

Worth  
Loving  
You

H. J. Stallard



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WORTH LOVING YOU

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This story isn't taboo, like my others, but there are still some triggering elements. The main factor is cheating. As much as Milo loves Chastity, he is incapable of being faithful. As a result, Chastity decides what's good for the goose, is good for the gander.

Another issue that might upset some is the emphasis on Chastity's weight. She is a plus sized woman with low self-esteem. Several people throughout the story make disparaging remarks about it, but Milo repeatedly talks about how much he loves fat pussy. So, if reading either is going to upset you, this will not be the story for you.

Otherwise, this is actually a rather "normal" novel. Just a warning, as the series continues, it does get darker, so be prepared if you wish to continue.







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# Chapter 1

## Chastity Monroe

*That's not my kid, no fucking way. That's your mistake, not mine. Don't you ever label her as mine again. I would never make something so fat and hideous.*

*You're fat, Chazzy. You're ugly, you're fat, and no one loves you. You never should have been born. You are nothing but a hideous, worthless, sack of shit.*

The last three words echoed in my head as I bolted upright in bed, choking on a yelp as I could almost feel the back of his knuckles crashing my cheekbone. Perspiration sheening my body and my breathing erratic, my pulse was thumping at my temples, my heart lodged in my throat.

My sight scanned around my bedroom, adjusting to see the familiar surroundings in the darkness. Gulping and groaning, I threw myself back to the mattress, my breasts swaying from the force.

“Fucking shit,” I wheezed, rubbing my forehead and clenching my lids.

There was a soft tapping on my door and a second later, the latch clicked, the hinges squeaking as my roommate pushed it open. A sliver of light spilled across the worn carpet, her tiny head poking around the corner.

“Hey, Chazz? You okay, sugar?”

I snorted at her southern drawl. After almost a year, I still got tickled every time she talked.

Dropping my hand to my rounded stomach, I rolled my head on the pillow and gazed at her. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

“The nightmare again?”

My faint smile wavered, my insides weighted with dread. “Yeah,” I squeaked, picking at the front of my tee shirt.

The door pushed open a little more and she scampered across the room, hopping onto the mattress beside me. Wiggling closer, she laid her cheek on my shoulder, curling her petite body around my arm.

“You wanna talk about it?”

From the first day she moved in, she’d heard me waking up in the middle of the night, haunted by images of my

past. Though I never divulged any details, she knew it was centered around my stepfather.

“Just the same old shit. What are you doing up? Did I wake you again?”

“Naw, I was lettin’ Gary out—”

“Jennifer!” I whined, stomping my feet on the mattress. “What have I told you?”

“I know, I know.” She flipped to her back and stared at the ceiling. “I can’t help it, Chazz. I love him.”

“He’s married.”

“He says he’s gonna leave her—”

“He’s been saying that for six months.”

“Ain’t you ever been in love?” she whispered, turning her head to stare at my profile.

I blinked at the ceiling, chewing the inside of my cheek. “No.”

Her lids rounded, her head lifting off the pillow. “Never?”

“No.”

“What about a intense crush?”

I scoffed and rolled my eyes. “What is this, high school? No.”

She rose to an elbow, curling on her side to stare incredulously. “How?”

“How, what?”

“How can you be twenty-six years old and you ain’t never been in love or even liked someone a whole lot?”

Because I was ugly, fat, worthless and no one would ever want me?

“I just have never had time for that. When you’ve been on your own since you were sixteen, you have more important things to worry about than sex—”

She choked on a gasp, sitting all the way up. “Chastity Lou! Are you tellin’ me you ain’t even never had sex before?”

My lids rounded, shame burning my cheeks. Opening and closing my mouth, I was stammering, but no coherent words came out. “I...I-I-I...”

“Oh good Lord, you’re a virgin?”

“I...I-I-I...What does this matter? We aren’t talking about me, we’re talking about you sleeping with a married man.”



Sighing, her shoulders slumped forward, her bottom lip puckering. Laying down once more, she rested her cheek on my stomach, curling into a ball.

“I just love him so much. I dunno what to do. He keeps sayin’ he gonna leave her. I want to believe him, but...”

“It’s been months, honey,” I whispered, combing my fingers through her thin, blonde hair.

She was everything I wasn’t. She was slim, flawless, beautiful with straight blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and naturally tanned skin. A perfect hourglass figure and small perky tits that would never need the support of a bra, had men and women fawning over her, begging for attention. At five foot six, she was tiny and dainty, with a little bit of ditz included. A damsel in distress, men flocked to rescue her all the time.

I, on the other hand, was five foot ten, eighty pounds overweight, pale skin with freckles, dark brown eyes, shoulder length, dark brown hair, and tits that were so big, even though it was bedtime, I was still wearing a sports bra to support their weight.

“I know.” Groaning, she flipped to her other side to gaze at me in the dimness. “I wish I was strong like you.”

I did a doubletake, craning my neck to ogle her, shrieking, “Me? How the hell am I strong?”

“You been on your own since you was sixteen. You ain’t never relied on no man. You don’t give a flip what people think of you. You put your mind to somethin’, and it happens.”

She turned her profile to me and closed her eyelids. “I ain’t never been alone. I got my first boyfriend at fourteen, and ain’t been alone since. When I first moved to Chicago, Momma and Daddy would have helped me pay for a place on my own, but could you imagine?” she whispered, batting her lashes rapidly.

Chuckling, my rounded body had her bouncing. “You know how many spare keys I have in my purse because you keep losing yours and getting locked out? And we literally live over your job.”

“Right?” she shrieked, her drawl shrilly. “No way, Chazz. I’d fall apart livin’ on my own.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re here, even if you are a bit flakey.”

She giggled and slapped at me. “And you’re a snarky old witch.”

I burst out laughing, shaking so hard, she sat up. Patting her knee, I contained myself and said, “One of these days, honey, you’re going to have to stand on your own.”

“I know.” Sighing, her shoulders sagged, her neck arching as her face tipped upward again. “He’s just so dang sexy, Chazzy. The things that man does to me, good Lord. He’s why I go to church every Sunday, cuz I feel guilty callin’ out his name more than God’s.”

Snickering, I folded an arm beneath my head. “I dunno. I hear ‘Oh, God,’ just about as much as ‘Gary’ coming out of that room.”

She blushed and slapped at me. “Chastity Lou,” she wheezed.

“He’s not worth it.”

“Hm.” She scooted to the end of the mattress and stood. “When you decide to find yaself a man, if he got himself a thingalang like Gary, tell me what you would and would not be willin’ to put up with.”

“No man and no dick is worth my self-respect and dignity.”

She pouted, her hands on her tiny hips. “My mind tells me you’re right. My heart ain’t listenin’.”

“You’re not listening with your heart, honey. That’s all pussy talking.”

“Chastity Lou!” she croaked, covering her cheeks. “The things you say. Mm mm.”

I grinned, shrugging my arm out. “No time for dicks, no time for subtlety.”

Her lips pursed. “You okay? You gonna be able to sleep?”

“Yeah, I’m good now. Thanks.”

“I ain’t gotta be to work until second shift, if you want me to stay in here a little while longer.”

“No, I’m good. I have a new client pretty early in the morning. I’m just going to go back to sleep. I’m fine. Thanks.”

“All rightie. If you change your mind, lemme know. Goodnight, sugar.”

“Night.”

She closed the door and I rolled onto my side, my stepfather’s words haunting me back into my nightmares.

# Chapter 2

## Chastity Monroe

Every room at the spa was decorated individually. Some were fancy, some over the top, and some flat-out gaudy, which completely defeated the purpose of offering a calming, relaxing environment.

Mine was based in neutral tones of tan walls trimmed in cream baseboards. There was fake, marble tiles that were really just stick-on squares that could peel up if I decided to move on to another masseuse company one day.

I had a tall, thin waterfall on one wall, the trickling of the stream over a variety of rocks soothing. Another wall was covered with opened cubbyholes set in a diamond formation. Some had flickering votive candles, a couple had incense burners, one had a speaker where my *iPod* was hooked up, playing lulling music, but most were filled with neatly rolled towels and cloths, or my collection of oils for the clients.

I had accent lights on the wall for those who preferred to not have the bright, florescent glare of the fixtures on the ceiling, and a couple of ferns hanging in the corner of two, the vines sagging close to the floor.

Other than an assortment of mirrors in different shapes, sizes, and frames, there were no decorations on the wall, leaving a blank space for the client to come into and clear their heads of whatever stressed them.

I waited in the back of the room, behind the curtain, while the man got comfortable on the table. When several minutes ticked by without any movement from him, I pulled the white linen aside and stepped forward.

He wasn't lying face down with the towel draped over his waist like he was supposed to be. He was sitting on the vinyl padded table, his ankles hooked, tapping on his phone.

The man had shaggy blond hair that fell to the tips of his ears, a few curls hanging over his low brow. His skin was tanned, his frame between lean and muscular. A five o'clock shadow darkened his squared jaw, almost hiding the cleft in his chin.

“Oh, I'm sorry. I...thought you were lying down. I'll come back when you're ready.”

Normally, the clients weren't supposed to see us, unless they specifically requested. It helped them give in to the massage and relax when all they could do was feel hands without having a face to picture in their minds.

He shot a sideways glance my way, paused, and then tipped his head, his light gray eyes raking over me.

This is why I preferred they not see me. What if he requested someone else? I would be mortified if he decided he didn't want someone who looked like me putting my hands on him.

"Uh...ahem. It's fine." He cut off the screen and waved the phone in the air. "Done. Uh, you...are the masseuse?"

My lids narrowed, my nostrils flaring. "Yes, sir."

His brows shot up at my combative tone. "Oh. Well, here."

He handed me the phone. When I took it, he groaned and shifted his weight to lay down on his stomach, placing his face in the padded opening.

"Show me what you got," he huffed, wiggling his legs around until he was comfortable.

Relief flooding me, I set his phone on one of the empty cubbies, went to the oils, and scanned the labels. “Any requests? Do you have a preferred scent?”

“Nope. Just don’t make me smell like shit, and I’m cool.”

A chuckle pushed through my nose. Opting for a basic vanilla that had a warming agent, I flipped the lid and squeezed some on my palms. I rubbed them together to activate the heat and began coating his shoulders, working the liquid into his skin while coaxing the knots out of his muscles.

“Oh, shit,” he groaned. “Okay, you’re good. Ah, fuck.”

Ignoring his tinge of pain, I focused on that area and kneaded the pinch out.

“Mm. Perfect.”

He was a talker. I got one of those once in a while, but for the most part, my clients were quiet with an occasional uncontrollable sound.

His arms were curled around the table at his head, his hands dangling over the edge. Quietly working down his left side all the way to his toes, he hissed and tensed when I hit the pressure points on his sole, his toes curling.



“Wow,” he sighed, the weight of his leg sagging in my hold.

I smirked, gazing at this naked man who was perfect and gorgeous, and putty in my hands. In my mind, I was saying, *That's right. Who's making you moan like this? A fat chick.*

Moving to his right foot, he objected again, but relaxed almost immediately under my expertise. I continued to take advantage and check him out, thinking about my conversation with Jennifer the night before.

I had bald faced lied to her. I thought about intimacy and men quite frequently. It wasn't that I was too busy to have a love life, I just...had my stepfather's voice in my ear, putting me down every time I even looked at a man twice.

My palms manipulated the tension in the back of his thigh, my fingers brushing under the towel. I would actually love to date one day. It was difficult when the men I was attracted to, weren't attracted to me. So that meant I either settle for someone I didn't truly want or lose weight.

Scoffing, I grew a little aggressive with my movements. As if I hadn't tried to lose weight. Dieting, starving, pills, exercise, I even tried throwing up for a few

months. Nothing. Not an ounce in my weight changed, no matter what I did. I was doomed to be fat forever.

“Goddamn, what the hell are you doing?”

“Oh, sorry, sir,” I muttered, releasing him to hurry around the table for more oil.

“Christ, don’t be. That’s what I want. Don’t be like everyone else, too chicken shit to be rough. Do what you got to do to get all the kinks out.”

“Yes, sir,” I muttered, returning to his right side to work up his back to his shoulder.

I shimmied to the front of the table, raking down his arm. Picking up his hand, I circled my thumbs in his palm, rewarded with another guttural groan. Carefully laying it on the table, I bent forward, pushing my weight into the heels of my palms down his back to his hips, turning and pulling up along his sides.

“Oh god,” he rasped. “That is so good.”

Focusing at the base of his neck, my fingers dragged up and down the sides to just beneath his ears.

“Mm.”

When I bent over him a second time, his fingers twitched, touching my crotch. I froze, sucking in a breath. Had he meant to do that? I counted to ten, and nothing happened, so I brushed it off and finished what I was doing.

Clearing my throat, I went to my wall of cubbies to get the oil. My back to him, I asked him to roll over. The table shook and creaked, and he grunted. Then there was silence. When I turned around, I damn near dropped the bottle. The man had an erection. Not just any erection, one that was so large, the cloth was lifted high in the air, barely covering his hips.

I swallowed the knot in my throat, my stomach quivering as I ogled it. That cloth should be touching the table.

The man chuckled, shifting his arms and shaking his shoulders to get comfortable. Since he'd already seen me, he had discarded the eye mask, and was staring at me smugly, his gray eyes sparkling. "Sorry. Can't help it."

"Hm?" I shrieked, snapping my attention to his face.

"You okay?"

"Fine." The shrill in my voice indicated I was anything but.

“None of your clients ever get a hardon before?”

Forcing a snort, I flipped a hand. “Of course. It’s a natural reaction.”

They were just never like that. Not just sticking straight up like that. Definitely not that long, either.

He heaved a sigh and closed his eyes, licking his lips.

I pressed the back of my wrist to my forehead, silently cursing myself for acting like a fool. Composing myself, I added a couple drops of oil to my palm, warmed it up, and returned to the massage, darting fleeting glimpses at the tent every few seconds. How the hell was I supposed to massage there?

Several minutes ticked by where his muscles loosened, but mine tightened because eventually, I would have to stop avoiding the inevitable. Taking a deep breath, I just decided to go for it, get it done, and get him out.

Pressing my palms into his flesh, I kneaded firmly on his pelvis, just above the towel. My lids rounded, I was incapable of tearing my attention off it.

“Uhn,” he groaned...and it jerked.

I gasped and yanked my hands away. Flustered, I acted like I needed more oil. A small tremor rocked me, but I ignored it and massaged his left thigh.

Another throaty groan, his knee turning toward me, so his legs parted. Without meaning to, my fingers brushed lower than they were supposed to, and that goddamn towel twitched.

“Oh, yeah,” he rasped, sounding more erotic than innocent.

Pausing for only a split second, I continued with the task, easing my fingers away from the no-no area. At his foot, I switched to his right side, looking at the man as a whole.

He didn't have a well-defined six pack, but there were muscles, indicating he worked out from time to time. His navel was shallow with a thin patch of light blond hair that trailed down the center of his lower abdomen beneath the towel, the rest of his chest smooth. There were dips from his pelvis bone to his hips and, unbeknownst to myself, I dragged my finger along the indentation, exploring rather than massaging.

“Mm.”

His hand twitched, his knuckles brushing against my thigh.

Gulping, I blinked several times, trying to focus. What the hell was wrong with me? I'd seen hundreds of naked men, some better looking than him. Why was this one throwing me off my game?

Because of those goddamn sounds he kept making. He acted like I was making love to him with my hands. No one, male or female, had ever moaned and groaned like he did. If he would just shut the hell up, I would have been done with him long ago.

At the front of the table once more, I bent over, pushing my palms down his chest. On my way up, my thumbs spread out to touch his nipples.

He took a quick inhale, rolling his head to the side.

Bending over a second time to stretch across him, his stomach caved under my touch, his face turning into my breast.

“Mm, that feels good.”

My blood raced, my heart skipping. My clit was throbbing!

Trying not to tremble, I gradually made my way to his shoulders, straightening my spine. When I gazed down, his eyes were wide open, staring at me, his lips taut.

I cleared my throat, working the knots at his neck. Maneuvering his head so it was tipped backward, I circled my fingers at the base of his skull, my thumbs under his jaw.

“Oh, that’s good,” he wheezed, his hot breaths warming the crotch of my white pants.

My eyes rolled and I quivered so hard, I swayed, my palms spreading out over his collarbones. My mouth opening to a silent moan, my hips jerked of their own accord.

“You okay?” he whispered, his hand lifting to curl his fingers around my wrist.

My insides were rattling with panic. This was bad. This was so not professional. What the hell was going on?

My voice shaking, I breathed, “I’m fine,” and snatched out of his hold. Hurrying to the cubby wall, I grabbed a towel and wiped my hands dry, my stomach swirling like a tornado.

“Are we done?”

“Mm hm.”

The table creaked under his weight, another groan filling the air. I peeked over my shoulder to see him exaggeratingly roll his head around.

“Jesus Christ, I don’t know when I’ve felt this good. Thank you.”

“Mm hm.”

He held the towel to himself and hopped to the floor. Going to the niche in the corner by the entrance, he tossed the cloth aside and began getting dressed.

I dared another peek, seeing a smooth, round ass that dipped on the outsides of the cheeks near his hips whenever he moved.

Turning back around abruptly, I was fidgeting with things, not really doing anything of importance, other than avoiding him at all costs.

After a few minutes, he was standing beside me, holding a business card out.

My brows furrowed, looking at it.

“Take it,” he said when I hesitated. “I want you to call me and let me know when you have openings next week. You



are officially my one and only masseuse. That was fucking amazing. Do you do remote locations?”

I nodded, staring at the white card with the fancy, black writing. “Yes, sir.”

“Great, because I don’t always have time to come to the business.” He readjusted his tie and flashed a smile that had a dimple on the left cheek. “Let me know about next week.”

“Yes, sir.”

He winked and strutted out the room, whistling. The door closing behind him, I stared at the card once more.

Milo Pampinella, CEO of *Rawlings Shipping, International*.

Tapping the card to my palm, I set it on the cubby next to my iPod. I didn’t have time to think of him right now, I had to clean up and prepare for my next client.

# Chapter 3

## Chastity Monroe

Strolling down the sidewalk, I rounded the corner of the apartment building where I lived. I paused to peek into the wall of glass to the hair salon next to the entrance, looking for Jennifer. When I spotted her, I knocked on the window and held up the bag of Thai I'd brought home for dinner.

She smiled and waved, then went back to finishing the customer she was working on.

Just past the salon's entrance, was the first door to the apartments. I unlocked it with the main key and stepped into the tiny foyer. Switching keys to check the mail, someone else entered, so I had to lean against the wall to make room for them to open the glass door to the stairs.

I grabbed the envelopes, tossed them into the bag with the food, and went through the second door. Hiking the stairs to the third level, I was winded by the time I reached my apartment. Bypassing the first entrance that opened to the

living room, I went to the second, unlocked it, and stepped into the small kitchen.

Hastily tossing the food on the counter, I shrugged my backpack off and dropped it next to the stove. I rummaged through the containers to find my cashew chicken and vegetables, got a fork from the drawer, and retrieved my bag, slinking it on my shoulder once again. Pausing at the half wall at the opening of the kitchen to open the glass door of the built in cabinet, I grabbed the almost empty bottle of red wine. Carefully bumping the door with my hip, I strolled down the hallway to the living room.

With an exhausted groan, I plopped on the long sofa under the three windows that overlooked the street. Setting the container of food on the coffee table, I put the fork in my mouth and dug around my backpack for my date book. I tossed it next to the food, opened the container, and started eating while flipping through the pages.

My day hadn't been grueling, by any means. It had been quite monotonous, in fact. One customer came into my room, I massaged them, they left, I cleaned and sanitized, and a new customer showed up. It was just like every other day.

Today was not like any other day, however, for my thoughts had been consumed with Milo Pampinella. Twice, he “accidentally” touched me, but the more I thought about it, the more I wondered if it had been intentional, after all.

I could still hear his moaning, his breathy words. I’d never had someone react to one of my massages so... amorously. Even I had been turned on by the time it was over.

Chewing the piece of chicken, I gazed at the bookshelf on the wall, covered in junk, my mind not seeing clutter, but that cloth covered erection. What did it look like beneath that terrycloth? What would have happened had I “accidentally” knocked that small towel off? Would he have objected had I touched him?

Clearing my throat, I batted my lashes and took another bite, checking my dates. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays I worked in house, at the *Sunkissed Spa*. Tuesdays and Thursdays I worked at private locations. Saturdays, I was freelanced, so those were also wherever the client wanted me to set up.

A grating key sound echoed through my thoughts on the door to the living room. Glancing at it, I smiled at Jennifer

when she stepped inside. “Kitchen,” I muttered around my food when she looked.

She jogged down the hallway and returned with her own food, kneeling on the floor to eat across from me.

“How was your day?”

“Um. Ahem. Fine. Yours?”

“Ugh. This lady came in earlier, whinin’ ‘bout her hair all fried and dead cuz she did a home bleach, and wanted me to make it all better. I mean, I ain’t no magician. I can’t make the hair healthy once you done killed it.”

Removing the cork from the wine, I chugged straight from the bottle, knowing she wouldn’t drink any. I found Milo’s business card in my bag, got my cellphone, and dialed the number.

“Hi, I’m looking for Mr. Pampinella.”

“This is him, who is this?”

My pulse quickened, picturing light gray eyes sparkling with mischief, his hand on my wrist, his face in my cleavage.

Coughing, I stammered, “I’m...Chazzy M-Monroe. You asked me to call you tonight?”

“You’re going to have to narrow it down. I’ve had quite the busy day.”

Why did this piss me off so much? I shouldn’t be surprised I was just another blurred face in his routine. “Um, ahem. Th-The masseuse.”

There was a slight pause. “Oh,” he muttered, dragging the word out. “Well, I have been waiting for you to call. You have any openings for me?”

I put him on speaker and set the phone on the table, flipping through a few pages. “Well, are you interested in coming back to the spa or—”

“No, no. I’ll need you to come to me.”

“That’s right. I forgot. My private locations are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I’m booked for tomorrow, but I have most of Saturday open. On Thursday, I have a slot in the morning and one in the afternoon.”

“Which one gives me more time with you?”

Jennifer froze with a forkful of spinach pork stir fry in her mouth. Her lids rounded, she slowly pulled the utensil out, blinking rapidly.

“Uhm.” I averted my gaze to focus on the pages.  
“Uh...S-Saturday, like I said—”

“I don’t want to wait until Saturday. You sure you don’t have anything tomorrow?”

“No, sir. Would you like Thursday morning?”

“Yes.”

I tugged the pen out the strap and scribbled his name.  
“Okay. I have you down for Thursday at nine in the morning. Do you have any preference as far as oils, scents, etc?”

“No, just you.”

She choked on her food, dropping the fork to gawk.

Clearing my throat yet again, I squirmed on the cushion, scratching behind my ear with the pen. “So, what, just a repeat of today?”

“Today was fucking amazing. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it. Whatever you did today, that is what I want Thursday.”

I tapped the end of the pen to close it and forced it back into the strap. “Yes, sir,” I rasped, closing the book. “If you wouldn’t mind, please text me your address and I will see you in a couple days.”

“Sure thing, Chazzy. I can’t wait.”

“All right. Bye.”

I hung up and tossed the phone down, scooping food into my mouth. Too afraid to look at her, I stared at the black screen, wondering how long it would take him to text.

“And what in the world was that?” she mumbled around her food.

“Nothing. New client wants to make me a regular. No big deal.”

“That sure didn’t sound like no big deal.”

My sight shot to her through my lashes while I poked at my dinner. Rolling my eyes, I took a bite. “Okay, so this dude comes in and he’s tall, and he’s somewhat built.”

“Okay, are we talkin’ ‘bout large like The Rock, lean like Bill Skarsgård in *Hemlock Grove*, or somewhere in the middle like Channing Tatum?”

I blinked, pausing my chewing. Pushing the food to my cheek, the fork tucked into my palm, I curled my index over my mouth and said, “You really need to stop watching so much tv. It’s not healthy.”

“I’m buildin’ an image here, Chazz. Work with me.”



Scoffing, I rolled my shoulders. “Uh... Bradley Cooper?”

“Ooh, that’s hot.”

I snickered. “You have no idea. Wavy blond hair that fell to his ears, gray eyes, just a hint of a beard, a cleft chin.” Hesitating, I stared at her before adding, “Long dick.”

Her spine snapped straight, the fork hitting the floor. “What?”

“Look, it’s not uncommon for guys to get stiffies during a massage, but this guy...holy shit.” I held my palms about eight inches apart.”

“Dang, girl. Was he thick?”

“I don’t know, he was covered by a towel. But Christ, Jenn,” I groaned, my shoulders slumping forward. “The sounds this man made while I was massaging him. By the time he was done, I had to change my panties.”

She gasped and giggled, “Chastity Lou, you sure don’t talk like you a virgin.”

“Just because I haven’t done it, don’t mean I don’t know what’s going on.” I took a few small bites, chewing quickly. “Twice, he accidentally touched my crotch and I

damn near hit the floor. I've never gotten turned on by a customer. I've been at this seven years, never once had even an inkling of curiosity toward someone. This dude, Jesus, I don't even want to go into the thoughts that have been in my head since this morning."

She giggled, getting a napkin from the bag to wipe the fork. Poking her food, she leaned a forearm on the edge of the table and tipped her head. "You sure you should see him again, then? I mean, ain't that gonna be hard on you? Massagin' him and all, touchin' him, with all them dirty little thoughts."

Clucking the back of my teeth, I took another swig from the wine bottle. "Doesn't matter much what goes on in my head when he only cares about the massage."

"You don't know that."

"Trust me, I do. You didn't see his expression when he first looked at me. He almost asked to be seen by someone else."

Her lips pursed and pouted, her brows arching. "But now he wants to see you again."

"No, he wants to feel me again, there's a difference."

Her brows wiggled with a mischief grin.

“Not like that!” I laughed. “I’m good at what I do, he knows it, and now he’s hooked. The massage is all he wants.”

She shrugged, taking another bite. “Just as well. It ain’t smart to get involved with business.”

“Like I told you last night, I don’t have time for that. I’m just interested in my career, making money, and paying bills. I don’t plan to live in this dump forever.”

“There’s more to life than that, sugar.”

“No,” I snipped, pointing my fork. “There’s more to *your* life than that. My life is just fine as it is. I like my life, can we not try to change that?”

Tapping at her food, she eyed me for a moment. “Yeah, all right. I don’t wanna meddle none.”

“So, anything else happen at work today?” I asked, trying to change the subject.

She chattered on and on about her day while I somewhat listened just enough to communicate and keep the conversation going, but for the most part, I was thinking of Milo Pampinella and Thursday morning.

My phone chimed with a text, sending my pulse into a racing whirlwind of excitement. Picking it up and tapping the

screen, I read his address.

*Can't wait to see you, Chazzy.*

Two days until I saw him again. Two long, agonizing days.

# Chapter 4

## Chastity Monroe

Anxiety was shaking my bones. Milo Pampinella's business card said he was a CEO, so I knew he was well off, but when I pulled up to the luxury apartment skyscraper, I was stunned.

It was an older building, the inside art deco and almost gothic in appearance. I had lived in Chicago my entire life, yet until today, I had never noticed this place. How? How could I have never seen this beautiful building? How was it even possible to not see a building forty-two stories tall?

The ones surrounding it were fancier and shinier, walls and walls of glimmering glass. And then, in the middle, was a dark stoned, gothic revival type building, almost appearing as a shadow.

The elevator door swished open, and I hesitated, my leg bent to take a step. Instead of seeing an entire floor, I saw a private hallway. Confused, thinking I went too high, I held my

hand to keep it open, pulled my cell out my backpack, and checked the text.

“Okay, then.”

I stepped out onto the cream toned, stone tiles. One wall was a bright, off white, the others old, worn brick. The accent one had a piece of abstract art of vibrant colors in different shapes. It didn't really make sense to me, but I was sure it was expensive.

At the end of the hallway, I turned back toward the elevator and climbed the four steps to a tiny landing that veered to the right for two more steps to the entrance. My palm gliding up the cool, brushed steel railing, I was growing more uneasy by the minute. There had to be a mistake. Why the hell was I here? I didn't belong somewhere so... extravagantly lavish.

I rang the doorbell and cleared my throat, smoothing my hair. After a minute or two, the metal door swung open to reveal a tall man whose shoulders were so wide, I wondered how he fit through the gap. He was wearing a maroon, button up shirt that was taut across his chest and tucked into the waist of a pair of black slacks that were snug around thighs as thick

as mine, giving a hint at a natural bulge that had my eyes protruding.

My heart skipped, my focus scanning his rugged features with the chiseled jaw and thin, taut lips. A long, wide nose flared with a sharp inhale, bright blue eyes popping against his dark complexion already judging me inadequate. His hair was black and slicked on top, short on the sides.

“What?” he snapped when all I did was ogle with my mouth open.

“I...think I’m lost. I’m looking for Milo Pampinella.”

His lids narrowed as he scoped me from head to toe and back so slowly, I writhed with shame when he made eye contact again and I could see disapproval. “Of course. Why am I surprised? Whatever.” He stepped aside and swept his arm for me to enter.

I squeezed past, pulling my shoulders to my ears. My large bag knocked into him, and he grunted, bumping the brick wall behind the door.

“Sorry.”

Afraid to go anywhere, I shrugged the strap off my shoulder, holding the bag in front of me. The floors were a

golden oak, the cabinets in the kitchen beside me a couple shades darker with black accents. The counter tops were gold, tan, and black speckled granite with a dull surface, so the lights didn't reflect blaringly. The appliances had faux finishes to make them match the cabinetry, giving a uniformed appearance.

I took a quick step toward the narrow, oval dining table, my hand on the back of one of the chairs when the man moved to shut the door. The walls transitioned between a pale yellow and exposed brick. A couple wide windows and a set of French doors that opened to a small balcony gave a view of the neighboring building.

The living room had two, light tan, leather sofas and two matching armchairs surrounding a glass coffee table that overlooked a large, flat screen television mounted to the wall, a built-in shelving system covered in glass doors beneath. There was a dark hallway directly in front of me, and a double, frosted glass entrance on the far side of the living room. The décor was traditional and warm with burgundy accents and antique furniture, giving a very homely vibe that soothed my nerves.



Tipping my head to peer up at the fifteen-foot ceilings, I saw the large man stomping by, his ginormous hands balled into fists at his sides.

“Stay. Don’t move.”

I narrowed my lids and snipped, “And if I’m a good little dog, do I get a treat for obeying?”

He paused to crane his neck, sneering. “Funny.”

He went to the corner, opened one of the doors, and turned sideways to fit through. Less than a minute later, he was strolling toward me, the corner of his mouth curled, a look of displeasure on his face.

Holding his palm out, he wiggled his fingers. “Give me your keys so I can go to your car and get the bench.”

“Oh, uh.” I set the bag on the table and dug around the inside pocket, pulling out a ticket. “Valet.”

He snorted and rolled his eyes. “Of course.”

Snatching the receipt, he stormed out of the apartment, the metal banging loudly behind him.

Well, that guy did not like me. Fun times.

A door closed in the direction of the double glass ones, a shadow moved across the wall, and Milo strolled out wearing a pair of navy, silk pajamas, the top completely unbuttoned to expose his torso. Both hands raked through his shaggy blond hair, the material of the flimsy shirt billowing in the air with his wide steps, flowing around his sides.

My heart stopped and my mouth opened, mesmerized by the sight. His bare feet slapped to the floor as he closed the distance. For only a split second, my attention lingered at his crotch, faintly seeing the bulge sway to his steps. My sight returning to his face, my pulse finally thumped back to life at the small, confident smirk, his gray eyes glowing with mischief.

“Good morning, Ms. Monroe.”

He was approaching in a manner that had intent. My muscles locked and I waited with bated breath, wondering what he was going to do when he reached me. To my surprise, less than a foot in front of me, he sidestepped and went to the kitchen.

The fluttering in my belly crashed, my breath exhaling. My brows knitting, my waist twisted to watch him go to the counter beside the oversized, fancy, gas stove that looked like

it came from a professional setting. He poured himself a cup of coffee and sipped it black.

“You want a cup?”

I shook my head.

He turned around and leaned on the counter, his hand holding the edge. His sight raked over me more than once while he openly observed and sipped his coffee in silence.

I shifted my weight, more than uncomfortable. Finally, unable to handle it any longer, I huffed and set a hand on my hip. “What?”

His brows arched, the cup hovering in front of his mouth. “What?”

“I asked you first.”

“I have no idea what you’re asking, though.”

“Why are you staring at me like that?”

“Hm? Oh.” He took another sip, raking his sight yet again. “You always wear that?”

I held my arms out and gazed at the white outfit that was similar to scrubs. “Yeah, it’s standard with my company.

See?” I asked, pointing to the embroidered half sun on the left top with the name beneath it.

“And Saturdays, when you freelance, what do you wear?”

Bristling, my lids widened. How did he know I freelanced on the weekends? I didn’t tell him that.

“Why would you say that?”

“What?” He licked his lips, twisted his waist, and added more coffee.

“How did you know I freelance?”

Not bothering to look at me, he put the pot back on its base and said, “A strange woman was coming into my home. You think I didn’t have you checked out first? I know about you, Chastity Lou Monroe.”

Warning bells went off in my ears, my nerves shaking. “Uh, I...I don’t think I should be—”

The metal door swung open, and the huge man shuffled in with my massage table. Milo jutted his chin and told him to set it up in his room.

“Follow Mr. Shaw. I’m going to get something to eat while you do your thing.”

Huffing, I picked up my bag and inched across the area. The frosted glass opened to a short hallway that had a tiny closet, a niche to another opening, and a laundry closet. Even though it was closed, I could hear the washer spinning, the fabric softener releasing its fresh scent to the air.

Wyatt opened another door and went inside the bedroom with my table.

It was a large room with a king-sized bed on the main wall. It had a tall, padded headboard that jutted out on the sides, curling back toward the mattress a few inches. Double French doors opened to a private balcony that overlooked other skyscrapers with a beautiful view of Lake Michigan in the distance.

He dropped my table near the wall, beneath the television mounted near the ceiling.

“Unless you have two grand to replace that when you break it, I suggest you be a little more careful.”

He shot a heated sneer and chuckled. “Lady, I have two grand in my couch cushions, I’m sure. Don’t insult me with your chump change items.”

I plopped to the cream toned, velvet chaise at the foot of the bed, setting my bag next to me. “I’m so sorry my poverty seems to offend you,” I sighed with a mocking tone. “Two grand is chump change to you, a month’s rent for me. So, grow the fuck up, act like a mature adult, and show some respect.”

Bent over my table, he stopped moving. Some of the rage left his blue eyes, but he didn’t smile as he scoped my appearance. Grumbling under his breath, he unfolded the legs and set it up, locking the latches in place.

Spreading his arms out, he motioned at it and hissed, “Happy?”

A brow arched, unimpressed by his moody behavior. “Are you supposed to be intimidating? I mean, is...is that the vibe you’re going after? Because, I’m just not falling for it.”

Milo chuckled from the entrance, a brilliant smile lighting up his features. He strolled forward and patted Wyatt on the back of the shoulder. “It’s okay. I think you’re scary.”

He leered at me, his upper lip twitching. Gazing at Milo for a moment, he quietly left, closing the door behind him.

“He’s harmless,” he offered, setting his mug on the dresser next to a walk in closet.

“I wasn’t concerned.”

“He really doesn’t scare you?”

Snorting, I stood, going to the same dresser to unpack my oils and *iPod*. Getting the sheet from the bottom of the bag, I returned to the table and spread it out, smoothing the wrinkles.

Milo picked up my device and scrolled through the music. “All of it’s that generic, easy listening stuff you had the other day?”

I glimpsed at him, a little pissed he would just help himself to my things. “Yes.”

“What kind of music do you listen to?” he asked, strutting to the nightstand. He hooked the *iPod* to a speaker and tapped the screen, piano and flute tunes overwhelming the sounds until he adjusted the volume.

“Everything.”

“Yeah?”

“Mm hm.”

“Rock, heavy metal, country, rap?”

“Yup,” I sighed, going to my bag to get towels out, laying them on the dresser.

“Classical and opera?”

“Everything,” I sang, bored with the conversation.

“So, about your outfit. Do you wear this on Saturdays?”

My sight flitted to the mirror to check him out. He was shrugging off the shirt, tossing it to the bed. Catching me looking at him, he stopped tugging the string on his pants to eye me.

For a moment, I was struck dumb, and all I could do was gaze.

His brows lifted.

“Uh...n-no. I wear jeans and a tee shirt.”

He seemed disappointed. Bowing his chin, he snagged a small towel as he went to the table. Before he could drop his pants, I forced myself to stare at the bottles lined up on the dresser, refusing to look at him naked. I needed to focus.



“I think I want to set up an appointment with you every Saturday. Is that okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You can call me Milo.”

I sighed, rubbing my forehead. I needed to get a fucking grip. This was absurd.

When the squeaking of the table settled, letting me know he was comfortable, I finally looked at his naked body, his ass covered with the cloth. Picking the same oil I used the other day, I tiptoed toward him, my insides spinning.

“Ready?”

“Hell yeah.”

Filling my lungs with air, I held it and braced myself. He was ready. I was not.

# Chapter 5

## Chastity Monroe

Sure enough, two minutes into the massage, the man was moaning and groaning, making me heady with lust. If he sounded like this with a massage, how would he sound in bed, having sex?

A tremor rolled down my spine at the very idea, my nipples tightening. Damn, to be a fly on the wall while he was getting busy. I would pay for that.

When I was standing in front of him, pushing my hands down his back so my thumbs were on either side of his spine, I hit a super tight spot and he lurched, his hands gripping my hips.

“Oh, fuck,” he hissed, tensing severely under my touch.

Normally, I would ignore their reaction to pain and hurry up and work the knot out. This wasn't just a knot,

however, it was a lump of tight muscles. What the hell did this man do since I saw him on Monday?

“Take a deep breath,” I urged in a soothing tone, easing up on the pressure.

“Just do what you got to do and get it over with.”

“You sure?”

His nails dug into me, and he hissed, “Do it!”

Leaning over his head, I winced, and hit the spot aggressively.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he growled, tugging me closer.

It took almost an entire minute before the tension began to loosen and his pain ebbed. His muscles relaxed and he heaved a sigh, his body becoming pliant under my skillful touch once more.

“Better?”

“Much,” he snickered, his hold unwinding, but not releasing my hips.

My pulse was racing, my stomach fluttering. Why was he still touching me? Why was I letting him?

Because I liked it. In fact, I was slowing down, lingering, not moving on because I didn't want to step away. I'd never had a man hold me in any way; I rather enjoyed this. When I stretched to push down his length, one of his hands slid from my hip, his fingers grazing the side of my ass.

I froze, not sure what to do. If I stood up, it might make him move that teasing touch away and I sure as hell didn't want that. But I couldn't stay like this forever.

This was ridiculous. I was wasting time. With another appointment on the other side of town in two hours, I had to finish this up and move along. Time to stop fantasizing and do my job.

Clearing my throat, I stood and shifted my weight. His hands fell to the table, and he sighed while I worked at the base of his skull around his neck. When I was done, I muttered for him to roll over, my focus already waiting to see if he was hard.

Nice! He was. Delighted, I couldn't stop the foolish grin as I repeated the process, starting on his right side. Like the other day, when I reached his pelvic area, the towel twitched and he groaned, his knee rolling toward me to open his legs.

I almost rushed through the process of going down his right leg to his foot, up his left foot and leg, just to return to the lower section of his torso.

My skin was flushed, my breathing shallowing. Casting a curious glance, my heart banging on my ribs, I gulped the knot in my throat and dared something I never thought I would, never even had the desire to. When I pushed my palm forward, I slid my fingers over the spot just above his penis, not feeling any hair.

He tensed, his legs straightening, the towel twitching. I did it again, raking my index over the base of his erection, trying to determine his girth.

His hand lashed out and grabbed my wrist. Yelping, I jumped from one foot to the other, snapping my focus to his dark glare. His chest heaving, his lips drawn into a thin line, his nostrils flared as his lids narrowed.

“I’m...s-s-sorry, I didn’t mean...t-to.”

Holding my stare, his other hand took the corner of the cloth and gradually pulled it off his erection. Unable to stop myself, I looked down, my jaw falling. Nice, long, and decently thick, the head shiny, the side sporting a short vein that seemed to pulsate.

“You want to touch my dick, Chazzy?” he wheezed, tugging my hand toward it.

Frantic, my heart on the verge of exploding, I shook my head. “It was an accident.”

“Touch it.”

“No!”

He yanked when I tried to struggle against him, and I stumbled into the side of the bench.

“I said touch it!” he seethed, rising to an elbow. Sneering, his expression dark and ominous, I was too afraid not to obey. He suddenly looked vicious and evil.

My teeth rattling, my trembling fingers wrapped around him, but didn't do anything else.

His brows furrowed, his jaw flexing. “Well, are you going to stand there all day and look at me, or are you going to jack me off?”

My brain refused to answer that question. I had no idea what I wanted to do!

His fingers curled over mine and forced my fist up and down. His lids rounded slightly, his chin lifting a tad. To my horror, when he let go, I kept pumping.

He closed his lids with a sigh and laid back down, his hands at his sides. “Nice, that feels good.”

My brows arched. He liked it? I was bringing him pleasure? Thinking about some of the techniques I’d seen in adult movies, I tested my confidence and squeezed a little harder.

He pulled in a sharp inhale, arching his back slightly.

What the hell was I doing? This was so illegal. I could lose my license if anyone found out what I was doing. Also, *what the hell was I doing!* I wasn’t this type of person. This was a fit, rich, gorgeous man, and he wanted me to sexually touch him? This was craziness!

Still, my other palm laid on his inner thigh, my fingers grazing his balls as I sped up, finding just as much pleasure as he seemed to be.

His wrist twisted, his fingers shoving between my thighs. I gasped, a hot wave washing over me. No one had ever touched me there before, so I was jolted, not sure how to process the sensations attacking my senses.

“Goddammit,” he grumbled, sitting up. Knocking my arms aside, he looked pissed off as he hastily shoved my pants

down. “This is why I don’t like what you’re wearing. I can’t fucking feel you.”

Another gasp caught in my throat, my lids rounding. Those weren’t accidental touches the other day. This wasn’t just a moment he was getting caught up in. He planned this.

Dropping to the table once more, he tugged my hand back to his cock, his fingers caressing the inside of my thighs.

“You’re so soft, Chazzy,” he muttered, exploring my skin.

Mortified with what was happening, I tucked my chin to my shoulder and clenched my lids, too afraid to look at him. My confidence shaken now that I was standing in front of a man with my pants and underwear around my knees, my movements were erratic and awkward.

What the hell was I supposed to do? Did I say something? Did I want this? Was it too late to stop?

His hand traveled upward, and he touched the outside of my pussy. Shrieking, I froze, my fingers gripping his dick like a vise.

“Oh, shit, that feels good.” His hips thrust, forcing my hand to stroke his length. “Ah!” he hissed, his free hand



clutching the edge of the table.

Suddenly, his fingers were touching me. Adrenaline throbbing in my veins, my jaw fell, and I jerked, having no idea what to do. My body was inexperienced, but I couldn't tell him that! He would stop.

Well, there was my answer. Apparently, I did *not* want to end this. I wanted more.

He withdrew his hand, licked his fingers, and pushed them between my thighs again, wiggling his middle between the lips. The second he touched my clit, something inside exploded.

I threw my head back and cried out, trembling violently. My palms slapped to him, one on his abdomen, the other his knee. No longer in control of myself, my hips rocked against him, my spine curling. My chin bowed, my hair fell around my face, my teeth gritted together as I experienced my very first sexual touch.

“Christ, Chazzy. Been awhile?”

He had no idea! What would he say or do if he knew it had been never?

He added pressure, rolling the tiny nub.

“Ah, oh!” I screamed, my hand moving from his knee to the opposite thigh. Tipping my face to the ceiling, I was coated in sweat, my nerves tingling from the top of my scalp to my toes. My jaw gaping, my brows furrowed low as a guttural moan poured out of my lungs.

“Fuck, that’s sexy as hell. Oh my god, I can’t wait to see you cum.”

Whimpering, my head fell forward again, my knees teetering between locking and buckling so I was rocking up and down on his fingers. His arm stretched across his torso to push my hair aside, tucking it behind my ear.

“I gotta see your face,” he wheezed, speeding up.

Picking up my hand from his torso, he guided it to his cock and my natural instincts took over. Yanking my fist along his length desperately, I was spinning out of control, electricity scorching me from the inside out.

“Shit!” he rasped, his stomach caving. “Oh, shit, that feels good.”

Because this was foreign to me, every time I felt like I would break, I’d tense and push the orgasm back down; my poor body just didn’t know what the hell to do.

“Fuck, harder, Chazzy. Yank that dick harder, baby girl.”

My fingers tightened, my knuckles growing numb from the intensity.

“Oh, shit!” he roared, thrusting upward a second time. “That’s it, faster, faster.”

I was now jacking him off so hard and fast, my wrist was slapping to his thighs with a loud clapping noise. Precum had trickled out, wetting the friction, making a slurping sound every time my fist touched his head. His fingers quickening, my step widened to part my thighs, my stomach coiling.

“Oh, god,” I whispered, bending over him as the release built to a breaking point.

“Goddamn, you’re so wet.”

Wet? I was soaked, the juices smearing my entire crotch and inner thighs.

When his middle finger stretched a little further and touch the entrance to my vagina, I accidentally twisted my fist around the head of his cock.

He lurched, sucked on the back of his teeth, and tensed. His finger pushed inside, my jaw fell, and he came, his semen

shooting on my face and in my mouth.

“Fuck, fuck!” he growled, jerking beneath me.  
“Goddamn, yes!”

I lost my balance, my forehead falling to his hipbone, an orgasm ripping me from the inside out. “Oh...ahmm!” I screamed, the cum on my tongue sliding down my throat as I ground my teeth, bucking violently on his hand.

I had cum before, this was not my first orgasm. For someone who had never been intimately touched before in her life, I masturbated quite frequently, almost daily.

Since I was not the one in control of this, my body was bursting at the seams. Whimpering, I bit down on his skin, screeching as I hit the climax of the release.

“Ah!” he seethed, lurching beneath me.

The first knuckle of his middle finger eased out, his palm flat on the outside of my pussy as he slowed his caresses to something gentle. My clit was pulsating, rolling under the rubs.

Choking, I released the bite and frantically slapped his hand, needing him to just stop touching me. Overwrought and going numb, the sensations were now almost painful.

Milo threw his hands to the top of the table around his head, panting heavily. The leg closest me was straight, the other bent to the side. Vaguely aware his cock was tangled in my hair, it was flexing and jerking as it softened.

Now what? How the hell was I supposed to stand up and look this man in the face after what we just did? How was I supposed to act? What did I say?

It was pretty safe to assume the massage was over. If the man was still tense after this, he needed help that was beyond my expertise.

A sickening sensation filled my stomach with dread. Was I now considered a whore? Technically, this man just bought a massage with a happy ending. That was illegal.

Clearing my throat, I lifted off him just enough to stretch my arms and yank my pants and underwear into place. Too disgraced to look at him, I rubbed the tip of my nose and went to the dresser to fidget with the oils.

In the mirror, I saw Milo press the heels of his palms to his eyes, his Adam's apple bobbing. "Mm. I knew this would be good. I've waited since Monday for this."

Shame had me curling into myself. How many other women did he pay to jack him off? Did he have a different girl for every day?

He sat up, swinging his legs over the edge. Huffing, his shoulders slumped forward, his face upturned. “I want every Saturday, just for me.”

My heart stilled, my focus shooting to him in the mirror. “I...beg your pardon?”

Hopping to the floor, he didn't bother to conceal himself while strutting toward me.

“I got caught off guard today by how good you felt. That won't happen again. I want the entire day just for me so I can take my time from now on.”

He went to the nightstand behind me and picked up a pack of cigarettes, knocking one out to light it.

“I...can't. Saturday is the only day I get all the money and not have to split it with the spa. I—”

“Two thousand cover it?”

The bottle of oil slipped from my fingers, hitting the dresser. “T-Two...”

# Chapter 6

## Chastity Monroe

Blowing the smoke through his nose, he peered at me curiously in the reflection. “Cash.”

I spun around, my hair flinging across my eyes. Eight thousand dollars a month, cash? To massage a gorgeous man and jack him off while he fingered me? Why the hell was I not shouting *yes* at the top of my lungs?

“You know.” He thumbed his nose and strode toward me, staring at his cigarette. “With that kind of money, someone could open their own company, be their own boss, and not have to give half their earning to someone else who sits behind a desk, never doing any of the hard work.”

His grey, piercing stare was scrutinizing, a brow lifting as he brought the cigarette to his mouth. “You ever considered being your own boss?”

“N-No.”

“Why not?”

“I just...I...I-I...”

“Don’t you have ambition to be more than someone’s employee? You have to have dreams, Chazzy. You can’t possibly be content living a mediocre life, always jumping through hoops for someone else.”

“I like my life.”

His brows creased, more smoke swirling from his nostrils. “You enjoy being owned, never having freedom, living paycheck to paycheck?”

I bristled, crossing my arms. “Just how much did you look into my personal affairs?”

His head tipped to rake his sight over me. “Enough to know today was the first time a man’s touched you in at least a year.”

At least a year? Try, first time in my life.

He strutted past me, taking a drag. Going to his pajama pants, he tucked the cigarette between his lips and picked them up, shaking them out. “I know enough to know you have no savings and four hundred dollars in your account.”

I pulled in a jagged breath, horrified at what I was hearing. Who the hell was this man? How did he know this



stuff? That was personal, illegal information he was getting privy to. How?

“An offer like mine could change your entire life.” He stepped into the pants, tugging them to his waist and tying the strings.

My hands on my hips, my anger grew out of nowhere, my heart rattling on my ribs. “And if I take you up on your offer, I become your personal prostitute?”

His brows furrowed and he snatched the cigarette out his mouth. “You really think I have to pay for that? Have you looked at me?”

Stunned at his arrogance, I crossed my arms, leaning to one leg. “You are so narcissistic.”

He chuckled, grazing his teeth over his bottom lip. “Call it what you want, sweetheart, all I have to do is snap my fingers and the ladies shed their clothes, begging for me to touch them.”

I shuddered, my breath catching in my throat. I didn't doubt that, my clit was still pulsing with its own heartbeat, wanting to feel those fingers again.

“You are the one who touched me first, remember that when you want to get all high and mighty and moralistic.”

“No, no!” I shouted, shaking my finger. “You...y-you touched me first, on Monday. Twice.”

His eyes darkened, the cherry glowing with a long inhale. “And yet you still called me that night, set up another appointment, and here we are. You still rubbed that slick pussy on my fingers, didn’t you?” He tugged the waist of his pants down and grinned. “Those are your teeth marks, yes, or no?”

“I...I...didn’t want...”

He stiffened, rage contorting his face. The cigarette tucked between his fingers, he pointed. “Not once did you say stop, so don’t you dare go there.”

“No, no, I know.” I whimpered, twisting my fingers.

Strolling past me, he went to the door and opened it. “Wyatt!” he shouted.

Not waiting for his friend, he strode for the bed and plopped on the side. Leaning on the headboard, his legs stretched out, his hand with the cigarette on his stomach, the other tucked behind his head.

A large shadow fell over the room as the huge man made the large space smaller.

“We’re done today. Will you help Ms. Monroe take her table back to her vehicle?”

“Yes, sir.”

Stepping forward, he tugged the sheet off, rolled it into a ball, and threw it at me.

I yelped, jumping, grabbing it when it hit me in the chest. My sight bouncing between the two men, I had no idea what to say or do right now.

“Hey, baby girl.”

Milo was smirking and tapping his cheek, so my waist twisted to look at myself in the mirror. A screech choked, seeing there was still cum on my face.

“Oh my god,” I whimpered, rubbing the sheet to clean myself. Tears burned my eyes, so I buried my head in the material, shaking with shame.

“Ready?” Wyatt barked, standing right beside me.

Yelping again, I hastily threw everything in my bag, sniveling. I had never been so humiliated in my life. How

could I let this happen? I played myself and now I was a fool, too embarrassed to look at my own reflection.

“Baby girl.”

A whimper choked me, pausing my retreat. Craning my neck to peer at him, smoke blew from his nostrils.

“You have until tomorrow to give me an answer. If you say no, I need to find someone else.”

Disgusted with myself, I shoved past Wyatt and ran through the expansive apartment, fighting the release of the tears. Swinging open the door, I stumbled down the steps and down the hallway, falling against the elevator, stabbing the button over and over.

I don't know where I thought I was going since Wyatt had my valet ticket, but I needed to get away from Milo. I had to get off this floor and put distance between us.

The doors opened right as Wyatt caught up. We stepped inside and they swished closed.

“Do us all a favor and turn down whatever offer he gave you.”

“What?”

“He asked you to be his personal masseuse, right?”

“Like that’s any of your business.”

“Tell him no.”

“What do you care?”

“It’s my business to care, so tell him no.”

“Don’t worry, I have no intentions of being someone’s paid whore.”

He snorted, tapping his fingers on the edge of my folded table. “You think that’s what he wants you for? Please, get real.”

Gripping the strap of my bag, I cowered in the corner, wanting distance from him, as well. “If you knew what happened—”

“You think I don’t know what happened?”

“You...know?” I whispered, my brows arching, my shame deepening.

“I don’t know details, but I didn’t need a front row seat to know you didn’t last as long as the other lady this morning, so it couldn’t have been all that great.”

My heart sank, my stomach curdling. “Other...lady?”

“Yup. The one he spent the night with. You need a reality check, lady. Something might have happened in that room, but he is not seeking out someone like you for sex.”

“Someone...like me?”

He lifted a brow and looked over my body. Snorting, he shook his head and stared straight ahead. “A man like Milo Pampinella doesn’t need to pay anyone for sex. If he did, he would buy someone with a much better body than yours.”

I cringed, my chin bowing to my chest.

*You’re fat, Chazzy. You’re ugly, you’re fat, and no one loves you. You are nothing but a hideous, worthless, sack of shit.*

My heart breaking, tears burned my nose, welling in my eyes. Turning my head away, I looked at my blurred reflection in the brushed steel, seeing all the rounded curves and imperfections that had mocked me since I was a little girl.

The elevator stilled, the doors dinged, and slid open. My stomach cramping with sorrow, I followed Wyatt through the building, to the revolving glass doors in the lobby. He pulled out my ticket and handed it to the valet.

Neither of us spoke while the man darted off to fetch my vehicle. Several minutes later, Wyatt was shoving the table in the backseat, slamming the door while I slid behind the steering wheel. I pulled away from the curb, drove around the loop to the exit, and burst out crying.

# Chapter 7

## Chastity Monroe

Slowly traipsing around the corner, my sight fixated on the sidewalk, I was barely paying attention to where I was going. Wyatt's words had haunted me all day long, my brain tricking me by meshing his voice with my stepfather's.

So devastated after leaving Milo's, I had been almost half an hour late to my next appointment because I had been forced to pull into a shopping center, park, and just cry.

The entire day, I had been off my game, not putting as much strength into my massages as usual. All my customers had complained, which only knocked my self-worth down even further.

I dug my keys out my bag, sniffing against the tears that had been flowing so freely today. It had been years since I let myself cry over this, but I couldn't seem to stop them.

Not paying attention, I bumped into someone, grumbled an apology, and stepped around them.



“Wait just a minute,” Jennifer’s country drawl shouted, breaking through my fog. “Where in the heck do you think you’re goin’, sugar? I been dyin’ to talk to you all day about what happened this mornin’, don’t you dare think you’re just gonna walk right on by and not say nothin’.”

I lowered my head, rubbing the tip of my nose, the keys jangling in front of my face.

“Hey, hey. Chazz? What’s goin’ on, sugar?” she cooed, tugging on my elbow.

The dam broke and the waterworks poured. Jennifer blanched, having never seen me cry before.

“Oh, Lord, what happened?”

I pushed her away and ran to the entrance, unlocking it. Not caring about the mail, I swung open the glass door and ran up the stairs as fast as I could. By the time I had the living room door unlocked, my knees were giving out, my stomach cramping. Falling on the sofa, I dropped my bag to the floor, buried my face, and wept.

A few minutes later, Jennifer was creeping into the apartment, her expression one of astonishment. Easing to her knees, she petted my shoulder gently.

“Sugar?” she soothed, tilting her head. “What happened?”

Too hurt to be guarded, I blubbered out everything that happened today in a bunch of run on sentences. “I showed up, and he had this huge asshole guy there, and I set up in his room and I was doing the massage. He started doing that moaning again, I got carried away and I touched him and then...then next thing I know, I’m jacking him off and he’s fingering me.”

She shrieked and slapped her hands to her mouth. “You can’t do that!”

“I know, I know!” I whined, rolling to my back to drape my arm over my face. “If the spa finds out, I’m so fired! But it felt so good, Jennifer.”

“Oh, right, right. That the first time for you, huh?”

I flipped to my side, my back to her. “Oh my god, it was awful.”

“Awful? How was that possible? You just said it felt good.”

Gradually laying on my back, I peeked at her. “Because he offered me two thousand dollars a week to see

him every Saturday and do it again.”

Her gaping mouth clamped, and her lashes batted, her brows arched. Tipping her head, she tapped her chin, raking her sight over me. “Huh.”

“What?”

“Nothin’. I just...am curious now, is all.”

“About what?”

Her eyes glossing, she gazed at me and said, “I mean, if you’re that dang good, I kinda wanna—”

“Oh, would you stop,” I cried, slapping at her. I swung my legs and sat up, putting my elbows on my knees to rub my temples.

“I was just teasin’,” she giggled, nudging my leg.

“He told me he would give me until tomorrow to make a decision.”

“What are you gonna do? You gonna accept it?”

“Would you?”

“He good lookin’?”

“Gorgeous,” I whispered, dropping a hand to look at her.

“Spendin’ every Saturday with a filthy rich, gorgeous man, get sexually satisfied, and get two thousand bucks a week. Hm. What would I do? Where do I sign up?”

“I just...” I lowered my sight, picking at the knee of my pants. “Thought if I ever did sleep with a man, it’d be someone I loved, you know?”

For a second time tonight, I was stunning her. “I didn’t know you thought about stuff like love.”

Flinging myself to the back of the cushions, I threw my hands up and slapped my thighs. “So, I care. I do, I just...no one ever cared, so why should I?” I grumbled, admitting my insecurities for the first time aloud.

She crawled to the cushion beside me, sliding her arm under mine to hug herself to it, her cheek on my shoulder. “You really don’t give yourself enough credit, Chazz. When you look in the mirror, all you see is weight.”

“And you don’t?”

“No. I see a beautiful woman. Fair skin, light freckles, big, brown, soulful eyes, full, naturally pink lips that are always pouty, thick, wavy hair, and your tits are pretty fantastic. I wish I had boobs as good as yours.”

Snorting, I laid my cheek to the top of her head. “Can you picture yourself with tits like mine? You’d fall over.”

She giggled, playfully slapping the inside of my thigh. “You gonna take his offer?”

The dread washed back into my soul. “No. His little friend reminded me that if Milo Pampinella wanted a woman, he would find someone who wasn’t fat and ugly.”

She clucked her teeth and sat up. “You ain’t ugly, Chazzy.”

“But I’m fat.”

Her brow arched, her lips thinning. “You really think there are men out there that don’t want a plump girl? You gotta get out your head, sugar.” She drew in a quick breath, her expression lighting up. “Why don’t I give you a makeover. Yeah—”

“No—”

“Oh, c’mon, Chazz. Lemme show you how sexy you can be.”

When I failed to deny her, she must have taken that as acceptance, because she was squealing, hopping to her feet and dragging me up, as well. Pulling me down the hallway to

my bedroom at the end, she gently shoved me to my bed and grabbed my brush off my dresser.

Sitting there, like a lump of clay, I did nothing as she prattled on and molded me into her perception of beauty.

“I think you should take the offer, sugar. I mean, technically, you ain’t doin’ nothin’ wrong. You’re still gonna massage him, which you’re licensed and trained to do. Just think of the sexy stuff as a bonus, just somethin’ two people do when business is done with.”

“He doesn’t know I’m a virgin. What if he doesn’t want me after he finds out?”

“Then you take the money and run, girl. And then we’re gonna take a cruise, get tanned, and get laid by some giant natives somewhere with big, brawny chests and huge dangalangs,” she sighed, biting her bottom lip and tapping her chin.

I snorted and rolled my eyes. She was prudish in every aspect but sex. I was forward in every aspect, but sex. She had the looks, I had the brain. Between the two of us, we made one perfect woman.

“I dunno. I just don’t think I can handle that kind of relationship.”

She pursed her lips, gazing into my eyes. “You know,” she sighed, teasing my hair. “I never would have pegged you for bein’ the traditional type.”

“I don’t think I am. I don’t know what I am, I just know the very idea of going back to that apartment so that huge steroid asshole can judge me, kills me.”

“So, you bring Mr. Rich here and...”

She paused, twisting her waist to look around. The brush on her chin once more, she glimpsed at me and frowned. “Better yet, maybe y’all should go to a hotel.”

“That just makes me feel sleezy again. I just...I think I’m going to have to pass.”

She clucked her teeth, playing with my hair. “It just seems like such a shame to give up all that money.”

“Yeah, well, I have to be able to live with myself, right?”

“I suppose,” she sighed, styling my hair.

She continued on, chatting away about Gary and her day at work, but I was tuning her out. My mind was focusing

on Milo's questions and suggestions about me wanting better for my life, having dreams and aspirations to be my own boss.

Damn him for planting seeds in my head, making me want more than mediocrity. What was so wrong with complacency? I was happy with my boring, routine existence.

Now...not so much. Now the very idea of opening my own spa, being the boss, keeping all my money when I earned it, was something that was piquing my interest.

Milo was an asshole.

But Wyatt Shaw was a bigger one. Literally and metaphorically.



# Chapter 8

## Chastity Monroe

Every morning was the same. I walked into the spa, flashed the receptionist a fake smile, scooted behind the desk, and signed in on the computer. Then I printed up my schedule for the day, went to my room, and prepared for the clients I would be seeing, making sure I had all the supplies I would need to fulfill their wishes.

The moment I turned the corner and put on that fake smile, I knew something was wrong. She looked horrified to see me, and then disgusted.

My brows furrowed as I set my bag on the counter and shimmied around.

She threw her arm out, covering the keyboard. “Mrs. Sanchell wants to see you before you log in.”

Confused, I blinked rapidly. “Oh. Uh. Okay.”

I picked up my bag, draped it on my shoulder, and made my way back the way I came, passing the entrance to the

office at the rear. I knocked on her door and stepped inside when she called me.

Her finger held up, the desk phone held to her ear. “Uh huh. I understand.”

I scooted closer to a chair to sit while I waited for her to finish, but she wagged her finger and shot a hateful sneer. Again, I was taken aback by the gruffness I was receiving today.

She pressed a button and cradled the receiver, a man’s voice filling the room.

“I normally wouldn’t even say anything because it’s just so embarrassing, but the next person might not be so forgiving, and I wouldn’t want your establishment to be sued, Mrs. Sanchell.”

“No, I completely understand, Mr. Pampinella.”

My lids rounded and my heart sank, panic setting into my bones. The strap to my bag slid off my shoulder, catching just past my elbow.

“I have Ms. Monroe with me now.”

“Oh. Well, this is awkward. Look, like I said, this is a very uncomfortable situation for us all, but I’ve never had a

masseuse behave so unethically as Ms. Monroe had the day before.”

“What?” I shrieked, dumbfounded at what I was hearing.

“Ms. Monroe, did you touch Mr. Pampinella inappropriately yesterday?”

“That’s...that’s not what happened.”

“Did you, or did you not proposition Mr. Pampinella during your private massage yesterday?”

“No!” I screeched, burning with humiliation, sweat coating my body.

“Come on,” he cried. “What on earth do I have to gain by lying about this? My reputation is being bruised here. I mean, a man in my position, calling to complain about sexual harassment. This isn’t exactly something I would like to get out in the open.”

“But that’s not what happened, Mrs. Sanchell. He...h-he—”

“Are you calling the client a liar? Is that what you’re trying to do? The CEO of an international corporation has

nothing better to do than call up a spa and fabricate tales about one of my employees?”

“No, but he... Yes! That’s not what happened.”

“Ms. Monroe, I’m afraid I have no choice but to dismiss you from my establishment. Under the prompting of Mr. Pampinella, I have decided not to report you and have your license revoked.”

Sneering, my head bobbed side to side, my hand propping on my hip. “Oh, really. And if he was so offended, he had to complain, then why wouldn’t he want me to lose my license?”

“Look, I can understand how someone like you can get confused and mistake attraction when dealing with someone like me,” he said.

“Oh, my god, you are such a narcissist!”

“So, you *did* call him that yesterday?” Mrs. Sanchell griped.

“I mean...”

“Mistakes happen, and I don’t want your entire career to be ruined, but actions have consequences. Hopefully you

learn from your mistakes, Ms. Monroe. The next guy might not be so forgiving as I am.”

“Oh, my god, I cannot believe this. How many years have I worked for you, and never, not once, has anyone ever complained about me? I have never called in sick, cancelled, or even been late. I even pick up the slack whenever I can when others bail on you.

“Six years,” I shouted, tears rolling down my face as I stabbed my chest. “And you’re going to believe that asshole over me?”

“Here we go with the vulgarities again,” he groaned, and I could almost hear his eyes roll.

She took a sharp inhale, her cheeks turning red. “Ms. Monroe, if you will, please collect your belongings and remove yourself from my establishment. Don’t make a scene or I will ignore Mr. Pampinella’s request and report you.”

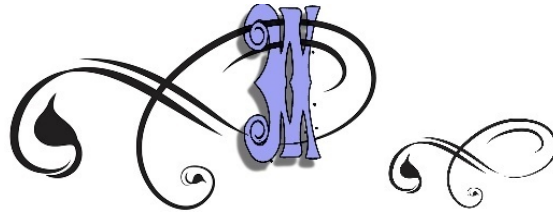
“You know what,” I wept with a cynical chuckle. “Fuck you.”

She gasped and he snickered then coughed. Her palms slapping to the desk, her gray hair shook around her long, oval face. “Ms. Monroe! Get your belongings and leave, now!”

“Go to hell.”

I yanked my bag’s strap to my shoulder, flung open the door, and slammed it as hard as I could behind me. Stomping to the exit, I repeated those actions, my heart breaking. I’d never been fired before. Never! This was utterly humiliating.

Staggering down the hallway to the elevator, I punched the button, but didn’t want to wait, so I hurried a few feet further to the door for the stairwell. Swinging it open, I dropped to the first step, folded my arms on my knees, and buried my face, sobbing hysterically.



## Chastity Monroe

I pounded on the metal door, sniveling uncontrollably. It gradually opened to Wyatt’s bored expression.

“Oh, it’s you. I should have known,” he groaned.

I slammed my palms to his chest, knocking him aside and barging into the apartment. “Where is he? Milo!” I shrieked.

At the end of the small hallway, my sneakers squeaked with my abruptly halting steps, seeing him in the kitchen. He was standing at the island with a slender brunette, whispering and motioning at a platter of various foods.

“You!” I sobbed, my vision blurred through my tears. Though I didn’t want to shed them, I blinked, just so I could see properly.

His attention snapped up, his expression one of surprise. “Ms. Monroe. You’re here a lot sooner than I expected. I’m afraid I’m not quite ready for you—”

“Fuck you!” I wailed, charging forward to slap him across the face.

Wyatt stormed forward, grabbing a fistful of hair at the back of my head. I screamed, terror lurching my stomach.

Milo’s lids narrowed, his nostrils flaring. Poking his tongue into the offended cheek, he rubbed his chin and took a long, ragged breath.

“That’ll be all,” he said to the woman while staring at me.

“Yes, sir.” She scurried around the bar, grabbed a purse off the table, and ran for the exit, slamming the door.

I was gasping, nearing a state of sheer panic, clutching at Wyatt's wrist.

Milo crossed his arms and sneered, widening his stance. "You come charging into my house, uninvited, screaming, and *hit me!*" He shouted the last two words, his complexion turning red. "After everything I did for you? You ungrateful bitch!" he roared, his voice echoing off the walls and ceiling.

"Ungrateful...what did you do for me? You humiliated me, you got me fired—"

"I had this gourmet meal cooked for you to celebrate your independence. I freed you, Chazzy."

I whimpered, trying to shake my head. "You destroyed me," I whispered, sobbing further.

He jutted his chin at Wyatt, and he released me, hastily pushing me forward. He sauntered off toward the short hallway near the front of the apartment and disappeared into a bedroom, closing the door, leaving me alone with Milo.

"Now come here and eat."

"Eat?" I rasped, my shoulders drawing to my ears as I shrugged my arms out. "You want me to sit here and eat



dinner with you? You got me fired. You lied—”

“How did I lie? Did you or did you not touch my dick yesterday?”

“Yes, but—”

“Okay, where’s the lie?”

“Did you mention that you fingered me and came in my mouth?”

His eyes lit up, a smirk curling his lips. “Some of my cum got in your mouth? That’s hot. Tasted good, huh? Would you rather suck my dick, Chazzy? Maybe you aren’t wanting cheese and crackers. Maybe you’re wanting some meat.” His tone was growing husky, his eyes smoldering.

I scoffed, dismayed at this man’s ego. “I can’t believe you. What the hell am I going to do? How the hell am I going to pay my bills? I’m going to lose my apartment.”

He clucked his teeth, unfolding his arms to pick at the platter. Tossing a piece of cheese into his mouth, he grumbled, “You’re not going to lose your apartment. You still have a job with me.”

“After what you did to me today, you really think I’m ever going to touch you again? In any manner?”

A brow lifting, he tipped his head to peek up at me. “You want to keep your home, right? Look, I had to do what I had to do to make sure you accepted my offer. I had a feeling you were going to turn me down, so I narrowed my competition. I win.”

“No, Milo!” I wheezed, jabbing my finger on the counter. “You don’t win, because I’m not playing a game. Maybe for someone like you who has all the money they could possibly need, this is funny, but not to me!” Whimpering, my palms slapped to my chest. “You stole my life from me today. My roommate has parents and a boyfriend she can fall back on, I have no one.”

“You have me.”

Stunned, my jaw fell, my palms falling to the counter. My lips pursed, I shook my head. “I don’t want your kind of help. You’re the type of person that has strings attached. You help me, I owe you.”

“What’s so wrong with that?” he asked, taking another bite of cheese. “All I ask in return is for my massages and...” His mouth curled into a smug grin, his sight raking over me. “Some fun times now and then.”

“So, I can be added to your roster of whores? Be put on rotation? You want me to high five her as she’s walking out and I’m walking in?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Wyatt told me about your morning before I got here yesterday.”

Anger flickered in his eyes, his sight darting over my head to the hallway. “Did he? Huh, well, I’ll have to have a little talk with him about that.”

He picked up a glass of wine and took a sip, eyeing me. “She really has nothing to do with anything here nor there where you’re concerned.”

“What do you want, Milo? Huh? What do you want from me?”

“Your Saturdays.” His brows furrowed, he swept up the glass and snatched another tiny block of cheese. Strutting toward me, he roamed my body, grinned, and sauntered to his room.

I followed, shrugging my arms out. “I thought I made it clear, that was not going to happen.”

“I really don’t understand what the problem is here, baby girl. You give me one day a week, I make sure you’re taken care of and don’t need to worry about your bills anymore. You could even afford to move out of that run down building and find somewhere better.”

“You know where I live, too?”

He sat on his bed with a drawn out groan, leaning on the headboard and crossing his ankles. “I told you, I had you checked out. There’s not much I don’t know about you. Including the fact that your roommate does not have a boyfriend, as you suggested. She has an affair.”

Seeming rather proud of himself, he took another sip, smacking his lips and sighing. “How devastated would she be if that dirty little secret got out? You think he would finally leave his wife to be with her, or would he end things with the sweet little southern belle, breaking her poor little country heart?”

I shook my head, astounded at what I was hearing. “You’re blackmailing me now?”

He wrinkled his face, tucking his chin to his chest. “That is such an ugly word. I’m just...” He waved his hand

around, the red liquid sloshing inside the glass. “Giving you a nudge in the right direction.”

“Why?” I wept, my tears returning. “Why me? Don’t you have enough chicks in your little black book? Why all this trouble for me?”

“I’m not sure, to be honest. Since I first saw you, there’s been something about you I just...want,” he added with a gravelly tone. “And I always get what I want, Chazzy.”

“Not this time.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. You’re playing hard to get, but you’ll see what a good thing it is I’m offering you—”

“You really are sure of yourself, aren’t you?”

A sense of delight lit up his expression, the glass hovering in front of his face. “I was referring to the money part, but the fact you’re thinking of my dick is promising.”

I took a sharp gasp and held it for a moment before deflating with an exaggerated exhale. “You don’t want me, Milo. I don’t know what it is you’re so enticed by, but I’m not the one you want.”

“Why not?”

“Look at me!” I shouted, waving my hands down my sides.

His smile broadened and he chuckled huskily, taking a sip before setting the almost empty glass on the nightstand. “Trust me, sweetheart, I’ve been looking since you showed up. I’m just wondering how long you’re going to make me wait before you let me see all of you.”

“You need to call the tiny lady back and get your pleasures from her.”

“If I wanted her again, I wouldn’t have sent her away.”

“Again?”

His lips pursed and he huffed, folding his arms over his chest. “I’m not even going to lie and pretend like you’re going to be my only lover. You’re too smart to fall for that. I can get away with that with the others, but you’re too headstrong to be taken advantage of.”

“I’m not going to be your lover, Milo.”

“Yeah, you are.”

“You’re nuts. Why are you so hellbent on getting someone like me?”

“Because I want you, and I don’t accept no.”

“Look at you,” I whispered, waving my hand toward him. My chest was aching, the humiliation destroying me. “You can have anyone you want—”

“I know, and I want you.”

“Why?” I croaked with a new wave of tears. “When you already had that beautiful, flawless woman, why would you want this?”

His brows furrowed, recognition finally sparking in his gray eyes. “Oh my god, you’re insecure. That’s what this is about.”

Scoffing, I crossed my arms, curling into myself as I leaned on his dresser. I just wanted to disappear.

“I don’t know what you see, but what I’m looking at is a lot of soft, curvy flesh to hang on while I’m pounding my dick in that pussy.”

Startled, my head snatched up, ice rolling down my spine.

“I see tits that are going to bounce every time my hips slam into yours.” His sight lowered to my crotch with a wicked grin. “A nice, fat pussy swallowing my cock, Christ, Chazzy, let me fuck you right now,” he wheezed, his chest

huffing with suddenly labored breathing. “I’m so hard just thinking about it. Take your clothes off and come here.”

My heart skipped, peeking at the growing bulge in his trousers. Jolting to an upright position, my movement knocked the dresser to the wall, rattling the contents on top.

Suddenly, he was lunging from the bed, grabbing my shirt with a growl, and throwing me to the mattress, pawing at my pants.

“Never wear these again, they’re too stiff and I can’t fucking feel you through the material.”

I shrieked, kicking my legs to get away. Instead, all I managed to do was help him get the pants off quicker. His fingers shot between my thighs, rubbing at my pussy, his weight falling to a fist over my shoulder. Eyes glowing with an animalistic frenzy, his mouth was curling around his teeth, his fingers parting my lips to circle my clit. I choked on an inhale and tried to scoot away, but he grabbed the back of my neck so I couldn’t, leaning closer.

“I always get what I want,” he whispered when my body reacted to his touch and wetness started smearing around my flesh.



My heart was pounding on my ribs, fear gripping with its razor-sharp talons. Nearing hyperventilation, I clenched my lids, curled my arms to my chest, and screamed out the only thing I could think of that would save me right now.

“I’m a virgin!”

# Chapter 9

## Chastity Monroe

He froze, all the crazed lust draining from his features. His fingers still pressed to my clit, it was pulsating, thumping against him. My blood was racing faster than my heart could pump, building a headache behind my temples.

“What?” he wheezed, his Adam’s apple lurching.

Whimpering, my hands crept up and slapped over my face, sobs shaking my body. “I’m a virgin,” I repeated with a lot less authority.

“How...the fuck...is that possible when you are twenty-six years old?”

“Does it matter? Now you know. You know and you won’t want me anymore because I can’t possibly satisfy you like you’re used to. Now let me up.”

His fingers finally slid upward, but in a leisure, taunting way that sent me shivering, a soft moan escaping my throat. Bit by bit, he stood, his palms on my lifted knees.

I dared move my hands away just enough to peek at him. His head was tipped, his focus staring at my crotch. Mortified, I sniveled and closed my thighs.

“Huh.” His thumbs patted my knees, his jaw falling just a bit and to the side so his tongue could tap his molars. Holding my stare, he took one step backward.

Thinking he was letting me up, I rose to my elbows and froze while I watched him pull his belt, unfastening it.

“What are you doing?”

“Taking what I want,” he stated simply, unbuttoning his trousers and unzipping them.

“But, I told you—”

He pushed his slacks down and gripped his cock, stroking himself while he kicked the garment off his feet.

“One thing you’ll learn about me, Chazzy, is when I decide I want something, there’s not much that will change my mind.” He unbuttoned his shirt and shrugged it off, standing in front of me completely naked. “Scoot all the way onto the bed.”

“No,” I whispered, shaking my head. “I want to go home.”

“You’ll go home when we’re done.”

“I hate you!” I argued, splaying my fingers out. “You’re arrogant, you’re a bully, and you got me fired. You ruined my life, and now you think I’m going to let you take my virginity?”

“Yes,” he stated simply, lowering to a knee between my legs.

“Why in the hell would I agree to this?”

His fingers were back on me, circling the clit. I fell from my elbows, arching my neck, my thighs parting.

“Because you want me, too. I don’t give a shit if you hate me. I’m not asking you to love me, I’m asking you to fuck me. Be angry, hate me. That’ll make it that much better,” he whispered, shoving his finger inside.

I shrieked, throwing my arms over my head. “No!”

Scooting onto the mattress, I rolled and tried to crawl away. He grabbed my ankle and yanked, making me fall to my stomach. Before I could get up, his palms were slapping to my ass cheeks hard, his face burying between my legs, his tongue swirling my clit.

“Oh, fuck!” I shrieked, pushing myself into him. My head swam, the room spinning. Immediately, I began to twitch, my muscles flexing rapidly so my body jerked to his hungry slurps. “Oh, god, yes,” I cooed, curling my fingers around the blanket and grinding my teeth. I shrunk into myself, my knees pulling to my chest, so my ass lifted in the air.

He groaned, pushing my cheeks apart, his jaw moving up and down to add his teeth to the sensations he was introducing to my body.

“Oh, oh!”

Another groan, accompanied with a fierce shake of his head had me screaming, quivering, and cumming.

Panting, he sat up and I collapsed to the mattress, jerking uncontrollably, lights flickering in my eyes. My breasts and cheek on the sheets, still gripping them with my fists, I twisted my waist to curl my knees to my chest, gasping for air.

“Jesus Christ, you tasted so good, Chazzy,” he rasped, petting the curve of my ass. “I mean, that was fucking delicious, gourmet pussy.”

Arching my brows, I peeked at him through my lashes, trying to process these unfamiliar sensations. Why was he

sitting on his knees, staring down at me, talking, instead of licking me some more? And how did I make him do it again? Did I just blurt out, *Eat me*? Or was there a more subtle way of requesting a man's tongue on my pussy?

A darkness settled over his features, and he crept closer, his thighs now meshed to the backs of mine, his cock on my jutted hip. Kneading the flesh of my side and ass cheek, he lifted it and pushed his cock down.

“What...are you doing?”

“You've been a virgin far too long, sweetheart. Time to share this pussy with the world.”

“Milo!”

He slapped his cock to it, and I choked, my insides bursting into flames. Aiming himself, he made several swipes of his tip before my muscles relented enough for him to aim at the opening.

“Stop,” I whimpered, slapping at him.

“Why?”

“Because I hate you,” I shrieked incredulously.

“But you want me.”

“But I hate you,” I reiterated.

Grinding his teeth, he gripped my stomach and back and shoved himself forward, tearing into my inexperienced muscles. Pain exploded, and I screamed, arching my spine. My toes twitching, a tear beaded the corner of my eye, my muscles burning from his intrusion.

“Uhn!” he grunted, moving his hands back to my hip and ass cheek. “Now fuck me like you hate me. Oh, shit, you feel so good.”

Suddenly, he was pounding into me like a crazed lunatic, rocking the mattress, the springs squeaking. There was no gentleness, no easing inside, just a burst of pain and ravaging.

“Ow, ow, ow!”

Grabbing my leg, he swung it around, forcing me to my back. Tucking his hands beneath my shirt, he pushed it up and tugged the cups of my bra down, groping my breasts like they were handles to fuck me harder.

“Goddamn, you’re so tight. Fuck, Chazzy, it’s so good.”

I was writhing, thrashing in pain, his cock feeling like a dagger stabbing me over and over. “Ow!” I wept, covering my eyes as the tears poured.

He tucked his thumb between my lips and circled the clit. I choked on an inhale, threw my arms out to grab the sheets again, and wrapped my legs around his waist.

“Oh, yes!” I purred, curling my hips.

“That’s it, sweetheart, fuck me. Oh, shit, roll those hips, baby girl. Yes, yes, yes.”

“Ahmm!” Drawing my shoulders to my ears, I pushed the back of my head into the mattress and lifted upward a bit, bouncing against him.

“Take your shirt off, let me see those nice, big tits.”

I struggled to sit up, hastily yanking it off and tossing it aside.

“Bra!” he barked, folding his arms around my thighs to thrust deeper, his hips slapping against mine.

“Oh, god, mm!” Sitting up again, I fumbled with the clasp, but couldn’t because of the force of his body. “Wait, stop.”



“Don’t tell me to stop because neither one of us wants that.”

“Just...for a second.”

He paused, huffing quickly, his cock twitching inside. Finally unhooking the bra, I shrugged my shoulders, removed it, and tossed it.

Milo growled and rammed hard, my breasts swaying wide. “That’s what I wanted to see. Fuck yeah.” He repeated the action several times, pausing between each to watch them jiggle. “You still hate me?”

“Yes,” I whined, but bucked against him.

“You still want me to keep fucking you?”

My brows arched and shame washed over me. “Yes.”

“Yeah?” he whispered, pushing deep and grinding with small, hard rotations. “You like fucking, Chazzy?”

“Yes.”

“You waited a long time for this, and now there’s a dick inside your hot, fat, tight pussy,” he wheezed, gripping my waist and pushing me into the mattress. Rising up, he made wider circles, rolling my clit under the pressure.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” I purred, arching my spine yet again.

His chin dropped to look down at us with a grin. “Oh, sweetheart,” he chuckled, sitting up on his knees. Unlinking my legs from around him, he planted my feet next to his calves and held my knees. Pulling out until just his tip was in, he sank deep, paused, and did it again.

“This is why I wanted you,” he groaned with a husky tone. “Because I like fat pussy wrapped around my dick.” He threw his head back and let out another long groan, his Adam’s apple lurching. Lowering his voice, he whispered, “It just feels so fucking good, and yours is so tight since it’s never been used.”

His words were spinning a fog in my brain, all the discomfort fading into nothing but pleasure. I was reeling, my stomach cramping as I fought the orgasm. I wasn’t ready for this to end. I never wanted this to end.

His thumb dipped between my lips to rub my clit, his chin falling to his chest. His blond locks curled over his low brow, his gray eyes smoldering as he glared at me. “You’re fucking beautiful, Chazzy.”

My heart shot up to my throat, my lungs collapsing. He was hovering over me, looking at my fully naked body, seeing

the curves, rolls, and stretchmarks...calling me beautiful?

Unable to stop it any longer, my hips violently bucked against his, my eyes rolling back, my lids fluttering.

“That’s it, cum, baby girl. Cum on this dick.”

“Ahmm!” I bit down on my lip, flailing about.

His eyes closed, his jaw falling open with a sharp grunt. “Oh, yeah, yeah, that’s it, Chazzy.”

The pressure broke and I was gyrating against him, my arms stretching above my head, my face turning into a bicep. My knees pulling to my chest, my toes curled, my hips bouncing into him harder and harder while my sight briefly went black.

“Oh, fuck, baby girl. Yeah!” he shouted. His hands tucked behind my knees to pound into me. “Make me cum, make me cum, Chazzy! Fuck me harder. Oh fuck!” he howled, shoved deep, and growled, twitching and jerking with his own release.

“Milo!” I screeched at the top of my lungs, all the tension draining from my muscles.

Gasping, he let go of my legs and they slumped to the mattress. He collapsed on my chest, his cheek on my

collarbone, his hot breaths tickling my sweaty flesh.

“Oh, my god,” he whispered, sliding his arms beneath me.

I thought he was going to hold me, so I smiled. Instead, he curled his fingers around the tops of my shoulders and yanked me down the same time he thrust deep.

I choked, jolted by the movement. Next thing I knew, he was up on his knees, snarling, sweat dripping from his hair, the whole bed rocking as he fucked me senseless.

“Make me cum again. Christ, fuck me with that amazing, fat cunt, Chazzy. I need that, I need that!”

He was slamming into me so forcefully, I was scooting up the mattress, my palms slapping to the padded headboard. Using it as leverage, I pushed into him, grinding as hard as I could.

“Chazzy!” he roared, shooting up on his fists, hissing through his gritted teeth. “Don’t stop, baby girl. Right there. Fuck, that’s good pussy.”

My spine snapped, my hips bucked upward violently, and I screeched. “Milo, Milo, Milo!”

“Oh, god, you sound so sexy. I’m cumming. Yes!” He curved his back, threw his head toward the ceiling, and came inside me again, rocking in and out with tiny thrusts.

This time, he immediately pulled out and flung himself to his back, diagonally across the mattress. My leg fell, draping over his lower torso. Neither of us spoke, but he was caressing my calf so gently, I was breaking out in goosebumps.

“Three thousand.”

“What?” I panted, swallowing a gulp of air.

“I have to have you, Chazzy. Three thousand a week.”

“Are you crazy?”

“Four.”

My heart sank as I bolted up on my elbows. He rolled his head to gaze at me with the most somber expression. A muscle in his jaw twitched, his petting ceasing.

“Don’t say no,” he whispered, his lids wide.

“Milo, I—”

His fingers curled around my calf, his nails digging into my skin, his nostrils flaring. “I don’t know how to accept

no. I will not give up. Five thousand dollars, cash, every Saturday. Chazzy...”

My mind racing, I did the math, ice chilling me to the bone. That was almost a quarter of a million dollars in one year. Just to massage him and have sex? I could never make that amount of money in my lifetime, much less one year.

Groaning, I dropped to my back, grabbing the hair at my temples. “Okay, Milo. I’m yours.”

Growling, he rolled over and shot up my torso, cupping my cheek. Searching my features, he whispered, “I’m going to take care of you. I will never physically harm you. You will never want for anything in your life ever again.”

How could I deny him? He was giving me everything I had ever secretly wanted. Great sex from a gorgeous man who thought I was beautiful, riches, protection...

But no love.

I had lived my whole life without love. No siblings, no affection from my parents, no boyfriend. Other than my small group of friends, I had never felt love, so what was I missing?

“Okay,” I whispered, my pulse thumping wildly in my veins.

The smile faded, a shadow crossing his irises. His thumb stroking my mouth, he whispered, “You’re going to be my favorite, I can already tell.”

Favorite, not only.

His palm moving to grope a breast, his head tipped toward the shoulder holding his weight. “I’m going to have to be careful with you.”

“Why?” I breathed, my belly fluttering from the wonderful attention to my nipple.

The corner of his mouth curled. “Nothing, it’s nothing.”

Bending down, holding my gaze, he kissed me tenderly, crawling back between my thighs. His fingers twining with mine, he eased inside gently, and began a slow, soft rhythm, never breaking our stare.

“Chazzy,” he whispered over and over while he trained my body to pleasure him.

Another release building, my jaw fell, and my lids fluttered, my spine curving toward him eagerly. For now, I needed to push all thoughts out of my head and forget that I just agreed to be a paid whore for the unforeseen future. The

only thing I cared about right now was how utterly fantastic sex felt, even if it was with a man I despised.



# Chapter 10

## Chastity Monroe

The music from the jukebox was obnoxiously loud, making me roll my eyes. Hopping from my seat at the table right next to the stage, I stomped over, and leaned into one leg, the other sticking in the air as I bent forward. Holding the side, I reached behind and snagged the cord, unplugging it.

“What the hell, Chazz?” Tim shouted from behind the bar.

“I can’t fucking think, man!” I snapped back, pressing my middle fingers to my temples.

“You can’t just—”

Dave held his palm out and shook his head. Stretching his neck, he whispered something while grabbing our drinks. Tim’s expression fell, his shoulders slumping forward.

“Sorry, babe. Didn’t know you got canned today.”

Rolling my eyes again, I sneered at Dave. “Do you mind? Jesus fucking Christ, why don’t you just write it across

the sky in smoke?”

He set the glasses on the table and straddled his chair, folding his arms over the back to rest his chin on a wrist. “Don’t get snippy with me. It ain’t my fault.”

“It’s not mine, either!” I argued, snatching my drink to take a sip.

“Did you, or did you not touch the man’s dick?”

Choking and gagging when the liquid went down the wrong way, tears watered in my eyes, my nose running.

“Chazzy!” Tim shouted, pressing his palms on the surface, his shoulders pulling to his ears. “What the hell did you do?”

“Nothing!” I shrieked, and then slapped Dave. “Shut up, goddammit. This isn’t exactly news I want getting out.”

He flipped a dismissive wrist and lit a cigarette. “Have you looked around?” he grumbled, holding it in the corner of his mouth while pouring the last of his beer into his Jack and coke. “Not like there’s anyone here to hear.”

“Hey!” Tim lifted his brows and pointed. “Anyone comes in, you put that out, got it? You know there’s no smoking in here.”

“Relax, it’s storming like crazy out there. Ain’t no one coming in here.”

Bouncing my straw between the ice cubes, I watched the rest of the band breaking down the drum set and packing their equipment. After almost an hour, and not a single customer coming into the bar, they’d decided to not bother playing. I was a tad insulted, because I was still here, but whatever.

“He started it,” I mumbled, taking a sip.

He blew the smoke out the corner of his mouth, away from me, tapping the ashes in the empty beer bottle. “Never known you to do something so impulsive like that. What got into you?”

Groaning, I flattened my palms on the table and bowed my chin. “He was so damn cute, Dave. I couldn’t help it.”

“So, what now?”

I sat up, chewing my bottom lip. Gazing into his dark brown eyes, I scooted to the edge of my seat, my arms crossing on the surface. “If I tell you something, you gotta keep your mouth closed, got it?”

He mimicked locking his lips and throwing away the key.

“I...kinda slept with him.”

His complexion paled, his jaw falling. “You what?” he roared and then caught himself. Leaning closer, he muttered, “You slept with a stranger who got you fired? Are you nuts?”

“It would seem so. Oh my god, I just couldn’t help it. He is so gorgeous, Dave, and...and I really wanted to.”

He took another drag, squinting his lids. “How did that even happen?”

“I went over there to confront him, and we were arguing and...next thing I know, it had been about five hours and—”

“F-Five...” Shocked, his eyes bulging, he shook his head. “How the hell is that possible?”

“No, not nonstop sex. But...I mean, we spent the entire day together in bed. He held me and we chatted, we watched some television, and, once in a while, we’d fuck like rabbits.”

“Damn. So, what are you going to do now? Jobwise.”

A shoulder rolled, my elbow propping on the table to set my chin on my palm. “I dunno. Find a new one, I guess.

Dave?” I rolled to cast him a curious gaze. “Have you ever considered going into business for yourself?”

He knocked his ashes in the bottle and took a drag. “Like, as a guitarist?”

“No, no. I mean...you ever thought about opening your own mechanic shop?”

His lips pursed, his sight scanning our surroundings. “I dunno. Never gave it much thought. Too busy waking up every morning to get dirty and sweaty, bust ass, just to go home and occasionally play in this dive. It’s been a long time since I’ve had any time to daydream about other possibilities.”

“If you could. Say money wasn’t an object, would you go into business for yourself? Be your own boss?”

He rubbed his nose, picking up his glass with his thumb and last two fingers, holding the cigarette out. “If money was no object?” He took a sip, sucking his teeth and grunting as he put the drink down. “If money was no object, I wouldn’t need a business, would I?”

“Would you be serious?”

He chuckled and took another inhale, pushing the smoke through his nostrils. “Yeah, I think I would like being

my own boss. Making money without digging the grease out my nails every night sounds pretty rad. Why? You thinking about going into business for yourself?”

Scrunching my features, I was almost ashamed to look at him. “You think that’s a crazy idea?”

“Why? I’ve been massaged by you before, you’re damn good at what you do. Why not? You ain’t got no job, now would be the perfect time for you to do this. You got money saved up?”

My attention darted to my purse laying on the table, my pulse racing. As if I could see through the fake leather, I eyed the envelope with the money inside.

“Yeah, about five grand,” I rasped, chewing my cheek again.

His brows shot up. “Five? Chazzy, what the hell are you waiting for? Do it!”

Sucking my teeth, my shoulders slumped, and I sank into the back of the chair. “I dunno. I’m such a pushover. Can I really boss people around?”

He snorted and then burst out laughing hysterically, waving the hand with the cigarette around. “Holy shit, hang

on. Let me...let me have this moment.”

I crossed my arms and pouted, cutting my lids.

“Oh, shit, that’s fucking hilarious. You? A pushover? Oh my god, Chazz.” He sniffled, wiping the tears from his eyes. “My god, I needed that laugh.”

“Dave, knock it off.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied curtly, sitting up straight.

Scoffing, I slapped at him a second time.

“Chazzy, I have known you for five years and not once, have I ever seen anyone make you do anything you didn’t want to do.”

My brain backtracked to that morning when I was with Milo. All day, I had been trying to convince myself he coerced me into having sex with him, but I knew that wasn’t true. I wanted him as much as he apparently had wanted me. I gave in because I needed to know what it felt like to have that man inside me. Today happened because I let it.

“I say go for it. You got all the supplies you need, you just gotta rent yourself a place and get a business license. Five grand will do that.”

Shrinking, my shoulders tugged to my ears. “I...kinda left all my stuff back at *Sunkissed*.” My brows creased and I batted my lashes, covering his wrist. “Will you go there tomorrow and get everything for me?”

His lids narrowed. “Dammit, Chazz—”

“C’mon, please, please, please! I can’t go back there, not after what they think of me. I would do it for you. Dave, *please!*” I whined, bouncing in my chair.

Clucking his tongue to his teeth, he took a final drag and dropped the cigarette in the bottle. “Fine, but I get a freebie this weekend.”

Squealing, I threw my arms around his neck for a quick hug. “You got it. Uh, it’ll have to be Sunday afternoon. I’m kind of already booked all day Saturday.”

“That’s fine.”

He took another gulp of his drink and stood. Dropping a kiss to the top of my head, he grumbled, “Gonna help them finish cleaning up. Be right back.”

Sinking into my seat, I set my ankle on my knee under the table and fidgeted with my straw, eyeing my purse. I was definitely going to be busy Saturday. The only question I had



was, when we were done fucking away the morning and afternoon, who would be in his bed Saturday night?

# Chapter 11

## Chastity Monroe

Sitting in the center of my mattress, against the wall, I had one leg tucked beneath me, the other bent to my chest. My arm folded over my stomach, my elbow was propped on top so I could chew on my nails. I rolled my chin toward my shoulder to peer out the window at the foot of my bed.

My body was sore, all muscles aching. My sight dropped to my lifted knee. It was bruised and chafed from spending almost half an hour bent over so Milo could watch my ass cheeks jiggle while he fucked me.

No matter how many times I came, he didn't care, he just kept going as if I weren't bucking like a wild bull, screaming for all of Chicago to hear.

So. I was no longer a virgin. I now knew what it was like to have sex. Over and over, in so many different positions, by a gorgeous man who seemed to enjoy the fact I was a plus size woman.

Beneath all my insecurities and issues with self-worth, I had always longed for the day I would meet the most wonderful man in the world, someone gorgeous, smart, and well off, and he would sweep me off my feet, romance me into a night of the most passionate sex to earn my virginity, we would fall hopelessly in love, and live happily ever after.

None of that happened.

The man was a stranger, he was a client, it had been rough, painful, aggressive, amazing, mind blowing...and lucrative. I was now five thousand dollars richer.

Sickness curdled my stomach, my focus shifting to the nightstand. In that drawer was an envelope with five stacks of twenties, a thousand dollars each. I sold my virginity for five thousand dollars.

I promised to keep selling myself for twenty grand a month. Almost a quarter million a year.

That is, if he kept me around that long. For all I knew, he would be tired of me already, after all, we'd had sex off and on for hours today. Maybe he got his fill, and he was done.

Chewing my nail again, I stared at the window, watching the lights from the cars on the street chase shadows

through the pouring rain. What if he got tired of me?

I guess for five grand a week, I could have plenty saved up in no time for a backup plan. I just needed to make sure I held his interest for at least two months. Forty thousand dollars was plenty to start over a brand new life.

I sighed, resting my chin to the heel of my palm, my fingers curling around my cheek. What if I got pregnant? He refused to use condoms and came inside me every single time.

My brows lifted. What if he gave me an STD today? I knew I was clean, but he had had many, many partners. Just this week alone, apparently.

There were so many “what if’s,” and not enough answers for any of them.

What did I want? How did I feel about this?

A door closed somewhere else in the apartment, letting me know Jennifer was home from a date with her married boyfriend. She would never learn until he broke her heart.

So goddamn much had changed since that morning, how did I begin to tell her everything? Did I just start from when I got up and go in chronological order, or did I start with the major bombshell and add on as I went?

“Chazz?”

“Bedroom.”

Her bare feet pattered on the floor, getting louder the closer she got. Knocking on the door, she pushed it open, poking her head in. “Hey, sugar. I didn’t see you walk by the salon tonight.”

“I, uh...didn’t come straight home. Went to the bar to hang out with the guys for a while.”

“You okay?”

“I honestly don’t even know.”

She pushed the door all the way aside and disappeared down the hallway. A minute later, she returned with a box of pizza, tossed it by my feet, and crawled onto the mattress with me. Flipping the lid, she grabbed a piece and chomped down.

He didn’t even take her to dinner. What, straight to the hotel to fuck, cum, and leave? When would she wake the hell up?

“Spill them beans, what’s goin’ on?”

Dropping my arm to the other, I heaved a sigh, my cheek on my shoulder. “I got fired.”

She stilled, her mouth opened for a bite, the pizza dangling in front. “What?”

“Soon as I showed up, Mrs. Sanchell was in her office, waiting on me. She was on the phone with a disgruntled customer who was complaining of sexual harassment. A certain Mr. Pampinella.”

“Oh, my Lord.”

“Yup. Said I touched him inappropriately and I got fired.”

“Jesus, Chazzy. What the hell did he do that for?”

“He said it was his way of clearing out competition since he knew I was going to turn down his offer.”

“He said – what, you mean you talked to him?”

My lids rounded for a second, my heart skipping. Talked, shouted, begged, cursed, begged some more.

“As soon as I left her office, I went straight to his apartment to rip him a new one.”

Yet, I was the one who got ripped. An image of the blood-stained sheets flitted in my thoughts. When Milo crawled out of bed so we could eat some lunch, his cock,

groin, and thighs had been smeared with my blood. Horrified, I had looked down, seeing it all over me, as well.

Of course, that only turned him on more and next thing I knew, he was pinning me to the mattress and eating me. He ate me out with my dried blood on my skin. I hadn't even had time to be horrified and disgusted before I was bucking into his face and screaming with an orgasm.

Who does that? Who goes down on a woman who has bled? It was sordid and...and...Well, I did cum in record timing. Within two minutes, I had been breaking. I must not have been that appalled.

“What happened?”

“Well, I cursed him out, I slapped him across the face...”

“And?”

My eyes closed, my anxiety heightening. I had no idea how she was going to react to my confession. When I told Dave, it was no big deal, because he didn't know I had been a virgin. Jennifer did. She was the best friend I had, it would kill me to lose her respect.

Lowering my voice, I squeaked, “I slept with him.”

Silence.

After about fifteen seconds, I peeked through my lashes. Her mouth was open, and she was slow blinking, her complexion blanched.

“You didn’t.”

My brow creased and I pouted. “I did.”

“Can you explain a bit?”

A shoulder rolled slightly. “I mean, he was coming on to me and I was telling him no the whole time, but Christ, I didn’t mean it! I wanted him, I just...didn’t want to admit I wanted him.”

“Obviously, you gave in.”

“Eagerly,” I whispered.

She tossed the pizza to the box, wiping her fingers on her jeans. “Wow. So...how do you feel? I mean, my first time, it hurt so bad, I hated every bit of it. It was over in about five minutes, and I cried for hours. Are you okay?”

“It hurt, all right, especially since he showed no mercy.”

“He was rough?”



“Oh, yeah. Just grabbed me, aimed, and rammed it in there, nice and hard.”

“Why would he do that?”

I rolled a shoulder, tracing circles on my knees. “It hurt for a few minutes, then he started saying all kinds of dirty talking, touched my clit, and I was fucking soaring through the clouds.”

Her brows shot up. “You had an orgasm durin’ your first time?”

I nodded, dropping my leg to get a piece of pizza.

“Well, color me jealous.”

Snorting, I picked at a pepperoni. “You were a kid, having sex with another kid. This is a grown, fucking man, with years of experience.”

“Yeah, that’s true. So, what happened after that?”

“He fucked me again.”

Another doubletake, her stare astounded. “What?”

“Yup. We actually spent about five hours today, going at it.”

“Chastity Lou!”

“I mean, it wasn’t nonstop. We rested, we ate, we watched a little television, and we talked. He’s actually kinda funny...you know, when he’s not being an egotistical, narcissistic bastard.”

Retrieving her slice, she took a bite, shaking her head. “I swanny. When you decide to do somethin’, you really do it.”

I giggled, nibbling the food.

“What about your job? Ain’t you pissed about that?”

My chewing slowed, my focus darting to her. Forcing the food down my throat, I coughed and sniffled. “Well, um, initially, I was, but then he offered me that job with him again. And I said no, so he upped the money.”

Bit by bit, her lashes lifted to meet my gaze. She was breathing faster, her skin turning gray. “Chazzy...”

“I finally gave in at five grand a week.”

The food slipped from her fingers, hitting the box with an odd thwack. “You’re yankin’ my chain.”

Tossing my piece down, I bent over, opened the drawer, got the envelope, and flung it to her lap. She was trembling when she opened it and dumped the stacks.

“Oh, Lord almighty!” she shrieked, slapping her hands over her mouth. She picked up one of the stacks and thumbed through the bills, her lids wide with awe. “I don’t believe all this. What the hell is goin’ on?” Flinging the bills on the envelope, she fanned her hands out. “What the heck? I mean, what does this mean for you? You’re his woman now?”

I cringed, bowing my head with shame. “I’m his favorite woman.”

“His favorite, what does...” Her eyes bulged, and she paled yet again, her mouth wide open. “Chastity Lou Monroe! Are you sayin’ you ain’t his only woman?”

I chewed my thumbnail and stiffly shook my head. “No,” I whispered, hating that my emotions were rising.

“And you’re okay with this? How much money does this man make that he can afford to pay all his girlfriends like this?”

“Just me. I’m the only one he’s doing this for.”

“Are you sure ‘bout that?” she huffed, folding her arms.

“What do I care? I’m not in love with him, Christ, I don’t even like him.”

“But you slept with him,” she whispered and squinted.

“Yeah, so? It was just sex. I’m twenty-six years old, you said so yourself, it was time I get laid. I did that, I had fun, it felt amazing, and now I’m five thousand dollars richer. I don’t give two shits what he does with whom when I’m not around. He promised to take care of me, that’s all I care about.”

“Can you really do this, Chazz? This kinda lifestyle ain’t gonna be easy. Can you handle it? What if you catch feelin’s?”

Huh. That was one “what if” I hadn’t considered.

I gathered the money and shoved it all back in the envelope. “Can’t catch feelings for a man I can’t stand.”

“You can have sex with a man you can’t stand?”

Snorting, I shot an incredulous look. “Hell yeah. The angrier we got at one another, the harder we fucked. It was amazing. Hate fucking is pretty great. Who the hell needs love?”

“I don’t know ‘bout this, sugar,” she sighed, picking up her pizza again. “But if this is what you wanna do for now, I ain’t gonna say nothin’. Just be careful, huh?”

“I will. It’s not like this is going to be a permanent situation. Couple months, I’ll have about forty grand saved up, and we can finally go on that cruise you keep fantasizing over.”

Excitement lit up her face. “Oh, that would be awesome.”

I grinned and took a bite. “So, how was your day?”

Clucking her teeth, she waved a hand through the air, rambling on about her day at work while I tried to smother the voice in the back of my head warning that I had no idea who this man was, I had slept with him without protection, agreed to be his kept woman, and didn’t have a clue where the money came from that was paying for my new lifestyle.

It was fine. Everything was fine. Nothing to worry about.

# Chapter 12

## Chastity Monroe

Pain contorting my features, my fingers balled into fists around the sheets, I was hissing through clenched teeth while Milo slammed into me from behind. My hair wrapped around his wrists, he was yanking on it like reins, grunting louder and louder, our bodies clapping together. The slurping of his cock in my pussy was hypnotic, my muscles quivering from the orgasm he refused to let me come down from.

“Almost there, baby girl,” he hissed, picking up his pace.

Finally releasing my locks, my face planted into the mattress, my strength gone. Both his palms crashed to my cheeks, and I cried out, twitching my toes as the needles pricked my flesh and burned.

“Goddamn, that’s so fucking hot,” he wheezed, doing it again.

“Milo!” I was done, I was so done.

Over an hour and he hadn't slowed down since he pounced on me the moment I walked into his bedroom. Never even got to the massage, the second he saw me, he was tearing at my clothes, shoving me to the bed.

Somewhere in the back of my mind was a voice telling me this made me an actual prostitute, but as he groped my cheeks and jiggled them, his groaning getting carried away with his own building release, I found it hard to give a shit.

“Oh, god, I'm there. I'm cumming, Chazzy. Ah!” he rasped, his nails scratching my skin while he stilled, his cock twitching as it emptied inside. “Oh, fuck, yeah, you got good pussy, baby girl. Unh!” he grunted, making a final, deep thrust that knocked me off my knees.

Falling to my belly, I was gasping for air, my arms stretched out, my body soaked with sweat. “Jesus, Milo,” I panted, everything hurting in the most amazing way possible.

His tongue was dragging back and forth over my shoulder to my nape. “My god, Chazzy.” Dead weight on top of me, his fingers raked up and down my arm, breaking me out in goosebumps. His heavy breaths cascading over my cheek, he gulped and huffed, nestling against my hair.

“What?”

“You have got to have the finest pussy I’ve ever fucked.”

Tingling with excitement, I couldn’t help the smile that tugged my lips. Well, that was a compliment.

“I know you were insecure the other day, but you have no reason to be. Shit!” he puffed, audibly gulping again. “What the hell? This body sure doesn’t move like a virgin.”

Giggling, I peeked at him out the corner of my eye. “I’m twenty-six years old, you think I never practiced?”

He sat up, his eyes dark with mischief. “Mm, so you touch yourself a lot?”

“I did. Guess I don’t have any reason to anymore.”

He crawled off and rose to his knees, gently slapping my ass. “Roll over and masturbate for me.”

My head jerked off the sweat stained sheets. “What?”

He was gripping himself, stroking slowly. “Show me what you did to prepare yourself for me.”

“I wasn’t preparing myself for you,” I laughed, flipping to my back.



“Goddamn, your tits look fantastic when they jiggle like that. And yes, you were, you just didn’t know it. Show me,” he urged with a gruff tone. Jutting his chin, he said, “Touch yourself. Show me how you like it.”

My belly shaking, I lifted to an elbow and hesitantly reached between my thighs. Embarrassment burning my cheeks, I shook my head and covered my eyes. “I can’t, I just can’t.”

Milo snickered and patted my inner thigh. “You gotta let that go, baby girl,” he sighed, hopping to his feet.

Stretching his arms above his head, his palms slapped to his sides as he went to the nightstand to get his cigarettes. Lighting one, he blew the smoke through his nose and sat beside me.

He stared at me for a moment, almost brooding, he appeared so somber. Cupping my cheek, he bent forward, holding my gaze, and kissed me, his tongue rolling over mine in a gentle manner.

My lashes lowered and I sighed, sinking into the pillow. I tried to tug him down, wanting him between my legs, but he pulled away, his head tilted.

“You’re beautiful, Chazzy,” he whispered, his thumb stroking back and forth. “I could have any woman I wanted.”

My enthusiasm zapped, my sight flitting to the ceiling over his shoulder. As if I needed that reminder, like I needed him to point out we were on different levels.

“And I chose you. You know why?”

Filling my lungs, I puffed it out, irritated at this conversation. Just when I was beginning to like the bastard, he reminds me of his arrogance and the bitterness returns. “Slumming?”

Gently, but firmly, he slapped my cheek and then grabbed my chin, forcing me to look at him.

Stunned, my heart stilled, every hair on my body standing on end. Did he really just do that?

“Don’t you dare ever insult yourself like that again, got it? You are not only one of my girls now, you are at the top, my favorite. You really think you would be there if I didn’t think you were the finest?”

My brows lifted, emotions burning my eyes and nose. “Really?”

Tucking his chin to his chest, he scoffed. “Twenty grand a month, Chazzy.”

Blushing, I yanked out of his hold, turning my profile to him. “I’m a very high paid whore, huh?”

He leaned his weight into a fist, so he hovered over me, poking his head in my sight. “If you have a problem with the money, I’ll stop giving it to you, but if you think I’m done with you, you’re wrong. I’m still fucking you whenever I want. But...if you don’t want the money—”

“Did I say that?”

He grinned and winked, taking a quick drag. “You are my favorite because you are the best, plain and simple. None of the others feel as good as you, make me cum as hard as you, or are as beautiful as you are.”

Heady with his compliments, I rolled my head to give my full attention. “You really think I’m beautiful?”

His smile faded and he tossed his cigarette into the ashtray. Rising to his knee to completely loom over me, his knuckles brushed my cheek.

“I absolutely find you beautiful, Chazzy. I don’t understand how you don’t see what I see.”

A shoulder shrugged, my fingers exploring his neck and chest. “Because I’m fat,” I heard myself confessing.

He chuckled and then groaned, filling a palm with a breast. “And thank god, because if you weren’t, I wouldn’t have given you a second look.”

Startled, my focus snapped to his, my jaw falling. “What?”

“I told you already,” he muttered, moving his hand to cup my crotch. Lowering until his lips were on mine, he added, “I love fat pussy,” and plunged two fingers inside.

Choking on a gasp, my thighs parted, and my hips lifted toward him. “Mm!”

After only a couple pumps, he was pulling them out, smearing our juices all over the lips. “And, baby girl, I’ve never had one as good as yours.”

Dropping a quick kiss to my mouth, he abruptly stood. “Get dressed.”

I shifted to my elbows and pouted. We weren’t going to have sex again? But...he put his fingers in me and now I was horny. I wanted more sex!

“Why?”

“We’re going out. I wanna show you off tonight.”

I sat upright, gawking. “I...can’t go out like this. I have to go home and get clothes.”

He retrieved his cigarette and inhaled, blowing the smoke out while saying, “Okay. Let’s go.”

Sighing loudly, I swung my legs over the edge of the mattress and gathered my jeans and tee shirt. I did not understand this man, at all. He confused me, he infuriated me...he exhilarated and satisfied me.

Would I continue fucking Milo without the money? Hell yes, but I wasn’t a fool. I would keep taking the payments for my time. So, what if it made me a prostitute? I could turn a blind eye for twenty thousand dollars a month.

# Chapter 13

## Chastity Monroe

After crashing our way through the entrance of my apartment in the living room, we had stumbled down the hallway, kissing, groping, moaning, rubbing, making a mess all the way to my bedroom. Books knocked to the floor, knickknacks toppled over, clothes scattered about, we were a tornado of lust and energy, and nothing doused it until he threw me against the wall, hiked my dress, and fucked me without mercy in a burst of adrenaline that had us both screaming in a matter of minutes.

Before my orgasm had even receded, his fist was in my hair, yanking my face off the wall, and shoving it to the mattress. Our bodies still joined, he had fucked me again, slapping my ass almost as much as our hips crashed together.

My knees had given out and we both went to the floor, but he never missed a beat. Pinning me on the worn out carpet, he had taken me in a violent frenzy, scaring me when I burst

with a release that had me shrieking in a tone I didn't even recognize.

The rest of the evening had been a blur, my soul leaving my body after that. Somewhere along the lines, we'd managed to make it into my bed and that's all I knew. We were somewhat leaning on the headboard, my back on his chest, his arms around me, our feet tangled together. The air conditioner clicked on, cooling the sweat covering our skin, our breathing finally regulating as my soul floated back to earth.

“Holy...shit...” he wheezed, kissing my ear.

“What...the hell...was that?”

“You're lucky I didn't fuck you on that goddamn dancefloor. Jesus, Chazzy, how the hell have you managed to stay a virgin this long when you can dance like that? I couldn't take my fucking eyes off you, all night.”

I giggled, getting high off the compliments that never seemed to stop. He made it difficult to hang on to my resentment. “You liked it when I shook my ass?”

He groaned, nuzzling my ear. “I like it better when I shake your ass from fucking you so hard.”

“Mm.” My cheeks were hurting from smiling so much tonight. I had genuinely had a good time with Milo. Craning my neck to peek back at him, I breathed, “I like that, too.”

“Dammit, you’re going to just have to chill the hell out, woman,” he snickered. “I already know that look and my dick is out of commission for the rest of the night.”

Clucking my teeth, my bottom lip puckered. “Really?”

Snorting, he leaned away. “Girl, after this morning, then fooling around this afternoon, all that dancing and then tonight? Give me a fucking break!”

Rolling over to face him, I petted his cheek, draping a leg over his hip. “Your fingers too tired, too?”

His lids rounded and then lowered, a throaty groan rumbling his chest. “You’re amazing, you know that?”

Opening my mouth to respond, I was cut off when there was a loud bang from next door. A second later, my neighbors were screaming at one another, throwing and breaking things in their rage.

Milo tipped his head to stare at the wall above my headboard. “Jesus, it’s like they’re made of paper. I can hear every word.”



“Yup,” I sighed. “This is a regular thing between them. They argue more than anything.”

He folded an arm beneath his head, dropping his focus back to my face. “How long have you lived here?”

“About five years.”

“It doesn’t seem very safe, Chazzy.”

I shrugged, snuggling into him and the pillow. “I mean, it’s a business district, so there’s always people around.”

“I don’t like you living here.”

Laughing, I kissed his chest and sighed, closing my eyelids as exhaustion began to sink into my bones. “I’ve never had a problem before. It’s fine.”

“Yeah, but you’re mine now and that means...”

“Hm.” My brain was slipping into slumber. “What? That means what?”

“Nothing. I just...I’m leaving town on Monday for a week for business, and I’d feel much better if you stayed at my place while I was gone.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’ll be fine.”

His arms engulfed me as he slid off the headboard. “I’m going to miss you, Chazzy,” he muttered.

“You’re just going to miss the sex,” I teased, my fingertips stroking the dip of his spine.

A thought occurred to me, forcing my eyelids to open and stare at his Adam’s apple. No, he wouldn’t. I wasn’t his only lover. He would still be getting laid while he was gone.

“Come with me, then.”

My heart skipped and I shoved away from him. “What?”

His features cast in shadows without any light, he traced my jawline with the side of his index. “Come with me. I don’t want to leave you here and...I don’t really want to miss you.”

“M-Milo.”

“What’s the big deal? You aren’t working right now—”

“Thanks to you!” I hissed, recalling why I hated this man.

Even without light, I saw his smirk. “You’re welcome.”

Scoffing, I rolled my eyes and tried to squirm away, but he tightened his hold.

“Come with me.”

“No.”

He snorted, holding my chin. “Okay, let me rephrase. Chazzy, you’re coming with me to New York.”

“The hell I am!”

“What part of me not ever accepting no do you not seem to understand? Now you can do this the easy way, or the hard way, but you’re coming with me.”

He placed a quick kiss to my mouth and settled into the pillows. “Get some sleep.”

I stared at him while he drifted off, an uneasiness fluttering around my chest. Who the hell was this man? Should I be worried?

Narrowing my lids, I sneered, but snuggled against him. Milo Pampinella was about to get his first, firm, unwavering “no,” and there wasn’t a thing he could do about it.

# Chapter 14

## Chastity Monroe

My finger tucked between the slats of the blinds, I peeked down at the street below, eyeing the strange man. Five years, I'd lived in this apartment without a problem. Now, all of a sudden, I had a creep following me for three days.

“Good gracious,” Jennifer sang.

I shot a quick glimpse at her standing in the middle of the living room with her hands on her hips, but immediately directed my attention back outside. The man was tall and muscular, with dark brown hair and a thin, neatly trimmed beard. Wearing a black trench coat, he had a wool cap pulled low on his brow, his chin tucked behind a scarf today. I didn't know what color eyes he had, for he always wore sunglasses, but he looked mean.

“What?”

“It's like a floral shop in here. Thank goodness I ain't got no allergies. Wait...is all this cuz he missed Valentine's

Day the other day?”

A second time, I tore my sight from my stalker to scan the room. Vases of roses, lilies, and orchids were scattered everywhere, only adding to our already cramped and cluttered space. I huffed, leaning my shoulder against the wall, completely unimpressed with the tactic.

Craning my neck, I gazed at the crowded street, but the guy was gone. I pushed the slats further apart to look up and down, but he was nowhere to be seen.

“No. When was Valentine’s Day?”

“Tuesday.”

Hm. The same day the strange guy popped up.

Someone knocked on the door and my pulse froze, my lids rounding. I wanted to yell at Jennifer to not answer, but she was already swinging it open.

“Oh, my word. Chazzy, it’s for you.”

Anxiety cramping my stomach, I let go of the blinds and stood up straight, only to deflate with an irritated groan.

“Ms. Monroe? Delivery from Milo Pampinella.”

Rolling my eyes, I flipped my wrist at her. “You sign for it. I’m so fed up with this.”

She took the clipboard and jotted her name, taking the dozen, long stemmed, white roses. Shutting the door, she strolled toward me, lifting the bouquet to sniff the petals.

“What on earth is goin’ on?”

I plopped to the sofa, setting my heel on the coffee table and crossing my ankles. “Milo.”

“Yeah, I got that.”

Twining my fingers over my belly, I lifted a brow and grinned. “He’s learning a lesson.”

“What did you do?”

I filled my lungs and sighed slowly, more than proud of myself. “Milo is a bit of a brat and needed to learn what the hell no means.”

She blanched, shoving the roses out. “Chastity Lou! Did he—”

“Oh, god, no. Trust me, that man couldn’t force himself on me if he tried. I am way too willing.”

Blushing, she dipped her chin to gaze at me through her lashes. “I heard y’all Saturday night. Good Lord, girl. You sure you was a virgin last week, cuz dang. Y’all even turned me on.”

I giggled, scratching behind my ear. “Yeah, he’s... wow.”

“I was kinda hoping to meet him the next morning, but by time I got up, he was gone.”

“Mm hm. Sure was,” I snipped, clicking my short nails together.

“So, what’s goin’ on? Why so many flowers?”

“It’s not just flowers. There’s about three boxes of chocolate covered strawberries in the fridge.”

Tucking her chin to her shoulder, she abruptly tossed the roses to the coffee table and jogged down the hallway. “Say what?” Disappearing into the kitchen, she squealed. “Jackpot!”

A moment later, she was scampering back, one of the boxes open, her cheek puffed with a bite. “Oh, my word, this is so good,” she muttered around it.

Holding the box out, I took one, biting off the tip as she sat next to me.

“So, spill the beans. What’s goin’ on?”

“Milo wanted me to go to New York with him this week on a business trip.”

She stopped chewing to gawk, slow blinking. “He wanted to take you to the Big Apple, and you said...no?”

“Yup.”

“Why? Girl, I would love to see New York.”

I rolled a shoulder and took another bite, catching a piece of chocolate that broke off. Pushing it into my mouth, I slurped at the juice trickling out. “Me, too.”

“Then why on earth did you say no?”

“To make a point. Milo always gets what he wants, no one ever tells him no. He’s going to learn he can’t push me around.”

She finished off her strawberry and flicked the leaves in the empty spot before choosing a second. “So, you made a statement.”



“I guess you could say that. He insisted, I told him no again, and he threw a fit. Even went so far as to start yanking my clothes off hangers while we were arguing.”

“Men and their egos.” She clucked her tongue, nibbling her treat.

“Yeah, well, I grabbed him by the elbow, forced him into the hallway, and locked him out the apartment.”

Again, she paused to stare incredulously.

“Oh, he did not like that!” I snorted, playing with the leaves on my half-eaten strawberry. “He was screaming and pounding on the door. Ordering me to let him back in, or else.”

“Or else, what?”

I rolled a shoulder. “I have no idea. I told him he had two minutes to leave, or I was calling the cops.”

“Chazzy! But the money—”

Wrinkling my features, I tossed the food back to the box and wiped my fingers on my sweatpants. “To hell with the money. I might, technically, be selling my sex to this man for a hefty price, but that doesn’t mean he owns me. My cunt is for sale, not my life.”

She snorted and slapped her palm over her mouth, turning beet red. “Chastity Lou, the things you say.”

“I told him to fuck off, we were over, and Milo got told a resounding, firm no for the first time in his life.”

A slow smile curled across her lips. “So, Chazz ain’t for sale.”

“Nope. My time is, but not me. Ever since, he’s been blowing up—”

As if he heard me, my cellphone started ringing.

Snickering, I motioned to it and slapped my palm to my thigh, leaning forward to swipe it off the coffee table. “My goddamn phone, leaving dozens of voicemails and text messages the last few days. And this morning, all this started,” I grumbled, waving around the living room.

She swallowed what was in her mouth, narrowing her lids. “You gonna forgive him?”

I stared at my screen. The call ended and almost immediately, I received a text.

*You want me to suffer? Fine, I’m suffering. I’m fucking miserable. My entire trip is ruined. Please, Chazzy, talk to me. I can’t deal with this. Answer your fucking phone!*

I smirked, swiping my thumb across the screen to dismiss the text. “Yeah, I’m going to forgive him. Milo is going to learn to respect me, however, or it’s over for real. I’m not like all those other chicks he has stashed around, ready to jump at the snap of his fingers. I will be respected, or he will have to kiss my fat ass goodbye.”

Trading the stem for a third strawberry, she shook her head. “I wish I had your strength, sugar. I would put my foot down with Gary in a heartbeat.”

I heaved a sigh, ready to begin my usual lecture, but Milo was calling again. Choosing to deal with him rather than her, I grumbled, “I’m going to take this. I’ll see you in the morning.”

She nodded, sinking into the cushions to eat the whole box, probably.

Tapping the screen, I brought the cell to my ear. “What?”

“It’s about time you took my call!”

I rose to my feet and sauntered down the hallway, closing my bedroom door behind me. Laying on the mattress, I

stretched my legs out, putting him on speaker so I could curl to my side.

“What do you want? I told you, we were over.”

“The fuck we are,” he chimed arrogantly.

Clucking my teeth, I sighed, tucking both my hands under my cheek. “I don’t know what to tell you, because we are.”

Animosity left his voice. “Baby girl, don’t say that.”

“Milo—”

“No!” he barked, startling me. “Baby girl, don’t do this to me.”

“Do what? What about what you did to me?”

“You? What the hell did I do to you?”

“You pushed me around, for one. I’m not going to tolerate that. I’m not like your other bitches, Milo. You will show me respect, or you can forget it.”

He huffed and fell quiet for a moment. After nearly a full minute of silence, he muttered, “I’m sorry.”

Arching my brows, I lifted my head off the pillow to look at the phone. “Excuse me, what?”

He huffed. "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry about?"

"For fuck's sake," he growled. "Everything."

"Nope. You can't learn unless you acknowledge your mistakes. So, tell me what you did wrong and why you're sorry."

There was rattling on his end and a loud commotion before he returned, his voice gruff and tense. "I'm sorry I yelled at you. I shouldn't have done that."

"What else?"

"Son of a...I'm sorry I tried to force you to do what I wanted. That was not respectful of your wishes."

"And?"

"And? And..." Again, his tone sounded distant as he spewed profanity after profanity with a few rough bangs. Quietness, a heavy sigh, and he was back. "And, from now on, I will ask, instead of insist when I want something from you."

I was beaming, my cheeks hurting because I was trying not to laugh. It was astounding I had this kind of control over a man like Milo Pampinella. It was a natural high of power that had me tingling from the tip of my scalp to my toes.

“Now was that so hard?”

He was grumbling incoherently.

“I forgive you.”

He paused and then asked, “Really?”

“Yes, but you gotta stop sending me all the gifts.”

“What, you don’t like that?”

“No. Like I said, I’m not like your other whores.”

“And that’s why you’re my favorite. What are you doing tomorrow night?”

“I don’t know. Why?”

“I’m coming home a day early and I want to see you. Be ready...” He hesitated, cleared his throat and huffed. “Can I see you tomorrow night when I get back?”

My grin widening, I was vibrating everywhere. How the hell did this happen? Me, of all people, making this sexy, flawless, perfect man dance like a stringed puppet?

“I would love to.”

He chuckled, his tone softening. “You’re really going to make me earn you, huh?”

“Yup,” I giggled.

Another heavy sigh. “Well, you’re worth it, baby girl.”

Biting my bottom lip, I dared to say something I’d never felt confident enough before. “I know it.”

Another husky chuckle. “That’s my girl. All right, I’m going to get off the phone, I got a few more calls to make tonight so I can leave tomorrow. I’ll see you soon.”

“Goodnight, Milo.”

“Goodnight.”

Tapping the screen to hang up, I hugged the extra pillow to my chest, rolling somewhat on my belly. For me to be able to have this kind of influence on someone like him, there must be more than what my stepfather pounded into my psyche. Perhaps I was as beautiful as he believed.

My smile fell, a realization slamming into my brain. It didn’t really matter if everyone else thought I was beautiful, he did. Now, if only I could think that way, as well.

# Chapter 15

## Chastity Monroe

As soon as I pushed the chain across the door in the kitchen and turned the bolt, it was flying open, scaring the shit out of me. Before I could even react, however, Milo was on me, his tongue down my throat, his hands clawing at my shirt. Kicking the door closed with his shoe, he grunted and yanked, ripping the thin cotton to get to my bra.

“Fuck! Get this off!” he yelled, shoving me into the wall.

Breathless and dizzy, I hastily tugged at the shirt, tossing it aside. The moment it was over my head, his lips were back on mine, his fingers deftly working the bra as we stumbled toward the hallway.

Working at his belt and trousers, they slid down to his knees, and I pulled his cock out his underwear. Grunting, he pushed me against the half wall just outside the kitchen, aimed himself, and thrust inside.



I shrieked and he groaned, sagging against me. Breaking the kiss, he cupped my nape, his open mouth on my chin. “Fuck,” he hissed, dragging the word out.

Gasping, one leg wrapped around his waist, the other hanging over the ledge so my toes touched the floor, I leaned into the wall behind me, trying to slow my mind down.

For the longest moment, he didn't move, to my relief, for I was reeling, my brain still unlocking the door. His palm leisurely caressing my curves up my side, he tugged the front of my bra down, dipping his chin to swirl his tongue around my nipple.

I moaned, my lids fluttering. Arching my spine, my muscles involuntarily contracted around him. His brows furrowed and he released my nipple to suck on his teeth, the pressure at my nape intensifying. Next thing I knew, he was brutally fucking me, his face in my cleavage.

“Ah, ah, M-Milo!”

“Fucking...shit!” he howled, shoving deep and jerking, grunting over and over as he spilled inside. “Unh!” Another hard pump, his teeth on the side of my exposed breast.

Petting up and down his back, I licked my dry lips, trying to catch my breath. “Goddamn. Hello, Milo.”

Kissing up my chest, his mouth met mine again, but gently this time. “Mm, that’s better. Shit.” Huffing and straightening his spine, he ran his hands through his shaggy blond hair, tipping his face to the ceiling. “I can’t even recall the last time I went that long without sex. That shit hurt.”

Giggling, I smoothed a wrinkle in his shirt, arching a brow. “You didn’t entertain any of your other girls in New York?”

He snorted and pulled out, tucking himself back into his underwear before yanking his trousers to his waist. “Like I had time,” he sneered, brushing past me to the kitchen. Opening the fridge, he skimmed the contents and grabbed a soda. “Been too goddamn busy chasing your ass down.”

Crawling off the half wall, I discovered my panties were still hooked around one ankle, so I pulled them up, but didn’t bother to find anymore garments. When he took a sip of the drink, I stole the can to get a taste, as well.

“And did you learn your lesson?”

He chuckled, laying his arm across the backs of my shoulders. “Yes, I did. Chazzy is not to be bossed around.”

“Exactly. Grab some strawberries, I want a snack.”

His gaze smoldering, he groaned, “I got something you can snack on.”

Spinning on my toes, I grinned seductively, casting a wayward gaze. “That will be in my mouth, as well.”

“Shit.”

He grabbed the remaining box, slammed the fridge, and followed me to my room, shutting the door. Throwing his frame on the bed, leaning on the headboard, he flipped the lid and grabbed one, chomping down.

“So, how was your week? You miss me?”

I rolled a shoulder, settling down next to him to get a strawberry. “I mean, I guess.”

He bristled, blinking rapidly. “You guess?”

I brushed my fingertips over the leaves, dread weighting my stomach. “Had a bit of an issue while you were gone that was a tad distracting.”

“What’s that?” He tossed the end piece into the box and got another. “These are really frigging good. We should get more.”

“Mm hm.”

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

My sight flitted to the window, watching the lights from the street flicker and change. “I, uh...Around Tuesday afternoon, I started noticing a guy.”

“Excuse me? Okay, let’s get one thing straight, this is nonnegotiable. You are not to see anyone else. I know!” he started, holding his palm up and closing his eyelids, his brows creased high. “What you said about me being pushy, but this is where I draw the line.”

Squinting, I craned my neck to peer up at his profile. “What, you can keep seeing your other chicks, but I can’t see anyone but you?”

“I know it’s not fair, but yes.”

Snorting, I fanned my free hand out. “That’s bullshit.”

“Look, if you were just one of the others, fine, do what you want when I’m not around. But you are the head chick,

the favorite, the main one. You are the one people are going to see me with. No. Uh uh. You are mine, or..."

I lifted my head and repositioned it to see him better, batting my lashes. "Or what?"

His nostrils flaring, his complexion darkening, he grumbled, "Or we have to end this, after all. I can't do it, Chazzy. I can't even stand to think about you being with another man. No!" he roared, slicing his hand through the air. "I get the whole respect thing, but not here, not this subject. Mine or not at all! I won't share you, *not you!*"

The corner of my mouth curled with a hint of satisfaction. This man was totally sprung on me. How the hell did I manage that? I wish I knew what I did, so I could make sure I never stopped. This was awesome.

I bit off a piece of my strawberry, my amusement waning. "Calm down, that's not what I meant. You're the only one."

"Then what did you mean?"

Shrugging, I licked at a drop of juice that trickled over my fingers. "I dunno. He was just there, every time I turned around."

His body tensed and his breathing paused. “You mean...like a stalker?”

“I mean...it was probably just a coincidence. Why would someone be stalking me?”

“Goddammit.” He closed the lid and tossed the box to the floor, the leg farthest from me bending so he could bounce his knee in the air. “I knew it. I don’t want you living here anymore.”

I sat up, shrugging yet again. “Where the hell am I going to go?”

“Out of here. I’m getting you a place.”

My chin tucked to my chest so I could gawk through my lashes. “Say what?”

“Tomorrow, I want you to start packing. I want you out of this apartment into something more befitting for you. Somewhere safer.”

“I like my place.”

“It’s not safe. How the hell do you expect me to be okay living in my nice, comfy bed, always wondering if you were okay all the way out here?”

“What, so now I’m not only getting cash to fuck you, but you’re going to set me up in a new place, too?”

He smiled, caressing my cheek. Nestling against my side, he tipped his head. “A pussy as fantastic as yours needs to be pampered. You will live in the lap of luxury, baby girl. Your days of poverty are over. My girl gets the best.”

I chewed the inside of my cheek, batting my lashes. “And Jennifer?”

“What about her?”

“She can’t afford to live on her own.”

He huffed, not hiding his disappointment. “So?”

I squinted, my hatred for his selfishness rising once more. “Does loyalty mean nothing to you?”

“Of course, it does. I insist on it, in fact. You betray me, I destroy every aspect of your life until you wished you were dead.”

My lids rounded, my veins rushing cold. He made the statement so flippantly, so calmly. How serious were those words? Could they be idle threats? Or was he capable of following through? I had no idea who the hell he was.

“I just...you want me to be loyal, but how can I be if I throw her to the streets like that?”

He huffed, easing his grip on my neck. “You said yourself she had parents and a boyfriend.”

“Her parents are on social security. And we both know Gary is never leaving his wife.”

Heaving a sigh, he stared across the room while rubbing his chin. “Not now that she’s pregnant.”

“She’s what?” I shrieked, breaking out in goosebumps as ice shot through my veins.

His head tipped to gaze at me, his fingertips stroking over my cheek. “All right, she can move with you. We’ll find you a place big enough for the two of you.”

My shoulders slumped and I pouted. “She’s pregnant?”

“Yeah. You want me to make him suffer? I can get him fired, or something.”

My brows shot up. “You can do that?”

A mischief grin lifted his mouth. “Baby girl, you have no idea what I can do. You name it, you got it.”



My belly fluttering, my pulse quickened. Speaking barely above a whisper while tracing his mouth with my partially eaten strawberry, I asked, “What if I wanted that cock inside me again?”

He froze, the smile vanishing. “That is something I’m going to give you over and over tonight, you don’t even need to ask.”

My bottom lip pulled between my teeth, and I giggled. Licking the juice from his mouth, I purred, “I think we have almost an entire week to catch up on, and we are wasting precious time. You ready to get started?”

Smiling once more, he took the fruit and tossed it to the box on the floor, pushing me to my back. “Sounds like a plan.”

# Chapter 16

## Chastity Monroe

The apartment was stunning! An eighteen hundred square foot, three bedroom, two and a half bath penthouse with spectacular views of Lake Michigan from almost every room.

The entrance had an empty, rectangular foyer with a door immediately to the left that led to the impressive master suite with a walk in closet that was larger than my room at the old apartment. There was a private balcony that was accessed through the room or the bathroom, as well.

Past the foyer, beyond the laundry closet, was a huge, opened area for the kitchen, dining room, and living room. Instead of two walls overlooking the city, it was one curved row of floor to ceiling windows with a thick, cement column near the edge of the kitchen counters and double doors opening to the patio.

Turning right down a hallway led to a half bath on one side, a full on the other, and two decent sized rooms at the end, the smaller one having access to the wide balcony that spanned the length of the entire penthouse.

Dark gray stained wood floors ran through every room except the bathrooms with stark white, marble tiles. White countertops matching in the kitchen and bathrooms, the cabinets a light gray, the ceilings were fifteen feet tall, all the fixtures and appliances top of the line, brand new, and modern in style.

Other than an oversized, plush armchair in black leather in the living room and a king sized mattress on box springs in the master suite, the place was empty, a blank space with endless possibilities.

My jaw dragging on the floor as I made my third walk through the place, I stopped by the column at the curve of the windows and pressed my palm to it, my stomach quivering. This wasn't happening. This was not my life now. No way this was my new home.

Milo grunted, reminding me he was here. Craning my neck to peek over my shoulder, he tugged the thighs of his dark gray trousers and dropped to the chair, resituating his suit

jacket. He combed his fingers through his hair and then pulled out his cellphone, tapping on the screen.

This gorgeous, rich man wanted me so badly, he was paying me an insane amount of money and buying me this penthouse. What the hell was going on? What universe had I slipped into the last couple weeks?

Maybe there was more to me than what the ghost of my stepfather said. Maybe I was special, even though I was large. After all, a couple weeks ago, when Jennifer gave me a quick makeover, that image in the mirror had impressed even me. What would I have looked like had she had real time, and clothes, to spruce up my appearance?

I adjusted my eyesight to see my reflection in the glass, studying the faded black tee shirt and worn, black jeans. Lowering my chin, I poked a foot out, eyeing the scuffed sneakers before looking at my face with no makeup, my hair in a messy ponytail.

What the hell did Milo see in this? This was not acceptable. I had to do better. I wanted to look...prettier.

“There’s a pool on the roof,” he stated, resting his elbow on the arm of the chair to hold his phone up, reading the screen. “Billiard room, library, a party room with a catering

kitchen, a coffee bar, a couple restaurants, fitness room, dry cleaning service...”

He paused to scroll. “Dog grooming area, storage units, assigned parking spaces...Damn, baby girl. You don’t ever have to leave this building. Grocery store, deli, bakery. It’s its own city here. A fucking lawn on the roof. Christ, I want to live here.”

I tugged my bottom lip and smiled, folding an arm over my stomach.

“Huh, those are quartz countertops. And the floors in the bathrooms are porcelain?” Tugging the side of his jacket, he sank lower in the chair, rubbing his chin. “Never heard of that. Hey, you wanna switch apartments?”

Giggling, I shook my head when he glanced at me.

He smiled, shutting off the screen and tucking it into the inside breast pocket of his jacket. A brow lifted, he raked his sight over me, his grin widening as he returned his focus to mine. Patting his thigh, his gaze darkened.

My pulse quickened and I went to him like a magnet. He spread his legs and tugged me to his lap. At first, I was uncomfortable, but that first day we were together, he had

made me ride him and the way he came, the sheer delight on his face, I knew he wasn't bothered with my weight.

So why was I still fixating on it?

He cupped my cheek, his arm curving around my back. "You can decorate this place any way you want. I'm setting up an account for you with an allowance, so do what you want to this place."

I pulled in a jagged inhale. "Milo!"

"What? You're my baby girl now, and I need to take care of you."

"But—"

"Hey, I'm not doing this just to be generous. Being my woman means you represent me. You have to look and live a certain way."

I pouted, my stomach sinking. "You don't like the way I look?"

My chin between his finger and thumb, he gently tugged to make me look at him. "Now if I didn't like the way you looked, why would I have even bothered to chase you? I went through a lot to get you. Would I have done that had I not seen how beautiful and sexy you are?"

His fingers trailed down the side of my neck, over my chest, to a breast, groping and giving a firm squeeze.

Butterfly wings fluttered in my stomach, adrenaline racing through my veins. “You really think I’m sexy, don’t you?” I whispered, pressing myself into his palm.

“Fuck...yes,” he wheezed, tucking his hand beneath my shirt and into the bra.

I gasped and he groaned, his thumb rolling my hard nipple. His other hand between my shoulder blades, he pulled me forward to nibble my neck.

“Why?”

“Why what, baby girl?” he asked, drawing my lobe into his mouth, still groping my breast.

“I saw that woman in the kitchen that day you got me fired. She was perfect.”

“Says who?”

“Me. Society. Everyone.”

He sat up, tipping his head to gaze into my eyes. Snorting, he shook his head and creased his brow. “Not me.”

“But you slept with her.”

“Of course. She’s a beautiful woman.”

I rolled my eyes, my lust dying. Pushing his hand away, I fixed my bra and smoothed my shirt. Maybe Jennifer was right, maybe I couldn’t do this.

Milo pushed me off his lap, resituating his legs so they were between mine, my stance a little wide. His hands traveled down my sides to my hips, behind to cup my ass, and then back to the front, down my thighs.

“I can’t explain it, sweetheart, I like all women, but as long as I can remember, I’ve preferred them with thick curves,” he muttered, his tone deepening. “Ever since I was a kid, I could remember watching my babysitter’s ass whenever she’d bend over.”

His touch roaming upward, he squeezed both breasts, pushing them together. “I used to love watching her mop because her tits would jiggle. I used to purposely walk through puddles, just to dirty the floors, so I could watch her mop.”

He unbuttoned my jeans, tugged the zipper, and pushed them and the underwear down, grinning ear to ear as his sight fixated on my pussy.



I didn't even stop him. I watched him examining me, his words casting a spell.

"Fuck, baby girl," he wheezed, cupping my lips.

I sighed, my desire rising.

"Look at that gorgeous pussy." Squeezing it, his teeth grazed his bottom lip, and I grew heady. "Fuck yeah, that's what I like. Mm." He leaned forward, stuck his tongue out, and slid it between my lips.

My fingers tangled in his hair, holding him to me, my head throwing backward. "Oh, Milo," I purred, rocking against his face. I may not like this man, but I loved the way he made me feel so desirable and sexy.

He groaned, using his thumbs to spread my pussy apart. His tongue circled my clit and then his lips curled around it, pulling it into his mouth, suckling hard.

"Oh, shit!" I shrieked, my knees almost buckling. My jaw on my chest, I looked down, but couldn't really see him past my breasts and stomach.

I didn't need to see, I could feel and hear him, and it was amazing! He was driving me insane.

His two middle fingers pushed inside, the index and pinky rubbing the outside in the crease at the thighs. Pumping slowly at first, I was floating in the air, enraptured by ecstasy.

Then, out of nowhere, he was fucking me brutally with his fingers, his teeth nipping the clit. I screeched, an invisible force reaching into my core and snatching my soul from my body. Instead of pushing him away, however, I hastily kicked one leg out of my jeans so they dangled on my ankle, crawled to my knees on the arm of the chair, and shoved him to the back cushions, bouncing my crotch to his face.

He growled, slapping my cheek. Jerking his head to the side to get a breath, his fingers never slowing, he glared up at me, his nostrils flaring. “That’s my girl. You want to ride my face? Fuck my face with this beautiful pussy, Chazzy. Cum in my mouth.”

My nerves tingling, I cried out when he buried himself back into me, devouring aggressively. He removed his fingers and grabbed my ass cheeks, shaking his head around between my thighs.

“Ah, yes!” I whimpered. Clutching his wrists, my spine curved, and my face upturned to the ceiling, I quickly gyrated against him, his mouth, chin, and nose all buried in my slit.

His teeth bit down on my clit, and I screamed, bucking into him so hard, the legs of the chair screeched on the floor. The entire room spinning, the pressure broke, and I climaxed, my screams echoing in the huge, empty apartment.

“Milo!” I blubbered, slapping at his arms when he wouldn’t let me come down. “Milo, Milo!”

Growling, he finally relented and snatched his head back, his hot pants tickling my sensitive flesh. His eyes dark and smoldering, his tongue snaked out to lick his mouth covered in my juices.

“Damn, you taste so good. I could spend all day in your pussy, baby girl.”

Gasping, my muscles quivering, I sank down, my hands clutching at the back of the chair. My lids fluttered closed, my forehead resting to his. “Holy, shit,” I whispered.

He cupped my cheeks and forced me back a bit to make eye contact. “You don’t ever worry about the other girls, baby girl. You’re the one my people are going to see at my side. You’re the one I take care of. You’re my woman, they’re nothing compared to you.”

Then why wouldn’t he just get rid of them?

And what, commit to me? I didn't want a commitment with this man. Other than his money and the sex, I didn't want anything from him. So why was I even jealous of the other women?

“Can I at least ask you to wear condoms with them?”

His lids narrowed and he huffed, the smell of my pussy filling the space between us. “Fine. I'll wrap it up with the others. You,” he groaned, stretching his neck to bite my bottom lip, his eyes glowing mischievously. “Need to take my throbbing dick out my pants and sit on it because I'm about to fill you with cum before I have to get to work.”

Dropping my chin, I kissed him, tasting myself as our tongues swirled together. Fumbling with his pants, he juttied his hips up to push his trousers down to his knees. Then he shoved me to my feet, spun me around, and pulled me back down, thrusting inside.

“Goddamn, yes,” he sighed, kneading the flesh of my ass cheeks. “I'm going to miss this.”

Bristling, I craned my neck to peek over my shoulder. “Miss? You're going somewhere?”

He wouldn't look at me, too busy watching my ass cheeks jiggle every time I bounced. "Mm, yeah. Gotta head to New York for a couple weeks. Jesus, that's beautiful."

"Again? When?" I shrieked, not liking the empty feeling weighting my stomach.

"In the morning. Fuck me, baby girl. Bounce that ass on my dick."

His palm slapped a cheek. Giving in to the lust, I held the end of the chair's arms and rocked fast and hard.

He choked, writhing beneath me. "That's my girl. Oh, fuck, Chazzy, you're so amazing."

His legs closed for a moment and then pushed open with a vicious thrust, his nails scratching my skin as he growled and came.

Sagging into the cushions, his feet slid across the floor, his palms petting my ass. Breathing erratically, he patted the side of my thigh and whispered, "Okay, sweetheart, get up. I gotta get dressed."

Carefully standing and clenching my muscles, I started to walk to the bathroom when he grabbed my wrist.

"Where you going?" he hissed, narrowing his lids.

“To...” My brows furrowed at his suspicious peer.  
“The bathroom to clean up.”

He grinned, his head tipped. “No. Put your pants on.”

“But...”

Smirking, he rubbed his palm over my belly. “You’re going to put those jeans on and wear those panties with my cum in them until I call you tonight and tell you to shower.”

“What?”

“I want my cum on your pussy all day long.”

An uneasiness settled on my shoulders, but I let him help me step my foot into the other leg and tug them up. He jutted his hips and fixed his own pants before standing.

His thumb under my chin, his fingers curling around the side of my neck, he grazed his mouth to mine, smiling arrogantly. “While I’m sitting in that business meeting, I’m going to be thinking about my dick covered in your juices,” he whispered and bit my bottom lip.

I sighed, circling my arms around his waist. “When will you be home?”

The mood changed abruptly, but he didn’t move away from me. “When I get back.”

“When will—”

“When my business is taken care of,” he stated sternly, anger rising in his voice and stare. “Had I not been so distracted last time I was there, I wouldn’t be headed back now to clean up loose ends.”

Was he seriously trying to make me feel guilty for standing up for myself? Who the hell did he think he was? This, this attitude right here, was why I could never want anything serious with him.

“New rule, you don’t question me about business, got it? You don’t understand what I do, you have no say so in what happens. You stick to massages and let me do what I do.”

Startled at his outburst, I couldn’t think of anything to say, so I just blinked at him in silence.

His smile returning, he brushed my cheek with his knuckles. “I’m going to call you every single day and miss you.”

I forced a weak, timid grin, reassured but still concerned.

Planting a quick kiss to my lips, he stepped away from me and dug out his wallet, pulling a card out for me. “Here is

the code for the door. It doesn't have a key, you have to punch these numbers on the pad. Also, the elevator is private, just for you and the other three apartments up here. Anyone who gets on the elevator has to have a code, so no unexpected visitors. Other than you, your friend, and Wyatt, no one has any business up here—”

“Wyatt?” I snipped, taking the card.

He blinked, appearing as if he were confused at my confusion, like I should already know.

“Yeah, Wyatt. He's going to live here, too.”



# Chapter 17

## Chastity Monroe

Taken aback, I threw my hands out, gawking incredulously. “Excuse me, why?”

The sternness back, his nostrils flared. “Because you are my woman and therefore priceless. You will be protected at all times. That man will go everywhere you go, and no one will ever harm you.”

“A bodyguard?” I shrieked, arching my brows, stunned at what I was hearing.

“Yes. When I am not here, I need to know you are safe.”

“Why wouldn’t I be safe, Milo?” I muttered, alarm bells ringing loudly.

“Do I need to remind you of the guy following you around a couple weeks ago?”

“Yeah, but—”

“It’s Chicago,” he snorted, drawing his shoulders to his ears. “There are lots of bad people here. This isn’t Mayberry, Chazzy. You are mine, my responsibility, and I am very, very, *very* attached to you already,” he whispered, stroking my jawline.

He motioned around the penthouse. “As if that isn’t obvious how important you are to me. I will not chance you even getting a sprained ankle on the streets, so Wyatt is in charge of you when I’m not around.”

I folded my arms over my stomach and pouted. “Wyatt hates me.”

“Wyatt hates everyone. And that doesn’t matter, he will sacrifice his life for yours because that is his job.”

Huffing, I leaned to one leg, gazing out the window at Lake Michigan in the distance.

His finger under my chin forced my attention to him. “You going to miss me?”

“A little,” I answered quickly.

A brilliant smile broke across his face. “I think you’re softening toward me. One of these days, I dare say you might learn to stop hating me.”

“Don’t hold your breath.”

He chuckled, scooting closer, his palm sliding over my cheek. “One day, maybe you could learn to even love me.”

My lids rounded and my heart skipped. Was he serious? We barely knew one another.

His thumb stroking my mouth, his grin wavered. “You stick with me, Chazzy, you behave, you obey,” he added with a silent warning, his stare bearing into mine. “You will never struggle another day in your life. I will cherish you.” He paused, tilting his head. “I will give you my name, give you children, and make you royalty.”

My heart sank, the breath draining from my lungs. What the hell was he saying? Four weeks! We met four weeks ago! And he was talking marriage and kids and forever? This was insane. The twenty grand a month and this unreal penthouse were already hard to swallow, now he was giving me an allowance and planning a happily ever after?

Trembling, I whispered, “Are you trying to buy me, Milo?”

A chuckle pushed through his nose, his lips brushing mine. “You’re already bought, Chazzy. Accept it. You’re mine

and I'm not letting you go. Just go with the flow and enjoy the life I'm giving you."

"But—"

His brows dipped and he roughly tugged me closer. "You keep saying 'but,' and it pisses me off. I always!" he barked, his irises almost black, they were so dark. "Get what I want. I wanted you, I bought you, you are mine. All you need to do is sit back, let me pamper you, and enjoy the rest of your life as a very rich, very powerful woman. What's so bad about what I'm giving you?"

The fact that there was no love between us, and he had a slew of other women stashed around the city. Christ, probably the country.

"You want to go back to that rundown apartment? Busting your ass every day until you're exhausted at the end of the day, just to go home to a cluttered apartment, eat take out, go to sleep, and start the whole process the next day? Busting your ass to earn money that you have to share with someone else?"

No, I didn't want that. It had been a month since I slept with Milo, a month of gifts and dinners and sublime sex. He was right, I was already bought. One month, and I knew I

would do whatever he asked of me to make sure I kept the money and this apartment.

His features softened with a small smile. “Let me cherish you, Chazzy. I want to take care of you and worship you. I want to make all your dreams come true.”

Hell, with promises like that, how could I refute him?

Smiling, tuning out the warning bells, I stretched my neck and kissed him, reveling in his groan as he squeezed my ass cheeks.

“Okay,” he panted, abruptly stepping away. “Wait... just... wait a minute. Let me think.”

His hand on my shoulder holding me at arm’s length, he tapped his forehead, his lids scrunched. “Fuck it,” he growled, grabbing the front of my shirt and dragging me to the bedroom. “I’m the boss, they can wait.”

Startled at the sudden fierceness glowing in his irises, I was swept away and overwhelmed by his inability to control his lust. Shoving me to the mattress, he dug out his cellphone and barked, “Get naked, now!” while tapping on the screen.

My heart banging on my ribs, I did as he asked, both exhilarated and frightened by this man.

“Hey, I’m going to be late. I don’t give a shit if they flew here from Italy, they can fucking wait. I’ll be there when I get there.”

Naked, I scrambled to my knees and worked at his trousers, my lids rounded at what he was saying. People flew in from a different country for this meeting, and he was putting it off because he had to have me now? He couldn’t wait?

I gripped his cock and he jolted, choking on an inhale. “They can wait, or they can leave. I don’t give a shit right now. Gotta go.”

Growling, he hung up, tossed the phone to the bed, grabbed the back of my head, and thrust into my mouth with a drawn out sigh.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” he wheezed, throwing his head back. “Yeah, I need this, baby girl. Mm, you feel so good.”

I didn’t care for Milo Pampinella, but I couldn’t deny that I was quickly falling in love with the life he was providing. The comforts and the unending compliments...I was addicted, and I was going to prove myself to this man, so he wanted to keep me forever.

# Chapter 18

## Chastity Monroe

*Grenade* by Bruno Mars came on the radio, and I squealed, clapping my hands. Holding the seatbelt over my shoulder to keep it from rubbing the side of my neck, I stretched forward to turn it up, singing loudly with the lyrics.

Wyatt shot a sideways sneer, abruptly turning it back down. My brows arched, I stared at his profile and adjusted the volume once again. His upper lip curling, he turned somewhat to fully face me, and cut it off. Not willing to back down, I cut it on and blasted it.

A muscle in his jaw twitched, his brows furrowing behind his sunglasses. “You want to be a bitch? Fine. Fuck you,” he hissed and cut the truck off. Then he opened and slammed his door to end all electrical currents in the vehicle.

I crossed my arms and pouted. “I like that song. It’s like one of my favorites.”

He clucked his teeth and scoffed, bopping his head side to side. His tone mocking, he said, “Like really? Your all time fave, like oh muh gawd.”

Tipping my head, I peered at him, irritation gnawing my gut. “You’re not a very pleasant man, you know that?”

He huffed, setting his elbow on the window to rub his temple. “Like I give a rat’s ass what you think of me. Shut up and leave me alone.”

I unbuckled and turned sideways in my seat, bending somewhat over the console. Squinting, I studied his features scrunched with animosity. His dark locks fell over his brooding brow, darkening his bright, blue eyes. Thin, taut lips under his long, wide nose, a muscle twitched in his squared jaw, his chest heaving with shallow breaths.

“You really hate me.”

“No shit.”

My head tilting to the other side, I twisted my lips and chewed the inside of my cheek. “Why?”

“Because you’re fucking annoying. You and your bumpkin friend. Where the hell is she, anyway? I am so sick of sitting here waiting on her. I got shit to do, too, you know.”



The corner of my mouth lifted. “Like that chick I saw sneaking out of the penthouse this morning?”

His nostrils flared a bit, his Adam’s apple moving.

“She your girlfriend?”

He snorted, his finger moving to tap the top of the steering wheel. “Mind your fucking business.”

“My home. All I have to do is tell Milo I’m uncomfortable with strangers coming in and out, and your dating life is over.”

His chin tucked toward his chest to sneer in my direction. “I can’t fathom, for the life of me, why I can’t stand you.”

Heaving a sigh, I sat properly in my seat, propping an ankle on my knee, my foot bouncing. “Whatever, Wyatt. The second you laid eyes on me, you hated me. Just admit it’s because you’re shallow—”

“Shallow?” he snorted, shrugging the arm closest me. “How the hell am I shallow?”

“Do you really not recall what you said to me in the elevator that first day?”

His lips drawing tight, he stared out the windshield, his thumb tapping faster.

“And that blonde this morning. Other than her little incision scars when she got those fake boobs, I bet there isn’t a blemish on her body.”

“What, and I’m supposed to apologize for wanting a gorgeous broad?”

“No, but don’t get offended when you’re called out for being shallow because that’s the only reason you want her.”

“So, if I wanted you, with all your rolls and stretchmarks, I’d be a better man.”

An invisible fist slammed into my gut, a knot lodging in my throat. “Wow.”

He cursed and bowed his chin, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Clearing my throat and forcing my emotions down, I folded my arms over my stomach and looked out the window, not wanting him to see the tears brimming. No matter how old I got, how many years I heard this shit, sometimes, when I wasn’t expecting a dig, they got to me and...well, they fucking hurt.

“You know.” I paused when my voice cracked and coughed, trying to compose myself. Picking at the frayed knees of my jeans, I said, “I may not be able to strut around in a bikini like the blonde bimbo this morning, but I still have worth.”

He sighed, and I heard him move around.

My chin quivering, I watched the people walking up and down the sidewalk, wishing I could be one of them right now. Anyone but who I was. Anywhere but here, with Wyatt Shaw.

“The size of my body does not stop me from being a good person. I’m still allowed to have people like me, you know.”

“Shit.”

“And I can still pleasure Milo.”

“No shit. The whole fucking floor can hear you two sometimes.”

Feeling a surge of spite, I spun around and glared. “You know, now that I think about it, I didn’t hear a peep from your room last night. I wasn’t even aware you had company until I caught her slinking out, reeking of shame.”

His Adam's apple bobbed again, his chin moving to grinding teeth.

“The whole floor can hear how good I make Milo feel, being all fat and ugly, yet your precious little *Barbie* doll didn't even make you moan. Hm, so sad.”

He was stiffly shaking his head, his complexion turning red.

My brows lifted, my resentment deepening. “Or maybe you were the one who failed to—”

His head spun around so fast, the truck jerked from the movement, his lip curling with disgust. Pulling mine between my teeth to hide my smile, I dipped my chin and batted my lashes.

Changing my tone to sound condescending, I muttered, “Is that it, Wyatt? Is the little guy under the weather? Did he not perform for you properly—”

“One more word, you little bitch, and I'll—”

My chin jutted as I leaned closer. Lowering my voice, my lids narrowed, I taunted him with a whispered, “You'll what? What will you do, Wyatt?” I tipped my head, licking my

bottom lip and then grazing my teeth over it. “Will you prove to me how well-endowed you are and how good you are?”

His skin darkening, he growled, “I don’t fuck fat chicks.”

My lips pursed and I shrugged, sitting upright. “I’m telling you, you’re missing out. Get yourself a big momma, we’ll rock your world and change you forever.”

“I’ll never fucking know.” He fumbled with his cigarettes and snatched one out, lighting it. The cabin filled with smoke, but it didn’t bother me.

“Hence, your room remains quiet while Milo screams at the top of his lungs.”

“Fuck you.”

I giggled and rolled my shoulders. “Whatever. Some people like mediocre sex, I guess you’re one of them.”

“You have no idea what I’m into, so keep your mouth shut.”

Jennifer finally stepped out of the salon, hovering near the exit while the manager locked up the establishment. Leaning over him, I honked the horn to get her attention, but

he curtly smacked me away, nudging his elbow against my side.

“Get the fuck off.”

“Uh oh, you should be careful. I touched you, and fat is contagious.”

Grumbling, he turned his attention out the driver’s window and took a drag.

Jennifer twisted her waist, holding her hand over her eyes to block the sun. As she waved, I sat normally and pulled the seatbelt back into place.

Not done being bitter, I returned to the previous conversation. “Clearly the kind of sex you’re into doesn’t end with earth shattering orgasms like me and Milo. Whatever. Whatever tickles your jollies. Enjoy your passionless humping, but don’t complain whenever I make Milo scream my name.”

“Can we change the goddamn subject? Christ, you are annoying as hell.”

She was jogging across the street, beaming ear to ear. I tapped the button to unlock the doors and heaved a sigh.

“Jealousy is so unbecoming. Hi!” I sang when the rear passenger opened.

She crawled into the backseat of the pickup truck, bouncing around until she was comfortable. “Hi, sugar. How you doin’?”

“Great. Ready to do some shopping?”

“Always.”

The seatbelt clicked into place and we both stared at Wyatt. Clearing my throat, I wiggled my finger at the keys dangling from the ignition.

“Uh, that’s your cue to turn the vehicle on and drive.”

His fingers curled into a fist, almost crushing his forgotten cigarette.

Blinking rapidly, I grinned innocently and whispered, “Perhaps you need some pointers in that department, as well.”

“Goddamn motherfucking bitch,” he grumbled, cranking the engine and yanking the gearshift into drive. Hitting the gas, he screeched his tires and pulled away from the curb without checking traffic. Cars honked their horns, but he just zipped back and forth between lanes, continuing to spew profanities under his breath.

My ankle on my knee once more, my elbow on the window, I gazed at the scenery darting by while tugging at my ear. I had to talk to Milo about replacing Wyatt. We just were not going to get along and I refused to live with and spend my days with a man who made me feel inadequate because he resented me based on my appearance.

Wyatt had to go. It was time I put my foot down again. Either the overgrown ape went away, or I did, but I would not continue suffering because of a man's shallow egotism.

I hated him, he hated me...that made for a hostile living arrangement I wasn't willing to tolerate.



# Chapter 19

## Chastity Monroe

I flung myself to the suede sectional, sinking low in the soft cushions and spreading my arms to my sides. Smiling, my legs stretched out in front, I swayed my knees in and out while petting the soft fabric.

“You like this?”

Jennifer rolled a shoulder. An arm over her stomach, the other propped on top, she was chewing her thumbnail, staring at me. “It’s all right, I reckon.”

“You really want leather, don’t you?”

She curled her fingers to her palm and held it out to inspect her nails. “It’s whatever you want, sugar. This is your choice, not mine.”

Picking up on her displeasure, I sat up and set my ankle on my knee. “What’s going on with you?”

A shoulder rolled while gazing around the expansive furniture store. “Nothin’.”

“Why are you lying to me?”

Her eyes rolled before casting sheepishly over my head. Craning my neck, I glared at Wyatt hovering behind me. I clucked my teeth and sat up, twisting my waist to hold the back of the couch.

“Okay, Kevin Costner. I get you’re my bodyguard and all, but you don’t need to be right up my ass. You can still watch and protect me from twenty feet away.”

He sneered, curling his lip over his teeth.

I flipped my wrist and said, “Shoo! Go on, scat cat.”

His mouth was moving to a bunch of silent curse words, his hands balled into fists at his sides. Shaking his head, he stomped a few feet away, crossed his arms, and widened his stance, leering.

I sighed and spun around. “Sorry. He doesn’t understand personal space.”

She was chewing the inside of her cheek, still watching him. “Doncha think this is weird?” she muttered, sitting on the far end of the sectional. “I mean, in just over a month, you met Milo, he got you fired.”

My insides shrank, those warning bells ringing in the distance.

“He got you in bed, he got you a penthouse, and now you’re on an allowance with a bodyguard, and are one of many lovers.”

“No...n-no.” I shook my finger, wiggling around to sit upright. “I am his woman, they are the lovers.”

“Semantics, Chazzy. I just...” She huffed, tapping her fingers on her knees. “This ain’t you, sugar. You’re changin’.”

“Am I happy?”

“Well, yeah.”

“Are we moving to a safer neighborhood in a better apartment?”

“Yeah.”

“Then what’s the big deal if I’m changing?”

Heaving a sigh, she sank into the cushions, crossing her arms and legs and pouting. “I dunno. Everythin’ is movin’ so fast, you know? I’m worried about you. I don’t want you gettin’ your heart broken.”

Snorting, I dropped my foot to the floor. “I’m not in love with Milo. Can’t break a heart if there’s no love.”

She squinted and whispered, “And you’re okay with that?”

I rocked to the side, tucked my leg beneath me, and leaned toward her, rubbing my fingers over the suede to make lines. “You know those nightmares you always hear me waking up to?”

“Yeah?”

“They’re...of my stepfather.”

I closed my lids, took a deep breath, and decided to just confess. I had never trusted anyone more than I did Jennifer, why wouldn’t I divulge my secret hang ups?

“He...married my mom when I was four years old, and my earliest memories were of him telling me I wasn’t good enough to be his daughter because I was too fat and ugly. He uh, ahem.” Bile coated my tongue and my throat constricted, the back of my nose burning. “Used to tell me I never should have been born, and if I were smart, I’d just kill myself and rid the world of my hideousness.”

“Oh, my Lord.”

“Every chance he got, he was putting me down, shaming me, pointing out all my flaws. He even smacked me around at times because I just disgusted him so much and he was humiliated he had to share a house with me.”

“Oh, sugar,” she sighed, covering her mouth with her fingertips. “What did your momma say?”

“Told me to lose weight and make my father happy. She told me I already cost her one husband, she wouldn’t let me run off another, so she started locking up the food, making me go days without any to force me to lose weight.”

“What the heck?”

“Yup,” I sighed, smoothing the fabric to erase the lines. “A couple months before I turned sixteen, he got on me for the millionth time, telling me I needed to start binging because he had family coming into town for the holidays and if I hadn’t lost at least twenty pounds, I wouldn’t be allowed to leave my bedroom the whole time they were there.”

Tensing, I sniffled, sweat beading my upper lip. “We argued and...a-and...he started hitting me again, saying if I wouldn’t kill myself, he’d do it for me.”

“Jesus.”

I coughed against my emotions, and whispered, “I had enough and ran away. I was homeless for a while, begging for food on the corners.

“Then an older lady took me in, telling me she would take care of me if I took care of her. She was old and alone. She was the one who got me into massage, actually. She always hurt from her arthritis, and stuff, and was into acupuncture and...”

My lids lowered, too many memories surfacing. I didn't like to think of Agatha, for it hurt too much. In that one year I was with her, I had finally known what it was like to have a mother. She was gone too soon, our time too short, and to this day, I was still burdened with the weight of missing her.

“Anyway, long story short, she died, I was homeless again, busting my ass to finish my schooling to get my license and pay bills, bouncing from one hotel to another.”

She huffed, pursing her lips. “I didn't know that.”

“I have struggled for so long, Jennifer,” I whispered, casting a sorrowful gaze. “Milo is offering me a chance to not have to struggle anymore. I didn't have a real childhood because I was always trying to prove myself and make myself worthy to my parents.

“He likes me.” I pressed a palm to my chest, sniffing. “He likes that I am big. He thinks I’m beautiful and sexy.” Squinting, I croaked, “Do you know what that feels like? All your worst insecurities, the things you hate the most about yourself, the things that make you shit...and there’s someone who likes you *because* of them. Jenn, no one has ever thought this way about me.”

“I did!” she whimpered, banging her fists on the cushions beside her.

“I know, honey, but it’s different when the attention comes from a gorgeous, sexy, rich and powerful man.”

She snickered, “Ain’t that the truth.”

“I don’t know how long this is going to last, but I want to enjoy it while I can. I don’t love him, but it’s nice to be appreciated and valued, and not have to worry about my bills being paid. He’s giving me a freedom to just live, for the first time in my life.”

She reached out and twined our fingers, giving a gentle squeeze.

“I’m important to someone,” I whispered, my nose burning with emotions. “It’s not love, but it’s just as good to

me. I've never been beautiful to a man. I've never been valued by one. So yeah, yeah, I'm okay with the dynamics of this relationship. And if the time ever comes when I'm not, I walk away. Until then, I'm just relieved someone thinks this world is actually *better* with me in it, not worse."

A weak smile started to curl her lip but fell, her attention darting over my head. Craning my neck, I found Wyatt hovering right behind me, his expression odd.

"Yeah?"

He was huffing, his nostrils flaring to his breaths, his sight searching my features.

"What?"

He closed his lids and pinched the bridge of his nose, clearing his throat. "Uh, the boss just called, he's flying home early. He wants you dressed and ready to go out to dinner by six."

I blinked. "Okay?"

"So, we have to go, princess."

Groaning, my shoulders slumped forward as I pushed myself to my feet. "Ready?"

"Yeah."



“Hey...you...ahem. You wanna give me another makeover tonight?”

She grinned and clapped her hands. “Heck yeah!”

Motioning with my head, we rounded the sectional, pointing and comparing other living room sets while weaving through the store to the exit.

No, I didn't love Milo, but I appreciated him. I respected him, and as long as he made me feel like I was the most beautiful woman in the world, someone he cherished and was proud to be with, I could settle for a life of luxury rather than love.

Love was overrated, anyway. When I looked at what Jennifer was going through, the hurt, the apprehension, the ups and downs, highs and lows between happiness and betrayals, I was glad I didn't love Milo. Why would I want to ruin something that had potential to be beautiful by adding feelings to the mixture?

I was good. It was unorthodox and not ideal, but I was going to make this work. I didn't want love. Love was fickle. Who needed that?

# Chapter 20

## Chastity Monroe

Stunned. I was...stunned at my reflection in the mirror in Milo's bathroom. My heart thumping erratically, I gingerly touched my hair that fell in thick waves around my shoulders, the light catching the brand new honeyed highlights that complemented my pale complexion.

Leaning forward, I batted my heavily mascaraed lashes to inspect the smokey eyeshadow that was flawless. My cheeks pink with the slightest touch of blush, my lips had never looked so plump and full with the light beige lipstick Jennifer put on, the shiny gloss making them stand out.

The dress she had picked was made of black satin. The top resembled a blouse with a collar, long sleeves, and buttons down to the thin belt that wrapped around high on my waist. It tied in a knot, the straps dangling over the flowy, pleated skirts that cascaded just below my knees with a slit that went diagonally from my left knee to my right hip, giving a hint at my thighs without revealing.

My legs were freshly shaved, shimmering with lotion that had a slight tint, my feet in stilettos that wrapped around my ankles to the bottom of my calves.

“Wow.”

Jennifer snorted, tossing the brush to the counter in the bathroom. “Pardon my language, but no shit.”

Doing a doubletake, I looked at her in the mirror, surprised she cursed.

“Dang, Chazzy. All this time.”

“What?”

“You was a goddess and you hid yourself away.”

My brows arching, I was caught off guard by her description, my focus raking over myself again. For the first time in my life, I was looking at my reflection...and I thought it was beautiful.

“Wait, wait.” Jennifer turned me and fidgeted with the collar, making sure it was revealing my cleavage but not flashing my tits. Flicking a stray strand of hair from my brow, she winked and beamed ear to ear.

“Gorgeous.”

My insides shaking uncontrollably, I was breathing shallow, my stomach in knots. What the hell was Milo going to do when he saw me like this? He had ever only seen me in my work clothes, or jeans and tee shirts, and once in a simple, black dress.

Pressing my palms to my stomach, I tried to calm my nerves as I strolled out of the bedroom to the kitchen. I needed a drink. A nice glass of wine would settle my anxiety.

“You gonna start showin’ off that body now, sugar?”

Glass shattered in the kitchen, startling me. Pausing, my attention snatched to the left at Wyatt standing by the island.

“Shit. Sorry,” he muttered, crouching to clean up the glass he dropped.

“I don’t know. You think I should?”

“Sugar, why would you ever take a diamond and put it back into coal?”

I propped my hands on my hips and shot a stare that told her I thought she was ridiculous.

“Wyatt, sign in on this. You think this looks better than what she usually wears?”

He threw his head back and roared with a bitter laugh. “No way in hell I’m falling into that trap. My goddamn mouth is staying shut.”

“Oh, he doesn’t count, anyway. You can’t ask him. Anything over a size ten in his eyes should be taken out to pasture and shot in the back of the head, put out of their misery.”

He glared, slowly rising to his full height. “That’s fucked up,” he grumbled, tossing the shards into the trash under the sink.

“You can’t deny it. The first day you met me, you were telling me to walk away because I was shit.”

“Look, it’s not that I—”

“Oh, shush up, both of you. I swanny, the way you two bicker. Playground tactics.”

The metal door off the elevator hallway screeched open and my heart lurched, a million thoughts whirling in my head. Three more seconds, and Milo would see me. I was terrified.

Rounding the corner, he was groaning, rubbing the heels of his palms to his eyes. “Christ, that was a long flight. People were getting on my last nerve—”

His hands dropped and his eyes bulged, his jaw falling. Slapping a palm to his chest, he choked on an inhale, scrutinizing every inch of me.

“God – *damn*, baby girl!” he wheezed, raking his fingers through his hair.

“Is it okay?”

He was shaking his head slightly, taking my hand and holding it out. “Damn, I got good taste. You are hot as fuck, baby girl. I’m so hard.”

My stomach turned over. “Uh. Milo, this is Jennifer,” I stressed, motioning to her behind me. “Jenn, this is Milo.”

His sight flitted to her for half a second before returning to me. “Yeah, hey.”

“Hi, nice to finally meet you.”

He jutted his chin, his gaze smoldering as he continued to scope me out. “This,” he groaned, his tone husky. “This is what I saw when I met you that day. Yeah, you are so perfect, Chazzy. So perfect for me.”

Giggling breathlessly, I flashed Jennifer a glance. She was grinning brightly, turning pink at the cheeks.

“You ready, boss?”

“Hm?”

“Reservations in forty-five minutes.”

“Oh, yeah, yeah. Uh huh.”

We weren't moving, however. My arm was still held out, his sight still roaming my appearance.

Wyatt walked over to us and nudged Milo's shoulder. “Boss,” he barked.

“Fine!” he snapped back, lowering our arms.

He kissed my knuckles, a mischief grin on his face. We filed out of the apartment and loaded to the elevator.

“Where y'all goin' for dinner?”

“*Spiaggia*,” he snipped, never taking his focus from me.

“Oh, fancy.” She opened her mouth to keep talking, but Wyatt nudged her and shook his head.

She glanced at him then me, then straight ahead. Other than Wyatt talking to someone on the phone, instructing them to have Mr. Pampinella's vehicle ready out front, there was an awkward quietness. Milo placed his palm to the small of my back and leaned into my side, his lips on my lobe.

“You’re so sexy,” he whispered, dipping his tongue in my ear.

I shook, a tremor rolling down my spine.

His hand moved to my ass, rubbing it through the thin skirt. His fingers walked the material upward and I stiffened, my lids rounding. Staring at Wyatt and Jennifer out the corner of my eye, I bit my tongue to stop the yelp when he tucked his hand into my underwear, his fingers wiggling between my cheeks.

His mouth right against my ear, he breathed, “I’m going to fuck your ass, baby girl. I bet you’re so fucking tight, I’m going to take my time and enjoy spreading that hole and shoving my dick in there.”

When his finger touched it, I jumped and yelped, drawing their attention. Because of the position everyone stood, they couldn’t see what he was doing with his hand, only saw him nibbling my ear.

Jennifer cleared her throat, tucking her hair behind her ear. As the elevator slowed, he removed his hand and fixed my skirt, chuckling and standing straight.



The doors swished open and the four of us walked through the lobby to the front of the building.

Jennifer flashed a nervous smile. “It was nice to meet you, Mr. Pampinella. Have fun, Chazz. Call me later, if you can.”

“Goodnight, honey.”

She strolled off to the left while we went to the right where a black Cadillac SUV was waiting for us, a man holding the backdoor open. Milo motioned him away and waited for me to slide onto the black, leather seats before joining me, shutting the door. Wyatt climbed behind the wheel, adjusted the seat, and pulled away from the curb.

The next few seconds happened so damn fast, I was stunned, my brain unable to catch up.

Milo shoved me to my knees, hiked my skirt, tugged my panties, and shoved his cock inside. When the hell had he even unfastened his trousers to pull it out?

“Ow, oh!” I whimpered, the intrusion burning a bit from the friction since I wasn’t fully wet.

“Oh, shit,” he wheezed, laying on my back. “Goddamn, I’ve missed you.”

He made a deep, hard thrust and grunted, shoving me forward so my palm slapped to the window. Horrified he was fucking me in front of Wyatt, I snapped my attention to the rearview mirror, catching his sneer for a split second before he looked away, shaking his head.

Milo reached around to grope my breast, his other hand holding my shoulder to pound into me. He was ruthless and I was reeling, my juices flowing in no time, forgetting all about Wyatt. His body was slapping hard into my ass, my cheeks clapping and jiggling to the violent collisions.

“Oh, god,” I moaned, dropping my forehead to the door handle, my palm slipping on the window.

“Oh my god, baby girl,” he groaned, speeding up.

How the hell was he speeding up? This was insane. Turning me inside out, he was making me so wet. The sound of his cock was pumping in and out, filling the car, my scent overbearing in the small space.

“I can’t believe you’re mine, oh shit, I love this pussy. This is the best pussy I’ve ever had. Fuck, I’m close.” His hand moved from my breast to my clit, circling it roughly.

“Ahmm!” I squealed, bucking against him.

“That’s my girl. Fuck me. God you’re so good. How the hell are you this good when you were a virgin last month?”

The car jerked, hitting a pothole, before smoothing out. The movement made me fall, my face planting to the seat which pushed my ass further up.

“Right there, baby girl, yes!” he howled, slapping my clit.

“Oh! Again!” I shrieked.

He swung his hand and smacked it so hard, it was like a bolt of lightning struck, and I exploded. Shooting upright so fast, I banged my head on the ceiling, I grabbed the back of the driver’s seat and screeched.

“Fuck, yes, oh my god, yes, yes, yes, Milo!”

“Unh, I’m cumming. I’m cummin – ahh!” he growled, shoving me against the window, thrusting deep and breaking through his lust.

My hand fell off the headrest, my nails digging into Wyatt’s shoulder while I trembled and shook.

Milo scattered kisses all over my cheek, our heavy pants fogging the glass. “This...is why...I chose you...Christ, you’re amazing.”

I gulped, my muscles sagging. “Hm...that was pretty fucking great.”

He eased out, fixing my panties. Tugging my skirt down, we both fell to the seat, trying to regulate our breaths. After a minute or so, he juttied his hips upward and chuckled. “I am so screwed.”

“Why’s that?” I whispered, smoothing my hair.

His ass dropping to the seat, he cupped my cheek and forced me to look at him. A smug grin on his face, he breathed, “Because I am falling so hard in love with you.”

My heart exploded and I choked on a gasp, my teeth rattling, I was trembling so badly.

Again, the car made a sudden movement, drawing Milo’s attention to the front seat out the corner of his eyes.

“Sorry, boss. Goddamn potholes everywhere.”

Curling one side of his mouth, he returned his attention to me, his thumb stroking my cheek. “I need you to do me a favor, sweetheart. I need you to be quiet tonight during dinner. I’m meeting with a business partner, and we have to go over a few things for a major shipment coming up. No matter what

you hear, just smile, look stunning, and stay quiet. Understand?”

I nodded, my brain filing everything he just said under “nonsense” because I was still fixated on his last comment.

“Goddamn, you’re gorgeous. You have no idea how proud I am that you’re on my arm tonight.”

He cupped my breast and squeezed, stirring my arousal once more. “You’ve learned so much with this body since you gave me your virginity. Tonight, when we get home, it’s time to teach you how to use that ass. I can’t wait to cum in it.”

Anxiously, my sight flitted out the corner of my eye to the rearview mirror, finding Wyatt sneering at me.

Arching a brow, I gazed at Milo and said, “You do whatever you want. I am here to pleasure you. As long as I get to suck that dick of yours and swallow that cum—”

The vehicle scraped the asphalt with a huge pothole, making me yelp as I fell against the door.

“For fuck’s sake, Wyatt. Did you forget how to drive?”

“My apologies.”

“You okay?” he asked gently, cupping the side of my temple where it collided with the window. “Dumbass!” he

hissed, smacking the back of Wyatt's head. "Your job is to protect her, not kill her taking us to dinner."

"What the hell you want me to do? Get out and patch the holes?"

"Open your fucking eyes, man. Other cars are dodging them, why can't you?"

Rubbing the spot that stung, I caught his stare in the mirror for a third time.

"Keep your goddamn eyes on the road, shit."

"Yes, sir," he seethed, still looking at me.

Uncomfortable, I resituated myself and looked at Milo. It was almost comical that he had chosen a man who detested me to protect me.

He slid his arm over my shoulders and petted my cheek, grinning brightly. "Christ, I'm so lucky. I don't care what anyone says, right now, I feel like the luckiest man in the world because you're mine. You have no idea how happy you've made me these last few weeks."

Blushing, I lowered my lashes, turning into him, my hand on his thigh. "I've..." My heart racing, almost too scared to admit it, I whispered, "Been pretty happy, too."

He blew me a kiss, holding my chin. “It’s only going to get better, baby girl. I promised you the world, I’m going to give it to you. Wanna go on vacation next week?”

My brows furrowed. “Vacation?”

“Yeah, I gotta go to Italy for a week. I don’t want to leave you behind. Come with me.”

Shocked, my stomach flipped, my pulse slowing. “Italy?” I squeaked.

He tugged me to his side and sank into the seat, rubbing his palm up and down my bicep. “You’ll love it, baby girl. I promise.”

I twined my fingers with his, running my thumb along his knuckles over and over. He was falling in love with me? Yeah, I think I was falling for him, too. Maybe I wanted to love him more than I thought I did.

Closing my eyes, I laid my cheek on his shoulder and slid my arm across his torso, under his jacket. Before I could get comfortable, he took my wrist and removed it to weave our fingers together. Dropping a kiss to the top of my head, he clung to me tightly.

“Fall in love with me, Chazzy,” he whispered into my hair.

My lids snapped open, my heart stilling.

“Make me the happiest man in the world and let yourself fall in love with me.”

Another tremor shook, my insides twisting in all different directions. “I already am,” I breathed.

His heart thudded on his ribs under my ear, a small chuckle shaking his chest. “You won’t regret it, I swear it. I’m going to cherish you forever.”

My lids closed once more, and I snuggled closer. The other women had to go. It was one thing to share my lover, but not the man I was falling for. He would have to get rid of them, or this was going to end before it got any further. I couldn’t let him hurt me.



# Chapter 21

## Chastity Monroe

The negligee was a dark burgundy, the lace just intricate enough to conceal my nipples. With wide straps over my shoulders, the front and back both dipped into low vees, exposing my entire cleavage. Right where my thighs met at my crotch, the lace ended in a wide band, sheer fabric the same color splitting and falling to my ankles, leaving my legs displayed. Though I was wearing underwear, it was cut high in the back, almost like a thong, showing off the bottom part of my ass cheeks.

The outfit was beautiful and made me feel sexy, a gift Milo brought home from New York.

My heart rattling nervously, a breathy giggle poured out of my mouth, my hands tugging at the diamond earrings he'd also picked up on his trip to surprise me with. I didn't know much about jewelry, but by the size of the stones, I knew they were worth a lot of money.

Sauntering through the apartment, my fingers ran through my tangled hair, still damp from our vigorous sex earlier. It had taken Milo forever to get my body to cooperate to what he wanted to do, and when he finally managed to get his cock in my ass, I was screeching like a banshee, weeping hysterically, begging him to just kill me and put me out of my misery.

Even now, just walking, I was hurting, the poor, battered hole burning and torn. No matter how loud I screamed, how much I begged, he had been determined, telling me it would stop hurting once I got used to it.

I don't know about that, because it never stopped hurting, but hearing his sounds and seeing his facial expressions, knowing he was riddled with ecstasy because of me, I still managed to orgasm.

A dish hit the counter, bounced to the floor, and shattered, startling me. Choking on a yelp, I covered my mouth and staggered backward, my heart thudding in my throat.

“Wyatt!” I rasped on a heavy exhale, my palm on my chest. “What the hell is wrong with you tonight?”

“Fuck,” he hissed, dropping to a squat to clean the mess.

I flipped on the light in the kitchen and froze, my brows arched high. Wearing a pair of black sweatpants with a white stripe down the legs and nothing else, my mind was blown at the muscles that rippled with his movements. Muscles that were littered with tattoos. I had seen men like him in movies, read about them in smutty romance novels, but never thought they existed in the real world.

His shoulders wide and bulbous, his biceps bulged with thick veins down to his wrists. The dip in his back for his spine was deep, sinewy imprints from muscles disappearing into the sweats at his narrow waist.

When he stood and opened the cabinet beneath the sink to throw the glass away, he turned toward me with a sneer, stomping closer and closer.

My breath caught and I lunged to the side, practically throwing myself on the island. He jerked open the tiny pantry by the fridge and grabbed the broom and dustpan.

As he faced me again, I noticed both his nipples had barbells in them. And when his back was to me to sweep the floor, I saw claw marks on the side of his neck.

Humiliation scorched my skin, knowing I put those there when Milo was fucking me in the SUV earlier. It was one thing to scratch up your lover, but to inflict them on a spectator had me mortified.

“You really think that’s appropriate to wear?” he grumbled, dumping the contents into the trash and tapping the pan on the side. Kneeing the door to close it, he popped the plastic tray to the side of the broom and returned it to the closet, sneering with so much animosity.

I cleared my throat, squaring my shoulders. “I didn’t know you’d be up. Why are you up?”

“Like anyone on this floor is sleeping tonight with you screaming in there.”

I cringed, shrinking with more embarrassment. “Sorry.”

He went to the sink to wash his hands, shaking the excess water and tearing a paper towel off to dry them. Arching a brow, he tipped his head and repeated his question.

I crossed my arms over my chest, gripping my shoulders. His sight lowered to my crotch and then slowly returned to my eyes. I coughed and stepped behind the island.

“I guess there’s no need for modesty now though, huh? Not after I had a front row seat, literally, to what you look like.” He rubbed at the back of his neck, his lids narrowing. “Even got a little participation trophy.”

I batted my lashes, looking everywhere but at him. “I’m s-sorry. I had no idea...he was going to do that.”

“Oh, I don’t doubt that.”

“Sorry...about your neck.”

He folded his arms and shifted to one leg, peering down his nose. “Sorry about the bump on your head.”

I started to rub it but remembered that would mean uncovering my breasts, so I stopped. “Crazy potholes,” I muttered anxiously.

“Yeah, well, I was kind of distracted.”

My pulse racing, I cleared my throat again while looking around the kitchen. “Again sorry. I know that was the last thing you wanted to see.”

“Hm.”

My eyes rolled, my frame sagging. “Look, Wyatt, I know you can’t stand me, but Milo likes me.”

“I think he’s in love with you.”

My lips quivered into a weak smile, my heart skipping. Taking in a jagged breath, I exhaled through my nose to steady my emotions. “Yes, well,” I whispered, my voice shaking. “You may not like the way I look, but he does, and since he is your boss, you need to find a way to get along with me. I mean, you can’t hate someone because they’re fat.”

“I don’t hate you because you’re fat.”

“Really? You’ve made it abundantly clear since day one you were turned off by the way I look.”

He thumbed his nose and turned his profile to me, huffing loudly. “Yup, yup, I remember what I said.”

“So, I say again, Milo likes the way I look, therefore it doesn’t matter that you don’t. Just because you can’t understand why he wants me—”

“On the contrary. I’m so hard right now, I would bend you over that bar and give you a real fucking if I knew it wouldn’t get me killed.”

My jaw fell, my heart sinking and my stomach bottoming out. An icy wave washed over, breaking me out in a thin layer of perspiration. “*What?*”

“Not gonna even stand here and lie. I thought you were frumpy, basic, and nothing special to look at when we first met. After seeing you today, I know you were just hiding because you’re scared.”

“Scared of what?” I tried to squeak, wanting to sound strong.

I failed.

“I heard what you and your friend were talking about at the furniture store earlier. I know about how you grew up. You were afraid of giving your best and still lacking, so you hid and did your best to blend.”

“W-W-What? Are you s-s-s-some kind of t-therapist now?” I whimpered, my emotions raw from being exposed.

“I’ve lived a pretty hard life, too, Chazzy. I’ve been around. I see things, picked up a few things here and there. You know I’m right.”

“Whatever. I don’t need you analyzing my brain.”

“You need something.”

Scoffing, my shoulders pulled to my ears. “And what would that be?”

He pursed his lips and lifted his brows. “Not my place to say.”

“What kind of mind games are you playing? Just leave me alone.”

He shrugged, fanning his hands out. “Fine by me, just wear some clothes from now on, how about it? I don’t need to worry about seeing you walking around looking like this. It... gives me thoughts,” he added with a smirk.

I blinked rapidly, my muscles tensing. “Th-Thoughts? What kind of...th-thoughts?”

A fire burst in his blue irises, the smirk broadening. “Thoughts of how much louder you would scream if that had been me fucking that ass earlier.”

Shock washed over me, and I was utterly frozen in place. No heartbeat, no breaths, no blinking, my entire system was paused.

“You sure as hell wouldn’t be walking right now, princess,” he snickered, pushing off the counter to pick up a bottle of water behind him.

“You...shouldn’t have thoughts like that.”

“Then stop giving me something to look at.”



Enraged and forgetting all discretion, I propped my hands on my hips and sneered. “What the hell kind of comment was that? Why is it always the women who should watch what they wear, and not the men who should just behave and not be rapists?”

He appeared stunned at my outburst, the water hovering before his mouth, his brows low over his eyes. “Any man who ever touches a woman without consent needs his dick cut off.”

He strolled forward, closing the distance between us. I backed away, only to trap myself against the dining room table. Panting, my heart pumping far too quickly, I grew dizzy, falling to my bottom on the surface.

“When I fuck you, Chazzy, it will be because you came to me. You will have to beg me. Otherwise, all I will ever do is look, think, and fantasize.”

“*When?* Are you high? I’m with Milo.”

He snorted, taking a quick sip. “You have no idea who you’re with. You’re in over your head here, kitten. That pussy that smells so sweet, it had my mouth watering earlier may not be virginal anymore, but you’re still so innocent and naïve, you have no fucking clue what you’ve gotten yourself in to.”

He strutted past me, watching me out the corner of his eye while drinking his water.

“What is that supposed to mean?” I snapped, getting defensive.

He spun around but kept walking backward. Shrugging his arms out, he scrunched the side of his face. “You may be the main bitch, but you will never be the only bitch. He more than likely is in love with you, but Milo Pampinella will never, ever be monogamous. Get used to empty beds, kitten. The honeymoon phase will be over soon, and ‘trips,’” he stressed, hooking his fingers in the air. “Are going to take him out of town a lot more frequently.”

“You think so, huh?”

Winking, he was practically beaming ear to ear. “Don’t worry, I’ll be here to keep those sheets warm.”

A gasp hitched my throat, a shudder rolling down my spine.

He chuckled, spinning around once more. “Goodnight, kitten. See you in the morning.”

His bedroom door shut, and I was surrounded by silence. Jealousy consuming me, I jogged back to the

bedroom, creeping inside to not wake Milo. I stood at the side of the bed, twining my fingers, raking my sight along him in the darkness.

He was lying on his back, one arm above his head, the other stretched out to the side where I had been earlier. His right leg was bent, the foot tucking beneath the left leg straight. Naked, the shadows filled the dips of his muscles, his cock pressed against an inner thigh.

I strolled around the foot of the bed and crawled onto the mattress, kissing the side of his ribs, working my way up to his Adam's apple.

He groaned, rolled his head away from me, whispered my name, and then rolled back.

My heart skipped. That was my name he called in his sleep, not one of the other women. He loved me. Wyatt was wrong. That may have been who Milo used to be, but things were different now. He was in love this time. He would cut off the affairs and commit to me. I knew it.

“Milo,” I whispered.

His leg straightened, the arm above his head lowering to rub his torso. “Mm.”

“Milo?”

The corner of his mouth curled. I kissed his lips and he groaned, “Mm, Chazzy.”

“Milo,” I called a third time, raising my voice just a bit.

His brows furrowed and then smoothed, his Adam’s apple moving. His lashes fluttered and then lifted, blinking a few times before stilling in a squinted position.

“Baby girl?” he wheezed, filling his lungs with air. Heaving it through his nose, he rubbed at his eye, the stretched arm curling around me. “What’s wrong? You okay? Did you have another nightmare?”

“No, n-no.”

“What time is it?”

“Late, I just...I...” Gulping, I was terrified of what I was about to do. I had never put myself in such a vulnerable state before. How was I supposed to do this?

“I...love you.”

His lids snapped wide, his nostrils flared out. “What?” he barked, loud and clear, no traces of sleep remaining.

My chin bowed with humiliation, my fingertips making tiny circles on his ribs. “I...do, I-I...I-love you.”

“Look at me.”

I cringed, moving my fingers to tap at my forehead. Stupid, stupid, stupid!

“Now.”

Taking a ragged breath, I licked my lips, whimpered, and tipped my head.

He was grinning brightly, his eyes sparkling even in the darkness. “I love you, too.”

Excitement burst throughout my veins, making me giggle foolishly.

He held my cheek and shook his head. “Goddamn, I don’t know what the hell happened, but in just over a month’s time, you made me fall head over heels, baby girl. I have never fallen so hard or so fast. You’re the one for me, I know it.”

My knuckles raked up his chin to his ear where my fingers uncurled to lay on his cheek. “I feel good about us.”

His smile wavering, he held my chin between his thumb and index. “I’m going to marry you one of these days.

It's far too soon now, but one day, you'll be Chastity Pampinella."

I bit my bottom lip, vibrating with exhilaration. "I do like the way that sounds."

He released a drawn out sigh, rubbing the underside of my chin with his index knuckle. "So does this mean you'll marry me?"

"I don't know, is this an official proposal?"

"Unofficial, official. It'll be public knowledge when I put a ring on that finger."

"Either way, yes, I'll marry you."

"You're goddamn right you will. I want you as my wife, and you know I always get what I want."

Snickering, I laid my cheek to his chest. He groaned, wrapping his arms around me. "It's going to be perfect, I promise. I'll give you the biggest, most beautiful wedding of your dreams, and then spend the rest of our lives worshipping you."

"Mm, sounds wonderful."

And so, five weeks after meeting Milo Pampinella, I had gone from despising him and wanting nothing to do with

intimacy or affection, to being in love for the first time in my life, and planning a wedding with a man who was still basically a stranger.

*You have no idea who you're with. You're in over your head here, kitten. You have no fucking clue what you've gotten yourself in to.*

I stared across the room, dread weighting my chest. Wyatt was wrong. I knew exactly what I was getting into. Milo and I were meant to be together. Just because we figured out relatively quick how important we were to one another, didn't mean we were going to rush into a marriage and babies and all that. There was plenty of time for that.

First, I needed to weed out the affairs. I couldn't marry him while he was still sleeping with others. That was where I drew the line.

# Chapter 22

## Milo Pampinella

The house we were staying at was on the hills on the outskirts of Trapani. A modern villa with columned terraces, a trellis covered, heated swimming pool, and a panoramic view of the Tyrrhenian Sea down below, it came with a maid, a cook, and a personal chauffeur. The back patio was a combination of wooden or cement beams and natural rocks from the roof just off the back of the house, to the left side of the pool with a thin waterfall trickling into the crystal blue water.

Sitting in one of the chairs at the main table just off the living room, I was slouched low, my ankles crossed and propped on another seat. My elbow on the surface, a cigarette rolled between my fingers. Unable to take my eyes off Chastity in the pool, my heart sped up, taking advantage of the fact she was oblivious to me eyeing her.

She leisurely swam along the length to the deep end, her distorted figure gliding just under the surface. At the end,



her face broke through, her palms pushing her dark locks away as she bobbed up and down. Paddling to the edge, she gripped the rim and grunted, hoisting herself out the water to her waist, craning her neck to gaze at the view below. A wide grin spread across her slightly freckled features, her teeth biting down on her bottom lip.

I smiled and took a drag, mesmerized at just the sight of her. From the moment she got off the plane, she had been awestruck with Italy. Though I had been here a million times, spending most of my summers at the family villa in San Teodoro with our private beach, it made me proud at how enthusiastic she was to see everything. Nothing was basic, everything was beautiful and exotic in her eyes.

Everything about Chastity Lou Monroe was refreshing. She was unlike any of my other lovers...ever. She demanded respect, refused to put up with my shit, and made me earn her affection. I had never had to work so hard for one of my girls before, and it made me want her more.

“Hey, boss.”

Not taking my sight off my obsession, I jutted my chin at Wyatt.

He groaned and dropped to a seat on the other side of the table, lighting a cigarette. “She’s been in that pool for hours.”

My smile broadened, my focus raking over the wet, burgundy bathing suit that dipped low on her back. She pushed off the wall and sank under the water, disappearing for a moment.

“She likes it. Leave her alone.”

She popped up in the shallow end, brushing her locks out her face while slowly climbing the steps to get out. My pulse quickened, all my blood rushing to my groin. It was a one piece suit that only had one strap over her left shoulder, the right slightly dipping at an angle low on her breast. The cut high on her thighs to just above her hips, it bunched on the left side, creating wrinkles across her stomach.

She made wide steps, sashaying across the patio to the right of the courtyard where there was a crudely built alfresco shower made of thin, slate stones, plants and flowers growing between the grooves. Stepping up and turning on one of the streams, she tucked her fingers in the bottom of the suit and plucked the material from her crack.

“Goddamn,” I muttered, taking a drag.

Wyatt shook his head, sinking lower in his seat. An ankle on his knee, he flicked his ashes to the ground, not even hiding he was bitter. “I don’t get it, boss. What the hell do you see in big chicks?”

“Jesus, Wyatt.” My tone was gruff, thinking of what that woman looked like naked. “Tits that aren’t silicon, curves to hang on while I’m pounding into her, cheeks that jiggle when she bounces, and a nice, juicy, fat pussy that gets so goddamn wet and tastes sweeter than honey sometimes.”

“Well, yeah...ahem.” He grew uncomfortable, turning his attention to the far side of the property...away from Chastity. Coughing, he squirmed a bit before continuing. “I mean, but you can’t like pick her up, wrap her legs around you, and fuck her against the wall.”

Snorting, the smoke billowed from my nostrils. “You think I give a shit?” I craned my neck to peer at him, pointing at her with my cigarette. “When that chick is riding me, and her ass slaps down on my balls, fucking Christ!” I chuckled, shaking my head. “I nut like that,” I stated, snapping my fingers.

His lids narrowed, he peered at her, raking his sight along her for a moment.

My enthusiasm waned as I watched him checking her out. “Besides, it doesn’t matter if you understand it or not, you know what to do.”

His nostrils flared and he cleared his throat, bowing his chin. “I, uh...ahem. I actually already tried, and she turned me down.”

Surprised, I lowered my hand, so it dangled over the edge of the table. “What? When?”

“That night you got back from New York. She came out in that little nightgown you brought her home and found me in the kitchen.”

“You hit on my woman?”

He scoffed and shrugged his shoulders. “Don’t I always? Isn’t that what I’m supposed to do?”

“Well, yeah, but...when I tell you to.”

Clucking his teeth, he tipped his head and glared. “Milo, there has not been one single bitch you’ve brought home you didn’t ask me to seduce. I was just trying to speed things along to get rid of her faster.”

“You really don’t like her, do you?”

“No,” he growled, his expression one of disgust.

“Why?”

“She’s loud, obnoxious, annoying, bossy—”

My smile returning, I cast my attention at her. She was combing her fingers through her hair, her face upturned to the sky, her breasts swaying to her movements.

“She’s great.”

He chortled and took a drag. “If you say so.”

“She didn’t accept your advances?”

“Nope.”

“Really?”

“Yup. In fact, I got the distinct impression I was just a matter of seconds from getting my face slapped.”

“Huh.”

The shower cut off. For a moment, she stood there, dragging her fingers through the vines and leaves drooping down the wall, a small grin lighting up her face. Heaving a sigh that had her breast poking out, she spun around and sauntered toward us. Her hips made wide rotations, her hard nipples straining beneath the suit. Fully erect, my heartrate sped up the closer she grew.

She paused, a nail tracing my jaw as she bent over, her weight in one leg to jut a hip in the air. Moaning, she closed her eyelids and brushed a teasing kiss over my lips, moved to my ear, and whispered, “Going to go take this suit off. Interested?”

My dick lurched, my gut knotting. “Fuck, yeah. Be there in a second, baby girl.”

Tapping my nose, she straightened and traipsed inside without even acknowledging Wyatt.

I sat up and twisted my waist to watch, lust scorching my veins when she shrugged the strap off her shoulder, taunting me with a quick glimpse of her breasts before disappearing around the corner.

“Fucking hell,” I groaned, smashing my cigarette out.

Wyatt shook his head, obviously irritated.

“Hey, I’m...we’re...I’ll, uh...” I couldn’t form a complete thought as I hopped to my feet, snatching my cigarettes and phone off the table. “Uh...”

“Just go. Jesus.”

I chuckled, readjusting the waist of my trousers. Casting him a look, my excitement fizzled. “I want you to try

again.”

“What?” His foot hit the floor and he turned in his chair to sneer. “Why? I done tried, she shot me down.”

“Try...again.”

“Why? I don’t want to fuck her.”

Holding my palms out, I glared and hissed, “Keep your goddamn voice down. Try again, and again, and again.”

“What’s the point?”

“Because...” My pulse skipped, my throat constricting. “Because if she continues to shoot you down, I’m...going to marry her.”

Doing a doubletake, his jaw fell, his eyes bulging. “Please, don’t be serious, Milo.”

“I am. She’s perfect and if she’s loyal, I’m making her my wife.”

He groaned and flung himself to the back of the chair, slouching low and spreading his legs wide. “Goddammit.”

Ignoring his attitude, I focused on the sexy, voluptuous, naked woman waiting for me to ravish her in my bed. “You, uh...might want to take a walk down on the beach for a while.

This might get loud. Wouldn't want you to hear me slapping that fat ass and making her scream.”

“Oh my god, boss!” he shouted, shaking his arms out at his sides. “Just...knock it off.”

I snickered and jogged inside, hurrying through the house to the master suite. Opening the door, everything inside ceased, every hair on my body standing on end.

Chastity was completely naked, in the center of the mattress, her arms stretched above her head, one leg bent and leaning over the other. Her wet hair splayed out on the pillows, her lids were hooded, her nipples hard.

“Hey,” she whispered, slowly caressing a palm down the center of her chest, over her belly, to a hip.

I gulped, my mouth running dry. I was absolutely going to marry this woman if she proved herself to be loyal. If she rebuked Wyatt's advancements, this would be my wife, the mother to my children.

I was in love with Chastity Lou Monroe.



# Chapter 23

## Wyatt Shaw

It was a dive in a less than ideal part of town. Outdated décor, stale odor lingering in the air, and generic booze lining the shelves. The crowd was a tad thin, but it was raining, so that was to be expected. The band, Christ, the band was fucking horrible. The singer was off key and changing the words, and the musicians sucked. The only one with talent on the stage was the guy named Dave, but he was so high and blitzed, he kept messing up.

Standing rigid, my back against the wall next to the stage, I clasped my wrist in front of my stomach, carefully scanning the other patrons. Why in the hell did Chastity hang out here with these people? She really had lousy taste in friends. First Jennifer, now these lowlifes. Why did she choose horrible people?

The band on break, they were sitting at a large, rounded table, laughing and drinking. Chastity was wearing a light blue, button up blouse and black jeans, basic, black

wedges on her feet. No makeup, no fancy jewelry, and her hair was pulled into a messy ponytail.

Studying her and her friends, I quickly forgot my job of scoping the surroundings and simply focused on them. She was giving Dave a hand massage because he'd hurt it at work that morning. While she was doing that, the lead singer was toying with Chastity's hair, tucking the loose curls behind her ear. The drummer rose from his chair just enough to lean across the table, wiping something off her cheek before plopping back down.

Fascinated, my head tilted, my eyelids narrowing. The bartender, someone named Tim, strutted over to give everyone fresh drinks without any of them having to ask. Giving Chastity a different drink than the one she had, my features grew taut with suspicion.

As he was headed back to the bar, I motioned with my head and called out his name.

Blinking rapidly, he crept closer, still wary of my presence. "Yes, sir? Did you change your mind and want to order something?"

"No. What did you give Chazzy?"

Confused, his brows furrowed as he peered over his shoulder. “Uh, her...” His thumb tossed over his shoulder, his sight back on mine. “Her drink.”

“No, no. That’s not what she had.”

“Chazz...” Squinting, his chin tucked toward his shoulder to give a sideways leer. “Chazz only drinks two alcoholic beverages when she comes in. After that, she wants soda.”

My muscles easing a bit, my attention shifted back to the group. “Oh.”

He snorted under his breath and muttered incoherently as he hurried back to the bar. My thumb tapping my wrist, I pulled a long breath, peering down my nose. It was odd to me, the dynamic of their friendships. The only friend I’d ever had was Milo, but that was forced on me, I didn’t really have much of a choice.

Chewing the inside of my cheek, I continued to study them, curious what it was like to meet new people and build friendships. The whole concept was foreign and quite bizarre. Maybe they weren’t shitty friends, after all, what did I have to compare it to?

The woman heaved a sigh and patted her palms to the table, scooching the chair away. Their break over, they shuffled back on stage, leaving Chastity alone. She picked up her glass, held the straw, and took a sip, skimming the room.

Her sight fell on mine and my stomach sank. Setting the drink on the table, her lips taut, she stared at me for a long, very uncomfortable moment. When she stood and began to approach, adrenaline pumped in my veins, my stomach heavy with dread.

Her freckled nose wrinkled, her hands on her hips, she leaned forward, inches from my face.

“What?” I barked, anxious with her closeness.

Clucking her teeth, she took my wrist, tugged, and led me to the table.

“What the hell are you doing?”

Urging me forward, her hands on my shoulders, she shoved me to a seat. I groaned, rubbing my forehead while she reclaimed her chair.

“Much better.”

“What is this supposed to prove, huh?”

“It proves you’re a man, Wyatt, not a fucking machine. Sit. Have a drink. Relax,” she insisted, dragging the word out.

“Relax?”

“Yes, relax. Most people know how to, but it seems as if you don’t.”

I scoffed, my thumbs tapping my thighs. “I can relax.”

She twisted her waist and made a hand gesture in the air. “Tim, beer for my friend.”

My eyelids widened, my insides lurching. “Why...did you call me that?”

Sitting properly, she bent over and pulled her straw up to sip without picking up the glass. “What?”

“Friend?”

Frozen, her lashes batted wildly, the whites showing around her irises. “Look, I know you hate me, but—”

“I don’t...I don’t hate you, Chazz.”

She made a cynical laugh and rolled her eyes, slouching a bit. “Yeah, right.”

I huffed and momentarily averted my gaze.

“I’m not this horrible person you think I am.”

My attention snapped back to hers, my stomach twisting. No, I didn't think she was horrible. Not at all.

Tim set a bottle on the table, patted her on the head, and strolled away while she giggled and blushed. If I didn't know, without a doubt, the man was gay, that little gesture would have seriously pissed me off.

Her elbow on the table, she fidgeted with her earring, gazing at me curiously. The band started playing and I grimaced, taking a swig of the beer.

“You don't particularly care for them, do you?”

I snorted but didn't answer.

“What kind of music do you listen to?”

Taken aback, the bottle hovering near my mouth, I stared out the corner of my eye. No one had ever asked me something like that before. I don't think I liked it too much.

Jutting my chin, I changed the subject by asking, “What were you doing to Dave a while ago?”

Her brows knitted before smoothing, her bottom lip puckering. “What do you mean?”

Circling my wrist, I said, “The thing, with the hand. What was it?”

“Oh, just stimulating some pressure points to ease some of the tension. Here, gimme.”

My brow creased and I stilled. “Excuse me?”

She turned her chair to face me better and crossed her ankles, tucking them beneath. The music got louder, so her voice did, as well. Wiggling her fingers, she shouted, “Come on, don’t be a baby. Give me your hand.”

Reluctantly, I held it out. She turned it palm up, her fingers curling underneath, her thumbs pressing into the center. Making tiny circles, she slowly pulled them outward until they covered the whole surface.

To my surprise, a groan shook my chest, a sense of relief and pleasure loosening my muscles.

Her lips moving to the lyrics, her head bobbing side to side, she deftly worked along each finger to the tips and then smiled. My pulse quickening, I stared at my hand, the nerves tingling. Without saying a word, I hastily shoved my other forward. She giggled, picked it up, and repeated the process.

Midway through, she got distracted when Tim returned to the table, bent over, and talked in her ear. The two of them conversing, I stared in awe as she massaged my hand and

fingers, somewhat forgetting what she was doing. More absently now, her fingers were brushing or stroking, a nail grazing here or there.

Every hair on my body stood on end, my sight gradually tracing up her arm to her profile. Her cheek puffed out with a smile, her nose wrinkled again at something he said. I had no idea what they were talking about, but I hoped they didn't stop, for if they did, so would her touches.

Unfortunately, all too soon, he was looking at me and pointing to the bottle. "Need another?" he shouted to be heard.

A constriction in my throat, I continued to eye her and stiffly shook my head. Smiling brightly, she gently patted my palm and set my hand on the table, fixing her chair so she was sitting at the table properly.

My sight lowered to the palms, my fingers curling and uncurling. I'd never had someone touch me like that, tenderly, almost affectionately, without it being sexual. It was... invigorating.

Her profile to me, she was swaying to the beat, throwing an arm up to hoot when the song ended. Whistling and clapping, she shot me a glance, but quickly redirected her focus to the stage.



“And this one goes out to our special little Chazzy,” the chick said into the microphone.

Chastity again hollered, clapping her hands over her head. “Yeah, baby!”

The band began playing *American Woman* which had her bopping around her chair, singing along.

A small chuckle pushed through my nose, my legs stretching wide under the table. Ogling her without blinking, I shook my head. No, I most certainly did not hate Chastity. In fact, I may even like her. She wasn't so bad, after all.

# Chapter 24

## Chastity Monroe

The next few months went by in a blur, filled with lavish trips around the world, fancy dinners with people of high stature, extravagant gifts, lots of amazing sex, and just having the time of my life.

Wyatt's cryptic warnings soon faded and were buried in the back of my mind, my schedule far too busy to worry about such nonsense from someone who hated me and was trying to sabotage my happiness.

Whenever Milo was darting around the globe without me, however, I learned pretty quickly just how bored I could get without his constant attention and doting. To fill my time and make me feel like I had purpose, I decided to take his advice when we first met and work on opening my own massage parlor.

*Wanderlust Masseur* would officially be in business in less than a month. With Milo's help, I had found the perfect

location that was a ten minute subway ride away. While the renovations were going on, I was marketing like crazy...again, with the help of Milo and his connections.

Wyatt had tried to bring me down, warning that he would never allow me to massage other men, and I was just fooling myself, but, once again, his assumptions were disproved. Not only was my man encouraging, he had suggested I give a few of his business partners a freebie to help spread the word on how fantastic I was – his words, not mine.

He was simply amazing. Gorgeous, rich, strong, supportive, and so goddamn proud that I was his girlfriend.

The harder he loved me, the more confident I grew. No longer bowing my chin to avoid eye contact, I walked with a sense of self-worth I'd never had before. My shoulders back, spine straight, I knew I was cherished, worshipped, and loved. I knew I was a good, worthy person.

There had been no more talk of marriage after that one night. No ring had been purchased. Since telling him I loved him, however, Milo had been even more insatiable. He could hardly keep his hands to himself. Sometimes, he would call

just to ask me to tell him I loved him. I would, he would thank me, and hang up.

I was living in a dream, and I never wanted to wake. I loved being in love. I loved being pampered. I loved Milo Pampinella.

Forcing a smile to the deliveryman, I took the package wrapped in brown paper. This one a little heavier than they others, I tucked it to my side and asked, “I don’t sign for it?”

He shook his head, a palm held out. “No, ma’am. It’s good.”

Though I thought it strange the man never asked me to sign a receipt and he never wore a uniform for his company, I simply thanked him and shut the door. Gazing at the box, I shook it, but didn’t hear anything jostling about. I took it straight to the hallway closet and put it on the shelf, like always. Milo would take care of it when he got home, as usual.

Curious as to its contents, I knew better than to ever ask again. The last time had caused a huge fight where we had screamed at one another most of the night.

Of course, in the morning, I woke to hundreds of roses scattered about the apartment and a ruby and diamond tennis

bracelet, but it wasn't worth the strife of the argument. It was best if I just minded my business and not ask again.

Going to the kitchen and opening the refrigerator, I bent over to look at the back of the middle shelf, searching for my cheese strings. They were never where I put them, and I suspected Wyatt was to blame, for I never had a problem finding them before he moved in.

I pushed a few items to the side, finding them behind a jar of sliced pickles. "Asshole," I grumbled, tearing off a pack and standing upright. Closing the door, I turned around, saw him hovering by the bar, and choked on a yelp, throwing myself against the fridge.

"Jesus, why do you keep doing that to me?"

He blinked, tucking his chin to his shoulder. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"You're always scaring me."

"I've been told I'm a scary guy."

Scoffing, my eyes rolled, and my stance straightened. I peeled the package open and took a bite.

"That shit is gross."

“No one asked you to eat it,” I grumbled between chewing. Sticking it in my mouth, I closed my lips around the cheese to hold it in place while I poured myself a glass of red wine.

“Classy.”

Yanking the stick out with a pop, my brows lifted while taking a sip. “What can I say? I’m a classy gal.”

He snickered, drumming his knuckles on the counter. “Boss called. He said he’ll be in either tonight or first thing in the morning.”

I grinned, excitement twirling about inside. “Coming home early again, huh?”

His lips pursed, his head bobbing. “Yup. The man can’t seem to stay away from you.”

I strutted past him and went to one of the sofas, plopping down and curling my legs to the right. Setting the glass on the side table, I bit off a small chunk and chewed. “It really pisses me off that you sound so surprised.”

“I am.”

“You know what? When I first met you, you made me cry.”

He appeared stunned, even took a small step away from the bar. “How the hell did I do that?”

“Your little speech to me in the elevator that day. I cried so hard, I had to pull over because I couldn’t drive.”

He sighed, dropping his chin to pinch his nose. “Look, Chazzy, I—”

“I let you get to me, Wyatt, but one thing I’ve learned the last few months is that I am a beautiful woman. I am sexy. My curves are bigger than a lot of women’s, but that doesn’t mean I’m not good looking. Frankly, I am sick and tired of your smug remarks and would appreciate if you kept your low opinions of me to yourself from here on out. I’ve had it. You don’t like me, fine. Get over it, because I’m not going any goddamn where.”

My outburst done, I sat properly on the couch, sipped my wine, and stared out the wall of windows, watching the sun set over Lake Michigan.

Several minutes ticked by in quietness before he was suddenly behind the sofa, so close, I felt his heat. He knelt, his mouth dangerously near my ear.

“You are so fucking blind.”

I gasped, my muscles tensing. Rounding my lids, I strained to see him out the corner of my eye.

His lips grazed me, his warm breath on my cheek. “You are very, very beautiful, Chazzy. You are extremely sexy.”

My heart slowed, my skin breaking out in goosebumps.

“I’m sorry I made you cry. I was wrong about you that day because you are one of the most gorgeous women I have ever met, and I get so turned on every time I see you.”

I sucked in a tiny breath, my hand trembling.

“You think I hate you? That’s not hate, kitten. That is pure, unadulterated lust that is about to make me go insane because I can’t touch this body. That is me doing everything I can to not grab you, rip these clothes away, and lick every... single...inch,” he wheezed, his tongue flicking out to the curve of my ear.

My jaw fell, my belly knotting. What the hell was he saying? Was he insane? He had to stop! Milo would fire him for sure, if he knew what he was saying.

“You know how many times I’ve laid in my bed at night, jacking off, whispering your name? Pretending you are



beneath me, those thick legs wrapped around me, my face between those beautiful breasts while you screamed my name?”

I gulped, dropping the cheese. “Wyatt...”

He groaned, licking my ear again. “Kinda like that, but louder.”

“Stop it.”

He flattened his tongue to the crook of my neck and dragged it to my ear in a taunting manner. My eyes rolled, my nipples tightened, and I moaned.

Growling, his fist buried in my messy ponytail, tugging my head back. “Are you ready for me yet, kitten?”

Gazing at him wide eyed, stunned, I shuddered, not sure what to say or do. This was highly inappropriate. Wyatt needed to be replaced. This wasn't safe. He was crossing boundaries that scared me. How could he disrespect Milo like this? Did loyalty mean nothing to him?

His mouth opened and he moved like he would kiss me but stopped, flames flickering in his eyes. He flashed a half smile and snickered. “You have no idea the power you have. I almost just broke my own rule to finally taste you.” Lowering

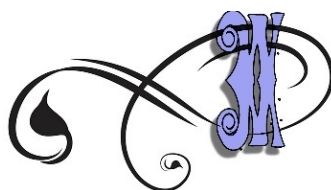
his voice, he stood up but didn't move his face from mine. "When you're ready, you know where to find me."

His tongue flicked to my shaking lip the same time he roughly shoved my head to the side, releasing his fist. Turning his back to me, he leisurely strode down the hallway to his bedroom.

Exhaling the breath I'd been holding, I bolted to my feet and ran to my room, slamming the door. I pressed myself against it, my brain reeling.

What the hell was that? That did not just happen! Wyatt was not secretly attracted to me, he hated me. He needed to keep hating me! I couldn't deal with this, it was too much. I could handle his animosity, but this...I didn't know what to do with this.

Creeping to the large, plush bed, I flung myself to the mattress, sinking into the layers. I needed to talk to Milo and somehow mention that I wanted a new bodyguard, without telling him why. I couldn't admit that Wyatt hit on me. I had no idea what Milo would do if he found out.



# Milo Pampinella

Creeping out of Jennifer's room, I closed the door as quietly as possible, zipping my trousers. Running a hand through my hair, I turned around and slammed into Wyatt.

“Jesus Christ!” I hissed, pressing my palm to my chest.  
“What the fuck, man?”

He cleared his throat, taking a sharp inhale through his nose. “Welcome home, boss.”

Waving a dismissive hand, I strutted down the hallway for the kitchen, opening the fridge to get a bottle of water.

“Does Chazzy know you're home?”

Scoffing, I twisted off the cap and took a swig, swirled it around my mouth, and spit it in the sink. “Are you fucking kidding? You really think I'd be leaving Jenn's room if she knew I was home?”

Rinsing my mouth a couple more times to rid the taste of her pussy, I took a sip and dumped the rest, tossing the bottle in the trash.

“What are you doing up?”

“I usually go downstairs to hit the gym before the girls get up.”

Exhausted, I scratched at the back of my head, groaning. The trip to San Francisco had been tedious and strenuous. The whole deal had almost fallen through, but I managed to save the contract, and everything was back on schedule.

“How’s things coming along with *Wanderlust*?”

“Good. No setbacks. Should open on time.”

“The renovations almost done?”

“Yup.”

“Good. She needs something to focus on when I’m not around. Opening this business will be good for her.”

“And you’re okay with her touching other men?”

Snorting, I patted him on the side of his bicep. “Like I have anything to worry about. That woman adores me.”

“I’m just saying, that’s how you met, and look what happened.”

I chuckled and wagged my finger. “I know what you’re trying to do, and you can stop right there. You don’t have to

like her, but you have to accept and respect her because I'm marrying that woman one day, and soon. A lot sooner than she thinks."

Tugging at the waist of my trousers, I went to the living room and picked up the jacket to my suit, checking my cellphone.

"It's been six months, Wyatt. You need to get over the way she looks and get to know her. You'll be pleasantly surprised."

Not seeing the expected text, I frowned. Cursing, I shut off the screen and pushed it back into the pocket to give him my full attention. Flashing a bright smile, I shrugged my arms out and chuckled, "I'm madly in love with the woman. I mean, I have never felt this way about any woman, ever. Fucking hell, I've even broken up with half my side chicks, just so I could spend more time with her."

"You break up with some, but then take on Jennifer."

I chortled and rolled a shoulder. "She's right there, man. It's too easy. I get my side ass and my woman is right in the next room. It's perfect."

"You really think Jennifer will keep her mouth shut?"

“She has so far.” Tipping my head, I peered down my nose and lifted a brow. “And if she talks, she dies.”

“I think it’s too risky, boss.”

“What do you care? You don’t even like Chazzy, now you’re concerned I’m going to get caught with her roommate? It’s been four months, everything is fine.”

“If you say so. Just let me know what you want me to do when everything blows up.”

Laughing, I patted his bicep again and juttled my chin. “I’m off to bed. See you later today.”

“Yup.”

Going to the master suite, I carefully opened the door and eased inside. My heart swelled at the mere sight of her curled up under the thick blanket, her hair spread out over the pillow.

Tossing my jacket on the dresser, I quietly closed the door and shed my clothes across the room. I lifted the blanket and crawled onto the mattress behind her, meshing my body to hers with a husky groan.

I would never get tired of feeling these curves pressed to mine. This was the woman for me, the love of my life. She

would take my name, bear me children, and stand by my side the rest of my life. I was so deeply in love with her, it was almost comical.

My arms slid around, pulling her as close to me as possible. Nuzzling her hair, I sighed, feeling complete with her in my embrace.

She moaned, stirring. “Milo?”

“Yeah, baby girl, I’m home.”

“Hm.” She wiggled against me, and my cock sprung to life. When it came to Chastity Lou Monroe, there was no such thing as too much. I would always get hard, eager to be inside her.

Hiking the hem of her nightgown, I tucked my fingers between her thighs, rubbing at her pussy.

“Mm, baby,” she whispered, rolling to her stomach.

I crawled between her legs, aimed myself, and eased inside, my jaw falling with a grunt. How? How could she feel this good still? No matter how many times I had her, it always felt like that first day when I took her virginity, so hot, tight, and silky.

No one had a pussy like Chastity. No woman since being with her has satisfied my needs, I don't even know why I bothered with them anymore.

“Oh,” she purred, pushing her ass toward me.

It was a simple, small movement, but coming from her, with that ass, that cunt, this body, it had my gut coiling, my head spinning with pleasure. There was nothing simple about this woman. I couldn't recall what brought me to that spa that day, seeking out a new masseuse, but I was so thankful because I was gifted with the most phenomenal creature ever placed on this earth.

“Fuck, baby girl, I love you.”

She turned her cheek to the pillow so I could see her profile. Grinning, she gazed out the corner of her eye at me through her lashes. “I love you more.”

I paused, my heart nearly bursting from the passion. Gulping, I petted her hair off her face and shook my head. In a tone just over a whisper, I croaked, “Not possible, Chazzy.”

She craned her neck to gaze at me when my tone was somber.



Searching her features, a violent shudder rocked my core. “What in the hell did I ever do so right in this world to deserve someone as precious as you?”

Concerned, she sat up on her elbow, twisting her waist as best she could under my weight. “Baby? What’s wrong?”

I shook my head again. “Nothing, Chazzy. Nothing is wrong. For the first time in my life, nothing is wrong. I have never been so happy, and it’s because of you. I love you.”

She sighed, sinking back down. Reaching over her shoulder, she hooked her fingers behind my neck and tugged me. “I hear you telling me, now make me feel it.”

Groaning, I laid on top, clinging while slowly making love to her from behind.

I was going to marry this woman. The sooner, the better.

# Chapter 25

## Wyatt Shaw

Slouching low on the sofa, one arm was draped across the back, an ankle on my knee, that foot wiggling. My elbow on the side of the couch, a cigarette was tucked between my first two fingers, the last two and thumb holding a pencil. Gazing down at the notepad propped on my thigh, I held the butt with my teeth and added a few, small dots to the logo for *Wanderlust Masseur*, the one thing Chastity hadn't taken care of.

It wasn't something she'd asked me to do, but an idea had come to me earlier out of nowhere, so I'd done a quick sketch. Keeping it simple, there were just a few broken swirls with a couple leaves at the ends, a **W** on top of an **M** in the center. The letters blocked and uniquely shaped, the dots on the side gave it a little balance, in my opinion.

Would she like it? Why was I bothering? Something like this should have been discussed with her, first. My sight returning to her through my lashes, I removed the cigarette, eyeing her curiously.

The coffee table had been pushed aside, *Happy* by Pharrell Williams blasting from the speakers in the ceiling. She and Jennifer were holding hands, dancing around the opening, laughing and giggling hysterically.

The corner of my mouth lifting, I took a quick drag, exhaling through my nose. Their fingers twined, the two spun around, their arms arching in the air. Jennifer tumbled, but caught her footing, both of them laughing harder.

My sight raking over Chastity, the smile slowly fell, something tugging at my gut. Her head threw back, her neck arching with another boisterous laugh, her whole body shaking. A rosiness to her cheeks, her eyes were sparkling brightly. Wearing a light pink pajama set, her large breasts swayed freely beneath, the material strained over hard nipples. No sleeves, just thin strings, her large arms were exposed, faded stretchmarks up the biceps and in the crease of her elbow. The shorts fell to mid thigh, showing off long, thick

legs and narrowed ankles, her feet small with bright red toenails.

My brows lifted as my focus leisurely roamed back up. Her arms once more lifted, the hem of the shirt raised to give a glimpse of her rounded stomach with the deep navel.

So, Chastity wasn't nearly as hideous as I previously thought. Something about her seemed different, less... appalling. My head tilting, I pulled another drag into my lungs and held it, squinting with contemplation. Never, in my entire life, had I ever looked upon an overweight person, man or woman, and viewed them as anything other than atrocious.

Watching her dance, her rounded ass shake, her dainty giggles ringing in the air, something was definitely different. My jaw lowering, my bottom lip pulling taut over my teeth, the cigarette was held to the side as my thumb nail scratched my chin. Suddenly, the prospect of seducing her wasn't so off putting. For the first time in my life, I was curious what those thighs would feel like around my waist. How soft would those breasts be when I buried my face between them? What would it sound like to hear her voice crying out my name?

Surprised my cock was tingling, I huffed the smoke through my nose and tapped off the ashes in the ashtray.

Interesting. So, what the hell was altering my opinion? Why was Chastity so different than everyone else? What was it about her that broke all my rules and planted notions of something different?

Different, not...bad. Not ugly.

Her nose wrinkling, her full lips puckered to blow Jennifer a kiss. Swaying her hips a little more provocatively, a brow arched and I stilled, concentrating on the way her voluptuous curves practically rolled like liquid.

Goddamn. No, definitely not ugly. I may have thought that when I first met her, but Chastity had done a major glow up since she and Milo got together and ugly was no longer anywhere on the same spectrum.

The song switched to one I didn't recognize, and the girls squealed with excitement, changing their rhythm to something more erotic. Though Jennifer continued to cast seductive gazes my way, I ignored her, unable to take my sight off Chastity. Her back to me, she dropped to a squat, her knees jutted to the sides.

My jaw fell, my stomach plummeting. Her cheeks parted for the seam of the shorts, the lights making her smooth skin shimmer.

“That’s my girl!” Jennifer hollered, dancing around her.

She giggled and slowly rose, twirling on her toes to join hands with her friend once more.

“Goddamn,” I muttered, taking another drag.

The doorbell rang and she emitted a shrilly, excited tone. Clapping her hands, she left Jennifer’s side and skipped to the foyer. My sight followed her until I had to move my head to keep seeing her, then focused on the cherry of my cigarette. Confusion spinning my brain, I cleared my throat and shifted my weight, tugging at the seam of my jeans.

A moment later, Chastity was prancing back to the living room, dropping a box of pizza to the sofa beside me. Leaning over, she ruffled my hair, patted my cheek, and looked down at the drawing.

“What’s that?” she shouted over the music.

Embarrassed, I coughed and tried to cover it with my palm. “It’s nothing. Trash.”

Swatting my fingers aside, she tipped her head, coming within a couple inches of my face. My pulse slowed, my focus tracing every curve and freckle.

“Holy crap. Is that for *Wanderlust*?”

My throat constricting, I gave a stiff nod.

“No, way. You’re artistic?”

Something prickled my nerves, my breaths shallowing.

“I mean, ahem. I...I guess. I...d-designed all my tattoos.”

Her brows lifting, she tilted her head without putting distance between us so I could smell the coffee on her lips and tongue. Smiling, she said, “No, shit? You’ve got talent, then, huh?”

My insides fell, everything stilling. She thought I had talent? Other than my fighting skills or shooting abilities, no one had ever thought I had worth anywhere else, for that didn’t fit into being a Pampinella guard.

“So...you...like it?”

“I love it. Thank you. My new logo, right there.”

Her nose wrinkling with a brilliant smile, she stood upright and strutted closer to her friend, resuming their playing.

Stunned, my mouth was slightly open, my vision tracing the lines of the design. She liked it? She thought I had

value outside of what I was born to do? Who the hell was this woman?

My brows furrowing, I smashed out the cigarette and flipped the lid of the pizza box. Yet again, there was a whirl of emotions coursing through my system at seeing my favorite toppings. Pineapple, extra pepperoni, and bell peppers. Knowing she hated pineapple on her pizza, I had to assume she'd bought this specifically for me.

My throat constricted, my sight darting to her through my lashes. It was a goddamn pizza, just a pizza. So why was it stirring a fuzziness in my chest? Why did it speak volumes she thought about me?

Tearing a piece off, I bit off the end, following her every move. I had severely misjudged Chastity. She was neither ugly, offensive, nor annoying. She was actually kind of wonderful.



# Chapter 26

## Chastity Monroe

It was storming and getting cold with the summer winding down. The sky dark and ominous, lightning split through the dark gray clouds, flicking brightly and followed with an instant boom of thunder that had the floor vibrating.

I was exhausted. The day had been grueling, me and Wyatt scrubbing every inch of *Wanderlust Masseur* from ceiling to floor. Another day like this, and I would be ready for my grand opening.

Pulling on my thin, black trench coat, I adjusted the collar and buttoned it closed. “You ready?” I snipped, throwing the strap of my backpack over my shoulder.

He clapped his hands together, knocking dust off and huffed. “Yeah.” He snatched his jacket off the hook by the entrance and donned it while stepping to the hallway. I closed and locked the door, and we walked in silence to the elevators.

The last few weeks had been awkward with him, but I was in denial about the whole situation. I told myself as long as he wasn't currently hitting on me, everything was fine. I convinced myself that what happened that night was just a weird moment, and it didn't mean anything. After all, he hadn't even glimpsed my way provocatively since.

Maybe he had been drunk that night. I didn't smell any booze on his breath when he was licking me, but that didn't mean anything. He could have eaten something or had a breath mint.

Somewhere in the back of my head, I knew I was bullshitting myself, but I was not ready to confront him or confess to Milo. For now, all I wanted to think about was *Wanderlust Masseur*.

We stepped off the elevator and made our way to the back of the building. He held the door open for me, the rain pelting the ground like pebbles. Tugging the collar of my jacket up, we darted across the alleyway to the garage, my teeth rattling with the shiver that shook my core.

“You all right?”

“Cold. Just want to get in the car and turn the heat on.”

“Fuck.”

“What?”

He stumbled to a halt a couple feet from the SUV, his hands on his sides. “I don’t fucking believe this.”

“What?”

“Flat tire.”

“What?” I stepped closer and groaned, the back driver’s tire completely deflated. Hugging my arms around myself, I whined, “Well, just put the spare on and—”

“That is the spare.”

“Oh my god, Wyatt. Now what?”

“Well, we can call someone, or we can hit the subway.”

“Shit. Let’s go. By the time someone gets here, we can be home.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, c’mon.”

He pushed a breath through pursed lips and shrugged.

“All right.”

The two of us exited the parking garage and darted down the sidewalk to the next block for the subway entrance.

Bounding down the steps, I shook my arms out when we were out of the rain, squeezing the water from my hair. Quietly making our way to the proper train, we reached it just in time to hop on before it left.

“Damn, crowded,” he grumbled.

I wove through the people, reaching for a pole since all the seats were taken. Almost immediately, I noticed a creepy guy checking me out, grinning wickedly with beady eyes.

Coughing, I fidgeted with the collar of my jacket, trying to ignore him.

Wyatt must have seen him, too, for he was pressing himself right against me, holding the bar over my head, staring the man down. “Got a problem, buddy?”

He cleared his throat and bowed his chin, the smile gone.

For once, I was grateful for his presence.

The train rocked and I stumbled, instinctively grabbing at him to steady myself. He put his hand on my hip to catch me.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” I whispered.

Widening my feet a little, I straightened myself, but he didn't move away. Warning bells went off in my ears, my pulse quickening. When I felt his bulge on my ass, I choked on an inhale, my muscles locking around my bones. Breathless, I bit by bit craned my neck to peek at him.

He was staring down his nose with an emotionless mask.

The train hit a curve and I fell into him again, the people standing beside us stumbling, as well. It caused me to rub against his erection and his lids closed, his Adam's apple lurching.

The low murmur of other people around us tuned out and all I could hear was the rattling of the train on the tracks and my own shallow breaths.

To my horror, my palm reached behind and cupped the bulge, my jaw falling at the thickness.

His lids rounded and his nostrils flared. Dipping his chin, he whispered in my ear, "Now what do you plan to do?"

"Nothing, I'm sorry."

I started to pull away, but the hand on my hip gripped my wrist and held me to him. "You made the first move, now

finish it, kitten.”

My heart stilled and I gawked.

His sight skimmed our surroundings while he unzipped his jeans. Pulling his cock out, he placed it in my palm and then tugged the side of his jacket to hide us.

My jaw fell. What the fuck was he doing? And why in the hell was my palm curling around his girth? I should be yelling at him, firing him, anything but touching.

Oh my god, the man was thick. He was silky and hot to the touch, and I was actually wanting to stroke him to determine his length.

He scooted even closer, his tip now pressed to my bottom through my jacket.

“That all you want to do, kitten? Just touch it?” he whispered on my ear. “No, I think you want more than that. Touch the rest of my dick, I bet you’ll like what you feel.”

Gulping, my brows high, I whimpered and withdrew, curling my fingers tight.

He forced the tip into my fist. “You want this dick inside your pussy?”

Taking a quick inhale, I accidentally squeezed the head and he groaned, making a tiny thrust toward me.

“How do you want me to fuck you, kitten? Nice and slow, or hard and fast?”

“N-No.”

With another quick glimpse around us, he lifted the hem of my coat and shoved his dick between my thighs. A yelp caught, a tremor rolling down my spine. Clearing his throat, he adjusted his jacket again, wrapped his arms around me, and gripped the pole with both hands. We were now so close, no one saw what he was doing because of the coat.

“What are you doing?” I rasped, nervously looking to see if anyone was paying us any attention. Part of me prayed someone was watching, then he would have to stop.

“You started this,” he repeated, grinding into me.

I hated myself, but my lids fluttered, and I moaned, pushing back.

Whenever the train would jerk on the tracks, he would take advantage and thrust hard, his cock rubbing along my slit, making the crotch of my jeans wet. Once in a while, he would

groan or grunt, but otherwise, he was silent, truly acting as if nothing were happening.

But I was all too aware there was a massive dick between my thighs. It was thick and it was not my boyfriend's, yet I was soaked, my belly fluttering at the sensations.

His arms locked and closed around me, pinning me against the bar. Bowing his head, his lips on my ear, he whispered, "Chazzy," and grunted. Making short, faint movements, a sharp huff fell out of his opened mouth, and he pushed his tip into the seam of my jeans, cumming.

I was trembling, so confused...so damn confused. This was not Milo! This was not the man I loved, but I was so wet, and my clit was throbbing so hard, if he barely touched it, I would probably break with a release.

At any given moment, I could have stopped this, but I didn't. Hell, I was the one who touched him first. Why didn't I stop it? Why did I let him do this?

With subtle movements, he tucked himself into his jeans and zipped them, resuming his stance, his hands on the bar between mine.



My chin quivered, tears burning my eyes. Bowing my head, my wet hair fell around my face, concealing my features twisting with sorrow. I hated myself. I was a horrible person. If Milo found out, he would never forgive me.

He could never find out. Wyatt would just have to keep his damn mouth shut because I could not – would not – lose Milo over this mistake. My entire future and happiness were at stake.

How the hell did I convince Wyatt to keep this a secret?

# Chapter 27

## Chastity Monroe

As soon as the train stopped and the doors opened, I plowed my way through the people, darting for the stairs, mortified with what I let happen. Why would I do that? How could I be so weak?

I had everything I could ever want, what most women dreamed of. I had a sexy boyfriend with endless funds who worshiped the ground I walked on and paraded me off as if I were the most beautiful woman in the world. The man boasted to people he was lucky to have me.

Me! I didn't have a high school diploma. I was eighty pounds overweight. I had stretchmarks, a double chin, freckles all over my face. Most people overlooked or dismissed me, but not Milo. He cherished me. He was physically obsessed with my body and idolized the way I looked.

I was living a dream, a modern day fairytale come true. A sad, runaway, abused little girl, raising herself in poverty,

and prince charming swoops in out of nowhere, sees through all the layers of hurt, anger, and withdrawal, noticing the beautiful princess hiding beneath.

Princess.

A sob racked my frame so hard, I actually stumbled over my feet and had to pause. In the middle of the sidewalk, rain pouring like sheets, I stopped to cover my face and wail.

I may have thrown all that away and I didn't even know why. Wyatt hated me, I hated Wyatt. So, what happened down there? What parallel universe did I slip into where what happened was okay? Or even wanted?

Milo was amazing in bed. The man touched me, and my insides burst into flames. He sometimes left me shivering with ecstasy. I was not lacking in the department of sex.

I was not lacking anywhere in my life. In fact, other than Milo's string of mistresses, I had a perfect existence. Why, oh why, would I risk it all for that little...whatever the hell that just was?

I had to tell Milo what happened. I had to beg him to forgive me and make him fire Wyatt. He had to go. I needed a new bodyguard, one who could be trusted and relied on.

My stomach cramped and my knees almost buckled. Seconds from dropping to the ground, large arms linked around me, giving support. For a split second, I leaned into Wyatt's chest and wept, hating myself for being so stupid.

Realizing I was being comforted by the man who had caused me this grief, I growled and began slamming my fists against his chest and arms.

“Stop touching me. Don't touch me. Let me go!”

My backpack slid off my shoulder to the crook of my elbow, swinging around and banging into us. He grabbed my wrists and lurched roughly, forcing me to stop. My head tipped, I squinted against the rain, sniveling while he glared.

“Leave me alone,” I rasped, wondering if he could even hear me over the traffic and the downpour.

His lips pursed and he shook his head. “I think at this point, it's beyond that.”

“What—”

He swept down and covered my lips, his tongue gently rolling against mine.

My heart burst, heat gushing through my veins. My muscles turning to liquid, I collapsed against him, clinging to

his shoulders. One hand tangled in my soaked hair, holding my head to deepen the kiss, the other cupping an ass cheek and pulling up, pressing me into his hard, brawny frame.

His bulge rubbing against me, our heads slowly bobbing with the passionate kiss, my brain swirled, and I moaned, hopping to my tiptoes to throw my arms behind his neck. My bag flung to his back, so I dropped it, needing to get a better grip.

Wyatt tilted his chin, his tongue filling my mouth. His hand slid across my ass to clutch the opposite hip, locking me against his body.

Shoulders drawn to my ears, I held the sides of his face, my knee bending between his legs. A storm was spinning my stomach, sending electricity to my nerve endings. My nipples tightened and my clit throbbed. Standing in the pouring rain in fifty-degree weather, I was flushed, sweating under my drenched jacket.

He groaned, his fingers sliding to my nape to tip my head just a bit. With a frantic grunt, he opened his mouth even more, our teeth clanking, his tongue thrusting to the back of my throat. His hand glided to the small of my back, then to my outer ribs, his thumb brushing the side of my breast.

I arched toward him, lifting my knee to feel his erection on my thigh. My heart pounding in my ears, my lungs were on fire, needing air. Fire rolling through my veins, my muscles were quivering, his kiss like spicy honey that sparked a hunger like I'd never known before.

Finally, the world's longest kiss ended, our lips gradually separating, but still brushing against one another. Our pants mingling and warming one another's faces, I slowly lifted my lids to gaze into his blue irises dark with lust.

"Holy shit," I whispered, tingling from the tip of my scalp to my toes.

"Leaving you alone is something I probably should have thought of the moment I realized I was attracted to you. Leaving you alone is something I don't think I can do now," he wheezed, his voice so baritone, I could feel the vibrations in my chest.

A wave of sensations I couldn't describe washed over me, making my eyelids feel heavy. His thumb still stroking back and forth on the side of my breast, he inched his hand around and covered it, giving a gentle squeeze.

My jaw fell, my head tipping back. Closing my eyes against the rain, I tugged at the sides of his neck and arched

my spine toward him.

He dipped his chin and nibbled my neck to my ear. “You’re so beautiful, kitten. He doesn’t deserve you.”

Like a needle scraping across a record, reality screeched into my eardrums, and I abruptly shoved him away. Yanking the front of my jacket closed, I slapped my hands to my face and sobbed hysterically.

What was wrong with me? I had never been in a relationship before, so I didn’t know how to handle temptation. Was this an indication of the type of girlfriend I was? Did this mean I wasn’t going to be good at it? Had being alone as long as I had turned me into someone incapable of commitment?

Where did I get off being upset about Milo’s affairs when I was making out with my bodyguard in the middle of the streets of Chicago during a downpour?

I was a hypocrite. I didn’t deserve monogamy because clearly, I was unable to give it. Would I be like this with other men, too? Was I subconsciously feeling restless, being twenty-six years old, having just lost my virginity a few months earlier, and being locked down in a committed relationship?

Maybe part of me wanted to explore and have fun, like Jennifer.

She had countless lovers in her past. She knew variety, what it was like to have different experiences. What if this was my inner psyche trying to tell me I needed that, too, before committing to a life with one man.

Wyatt grabbed my elbow, yanked me back, and crushed my lips, his beefy hands gripping my cheeks so I couldn't escape.

Escape. I should be trying to escape. Instead, I was returning the kiss, my body aching for something more aggressive and physical.

Sanity crept through the thickest fog of desire I'd ever been encompassed with, and I stamped my heel on his foot.

He grunted and staggered backward, nearly tripping over my bag behind him. "Son of a bitch," he shouted, shaking his leg.

"Don't touch me!" I shrieked through my blubbing sobs.

"Oh," he chuckled, shaking his head. "I think you want me to touch you. I think you want me to do more than touch



you, kitten.”

I charged at him, swatting both my hands, landing them anywhere I could. “No! Shut your mouth. I hate you. I hate you! You are so fired. I’m telling Milo and you’re going to be fired.”

His expression hardened and he gripped a wrist, twisting it to the side to control me, but not hurt. “The fact that you just threw that pathetic threat at me, proves you don’t have a clue about your perfect little boyfriend. You have no idea what you got yourself into with Milo Pampinella.”

That wasn’t the first time he said something like that. What was that supposed to mean? What was he insinuating? If he had something to say, why wouldn’t he just say it and stop with his mind games?

Giving in to the rage, I hissed, “Stop dropping hints and say whatever the hell you’re dying to tell me.”

He leaned closer, his eyes dark, his lips grazing mine, and whispered one, simple word. “Mafia.”

My heart stopped and plummeted. A sudden burst of adrenaline, I reared my palm back and slammed it across his

face. He stumbled and let me go, so I snatched my bag off the ground and started running.

“Think about it, kitten,” he shouted after me. “Put the pieces together, figure it out.”

I spun around and charged toward him again, slapping him a second time. “Shut up!” I screeched. “Shut your fucking mouth. You’re lying. Why are you lying? You’re a fucking liar.”

He shook his head, unphased by the second slap. “You are too smart to be this naïve. Stop thinking with your pussy and use that head for the first time since you met Milo.”

“Fuck you!” I screamed, drawing attention our way from the few people still on the sidewalk. “You are so fired,” I snickered bitterly, grinding my teeth. “I’ll find a new bodyguard, I don’t need or want you.”

Spinning around to storm off, he shouted, “Why the hell do you think you need a bodyguard, huh?”

I froze, the distant alarm bells I’d been ignoring for months getting a little louder.

“What the fuck do you think he’s shipping all around the world, Chazzy? How many of those business dinners he

takes you to, do they actually speak in English? Does it sound a little Italian, French, or even Russian?”

His voice was right behind me, the heat from his body encompassing. I couldn't move, puzzle pieces in my brain shifting around, a few clicking into place.

“Phone calls at all hours of the day and night, unexpected trips that send him out of the country. Unmarked packages coming to his place, going to yours, and you're not allowed to open them.

“Drugs, kitten. Drugs, guns, ammo, laundered money, jewels, stolen identities and documents, even stolen art. All being shipped right under the law's nose through his company, most of it being sold on the black market.”

“Shut up,” I whimpered, not sounding nearly as strong as I wanted.

“You tell Milo what happened in that subway, we're both dead.”

“I didn't do anything!”

His lips on my ear, an arm linked across my stomach, his hand under my jacket to squeeze a breast. I grimaced, hating that I was aroused at his touch.

“You didn’t stop me, either, did you, kitten? My cum is on the crotch of your jeans. Christ, my dick felt good between your thighs. Did you like it? You rubbed your ass to me like you liked it. I promise it’ll feel so much better when I fuck that pussy.”

“Stop it.” Getting a burst of strength, I elbowed him and staggered out of his grip. “You’re lying about everything. You’ve hated me since you laid eyes on me, and you’re trying to destroy what me and Milo have. I won’t let you,” I wept, shaking my head adamantly. “I’m telling Milo and you’re fired.”

A slow, wicked grin curled his features. Lifting his brows, he fanned his hands out and pursed his lips. “Fine. Let’s go. We’ll both tell him. I will admit what I did. I have a feeling you’re about to break your own damn heart, kitten.”

He held his arm out, indicating I should walk. Heaving to my erratic breaths, my heart bruised my ribs, my tears mixed with the rain cascading around us.

“You’re the one who is going to be sorry,” I whispered.

But something in my soul was warning to do anything but go home and confront Milo.

# Chapter 28

## Chastity Monroe

“You don’t have to do this, you know.”

“Shut up. Just shut up. Don’t speak to me ever again.”

“Look, Chazzy, let’s go downstairs, get a cup of coffee and take a breath. We’re home early—”

“I don’t care. I will call him, and he will come over and we will settle this. And you!” I hissed with a loathsome glare over my shoulder. “Are out of here. Don’t ever come back. I never want to see your face again.”

His hand slapped over mine on the doorknob, his lids closed. “I’m going to ask you one more time not to go in there. Everything aside, please...don’t.”

I snickered, hatred fueling my adrenaline. He was fucked and was trying to prolong the inevitable. “I knew you were lying. You son of a bitch. I knew it! You know you’re screwed. Well, tough shit. I’m about to blow your bullshit out

the water and when I do, you can take your hateful, judgmental ass and get the hell out of my life forever.”

“Chazzy—”

I turned the knob, opened the door, and turned to stone. Needles prickled over every inch of my body, my veins turning to ice. A knife in my chest twisted my heart, slicing it into a million pieces. Hot tears sprung forth, feeling like shards of glass cutting my eyes.

“Shit,” Wyatt grumbled, pinching the bridge of his nose. “C’mon, let’s go—”

I flung my hand up to silence him, dropping my backpack to the foyer, following the sounds of bodies smacking together, moaning and groaning echoing in the air.

“Oh, oh, fuck me, Daddy, fuck this pussy. Yes, mm!” Jennifer shrieked.

Jennifer? Sweet, gentle spoken Jennifer speaking such vulgarities?

Milo grunted, the distinct sound of a palm slapping flesh ringing through the air. “Tell me what you want, bitch. Tell Daddy where you want my cum.”

“Mm, oh, shit. Harder, harder!”

No longer capable of breathing, I floated down the hallway, my heart lodged in my throat, my jaw dragging on the floor as I watched my best friend and boyfriend fucking against the column in the corner of the living room.

“Cum in my pussy, Daddy.”

He threw his head back, his shaggy blond hair soaked with sweat. His hands on her tiny hips, his ass cheeks flexed and dimpled with each thrust.

“Yeah, ready? You ready, bitch?”

“Mm! Milo!”

Something inside snapped. For a split second, everything around me went black, a sharp pain piercing my brain, and I thought maybe I was having a mini stroke. Suddenly, the blackness blinked away, and everything was red.

My thoughts went into revenge mode and all I could feel was pain, heartache, sorrow, betrayal. A voice in my head screamed, chanted, ordering me to give this pain to someone else. Not even thinking about what I was doing, I swiped a knife from the wooden block on the kitchen counter and ran forward, screaming at the top of my lungs.

“Oh, fuck. Boss!”

Jennifer shrieked as Milo spun around. Screaming, she covered herself and threw her sweaty body against the glass wall.

“Oh, shit,” Milo wheezed, backing away.

Wailing, I thrust the knife forward. Milo lunged to the side so the blade scraped down his bicep from his shoulder to his elbow. All my energy spent in that one attempt, the knife fell from my hands, and I hit the floor on my knees, covering my face to weep hysterically.

“Ah! Goddammit!” he shouted, grabbing his arm.  
“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Wyatt ran forward with a towel, pressing it to the long cut.

“Oh my god!” Jennifer sniveled, hiding behind her fists, her brows arched high. “Chazz, I’m so sorry, sugar. I’m so so sorry.”

Getting a second burst of adrenaline, I bounded to my feet and lunged at her, grabbing her hair and slamming her head into the glass.

She shrieked, her arms flailing at her sides.



“Fuck you!” I blubbered, my heart shattering. Bringing my arm back, I flung it forward, breaking her nose.

She screamed and slumped to the floor, blood pouring down her naked chest.

When I tried to get to her a third time, Wyatt’s shoulder slammed into me, knocking me backward. I hit the back of the sofa and crumbled to my ass. Crossing my legs, I covered my face and rocked erratically, wailing.

Milo threw his head back, gasping for air, holding the towel to his arm. Blood was trickling down, dripping to the floor off his fingertips. “Jesus, baby girl,” he wheezed, shaking his locks off his brow. “That was kinda hot, charging in here like that, all crazed and jealous.”

My stomach cramped, the bile shooting up my throat. “Fuck you,” I wept, crawling to my hands and knees.

“Chazzy, I’m so sorry, sugar,” Jennifer cried.

“Get out. Get the fuck out and don’t ever talk to me again.”

“Please, please don’t do this.”

“Me?” I shrieked, spinning around to gawk. “*You* did this!” I roared, pointing at her. “How long? Listening to you

two, I know this wasn't the first time."

"Just a couple times, I swear."

"Oh, please. Don't insult my woman with your lies," Milo grumbled, checking the cut under the towel. Looking at Wyatt, he jutted his chin. "Get me another and call the doc. I can't go to the hospital for this."

"I know," he grumbled, flashing me a sneer. He took two steps, paused, and swiped the knife off the floor. "Crazy bitch," he muttered for only me to hear as he stomped toward the kitchen.

Milo pressed the cloth into place and strutted to the coffee table. Plopping down in one of the oversized armchairs, he bent forward to get his cigarettes, lighting one. "I've been fucking her since you two moved in here fulltime."

A sharp, jagged breath filled my lungs, scratching my throat. My sight darting back and forth between them, my tears were falling off my face, splattering the floor.

"No, no! He's lyin'. It's only been a couple times."

"Oh my god, let it go, Jennifer. She's not stupid. We had fun, now we're busted, it's over."

He returned with a couple towels. Moving the coffee table closer to Milo, he sat on it and removed the stained cloth. He hissed in pain while Wyatt inspected the damage. Shaking out one of the fresh ones, he cleaned up the blood and said, “You’ll be fine. It’s not that deep.”

“Chazz,” she squeaked, gazing at me with sorrow. “I’m so sorry, sugar. I love you so much.”

“*Fuck you!* I fucking hate you. How could you do this to me, huh?” Dropping from my knees to the side of an ass cheek, I pressed my palm to my chest. “I had no one, no one! I had *never* had anyone. The one man I wanted, the only one, and you had to have him? Why? You could have had any man you wanted, why the one and only man I wanted?”

She was sobbing harder, pulling her knees to her chest to bury her face. “I’m so sorry.”

“I trusted you. I never trusted anyone like I trusted you. He wasn’t even going to let you live here, I had to convince him to let you come because I was loyal to you and couldn’t bring myself to cut you off without warning. And this?” I whispered, my sight blurring with tears. “Is how you repay me.”

“Chazzy,” she wailed, shaking violently.

Anguish obliterating my soul, my face scrunched with a gut-wrenching sob. Burying the heels of my palms into my eyes, I croaked, “I told you...I told you about the dreams. That day at the furniture store, I told you how...h-how...Oh, my god, this isn’t real, this isn’t happening.”

She grimaced and shrunk further, crying harder, as well.

“I told you, I trusted you. I waited my whole fucking life for the man of my dreams, and you had to take him. I hate you.”

“No!” she wept, her eyes pleading when she looked at me. “Don’t say that.”

Finally feeling strong enough to stand, I pulled myself to my feet with the help of the back of the sofa. Sneering at her, I fought the urge to throw up. “Get out of my apartment. You aren’t safe here anymore. I honestly don’t think I can be trusted to be around you. Pack your shit and get out.”

I glimpsed at the guys. Wyatt was shooting me fleeting glances while tending to the cut, and Milo was staring at me through the smoke of his cigarette with a sense of pride.

“All of you get out. I’m done with all three of you.”

My wet sneaker squeaked on the floor when I twirled too fast. Catching my balance, I ran to my bedroom and slammed the door. I gazed around the room, numbness setting in and dulling the pain, shock taking over.

I loved this room. My large, four poster bed with the thin, sheer white fabric draping across the top and down the columns, the layers upon layers of softness that felt like I was being embraced by clouds every time I laid down.

My feet feeling like lead, I kicked off my shoes, peeling off a piece of clothing at a time, the wet material hitting the floor with low splats. Pulling the sheets and comforter, I crawled onto the mattress, drawing them to my chin. I stared at the empty side of the bed, some of the heartache ebbing through the shock.

I loved Milo more than I loved all the materialistic bullshit. He was my dream come true, and the whole time, he was fucking my best friend right under my nose. How many times had I woken in the middle of the night and found my bed empty, assuming he was on a business call? How many times had I come home early to find him already here, chatting away with Jennifer? So relieved that the two of them got along so

well, I had no idea it was because they were fucking one another.

Turning my face into the pillow, I poured my grief out and gave in to the hurt, sobbing uncontrollably. I was a fool and Wyatt had been right. Milo was never going to be committed to just me. He was never going to let go of his affairs. I would never be his only woman.

And that was unacceptable. It was time to wake up and let the dream go. I had to leave Milo.

# Chapter 29

## Milo Pampinella

“Do I want to know what happened?”

I chuckled and then winced while the doc sewed up my arm. Holding it stiff to the side, I was slouched in the same chair from earlier, only now my trousers were on. Sipping a glass of wine, I pictured Chastity’s rounded, freckled face enraged and twisted as she came at me and Jennifer.

My dick twitched, my heart swelling with pride.

“Just a bit of a misunderstanding.”

Wyatt snorted, pacing the area between the kitchen island and dining table. “Is that what it was?”

My brows furrowed, confused at his behavior. “Yeah. No big deal.”

“No big deal? Boss, the bitch tried to stab you.”

“I’m not hearing this,” Doc sang, never taking his eyes off what he was doing. “La, la, la, la, la.”

“You saw where she was aiming, she wouldn’t have done any harm.”

“This?” he shouted, stomping toward me to point at my arm. “Isn’t considered harm? How many stitches?”

His balding head tipped back, he was peering down his large, bulbous nose covered in broken veins, bifocals barely hanging on the tip. His thick, gray mustache twitched, his mouth slightly open with concentration. “Twelve,” he sang, adding, “Ah, ah, ah.”

I snorted and then rumbled with a chuckle, picking up his *Muppets* reference.

“Twelve, and he’s not done. That’s harm, Milo.”

“’tis but a flesh wound.”

It was Doc’s turn to chortle.

“This is not funny, guys. She is a loose cannon.”

“She!” I shouted, lifting my finger from the side of the wine glass to point with a silent warning. “Walked in and found me fucking her best friend.”

Doc clucked his teeth and shook his head, gently pulling the needle through my flesh. “Horny little bastard, I swear.”



“So, it gives her the right to try and kill you.”

“Like I said, she wasn’t trying to kill me, just hurt me, like I hurt her.”

“I cannot believe you are defending her. This is—”

We all got quiet, craning our necks to peer down the hallway when Jennifer’s door opened. Her face swollen and bruised from her broken nose, she rolled a suitcase behind her, a stuffed trash bag tied to the extracted handle. A large, canvas bag on her shoulder, she had a box tucked to her side. Tears were steadily falling down her cheeks, wetting her sweater.

Her eyes with the bruises forming beneath met mine, her brows high. Her nose was purple, the nostrils caked with dried blood. “Milo?”

“I thought she told you to get out.”

“Yeah, but—”

“But, what?” I asked, taking a sip of wine.

“What about...us?”

My brows lifted and I lowered the glass. “What the fuck about us?”

Her chin was quivering, her chest rising and falling quickly. “I mean, I thought...we was...”

“We was,” I mocked, shaking my head. “Fucking, and now we’re done.”

She whimpered, a sob shaking her petite frame.

Averting my gaze, I brought the glass to my mouth, muttering, “I never promised you shit, Jennifer. Chazzy’s the one I love. Get out,” and finished the rest of the drink. Wagging the empty glass at Wyatt, I ordered him to refill it.

When she just stood there, sniveling, he stomped toward her, grabbed her elbow, and dragged her to the door, shoving her and her things to the hall.

She screeched, struggling against him. “Stop it! That hurts.”

“Get lost.” He closed the door and came back to pour more wine.

“She’s not going to forgive you for this.”

Snickering, I took a sip and gazed down to watch Doc. “Yeah, she will. She loves me.”

“She already had a problem with you keeping the mistresses, to find out you’ve been plowing her best friend

almost from the beginning? It's too much, man. She ain't gonna look past this."

My heart sank, anger tightening my muscles around my bones like a vise. My stomach cramping, I ground my teeth, staring at the needle and thread penetrating the skin, pulling the gash closed.

"She will, or she dies."

"La, la, la, la, la."

Wyatt's feet skidded to a halt, his pacing ending abruptly. Gawking, he blinked several times, fanning his hands out. "You'd get rid of her?"

I rolled a shoulder and took a huge sip, coughing it down. "It would fucking kill me, but yes. I love her and if she thinks I'm going to let her walk away and let someone else love her, she's out of her mind."

He plopped to the sofa, throwing his arm across the back. "How do you plan to fix this?"

"There's nothing to fix, we aren't married yet."

"Yet."

"Exactly. She has no say so what I do with my spare time. Now, once we're married—"

“You’ll be a one woman man?”

I stared at the wine, that question spinning my head.

“Well, I’ll try. It’s more than I can say now.”

He propped his ankle on his knee and shook his foot.

“She won’t marry you, man. Watch. She’s done.”

“Then she’s dead.”

“La, la, la!”

He huffed, his foot stilling while he glared at me. Doc tugged the needle one last time, picked up a tiny pair of scissors, and cut the thread.

“Done. Eighteen, brand new stitches.”

I craned my neck and rotated my shoulder, examining his work. “Good job.”

“Naturally.” He gathered his supplies, putting things where they went, and placing them in his bag. Then he pulled out a roll of gauze and ointment.

“I want you to go downstairs and put Jennifer on the no access list. Also, have someone come up here and change the lock code tonight. I don’t trust her.”

“No shit. We ain’t seen the last of her.”

Grumbling, I took a quick sip. “I know. I’m starting to regret messing with her.”

“Starting? Why would you even tap something so close to home?”

Grinning, I winked. “The challenge, of course. I was doing pretty good, too, until y’all came home early. What the hell made her come home so soon? And why the fuck didn’t you stop her?” I asked, resituating to sit up straighter.

Wyatt turned his profile to me to stare out the window. Clearing his throat, he thumbed his nose, appearing uncomfortable. “She wanted to come home. I tried to talk her into going downstairs for coffee. She wouldn’t have it.”

“And you couldn’t have warned me?” I was getting pissed now that the adrenaline was calm, and I was thinking straight.

“You always hold your phone when you’re fucking a broad? Would you have stopped banging her to answer it?”

I deflated, swirling the red liquid around the glass. “Yeah, probably not.”

Doc was wrapping the gauze around my bicep. “Hold right here.”

I set the drink on the side table and pressed where he indicated. He tore off a piece of surgical tape and carefully spread it out, holding the gauze in place. Replacing the cap to the ointment, he tossed it next to my glass.

“In the morning, take that off and put more of that on. Keep it clean and after tomorrow, keep it uncovered. You don’t want that thing staying moist.”

“Ew, why, man? Why did you have to use that word?”

His mustache twitching to his laughter, he was cleaning up his mess. “Word of advice, son,” he sighed, closing his bag. “You love her, keep the little winkie in your pants. Being faithful is a hell of a lot easier than killing the only woman you’ve ever loved and dealing with the heartache and guilt the rest of your life. Grow up, kid,” he added, flicking my ear with his middle finger.

I hissed, shoving his hand away and rubbing the sting.

“Agreed,” muttered Wyatt. “You can’t go around fucking anything you want forever. You can’t have it both ways.”

My chin tucked to my chest, confused by that statement. I was Milo fucking Pampinella, who the hell said I

couldn't have it both ways? Who the fuck was going to stop me? No one, no one told me what to do. I was the one giving out orders.

“Well, I'm off, kiddo. You need anything else, just give me a call.”

Wyatt stood with Doc, lingering when the old man shuffled to the door.

“I'm gonna make sure Jennifer is gone and get the code changed. You need anything else?”

I shook my head, staring straight ahead, unblinking, while sipping my wine. Brooding over what he said, I was writhing with anger.

“See you in the morning, boss.”

I jutted my chin in response. Waiting to hear the door close behind them, I downed the rest of the drink, set it on the table, and stood. Hastily grabbing my cigarettes, I went to our bedroom and opened the door as quietly as I could.

She was curled into herself, her back to me, hugging a pillow, sound asleep.

I huffed, tossing the pack on the dresser. Stripping out of my trousers, I opened a drawer to get a pair of pajama

pants, donning them quickly. My arm stretched to close the door while I craned my neck to watch for any signs I was making too much noise.

Slowly approaching the bed, I loomed over her, raking my sight along her profile. This was the woman of my dreams, the love of my life. There was no way in hell I could live without her. Maybe Doc and Wyatt were right. Maybe it was time I devoted myself to just one woman.

I carefully peeled the comforter and sheet away to check out her body. My heart lurched at naked flesh, my cock hardening. One perfect, stunning, sexy woman with large curves in all the right goddamn places.

Groaning, I slid onto the mattress, tucking my legs beneath the covers. One laid on top of hers, my arms tenderly linking around her form.

I could think of worse things in the world than to be committed to only her. If I had to have only one body to pleasure me the rest of my life, it would be Chastity's. She was made for me. I couldn't have designed someone better myself.

It wasn't like she didn't satisfy me. In fact, the more I fell in love with her, the longer it took me to peak with my



side chicks. Sometimes, I even had to pull up Chastity's image to finally manage an orgasm.

The whole reason I had multiple lovers was because I enjoyed the rush, the thrill of sneaking around behind their backs. It was a game, wondering how long I could go before I got caught.

It was a hobby.

I kissed her shoulder, staring at her face. "I love you, Chazzy," I whispered, setting my chin to her bicep.

It was time to find a new hobby because there was no way I could ever let her go, and killing her would only kill me, too. To save us both, I needed to learn how to be... monogamous.

"Fuck," I wheezed, turning my cheek to her bicep. I was about to face the hardest challenge of my life.

# Chapter 30

## Chastity Monroe

My brain fought consciousness, warning of the pain I'd feel when I did. Though I didn't recall everything right away, I was already crying before I opened my eyes. Milo stirring behind me brought a sudden rush of images. My heart ripped, my soul died, and I wailed.

"Hm?" he coughed, waking up. "Shh," he urged, kissing from my bicep to my neck. "Don't cry, baby girl."

"Don't touch me!" I screeched, elbowing him and trying to scoot away.

"No, no, come back." His arm hooked around my waist, tugging me to his chest. "Shh, listen to me."

"No, I hate you."

"Don't say that!" he barked loudly, ringing my eardrum painfully.

I grimaced, sucking on the back of my teeth, covering it.

He rolled me over and cupped my cheek, whisking the tears away. "I love you, Chazzy."

"No, you don't," I whimpered, a sob building in my chest, straining my ribs to the breaking point. "How could you when you... you..." It burst forth and I howled, covering my face. I had never felt a pain like this before. Jennifer warned me! She told me I was going to get hurt.

I had no idea she was warning me about herself, though. Was that what she had meant when she tried to tell me? Was she, indeed, referring to herself?

Double betrayal! My boyfriend and the best friend I ever had. How could they? How could they have so little respect and regard for me, that they were having an affair right in front of me? Did neither of them stop and think, *Hey, I love Chazzy, and this might hurt her?* Did I cross their minds once while they were stabbing me in the back, going at it?

She called him Daddy! How disgusting was that? That was a level of intimacy that was more than just a couple of moments of weakness. She had to be lying.

According to Milo, they started fucking just a few weeks after I started fucking him. How could she? Why him? She had Gary, she had a beautiful, flawless body with perfect

skin, bright blue eyes, and long blonde hair. She could have gotten any man in the world she wanted, and woman, for that matter. Why in the hell did she have to go after the only man who ever wanted me? Was I not allowed to have just one? Out of billions of men, I wanted one, and she took that from me.

“Hey, baby girl. Look at me. I’m sorry. I didn’t think.”

I rolled to my stomach, burying my face, sobbing so hysterically, the whole mattress was shaking.

Milo petted up and down my back, scattering kisses along my bicep and shoulder. “Chazzy, I’m thirty-eight years old. For almost twenty- five years, I have been hopping from one bed to the next, tagging girl after girl—”

“I got it!” I screamed into the silk covered feathers. Why the hell did he think I wanted to hear this now?

He huffed, his palm stopping while his fingers swept side to side. “I’m just saying, almost as long as you’ve been alive, I’ve been in a pattern. I’ve never cared about a woman enough to concern myself with her feelings. I...I don’t mean to sound like an ass, but it honestly never dawned on me the pain I was causing you.”

Sniveling, I rolled my face just enough to open one lid and peek at him. He flashed a weak smile, brushing my hair back.

“Every time I got caught, I just shrugged and moved on. Game over, start a new challenge.”

“Game?” I hissed, wounded at his choice of words.

“To me, yes, it has always been a game.”

“Oh my god,” I wailed, punching my face back into the pillow.

“I don’t want to hurt you, baby girl,” he whispered, scooting closer so his arm draped across my back, his chest laying on my bicep. “I love you, Chazzy. I really do. I just... I’m not used to being in love. I don’t know what to do.”

“Yeah? Well neither did I. I was a virgin until you, remember?”

“Baby.” He snorted and then kissed my cheek. “Sex and emotions are two different things.”

He sagged against me and grew quiet. After a long moment, I peeked at him again. He was staring at the ceiling, his lips tight.

“That’s something I learned tonight. When I saw how badly I hurt you, it killed me a little.” His focus flitted to me out the corner of his eye, his brow lifting. “When I heard you crying...Christ, I was gutted. I don’t ever want to hear that sound again.”

He heaved a sigh and dropped his head to the pillow, staring at my one eye. “I realized tonight just how deep my love goes for you.”

My pulse quickened, hope chasing away this horrible, icky heartache that was drowning my soul.

“Don’t be mad at me,” he whispered, his eyes shimmering in the darkness. “It makes me feel all gross inside. It’s hard to breathe and...” He gulped, his mouth pressed to my bicep, his stare beseeching. “Forgive me, Chazzy. I need you to forgive me. If you leave me, I won’t survive. I’ll fucking die.”

My head lifted, my breaths shallowing. “Really?”

He snorted and rolled his eyes. “You’re my soul, Chazzy. You take that away, I may as well put a bullet in my head, because I won’t live without you.”

I eased onto my side to face him. Trembling, I hesitated, but slid my fingers over his cheek. “You really love me that much?”

His Adam’s apple lurched, his eyes gradually closing at my touch. Covering my hand with his, he croaked, “You have no idea, baby girl.” He turned his face to press his lips to my palm and then held it to his chest, his sight returning to mine. “I’ll never hurt you again.”

It was a struggle to breathe, my heart fluttering all around my chest, my belly swirling. “Will you...get rid of the other girls?” I squeaked, holding my breath, terrified of the answer.

He shimmied closer, tucking his knee between my thighs. “If it means keeping you, yes.”

My heart lurched and I choked on an inhale. “Really?”

“Will you leave me if I don’t?”

I nodded, too afraid to attempt to answer because I honestly didn’t know if yes or no would come out my mouth.

“Then it’s a no brainer. They’re done.”

“But...you’re going to give them all up for me?”

The corner of his mouth curled, and he cupped my breast with a gentle squeeze. “What can they possibly offer me that I don’t already have right here?”

Excitement heated my blood, my breaths laboring. Holding my stare, he made a few jerky movements below the sheet, pushed me to my back, and crawled between my legs. Laying on top of me, he kissed me, gazing into my eyes while stroking his cock along my slit to make me wet.

His lids closed and he grunted. “This,” he wheezed quietly as he eased inside. “Oh, fuck, baby girl, this is all I need.” He buried his face in my cleavage and gave a rough thrust.

I shrieked, arching toward him, wrapping my legs around his waist.

Starting a slow but forceful rhythm, he sat up to make eye contact, his hands pressing into the mattress beneath my shoulders. “I love you, Chazzy. I’m going to make it up to you, I promise. You’re all I need, baby girl.”

Whimpering, tears burning my eyes, I linked my arms behind his neck and pulled him down for a kiss. He wanted me! Just me. He was going to give up all his lovers just for me. I was the one he wanted, not them.



Breaking away, nuzzling the crook of his neck, I rasped, “I love you, Milo.”

He grunted, speeding up. “Oh, god, I love you, Chazzy. So damn much.”

He shot up to his knees, maneuvering my legs so my feet were dangling over his shoulders. Wrapping his arms around my thighs, he threw his head back and rocked in and out at a speedy rate.

I glanced at his arm bandaged up, shame burning my skin. I couldn't believe I did that! I had never lost my rage like I had tonight. Even after attacking him, *he* was apologizing to *me*, asking for forgiveness.

“Oh shit, baby girl, I'm so close already.”

I did this to him. Not some flawless, skinny woman. Me, with all my imperfections and flaws, drove this man crazy with lust.

Pressing my palms to the headboard, I pushed myself further into him. Dropping my legs to plant my feet in the mattress beside his calves, I jutted my hips and bounced hard.

His jaw fell and he choked, holding his arms out and stilling, letting me take control. His lids clenched and his teeth

ground, he hissed loudly. “Oh, fuck, yes, yes, yes. Oh god, fuck me, Chazzy. Make me cum.”

Tightening my muscles, I tapped into my rage and gyrated against him aggressively, fucking him with my hatred.

“Oh, fuck!” he shouted, his back bending forward, his stomach caving. His complexion paled, his jaw gaping once more. “Christ! That’s so goddamn good, baby girl.”

His thumb tucked between my lips and practically attacked my clit. I froze, my breath caught, my muscles burning from holding my waist in the air like this. The orgasm built at an alarming rate, blinding me. Out of nowhere, it crashed into me, and I was flailing against him uncontrollably, screaming his name for the whole building to hear.

“Oh, god,” he wheezed, falling into his palms on my breasts.

Somehow still managing to hold my hips in the air, I circled and bounced and jerked and ground.

“Oh, yes!” he howled, his nails scratching my flesh.  
“Chazzy, yes!”

He thrust forward, knocking me down, and erupted, coughing and twitching. Our orgasms purging the anger and

heartache, we collapsed to the mattress, sweaty and gasping for air, my heart renewed with hope.

“Makeup sex is great,” I panted.

He chuckled, sliding off me to his side, draping the hurt arm across my chest. “All sex with you is great. Jesus, you owned my dick tonight. That was your fucking toy.”

Giggling, I raked my fingers along his forearm, craning my neck to kiss the top of his head.

“I love you, baby girl,” he muttered between gulps of air. “You and me, forever, Chazzy. I promise.”

I twined my fingers with his and snuggled closer. I believed him. He was going to fix this. He was going to be faithful. This was a close call, but it was an eye opener, as well. He saw what his actions almost cost us both, he wouldn't allow that to happen again.

Pushing all the red flags aside and tuning out the warning bells, I curled into his chest, closed my eyes, and went to sleep. I was going to put my faith in him, believe his apologies, and forgive.

It was easier than facing a broken heart and losing all my hopes and dreams. Losing my best friend, my first love,

and my home all in one night, was more than I was prepared to handle, so I would slap a band aid on everything and pray it all worked itself out.

# Chapter 31

## Chastity Monroe

The view was beautiful, like none I'd ever seen. Knowing I got to get up every morning and see Lake Michigan in the distance set my soul at ease.

Most days.

Today, it confused me. My mind refused to rest. Every few minutes, I was waking up. Not wanting to disturb Milo, I had snuck out of bed, donned my robe, and crept to the living room, hoping to soothe my worries away with a beautiful sunrise.

All my conscious mind did was spin more questions. So many goddamn questions. I had always prided myself that I was a smart person. Growing up the way I did, I learned a lot about life and was always on alert. No one got anything past me, I was on to everyone's game, seeing through the lies and smelling the bullshit a mile away.

I was strong, I needed no one. Friends had come and gone like a dime a dozen over the years. Some relationships ended amicably because life took us in different directions, some moved out of town, most faded away when their need for me waned.

An arm across my stomach, I tugged at a diamond earring. Jennifer was a true friend. I knew in my heart, in my gut, she was someone I could rely on. I could trust her. She was going to be a friend I had late into life.

How could I have been so wrong? Had the bond between us always been fake, or was she just incapable of denying Milo?

My fingers moved to my chin to stop it from quivering, my heart bleeding. Not that I could blame her, for I had been unable to tell him no, as well. Still, had that been Gary, there was no way I would have betrayed her. How could she hurt me like that?

Ever since Milo came into my life, everything had been upside down. The woman who never wanted to fall in love, had no interest in sex, only wanted to make money and further her career, had done a complete one eighty and flipped on everything. I wanted his love, I craved sex with him, and

who the hell cared if I ever worked again when I had Milo taking care of me?

Craning my neck, I peered around the penthouse that was my home, filled with elegant, luxury furniture. I had diamonds dripping from my ears, designer clothes filling my closet, imported shoes lining the floor. Everything was top of the line, best one could buy, with hefty price tags attached.

I had a powerful, sexy man showing me off, bragging about how lucky he was to have me, showering me with affection for anyone to see. No matter who stared at us with awkward looks because we clearly did not match, Milo was oblivious, touching, kissing, rubbing, obsessed with feeling and holding me, regardless of the audience.

Tall, skinny, flawless women with perfect bodies and uppity attitudes saw Milo Pampinella incapable of keeping his hands off me. They gawked while he openly made out with me, groaning and grunting at the pleasure I brought him, not hiding how aroused I made him.

One of the biggest questions that had been circling my brain, keeping me from sleep was how much did I love Milo, as opposed to the life and attention he was pampering me

with? Did I love him at all? Or was I swept up with the money, the gifts, the way he made me feel?

Part of me insisted I was in love with him, and it had nothing to do with all that other nonsense. How true could that be, however, that I not only went into a relationship with him, knowing I wasn't his only woman, but allowed it to continue for almost eight months? I turned a blind eye to all the whispered phone calls or the cancelled dinners, the times he came home later than expected. I knew he had been with another woman. When he was out of town, I even heard them giggling in the background a few times.

Yet I pretended like none of it was going on, convincing myself that one day, he would realize how important I was and if I just stayed patient, he would choose me over the others.

I bowed my chin, pressing my two middle fingers to the space between my eyes. He finally promised to get rid of them, but only after I caught him, red handed, seconds from orgasming, sleeping with my best friend, the one person in the world I thought I would always be able to trust.

Heaving a sigh, I lifted my head, rubbing my palm up and down my throat. Ten minutes of persuasion, and I was



fucking him. He turned on his charm, told me he loved me, spit out a few promises, and I spread my legs.

My stomach curdled, my lids lowering. Had he even showered after fucking Jennifer, or had his dick gone from her pussy to mine?

He promised he would wear condoms with his lovers. Found out that was a lie because had I not charged at him like a psychopath, he would have cum inside her. So, if he wasn't protecting himself with her, how many other of his side chicks was he fucking raw?

When I thought about every time we had sex without a condom, my skin crawled, knowing each time he could have given me a disease. It was absurd that I was standing here, staring out the window as the sky slowly lit up, making a mental note to call a doctor in a few hours so I could be tested.

Twenty-six years, I spent alone, without love, without sex, without any real connections to anyone. I meet Jennifer and buckle, letting her through my wall. A year later, I meet Milo and throw my legs up for him within a few days.

It seemed my life had been spiraling out of control ever since. Swipe away all the glitz and glam, and everything was icky. I felt cold and hollow, alone. Milo tried to cover the

cracks with his money and compliments, but things were so broken, and had been since day one.

Almost eight months with him, and I knew so little about who he was. I didn't know if his parents were alive, where they were, did he have siblings? Were there secret kids stashed around the globe?

My pulse quickened, my muscles shaking. Was his business a front to hide his mafia ties? How high up in the mafia was he? Was he dangerous? Was I guilty of crimes I didn't even know about because of association? How bad were the crimes? Theft, smuggling, drugs? Murder?

Wyatt had to be lying, there was no way. I'd seen plenty of movies, mobsters didn't go for the fat chicks with stretchmarks and freckled faces. They wanted svelte, sultry women with tiny waists, big tits, tanned bodies that looked stunning in bikinis.

My arm dropped on top of the other, my fingers tapping to my bicep. Why did everything I evaluated in life have to be stripped down to my weight? Why did I always take things there?

Why would Milo want me because I was fat? I couldn't wear a bikini because I was fat. I shouldn't sit in that

chair because I was fat. I didn't dare ask for a promotion, because I was fat.

It never failed, I always laid my worth on the number of pounds I registered on a scale. Within a few months of moving in with me, Jennifer had been begging for us to go on a cruise together. I had always been able to afford it, barely, but I had avoided it time and again because my mind went to my weight, picturing me sitting on an airplane in those cramped seats, wondering if the showers in the cabin on the boat would be big enough for me, terrified of wearing a bathing suit and being embarrassed that I'd be the only one onboard wearing jeans.

I had denied myself pleasures because I was ashamed of my weight. Now I had a man who delighted in the very thing I always condemned myself for. Milo liked that I was fat. It turned him on. He truly loved every inch.

Did I love him as a person, or because he was willing to accept me when I couldn't accept myself? Was I seeking validation from him to pep my ego?

My emotions rising, the back of my nose burned, my eyes watering. I focused on the times he wasn't buying me things, when we were pawing at one another, and he wasn't

showing me off. Recalling the times we just laid in bed, staring into one another's eyes in silence, the times we cuddled on the sofa and watched movies together...the times he sat up and held me, rocking me when I woke up from my nightmares of my stepfather.

He was the biggest supporter I had ever had, encouraging me to start my own business, lighting a fire in my soul to strive for something I could call my own, planting seeds of motivation.

I thought about the times we strolled around Chicago, the city buzzing around us at a fast pace, while we leisurely ambled about, holding hands, making plans for our future. While everyone else was rushing from one place to the next, we took our time, no destination set, just enjoying one another's presence.

My heart ached, a tear trickling down my cheek. I was in love with Milo. If he lost every dime to his name and became penniless, I would still want to be right by his side.

I loved him and he hurt me so goddamn badly the night before. Why her? Didn't he have enough lovers? If he needed a new one, why my best friend?

He promised he was cutting ties with all his affairs. Could I believe him? Did I dare take that risk again? For months, he snuck around behind my back with Jennifer. For months, he'd promised to use protection and hadn't been. He was playing Russian Roulette with my life. How did I believe his words?

How did I trust in a man who was lying to me about who he was, about his complete identity? What if Wyatt wasn't lying, and he was part of the mafia? That was huge! That was a major piece of information hidden from me. There was no way I could trust him.

The pattering of bare feet on the floor drew me out of my thoughts. My sight adjusted in the glass when the light in the kitchen flipped on, illuminating the area.

It was Wyatt. He was wearing a pair of sweats and nothing else, scratching at the side of his head while yawning. Opening the fridge, he took out the orange juice, turned around, and jolted.

"Holy fuck!" he shouted, slamming the container on the island.

I wanted to laugh that, for once, he was the one startled, but there wasn't much to find humor in at the

moment. I was exhausted with all the thoughts crammed in my skull.

Standing upright, he swung open a cabinet and got a glass, pouring the juice in it. I couldn't see the details of his face, but I could feel his sight on me as he put the container back in the fridge.

“You okay?” he asked just before taking a sip.

“How long have you known Milo?”

“Since the day he was born.”

My brows lifting, I craned my neck to peer at him.  
“How old are you?”

“Forty.”

“You've known him your whole life, yet thought last night on the subway was okay?”

He took a sharp inhale, turning his profile to me. Lifting the glass, it hovered in front of his mouth for a few seconds before he took a sip.

“Let me clear something up. I've known Milo since he was born. My father was his father's right-hand man. I was raised to shadow him. I was never, ever meant to be anything other than his guard. That was my purpose, why I was born.”

My lip puckered, feeling a sense of loneliness and sadness from the tone of his voice. If everything he said was true, how dismal had his upbringing been? Knowing from an early age he had no choice in who or what he wanted to be. He was trapped.

“I have a lot of respect for him. The man’s a genius and excellent at what he does. But I also hate him at times. He’s arrogant and self-centered and—”

“Narcissistic.”

He set the glass on the island, pressing his palms wide to lean forward. His head tipped, he stared somberly. “He’s basically my brother. I would give my life for him, and not just because that’s what I’ve been trained for since I was five. When most kids are running around playgrounds, playing, I was standing in the corner of that playground, watching a three-year-old, making sure the bigger kids didn’t bully him, making sure he didn’t fall off the swings or get hurt on the teetertotter. That’s how I grew up,” he barked, slamming a palm to his bare chest.

I bowed my head, picturing an innocent little boy watching everyone play while he couldn’t. He could never

play, never be free, never enjoy life. No wonder he was so moody and grouchy. He had no idea how to relax.

“Milo has his faults.” He stood up straight and retrieved his glass. Bringing it to his mouth, he grumbled, “Especially where women are concerned.”

Turning to face him, I twirled my hair around a finger, my stomach shaking with apprehension. “He promised last night to let all his affairs go if I forgive him.”

His nostrils flared with a sharp inhale. Staring into his juice, he muttered, “And you forgave him.”

“I love him,” I whispered, almost apologetically.

He cast a sideways glimpse, staring at me silently. Clearing his throat, he downed the rest of his juice, tossed the glass to the counter, and walked back to his room without saying another word.

Disheartened, though I had no idea why, I trudged across the living space to my own room. Pausing in the niche outside the door, I heard Wyatt in the hallway again and waited. He rounded the corner wearing a tee shirt and shoes. Glaring, he put plugs into his ears and turned on the *iPod* in his hand.



“Going to the gym. Tell boss I’ll be back later, if he gets up before I get home.”

“Wyatt—”

He swung open the door and slammed it behind him. Jumping from one foot to the other, I released a heavy sigh, the weight on my shoulders burdening by the minute.

I crept into my bedroom and stood next to the bed, twining my fingers, eyeing Milo. He was on his stomach, his arms folded beneath the pillow, facing me.

So many secrets. So much hidden. So many uncertain variables.

And I was willing to ignore them all because picturing my life without Milo sent my soul into mourning.

Shedding the robe, the silky material fluttered to the floor around my ankles. I slipped beneath the covers and tugged at the arm closest to me, carefully wiggling beneath and draping it across my shoulders. Grimacing at the roughness of the gauze covering the wound I inflicted, my eyelids clenched and pushed that image out my thoughts. My cheek on the pillow, our noses touching, I memorized his features.

“Milo,” I breathed slightly.

His brows twitched, his nose crinkling. Bit by bit, his blond lashes lifted, his mouth curling into an instant smile. “Mm, sexy.”

My pulse fluttered with excitement. “I love you,” I said, just as quietly.

Suddenly wide awake, his lids lifted and he gulped so loud, I heard him. “I’m going to love you so hard, Chazzy, one day you’ll forget I hurt you. I’m going to fix this.”

I was breathing erratically, terror seizing my lungs. My sight darting back and forth between his eyes, I took a jagged inhale and asked, “Are you in the mafia?”

The arm across my back tensed and turned into a hundred pound boulder, pinning me to the mattress. A shadow crossed his irises, turning them so black, they appeared void of life. His brows furrowed, his lips drawing taut. Enraged, the heat that emanated from him cloaked me, making me sweat, stifling my breaths.

In a voice I’d never heard from him, oozing with evil intent, he made a calm statement that chilled my core. “It’s not

wise to ask a question like that. You're either very brave, or very fucking stupid.”

Mistakes were made. I regretted asking. I was going to die.

# Chapter 32

## Chastity Monroe

So, my boyfriend *was* in the mafia. It was surprising how well I took the news, almost as if somehow, I already subconsciously knew. Though he wasn't the highest ranking, he was pretty damn high. Apparently, his father was still alive. When he passed, Milo's older brother would be the head, then Milo.

After the initial shock and rage that I dared ask, he sat up in the bed, leaned on the headboard, smoked about three cigarettes in utter silence without looking at me, and then told me everything. Probably things he shouldn't have.

"Why are you telling me all this?" I whispered, laying on my back, staring up at him.

He tucked his chin to his shoulder and gazed down at me. "Because when I first started fucking you, I thought I'd have my fun, set you up in this penthouse, and have you at the top of my list of whores."

Sucking the back of my teeth, I slapped at his arm.

He winced and hissed, yanking it away.

“Not sorry.”

He chuckled and leaned to the nightstand to smash out his cigarette. Sitting upright, he looked down at me again. “I had no idea I would find my future wife,” he whispered. “I honestly didn’t think I was capable of loving someone like I do you.”

This had my pulse dancing.

He took my wrist and tugged me to a sitting position, then pulled me to his lap. His hands caressing everything his eyes looked at, his cock slowly started to harden in front of me.

“Christ, I can’t believe all this is mine. I’m going to get to touch these curves every day for the rest of my life,” he rasped, cupping my breasts and pushing them together with a mischief smile that lit up his eyes.

I moaned, gently holding his elbows, careful of the hurt arm. Staring at my nipples like they were my eyes, he said, “I’m telling you because if you’re going to be my wife, you have to know.”

He was slowly moving forward with each word, pulling one into his mouth at the end of his sentence. I sighed, combing his hair, my face upturned to the sheer linens dangling across the four posts. His curious desire turned into frenzied lust instantly, his arms hooking behind my back to yank me forward. The softness of my breast pushed around his face, smothering him.

He gripped his cock, slapping it against my stomach. His teeth nibbling at me, I rose to my knees and shifted, sinking down to take him inside. When my ass clapped to his thighs, he grunted and bit hard.

“Ahmm!”

Gripping my side, he guided me how he wanted me to move, releasing my nipple to lay his cheek between both breasts. “Oh my god,” he whispered, tracing his tongue around the side of one.

“Milo, have you always liked big women?”

“Mm, yes,” he wheezed, leaning on the headboard to gaze at me. “I told you about my babysitter.”

“I know, but that was just looking.”

“Like hell. Who do you think I lost my virginity to?”

I paused, my lips parting. “How old were you?”

“Early teens. By then, she was more my little sister’s babysitter.”

“I mean...what the hell happened?”

Grinning wickedly, he squinted. “You really want to know?”

“Yeah.”

His palms were caressing my belly, squeezing the flesh here and there as he traveled around my frame.

“She was a live-in nanny and I set up a hidden camera in her room to spy on her. One day, she tripped over one of Chrissy’s toys and broke her tooth, so she had to have a procedure done to cap it. When she came home, she was all doped up on pain meds.

“So,” he sighed, coaxing me to rock in circles on his lap. “When everyone was asleep, I snuck into her room, took off her pants, and ate that sweet, fat pussy like my life depended on it.”

“Oh my god.”

“First time tasting pussy. I was not disappointed. Anyway, because I was just a dumb kid who thought he was

invincible, I decided to just go for it. Had her sprawled out on her mattress, those thick thighs,” he muttered, groping mine, his thumbs pushing into the sides of my pussy lips.

A jagged inhale caught my throat and I stilled to savor the sensation. Turning a wrist, his fingers slid down one side, his thumb the other, and squeezed the lips around the base of his cock.

“Fuck me,” he wheezed.

I bounced a few times and my head spun, the pressure forcing my clit to roll with each stroke.

“Oh, goddamn.” He banged his head to the bedframe, grabbing my hips to slow me down before we both came. “As soon as my tip entered her, she woke up.”

I stopped, batting my lashes. “What did you do?”

“I stared her in the eyes, grabbed a tit, and slammed into her.”

“And what did she do?”

“Fucked the ever-living shit out of me. That woman schooled that kid that night. Goddamn!” he hooted with a fierce thrust. “She rocked my world and ever since, I have been hooked.”



My sadness creeped through the lust, hearing the awful things exchanged between him and Jennifer the night before. “But you still slept with skinny girls. You seemed to like Jennifer.”

He froze, his expression dropping. Sitting up, he clasped my cheeks and moved his face, so our noses touched. “I told you, it was a game.”

My features contorted with the agony, and I tried to pull away.

“No!” he insisted, almost frantic. “Don’t, baby girl. Don’t. You are not a game. You were in the beginning, but ever since I realized I love you, you were never part of the game.”

“It hurts so much that you slept with her. I mean, all your lovers hurt, but Jennifer? My best friend? My roommate? When I was in the same apartment while you were doing it? How was I not part of the game when you sneak out of our bed to crawl into hers?”

Sadness coated his gray irises. “I guess I didn’t know how to cut off the game. I’d been playing it so long, I didn’t realize...” His Adam’s apple bobbed, his thumb whisking the tear before it left my bottom lashes.

“I don’t want to play games anymore. I just want you. Only you. I promised to get rid of the affairs and I told you my secrets about my family. You think I’m still playing?” he shouted, getting desperate. “You know things now, things you should not know. I didn’t need to divulge as much as I did.

“I did it because I trust you. I have faith in us.” A wildness flickered in his eyes, his spine straightening and his hold tightening. “You can’t leave me, Chazzy. You can never leave me. Say it. Say you’ll never leave me. *Say it!*” he roared, echoing to the ceiling.

My heart and blood slowed, chilling. Licking my lips, I trembled and breathed, “I’ll never leave you.”

His lids closed and he engulfed me with his arms, burying his face in the crook of my neck. “Thank you, baby girl. Thank you.”

His mouth and tongue were on my skin, his hips grinding to mine. Lowering an arm to grope my breast, he fanned the flames of desire in my gut, shifting my attention from fear to arousal.

Dragging his tongue to my ear, he whispered, “You’re going to marry me, Chazzy. You’re going to be my wife and I’m never letting you go.”

Sighing, I leaned into him, pushing him against the headboard. My palms pressed to the velvet padding, I dropped my chin to lose myself in his eyes, speeding up my rotations.

His upper lip curled around his gritted teeth and then his jaw fell with a grunt, his eyes rolling. “Yes, yes,” he whispered, squeezing my ass cheeks. Yanking on them with every thrust, he quickened the pace even more. Biting down on his bottom lip, he curled his spine, rolled his head, and sank with another grunt.

I could watch him all day long and never get tired. Hell, I could climax just seeing him in the throes of passion.

Our thighs now clapping together, my breasts were swaying from the force, smacking against his chest. He grinned, loving every minute.

Before we could cum, I dropped down and stilled, grinding slowly. I wasn't ready for the orgasms. I wanted to prolong this.

Scooting off his lap, I sat up on my knees, flashed a flirtatious grin, and turned around. I threw my leg back over his and scooted toward him.

“Oh, baby girl,” he groaned, fondling my ass, parting, lifting, and then pushing them together over and over. “I do love watching you jiggle when I pound into you like this.”

He gripped his base and aimed it, but I stopped him. Craning my neck, I peeked over my shoulder, overwhelmed with lust.

“Move that a little higher.”

A little at a time, his lids rounded with a naughty smirk. Not taking his focus off mine, he pushed on a cheek and repositioned his dick.

Inch by inch, I lowered, my jaw falling more and more as the pain seared through me. Sweating and quaking, I clamped my teeth together, screamed, and hastily forced myself down, taking his length into my ass.

Milo shot up, choking on an inhale. His legs scrambling beneath me, both his palms slapped to my back, his nails tearing my flesh.

“Oh, shit, Chazzy, why did you do that? Oh, god.” He was jerking uncontrollably, cumming. “Fuck, you can’t do that to me.”

Narrowing my lids, I held on to his shins and violently bounced up and down.

He blanched, shaking his head. “No, no, stop.”

“Fuck me, Milo.”

He flung himself against the headboard, throwing his arms above and growling through gritted teeth. “Fuck, baby girl, take it easy.”

Squirming, he was dripping sweat, trapped beneath me. After a few minutes, his muscles were yanking him erratically with another orgasm. “Stop.”

I wasn't done.

Sinking all the way down, I scooted backward, my feet now planted against the headboard under the pillows. Lifting my ass until just his tip was in, I slapped it back down.

“Oh, shit, baby girl,” he whimpered, shaking his head. He was patting my cheeks, kicking his legs.

I sat up and laid on his chest, pushing his dick down at an angle.

“Oh my god, Chazzy, have some mercy, baby.”

“You want mercy? Make me cum.”

He tugged at my hair and slapped my pussy, swirling his fingers between the lips desperately while I rocked up and down.

“Goddammit, cum! Please.”

When I thought I’d break, I purposely pulled up an image of him fucking Jennifer, forcing the orgasm to crash. It sent me into a rage where I was shaking the whole bed, bouncing.

“Oh, god, please,” he whined, speeding up his circling fingers. “It fucking hurts, baby girl. It—”

I clenched my thighs, lurched forward, lifted, and slammed down.

“Fuck!” he screamed at the top of his lungs, shaking with yet another orgasm. He sagged into the headboard, writhing beneath me. “Enough, enough.”

“Make me cum.”

Shoving his fingers inside me, he bit down on my back and gave me the last of his energy. This time, I let the orgasm have me. Shrieking, I rode his poor dick even harder, the headboard banging on the wall.

“Fuck, fuck!”

Before I could finish, he was shoving on my ass cheeks, knocking me off. His face contorted in pain, his dick instantly fell limp between his legs. He was shaking, convulsing, every bit of his torso bright red.

I curled around and crawled toward him, panting. “You ever cheat on me again, Milo Pampinella,” I choked, stabbing his chest with my finger. “I’ll cut your fucking dick off.”

He pushed a chuckle through his nose, took a breath, did it again, and then burst out laughing, sliding down to the mattress.

“Come here.”

I nestled against his side, my chin on his chest, staring up at him. “I’m just as scared, you know.”

He frowned, lifting his head to peer at me. “Of what?”

“Us. When you love someone, it’s scary because that means you have to depend on them and...and that means you can’t control everything.”

His jaw twitched, his fingers raking my damp hair. “Yeah,” he sighed, his eyes searching my features. “It’s scary.”

“Trust me?”

Heaving a sigh, he cupped the back of my head and dropped a kiss. “Of course.”

My cheek on his chest, I carefully raked my fingertips over the gauze on his bicep. “I’m...trusting you, Milo.”

His fingers stopped, his heart thudding on his ribs.

“To not hurt me again.”

He deflated, resuming his pets. “You got it, baby girl.”

Like a dumbass, I snuggled against him, deciding to believe in him.



# Chapter 33

## Wyatt Shaw

Chastity was on her hands and knees, scrubbing the baseboards in the lobby of her spa. This was our last cleaning day, and there wasn't much left to do. The woman was a beast when she set her mind to something.

“Hm?”

“Did she fall for it?”

My thumb scratched up and down the side of my nose, my brows lowering. “No, boss. She's not falling for it.”

She stretched further, her chest closer to the floor, her ass high in the air. My dick hardened, my gut coiling. Suppressing the groan, I pulled at my nape and looked away. Across the room was the logo I'd designed for her, painted on the main wall. Filling most of the space, it had taken me several days to get it just right, but now, even I was proud of the work.

Of course, Chastity had been overexuberant, dancing, squealing, clapping, even tearing up, she'd been so happy. Having never instilled such a reaction from anyone, I had merely stood there, gawking at her emotions, another piece of my animosity toward her chipping away.

“How is she not falling for it?”

“What can I say? I'm losing my touch.”

He huffed, making sounds on his end of the phone. “It's weird. She's refused every single one of your advances?”

“Yup.”

“Maybe she knows what we're up to.”

“Or maybe she just really loves you, Milo.”

“But all the other chicks fell for it. Whenever you put on the moves, they buckle and sleep with you.”

“And none of them loved you, boss. They were gold diggers. Chazzy ain't about that.”

He huffed a second time. “I dunno, man. She's been awful eager to accept everything I've given her since the beginning. Hell, that's how I convinced her to sleep with me.”

“Well, maybe it started out that way, but now it’s different. It’s different for you this time, isn’t it?”

He heaved a sigh. “Yeah, maybe. I gotta know before I buy her a ring.”

“You really gonna marry this one?”

“If I can trust her, then hell yeah.”

“You can trust her, boss. I’ve hit on her several times and every time, she’s shot me down.”

It was a lie, well, a partial lie. The day in the subway was borderline consent and rebuttal at the same time. She wanted me, she just hated herself because of it.

So why was I hiding this from him? Why wasn’t I telling him that I was close to bagging her? If he knew, he’d drop her down to side chick status, or cut her off altogether.

I glimpsed past my shoulder, my insides lurching. Her spine was bent further toward the floor, her knees spread wide. Her thighs were still touching, but I already knew from experience it felt good having my dick there.

I’d never been attracted to an overweight woman before, and hated the fact I was expected to seduce her. When she stepped out of Milo’s room that night, in that dress, her

hair and makeup done, I'd been so dumbstruck by her natural beauty, I'd dropped my glass to the floor.

And later that night, when I caught her in that goddamn negligee? Fucking Christ! It felt like someone punched me in the gut and ripped my soul right out of my body.

I think things changed the most when Milo pounced on her in the backseat. Hearing her cries, smelling her juices, watching her face in the rearview mirror, seeing the way her body writhed and bounced. When her nails clawed at my neck and she came, I almost did, too. As soon as I dropped them off in front of the restaurant, I had parked in the garage and jacked off twice.

I didn't say anything because Chastity really did love him. She wasn't after his money. She wanted *him*.

Jesus, how *I* wanted *her*. If I told Milo she was weakening, she'd be removed from my everyday life. I wasn't ready for that. I rather enjoyed having someone around that thought I was worth more than guarding a Pampinella. It was nice having a secondary worth. When my very existence was based on one fact, it put a lot of pressure on my shoulders to never fail. Through Chastity's viewpoint, I had other, just as important, aspects.

A cynical snort caught the back of my throat. Of course, it was all for nothing, for failure meant Milo's death. If I did not live up to what I was created for, he would die, and then Theodore Pampinella would have me erased from the face of the earth for letting harm come to his son. There was no backup, no need for me to be good at anything other than guarding Milo.

Still, it felt good to know someone saw something different, something more.

“So, she's the one, huh?”

My eyes rolled, my hand on my side. Pushing a breath through pursed lips, I grumbled, “Yeah, yup. It seems so.”

“Excellent. This is fantastic. I really want this to work.”

“Then are you seriously going to let go of the affairs?”

“Don't have much of a choice, do I?”

“I suppose not,” I sighed, shifting my weight to one leg.

He puffed out a breath, his lips flapping. “All right, then. It's settled. I'm going to propose on her birthday.”

My sight flitted to her out the corner of my eye. She was sitting up now. A hand pressed to the small of her back, she arched, her eyelids closed, stretching her muscles. It pushed her breasts out, accentuating them.

I was a tit guy. I loved big tits. Tits like hers, always fake, firm, and stiff. When I touched Chastity's, they had been so soft and supple.

Dread filling my gut, I bobbed my head up and down. "Yeah, right. Her birthday. Mm hm."

"Well, I gotta get going, or I'll miss my flight. Take care of my girl while I'm gone. That's my future wife."

My lids closed and I shook my head, trying to ignore the jealousy clawing at my insides. "Mm hm. Later, boss."

I hung up and pocketed the phone, strolling toward her. Holding my hand out, she looked at it, then me, and slid her palm to mine, letting me tug her to her feet.

"I think we're pretty much done."

Glancing around, I nodded. "Yeah, looks that way. Great job, by the way. This place looks amazing."

She rubbed her palms on her thighs. "Yeah, well, you helped, so thanks."

“Mm hm. Just got off the phone with the boss. He’s headed to Ontario for about a couple weeks.”

Her attention snapped to mine, her dark eyes shimmering with disappointment.

“Don’t worry, he’ll be home in time for your birthday.”

The emotion faded. “Oh. Okay. How did you know—”

“My job, remember?”

“Oh. Right. Wait, if you were born to protect Milo, why are you now *my* bodyguard? Why didn’t he hire someone else?”

Shrugging, I tried not to appreciate her lightly freckled cheeks flushed and pink from her strenuous cleaning. Because I was supposed to seduce her, get her in bed, and let Milo know so he could catch us together. Every single time he found a woman he was interested in making more than a lover, I slept with her, texted Milo, and he “found” us.

That’s why I had been so adamant she not stick around in the beginning; the very notion of sleeping with an overweight woman had made me cringe. I had done everything I could to get rid of her without seducing her.

The more she denied me, however, the more I found myself wanting her. Like Milo, I had never been denied by a woman, so her constant deflection had me flustered. Worse, most of the time I hit on her, she legitimately seemed completely oblivious that I was flirting.

That only made her seem humbled and innocent which, in turn, heightened my desire to finally claim her. Now, I was obsessed with the challenge, needing it more and more.

It didn't help that I was genuinely growing attracted to her the more I got to know her personally. There was so much more to Chastity Lou Monroe than I ever suspected and...she was a cool chick. I enjoyed our time together, I related to her like no other woman, and...I respected her.

Coughing, I scratched my thumbnail over my eyebrow. "No idea. I just do what he tells me to."

"He traded someone trained his entire life, for Frank."

Despite myself, I chuckled, amused at the tone of her voice indicating she thought he was less than best. "Frank's my cousin. He was born to be my backup."

"Your backup?"

"Yup. In case something ever happened to me—"



“Happened to you?”

The humor gone, my nostrils flared. “I told you, I was born to protect Milo with my life. If that happened, Frank is the backup.”

Her lashes were batting quickly, the pinkness fading to gray. Clapping her palms together, she heaved a sigh, staring off to the side. “Well, let’s go home, I guess.”

“Don’t sound so thrilled.”

Tears glistened, her cheeks turning pink. “It’s just... Milo’s gone and usually when he’s gone, I hang out with Jenni...”

She closed her lids, exhaling softly and slumping her shoulders. “Guess that’s not an option anymore, huh?” She crossed her arms. “Just gonna go home and be alone.”

“So, what? I’m not good enough?”

Her lashes batted and she shot a wayward glimpse. “N-No, it’s just...I mean, I—”

“Look, you don’t want to hang out with me, it’s fine.”

“Wyatt, do you really think it’s wise after the uh, ahem, subway thing?”

“What subway thing?”

“You know? When you—”

Overly clearing my throat, I lifted my brows and repeated sternly, “What subway thing?”

She arched her own brows and flashed a small smile, fanning her hands out. “I have no idea.”

“Great. Then let’s go out. Where you wanna go?”

“Well.” She twisted her lips around her teeth and scratched behind her ear. “Dave and the guys are playing again tonight. Wanna go there?”

I resisted the urge to grimace. I didn’t really care for that group, mainly because I thought their music was shit, but she enjoyed them, they were good to her, and it meant she was distracted from her heartache.

“Sounds perfect. Let’s go home and clean up, first.”

“Great.” She smiled brightly and my heart cramped, making me wince.

We gathered our things, threw away the last of the trash, and left. Chastity wanted a friend right now, understandable. I could be that friend. Sometimes, everyone needed a friend with benefits.

She just didn't know it, yet.

# Chapter 34

## Wyatt Shaw

The bar was packed, and it made me uncomfortable. It was hard to spot suspicious people when there were so many faces to look at. I couldn't do my job properly if I couldn't spot danger.

Thankfully, Chastity wasn't exactly a target to anyone just yet. However, when Milo put that ring on her finger, that would change, and that worried me.

What if someone turned on their charm and flirted with her? So far, from what I've seen, every time a man showed interest, she weakened. Knowing she was insecure, and knowing why, made her an easy target.

She was going to have to toughen up and be on guard, even when it was a man hitting on her. She needed to realize just because someone was flirting, didn't mean they wanted her. How did I broach this subject without offending or triggering her past?

My elbow propped on the bar while I waited for our drinks, I raked my focus along her shape. She was wearing a dark pink blouse that was two layers; the bottom more like a tank top and the top a sheer material that dipped low to show off her cleavage, the sleeves long that fanned out wide around her fingertips. The hem was tucked into a pair of black jeans that hugged her legs to just above her ankles, where a pair of black heels wrapped around in straps that zigzagged over her feet, leaving her dark red toenails visible.

Falling around her shoulders in waves, her hair was parted on the side to accentuate a cowlick, so the tresses framed her face. Her freckles were so faint, with the makeup she'd put on, they were almost invisible. Her dark brown eyes sparkled under the thick layers of mascara, shadow, and liner that curled at the corners toward her perfectly manicured brows. As I stood watching, she was reapplying her bright red, shimmery gloss, rubbing her lips together and puckering to swipe a smear with her pinky.

She was gorgeous. How the hell had I misjudged her so severely when we first met? Seeing her in those stiff, white clothes, her hair in a messy ponytail and no makeup, she had been easy to overlook, but no more. The last eight months,

Chastity had grown into a confident, beautiful woman that demanded attention and respect whenever she entered a room. She was stunning.

“Wyatt!” Tim barked, nudging my elbow.

Tearing my attention away, I glimpsed over my shoulder. “Hm?”

His brows creased, he held out the glasses.

“Oh, right. Thanks.”

I took the drinks and juttled my chin. Weaving through the crowd to return to her looming near the stage, I noticed someone checking her out. Pausing, my lids narrowed, an idea scheming in my head.

I continued making my way toward her, holding out her drink. “One watermelon sparkler,” I called out loud enough for her to hear.

She squealed and grabbed the glass, holding the straw between her thumb and index to sip the clear, bright red liquid. Smacking her lips, she sighed and shook her head. “That’s good stuff.”

“That’s your third. What’s in it?”

“Gin, sake, lemon juice, agave nectar, and.” She plucked the chunk of fruit off the rim and bit the corner. “Watermelon.”

“Sounds sweet.”

“You mean it sounds good.”

I wiggled my fingers, and she handed it back. Tucking my index over the top to hold her straw aside, I started to take a sip, but she waved her hand.

“Wait, wait.”

The tip of her tongue pressed to the corner of her upper lip, she leaned forward and rubbed the fruit on the glass. A drop of juice trickled down the side to my knuckle, my sight fixated on her face. She wiped at the drop and sucked it from her finger, her lips making a popping sound.

My teeth ground, lust brewing in my gut.

“Now taste it.”

I cleared my throat and forced my attention away. I had to behave. We were in front of her friends. This was not the time or place to be aggressive toward her.

Bringing the glass to my mouth, I tasted it and winced, shoving it back. “Dammit, that is sweet.”

She grinned, her nose wrinkled, and her lids squinted.  
“Yummy!”

She was tipsy, and that was good. I was going to use that to my advantage. I merged into the crowd, leaving her to chat with her friends still on the stage during their break. Her legs were swinging, her cheeks rosy. She was giggling at something one of them said, swatting at him playfully, not even noticing I was gone.

After a few minutes, the guy who had been eyeing her decided to make his move and approach. Time to see if my theory was correct. I wanted to see if she would fall for anyone who flirted with her. After all, she had given in to Milo pretty easily and she was close to giving in to me.

Of course, I wouldn't allow anything to happen, and would intervene, if necessary. I just wanted to test her, see if she could be trusted around men who were interested in her.

Too far away to hear what they were saying, it was obvious by the look on her face he was hitting on her. With her friends there, she was behaving. Now that their break was over and they were returning to their equipment, it was just her and the stranger.



He sat on the edge of the stage with her, leaning closer to talk in her ear. She blushed and giggled, sipping her drink. He nudged his bicep to hers, said something else, and her smile wavered. When he put his hand on her knee, she immediately shifted her weight to nonchalantly remove it. Not picking up the hint, he brushed a lock of her hair from her cheek, still talking.

Even from where I stood, I could tell she was getting uncomfortable.

He motioned with his head, and she shook hers, holding her palm up. When he prodded, she denied him a second time. Now he was getting upset. He said something and her brows arched, her chin bowing submissively.

This was the part I was worried about. Would she buckle to get the validation she'd not gotten as a kid? Growing up, starved for affection all these years, despite not wanting to, would she cave just so he would like her?

“Come on, kitten,” I muttered to myself, my hands in the pockets of my jeans. “Be strong. Don’t give in.”

Dave tapped her on the shoulder, so she twisted her waist to crane her neck and talk to him. Her attention away from the stranger, he took a quick look around, reached into

his pocket, and pulled something out. Glancing up at the stage, he dumped whatever it was in her drink.

“What the fuck?”

Pushing off the wall, I barreled through the crowd, seeing shades of red everywhere I looked. “Accidentally” knocking into him, I picked his pocket, stashing his wallet in my back one. At the same time, I bumped Chastity’s arm, knocking the glass from her hand, shattering it on the floor.

“Sorry, buddy. You okay?” I asked her.

She shook the spilled drink from her hand and smiled.

“Yeah, I’m good.”

I slid my arm across her shoulders and led her into the crowd. The band started playing music, so I took her hand and spun her around. She squealed, shock marring her face. Snapping her back to me, she stumbled and choked on an inhale.

“What are you doing?”

My brows furrowed. “Dancing.”

“But I...I-I...”

“What?” I peeked over her shoulder at the guy who looked devastated that his prey and his trap were gone. I just

ruined his whole night. Refocusing on her, I said, “Nothing to it. Just do what everyone else is.”

She looked over each shoulder, her expression scrunching into a frown. I knew she could dance, I’d watched her and Jennifer many times at the penthouse. Why was she acting so timid?

“Here.” I stepped closer and put my hands on her hips, forcing them to sway.

“Stop,” she whimpered, shrinking into herself.

“What’s the problem?”

“People are looking.”

I snorted, pushing on her hips again. “Literally, no one is paying you any attention.”

My fingers splayed out, enjoying the roundness of her curves. She was just so damn soft. Shimmying even closer, I tipped my head and lowered my voice, but still loud enough to be heard.

“It’s just like making love, Chazzy. You feel the rhythm, get into the groove, and move the hips against your partner’s.”

Her lids were wide, her cheeks blanching. I placed her hands on my shoulders and meshed our chests together. Even though it was a fast-paced tune, we were gradually swaying, our bodies finding that perfect waltz.

“I know how to dance, I just...can’t...with you.”

My movements faltered, taking note of her flushed complexion, her hooded lids, and her quickening breaths. She wasn’t worried about people seeing her dance, she was worried her friends would see she was attracted to me.

Satisfaction coursing through my rushing veins, I held her closer, making sure our bodies rocked together slowly. “We’re just dancing, Chazzy. Nothing wrong with a little dancing.”

Licking her lips, she exhaled a jagged breath and gave a stiff nod. “Right. Just...dancing.”

“So, I guess I should apologize to you.”

“Why?” she squeaked, timidly looking at me through her lashes.

“Because I let that guy hit on you, thinking you would accept his advances.”

Her brows veed together, her nostrils poking out. “Why would you think that?”

I rolled a shoulder. “Honestly? Because I was afraid you were so insecure, you’d accept any flirtation, so long as it was complimentary attention.”

Her feet halted, her mouth opened on a gasp. “That’s a fucked up thing to say!”

“I don’t mean it to sound harsh, but...C’mon, look at the facts here. Milo hits on you, throws on the charm, and you’re giving your virginity up to a stranger. I say a few provocative things, and I’m cumming on your crotch in the subway.”

A glaze dulled her eyes, the pink rising to her cheeks once more. “You think I’ve never been hit on over the years? I’ve had more than my fair share of propositions, I’ll have you know.”

“Then why did you deny them? Why stay a virgin as long as you did?”

“Because every single one of them had the same look in their eyes when they flirted.”

“What look?”

“Greed.”

“And what did you see in me and Milo?”

Her throat constricted, her wrist turning on my shoulder to touch my neck ever so slightly. My pulse skipped, ice rushing through my veins chased immediately with heat.

“Need,” she whispered.

Gutted, my breaths shallowed. My hold on her hips tightened, something stirring in my core at the way she was looking at me. For the first time, I was rendered speechless and had no witty or sarcastic retort. I was blank, a hint of panic tickling my nerves.

Could it be? After all these years of silent hell and suffering, someone saw through my bullshit? This woman whom I never would have given a second glance had I not been forced by my boss, recognized in such a short amount of time what people I’d known my whole life didn’t.

A hand traveled up her side, grazing her breast, to hold the side of her neck. She leaned toward me, our feet shuffling sluggishly to the music. My fingertips walked across her face delicately, feeling every inch from her forehead, eyebrows, nose...her lips.

Her lids fluttered, her palms gliding down my chest, under my arms, to my back.

She wasn't fighting my advances at all, and I remembered how much she'd had to drink tonight. Huffing, I linked my fingers together at the small of her back, deciding I wasn't going to take advantage, after all.

If I ever did convince this woman to sleep with me, it would be because she felt the same magnetic pull I did. If I ever had her, it wouldn't be under any tricks or manipulations. For once, I was going to bed a woman the old-fashioned way. I was going to earn her passion.

She sighed and laid her cheek to my chest, rocking back and forth with me. I bowed my chin, resting mine to the top of her head. One hand swept up and down, her fingers tracing the dip of my spine.

How had I been so wrong about Chastity? She wasn't a frumpy, crass, gold-digging leach with a bad attitude. She was misunderstood, overlooked, and taken advantage of far too frequently. She was simply a beautiful, wonderful individual, and I was lucky to have her as a friend.

My lids snapped open, and my heart banged. Friend. I had a genuine friendship with her. I hadn't noticed before,

because I didn't recognize it since I'd never really had one.  
Chastity was my friend.

As her friend, I would protect her and keep her safe  
from harm. Even if that meant protecting her from Milo  
Pampinella.



# Chapter 35

## Wyatt Shaw

As soon as we entered the penthouse, she was leaning against the wall of the foyer. By now, she was drunk.

“I am so tired,” she slurred.

Instead of turning left to go to her room, she staggered around the wall toward the kitchen. She fell against the island, tossed her purse on top, and sighed, laying her face on the cool counter.

I stopped in mid step, tilting my head to check out the curve of her ass. Closing the distance, I placed my hand on a cheek and smiled. Slowly running it over her hip, I went to the side of the bar, folded my arms on the surface, and rested my chin on the back of a wrist, gazing at her lovely face with the light spray of freckles.

Her lashes lifted. “Hi,” she whispered.

“Hey. You comfortable?”

“I can’t feel my teeth.”

I snorted and stood up, tugging her arm out her jacket. Leaning over her, I wiggled the other arm free. It smacked to the surface like dead weight.

“Been awhile since you’ve been drunk, huh?”

“I’m...drunk.”

Holding her hips, I guided her to a chair and sat her down. Squatting, I unfastened the straps on her heels and took them off. Last thing I needed was for her to break a bone because she couldn’t walk properly in those things. Milo would be pissed.

Going to the coffee pot, I got the carafe, filled it with water, and poured it into the back. Then I opened the cabinet, got the coffee and a filter.

“What are you doing?”

I glanced over my shoulder and chuckled. Both her elbows were on the surface, her fists on her cheeks. Her chin was gradually lowering, though, pushing the skin up, her mouth opened, her lips pulling around her upper teeth.

“Making coffee. You need to sober up a little bit before you go to sleep.” I closed the lid, tapped the button, and turned to face her.

She was staring at me, slow blinking. “Did you have fun tonight?”

My chin slightly tucked inward with a nasally chuckle. Folding my arms, I crossed my ankles, propping my foot on the toe of my shoe. “Actually, yeah. I did.”

One hand slapped to the counter to point at me. “You...need to enjoy life more. You never have fun. That’s your problem, you just...” She sighed. “Too serious.”

With a sharp sniff through my nose, I coughed and lowered my focus to the floor. There was probably some truth in that. Because of how I was raised, I never did get the opportunities others took for granted. There was no time for fun when I have been responsible for another man’s life for thirty-five of my forty years of life.

Those first five years, however, were pretty cool. I couldn’t recall exact memories because I was too young, but I got the feeling I was a little carefree once upon a time.

Tonight had been entertaining. Once she loosened up with a couple more drinks, forgot her inhibitions, and really started dancing, the night had turned rather pleasant. I even laughed a few times.

The coffee maker spit steam out the top, releasing the refreshing aroma to the air. Shifting my weight, I opened the cabinet to get a couple mugs. Chastity slid off her stool and wobbled to the fridge. When the seal on the door released, she yelped, her body lurching backwards.

My heart skipping, I flung myself at her, catching her before she fell to the floor. “Sit down, I got this.”

“I...I can help. I’m not helpless.”

“No, but you’re drunk.”

Scrunching her face, she flipped her wrist. On both feet again, she pulled the thin carton of creamer from the door. Removing the cap, she took a sip.

“Oh, god, what are you doing?”

“Mm, milk.”

“No, creamer. That’s...” My features twisted with disgust. “No, kitten. That’s gonna make you sick with all that booze.”

I tried to take it from her, but she lost her balance again. With a stifled shriek, she fell against me, crushing the container so the liquid squirted over the front of my shirt.

“Look what you did!” she whispered, her lids rounded.

“Shit.”

Closing the fridge, I led her back to the chair. Tossing the now half empty container on the counter, I snatched a dishrag and wiped at myself. Another muted curse slipped past my mouth as I unbuttoned the shirt and shrugged it off.

I went to the foyer and opened the laundry closet, tossing the garment in the washing machine. Pressing the buttons to only add water and let it soak, I returned to the kitchen, wet the rag, and cleaned the stickiness off my chest.

She was leaning into an elbow again, one side of her face pushed up to open her mouth. She was watching me, her sight raking over my torso.

Pausing, my head tipped to look at her.

“When did you get your first tattoo?”

With a few more swipes of the rag, I tossed it to the back of the sink and poured us coffee, adding the right amount of creamer to hers. Getting a spoon from the drawer, I stirred it and said, “I think I was about fourteen or fifteen. I’m not sure.”

“Which one?”

I chuckled, setting her mug in front of her. “It’s been covered up long time ago.”

“What was it?”

I sipped the strong, black brew, motioning for her to drink, as well.

Moving from one butt cheek to the other, she sat up and clumsily brought the cup to her mouth, slurping loudly.

My middle finger tapped to my left pec at the skull with a black cape over it, like the grim reaper. “Lorraine.”

“Lorraine?”

“Yup. My ex’s name.” I took another drink, watching her over the rim.

She seemed surprised. “You had a girlfriend?”

Snorting, my shoulders drew to my ears. “Yeah. I ain’t been no saint all these years.”

“I’m just saying, I thought because of what you were born to do, you wouldn’t have time for that.”

I took a sharp inhale through my nose, thumbed it, and cleared my throat, gazing out the window at the lights of the

buildings around us. “Yeah, well, I didn’t, which is why she cheated on me.”

She pouted, her brows arching and her eyes shimmering. “You were cheated on, too?”

My head bobbed, turning away from her. Dammit.

“Did you love her?”

A knife twisted in my gut, making me cough. Sipping, I swallowed with a loud sigh. “Yup, sure did. Thought she was the one.”

“It hurts when you think you found the one and they break your heart,” she whispered, sounding a little more sober.

I cast a sideways glance, narrowing my lids. Did that sound like doubt? Was she second thinking forgiving Milo?

I finished my cup, twisted my waist, and rinsed it out. “Yeah, well, Loraine was the one. I wasn’t wrong. I could have fixed things between us, but I chose not to.”

“Why?”

“Pride,” I sighed, setting the mug in the sink. Choosing my words carefully, I studied her features to see her reaction. “Didn’t want people knowing I was weak and forgave someone who cheated on me, so I told her to fuck off.”

She cringed, bowing her head. Her fingers tapping the side of the cup, she sniffled a few times before responding. “I’m sorry you were hurt. How long did it take you to move on? When did the pain stop?”

The heels of my palms hitched on the corner of the counter behind me, and I groaned. “I’ll let you know when it happens.”

Her brows furrowed. “How long ago did this happen?”

“Twenty-four years.”

She looked to the left, then the right, her head sinking while she finished her cup. “Do you sometimes wish you’d forgiven her?”

“Yes and no. Had I, I would be married to the love of my life with a few kids by now. Because I didn’t, I’ve had the pleasure of bagging a couple hundred beautiful ladies.”

She clucked her teeth and folded her arms. “Is that all that is important to you men?”

A shoulder rolled. “To me, it’s pretty goddamn important. I dunno, maybe you and Milo are doing something wrong, because to me, sex is very important. If you don’t think it is, something’s missing, kitten.”



Clucking her teeth once more, her head bobbed side to side. “I’ll have you know sex is fantastic between us. In fact, I had him begging me for mercy a few nights ago.”

The blood in my veins thickened, my temperature rising. Leaning on my forearms on the island, I bent toward her, our faces inches apart. My tone deep and gravelly, I muttered, “Trust me, I know. I heard it all.”

Her lashes batted, astonishment crossing her features as she realized she’d spoken too frankly. She licked her lips and blushed. “You...heard?”

Curling my mouth into a mischief grin, I nodded stiffly. “Every slap of your body hitting his, the headboard banging the wall.”

The smile faded and my fingertip traced along the underside of her jaw. “Every moan,” I whispered, brushing her bottom lip. My head tilted, recalling that night so clearly. I had left my bedroom door open so I could hear her screams, yanking my dick, pretending like it was my body she was banging against.

“Hearing you tell him to fuck you, Christ, kitten, I came so hard when you said that.”

The color drained from her complexion, her eyes glossing. “You were...mastur—” She gulped, and sighed, not finishing the word.

I stood up just enough to round the bar, caressing her neck. Her lids fluttered and she shivered, goosebumps scattering across her skin. Tilting my head, I looked down and smiled at the hard nipples pushing through the thin blouse.

“One of these days, I’m hoping to hear those sexy moans and those words directed toward me.”

“You?” she squeaked, breathing faster.

“Just say the words, we don’t have to do anything, just say the words so I know what it sounds like. One time, say it.”

“What?”

My fingers under her chin, I lifted and bowed down so my lips were close to hers. In a husky tone, I said, “Tell me to fuck you, kitten.”

She moaned and swayed, her pupils enlarging. Her voice breathy, she whispered, “Fuck me, Wyatt.”

My teeth ground together, my fingers clenching her throat. I was unprepared for the physical assault on my body hearing her say those words. My cock jolted in my jeans,

throbbing painfully, my stomach knotting while my heart hit my ribs so hard, it knocked the wind from my lungs.

“Fuck, yes,” I croaked, stretching her neck so our noses touched. “Oh, god, kitten, thank you. I am going to be hearing that all fucking night while jacking off.”

She didn't say anything, but her palms timidly laid on my pecs, her fingers spreading wide. Her sight bouncing back and forth between my eyes, her lips slightly parted, she trembled enough to make her hair shake. Lifting her brows a bit, she stretched her thumb out and rolled it over my nipple, pushing the barbell.

I took a slow, ragged breath through my nose, my jaw locked. Her expression one of curiosity, her focus never leaving my face, she toyed with the piercing, rolling it around.

A tremor shot down my spine and I grunted.

“So, it feels good?” she whispered.

“They ain't for looks, kitten,” I rasped, panting quicker.

A tiny whimper squeaked from her mouth before she bent forward and pulled one between her lips.

My jaw fell with a grunt, my stomach caving. Bombarded with an arousal that seemed to stem from the center of my core, burning my nerves with electricity, I grabbed the back of her head and groaned.

Holy shit, I needed to be inside this woman. It was an obsession of mine now. No longer part of Milo's sick, twisted way of testing her loyalty like we'd done for years, I was after this woman for my own needs. I was going to lose my mind if I didn't get to experience her soon.

She paused, to my chagrin. That had felt so goddamn good! When she didn't do anything, I tenderly tugged at her hair, pulling her away.

She was passed out.

“Shit.”

Carefully swooping her into my arms, I grunted at the weight, but was still able to carry her without problems. I shuffled toward the hallway and rounded the wall to the master suite, kicking the door open. Laying her on top of the sheets, I brushed her hair off her face, standing up to rake my focus along her body.

I had had every intention of taking advantage of her tonight once she was drunk. Realizing what I had at the bar, however, my tactics had shifted, wanting to gain her sexually the proper way. Standing here, looking at her, hearing her tell me to fuck her, something was twisting my insides into a knot, and the only relief would be to fuck her senseless.

Now that she was passed out and I could do whatever I wanted, the desire was gone. When I had this woman, she had to be fully conscious, or I wouldn't get those moans and screams I was longing for.

Besides, something was different. She wasn't just a piece of ass to add to my collection. I...respected this woman.

My palm on her cheek, I bent over, my lips almost touching her. No, I wouldn't even steal a kiss. I wanted every intimate touch to be because she wanted me as badly as I wanted her.

I groaned, my palm itching to touch her breast. "Fuck," I grumbled, backing away from the bed. Turning away from her, I went to the door, paused, and locked it from the inside, just in case I tried to change my mind later when I was masturbating, realizing it would never be good enough.

Locking the front door, as well, I turned right out of the foyer and went to my bedroom. Kicking off my shoes, I emptied my pockets to the dresser, freezing at the sight of the stranger's wallet.

I flipped it open, pulled out his license, and took a picture of it with my cellphone. Pulling up a contact, I sent it to him via text and then called.

“Hey, man. What's up?”

His voice told me I had woken him, so I checked my watch. It was three in the morning. “Shit. Sorry to call so late. I sent you a text.”

“Hang on.”

The phone shuffled and a moment later he returned. “Yeah, got it. Who is he?”

“I caught him trying to roofie the boss's woman tonight.”

“No shit.”

“Yup. You know what to do with him.”

“Yeah, got it. Accident, messy—”

“Erased. Vanished. I don’t want anyone to ever see a trace of him again.”

“Will do, Wyatt. Anything else?” he yawned.

“Nope. That’s it. Let me know when it’s done.”

“Uh huh. Later.”

He hung up so I tossed my phone aside. Rummaging through the wallet, I found about sixty bucks, so I took it. There was a condom, which was a little bit of a relief. No pictures of a wife or kids, not that it mattered, he was dead regardless.

I dropped the wallet and unfastened my trousers, kicking them off before plopping to my mattress. Without hesitation, I was gripping my dick, yanking, hearing Chastity telling me to fuck her.

Yeah, I was going to fuck her, all right. One day, that kitten would be mine. I was going to show her a side to sex she would never experience with Milo.

Once I had her, she would never be his again.

I paused, my insides sinking. Well, that was an alarming thing for the voice in my head to say. Why would I think that? I wanted her, yes, but to keep her? That was

absurd. Not only did I not want more than sex, the very idea was ridiculous. Like Milo would let either of us live.

No, I was going to fuck her, maybe more than once, and move on. Simple.

Nothing about Chastity was simple. I already knew I was fooling myself.



# Chapter 36

## Chastity Monroe

The cold floors were soothing to the soles of my feet. Squinting my eyes to make them focus against the hangover, I rested my forehead against the wall, closed my lids, and tapped the button on the thermostat about half a dozen times. I needed it cold in here, ice cold.

Wyatt's husky laughter from the kitchen had me rolling my head to peek at him through my lashes. The apartment was far too bright. Curse all those goddamn windows with the beautiful view. I needed curtains. Everywhere. Darkness.

“Good morning, kitten. How's that head?”

“Fuck...you...”

He laughed harder, chopping food on the cutting board.

“Please!” I whimpered, dragging my feet to the sofa.

“Stop cutting so loudly.”

He snorted and tossed the knife aside. “Done, anyway. Sit down, I'll bring this to you.”

Groaning, I inched my way to the cushions, sinking low. My robe opened, so I snatched it closed right as he strode forward, sitting in the armchair. He pushed the magazines aside on the coffee table and set a small platter of fruit on it with a bottle of ice cold water. Jutting his hip, he got a bottle of headache pills, shook them – obnoxiously loud – and set them down, as well.

“What’s that?”

“Bananas drizzled in honey, some blueberries, a few almonds, and watermelon—”

“Ah!” I clapped my palm over my mouth and shook my head. “Mm mm!”

“Oh, right.” Snickering, he quickly picked off the pink squares and tossed them into his mouth. “All gone,” he muttered around them.

“I want real food.”

“This is all good for a hangover. Did the shower help?”

“Well, I puked, so sure.”

He was having far too much fun at my expense.

“You know.” I sat up and opened the pills, tucking a couple between my lips. Twisting the cap off the water, I

chugged a mouthful to swallow them, only to choke and gag when it wasn't water. Turning it to read the label, I huffed. Coconut water.

“When I told you last night you need to have more fun, I didn't mean by laughing at me.” I set the bottle down and plucked a few blueberries before sinking low in the cushions.

He cleared his throat, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped together. “So...you...remember last night?”

My pulse skipped and then slowed. I chewed the berries, looking away from him. “Yes,” I whispered.

“Hm. Interesting.” He snagged an almond, crunching it between his molars. “Here I was thinking I had to pretend like nothing happened.”

“Nothing happened.”

“Really? Cuz I remember quite distinctly your teeth on my nipple, tugging my piercing.”

My belly turned over, a sudden breath filling my lungs. I sat up to grab a few more berries and slouched again. “Never happened.”

“And you didn't tell me to fuck you last night?”

Bolting upright, the room spun, and a needle pierced my skull, sending flickers of lights bursting in front of my eyes. Ignoring it, I snapped, “You told me to!”

His brow lifted, the shoulder rolling while he got a few more almonds. “I wanted to know what it sounded like. It was pretty awesome. Made me cum three times last night. Once this morning.”

Heat warmed the insides of my thighs, my clit twitching. “It shouldn’t have happened. Forget about it.”

“Like hell I will. I’m holding that memory as long as possible. Been a long damn time since I been able to jackoff like I did last night. Thanks, kitten. I needed that.”

His eyes darkened with a wicked smirk. Shaking his palm to push an almond to his fingers, he said, “Of course, if you really want to suck on something pierced, I got something a little bigger for you,” and tossed it into his mouth.

My jaw fell, adrenaline surging through my veins, my head spinning. “What?”

One side of his smirk rose higher than the other and he winked. “Wanna see?”

Yes! I did!

“No.”

His fingers uncurled, so the remaining almonds spilled back to the plate, his hands brushing together. Scooting to the edge of the seat, he tipped his head, his voice vibrating through the air so I could almost feel his words. “You ever have a cock in that pussy with barbells rubbing your insides?”

I quivered, my belly fluttering.

He tipped to the other side, raking his sight along me. “Since you’re brand new to sex, I’m going to have to say no, you’ve never experienced that.” His focus returning to mine, he lowered his voice even more. “You want to feel that?”

Yes.

“N-No,” I managed to breathe, but I know I didn’t sound convincing. I was trembling, my nipples so fucking hard, and I was already wet.

“You know what I bet you’d like? If I slowly ran my dick up and down your silky wet slit, each piercing rubbing that clit until you came.”

I whimpered, my brows arching. Why yes, yes, I do believe I would like that. I was regretting not touching him better in the subway, for I was insanely curious right now.

“I could put you on your hands and knees and fuck you from behind, so they rub your g-spot. You want that? My fat cock stretching that pussy wide while the cool steel hits the spot over and over. You want that, kitten?”

My fingers relaxed, all the berries spilling to the floor as a long, drawn out moan escaped my throat.

Wyatt grinned and dropped to a knee, pushing the table aside to collect the fruit. Stretching to get one that rolled beneath the sofa, he stilled, his cheek next to my knee. Gradually, he tilted his head to stare up at me.

My heart was pounding in my ears, and I was inhaling more than exhaling. Every single nerve tickled with electricity, a yearning brewing for something I'd never had, something taboo and wrong. The hangover completely forgotten, I stared down at him with bated breath, secretly longing for him to touch me.

Holding my stare, he craned his neck slightly and kissed the inside of my knee.

I gasped and tensed, my brain ordering me to tell him to stop. My body was screaming for more. When I said nothing, his lids closed, his tongue pressing to my skin as he pulled his lips for another taunting kiss.

“Mm!”

His lashes lifted and my heart exploded, seeing a need shining at me like fire. This was what I was talking about the night before. He didn't just want to fuck me and use me, he had a need that seemed to match my own.

This was wrong, though. I was in love with Milo.

How many women had he slept with since we got together? How many times did he sleep with Jennifer while I was in the next room, unsuspecting?

I'd been with one man my whole life and he had been with multiple women just this month. What harm was I doing? If anything, this was good. I could get the urgency out of my system, the curiosity of what it would be like to be with someone else. Once I had this obsession taken care of, I could focus on Milo and our future, knowing I wasn't missing anything.

Hesitantly, my thighs parted. The berries hit the floor again, his palms pressing to the insides, his lips exploring. This was okay. This was fine. Milo had had his multiple affairs, I was going to have this one. I just wanted to know what it was like being with someone else. Just this one time.

Any of my insecurities were completely forgotten as he untied the sash of my robe and parted the silky material. His eyes gleamed, his Adam's apple bobbing. When he seemed to be paying too much attention to the stretchmarks, I felt that old tinge of pain, that unworthiness.

He groaned, bending over to kiss my stomach, his palms kneading my flesh.

I gasped and arched, the haze of lust taking over my sensations.

He was licking everywhere, touching just as eagerly. "You're so soft," he whispered, pulling a nipple into his mouth.

"Ahmm!" I arched toward him, folding my arms over my face. "Mm."

He wouldn't stay focused on one spot for more than a few seconds, always moving to touch, explore, taste another. "Oh my god, you smell so good, kitten," he groaned, circling his face in front of my crotch without making contact.

He sat up, resting on his knees. Taking my ankles, he pushed my legs as far apart as they'd go and wedged my heels on the edge of the sofa. His stare bearing into my eyes as if he



could see my soul, he picked up a honey covered banana slice and smashed it into my pussy.

Startled at the sensation, I choked on an inhale. My head threw back with a moan, his fingers crushing the fruit into a mush and smearing it around.

“Oh, mm.”

“You know what I like most about you, kitten?”

I loved how gravelly and raspy his voice was when he was turned on. It was hypnotic, spinning a web around me.

“You are so fucking sexy, and you have no clue.”

Getting another piece of banana, two of his fingers pushed it inside me, smearing it around.

The whole world was swirling, my clit aching to be touched. That was the one thing he had neglected.

“Please.”

“What do you want, kitten? Tell me what you want.”

He laid on my chest, gently pumping his fingers, his teeth on my neck. “Tell Daddy what you want, and I will give it to you.”

“Eat me,” I whimpered, writhing beneath him.

Growling, he shot down my torso and aggressively buried his face. I shrieked, jolted at how ferocious he was... and how good! Tangling my fingers in his hair, I pushed him further into me, riddled with shock at how firm and stimulating his tongue was as he slurped up every drop of fruit and honey.

“Yes, yes, yes, Wyatt. Oh, shit, don’t stop, please don’t stop.”

Groaning, his palms pressed to the backs of my thighs, pinning them against my stomach, his thumbs parting my lips. Dipping his chin, his tongue thrust inside my pussy, lapping at the mashed fruit, suckling it out loudly.

My eyes rolled and I grabbed the back of the sofa, bucking into his face. “So good, yes!”

He pulled my flesh into his mouth and released it with a pop several times in several spots, gulping down every trace of the food. When it was all gone, he flattened his tongue and circled the entirety of my pussy a few times, groaned, and pushed it inside me again.

He seemed to be enjoying this as much as I was. Was that possible? Did guys really get off on this?

His middle finger hooked and shoved inside. His jaw lowering, his tongue snaked out, the tip wiggling quickly over my clit.

“Oh, fuck yes!” I shrieked, finally getting stimulation where I needed it.

Pushing his finger deep, he pressed his thumb to the spot just below my clit, pulled it into his mouth, and suckled it, swirling his tongue at the same time.

“Wyatt!” I screamed, liquid fire flowing through my veins, burning me from the inside out.

His finger found my g-spot and stopped exploring my insides, concentrating on that spongy patch. He covered the whole top of my pussy, his upper lip and teeth over the top of the mound. The flat part of his tongue swayed back and forth, sucking hard.

He broke away and peered up my torso, past my tits jiggling from the force of his fingers. “Cum for me, kitten. Let me hear you scream my name.”

My toes curled, my belly tightening. The spot getting sensitive, a pressure was building. One second, I was bracing for the release, the next, my sight turned black, my hips

bucked toward him, and I was screeching, no longer in control of the way my body rolled and thrashed.

“Wyatt!” I whined, needing mercy.

“Fucking Christ,” he croaked, slowing his finger. His palms rubbed their way up my body as he lifted to make eye contact. Fondling my breasts, a leisure, wicked smile spread across his face.

Reeling, my muscles were still twitching, my body convulsing. What the hell was that? That was amazing.

He took his time and stood, his stare silently demanding I not dare look away. His chin glistening with my wetness, he untied the string of his sweatpants. I wanted to look but was too afraid of what he'd do if I broke our stare.

“I've been waiting for this for a while, kitten. I'm about to change your world.”

# Chapter 37

## Wyatt Shaw

I kicked the sweats aside, standing in front of her with my dick in my palm. I hadn't seen her chest move to take a breath in quite a while, her complexion paling. My tongue dragged over my mouth, tasting her juices. She had been worth the wait. I was glad I had been patient and not taken advantage. Hearing her scream my name, feeling her squirm and shake...tasting that delicious pussy... all worth the wait.

“Look at my cock, kitten.”

She bit her bottom lip and arched her brows, a hint of fear flickering in her dark, velvety eyes. Bit by bit, she lowered her sight. I expected to hear a gasp of fright and hesitancy but was rewarded with the most beautiful purr that sent a shiver down my spine, my hair standing on end.

Moving my fist, my fingers and thumb held up the tip, showing the five, evenly spaced barbells along the shaft of my cock, ending with a ring at the base.

Without any prompting, before I could even think of what to tell her to do to me, she turned a wrist toward the ceiling and gently dragged her first two fingers from the ring to the tip, feeling each one.

My lids closed and I sighed, shuddering with pleasure. I had come across experienced women in the past who were intimidated or frightened or turned off by my piercings. Chastity, who had only been introduced to sex eight months earlier, seemed enthralled.

Her head was tipped, her lips pursed in a silent *oh*. Her fingers curling over the top of my dick, her thumb circled the ring a couple times before daring to actually touch it.

She tucked it beneath the spot where it entered my skin and firmly, but carefully, stroked upward, flipping the loop.

I groaned, filling my chest with air, savoring her quizzical exploration, the attention spinning my head. It was amazing.

The ring swung back into place, the pad of her thumb traveling to each barbell, rolling them beneath the skin. I grunted, one of my knees jerking. Enough was enough. I couldn't handle this anymore. I needed full contact.

I coaxed her feet to the floor and stepped wide, so her legs were between mine. Cupping her chin to force her to look at me, she had a sense of wonder about her expression, her fingers concentrating on the top bar. Rolling, pushing, tugging. She was driving me crazy.

“You’re going to be my kitten, Chazzy, and I’m going to be your Daddy. You may marry Milo soon, but after today, you will always be mine.”

Her movements stilled and regret flickered in her irises. Forcing my fingers and thumb into her cheek to open her mouth, I leaned forward and eased my dick inside.

My jaw lowered and I sighed, my gut knotting. Gripping the back of the sofa, I dipped my chin to watch as I leisurely pumped in and out.

She moaned, holding my hips, her tongue wiggling around the piercings. From this angle, because of my girth and her lack of experience, I could only get a couple inches in. Frustrated, I grumbled and stood up, glaring at her.

“What?” she rasped, panting.

I promised myself when I had this woman for the first time, I would take it easy on her because she was relatively

new to sex. I was learning that was not going to be possible. The lust and need to dominate was overwhelming, so powerful, it was making me insane.

Attempting to slow the rage, I bounced a leg back and forth, tapping my thumbs to my fingers. “One, two, three, four, five. Five, four, three, two, one,” I chanted, closing my eyes, desperate to maintain control.

“Wyatt?”

My lids snapped open at the sound of her breathy voice calling my name. Her palm splayed out over the side of my hip, her thumb near my cock. Her eyes were full of confusion with a trace of fear.

It was impossible. I was not going to win this battle.

Growling, I swiped my sweats off the floor, grabbed her wrists, and hastily wrapped the material around them.

“What...are you doing?”

I was heaving through my gritted teeth, acting like a madman, I’m sure. Shoving her to her back, I tugged her legs up, tying the other end of my pants around her ankles.

“Wyatt?” she whimpered, more afraid than curious now.



It only fueled the lust fogging my brain. If only she knew how turned on I got hearing her apprehension. It empowered me.

“What are you doing? Untie me!”

I hurried to the edge of the sofa, curled both hands around her throat, and yanked her to me, forcing her head over the arm to stretch her neck.

“Wyatt—”

Pushing her chin down, I shoved my cock into her mouth, gagging her and cutting off her pleas. At this angle, I was able to go deeper, and I sighed. Hooking my arms into her pits, I tugged her further, so her head was now dangling in the air upside down.

She was frantically jerking against the binding, trying to free herself. One hand at her nape, I pressed into the center to encourage her to arch her neck even more. When she did, I pushed deeper, my tip hitting the back of her throat.

She lashed out, whimpering and gagging, so I pulled out quickly. She coughed and gasped for air, her skin red and already starting to sweat.

“What the he—”

Back in I went, nudging the opening of her esophagus. She retched and convulsed, so I pulled out a second time, letting her breathe. Coughing, foamy spit was building around her mouth, coating her upper lip.

“Please!”

“I’m not stopping, kitten.”

Her eyes glowed, her arms struggling against the binding. “I’m not asking you to stop, I’m asking you to keep going.”

My stomach bottomed out, temporarily stunned motionless. Her tongue snaked out to flick at the ring, pulling it between her teeth, tugging at the skin.

My upper lip twitched with a groan, my cock jerking of its own accord.

She closed her lids, arching further to wrap her lips around one of my balls. I shook with pleasure, my heart racing with adrenaline. Pushing on the tip, I forced my dick back into her mouth and eased forward. When I hit the back, I held the sides of her neck, my thumbs on the underside of her jaw, and held her in the right spot. There had been a couple women in

my past who did this without too much effort; would Chastity be able to handle it?

“Relax, kitten. Breathe through your nose and relax your muscles. Open your throat.”

Massaging her nape, I watched her throat constrict a few times, her heavy breaths through her nose tickling my balls. When I felt she was ready, I thrust, my dick spreading her esophagus and sliding inside.

She lurched and gagged, her hands turning purple from straining so hard against the sweatpants. Her throat expanded for my tip, and I groaned, dizzy with pleasure.

My thumbs stroked from her jaw to her throat, feeling my cock making tiny thrusts. Pushing her too far, she shook her head in protest, her muscles clenching with her gags.

“Oh, shit,” I whispered, my skin breaking out in goosebumps.

Despite how fantastic it felt, I had to pull out and give her mercy. The second she could, she wheezed in a coughing breath, thick strings of spit connecting my dick to her mouth. Choking and hacking, she pushed her tongue forward to spit out the excess saliva.

She looked gorgeous, her face red and covered in sweat and spit.

Moaning and whimpering, she stretched her neck, pushing her tongue out and circling around, trying desperately to pull me back in.

“More?”

“Yes!” she gasped, closing her lips around my tip.

I forced my cock into her throat again, shivering with ecstasy when one of the barbells clipped her teeth. Pressing my palm to her neck, I pumped in and out, loving the way it felt.

After a couple seconds, she was reaching her wall again, so I yanked out. She spit again, but wrapped her lips around one of the bars, moaning loudly.

She was fucking starved, and it was about to bring me to my knees. Jacking off, I bent forward, squeezing her breast. My balls on her forehead, one of my barbells in her mouth being tugged, I pinched her nipple, lifted, and shook her tit.

She squealed, nipping my flesh with her teeth.

“Fuck, kitten. Yeah, you’re just a good girl. I’m gonna cum, don’t stop.”

She was writhing around the sofa, still tugging at the restraints, suckling harder on the piercing. Smashing my hand into her tit, I wrapped my fingers around it, my nails digging into her skin. Tipping my head back, I sped up, closing my eyes.

“Shit, harder, kitten, harder.”

She did and something burst. Grunting, I bent over, clenching my lids. Squeezing and twisting my hand at my tip, cum shot out over her tits and stomach.

“Fuck, yeah,” I whispered, pumping a few more times before I was empty.

My muscles were jerking from the release, my lungs desperate for air. Bending over, my hands on either side of her face, I peered into her eyes sternly.

“That was amazing, kitten.”

She was panting, her irises glossy. Wiping the spit from her mouth, I dropped a faint kiss and stood up straight. I was stroking myself, strutting around the side of the couch, ready to make this woman mine once and for all.

Gazing at her trembling, her wrists and ankles bound together over her stomach, her thighs spread wide to show off

her beautiful, thick, wet pussy, I was in heaven. How the hell could I have lived my whole life never being attracted to plus size women, yet this one had me reeling with a lust so powerful, I wasn't able to control it?

My sight locked on hers, the look she gave reached into my core, talons gripping a hold of my soul. She was afraid but excited and I knew I could literally do whatever the hell I wanted to her right now and, no matter how terrified she may be, she would not stop me. I knew she would let me do whatever the hell my black, deviant heart wanted.

My lids rounded, my gut falling. I just fell madly in love with Chastity Monroe.

# Chapter 38

## Chastity Monroe

What was wrong? Why was he just standing there, looking dumbfounded, blinking at me?

“Wyatt?” I muttered quietly, wringing my arms under the ties.

Still, no reaction. His Adam’s apple lurched, his sight slowly raking over my frame and back. Should I call him Daddy, like he said? Could I, however, knowing that’s what Jennifer was calling Milo? Could I separate the two in my head? Obviously not, if I was sitting here thinking about him.

I should be ashamed, I know I should be. My boyfriend was out of town for business, and I was messing around with his best friend, his lifelong companion. I *should* be ashamed.

But I was not. Maybe I would be later, but right now, all I wanted was that fat, pierced cock to impale me and make me beg for mercy. I didn’t have time to think of my boyfriend

right now, I was too overwrought with a lust that had an entity of its own, controlling my thoughts, my body, my wants.

Trembling, I pushed every piece of rationality out of my head and focused on this need that was infecting my sanity, making me crazy.

My fingers were growing numb because the circulation was cut off, my thigh muscles cramping. Not to mention in this position, my entire snatch was wide open from the top of my slit to my asshole. I was getting a little uncomfortable with him standing there like a statue, gazing at me with such an odd expression.

I felt so vulnerable. Was he changing his mind? Now that he came and some sanity was sinking into his brain, and he was seeing what I looked like, was he having second thoughts? I was the exact opposite of what he preferred in women, he had made that abundantly clear more times than not.

Licking my dry lips, I whispered faintly, "Daddy."

He jolted, his chest puffing with a huge gasp of air. His lids rounded with a fierceness, his nostrils flaring, his tone raspy. "Say it again."



I gulped, the haze cloaking me once more. “Please, Daddy. Fuck me.”

He dropped to a knee on the couch. Holding the backs of mine, he rubbed the piercings along my slit. A chill undulated my spine and a long, drawn out moan poured forth.

“Oh, shit, that feels so good.”

His weight leaned into me, pinning my thighs to my stomach. “Kitten likes it?”

“Yes...Daddy.”

He reared his hips back and touched the opening with his tip. I choked on a yelp, my brain screaming that this was the time to stop, that in two seconds, there was no turning back.

I was beyond the point of no return. If that man didn't take me, I was going to fall apart at the seams. Literally feeling physical anguish, talons were clawing at the underside of my skin.

Unlike my first time with Milo where he just grabbed and ripped me open, Wyatt took his time entering. His tip spread my flesh and already, I was noticing the difference in thickness.

“Oh, wow,” I cooed, my toes twitching by his face.

The first piercing slid inside, and I squealed, needles prickling from my scalp to the soles of my feet. “Oh, god, more.”

“You want more, kitten?” he whispered, his eyes dark and brooding. “How much more?”

“I want it all, give it to me, Daddy.”

His lip curled and his lids narrowed. “Be careful what you ask for, little girl. I might just give you more than you wanted.”

I shook my head, breathless. My skin was inflamed and tingling, needing a reprieve only this man could give. My voice husky, I muttered, “Whatever you want to give me, I want it.”

His eyes glinted and he stopped with two piercings in. Laying his chest to my thighs, he positioned my feet over one shoulder and pressed down, constricting my stomach and lungs from the weight. His hands tangled in my hair, his lips as close to mine as he could get in this position, he grumbled, “And if I want your submission?”

“Yours,” I whimpered without hesitation.

He inched downward, a third bar entering. I took in a jagged breath, the pressure building behind my clit.

“What if I asked you to give me your body?”

“Take it.”

The fourth was inside now as he made a slight rotation of his hips. My nerves burst with a jolt of electricity, my vision blurring. When the fifth was inside, I was reeling, having never had my pussy stretched so wide before.

Balling my hands into fists so hard, my nails were digging into my palms, I opened and closed my mouth to silence. Wyatt grunted and pushed himself all the way in and stopped moving. His lids closed, his mouth slightly open.

“My god, kitten, you feel so good. You’re so tight.”

“Please, please, please,” I whimpered, wiggling around. The orgasm was right there, ready to burst forth. It was literally knocking on the back of my clit, begging to be set free.

On one hand, I wanted him to just start pounding into me and release this pressure. Then again, it felt so goddamn sublime, I was tearing up, praying I never had to feel another second of life without that thick cock inside me.

“What if I want your soul?”

Yelping, my lids flew open, and I gawked with horror.

“What?”

As deep inside as he could go, he moved his hips up and down, rocking me. Fire shot through my core at the sensation of him tugging the walls of my pussy.

“Oh, fuck, Daddy.”

Funny, every time I said it, it got easier.

Both his hands wrapped around my throat and squeezed. Already spinning, blocking my airflow was just the cherry on top of pure, raw decadence.

Wyatt began a deliberate, steady pace in and out, every single piercing pulling at my flesh divinely. His fingers in the perfect spots on my neck grew tighter. “Are you my kitten?”

I tried to speak but couldn't, so I nodded.

He sped up, the leather cushions squeaking from our sweaty skin. “I want your soul.”

I tried to shake my head, so he gripped tighter. I choked and gagged, my muscles instinctively fighting with a swift lurch of my hips.

He grunted and thrust hard as a punishment, his tip bruising and stinging.

“I said, I want your fucking soul.”

My brain was getting foggy, my peripheral going black. I couldn't give him that! That belonged to Milo. Was he crazy?

He shoved a force into my throat and my tongue pushed out with a quiet gag, my eyes watering. He was now pounding into me forcefully, the couch rocking, his body clapping against mine.

His teeth gleaming, he seethed, “You will give me your soul, or I will fucking take it. From here on out, I own you, kitten.”

My heart crashed, scared of what he was saying. What was he thinking? He was out of his mind.

Seconds before losing consciousness, my body thrashed with panic. He grunted and let my throat go so I wheezed in a gasp of air, coughing.

Holding the arm of the sofa over my shoulders, he slammed into me faster and faster. I was stunned, my system shutting down, not able to accept these sensations. The ring at

the base of his shaft was slapping against my thigh, my wetness trickling down my crack to the sofa.

He shoved deep, shifted his weight, and ground against me so the area just above his base rubbed my clit.

I jolted as if I been electrocuted, bit down, and screamed with an orgasm that encompassed my entire body, from the top of my head to my feet. “Daddy! Yes, fuck me Daddy, fuck me so hard.”

Huffing and puffing, he was making shorter, faster thrusts, his lids so narrowed, I couldn’t see his eyes. “Fuck!” he roared, dragging the word out. His jaw falling, he coughed, clenched his lids and teeth, and came inside me.

I sighed, my muscles relaxing into a state of euphoria as I sagged into the leather. My head rolling toward a wrist, he tugged himself roughly to shove deep, and grunted, his cock jerking and twitching.

My muscles contracted and he sucked the back of his teeth, pulling out. As soon as he did, my pussy flexed and all our juices spilled out, trickling down my ass.

Wyatt ran his fingers through the trail and pushed it back inside, pumping his fingers.

I shook my head in horror, my face blanching. “No, no, no, Daddy, please, please, no!”

Ignoring me, he grew more aggressive and within a few seconds, I was thrashing about, howling through gritted teeth, lights bursting behind my closed lids, the couch screeching across the floor from my violent movements.

“Wyatt!”

His fingers stopped. Peeking through my lashes, I was taken aback by the expression staring down at me. He appeared overwhelmed and dazed.

My pussy pulsed like it had its own heartbeat. Batting my lashes, I begged him in a quiet tone. “Please, Daddy, no more.”

He dropped to his haunches and bowed his chin, covering his eyes with his free hand. Cursing under his breath, he took his fingers out and began untying me.

Like dead weight, my limbs collapsed to the sofa, the muscles and joints burning. I winced and sniveled, wishing I could at least rub them to relieve some tension.

He pressed his lips to a knee and kissed his way upward, not touching anything naughty, just being tender.

Looming over me, he searched my face and then slowly dipped down. A split second before he kissed me, he paused to gaze into my eyes.

Dropping the last inch, his lips covered mine. A bolt of lightning split through me, tearing my core in half. His lids rounded, telling me whatever just struck me, hit him, too.

He jerked away and I croaked, “Oh, shit.”

We were both breathing erratically, and not from the otherworldly sex we just experienced. Something else was overpowering us, something exhilarating, something...scary.

Groaning, he crushed his lips to mine, thrusting his tongue forward. His hands in my hair again, he slid back inside, my legs wrapping around his waist.

This time, he was more tender and firm than dominating. Still soaring high from the last orgasm, I was peaking in no time, and so was he. Seemingly at the same time, we fell over that cliff where he threw his head back and cried out, “Chazzy!”

I shivered at the sound, writhing with a carnal bliss, my eyes rolling.



“Oh, Wyatt, oh yes!” I whimpered, clinging to his back.

He fell on top, choking on his inhales while I scattered kisses all over his shoulder and neck. His arms linked beneath me and held tight, restricting my ribs.

“Amazing, kitten, so goddamn amazing,” he whispered in my ear, shuddering.

My heart sank, the shame finally working to the forefront. I stared at the ceiling, petting his sweaty back. He asked for my soul, I had no choice but to give it. How the hell was I supposed to live this way? Wyatt owning my soul, Milo owning my heart, both men sharing my body?

This was a mistake, for I knew this would not be the only time with Wyatt. I knew I would never be able to deny him again. Yet I still was madly in love with Milo. I couldn't live without him. I was going to marry him.

That bolt of lightning that split me in half, permanently made me two people. One was Wyatt's, one was Milo's. I had no idea how to make this work, how I would ever be one complete person again, or what to do about anything.

I closed my lids, turning my face into the crook of his neck. Technically, there was nothing to do, because if Milo found out what happened today, he would probably kill us both.

# Chapter 39

## Milo Pampinella

My elbows on my desk, one hand was rubbing at my temple, the other holding the phone to my ear. I was trying so goddamn hard to listen to Jack, but it was difficult. So damn difficult.

“I got it.”

“I don’t think you do, Milo. Pops wants this taken care of immediately.”

My lids closed, my pulse quickening and my gut tightening. “Mm hm.”

“Are you listening to me?”

“Yup,” I croaked, closing my eyelids. Sitting up, my jaw fell as I grabbed a fistful of her hair and shoved her further into my lap. “Hey, hang on,” I rasped, tapping the button on the phone to silence my end. Dropping the receiver, both hands held her down, ignoring her whines and protests. “Oh, shit, suck it, bitch.”

She whimpered, struggling against me. My dick well into her esophagus, my balls were tightening, the release overcoming me. “Hang on, hang on. Oh, yeah, that’s it.” I grunted, cum shooting out.

She was slapping at me, trying to get a breath, but I didn’t care. It felt too damn good to let go just yet. A couple more seconds was all I needed.

My muscles sagged and I released a long, drawn out sigh, finally sinking into my chair. Snatching her off by her hair, I shoved her aside to put my dick back in my underwear.

She fell to her bottom on the floor, gasping, sweat beading on her face and spit hanging off her mouth.

I jutted my chin and swung my head toward the bathroom. “Clean up,” I grumbled, yanking the zipper into place.

Her thin brows furrowed in confusion, but she silently rose to her feet and scampered across the office.

Rolling my chair back to the desk, I picked up the receiver and tapped the button. “Sorry about that. Look, tell Pops it’s taken care of. I fly out to Washington in a few days. It’s going to be fine.”

“He wants a little more reassurance—”

“You know what?” I barked, getting pissed off. “You and Pops are constantly riding my ass lately, and I’m getting sick of it. I have been doing my job pretty goddamn well for years, now all of a sudden, everyone has complaints.”

“Because ever since you hooked up with that cow, you’ve been distracted,” he answered so flippantly and bitterly, he actually knocked me speechless for a moment.

My rage springing to the forefront, my sight coated in shades of light red, I pointed at nothing in particular and stared at a spot on the floor a few feet away.

“You listen to me right goddamn now, you son of a bitch. First of all, it’s no surprise my future wife is a plus size woman—”

“Future wife?” he roared, stunned.

“Yes, future wife. I plan on proposing to her soon, so stop acting like it’s odd that I fell in love with her.

“Secondly, that is going to be my wife, your sister-in-law, mother to my children, mother to your nieces and nephews. You will show her respect, or I will force you.

“Thirdly, my job has not suffered one goddamn bit, and we both know it, so this ends now. If you think you can do this job better, it’s yours. I would love to stay home with Chazzy and never have to leave town without her again.

“I have dealt with the issue in Portland. I just got to New York from Ontario last night and am headed to Washington tomorrow to pick up the packages, so Pops has no reason to be concerned about anything. That is the end of this discussion.

“Now, if you have any complaints about my fiancée, you need to keep them to your goddamn self from here on out. You will show her respect, you will never give her any reason to feel inadequate or uncomfortable in your presence, and you will accept her. You will *not!*” I roared, swiping an arm through the air. “Be rude to her at her birthday party, is that understood?”

“This is bullshit, Milo.”

“I don’t care what you think, Jack. My life, my choice. I am thirty-eight years old, I want a wife and kids. She’s who I chose. Deal with it.”

I slammed the phone down and sank into the chair, a headache tightening around my brain. What the hell was the

problem? Though most of my mistresses were slender and petite, my preference in women had always, always been larger. Ever since I was thirteen or fourteen, and brought my first girlfriend home, she had been plus size. Why was everyone blowing a gasket over Chastity? It didn't make any sense to me.

My brows arched, my lips pursing for a moment. Perhaps because this time, I was making something permanent and not just banging her. A permanent, overweight member of the family? Someone who wasn't going to have surgery after surgery to force perfection was something the Pampinella's weren't used to.

An image of my lovely woman flickered in my mind, showing every naked, beautiful inch of her large frame. Every faint freckle on her face, every roll, every stretchmark, every curve.

I shuddered, my cock getting hard again. She was fucking gorgeous, and I loved every goddamn pound. I was a lucky bastard to have that woman's love and loyalty.

Reaching for the phone to call her, the bathroom door swung open, and the redhead sashayed out, her makeup intact

and her hair brushed into a lustrous shine. Flashing a seductive smile, she sauntered toward me, a brow arched.

I dropped the receiver and stood up, unfastening my belt. I was hard as a rock thinking about Chastity and needed this taken care of. Hooking my finger, I beckoned her.

“Mm, ready for more?”

“Yup.”

Grabbing the front of her dress, I snagged her forward, spun her around, and flung her over the top of the desk. I tugged her thong aside and pumped my fingers in her pussy to get her wet while taking my dick out. Lining up, I shoved forward and filled her, my hips clapping to the curve of her ass.

My lids closed and I sighed, “Oh, Chazzy.”

She thrashed, twisting her waist to slap at me. “What? Are you kidding me, Milo? I’m—”

I roughly slapped her ass and then grabbed her chin, sneering. “You’re whomever the fuck I want you to be, now shut the fuck up and be a good little whore.”

She pouted, her chin quivering, but I didn’t care. Holding on to her hips, I fucked the hell out of her



aggressively, pretending it was my exquisite future fiancée the whole time.

Throwing my head back, my lids closing, I groaned, speeding up. “Oh, yeah, yeah. Unh, Chazzy!” I growled, shoving deep and cumming. Grinding my teeth, I jerked up and down a few times, squeezing a fistful of her ass cheek. “Chazzy,” I grunted one last time.

Pulling out, I dropped to my seat, panting quickly. “Get dressed and get out. I need to make more phone calls.”

“Yes, sir,” she whimpered, fixing her thong and smoothing her skirt.

“And call Mr. Arnez, tell him I’m going to be about twenty minutes late for our lunch meeting.”

Sniffing, she rubbed at her nose and nodded, scurrying out of my office to her desk in the reception area.

Fixing my trousers, I sat up and swiped the receiver, pressing the button to speed dial her number. As expected, she answered by the third ring.

“Hello, my beautiful, sexy, amazing baby girl.”

Her whimsical giggle filled the phone, tickling my eardrum and strumming the chords of my heart, making me

dizzy.

“Hi, Milo.”

Slouching, I propped the heel of a shoe on my desk and crossed my ankles, tapping my fingers on the surface. “I don’t have long to talk, but I had to hear your voice. Been thinking about you and needed a quick fix. Tell me you love me.”

She sighed. “Oh, I love you.”

My dick twitched, making me wish I could just cancel my meeting with Mr. Arnez, altogether so I could pull it out and jackoff while listening to her finger herself.

“I miss you.”

Another giggle rewarded me. “We just talked two hours ago.”

“I miss that hot, fat, wet pussy.”

“Milo!” she purred.

“What’s wrong, am I on speaker?”

“No, but I’m not alone. Dave’s here.”

My heart paused, a hint of dread spinning in my gut. Clearing my throat, I bobbed my head and chewed the inside of my cheek. I would not get insecure and jealous over friends

she had years before she met me. If she never slept with them before, I had no reason to believe she would now.

Besides, Wyatt had tried several times to seduce her, and she'd rebuffed him each time. She was madly in love with me, loyal and devoted. I needed to just let go of the doubts and accept I'd finally found myself someone worthy of marriage.

"Ah, okay, I'll behave. I just wanted to hear your voice. I gotta get going, I have a lunch meeting."

"Okay, baby."

"I love you, Chazzy," I muttered, all excitement gone.

"I love you, too."

"Bye."

I hung up, drumming my thumb to the receiver. Heaving a sigh, I pinched the bridge of my nose, an ominous sensation sinking on my shoulders. Chastity wasn't a cheater. She was a good woman, she deserved everything her heart desired.

Not everyone had a wandering sex drive like I did.

"Shit."

Abruptly standing, I plucked my suit jacket from the hook on the wall behind me and shrugged it over my arms, smoothing it in place to button it. Grabbing my phone and cigarettes, I shoved them in pockets and stomped out of the office.

Without looking at the secretary I had when in New York, I grumbled, “Call Frank. Tell him to pull up outside.”

“Yes, sir,” she squeaked, letting me know she was still crying.

Strolling out the office and down the hallway to the elevators, I was incapable of ignoring that nagging voice in my head, warning I was going to lose the love of my life if I didn’t quit fucking other women.

I stabbed the button and pocketed a hand, rubbing at the spot between my eyes. Could I? Could I really be monogamous? I’d never been with just one woman, ever. Chastity was worth it, I knew she was, I just was afraid I was unable to give what she needed.

I didn’t deserve her, that was for sure. I knew it...it was just a matter of time before she realized it, as well. Then I could lose her forever.

And that sent me into an internal panic that had my mind spilling more blood than all my kills combined. If Chastity ever left me, I knew I would not be able to control my rage and people would die.

For her sake, her friends, and anyone else who had the misfortune of crossing me until I had appeased the rage, she better never decide to end our relationship. If she walked away from me, I would lose my mind and innocent people would lose their lives.

# Chapter 40

## Chastity Monroe

The last week had been a rollercoaster of emotions. My business was officially opened, and the first few days had been successful. All happy customers with most making appointments to return. A few of my old clients with *Sunkissed Spa* had learned of me opening my own company and had tracked me down, adding their names to the books in permanent positions like when I worked for Sanchell.

On the chaotic side of the spectrum, I had been getting a lot of obscene phone calls from some of Milo's mistresses, cursing me out and even threatening to kill me because they had been cut loose.

As delighted as I was about that, for it meant he was keeping his promise, breaking up with his lovers while he was out of town, I was a bit frightened. Were any of these women capable of following through with their threats? Was I in any real danger?

I must be, for Wyatt had locked me down, never letting more than five feet separate us. I even had to run my client list by him nightly so he could check to make sure none of them were connected to the exes.

Was this the kind of life I had to look forward to? How much worse was it going to be when Milo and I were married? Right now, it was scorned lovers, soon it would be straight up enemies, other members of the mafia. And weren't there different kinds of mafias? Like the branches of the military?

I knew so little of the life I was diving headfirst into. Since confronting Milo and him answering me bluntly that night, nothing had been spoken about it since. In fact, until now, I hadn't even thought about it, I'd buried that tidbit of information in the back of my head.

Now that I had pissed off jealous women wanting to harm me, it was making me realize they were insignificant compared to Milo's connections. What if a business deal went bad and they came after me to get to him? After all, since he started showing me off around his people, he had made it more than obvious how important I was to him. What better way to bring a man to his knees than through his woman?

Maybe I just watched too much television. I had no real knowledge of that lifestyle, I needn't jump to worst case scenarios brought on by something I saw in *The Goodfellas*.

I guess it was time I start educating myself. The last thing I wanted was to say or do something wrong and make myself or Milo look stupid. I didn't need to inadvertently step on someone's toes and rock boats. If I was going to be married to him one day, I needed to learn how to be the wife he was expecting.

Wyatt's large hand grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked backward, his tongue dragging across my cheek.

Instantly, my muscles went weak, the spoon I was holding clattering to the counter. Pressing my palms to the surface for support, my lids fluttered, and I moaned.

"My bed. Now."

Shoving off me, he turned and strutted down the hallway without looking back.

My heart crashing on my ribs, I tossed the bagel to the sink, chasing him breathlessly, shedding my clothes along the way. Another thing that had been tormenting me the last week and a half was my obsession with this man.



One look, one touch, and I was bursting into flames, flustered and turned on. I was literally changing my underwear several times a day because even when he wasn't meaning to, he was turning me on.

Pawing at one another daily, our passion and zest was something neither one of us seemed capable of containing. In the last twelve days, the two of us had probably already gotten close to triple digits of how many times we made one another cum.

We were literally going at it from the moment we woke up until we were crashing from exhaustion at night, other than when I had to be at *Wanderlust*. I thought Milo and I fucked like rabbits, but it was nothing compared to Wyatt. More than once, I had woken up to him climbing on top and shoving himself deep inside me, instantly dominating without any buildup.

And when we couldn't make time for actual intercourse, fingers and mouths were pushing us over the cliffs time and again, anywhere we could get it. The truck on the way to work, the bathroom at the grocery store, under the table when we were having dinner. One orgasm after another, repeatedly, yet my body craved more, shuddering and

quivering at the slightest glance from that man. Innocent or mischief, it didn't matter, my pussy was addicted and creaming every time our eyes met.

Yesterday, when we were closing up the spa, he snapped his fingers and pointed at something I had forgotten to pick up, ordering me to put it away. Just the sound of his voice telling me what to do immediately sent me into a frenzy, hearing him barking orders at me to suck his dick, bounce my ass, get on the floor, ride him harder.

I was helpless around him! In just a few days, the man had dominated me into utter compliance. I was a mere puppet, and he controlled the strings, making me dance for him whenever, however, he wanted.

A good thing was spinning from this secret affair. Wyatt preferred to have sex with all the lights on, no coverings, and sometimes, like now, he made me stand in the center of the room while he circled me like a shark, inspecting every inch. The more he did this, the more comfortable I became in my own skin. If someone like Wyatt Shaw could examine my body and still want me, when he never was attracted to big women before, I had to have something going for me. I was starting to shed more of my stepfather's words,

realizing beauty was in confidence and acceptance more than aesthetics.

My body was a remarkable thing, I was learning. It was beautiful enough to change a judgmental, egotistical, shallow man like Wyatt, and, the more I fell in love with myself, the more it helped bring me pleasure. As my self-worth grew, so did my control over how it moved during sex. The more I figured out how to maneuver, the more Wyatt wanted me. It was a cycle that was teaching both of us that weight was not a hindrance, it was a frame of mind.

His palm grazed the underside of my breast during one of his rotations. Dragging his touch as he circled again, his fingers roamed up my chest and over a shoulder to my back.

I sighed, shuddering, my skin breaking out in goosebumps. Right as my lids fluttered closed, his belt was looping around my neck, the snap of the leather startling when he yanked the strap to tighten it.

My heart lurched and plummeted, and I instinctively grabbed at it, but a swift slap to my ass had me stopping. Exhilaration and fear swirled my insides. I had come to crave that mixture, for it always resulted in some of the most amazing orgasms.

“Be still,” he breathed in my ear.

Trembling with anticipation, I licked my lips and pressed my palms to the outside of my thighs, quivering. I was already close to hyperventilating, my heart thudding in my ears.

“Good kitten.”

He tugged the belt, bending my neck. Holding my chin, he pulled my head to the side and thrust his tongue into my mouth. I whimpered, an explosion setting off in my soul. Every time he kissed me, I erupted with joy.

Ending the kiss, my bottom lip between his teeth, his gaze was peering intensely, his brows low. He dug in his pocket and pulled out a long, gold chain. Dangling it in front of me, I grinned, thinking he bought me a necklace.

Upon closer inspection, I discovered I was wrong, and the fright bubbled to the surface.

He meshed his chest to my back, letting the belt go so both hands could massage my breasts. Falling into the trance again, I sucked my teeth and shrank inward when something sharp and painful pinched my flesh.

Dropping my chin, I saw he had attached a gold circle to each nipple, the chain connecting them over the top of my belly. The loops had four spikes in them that he was twisting like screws, forcing the points further into the sensitive nubs.

I pulled in a jagged breath, sucking in my stomach and drawing my shoulders to my ears. “Ah, ow. What are—”

A swift slap to one of them stung like hell but made my clit throb.

“Quiet.”

He continued to adjust them until I was sweating, my pulse thumping in the tips. Any tighter and he may as well just pierce them.

Strolling to my front, he was smirking with satisfaction, admiring his work. Leaning over, he scattered a few kisses to my cleavage, held the chain between his teeth, and stood upright, glaring at me as the slack went taut and pulled my nipples.

My head swam, my knees quaking, “Oh, ahmm! Yes!” I purred, swaying toward him. How could that feel so so good?

Flicking his tongue out, the chain fell, and gravity pulled my breasts down, jiggling from the abrupt drop.

Wyatt traipsed behind me. “Close your eyes.”

I did as I was told, and his heat moved away. I heard the drawer open, and excitement hit me so hard, I squeaked and hopped from one foot to the other. A moment later, I heard the high-pitched screech of the tape and moaned, immediately putting my hands behind me, lining my forearms together.

“My kitten is such a good girl.”

He wrapped the tape around my wrists tightly, tearing it off from the roll. At the dresser again, he returned behind me. The belt tugged and I choked on an inhale, knowing better than to open my eyes.

“You ready for Daddy to fuck you?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Down.”

A shiver undulating my spine, I sank to my knees on the corner of the bed, everything inside vibrating with excitement.

Shoving me forward, I bit back a yelp as I fell into my face on the soft mattress. He grabbed my hips and hiked them up, dragging my cheek over the sheets. I already knew to

expect the spreader bar to be attached to my ankles, forcing my legs wide.

I was dying with anticipation. The setup was so erotic, by the time there was actual penetration, I barely lasted more than a few minutes. Thankfully, he lasted longer which threw me into a frenzy of multiple orgasms.

My head turned to face the slightly curved wall of windows, I had no idea what he was going to do to me tonight, but couldn't wait. When I felt the cold steel of the chainmail, I lurched and cried out, squirming anxiously.

He dragged the flogger from my shoulder down to my hands, letting the metal strands tickle my palms. It amazed me how something that looked so intimidating could have two drastic effects. He could either tantalize me with its feather like strokes or brutalize me with the sharp tinges from the tiny links.

Right now, he was taunting, brushing the strands back and forth over my ass cheeks. Lowering it, he moved it up and down, so they swished my overly wet pussy. With a curt flick of his wrist, the metal was stinging my lips.

I gasped and purred, wiggling my ass. This was one of my favorites of his toys. I never knew I would be into kinky

sex, but I craved it! I craved this man.

Wyatt swatted my ass, and I pulled in a sharp breath. Suddenly, that thin bunch of chainmail crashed on my ass cheeks so hard, I flung my stomach to the mattress, screaming, my body convulsing from the shock of the pain. Tears welling, it felt like my skin was sliced open, burning.

He hiked my hips again and repeated the force to the other cheek.

I flung myself forward again, sniveling, shaking my head, my nails digging into my palms. I wanted to move to my side, my instinct to curl into the fetal position, but I couldn't because of my arms and legs.

He was grazing the tips of the strands over the welts. The skin inflamed, it made the sensation overly sensitive, turning me on even more.

“Oh, yes, yes, yes.”

He tucked the flogger under my stomach and gradually dragged up my slit, the metal hurting and pleasuring at the same time.

Sucking in a long, ragged breath, I was getting dizzy. Did I want to keep crying in pain, or cum?



His knuckles ran up the curve of my ass, his fingers splaying out to caress. The tip of his cock pressed against me, and I soared with elation. He wasn't going to drag this out and torture me! Fantastic.

Taking his time, he entered me, every inch, every barbell stretching wonderfully. I loved when he put me in this position, the metal piercings on my g-spot sent me spiraling into a frenzy every single time. I had never felt something so amazing.

As deep as he could go, he stopped, holding onto my taped wrists. Rocking side to side, I shrieked and shivered, biting my bottom lip.

“Mm, yes.”

He made half a stroke when his cellphone went off, and he froze. My heart sank and I broke out in a cold sweat. Wyatt kept his phone on silence. The only time it rang...was when Milo was calling.

Twisting my body and rolling my head to the side, I stared up at him in horror, my pulse racing far too quickly.

“Oh, shit,” I whispered.

# Chapter 41

## Wyatt Shaw

I quickly pulled out and stood, snatching my phone off the dresser. Tapping the button, I answered with a curt, “Yeah?”

“Hey, where the hell is my woman?”

A fist slammed into my chest, my sight staring at his woman bound, naked, and blistered in my bed. “Uh.”

“I’ve called her phone three times, and she’s not answering. What’s going on?”

“I...have no idea. I’m in my room. Is something wrong?”

“I wanted to tell her I was coming home early, but she won’t answer her phone.”

My pulse skipped, my lids rounding at the welts on her ass. Early? How early? Chastity was a quick healer, but those would be there all of today and tomorrow.

“Uh, ahem. When were you thinking of coming home?”

“Tomorrow. Look, is she okay? She’s never not answered three times in a row. I’m freaking out.”

My throat constricted, my focus meeting her wild, terrified gaze. Raking my sight along her, I returned to her face and the sheer panic rising by the second. What the hell were we doing? What were we planning to accomplish with this affair? This wasn’t like the so-called real world where if we got caught, she got dumped and I got fired. It wasn’t like she could wake up one morning and realize she’d rather be with me and break up with Milo.

No, if our affair was discovered, we were dead. If she chose me...there was no choosing me. She could never leave Milo. By the look on her face, she would never choose me, anyway.

This was a no-win situation.

Huffing, I rubbed at my forehead, all my lust fizzling to disappointment. “Hang on. I’ll go knock on her bedroom door and check on her.”

She pulled her lips between her teeth and whimpered at the mention of her.

In my head, I walked the proper amount of steps to her room, stretched my arm out, and knocked on my bedroom door. Then I pressed the phone to my chest, stepped to the bed, and bent over to whisper.

“Tell him you’re sick. You’re fine, it’s just the flu, or something.”

She nodded, tears pooling against the bridge of her nose.

I squatted and said, “Hey, it’s boss. He wants to talk to you.”

Placing the phone to her ear, I bent forward to listen.

“Hello?”

“Hey, baby girl. What’s going on? I’ve called you several times and you didn’t answer.”

“I’m sorry,” she muttered, her voice quivering, her stare locked on mine. “I...I don’t feel well, so I’ve had the phone on vibrate.”

“What’s wrong? What do you mean, you don’t feel well?”

“I dunno, I think it’s the flu or something.”

“My poor baby girl. Well, I’m coming home early, I’ll be there tomorrow, so I can take care of you.”

Her lids rounded. “N-No, that’s not necessary. I don’t want to get you sick, too.”

“You need me.”

“I know, I know. I just...I-I don’t want you getting sick when I’m almost over it, because then you might not feel well enough to celebrate my birthday this weekend.”

“I do have something special planned for your birthday,” he chuckled, his voice deepening.

Special. He was going to propose. He would give her a ring, ask her to marry him, and she would say yes. What the hell was I doing? Why was I doing this to myself? I started something that quickly turned into emotions out of my control, and now I was the one who was going to suffer the most. She and Milo would start their lives together, while I stood on the sidelines, watching, continuing to be her bodyguard, cringing inside because I loved this woman.

The corner of her mouth curled, the emotions in her eyes shifting as I was forgotten to focus on the man she loved.

“See?” she whispered, her cheeks blushing.

I rolled my eyes and looked away, shaking my head. I was a fucking idiot. How the hell did I manage to fall in love with the woman I hated? I was just supposed to try to seduce her to see if she was loyal. That was it. I lost control and, looking back, I couldn't even tell where that turn took place.

“I need you good and healthy. This is going to be the best birthday of my life. I would rather you stay away for another couple days, than risk you coming home and getting sick.”

He heaved a loud groan. “All right. Just take care of yourself, baby girl. I need you good as new when I do get home.”

“Okay. I'll be better soon.”

“Wyatt taking good care of you?”

I clucked my teeth and bowed my head, pinching the bridge of my nose, shame filling my stomach. Since he was three years old, I had one purpose: be his shadow, protector, confidant...his friend, his rock. And here I was, throwing away everything I knew, everything I was about, for a woman

who would never love me. She could never be mine. She could get me killed.

“Of course,” she squeaked, her voice shaking again. “Milo?” She cleared her throat, closing her eyes. “I...I don’t feel well. I think I might get sick. Can I call you back in a little bit?”

His tone changed and I cringed, hearing the love he had for her in his voice. “I’m so sorry, baby girl. I wish I could be there for you.”

“Me, too, but I’m just going to be sleeping. I’ll see you in a couple days.”

“All right, sweetheart. Get some rest. I’ll see you on Friday.”

“Okay.”

“I love you.”

She closed her eyes to keep from looking at me. “I love you, too.”

I pulled the phone away and just stared at her a few seconds, the shame shining brightly in her dark irises. Holding the cell to my ear, I took a sharp inhale and snapped, “Yeah?”

“She really okay?”

“I mean, she looks a little sick.”

And she did. She honestly looked like she was going to throw up.

“I dunno, man. Maybe I should come home. It’s not right that she’s sick and I’m not there to take care of her.”

“What are you gonna do, boss? Stand by the bed and watch her sleep? She’s fine.”

I stood to lean on my dresser, watching her sight scan over my naked body, her brows arching high.

“All right. Just keep an eye on her and if she’s not feeling better by morning, I’m coming home.”

“Sure thing. Later.”

I hung up and tossed the phone to the dresser, folding my arms while we stared at one another in silence. Cursing, I picked up my pocketknife, hit the button to release the blade, and carefully cut the tape from her wrists. Throwing the knife to the floor, I unfastened the cuffs on her ankles, removing the bar.

She whimpered, her hurting body falling to the mattress on her side. I dropped to a knee, gently pushed her to her back, and unscrewed the clasps on her nipples.



Standing back up, I collected the toys and put them in the bottom drawer of the dresser. Hastily snatching my jeans off the floor, I pulled them on and cleaned up the tape while she removed my belt from her neck.

She tried to sit down but screeched and reared up, her bottom lip between her teeth, her face contorted beautifully with the pain.

After nearly a full minute of tense silence where I watched her avoid my peer, I grumbled, “Get dress,” and stormed out of the room, snatching my cigarettes on the way.

Lighting one, I pulled the nicotine into my lungs while jerking the door open and stepping onto the balcony. This high up, with it being the latter part of October, it was freezing, but I welcomed the tight tingles on my flushed skin. I needed to douse this lust, once and for all. Not just in this moment, but forever.

I paced the balcony that spanned the entire length of the penthouse, curving around the side of the building. As I passed my bedroom, I dared to peek inside, not seeing Chastity. Going to the chairs at the very end, I plopped down in one, ignoring the needles pricking my bare skin from the freezing fabric.

“Wyatt?”

I looked up at the distant sound of her voice.

“Over here.”

Her head peeked around the bend in the wall. Tugging her jacket around her, she crept forward, reeking of disgrace the closer she got.

Slowly roaming my vision along her, I hated myself. Because she was overweight and the exact opposite of what I preferred my women to look like, I let my guard down, assuming I could never care about her. I underestimated her severely. Not only had she found that crack in my wall when I wasn't looking, she squirmed her way in, planted herself in my soul, and found a permanent residency there.

How the hell could I have fallen in love with her? For as long as I could recall, I had one image in my head to what my future wife would look like. Tall, slender, big tits, tiny waist, round ass, long blonde hair, flawless skin.

I took a drag off my cigarette, shaking my head. Chastity Lou Monroe was none of those. She was, literally, on the exact opposite of the spectrum for every detail I wanted.

Still, my focus returned to her, and my heart swelled at the vulnerability in her dark, velvety eyes. Her rounded, freckled cheeks were turning pink from the biting, chilly wind, her thick, wavy locks with the honeyed highlights whipping around her face.

When she hooked a finger to tuck her hair behind her ear, a gust of wind caught the flap of her jacket, opening it to reveal her large breasts, her blouse showing off the deep cleavage.

Even though she was overweight, the actual shape of her form was similar to an hourglass; she was busty at top, her waist curved in, and then widened at her hips to her thick thighs that touched halfway down to her knees.

She tugged her jacket closed and sat down on the sofa across from me, only to suck on the back of her teeth and rear up, reminding me what her round, large ass looked like because of me. Leaning to one hip, she eased down, folding the other leg on the cushions beside her, resting her elbow on the arm of the furniture.

We gazed into one another's eyes in silence, the only sounds the brisk wind and an airplane in the distance.

“We’re done,” I finally blurted, taking a drag and averting my gaze when her expression fell.

“Oh,” was all she said.

Thumbing my nose, I squinted at the sun, checking out the cloudless sky. Several minutes ticked by. I didn’t look at her again, but I could feel her staring. Neither of us said anything. What was there to say?

*I love you, Chazzy. Don’t agree to marry Milo when he asks you this weekend because I want you to be with me?*

Yeah, that would be a nice, long life of happiness...all of fifteen minutes before we were taken out for betraying the boss.

I could never ask her to make that sacrifice. Not only because it was selfish, but because, deep down inside, I knew she would reject me. She was not in love with me, she was in love with Milo. She belonged with him. She was his woman, but my responsibility.

After nearly five minutes, she put her foot on the floor to stand, paused as if she expected me to say something, and then got up. She took a small step toward me, stopped, and continued to ogle me.

I coughed, forcing myself not to shiver. I was the one who was going to end up with the flu if I didn't get out of this cold.

She opened her mouth to say something but bowed her head, instead. She was tapping her fingers together, sniffing. Coughing, she flipped her hair out her face, turned around, and walked off.

Cursing, I slouched so low, the base of my skull caught the back of the chair. I stared at the soft blue sky, twirling my cigarette between my fingers.

What the hell was I supposed to do now? My parents literally planned to have a baby for the sole purpose of being Milo's sidekick, just like my two older brothers were born for Milo's brother and sister. That was our reason for being. The Shaw's weren't meant for a purpose outside the Pampinella we were assigned.

I had no choice but to end things with Chastity. It was too risky.

Now I got the pleasure of standing on the sidelines the rest of my life, watching the woman I love marry another man, have kids together, and live a life that should be mine.

I was in hell and there was no escape.

# Chapter 42

## Chastity Monroe

The dining room was dark with a slight gothic theme. The ceiling was exposed wood stained black, the walls a tufted, padded, dark burgundy. Several gilded mirrors hung on decorative chains from the crown molding, leaning against the walls, each one the same size and shape, but slightly different in decoration.

Italian marble tiles for the floor were covered by a large black rug with a golden swirl, circle, and diamond pattern. Five round tables filled the private room, covered in white linens that pooled on the floor, each one seating eight. Accent lighting was sparse, casting shadows to add to the romantic feel.

Every seat was filled with our dinner party to celebrate my birthday. My friends took up two tables, two were business related, and our table consisted of me, Milo, Mr. and Mrs. Pampinella, his brother, Jack and his wife, and his sister, Chrissy and her husband. At the bar across from us were

Wyatt with his two brothers, whom he had apparently not seen in over a year.

Watching their reunion had been heartwarming. I had never seen Wyatt so excited as he threw his arms out and hugged each brother, patting them on the back.

Sadness ladened my heart as I tugged at my diamond earrings. Well, there were a few exceptions when I saw him just as excited, just about something a little different.

Tearing my focus from him, I examined Mr. and Mrs. Pampinella. She was a dainty woman with delicate features, small, blue eyes, and dirty blonde hair. She had jewels dripping everywhere, her ears, her neck, wrists, fingers. Though she was still impressive to look at, it was easy to tell she'd lived through years of stress, and at one point, she had been stunning.

Was that going to be me in thirty years? Looking sad, my youthful beauty haunting through my botoxed wrinkles and spray on tan? She simply sat beside her husband, not saying a word, keeping her eyes straight ahead and never looking at anyone.

It was awkward meeting his whole family for the first time on my birthday. It would have been nice in a more



intimate setting where forty other people weren't around.

Milo looked a lot like his father. His blond hair was short and neatly trimmed, his light gray eyes bright and surrounded by thick lashes. He had the same chiseled jawline with the dimple on the left of his dazzling smile, a dark blond mustache and goatee sprinkled with the first stages of white.

Jack and Milo could be twins, only when he looked at me, he did so with resentment and a hint of embarrassment. Never holding my stare for more than a couple of seconds, he was constantly muttering under his breath out the corner of his mouth to the raven haired supermodel sitting beside him. Her nose, chin, brows, and breasts clearly augmented, I couldn't help but think Jack had created the perfect woman over the years.

Chrissy was probably the most petite woman I had ever seen, making me wonder if she weren't a tad on the anorexic side. Her hair bleached almost white, was styled around her long, oval face and barely moved from all the products. Bright red lips, long, thick, fake lashes, and skin that was overly tanned like her mother, she was exceedingly proud of her fake breasts, poking them out and dragging her long, manicured nails along them every time a waiter walked by.

Her former professional football player husband ignored every flirtatious giggle and wink, chugging one glass of wine after another, well on his way to inebriation.

This was Milo's family. They all were wearing designer clothes, covered in thousands of dollars' worth of accessories, all looking miserable.

I started to put my elbow on the table but cleared my throat and tucked my hand to my lap. This was turning out to be quite the awkward birthday party. I thought for sure it would be the best I'd ever had.

So far, I just wanted to go home. Would it be rude if I went to sit with my friends for a few minutes?

Staring down at my filet mignon that cost forty-nine dollars, I poked at the asparagus with the gold, decorative fork. Doing the math in my head, adding in the extras for the alcoholic beverages and the bottles of champagne, I figured this dinner was costing Milo close to five grand, if not more.

Five thousand dollars, and I was sitting here moping, wishing I was somewhere else. What was wrong with me? I was being selfish. It was obvious Milo had been planning this night for a while, the reservations were on a waiting list at least two months out.

A brow arched for a second. Because of who he was, maybe he didn't have to make a reservation. Maybe he just called up, gave his name, and automatically got in. That's how it happened in the movies.

Then again, in the movies, there was danger and drama around every corner, shady business deals going down, drugs, stolen jewels, and shootouts happening all the time.

Since I've been with Milo, the most dramatic event was catching him balls deep in my best friend a few weeks ago. Seemed pretty normal to me.

Crossing my ankles and tucking them beneath the chair, I sat up better, taking a bite of baked broccolini. I was in my head too much, over analyzing everything. I needed to just take one day at a time and relax.

I picked up my glass of red wine, bringing it to my mouth as I swallowed the food. Tingles prickled down my spine, breaking me out in goosebumps when I could feel Wyatt's stare.

Out the corner of my eye, I gazed his way. He was standing at the end of the bar, one leg slightly bent. Leaning a forearm on the surface, his elbow was propped next to it, holding a glass of brandy in front of his face.

His sight openly raked over me, his lips taut, his eyes dark. Taking a sip, he returned his focus to his brothers, dismissing me.

I cleared my throat, took a sip, and set the glass down. It had been three days since he put an end to our affair. As sad as I was of the silent treatment and wall between us, he did the right thing. Despite my weakness for him, I had been riddled with guilt. How did I justify sleeping with him after whining to Milo from day one about his mistresses? I finally get the man to be monogamous, and I fall into bed with my bodyguard.

The sex was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Sex with Milo was rough, frantic, desperate, fulfilling, amazing, beautiful. Sex with Wyatt had been consuming. It wasn't just passion getting out of control like with Milo, it was an event all its own. My soul invested, my mind possessed, my body dominated. Every single sense was tested and pushed to the limits. I didn't just feel sex with Wyatt, I experienced it.

“You're so beautiful tonight.”

I batted my lashes, not even realizing I had been gazing at Milo with my head tipped. A blush heating my cheeks, I

covered his hand with mine for a gentle squeeze. “You look pretty fantastic, too.”

He stretched his frame toward me to whisper in my ear, “I can’t wait to bend you over in the backseat, lift that dress, and eat my delicious dessert.”

My belly swirled with a breathy giggle, glimpsing anxiously around the table. Did they know he just said something naughty? I wasn’t exactly being coy with my flaming blush and quiet giggle.

Jack sneered and shook his head, downing his martini.

He didn’t like me. Was it because I was an outsider? My weight? Everyone at this table was flawless either by nature or surgeons. I didn’t exactly blend.

Arching a brow, I matched his animosity, not backing down. I may not have had my body professionally sculpted to fit what society deemed perfect, but I was still beautiful. I knew it, and Milo knew it. Who cared what Jack thought? I wasn’t going home with him.

He sat up and removed his hand from mine. Picking up his flute of champagne, he pushed his chair back and stood while tapping the glass to get everyone’s attention.

My brows furrowed. What was he doing?

The humdrum of the room settled. Twisting my waist to look all around, everyone was eyeing him. I smiled nervously, fidgeting with the loose curls around my neck.

“I want to thank everyone for coming here tonight to help me celebrate my lovely lady’s birthday.”

My heart swelled, the blush burning brighter.

“Twenty-seven years ago, the world became a better place because this...” He sighed, his free hand pressed to his chest. “Beautiful creation was born,” he finished, gazing at me with sparkling eyes.

My smile started to fall, emotions rising. How did he always know exactly what to say to make me melt?

A few of my friends *aww’d* while everyone at our table seemed to grow tense.

“She hasn’t always had an easy life, but she faced her trials with courage and bravery and turned into one of the strongest people I know, and I’m just so crazy about her.”

I bowed my head, pulling my shoulders to my ears. “Milo,” I whispered, dragging his name out.

He cupped my chin and forced me to look at him. The smile was gone, his Adam's apple lurching. Taking a long, deep breath, he shook his head, his voice gruff when he spoke. "I am not a perfect man, Chazzy, you know that. I have already proven I can be quite the bastard."

My brows lifted, sadness stabbing my stomach.

"I can buy you all the jewels in the world, cars, yachts, and whisk you to foreign countries every weekend, but that's not the way to your heart."

His thumb stroked my cheek, his pinky curled around the side of my jaw. "You are so unlike anyone I have ever met," he whispered, squinting his lids for a moment to emphasize his statement. "You're genuine and honest and the most loyal person I've ever known."

The blush turned to shame, my sight flitting to the side. Even though I couldn't see Wyatt from this position, I could feel his glare.

"You're beautiful, smart, compassionate, vulnerable, patient, and understanding...how could I not fall madly in love with you, baby girl?"

I was swooning again, my pulse quickening. All the eyes I could feel watching began to fade away and I was aware of only me and Milo.

“To win your heart, I had to do something I’ve never done before. I had to be genuine. I had to break down a lifetime of thinking a certain way. I had to change my habits and patterns.”

My breath caught in my throat, afraid he was about to mention his affairs. He wouldn’t do that, would he? In front of all these people? No way he would admit to a room full of guests he had been cheating since the very first day. I would be mortified! I would never be able to face my friends again, mainly because I knew I was one of many when I agreed to date him. I would lose all credibility and respect.

Out of nowhere, a conversation I had with Jennifer almost a year ago filled my ears, silencing everything else briefly.

*When you decide to find yaself a man, if he got himself a thingalang like Gary, tell me what you would and would not be willin’ to put up with.*

*No man and no dick is worth my self-respect and dignity.*



*My mind tells me you're right. My heart ain't listenin'.*

*You're not listening with your heart, honey. That's all pussy talking.*

Oh, god...I was just as weak as she had been. The one thing I had constantly tried to get through to her, I was now a victim of. I was no better than her.

“You're worth it, baby girl. There isn't a goddamn thing in this world I wouldn't do or give up for you.”

He set the flute on the table and knelt, cupping both cheeks. “I don't know how a selfish son of a bitch like me managed to get inside that gorgeous heart of yours, but I thank god every day you gave me a chance. I am going to spend the rest of my life proving you didn't make a mistake. I may have earned my place, but now I have to keep it.”

“Milo,” I whispered, petting his cheek.

He leaned to the side and pulled a little white box from his pocket.

My heart sank, ice washing over me. Flustered, I couldn't take a deep breath as he held it out and lifted the lid. I was staring at an oval diamond in the center of a rose gold

band that had smaller stones wrapping down the sides. Even the bracket that held the solitaire had tiny diamonds encrusted.

I choked on a yelp, a soft murmur rolling through the crowd. Tears welling my eyes, my stomach quivering, I shook from head to toe, my hand covering my mouth.

“Chastity Lou Monroe,” he chuckled, taking my left hand. “I know we’ve only been together for a few months, but I know when I’m whipped, and I’m so whipped, baby girl. You are the one, there’s no point looking anymore. No one compares to you. Will you marry me?”

He plucked the ring from the box, slapped the lid closed, and slid it on my shaking finger.

Panting for a deep breath, my skin sheening with a cold sweat, I held my hand up and stared at the ring, the dim light catching the large diamond with a soft glint.

He took my wrist and pulled it away from my face to kiss my knuckles. I tipped my head, gazing at him through the tears.

“What do you say? Wanna take a chance on me? Give me some kids? Have a happily ever after?”

Chuckling through my nose, the tears spilled down my cheeks. Nodding vigorously, I laughed, “Yes, Milo, yes I will marry you.”

The crowd – save for our table – burst into cheer while I threw my arms around his neck. He stood, pulling me to my feet, rocking us side to side.

“I love you, Chazzy. I’m going to make you happy.”

Leaning back, he covered my lips in a sweet, tender kiss, my heart swelling so much, I felt it would break because there was no way it could hold this much love and happiness.

The kiss tapering off, he scattered a few tiny ones around my face, wiping at my smeared lipstick with his thumb. “Thank you,” he whispered. “Thank you for loving me, forgiving me, and giving me this chance. You won’t regret it.”

Urging me back to my chair, he scooted me to the table and reclaimed his own. Flashing a smile to the others, they were all grinning back, some half ass clapping. None of it was genuine, and it made me sad.

Milo picked up my hand and kissed the brand new ring over and over. He was staring at me nonstop but chatting to his parents. He was worth it. Being his wife, we would be so

happy, I wouldn't even notice his entire family hated me. One day, they had to see I was good for him. They would realize how much we loved one another; they would soften.

He shifted his chair closer to me and draped his arm across my shoulder, kissing my temple. Propping his ankle on his knee, he tapped his fingers to the champagne flute, continuing the conversation I wasn't exactly a part of.

I shimmied to the edge of my seat and leaned against his side, my forehead on his neck, my hand on his thigh. My finger wiggled, elation swirling my blood. This was the best birthday of my life. With Milo as my husband, I was sure to have many, many more.

# Chapter 43

## Wyatt Shaw

My lids closed, a boulder dropping on top of my heart and sinking it to the floor. The sensation was palpable, making me cough from the discomfort. Gazing down at my brandy, I swirled the liquid around the glass, unable to keep looking at the happy, newly engaged couple.

Sniffing sharply, I stood straight and downed the rest of the drink, setting the glass on the surface.

“Another?”

“No, I need something stronger. Vodka. *Spirytus*. Straight.”

Meyers and Jonas gazed at me sternly. Cutting my lids, I tapped my knuckles on the bar and jutted my chin at the server. “Now?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So, tonight’s the night you want to die?” Jonas asked, sipping his rum.

“I swear to god, brother, you puke, I’m acting like I don’t know you.”

The bartender set the glass in front of me, and I swept it up, downing the clear liquid in one gulp. A steel fist slammed into my gut, making me cough, my eyes burning. Absorbed with heat, I broke out in sweat.

Hissing through my gritted teeth, I tossed the glass on the counter and wheezed, “Another.”

Meyers waved his palm, closed his eyes, and pursed his lips. “Coffee. Black.”

Scoffing, I rolled my eyes, dropping to my elbows, my fists at my temples.

“What’s wrong with you, man?” Jonas asked, finishing his drink. “Coffee, too,” he told the server.

I pulled the stool next to me closer and sat down, cupping the rim of the mug set in front of me. “Nothing. What’s been going on with you guys? How’s life?”

Jonas snorted and took a sip of his coffee. Checking over both shoulders to make sure no one was listening, he said, “Same old same old. Chrissie is still whoring around and I’m still cleaning up her messes, making sure the assholes keep

their mouths shut and not blab to the world they bagged Vincent Moran's old lady."

Meyers snickered and downed the rest of his drink, ordering a coffee, as well. "I don't see what the problem is, ain't like he's a fucking saint. He's fucking around, too, ain't he?"

"Of course. What about your Pampinella. How's things with Jack?"

The corner of his mouth curled. Also checking for nosey ears, he lowered his voice and said, "Caught him in a little sordid affair, as well."

"That's not surprising. It seems like no one in the Pampinella family knows how to be faithful."

The statement stung, and I peeked at Chastity. She was nestled against Milo's side, his hand petting up and down her bicep while she toyed with the fancy engagement ring that I happened to know cost thirty-six thousand dollars because of that three carat FL diamond.

"Yeah, well..." He motioned us to lean closer so he could whisper. "This one is a real doozy. You'll never guess."

"The nanny."

He arched a brow at Jonas. “Try Congressman Alberts.”

We both jolted, bristled, and snapped our attention to the golden boy, Jack Pampinella. He was gay?

“No fucking way,” he chuckled, shaking his head while sitting straight again.

“I had no idea he was gay.”

Meyers looked at Jack and cleared his throat. “He swings both ways.”

“Well, yeah,” Jonas snorted, waving a hand in the air. “Isn’t she knocked up right now?”

Meyer’s spine snapped straight, checking our surroundings. “No one knows about that, so keep your fucking mouth shut. The Pampinella’s don’t even know yet. I’m not even supposed to know.”

My lids narrowed, my pulse slowing, alarm bells ringing in my ears. “Why the fuck do you know?”

He thumbed his nose, refusing to look at either of us. “Because it might be mine.”

“Jesus Christ!” we both hissed in unison. Jonas punched his arm, and I cradled my forehead, looking at a dead



man. It never dawned on me one day one of my brothers would die. It was always a possibility, seeing as how we were born to offer our lives to protect the Pampinella we were assigned to, but I never thought it would happen.

Now he was going to die, and not because of outside forces. Jack Pampinella would slit his throat if he found out he even looked at Amanda, much less got her knocked up.

The fact that I knew this, and I still made the same mistake with Chastity baffled me. Fucking her one time was what Milo was expecting. I had bagged many of his girlfriends in the past, and as soon as I had proven they couldn't be trusted, he ditched them.

I wasn't supposed to have her more than once, but how the hell could I stay away? The last few days, living in the same goddamn house, hearing, seeing, smelling her perfume and not touching her had been tortuous.

She pushed her chair away and stood. The black dress she was wearing was a bit unorthodox but on Chastity, it was perfection. The bodice was form fitting with a heart shaped collar that hugged the top of her breasts perfectly; a leather waist corset cinching her frame to accentuate her curves, the

top veeing between the bottom of her cleavage to define the roundness of those fantastic tits.

A sheer black fabric with sporadic lacey flowers embroidered across her chest and down her arms, a tiny ruffle at her wrists and around her throat. The main skirt was somewhat fitting with several layers of the same black sheer material flowing over it to her knees. Her legs were shimmering to the shiny black heels that laced around her ankles.

Her hair was swept up, held by a black crystal barrette, a few strands framing her face and neck. Dark shadow surrounded her eyes, and she had a shimmery, clear gloss before their sweet little kiss smeared it away.

She was stunning. The most beautiful woman in the room. She was leaving.

I took a quick gulp of the coffee and hopped to my feet. Not even aware Jonas was chastising Meyers, I grumbled, “Gotta piss. Be right back.”

It wouldn't be suspicious to Milo that I was following her. When he came home to hear about the threats from the lovers he cut off, he actually told me to never let her out my

sight until he dealt with the troublemakers. I was only doing what he asked.

Around the corner and down the dark hallway toward the bathroom, I grabbed her elbow, spun her, and shoved her against the wall, pinning her with my body.

She started to scream so my palm slapped over her mouth. When she saw it was me, the fear did not dissipate.

I removed my hand, placing it on the wall beside her head.

“What are you doing?”

“I wanted to congratulate you,” I hissed, curling my lip with disgust.

She pouted and took a jagged breath. “Thank you. I’m a little surprised, I wasn’t expecting it—”

“I knew. He told me last week he was planning this tonight.”

Her lids rounded and she pulled in a slow gasp. Looking left then right, she whispered, “And you still...s-still...”

“Fucked you?” I finished, rubbing against her. “Hell yeah, I did. Many, many times.”

Her eyes rolled back a bit and glossed, her cheeks turning pink. “Many...” she breathed, arching toward me.

“I think we set a record, kitten. Never had so many orgasms in so little time in my life.”

Her lashes lowered and she purred, “Mm, so... many...”

Groaning, I dipped my head and bit the side of her neck, dragging my tongue to her ear. “You’re so beautiful tonight.”

“Mm!” She whimpered, bouncing on her knees, patting her palms to my chest. “Don’t...please, don’t. You were right ending us. We can’t do this.”

“I’m so hard. It fucking hurts because I want you so bad.”

“Oh.” She bit her bottom lip, arching her brows. “We can’t.”

My lips raking along her jawbone, I stared into her eyes, our quickening breaths mingling. “You can wear that ring, you can take his name, but I own your soul. Don’t you *ever*...forget that, kitten.”

She sagged against the wall, her fingers clutching the lapel of my suit jacket. “Wyatt.”

The way she purred my name sent my insides into a wildfire of lust. Growling, my lips crushed to hers, my tongue thrusting deep into her mouth. She shrieked and arched, her knee rising between my legs to rub my throbbing cock.

I grabbed her wrists, slammed them to the wall over her head, and deepened the kiss, grinding against her roughly. She moaned, her knee moving up and down.

At my limit of control, I shoved off her and stormed away without looking back. I needed fresh air. The cool, drizzly night air and a cigarette was what I needed. Not Chastity. Not her soft, supple curves, her delicate moans or sweet kisses.

How the fuck was I supposed to do this? Twenty minutes into their happy future together and I was throwing her against a wall, praying she begged me to take her. I was supposed to stand in the shadows for the next foreseeable however many years and maintain control? I wasn't going to make it.

It looked like soon, Jonas would be the only Shaw brother left. Me and Meyers were already looking down the

barrel of a gun, meeting death in the face. It was just a matter of time.

Pulling out a cigarette to light it, my brows lifted with a thought. My lungs full of nicotine, I turned my back to the street and gazed at the restaurant. If my days were numbered and I was going to die, I may as well enjoy the time I had left.

A hand in my pocket, the other dangled at my side, my thumb tapping the cigarette. She was worth it. I couldn't believe I was admitting it, or that I even felt this way, but Chastity was worth loving. I couldn't stay away from her. Eventually, Milo was going to find out and get rid of me. Until then, I was going to enjoy my kitten as often as I could.

# Chapter 44

## Chastity Monroe

“I cannot believe you did that, Chazzy.”

Feigning innocence, I shrugged out of my jacket and hung it on the wall in the foyer. Smoothing my skirts, I cleared my throat, squared my shoulders, and lifted my chin as I pranced into the kitchen.

“I think it was hilarious.”

“Don’t...don’t encourage her. It’s not funny.”

I glimpsed at Wyatt who was snickering. I believed he found the situation funny more out of intoxication than it actually being humorous. I’d never seen him drunk, and I didn’t like it, especially since I knew it was brought on by me and Milo getting engaged tonight.

My belly fluttered as I held my hand out to eye the gorgeous ring. I had never seen pink gold before. It was so beautiful and feminine. I liked that when he had a ring made

for me, beautiful and feminine were what he was after. I liked being dainty.

“It was funny,” he offered with a quick wink to me.

Hastily taking his own jacket off and tossing it on the hook next to mine, he joined us in the kitchen, tugging at his tie. “It was embarrassing,” he grumbled, removing the jacket to his suit. Folding it closed, he draped it over the back of the sofa before plopping down at the bar.

“For who? You or your pops?”

“Why are you condoning what she did?”

“Man, Ted deserved it for what he said to her. Why am I the one defending her and not you?”

My brows lifted, my heart stilling. Craning my neck slightly, I peeked at them arguing about me as if I weren't there. Wyatt needed to be careful before he said something he shouldn't.

“It's not...Look.” He pinched the bridge of his nose and huffed. “It's not that I didn't defend her—”

“You didn't. You stood there, let that man poke her in the stomach and say, ‘We aren't too surprised Milo picked



someone so jolly to marry.’ Man, that was bullshit!” he yelled, swinging open the refrigerator to get a bottle of water.

Shame scorched my cheeks, and I bowed my head, looking at the ring again. It had been a long time since I let my guard down so someone could humiliate me like that. Thankfully, he only said it in front of the rest of the family, and not the business guests or my friends.

“But to call my dad out for wearing a toupee and asking if she could check her lipstick on his head...”

I bit the corner of my mouth, my sight bouncing between the two men with the sudden quietness. Wyatt was chugging the water and Milo was removing his tie, staring at the counter.

Suddenly, he snorted and then burst out laughing. “Okay, that was funny as hell. I take it back.”

Relief flooded me and I sighed, my shoulders sinking forward. Going through the motions, I finished setting up the coffee maker for morning. It was a childish retort on my part, but I had been so stunned that Theodore Pampinella would say something so insulting, less than an hour after witnessing his son propose. I was going to be his daughter in law, why did he think that was appropriate in any way?

My first meeting with my future family hadn't exactly turned out great. We meet, they don't like what they see, they watch us get engaged, and I insult the patriarch.

It did bother me that Milo didn't correct Theodore when he lowkey ridiculed me. His arm across my shoulders, he had merely given me a squeeze and said he was a lucky man. It would have been nice had he put his father in his place to let him know it was not okay to talk to me like that. Boundaries should have been set. What if now he thought it would be okay to always give me snide remarks?

I was already dreading Thanksgiving next month.

Pressing my fingertips between my eyes, I heaved a sigh. Whenever I allowed myself to daydream about the day I would find the man of my dreams and get married, this was not how I pictured it. I imagined his family embracing and accepting me from the very beginning, giving me the parental affection, I'd always lacked growing up.

“Come here, baby girl.”

I pouted, looking over my shoulder after pulling it to my ear. He was patting his thigh, smiling. Sulking, I went and sat on his lap. His arm wrapped behind my back, his other hand on my knee, his lips nuzzling my ear.

“I’m sorry. Wyatt’s right, I should have said something. I’m going to let him know that his behavior tonight was unacceptable. In fact, I’m going to tell them all because I saw their little glares. They can either all accept you and love you,” he muttered, holding my chin. “As much as I do, or they can kiss both our asses and stay the hell away.”

My bottom lip puckered, and I batted my lashes. “You would do that?”

“For thirty-eight years, I’ve had no choice but to be their family because that’s how I was born. The next thirty-eight are my choice, and I choose you. Hell yeah, I mean it. I won’t let our future kids see their grandparents, aunts, and uncles mistreating their mom. Screw that.”

My arm draped across the back of his shoulder, my fingers tangled in his hair. Pressing his cheek to my bosom, I kissed the top of his head. “I love you.”

He groaned, hugging tightly. “I love you so much, baby girl.”

My pulse pattered and I grinned, closing my eyes. Wyatt coughed, reminding me we weren’t alone. My lids lifted to angry, dark blue pools, nostrils flaring.

All my giddiness zapped, and I deflated. It hurt to see him angry and upset. I didn't like that I was the reason he was unhappy.

Sneering and shaking his head, he chugged the rest of his water, flung the empty bottle to the sink, and stormed down the hallway, grumbling to himself until his bedroom door slammed.

I startled and jumped, chewing a nail anxiously.

“Don't worry about him, he's an angry drunk. Why he decided to get drunk, I don't know, but he always gets in a foul mood when he's had too much.”

Sighing, I slumped, my shoulders slumping, suddenly exhausted.

Milo raked his finger back and forth over my chest, creeping his way down to a breast. “Did I tell you how goddamn amazing you looked tonight? I couldn't keep my eyes off you.”

My belly stirred, excitement warming my veins. Massaging pressure points on his scalp, he groaned and closed his eyes.

“I’ve missed your massages. It’s been a couple weeks. You owe me money.”

I giggled, moving to the base of his skull. His moan deepened, his head falling forward and bobbing to my strokes.

“Since I’m going to be your wife, does that mean you are going to expect my services for free? Because you’d be wrong.”

Chuckling, he tilted his head, casting a wayward glance. “You know what I want?”

“Hm?”

“I want to make love to my fiancée.”

I gasped, my insides halting abruptly. “Fiancée,” I repeated quietly.

His eyes lit up with a small smirk. “Sounds pretty amazing. Mrs. Chastity Pampinella sounds even better.”

“Oh,” I sighed, heady with emotions.

His hand slid up my thigh under my skirts, his smile falling. “I think you still owe me a dessert.”

“Mm, I do, don’t I? What about my dessert? You think I can have mine at the same time?”

A wickedness curled his mouth at the corners. “I think that can be arranged.”

Yet neither of us moved, for that would mean breaking the stare.

“Did you have a good birthday, baby girl?”

“Amazing,” I giggled timidly.

“Happy birthday.”

I dipped my chin, touched his cheek, and kissed him gently. How did I get so lucky? Our relationship may have started badly with the affairs, but things were changing, and Milo and I were going to have a wonderful life together full of love and happiness. To hell with anyone who didn't approve. This was our journey, our love, we didn't need to explain or prove anything to anybody.