. “Sorry,” I whisper.

“Don’t be.” His grin is wicked. “Never be ashamed of what you like. There are a lot of things I like that people would call me vile for.”

“Really?” My brows furrow. I didn’t have much experience with sex before these guys, but he seemed to be pretty normal in bed from what I’ve read about or seen in movies. Well, I wouldn’t call sex with him normal, that shit was life changing to me, but it wasn’t anything I’d think people would judge him on. “Like what?”

His grin grows wider as he pulls his magnificently pierced cock free, wrapping his hand around it, and giving it a long, firm stroke. His eyes close for a moment as he lets out a groan that has me pushing my thighs together in search of friction.

His eyes open again, this time they're almost black. "I don't think you're ready to know just yet, Pretty Girl."

He looks at the Rolex on his wrist and curses. "Alright, Pretty Girl, we don't have much time. Be a good girl and turn around, knees and hands on the stairs. This is going to be quick and rough. But trust me, we're going to leave here very satisfied."

I shouldn't be doing as he asks, I shouldn't be moving on shaky legs to get in position because he's going to be my fucking step-brother! But I do, because right now, anything logical isn't capable of entering my mind.

All I can think of is how he feels, to have his ribbed cock slide along my inner walls.

The stone is cold against my hands and knees, a welcome feeling against my heated skin.

Grayson groans as he lifts my skirt. "Look at you. So wet. Did you like what Preston was doing to that girl? Do you want to be railed from behind, choked, and have your hair pulled?" He almost sounds like his own question might be his undoing as he pulls my panties down, letting them sit around mid thighs. "Fuck's sake, Pretty Girl. Your pussy is so wet and swollen."

I hear the rustling of a condom. "Don't," I blurt, and he pauses.

"Don't what, Pretty Girl?" he asks with caution.

My cheeks heat, and I'm glad he can't see my face right now. This is so fucked up, but I want to feel him, bare, with nothing between us. It was a heat of the moment thing with Collin, but it ended up feeling amazing. And, well... after the way it made me feel to be dripping with his cum, I did a little bit of research and learned that I may have a cum kink.

It's not the smartest thing to do, and while I wouldn't do this with any one-night stand, these guys have showed me papers that they're good to go. And my time with Declan only confirmed my desires.

“Yes,” he growls. “Are you telling me you want me to fuck this pretty cunt with nothing between us.”

“Yes,” I repeat his answer, sucking in a breath when I feel the tip of his cock rubbing along my folds. I feel him move, kneeling behind me before draping his body over mine, his hands landing next to mine as the tip of his cock presses inside. His voice descends into a low, gravelly whisper. “Be my dirty girl, Sadie, and let your big brother split this pretty pussy in two.”

My eyes widen at his words. But I don’t get any time to think about them before he slams the rest of the way in. My lips part to let out a scream, but his hand smothers my cries of pleasure as he starts to fuck me without mercy.

“That’s it, fuck. Take it, Sadie. You know you love it,” he growls, his cock pounding into me in punishing thrusts.

My eyes roll back as I whimper and moan. It’s like I’ve been electrocuted with pleasure, everything inside me coming alive.

Tears spill down my face, but not because I hate it; no, because I fucking love it. It feels good, too good. I’m already so worked up I know it’s not going to take me long to cum.

Grayson moves his hand. “Be a good girl, and keep quiet, Sadie. Someone could be outside right now, listening to you come apart on my cock.”

His words should worry me, have me pushing him off me and telling him to stop. Only they make my pussy quiver around him, making him chuckle. “You like that, don’t you? Fuck, you really are a dirty little girl. My dirty girl. So fucking hot. You’re so fucking perfect.”

“Grayson,” I whimper when he pulls back all the way before slamming back into me.

“I wish I could hear you scream my name, baby,” he groans before shoving something in my mouth. “Sorry, but I need to fill this perfectly tight cunt with my cum, and there’s no way you’re going to be able to keep quiet.”

He's right, there's no point in me even trying. I'm too lost in the moment to try to remember, anyway.

Adjusting himself into a new position, he grips my hip with one hand before sliding his fingers into my hair and grabbing a handful to yanking my head back.

I shout around the gag as he slaps my ass hard, grunting and cursing as he fucks me roughly, so perfectly that I'm cumming.

"That's it, fuck!" he grunts. "God, Pretty Girl, your pussy is strangling my cock. I'm gonna cum," he pants out. "I'm gonna fill you up until my cum is dripping down your thighs."

It only makes my orgasm hit me harder. I'm sobbing around the gag, my body shaking under him as tears roll down my cheeks.

His grip on my hair and hip are punishing as he thrusts a few more times before stilling and letting out a moan so loud it echoes through the stairwell. I feel his cock twitch inside me, filling me with ropes of his warm, sticky seed.

We're both panting heavily, the sounds of the aftermath filling the space around us.

I whimper as he pulls out of me. "Fuck me," he groans. "Do you know how sexy you look. Your pretty pink, swollen pussy dripping with my cum." I suck in a breath that turns into a moan when he slides his fingers in me, shoving his cum back into my spent pussy. "Don't want to waste any of this now do we." He pumps his fingers a few times, making me squirm from overstimulation. He slides my panties up, and puts them back into place.

"You've been such a good girl for me, Pretty Girl. Such a good little sister," he murmurs tauntingly before placing a kiss on each of my lace covered ass cheeks.

The bell chimes, signaling the end of lunch. That seems to snap me out of whatever fucked up little sex haze I was in.

I scramble to my feet and glare at Grayson as he chuckles. I pull the gag out of my mouth and hold it out to him. He

shoves it in his pocket, but from the lack of a tie around his neck, I'm going to guess that's what he used.

Fuck, why does the idea of that have my already spent pussy clenching? I need to get out of here and away from this man who makes it hard to think. "I can't believe we just did that," I huff, making sure my skirt is in place and trying to ignore the way my panties are soaked with his release.

"Pretty Girl, stop being mad at me. I told you I was sorry for keeping our parents' relationship a secret, but I'm not sorry for wanting you." He shrugs. "Our parents don't need to know what we do. We're adults. As long as they're happy and in love, it shouldn't matter what we do."

"They can't find out." I bite my lip. "And your part of the arrangement is over anyway."

"It doesn't have to be." He steps closer, fixing my hair. "I meant what I said, Sadie, I still have so much I want to do to you—I mean teach you." He grins. "Let me."

I should say no. I got what I wanted. If I keep sleeping with him, it's going to make it harder to get over him when we stop. I need to tell him no.

"Okay."

The smile he gives me makes it all worth it in this moment. Anything else is tomorrow Sadie's problem to deal with.

"Come on, Pretty Girl. Let's go back to the Host Club room and grab your stuff. Then I'll walk you to your next class."

We exit the stairwell just as people enter from above us. I can't believe I just let Grayson fuck me in the school's stairwell. I can't believe he caught me watching Preston's sex tape.

"Ah, are you going to tell him?" I ask Grayson as we head down the hall.

"Tell who what?" he asks, looking down at me with a knowing grin.

"Thanks." I smile softly before looking away.

“Found her!” Grayson calls out with a chuckle as we walk inside the room.

Preston is standing on the other side of it with his arms crossed. He cocks a brow. “That’s one long-ass piss.”

People chuckle around us, and my cheeks flame. I say nothing and rush over to my stuff, which was placed by Preston’s desk.

When I bend over, I hear a low growl from behind me. Grabbing my bag, I straighten up quickly and turn to rush away, not looking at Preston.

As I’m about to pass him, he grabs my arm, holding me still. My heart pounds as he steps up to me, lowering his lips to my ear. “Are you aware you have cum dripping down your thighs?” The question is rhetorical. “Can’t wait to see my cum spilling from your used cunt tomorrow.”

He lets go of me, and I almost trip over my feet as I stumble away. “You okay?” Grayson asks, looking behind me with a stormy gaze before looking back at me.

“I’m fine.” I smile up at him. “Let’s go.”

I have no idea what being with Preston is going to be like tomorrow. The idea both scares and thrills me all at the same time.

Preston is going to ruin me, and I think I might just like it.

Chapter 35

Preston

Pain blooms, radiating through my ribs as my father throws another punch. He's made sure to keep his hands away from my face this time to avoid questions from others and his answering lies.

I'm not sure what he's upset about this time, but of course, like always, it's my fault. I should be on my way to Wonderlust to meet Sadie, and I was on my way out the door when my father came home bitching and complaining about some deal that went south. The moment he saw me, I became his target.

I grunt, biting back the cry of pain that threatens to leave my mouth, not wanting to give him any more satisfaction with causing me pain than he already gets. As he spews hateful words and how much of a waste of space and disappointment I am, I space out, my eyes lock on the knife block sitting on the kitchen counter.

How would it feel to stab him in the throat? To cut him off mid-tirade, listening to him choke and gargle on his own blood as he drops to his knees with fear in his eyes while he bleeds to death on the kitchen floor.

Sadly, I don't get the chance to find out because my mother comes downstairs, and my father's attention switches to her.

I use this chance to get the fuck out of here. I don't feel bad because my mother is just as much of a monster as he is. They are the perfect match, one made in hell. She's never put her hands on me, but she loves to throw some colorful names at me as well. Her words don't hurt because it's coming from a sad woman who isn't getting her own way.

My father, on the other hand, I don't know why his hatred affects me the way it does. I despise him, I loathe them both. Part of me detests my brother too because he got out; he never had to live this, and he has a mother who loves him.

Love is weak. It only gives someone the opportunity to hurt you. I already have enough of that in my life, I don't need anymore.

Yet here I am, ribs screaming in pain that are for sure going to turn into some pretty bruises, worrying that if I make Sadie wait too long at the club, she will leave.

I shouldn't care what she thinks of me—I shouldn't care about her at all. But I do, and I fucking hate it.

I can't get her out of my damn head! She's like a disease slowly seeping into my body and consuming me bit by bit until there's nothing left.

For years, I convinced myself she was nothing but a schoolboy crush. That the years I spent watching her and going to the chapel meant nothing. I believed it too—that was until last weekend when I saw her frozen in terror, tears streaming down her face.

Then I saw my brother ready to kill Sadie's ex without a care of what the aftermath might be. That's when I knew a weak, pitiful excuse of a man did something to her, to Sadie. And something inside me cracked open. I wanted to finish the job after Grayson and I pulled Collin off of him.

He hurt Sadie, and I wanted him dead.

It brought me back to that night. The night I found Sadie face down in a pile of her own vomit. I couldn't protect her then, and I can't protect her now. I'd only hurt her, bring pain and misery into her life.

But here I am, on my way to fuck her. Only, this isn't going to be like it's been with other women; this isn't just some girl. It's her, my kitten. My brave, sassy, strong girl who's wormed her way into my heart.

Just one night with her is going to crush me, anything more than that will destroy me. While I shouldn't even let myself have this night, I'm not only a sadist in the bedroom, but an emotional masochist myself. A recipe for a disaster if there ever was one.

Parking the car, I grab my black mask and slip out. Once I'm in, I rush to the elevator. The whole way down, I'm on edge. *Would she leave? Would she think I've stood her up? That I didn't want her?*

I shouldn't want her, fuck! This is all so fucked up.

When the doors open, music floods my senses, the smell of sex and alcohol assaults me.

My eyes immediately search for her. And when I find her sitting at the bar sitting next to Collin, I'm ashamed of the amount of relief I'm hit with.

"About time you showed up." Collin glares at me. I glare back as Sadie spins around on her stool.

"Someone kept me later than I was expecting," I grind out, giving him a pointed look. His face drops for a moment, pity shining in his eyes, and I really don't fucking want or need it, then he looks down at Sadie.

"You sure you want to do this?" he asks her.

I huff in irritation. "Fuck off," I spit.

"I'm fine," Sadie tells Collin before addressing me. "You don't have to always be such an asshole, you know." She narrows her eyes. "If you're going to be a raging dick all night, then maybe we shouldn't."

Panic fills me. She can't leave, I can't let her. "I'm sorry," I say, the words almost as painful to say as breathing is to my ribs. "I had a really shitty night, and I wasn't expecting to be late."

She watches me for a moment, biting on her lower lip. I want to take that lip between my own teeth and bite down hard enough to taste her tangy blood, all while making her cry out and moan in pleasure.

I should be the one asking her if she's sure that it's not too late to turn and run, because I know Sadie isn't ready for me. She has no idea what she's getting into. I'm not a nice person on a regular day, but inside these walls, inside these rooms, I turn into someone completely different. A man who craves

control. Someone who needs total submission without question.

She says goodbye to my brother, kissing his cheek, but that's not enough for him. He pulls her into his arms and kisses her hard enough to turn her into a panting mess when he's done.

"Now you can leave." He chuckles before spinning a dazed Sadie around to face me.

I glare at him again. "Follow me," I order her and start toward the room we've been using for these sessions with Sadie.

Once we're there, I use the key and open the door. "Things with me are not going to be how they were with Declan or Grayson. Grayson's job was to ease you into everything, to worship your body, your pleasure the only thing on his mind. He taught you what it looks like when your partner's goal is to pleasure you. For you to work as a team. With Declan, you learned how to open up your mind and do things for your partner. It was all about knowing your partner's needs, about his pleasures and wants. He gave you total control. And as for me..."

I turn around to face her, finding her standing in the middle of the room, watching me. Her hair is down and curled, her dress is sleek and black. She's wearing the same mask she was the first night here.

"I don't do sweet, I don't do slow. With me, you are going to experience total submission. You'll give me complete and utter control. If I tell you to get on your fucking knees, you do it. If I ask you to kiss my feet, you do it. While this is a BDSM club, know this: other than honoring your safe words, I don't follow proper practice. I don't care if you trust me, if you like me, or even if you get off. This is about me and my pleasure. Do you understand?"

It's mostly a lie. While I don't properly practice the lifestyle, never in the mindset to do so, I do care about her pleasure. I want her to enjoy my fucked up ways, to crave me controlling her body.

Tonight is about seeing if she can handle my darkness and just scratching the surface of all the things I want to do to her. To see her at the mercy of my hands. I do want her trust, but I fear it, too.

“Is that something you can handle?”

She lifts her chin, and fuck, my cock twitches in my slacks. “You don’t scare me, Preston. I’m not stupid, I know things with you aren’t going to be all rainbows and sunshine.”

I’m over to her in two quick strides, and my hand shoots out, wrapping around her throat. “Oh, really?” Her eyes widen as she sucks in a shocked gasp. “You’re not afraid of me? Challenge accepted, Kitten. Let’s see if I can send you running like a scaredy cat.” I lean forward and run my tongue along the seams of her lips, groaning at the taste of her peach lip balm.

I let her go roughly, making her stumble back.

I need her to hate me by the end of this, for her to never want to look at me again. If I can do that, then forgetting about her will be so much easier. I don’t plan on hurting her physically—the idea makes me sick—but mentally and emotionally, that’s to be determined.

“With the others, you went by the traffic light system, right?”

“Yes,” she whispers, licking her lips. Her breathing has picked up, her eyes a little wild, but no fear yet, only arousal. Just my luck, my kitten will end up being a dirty little freak, just like me.

“Well, the only one you need tonight is red. And only use it if you’re sure you want out because once I stop, that’s it. The night is over.”

She nods. “Okay.”

Loosening the cuffs of my dress shirt, I make quick work of the buttons. She watches me too closely, and I turn away.

Tossing my shirt to the side, I take my shoes off next, keeping my pants on. Turning back, my eyes lock with hers. “Take your dress off.”

My heart races as she starts to pull the straps of her dress down and over her shoulders, letting the fabric slide right off her body.

I groan, my cock throbbing in my pants when I see she's completely naked. I smirk. "Someone is eager, aren't they? Are you a dirty little slut, not wanting anything to slow you down from pleasuring me?"

"Yes," she whispers, and my eyes widen in shock. I'm not sure if she's playing along, or means it.

Quickly, I school my features. "Of course you are." I chuckle darkly. "Now get on your knees and take my cock out."

Biting her lower lip, she drops to her knees, and god, seeing her like this for me is everything. Her eyes break away from mine and slowly start their descent down my chest, stopping at my ribs. *Fuck, I should have turned the lights down lower in here.*

"Preston," she whispers, her hand reaching out to touch the ugly bruises that have started to form. "Who did this?"

I quickly grab her hand, stopping her from touching me. "Tripped and fell into a fist a few times. Doesn't matter."

Fuck, fucking fuck! I see it in her eyes, she knows. She's not stupid. And then I see something change.

She's going to let me do anything I want to her, because she can tell I need this. That I need this control or I'm not sure what I'm going to do. I'm falling apart right now, and she might be the only one who can keep me together, even if it's just a Band-Aid of a fix.

I both hate her and admire her for it.

Oddly, there's no pity in her eyes, just concern, understanding, and something else that makes my heart squeeze. *Acceptance?*

This is a bad idea. This girl is going to ruin me.

But when she reaches for my pants, undoes my belt, and pulls my cock out, grasping it in her tiny warm hand, any care

in the world goes out the window. There is only me and her,
nothing else matters in this moment. Only us.

Sadie

I'M NAKED, ON MY KNEES for Preston. I'm buzzing with nervous anxiety and arousal all at once.

I have no idea what tonight is going to bring. He's a wild card, and clearly on edge. His ribs are fucked up, and I know who's to blame.

My heart breaks for Preston, and all I want to do in this moment is take some of that pain away, even if it means he's going to be giving it to me. He needs this, the control, the power.

I know he's not going to be nice about it, and I'm alright with that. At least, I think I am. *I hope I can handle what he has to give.*

"Stop fucking hesitating," he snaps, clearly not happy with my concern for his well-being. "And don't speak unless I ask you to. Do you understand?"

I quickly nod, a thrill shooting down my spine.

"Look at you." He chuckles. "So eager to please me. You're such a good little whore, aren't you? So desperate for my cock."

My pulse pounds wildly as my body breaks out in a sweat. Finally, I get his pants off and shove them down his legs, taking his boxers off too. His cock springs free, bobbing in front of my face. My eyes widen at the sight. He's not as long as Grayson and Declan, but he's still got a good amount of length. But his girth... fuck, he's big, almost too big. My pussy clenches, wondering how the fuck are we going to get that inside me.

My eyes flick up to meet his dark ones, a slow cruel smirk growing on his face. "The fear in your eyes only makes me harder, little whore." He chuckles. "Go on, open wide. I wanna see you choke on it."

Trying to even my breathing, I open my mouth as wide as I can. "Good girl," he praises as he presses the tip of his cock to

my lips. His salty pre-cum spills over them and onto my tongue. “You’re gonna take all of me down your throat like the good whore that you are. If you want me to stop, tap my leg. But you’re not going to do that, are you? You want to swallow down my dick like a greedy little cock slut, don’t you?”

Mouth still open, tongue out, I nod. His words are degrading, yet I find myself dripping down my thighs. His words tonight even dirtier than the ones he spoke in the video.

He grabs a handful of my hair roughly, the sting of pain making me whimper. “Mmmm, fuck. I do love that sound. I wonder, can I make you cry?” He cocks his head to the side. I look up at him through my lashes, waiting for him to do something.

He watches me for a few seconds longer, holding my head still before thrusting his hips forward.

I immediately gag around his cock as he hits the back of my throat, my jaw stretching to take his thickness. “Fuck!” he curses, licking his lips. “You look so good with my cock in your mouth, Kitten,” he snarls before he starts to move.

He fucks my face like he hates me, like he wants to see me break. It doesn’t take me long before my lungs are begging for air as I struggle to breathe through my nose.

My eyes start to water and tears fall down my cheeks. I’m gagging every time he shoves himself all the way in, drool falling down the corner of my lips and down my breasts.

“So fucking beautiful,” he grunts, his abs contracting with every movement. He reaches down and cups my face. “You’re so perfect. Look at you taking my cock so well. You’re a fucking mess, Kitten. A beautiful disaster in the making.”

I’m feeling so many conflicting feelings right now. Fear because I can hardly breathe; it’s to the point that I’m getting light-headed. Yet I’m so turned on, my thighs are slick with my juices, my clit aches painfully, and my nipples are so hard they could cut glass.

His breathing picks up, and I can tell he’s close to reaching his release. But he pulls out of me forcefully, and I take the

chance to suck in the air my lungs are screaming for.

He lets go of my hair, and I drop to the ground on all fours as I cough and sputter.

While taking in heaving breaths, I look up at him as he backs up, kicking his pants off and taking a seat on the couch.

He watches me with hooded eyes as he widens his legs, his hands rubbing his thighs, his cock standing proudly coated in my spit.

This is so fucked up, but I feel more alive than I ever have before. Even after all of that, I didn't use my safe word... not yet. I don't want to.

I want to keep going, seeing where this night will take me. What else will he make me do?

“Look at you.” He laughs. “You're a fucking mess, Kitten. Crying while covered in spit mixed with my pre-cum. Panting like a dog.” He licks his lips before his face goes blank. “Now crawl to me like the bitch in heat that you are.”

My pussy flutters, and I'm so damn ashamed of it. Licking my lips, I take another few breaths before I do as I'm told. Slowly, I crawl to him. The closer I get, the more I see the desire and raw need in his eyes. I feel powerful, free.

I stop when I get between his legs. He reaches down and brushes my tangled hair from my face. “Such a good girl.”

I do something that surprises both of us and nuzzle his cock, a euphoric feeling taking over me as I slip into a new headspace that I've never been in before.

He lets out a low groan, muttering something I can't hear under his breath. I kiss up his shaft, and when I get to the top, I stick out my tongue, dragging it from the base all the way up. “Fucking hell,” he groans.

“Get in my lap!” he barks, making me jolt at the sudden command. I scramble to get to my feet and straddle his legs, my wet pussy sitting on his thighs. I have no doubt he can feel my slickness dripping onto them. “You want this?” he asks, fisting his cock and giving it a few firm tugs.

I nod, licking my lips, both afraid and desperate to be filled by him. “Words, slut,” he snaps. “Beg for it.”

I hesitate for a moment before speaking. “Please,” the word comes out as a broken crack, my throat raw from the beating it just took. “I want your cock. Need it. Let me ride you. Please?” I have no trouble making my words sound needy and wanting.

“Go on then,” he says, letting his cock go. It hits his belly with a wet slap. “Take it.”

Biting my lip, I reach for his cock and grasp it. He grunts when I decide to be a brat and squeeze it hard. He growls, and I know I’m going to pay for it. The idea has me aching.

Moving to get into the right position, I place the tip of his cock at my glistening entrance.

Slowly, I lower myself onto his length. I hiss as he stretches me. He’s the thickest I’ve ever had, and it feels like losing my damn virginity all over again.

Only I guess I’m not fast enough for him because when he’s about an inch in, he grabs my hips and shoves me down hard, making me take him to the hilt.

I let out a sob as pain splinters through my body. He doesn’t give me time to adjust as he starts to make me move, make me ride him.

I’m crying, my head hung, my eyes squeezing shut as I struggle to breathe through the pain. I’m almost ready to shout red, the pain so fucking bad.

“So pretty, so perfect. So fucking mine,” he says in a low voice, almost in awe of what he’s seeing, what he’s feeling. “Look, Sadie, look at us joined together. You were made for me.”

I force my eyes open and look down to where we’re connected. I watch as his cock thrusts in and out of me, coated in a mix of my juices and... *fuck, is that blood?*

I start to panic, my eyes flicking up to his. “Shhhh,” he soothes me, brushing the hair from my face, then wiping away

my tears. “You’re doing so good. Such a good girl.”

And then he reaches between my legs and finds my clit. “So fucking wet,” he groans, and I whimper as he presses his thumb against my swollen clit. “That’s it. Feels good, doesn’t it? You love being filled by my cock.”

It’s a slow growing heat that pools in my stomach as pleasure begins to replace the pain. My hips start to move on their own, and I moan, clenching at that feeling, needing more.

Once the pain is fully gone, I’m back to who I was just a few minutes ago. I move faster and faster, my orgasm building with every thrust of my hips, every circle of his thumb.

“Ride me, Kitten. Cum around my cock, cover it with your sweet release.”

He tangles his fingers in my hair and smashes his lips to mine. It’s messy, wild, and totally unhinged, just like the man underneath me.

Tongues clash, teeth crash, and I whimper, sagging into him while my lips move desperately against his as my orgasm rushes to the surface.

It hits me so hard that I sob into the kiss, my body locking up as my cunt grips his cock with everything it has. I see fucking stars as I gush around his cock, practically passing out. He groans, ripping my head back.

I don’t get a chance to come down from my release before he flips me so that my back hits the couch and he’s standing eerily over me. He grabs my legs, pressing my knees to my ears, and starts to rut into me like a wild animal, a feral look in his eyes.

And then I see him shatter. His eyes go wide as I see for the first time his vulnerability. His body tenses up, and then he’s cumming. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” He almost sobs himself as his cock unleashes inside me. I can feel the jets of cum filling me up and dripping out of my hole, making its way down my ass.

There’s a second where it’s only us breathing in sync, locked together, the moment perfect as my body hums with a

feeling like no other.

And then, in a true Preston fashion, he ruins it.

Quickly, he pulls out of me and stumbles to his feet. He doesn't say anything as he grabs his clothes and angrily pulls them on. "Get dressed," he demands in a cold tone.

I will not cry, I will not cry, I will not cry. I continue to chant in my head, willing this whole situation not to affect me. I knew what I was getting into when I agreed to this.

But fuck, it hurts because I thought for the smallest moment he felt something more for me.

With weak limbs, I move to sit up, swallowing a whimper of pain as I put pressure on my destroyed pussy. There's no other way to describe it.

I hold back tears as I get to my feet and grab my dress.

"We're done here, right? Our deal is fulfilled. You got what you wanted. You are free of your duties at the Host Club. It was nice doing business with you," he states coldly, not even looking at me.

I can see he's in pain, not fully able to stand up as he buttons up his shirt.

"Why are you being like this?" I whisper. He stops and looks over at me.

"Like what?"

"So cold."

"Cold? I'm not being cold, Sadie, this is me. We had a deal; it was fulfilled, and now we're done. This isn't your world, Sadie. You shouldn't even have stepped foot into the Host Club room. People like me, like Grayson and Declan, we will eat you up and spit you out. Move on with your life, take what you learned and do something with it. Just not with us."

I have no right to be upset. He's not wrong. This was meant to be a deal and nothing more. He owes me nothing other than what he just gave me.

So, I nod, grab my mask off the floor, and slip it on. I leave the room, and I don't look back.

Every step hurts, my pussy burning. *I'm going to need a week-long bath to heal.* The further I get from that room, the more my heart starts to crack.

"Sadie?" I look up at the sound of Collin's voice. "What the fuck!?" He cups my face. "I'm going to kill him."

"Don't." I give him a weak smile. "I wanted it. I could have used the safe word at any time, but I didn't. It's done. Can we leave?"

He looks like he wants to argue, to go back there and beat his brother's ass. But he nods and wraps his arm around me instead. "Let's take the back exit."

Leaning into Collin's side, I let him lead me down the hall. When we pass the room I was just in and head through the exit door, I keep my head down.

But I look over my shoulder right before the door closes to see Preston standing in the doorway of the room. It takes everything in me not to run over to him and hug him, to tell him everything is going to be okay. The look on his face is one of a boy who's hurting, who wants to do something about it but can't. What shocks me the most is the regret he's not trying to hide.

Turning away, I let Collin take me home, and I let him clean up the mess his brother left behind.

Chapter 36

Sadie

I've been avoiding the Host Club for the past two weeks. My time with them is up, our deals fulfilled. They gave me three different yet amazing nights. I learned so much about myself and my sexuality. It's been an eye opener, for sure. I'm never settling, especially with sex. I know what I like now, what I want and I'm not afraid to keep exploring new things if given the chance.

The day in the stairwell, Grayson said he wanted to show me more, that he wasn't done with me yet, and Declan has been showing more interest in spending time with me outside of sex. But the reason why I'm too afraid to face them now that my time with them is over is because I've been hit with the reality; this was all just an arrangement to them, that anything I thought they might have felt toward me was all an act.

That's what Preston told me. That night with him was the most thrilling and confusing time of my life. Being with him was what I thought it would be like, and so much more. He was cruel, the words he said at any other time and place would have crushed me, humiliated me, only they sent a thrill through my body and mind. I became eager to do every dirty, fucked up thing he asked me to.

The pride in his eyes when I was his good girl, his good little whore, made me preen... it still does. It's so fucked up, but I loved it.

He was in pain even though he did a good job of hiding it. He needed the control, I could see him barely hanging on. His father, that fucking monster, messed him up before he joined me that night, and I let him do whatever he wanted to me. I liked it. No, I loved it. Until I didn't. Out of everything that happened, his parting words are what hurt the most.

But he's right. This isn't my world, and I should step away and move on with my life. Only, I can't get them out of my head, and it's fucking with my life.

I should be happy and renewed, excited to see where life takes me next. I should be finally giving into Collin's crazy fantasy. He can give me everything a girl dreams of.

But I can't because it's not fair to him. I'm not ready to settle down with just one person. I spent the past three years of my life with someone who took me for granted, who didn't love me. It's not that I think Collin would be like that, if anything, he could be the complete opposite based on the way he's presented himself.

Nope, it's due to the fact that my heart wants three other guys. Yes, three. Because even though Preston has been an overall asshole to me, I know there's a good guy somewhere deep down inside. I've seen the marks on his body, the fresh, blooming bruises. He was late that night because of them. And I know it was his horrible excuse of a father.

A part of me wants to save him from himself, from that monster. I can't, though; I have nothing to offer him that he can't already get. Other than love, but he doesn't want that, and it breaks my heart.

I can't have any of them, they're not meant to be mine. And even if one of them came up to me and told me they want me, the arranged marriage be damned, I wouldn't be able to accept for the same reason I can't make Collin mine. My heart is split in four and there's nothing I can do about it.

I keep telling myself space will help, time to move on, to give Collin a chance. Only, it's pointless because I've had feelings for these men for a long time and had more than enough time away from them, yet when I walked into those red and gold doors, my heart was reminded of what I felt for them.

And now that I've spent time with them, giving them each a piece of my body and my heart, I'm screwed.

Have you ever had someone who's left such an impact that you could be married with kids, living your life happy and content but still find yourself thinking about them, wondering what things would have been like if life went in another

direction? I know for a fact, these men are going to be that for me.

No matter what I do, who I choose, it's going to be a lose-lose situation. I'm royally fucked, and I don't know what to do about it.

"I think you should just give the sexy, hot teacher a chance. I mean, he's kinda creepy, but in a totally hot kind of way, you know. I've read some pretty panty dropping stalker books lately. Collin fits that vibe," Alice rambles from my desk chair.

We're hanging out at my house today. It's been raining all day, and none of us want to leave the warmth of the cottage.

"It's not that easy." I sigh, pulling the arms of my sweater down to cover my hands, then wrapping my arms around my legs. "This is stupid, I'm stupid!" I groan dramatically and shove my face into my knees.

"You're not stupid. You caught feelings for them, it was bound to happen. I'm not sure if you know this, but you're totally a closeted, hopeless romantic," Mia informs, patting me on the back.

"This is all your fault." I glare at Emma.

"Me!" she gasps, eyes widening. "How is this my fault?"

"It's all of yours." I shoot accusatory daggers at my three best friends. "If you didn't convince me to make that deal with them, I'd be less fucked in the head right now."

"Oh, babe. No, you wouldn't be." Alice gives me a pitying look, and I want to slap her. "You're always going to be fucked in the head. But it's okay, we love you anyway."

"I hate you," I mutter. *I really don't, though.*

"I love you too." She blows me a kiss, and I crack a smile.

"She is kind of right." Emma points out. "If you didn't go through with the deal, you would still have underlying feelings for them like you've had for years. Also, you probably would have ended up with some really sweet guy who treated you like a princess."

“Okay, so how is that a bad thing?” I raise a brow in question.

“Because he wouldn’t know where your clit was, let alone be able to last long enough to get you off.” She grins.

“Oh, fuck off,” I snort, grabbing the pillow next to me and chucking it at her.

She laughs, dodging it. “You know I’m right! Those boys rocked your motherfucking world! And I’m peanut butter and jelly about it. Don’t get me wrong, Brent is amazing in bed, I am always satisfied, but fuck, he does not have a pierced dick. And there is not a dominant bone in his body.” She sighs loudly.

“You don’t think he would call you his dirty little whore and make you crawl to him?” Alice asks, her face morphing into a grin. God, I can’t believe I told them everything. And I mean everything. We really don’t keep secrets.

At least for the most part. There are some things I’m still not ready to tell them.

“Fuck no.” Emma laughs. “He got one degrading word out and then sobbed like a baby while asking me for forgiveness.”

“I say you stop avoiding them. Preston is a dick, but he doesn’t speak for the others. If Declan and Grayson want to keep messing around, I say go for it. I mean, it’s going to hurt anyway, why not get endless amounts of orgasms out of it first?” Alice shrugs, popping a piece of popcorn into her mouth.

“Oh my god, is everything about sex with you?” Mia growls. She means it in a playful way, but I see the hurt on Alice’s face.

“I don’t know what to do!” I whine, flinging myself backward onto my bed.

“Sadie, love!” my mom calls out.

She’s been trying to get me to go over there more, but I don’t want to risk putting myself in a vulnerable situation with Grayson while around them. I’m still not sold on fucking him

again. Also, I'm not very happy with myself for being turned on when he called me his *little sister*.

God, I'm so fucked in the head. My therapist would fire me as a client if she knew the shit that was in my head.

"Hey, Mom. What's up?" I join her in the kitchen, stopping when I see boxes on the kitchen counter. "What's this?" I ask, pointing at them.

"They're for you." Mom smiles. "A man stopped me on the way in and gave them to me."

"That's not creepy at all," Alice mutters from behind me. "What if they have like, body parts or something?"

"Alice," I groan, and my mother chuckles.

"They don't have body parts," Mom chastises teasingly. "I recognized the man as Mark's carrier man."

"You rich people. You pay people to hand deliver shit. Why not send it in the mail or use UPS like normal people?" I roll my eyes.

"I'm going see if I left anything behind and do a bit of cleaning, let me know what you got later." Mom kisses the side of my head in passing. "Bye, girls."

"Bye, Erin!" they all call back.

"Okay, open them!" Emma encourages excitedly. "Wait! You have to open this first." She grabs me the letter with a red wax seal. I take it from her and peel the seal back, opening the letter.

Dear Miss Evans,

The Kingston Academy Host Club would like to formally invite you to our annual charity fundraiser on the evening of October 15th.

This is a formal event. Masks are required. You will find everything you need in the gifts presented to you.

Your attendance is highly requested.

-Collin Jones

PS: If I could have asked you myself, I would have. Also, these assholes insisted on contributing to your attire for the evening. The shoes are from me, so if you hate everything else, blame them.

A smile spreads across my lips as a small giggle slips free. “Sooo, who’s this all from?!” Emma asks.

“The guys, isn’t it?” Mia asks.

“It is. I was invited to a Host Club charity fundraiser.” I put the invite down and pick up the biggest box.

“I’m going too,” Mia says, giving me a guilty look. “I’m sorry. I have to.”

And then it clicks. “It’s okay, Mia. I know you have to save face with events like this. I’m not mad.”

“But you like him,” Mia pouts. “I feel bad.”

“Don’t. I can’t have him anyway.” I shrug.

“You could,” she tells me. “If you really wanted him. I wouldn’t stand in your way.”

We look at each other for a moment, and I can see the truth in her eyes. She would let me be with Declan if we wanted to be together. I love her for that, but Declan hasn’t mentioned wanting to be anything other than friends, so I push that to the side.

“Thank you.” I give her a small smile before turning my attention back to the box. Biting my lip, I open it, sifting through the tissue paper, and gasp. “Holy crap,” I murmur as I pull a stunning red gown out and hold it up in front of me.

“Girl, that is gorgeous!” Emma gasps. “Who’s it from?”

“I’m not sure,” I whisper, looking down to see there’s a note. I hand the dress to Emma, letting her get a better look and pick up the paper.

You look breathtaking in red, Sweetheart. Wear this for me and save me a dance with the most enchanting woman at the ball.

–Declan

“Ohhhh,” Mia teases. “I think my man likes you.”

“Stop.” I laugh. “That’s so messed up.”

“Ah, so are our lives.” She shrugs.

Declan is so sweet, and god, this dress is fucking beautiful. I want to say it’s too much, but I feel like it would fall on deaf ears.

“Okay, open this next!” Alice shoves a smaller box at me, making me grunt as it hits my stomach.

“God, woman.” I laugh, shaking my head and opening it. “Wow!” I pull out a pair of red stiletto heels. They’re shiny and pretty, and I might break my ankle in these. “Prada!” I screech. “Who is crazy enough to buy me Prada?!” I grab the note out of the box.

Come home with me tonight. I want you in my bed with only these on. You can show them off proudly, sitting atop my shoulders as I make you cream on my cock.

–Collin

PS: I can’t wait to lick you like a Lollipop, Lollipop. Been craving that sweet center of yours. ;)

“Damn!” Alice fans herself. “Sexy teacher is a dirty boy.”

“Fuck off,” I groan, even though she’s right. And that note, not a good time to be turned on right now.

“Alright, these next.” Mia hands me the smallest box.

I place the very expensive shoes back in the box and take it from her. My eyes widen as I suck in a breath. “Holy crap, that’s stunning,” Emma murmurs.

Inside the box is a gold necklace covered in red rubies with a matching pair of earrings. I’m in shock, stunned really by all of these gifts as I pick up the note and read it.

Some pretty gems for my Pretty Girl. Unlike these, you’re priceless.

–Grayson

*PS: You can't avoid me forever, little sister. I will find you.
Save me a dance.*

“Girl, you should see your face,” Emma cackles. “Damn, I knew Grayson was a bad boy, but he’s a filthy man, too.”

She’s not wrong.

“Alright, last one.” Alice hands me another small box.

It’s a mask, a much nicer one than my gold and red one that I wear to the club. This one is red with a black lace trim. It’s hard leather with beautiful black details on it.

The tips of my fingers brush against it as I take in every loop and swirl. “There’s no note,” Mia comments.

“It’s from Preston,” I say softly. *Why would he give this to me when he made it clear that he’s done with me?*

“Sooo,” Emma starts. “What are you going to do?”

I look up at her. “Looks like I’m going to a ball.”



THE EVENT IS EXACTLY how I thought it would be for a room filled with a bunch of rich, pompous assholes.

Everyone is dressed to the nines in black suits and gowns. Waiters and waitresses float around the room, offering flutes of champagne and hors d’oeuvres to the guests.

I feel so out of place here. Thankfully, my friends are here too. Turns out Alice was being forced to attend, and Emma didn’t want to be left out. Brent couldn’t come, so we’re all each other’s dates.

“He’s been really sweet about it,” Mia says, regarding her hanging out with us and not hanging off Declan’s arm. “He said you needed me more.”

I smile as I watch Declan. He looks so handsome in his suit and black mask. His brown hair is slicked back, something I’m not used to compared to his normally fluffy hair. He’s standing next to his parents, talking to people I don’t know.

Hell, I don't know any of these people, really. I do recognize some from school, but apart from that, none.

"You're going to have to get used to this, you know," Emma states.

"What do you mean?" I tear my gaze away from Declan to look at Emma.

"Well, your mom is getting married to Mark Taylor. He's a big deal in our world. And events like these, the whole family is expected to attend."

"No," I whine. "I hate rich people."

Mia snorts. "Thanks."

"You know what I mean." I roll my eyes. "This is so boring. I don't have money, so I can't bid on anything. The music is just background noise, so there's no dancing."

"Yet. After the winners are announced, there's dancing," Alice adds in.

"I'm gonna guess not the kind we do." I raise a brow.

"Ah, no," she snorts.

"We've been standing here for an hour while you all come and go to mingle with the rich folks."

"Sadie-bear, you're getting cranky. Here, have a Snickers," Emma jokes, pulling a candy bar out of her purse.

My eyes light up, and I snatch it from her. A scoff sounds, making my eyes flick up in time to see Tina walking by. She gives me a disgusted look as she eyes the candy bar in my hands.

My stomach drops as a wave of nausea hits me. "I'm not hungry," I tell Emma, handing her the bar back.

"Yeah, I lost my appetite too," Alice sneers at Tina. "God, I hate her."

I watch as Tina walks over to someone and places her hand on their arm. They stiffen and look down. It's Preston. His blond hair is styled too, a black mask like Declan's.

I feel sick when I see her take his arm and loop hers through it. He hates it, his whole body locks up. But he doesn't push her off, or tell her to leave because his parents are standing next to him, talking to other guests. Tina laughs, snuggling closer into him.

"I'm gonna be sick," I mumble and turn around to leave.

I make it to the door before someone steps out in front of me. "Leaving so soon? Without dancing with me? What a naughty little sister you are."

"Grayson," I breathe. While the other guys have their hair styled, he does not. Fuck, he looks good. He has no shirt under his black suit jacket, his shaggy hair is sexy while being messy, and he has on a matching black mask like the others.

"I've been watching you all night, Pretty Girl," he murmurs, brushing some of my blonde curls off my shoulder. His finger brushes against the shell of my neck, and I shiver. "You look fucking exquisite tonight."

"Thank you." I swallow hard. This man has a way of making my brain stop working as I get lost in his striking blue eyes.

The announcer takes the mic, letting the guests know that it's time to present the winners. "Don't leave yet. Just one dance."

"Alright."

Grayson slips past me, shooting me a wink over his shoulder before going over to join his dad, who's standing with my mom. I should be there too, only I'm not ready for that. It will feel all too real and I already don't feel like I belong here, like I'm an imposter in their world.

I move off to the side, keeping close to the door in case I need to escape, and listen. I get the feeling that someone is watching me, and my eyes scan the room. I smile when I meet his gaze. Collin is standing in the corner, on the opposite side of the room as his father. His mom is standing next to him, her arm through his. I find it adorable that he brought her as his date, keeping her safe from all the vultures in this room. Carol

is single, and from what I heard from my mom, these rich single men want what she has and have no shame going for it.

He winks, and my body floods with heat, my heart fluttering. Collin has been nothing but amazing to me, and it breaks my heart that I can't give myself over to him completely. I'm torn in so many different directions, but one thing he's made clear is he's not going anywhere. *But will he wait around until I can give him what he wants? Am I even worth the time?*

The auction is officially over and the band starts up. The lights are lowered and people start making their way to the dance floor.

"So, that dance?" Grayson appears at my side. He gives me a blinding smile, holding his hand out.

I bite my lip and slowly place my hand in his.

Fingers locked together, he guides me out onto the floor. "I should probably let you know, outside club music, I have no idea how to dance," I warn Grayson as he moves me in front of him.

"That's alright." He laces his fingers with mine and holds our arms up, then places his other hand on my back and mine on his shoulder. "As long as I get to touch you, hold you in my arms, that's all that matters to me."

My belly swoops as we start to move. I'm so nervous, trying not to trip over my feet. I can't look away from his blue eyes peeking through his mask. I could drown in them for hours.

"You've been avoiding me, Pretty Girl," he says, spinning me before bringing me back into his arms. He holds me close, and I gasp as we continue to move. "I thought I told you to stop doing that."

"Our arrangement is done," I whisper.

"Doesn't mean we need to be," he murmurs, bringing his lips so close to mine. I panic, wondering if anyone is watching. "I told you, I wasn't done with you." He brings his

lips to my ear, brushing them against the shell of it. “Think about it.”

He moves back, and I’m whisked away into another set of arms.

“Hi.” I give Declan a shy smile.

“Hello, Sweetheart.” He chuckles lightly. “I’ve missed you.”

“I’m sorry.” A guilty feeling hits me.

“I know you think because you’re done with the Host Club, you’re done with us.” He spins me, and I giggle before being pulled back into his arms, one wrapping around my waist, pulling me close. “But I was hoping that wouldn’t be the case. I enjoy spending time with you, Sadie. No one understands me like you do. Please, don’t give up on me just yet.”

My smile drops and my heart breaks. I’m about to tell him I won’t give up on him, that it’s not like that when he spins me again, and I end up in Collin’s arms.

“Hello, my little lollipop.” He gives me a cheeky grin. “Fancy meeting you here.”

“Hi.” I laugh, almost shrieking out a giggle as he dips me low before pulling me up and crushing me in his arms.

“I’ve been watching you all night. In my mind, I’ve fucked you on every surface in this room.”

“Collin!” I hiss, looking around with worried eyes that someone heard him, my core heating at his words.

“Want to make it a reality?” He chuckles. It’s just now that I realize what’s playing. It’s the Bridgerton remake of Wildest Dreams, by Taylor Swift. I almost laugh at how much that song fits what I have with these men.

“I will not be having public sex with you, Collin,” I whisper harshly.

“At least not yet. I’m sure I can convince you some day.” He winks. And for the fourth time, I’m spun around and

passed off to another.

I suck in a breath as his arm curls around my back, pulling me close to his body. I almost trip over our feet in surprise, but he catches me.

My heart is beating wildly in my chest as he brings his mouth close to my ear. “You look fucking sinful in this dress, Kitten. I’ve imagined getting on my knees and shoving my face into your delectable pussy.” I whimper, biting my lower lip as my body ignites. “What are you doing to me, Sadie? Why can’t I get you out of my head?”

I can smell alcohol on his breath. He’s been drinking, and by the slight slur in his words, I’d say he’s a bit tipsy. “Every time that bitch put her hands on me, hung off my arm like she owned me, I wished it was you. It’s always you, always will be you. Fuck,” he growls. “I want to hate you so bad; it kills me that I can’t. I’m sorry for how I treated you that night. You didn’t deserve it. I didn’t deserve you.”

My head is dizzy, his words rushing around in my head as I try to process what he’s saying. We step to each others side, arms pressing against each other in a move I’ve only seen on movies as we dance in a circle. His eyes bore into mine, dark and stormy, filled with hate, arousal, pain of all kinds. It hurts to look at him, it’s too much.

It feels like the air has been sucked out of my lungs. “I gotta go,” I say in a rush before taking off.

In a true Cinderella move, I lose my shoe about half way out of the room. I kick off the other as I take off running.

I don’t stop until I’m out in the hall. Tears sting my eyes as I close them, leaning against the wall, catching my breath.

How do I do this? How do I keep going on living my life like these guys didn’t burrow their way into my heart?

“What a show you put on out there,” a voice that makes my stomach turn comments as my eyes snap open. “I’m surprised you didn’t fuck them all right there on the dance floor with the way you were panting after them like a bitch in heat,” she scoffs. “It’s so fucking sad to watch, really. You

actually think they want you, don't you?" She lets out this cruel laugh and shakes her head. "They never wanted you and never will. You're an easy lay to them, a game. I know about your arrangement. Preston told me all about it as we laid in bed after he fucked me. He laughed at how easy it was to get you to fuck them all. How you were practically begging them to sleep with you. Since you've been gone from the Host Club, it's all they talk about. Laughing at how fucking pitiful you are."

Anger fills me as tears blur my vision. "You're lying. Preston fucking hates you," I whimper, and before the words are even fully out of my mouth she slaps me across the face.

"Know your place, Evans. This is *my* school. Preston is *my* future husband. You're just playing in a world you don't understand, and if you don't watch yourself, you're going to find yourself in a cold unmarked grave. If you know what's good for you, stay away from the Host Club, most importantly, stay away from Preston. Better yet, why don't you just go fucking kill yourself and do us all a favor."

"I hate you," I spit, tears spilling down my cheeks. I turn and take off down the hall, her cruel laughter echoing behind me.

When the cool air of the night hits me, I suck in lungs full, trying to calm myself down and willing myself not to break.

Her words mean nothing, Sadie. It's what she does. It's all lies. She's just a bully who's pissed off she's not getting her own way.

But she mentioned the arrangement. What if she does know? Did Preston really tell her? Is he really fucking her?

The thought alone has my stomach betraying me. Turning to the side, I puke into the bushes nearby until I'm dry heaving nothing but bile.

Fuck this night, fuck that bitch. I'm going home. I never should have come here.

I'm about to order a ride home when a long, slick, black limo pulls up. I watch as the door opens and a man gets out.

“Sadie Evans?”

“Ahh... yes?” I answer. He steps forward and grabs my arm, making me drop my phone. “Hey! What the hell? Let go of me!” I shout as he pulls and shoves me toward the open car door.

I’m about to scream for help when the guy shoves his hand over my mouth and pushes me into the back of the limo, slamming the door shut.

“Let me out of here!” I scream, reaching for the door handle as fear and adrenaline fill me.

“Oh, relax. I’ll let you go when I’m done with you,” a voice says which has me spinning around in my seat.

“Who are you?” I ask, fear spiking in me as I feel the limo start to move.

“We’ve never met,” he states, crossing his legs. “But I knew your father, know your mother.”

My eyes adjust to the dim light above us. “You’re Collin and Preston’s dad.” Dread fills me. This man isn’t safe. He beats his child for fun, what would he do to a stranger?

“I am. And they are the reason for this little talk.” He pulls out an envelope, leaning forward with it in his hand. “You see, you’ve caused quite the splash when it comes to my boys. You’re shiny and new, something they want to play with before they break you and look for another. Only, this time, they both want to play with the same toy, and neither wants to share. That is not only causing issues between them, but with their fiances. Tina does not appreciate the attention you’re giving Preston, as well as Connie, when it comes to Collin.”

“Who’s Connie?”

“Collin’s fiancé, of course,” he chuckles.

“What?” My brows furrow. “He doesn’t have one. He said he would never agree to that choice being made for him.”

“Oh, my son is one tough nut to crack, but he knows what’s best for himself and his family. It took him a long time,

but I managed to get him to see the error of his ways, and he's agreed to take Connie as his wife."

"No." I shake my head, refusing to believe him. "I don't believe you."

"I thought you would say as much." He opens the envelope and pulls something out before handing it to me. "These were taken the other day."

My whole world spins as I look down at the photos in my hand. It's Collin, that much I can see. And he's with another woman. A stunning woman with long black hair. Each photo is of them naked, in very compromising poses of them having sex. Bile rises in my throat as I look at the time stamp. He's right, these were from a few days ago.

"No," I breathe, tears falling from my eyes. He lied to me. He played me. He had me believing I was his whole fucking world.

And I was stupid to think it was real. Of course it wasn't. It was all a game to him. Who comes back after years and so openly and obsessively claims someone like he has?

Reality is, I know nothing about him apart from what his favorite color and TV shows are. The only memories I have with him were from when I was a child.

Was this really all a lie?

"And if you don't believe those, maybe you will this." He presses something on his phone.

"Collin, baby, I miss you. When can I see you again?"

"Tonight, love. Tonight you're mine. I can't wait to have you in my arms again. You gonna scream for me, baby?" It's his voice, I know his voice anywhere.

The girl giggles. *"Always."*

"There's more to that, but I'm sure you don't want to hear their phone sex, now do you."

"Let me out," I say, my voice frantic as I feel stomach roll again. "Let me out, now!"

The limo stops, but he doesn't open the door.

“Here is \$500,000.” He holds out a bag. “I want you to leave Kingston Academy. Start over somewhere else in another school. This isn't your world, Sadie. You don't belong here, so leave. And if you mention this little talk to anyone, I'll kill you.”

The door is opened, and I'm being yanked out. The money and photos are tossed at my feet before the door closes and the limo speeds off.

I break out into a sob, dropping to the cold, wet ground.

This can't be real. None of this can be true. And now I have a very dangerous man who wants me gone.

After crying for who knows how long, numbness takes over my heart and body. Getting to my feet, I grab the photos, clutching them in one hand while grabbing the bag with the other.

I head down the long dark road, bare feet, no phone in the middle of nowhere.

Maybe he's right. Maybe it would be better if I left didn't look back.

To be continued in Tormented Kings- Boys Of Kingston
Academy book 2

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[A Mid Nights Bloody Dream](#) (TBD)

[Knot Going Anywhere](#) (TBD)

[Fated To Save Her](#) FF Vampire (TBD)

CO-WRITES

Solidarity Academy

[Knock ‘Em Down: Book One](#)

[Take ‘Em Out: Book Two](#)

[Rise ‘Em Up: Book Three](#)

Coral Springs University

[Hooves & Heartstrings- An MF Monster Romance](#)

Lost Between The Pages

[Mad For The Sea Witch](#)

Wild Thorn Ranch

[Marshall](#)

[Wyatt & Weston](#)

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ANTHOLOGIES

[Beach Shots & Monster Knots: A Monster Romance Anthology.](#)

[For the Love of Villains: Anthology](#) (Coming soon)

[Autumn Spells: A Charity Anthology.](#) (Coming Soon)

[Knotty Holiday Nights: An Omegaverse Holiday Anthology.](#)
(Coming Soon)

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SHARED WORLDS

[A Night Of Rapture And Pride](#)

[Naomi \(Dressed to Kill\)](#)

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ABOUT ALISHA

Writer, Alisha Williams lives in Alberta, Canada, with her husband and her two daughters. She has three crazy kitties who she loves. When she isn't writing or creating her own graphic content, she loves to read books by her favorite authors.

Writing has been a lifelong dream of hers, and this book was made despite the people who prayed for it to fail, but because Alisha is not afraid to go for what she wants, she has proven that dreams do come true.

Wanna see what all her characters look like, hear all the latest gossip about her new books or even get a chance to become a part of one of her teams? Join her readers group on Facebook here - [Naughty Queens](#). Or find her author's page here - [Alisha Williams Author](#)

Of course, she also has an Instagram account to show all her cool graphics, videos, and more book related goodies - [alishawilliamsauthor](#)

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