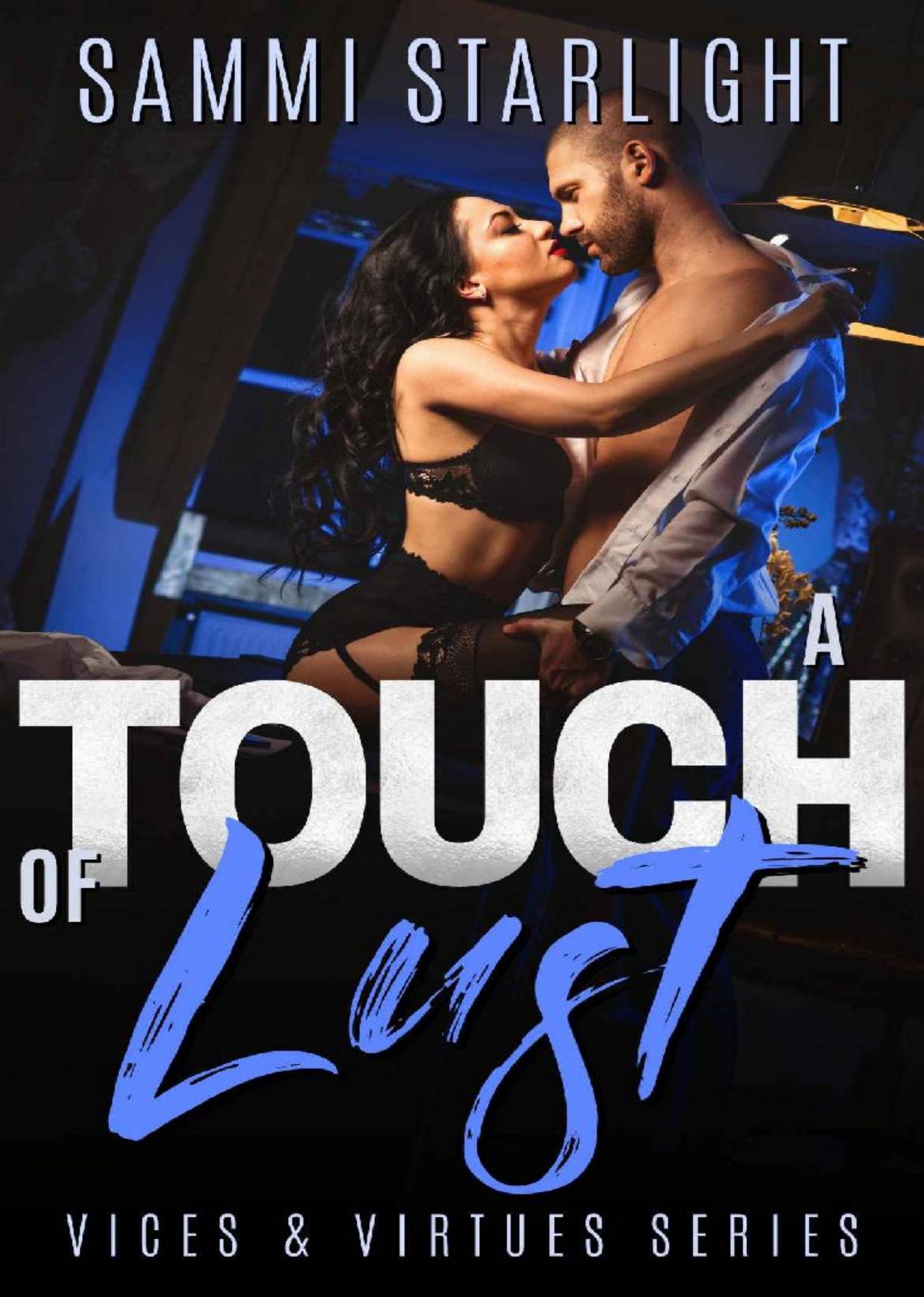


SAMMI STARLIGHT



A

TOUCH

OF

Lust

VICES & VIRTUES SERIES

A TOUCH OF LUST

VICES & VIRTUES

SAMMI STARLIGHT

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CONTENTS

1. [Alex](#)
2. [Paul](#)
3. [Alex](#)
4. [Paul](#)
5. [Alex](#)
6. [Paul](#)
7. [Alex](#)
8. [Paul](#)
9. [Alex](#)
10. [Paul](#)
11. [Alex](#)
12. [Paul](#)
13. [Alex](#)
14. [Paul](#)
15. [Alex](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Get the complete Vices & Virtues Series](#)

[About the Author](#)

ALEX

I was sitting at the club with my best friend Stephanie and her boyfriend Zach when I noticed him. He was hard to miss, sitting over in the corner booth with Max, the club owner. It was hard to tell exactly how tall he was, but I guessed at least 6'3". His dark hair was shaved short, almost in a buzz cut. The suit he was wearing was obviously expensive, Armani maybe? I bet he had amazing shoulders under that suit. What really caught my attention were his eyes. He noticed me looking at him and gave me a slight smile and nod before I quickly glanced away. There was something about his piercing, icy blue eyes that unnerved me.

“Who’s the new guy with Max?” I nodded my head over to where Max and the mystery man were sitting, taking a quick drink of my water.

Zach looked in Max’s direction and shrugged. “Pretty sure that’s Max’s friend from college. Rumor has it he had a big club in New York or something and he’s going to partner with Max here.”

“Huh...” I glanced back over at him. If he was a friend of Max’s and had a club, there’s a good chance he was a Dom too. I wondered if he was taken.

“Alex, what’s going through that head of yours?” My best friend Stephanie smirked. It was like she could read my mind.

“Whatever do you mean?” I smiled at her innocently.

She shook her head with a laugh. “I know and I know that look. You’re looking at him like you’re trying to survey the fresh meat.”

I shrugged. “Maybe...and maybe I was just thinking I should go over and say hi. You know, to be polite.”

Stephanie laughed. “What about Will? Are you guys finally done?”

I waved my hand, dismissing her comment. Will had been a Dom at the club that I’d been casually seeing. “There’s nothing between Will and me. We were just having a good time. Besides, he moved to California and I haven’t heard from him in over a month; no phone call, no text, nothing.”

She snorted. “That’s weird. With the way he acted before he left, I would’ve thought you’d hear from him all the time. Shit, the way he talked about you, I’m surprised he didn’t try to drag you along with him.”

I rolled my eyes. “Like that would’ve happened. He knew I wasn’t even looking for a commitment. We had a good time together but it wasn’t anything special. I certainly wouldn’t relocate for him! Besides, I just want to say hi. There’s no harm in that.””

Unlike my best friend who was attached to her Dom’s hip, I had no interest in making that kind of commitment to anyone. I was in the lifestyle for the kinky sex more than anything. I absolutely loved a man that took charge in the bedroom.

Steph and I have been friends since high school. One night after way too many margaritas, we confessed to each other that we liked sex a little bit rough and were curious about the BDSM lifestyle. We started doing some research, and found the local underground BDSM club, Backstage. We started going there to play and learn more about lifestyle five years ago and became regulars.

Stephanie met her Dom Zach right away and moved in with him after six months. She's never been with another Dom. After three years together, they got engaged. I, on the other hand, had play partners at the club, even dated a few casually but nothing more. I knew in my head being submissive didn't mean giving up all of my independence, but I couldn't seem to give myself to anyone enough to be committed for more than play.

I couldn't stop glancing over at the corner booth. "That's it." I stood up, smoothing my hands on my skirt, my mind set on meeting the mystery man. "I'm going over to say hi."

"Good luck!" Steph called after me as I walked away.

I looked hot and I knew it. Taking a deep breath, I bit my lip as I approached their table; glad I had worn my red lipstick. My long dishwater blonde hair was piled up on my head in a messy bun with pieces framing my face and showing off my large silver hoops.

The two men stopped their conversation as they noticed me walk up. The mystery man's eyes traveled from my freakishly high heels that took me forever to learn how to walk in up to the almost obscenely short hem of my favorite black skirt. His gaze finally stopped at the nearly indecent amount of cleavage revealed in my black bustier. When he finally lifted his eyes to meet mine, it was like he could see through me, to

my soul. I was so thrown off by his look I almost forgot why I was there.

“Um, hi Max. How are you doing tonight? Do you guys need any drinks or anything?” That’s the best I had? *Lame*. I glanced at Max’s friend and gave him a wide smile.

“Hey Alex. I didn’t know I hired you as a waitress .” Max looked up at me with a smirk on his face. He was one of the few Doms here I hadn’t been with, but it wasn’t for lack of trying on my part. He wasn’t interested, but then again, I’d never seen him play at the club with anyone all of the time I’d been coming here.

I narrowed my hazel eyes at him. “I was just trying to be nice.” I could feel the handsome stranger’s gaze on me, looking me up and down. My nipples tightened under my leather bustier.

“Mmhmm...” He chuckled. “Have you met Paul?”

I turned my attention to him and smiled. I suddenly felt like I had a stomach full of butterflies. I’d never been so nervous to talk to a man before. Not sure why I suddenly was now. “I’ve not had the pleasure.”

“Alex, this is my best friend from college, Paul. Paul, this is Alex. She’s a regular here at the club.”

I held out my hand. “Nice to meet you.”

He took my tiny hand, gripping it firmly in his strong one. My eyes widened as I felt something like a jolt of electricity pass from his hand to mine. From the way his eyes darkened, I was pretty sure he felt it too. “Nice to meet you too, Alex.” His voice was deep and smooth, like a bass drum. I shuddered suddenly as a vision of him whispering naughty things in my ear flashed in my head.

“Alex?” Max’s voice suddenly jolted me out of my fantasy.

I broke out of my reverie to realize both men were looking at me expectantly. “What?” My face was warm as I tucked a piece of hair behind my ear and smiled sheepishly at Paul. “Sorry.”

He winked at me. “That’s ok, Alex.” Oh my god, the way he said my name made my knees weak.

“Well then, I’m going to head back to my friends. Just wanted to stop by and say hi. It was nice to meet you Paul.” I was totally flustered now. *What’s wrong with me?* Men never flustered me. I was usually the one to do the flustering.

“It was nice to meet you too. Hopefully we will run into each other again soon.” Paul nodded and licked his lips. This time I had visions of being tied up in front of him while he used that tongue to tease me until I screamed for mercy.

“I would like that,” I replied softly. “I’ll leave you boys alone. See you later.”

As I walked back to my friends, I snuck a peek back at Paul and caught him watching me. I sat back down at the bar with a smug grin and took a long drink of my water.

“So?” Stephanie prompted me eagerly, her wide eyes looking at me expectantly as she waited for a full report.

“So what?” I shrugged nonchalantly.

She reached over to smack my arm lightly. “Ow! What was that for?” I rubbed my arm, giving her a wounded look.

“Please! I saw the look on your face when you left here. It was a typical Alex look – the ‘I’m going to eat you for lunch

and spit you out' look. And you came back here looking pretty happy with yourself.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about. I just went over to say hi,” I said, trying not to giggle. I couldn't hide anything from my best friend.

“Sure ya did. So what's his name?” She interrogated me.

I played with the corner of the napkin under my water glass. “His name is Paul.”

“What else?” She was so nosy. She loved to live vicariously through my exploits since she had been with Zach so long.

I laughed. “That was about it. We didn't talk that long, Steph.”

Stephanie rubbed my arm. “True.” She rested her head on her hand on the bar. “Are you going to put the moves on him?”

“I don't know, I just met him after all.” I stammered. “He's hot though. We'll see.”

Stephanie leaned back to look over at Paul. “Yeah he is. Panty-dropping hot, in fact.”

I busted out laughing. “Oh my god, Steph!” I turned around, getting another look at Paul. He saw me looking and gave me a smile and a nod. Yep, Paul was definitely panty dropping hot.

I couldn't wait to see more of him.

PAUL

“**B**etter watch out for that one...She’s known for eating men alive and it looks like she may have set her sights on you.” Max grinned.

I’d been unable to take my eyes off her since the moment she walked away. Seeing her at the bar with her friends, long legs crossed in front of her, allowing her black leather mini skirt to creep higher on her thigh, made my cock harden. It’d been awhile since I’d been so affected by anyone and this girl had definitely piqued my interest.

I turned my attention back to my friend. “What do you mean? She certainly looked innocent enough.”

Max sighed and leaned back in the booth. “She’s been a member here with her friend Stephanie, the girl next to her, for four years. In that time, she hasn’t committed to anyone for anything other than play. I’ve seen her bring more than one man to his knees, honestly. She has this effect on them. You should see it when she pulls up on her Harley. They are all drooling over her. I think it’s a combination of her feistiness and her submissiveness that drives men crazy. They see her as a challenge, almost as a prize. Each one wants to be the one to ‘win’ her.”

The image of her pulling up on a motorcycle made me grin. “Sounds like she’d be a good Domme. Has she tried it?” I couldn’t help it, my gaze was drawn over to her. Her smile was amazing and I couldn’t stop looking. For a second, I thought about those luscious lips wrapped around my rock hard cock.

Max chuckled. “I asked her that once. She said male subs turn her off and that she likes a strong alpha male. She’s played publicly here a few times, and she’s transformed when she gets bound, becomes a totally different person. It’s pretty sexy actually. I can only imagine how submissive she is behind closed doors.”

“Interesting...Sounds like trouble.” I laughed and took a sip of my drink. Seeing sassy Alex submissive was definitely something I would love to do. Imagines of her tied up to my four-poster bed filled my mind; maybe even throw a blindfold in there for extra measure.

“Oh, she’s definitely trouble, but, really, she might be just the girl for you.” Max leaned in, looking at me with narrowed eyes.

“I’m fine, I don’t need a woman.” I hadn’t been with anyone in a long time, not seriously anyway. There had been a few casual encounters over the years, but most women I’d met were too boring. I wanted someone that wasn’t a doormat; someone that challenged me. Someone smart and sexy. From the way Max described her, someone like Alex. As tempting as the tall beauty sounded, I just really didn’t want a relationship right now – if ever again.

“When was the last time you were with someone that challenged you? You need to move on. It’s been two years since Jessica.”

Jessica had been my wife back in New York, She wasn't only my but also my partner. She was beautiful, smart and sexy and together we'd built one of the most successful adult clubs. She let the success go to her head and ended up falling for another man that frequented the club. I let her have the club in our divorce, having no desire to continue with the life that she and I had built together.

"I moved here to help you with your club, not to get laid." I tersely replied.

Max shook his head. "You came here for a fresh start. Alex could be a great way to do that."

He was right. I couldn't stop looking over at her. "I swore I'd never commit to a woman again."

"That's why she's perfect for you." Max glanced back over to the bar to where Alex was sitting. "She doesn't want a commitment, just some hot sex. What more do you need?"

"Max, I'll admit she's tempting." I scrubbed my face with my hand. "Maybe I'll see if she wants to get together tomorrow night and we'll see what happens."

"Now there's the spirit!" Max grinned at me.

I couldn't help but laugh at Max's excitement. Only a good friend like him would be so happy about me getting laid.

I checked my watch. It was eleven o'clock and I was exhausted from my long day of moving. I was renting a small house near the club. "I'm going to head out. It's been a long couple of days. I'm beat."

"Sounds good. Call if you need anything, otherwise I'll see you tomorrow night."

The two men stood up and shook hands. “Yep, I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

I nodded and started walking out of the club. I made sure to take the long way, walking past Alex. Max was right; I needed some fun and she sounded like just the girl to have that fun with. I stopped behind her, causing her to pause mid-conversation to turn and look at me. The wind knocked out of me when those hazel eyes looked up at me. I really hoped she didn’t notice the erection bulging in my pants. Leaning forward, my lips almost touched her ear as I whispered, “Be here tomorrow night at nine o’clock. Wear a red dress and make sure you aren’t wearing any panties.”

She swallowed hard and nodded. “Good.” I stood back up and nodded to her friend, then glanced back at her. “See you tomorrow.”

I walked out of the club before she could say another word, whistling to myself. I couldn’t wait to see her tomorrow night. My cock hardened as I thought about my plans for Alex. I had a feeling we were definitely going to have a good time together.

ALEX

“**W**hat did he say to you?” Stephanie eagerly asked me as soon as Paul walked out the door of the club.

I turned back to her, still a little shocked by Paul’s invitation to meet tomorrow night. And his demands. I mean, he barely knew me, what made him think I was going to listen to him. *But of course I was.* Something deep inside me told me I had to.

“He wants to meet me here tomorrow night. Told me to wear a red dress and no underwear.”

Stephanie’s brown eyes widened in surprise as she twirled a lock of her auburn hair around her finger. “Really? Are you going to? You just met him.”

I shrugged, already trying to decide which red dress I was going to wear. “Maybe. I can meet him. Doesn’t mean anything has to happen.”

She narrowed her eyes suspiciously at me. “That’s not like you, Alex. You don’t usually give in to anyone’s demands so easily.”

I smiled sheepishly. “I admit, there’s something about him; something that makes me want to do what he says. And when he took my hand to shake it, I felt this amazing connection

between us. He's fucking hot too. Who wouldn't want a chance with him?"

We dissolved into fits of giggles, planning which dress I would wear when I saw Paul. We finally headed out to the dance floor, but all I thought about for the rest of the night was Paul. I couldn't wait for tomorrow night.



AFTER BARELY ANY sleep the night before and a long day hanging around my condo, I was more than ready to get to the club to see Paul. I took extra care with my appearance . I left my long curls down around my face hoping that would entice him to bury his hands in my long hair.

Paul told me to wear a dress, so I pulled out my favorite red dress. It fit all my curves just right and showed just the right amount of cleavage. I didn't dress like a lot of the other women in the club. I had a look I liked to call "classically sexy", not the "fuck-me, I'm desperate" barely-there outfits so many of the girls would wear. I completed the look with my black high heels.

Why was I so worried about what Paul thought? Why was his approval so important to me? I never cared before what a man I'd just met thought about what I wore or how I looked. This was all new to me and I wasn't sure if I liked it.

I was a ball of nerves by the time I arrived at the club and in my excitement to see Paul, I was a little early. The club was still fairly empty, so I went to the bar to have a drink.

The bartender John smiled at me. "Hey Alex, looking good tonight."

“Thanks, John. Could I please get some water?” I perched myself on one of the high stools, setting my purse on the bar.

“Sure thing, babe.” He turned around and grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge. He opened it for me and set it in front of me with a sexy grin. “If you aren’t busy later, wanna play when I’m done?”

John and I had played a few times in the past. He was younger than me by ten years and still in college. Every once in a while I would let him “practice” on me. Playing with someone so young definitely had an advantage; John could usually go all night. We always had a good time, but it wasn’t going to happen tonight.

I laughed softly, “Not tonight, sexy, sorry.” I glanced around the bar anxiously, looking around for Paul.

“Meeting Steph tonight?” He asked as stacked glasses behind the bar.

I felt my face get warm with embarrassment. Was it that obvious that I was looking for someone? “Not tonight. I’m meeting Paul.”

“Lucky bastard,” John muttered.

I was surprised by his comment. “It’s not like that, John. We’re just going to talk.” But I was hoping for so much more. I reached into my purse to take out my phone.

“Mmhmm...Right...Meeting a hot guy dressed like that and you’re just going to ‘talk’,” he replied, nodding at me. “If things don’t go well and you need to work off some steam later, you know where to find me.” He winked and walked down to the other end of the bar to wait on new customers that had arrived.

With a wry smile, I looked down at my phone, deciding to check my email while I waited. I needed a distraction. I was about to lose my mind. I couldn't remember the last time I was so nervous.

“Don't you look sexy tonight?”

Desire pooled between my thighs as I heard Paul's deep voice in my ear. I turned off my phone and spun around in my seat. My breath caught in my throat when I saw him. He was dressed in black jeans and a tight black t-shirt, defining every muscle in his gorgeous body. I found myself thinking about tracing every line with my tongue.

“Thanks,” I finally managed to reply. When I was in his presence, I seemed to lose all train of thought.

“Would you like to go over to a booth so we can talk ?” He motioned for John to come over and ordered a drink.

I nodded. Even ordering a drink he was sexy, so commanding.

“Good,” I felt his gaze slide over me, from my curls down to my heels. His eyes slayed me. They were so intense; I wanted to get lost in them.

John brought Paul his drink and we headed to the booth in the far corner. I slid into the seat first, with Paul close behind. He sat close to me and I could smell him; a combination of laundry detergent and soap, clean and simple. He snaked his muscular arm around the back of the booth, and I could feel his warm skin on my bare shoulders.

“I'm glad you agreed to meet with me tonight,” he said as he leaned in close so I could hear him above the music. “Max told me a lot about you, and I'm interested in learning even more, Alex.”

My stomach dropped a little, wondering what Max had said about me. That I had made my way through most of the regulars in the club? *God, I hoped not.* “Just what did Max tell you about me?” My hand nervously played with my earring.

He let out a low chuckle. “Don’t worry; he only said good things about you.” His hand went up to stroke my hair. “He said you’re an independent woman that wasn’t looking for a permanent commitment, but that you’re incredibly submissive in the right situations.” He winked at me and my nipples hardened in my dress.

I tucked my hair behind my ear. “Well, he’s right. I’ve never been in a committed relationship and I don’t plan on it happening any time soon, if ever.”

“Perfect,” he said quietly, his blue eyes staring into mine. “Because I don’t need a girlfriend or a wife. I did that once and it didn’t work out so well.”

My heart started pounding in my chest. It seemed too good to be true. The thought of becoming play partners with Paul made me squeeze my thighs together under the table, trying to relieve some of the pressure his words created deep in my belly.

He removed his arm from around my shoulders. “So let’s talk then. I find you incredibly attractive. I’d like to play with you. If you’re interested, that is.”

Yes! I had to keep from jumping up and down. “Yes, I would be interested.”

“Wonderful,” he replied with a smile, taking a sip of his drink, peering over his glass at me. “Let’s discuss some rules. First of all, I’m not interested in all of that Dom/sub protocol. I won’t require you to kneel or be on a leash in the club. In the

bedroom, however, I expect total submission. There you will call me Sir. Understand?”

I nodded. I had no problem with complete submission in the bedroom. That was the one place I let a man take total control of me.

He smiled. “I had a feeling you wouldn’t have a problem with that. Next, no disrespecting me. I may not keep a tight leash on you, so to speak, but I expect your respect. That kind of ties in with my third thing. I don’t like to share. Most men don’t, as you well know. Now, I know that I won’t own you, but if you want to play with anyone else, please just talk to me first and we’ll discuss it. Sound ok?”

I could definitely live with those rules. They were simple enough, even for me. “That sounds fair. I’m not one to really have multiple partners at a time anyway.”

“Perfect. I don’t want to hold you back, so all I ask is that you talk to me first if someone comes along who you are interested in.”

“Agreed,” I nodded, feeling the sweat break out on my brow. *When did it get so hot in here?*

I suddenly felt his hand on my thigh. I was getting tired of all the talk. I was tempted to climb on his lap right here, I wasn’t sure we were there yet..

“Any questions for me?” he said as his long fingers stroked my soft flesh.

Even if I had questions, there was no way I could think of them with him touching me like that. My hair tumbled on my shoulders as I shook my head. “No questions,” I managed to whisper.

“What about your limits? What’s your safe word?” he asked as he moved his fingers dangerously up my thigh and I wondered if he could feel the heat coming from my sex.

I gripped the edge of the table, trying not to think about how wet he was making me from simply touching my thigh. “My limits are no age play, no scat, animals, or face hitting. Other than that, I am pretty open. There isn’t much I won’t try at least once, especially with someone I trust. My safe word is ‘red’ but I’ve never had to use it .”

I heard him suck in his breath and he suddenly dug his nails into the flesh of my thigh. “I think you and I are going to get along just fine, Alex.” He leaned in closer, his lips on my ear. “I’m looking forward to getting to know you...and your deepest desires.”

I gasped and closed my eyes as his lips moved to my neck, touching me in that spot behind my ear that drove me wild.

He whispered, “I think it’s time we get a room, don’t you?”

All I could do was nod.

PAUL

I watched her stand up and couldn't help but admire the way her tight red dress hugged every curve of her body. She turned around and I thought I saw her smile a little when she caught me checking her out.

"You lead the way," she said above the noise of the club.

I gave a curt nod and headed down the hallway. I didn't check to see if she was following. I knew she would be.

I arrived at the last private room down the hall. I'd reserved it for tonight, hoping that Alex and I would end up there. I unlocked the door and opened it. "After you," I turned and motioned to Alex.

She walked in slowly, looking around the room. "I don't think I have been in this room before." There weren't the usual toys in this room. It was a simple set up with a California-king sized bed on one end and a cabinet in the corner.

I set my keys on the small table by the door. "Yeah, Max told me he keeps this room just for special occasions."

Alex turned with a grin. "And this is a special occasion?"

I walked over to her and ran a finger down her cheek. "I think so, but I guess we'll see." I stepped away from her. "Get undressed. I want to see if you obeyed me."

I could see the flicker of amusement in her hazel eyes as she reached up and slipped the straps of her dress over her shoulders. She pushed her dress down to her waist and I almost gasped at the sight of her gorgeous breasts. Her nipples were dark and tight, either from the cold air or her excitement but I suspected the latter. “You’re gorgeous, Alex.”

She ducked her head almost as if embarrassed. “Thank you, Sir.”

My semi-hard cock became instantly erect when those words escaped her luscious lips. I had to fight from throwing her on the bed that instant and fucking her brains out.

She wiggled her hips, letting her dress fall to her feet. “Good girl,” I mumbled as I walked closer to check her out. She had obeyed my demand and wasn’t wearing any underwear. I strolled around her slowly, checking out every curve of her gorgeous body. She was soft, but trim and obviously worked out.

“Do you go to the gym?” I asked as I inspected her firm ass. I couldn’t wait to get my hands on it, to watch her squirm beneath me as I spanked her.

“I do yoga five times a week, Sir,” she replied.

“Mmm...Good. You look amazing.” I moved back to the front of her. Her breasts were the perfect size for my large hands. I reached out and cupped them, my thumb brushing the hard peaks repeatedly. She shuddered and closed her eyes.

I moved one hand down her stomach, trailing between her cleanly shaven legs. “Bare too, just how I like it.” I slid a finger between her legs, exploring her soft folds. “Already soaking wet, Alex? What a naughty girl.” A soft gasp escaped her lips.

I moved away from her and I thought I heard her sigh in frustration. I was going to have such fun teasing her. “Get up on the bed.”

She turned and climbed up onto the bed slowly, letting me get a good look at her ass and pink swollen lips. Before turning around, she wiggled her hips a little at me.

“Turn around and lay down on the bed,” I growled at her.

I watched her move on the bed, her eyes dark, inviting. I clenched my hands by my side, fighting the urge to pin her down and thrust deep inside her. I had an overwhelming urge to mark her as mine. For the first time in a while, I was worried I was going to lose control. I walked over to the cabinet, opening the doors and inspecting what was inside.

“Do you have a play collar?” I was dying to get something around that pretty neck of hers. There was nothing sexier than a woman naked, wearing a collar.

She shook her head. “No, Sir.”

“We’ll have to get you one. There will be times I’ll want you collared.” *Most of the time, probably.*

She nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good.” I reached into the cabinet and took out the soft leather cuffs from the shelf. “Tonight I think I’ll restrain you to the bed. I can’t wait to see you stretched out and helpless before me.”

I walked around the bed, gently cuffing her arms and legs to the bed. When I was done, I stood at the foot of the bed and admired my handiwork. The site of Alex bound and naked before me was like a work of art. Her blond curls spilled around her head on the pillow and I watched her chest move rapidly from her quickened breath. Her excitement on the lips

of her sex was visible as her legs were spread wide for me. Again I thought about stripping down and impaling her with my cock, but I wasn't done with her yet. My plan was to make her come over and over again until she begged me for mercy.

I went back over to the cabinet, pulling out a long strip of black cloth. "Hmm...I am tempted to blindfold you tonight. What do you think, Alex?"

She trembled a little and I thought she might use her safe word. "If you want, Sir," she whispered softly.

Fuck, Max was right. Alex was so incredibly submissive in the bedroom. "Good answer, Alex, but I think tonight I'll leave it off. I want to watch those beautiful eyes of yours as you come for me repeatedly."

She mewled softly and pulled on her restraints a little bit. "That reminds me, Alex, no coming without permission. If you do, I'll have to punish you. And you will not like my punishments, trust me. I don't give out typical Dom punishments. You won't enjoy it."

Her eyes widened with panic and she nodded at me. I pulled my t-shirt off over my head and joined her on the bed, sliding between her spread thighs. Burying my hands in her thick hair, I looked deep into her eyes. I lowered my head and kissed her roughly, my mouth assaulting hers as my tongue invaded her mouth. She arched beneath me and I groaned into her mouth as our kiss continued. I moved my lips down to her neck as one hand pulled her head back, allowing me better access to the spot behind her ear. I teased the flesh there, biting and sucking until she was writhing beneath me, pulling on her cuffs

I wanted to taste more of her, consumed with the need to know every inch of her. I moved my lips from her neck down

to her right nipple, licking all around it, teasing it at first. I finally sucked it into my mouth hard and she bucked underneath me. As I sucked, my fingers twisted and pinched her other nipple. Alex's moans grew louder as I moved to the other nipple. I stopped and looked up into her eyes, seeing the pure lust in her dark hazel eyes.

I watched her eyes flicker with excitement as I reached down, sliding my hand across her stomach, and between her thighs. Shit, they were already slick from her juices. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been with someone so responsive; it was an incredible turn-on.

"You are so wet, princess. I bet you're dying to come, aren't you?" I whispered against her neck.

Alex whimpered as her head moved from side to side. "Yes, please Sir."

"Not yet, Alex," I murmured as I shoved two fingers roughly inside her dripping wet pussy. She cried out as her wet walls clamped around my fingers, but she obeyed me and didn't come. Fuck, she was tight!

"Please, Sir, please may I come?" She begged me breathlessly, her pink tongue darting across her lips. As much as I was tempted to let her release, to grant her release, I wanted to tease her a bit longer and see how far I could take her. I curled my fingers inside her, making a 'come here' motion with them, massaging the sensitive spot along her wall as my thumb circled her swollen clit.

I pulled my fingers from her, almost laughing as she moaned and bowed off the bed in frustration. "Not yet, Alex." I was looking forward to teaching this eager girl a bit of patience.

I got up from the bed, my eyes locked on hers. She was panting and I wasn't going to last much longer before I had to be inside her. I kicked off my shoes as I unbuttoned my leather pants. I slid them down, watching her eyes widen at the site of my erection.

It had been a long time since a woman had managed to get me this hard, but I wasn't ready to fuck her just yet. I wanted her to come undone beneath me. I shifted back up the bed slowly, my eyes on her glistening pussy. I could see the drops of moisture on her swollen lips and I couldn't wait to taste her.

I turned my head, running my tongue along the inside of her thigh. "You taste fucking amazing." Her eyes closed as a tremor went through her body and I moved to the other side, repeating the action.

Her thighs were shaking now and I decided to stop torturing her. I ran my tongue along her slit, gathering up her juices as I made my way from the entrance to her pussy all the way up to her clit. She moaned loudly and I stopped to kiss the inside of her thigh. "Just wait, princess...I am going to make you come so hard, you'll scream my name loud enough for the whole club to hear."

A low rumble erupted from her throat at my words and I couldn't hold back a smile. I loved the sounds that came from her pretty little mouth as I worked her over. I opened my mouth wide, completely covering her pussy. I swirled my tongue around her swollen clit, holding her down as she arched beneath me. I didn't spend too much time in one spot, drawing her to the edge over and over again, but still not letting her tumble over it.

I finally slid two fingers deep side her and sucked her clit into my mouth. I reached up with the other hand and pinched

her nipple, rolling it between my fingers.

“Please, Paul - Sir, please let me come,” she was almost sobbing now, her pussy walls clenching my fingers, the walls of her sex pulsing around me.

I stopped sucking her clit for a minute. I was finally done teasing her for tonight. “You may come, Alex,” I murmured to her. I returned to sucking on her sensitive nub, my fingers moving in and out of her, massaging the bundle of nerves inside her.

Alex tensed and screamed my name as her orgasm washed over her. The walls of her sex contracted around my fingers, coating them with her juices. I held her down as she writhed on the bed, pulling at the cuffs holding her tight.

Kissing the inside of her thigh, I slowly moved up the bed, my lips covered with her juices leaving a trail along her body to her mouth, where I kissed her passionately, plunging my tongue in her mouth so she could taste herself on me.

I pressed my forehead against hers when our kiss ended. “That was amazing, princess. I love to watch you come undone. Sexiest thing ever.” I propped myself up on my elbows over her, stroking her sweat-soaked hair from her face. “I could watch that over and over again.”

“Thank you, Sir,” she whispered in a horse, shaky voice.

“Trust me, Alex, the pleasure was all mine.” I got up. “Now I’m going to fuck you, but first I’m going to untie you. I want to feel your arms and legs around me.”

I moved quickly around the bed, releasing her from each cuff, rubbing her wrists and ankles. I grabbed a condom from the table next to the bed and rolled it on before kneeling

between her legs. I cupped her breast, teasing her nipple lightly with my thumb. “Tell me what you want, princess.”

She groaned and wiggled her hips, like she was trying to show me what she wanted. I moved closer, teasing her, letting the head of my cock probe her entrance. I was so hard now, it hurt, but teasing her was totally worth it.

“I want you to fuck me, Sir, please,” she sobbed with a ragged voice.

That was all I needed to hear. I grabbed her hips hard in my hands and drove deep inside her, bumping her cervix with the head of my cock. She cried out and arched beneath me, her nails dragging down my chest.

“Like that?” I asked her between gritted teeth. She felt so good around me I didn’t think I would last long.

“Yes, Sir.” She stopped moving and looked at me. “Please, Sir, fuck me hard. The harder the better.”

I groaned and leaned down to kiss her. This girl was going to be my undoing for sure.

“Are you sure?” God, the way she squeezed my cock was going to make me come before I could even move.

She bit her bottom lip and nodded. “Yes, please.”

I pulled out of her and flipped her over so she was face down on the bed. Fucking her this way would let me get deeper. I roughly grabbed her hips, digging my fingers into her flesh. She was probably going to be bruised there tomorrow. She would definitely be reminded of our night together.

I positioned my cock at her entrance and pulled her back onto me. She whimpered and gripped the sheets in front of her.

“Is this better?” I muttered as I started moving faster in and out of her.

She gasped as I slid almost all the way out of her and rammed my cock back in. “Yes, Sir,” she grunted as I pounded into her.

I started moving faster, slamming into her. I wanted her to come again, so I reached around her and teased her swollen clit with my finger as I fucked her. “Come for me again, princess. Come all over my cock. Cover me.”

She cried out my name and I felt her release around me, squeezing me with her pussy, coating my cock with her juices. I thrust hard a few more times and cried out as I emptied deep inside her.

We stayed in that position for a minute, both of us catching our breath. I finally pulled out of her, lying next to her, pulling her close.

“That was amazing,” I said when I finally could breathe again. I hadn’t come like that in a long time.

“For sure,” she replied, running her hand across my chest.

I looked down at her, loving the satisfied look on her face “I think we’ll have a lot of fun together, don’t you?”

She smiled and nodded, hooking a leg over mine. “I think so.”

Just then my phone rang on the table by the bed. *Shit!* I grabbed it off the table and checked it quick. It was Max. I’d told him to call if something came up and he needed me back in the club. I set it back down with a sigh. What could be so important that he needed me right then?

“It’s Max. He must need me.” I ignored the call. I’d call him back in a minute. Even though we were kinda doing this just for fun, I didn’t want Alex to think I was just going to fuck her and then leave her.

She sat up, a look of disappointment on her face. “That’s too bad. The night is young.”

I rubbed her thigh with my hand, moving it up to cup her pussy. Her lips parted with a soft sigh and I felt my cock stir again. I moved my other hand behind her neck, pulling her down for a kiss when the phone rang again.

“Fuck,” I murmured against her hair. “I better get that.” I kissed her forehead and got up from the bed with a sigh. “You can stay back here as long as you need. There’s a bathroom over there.” I pointed over to the door in the corner.

I got dressed quickly and went over to her sitting in the middle of the bed. She looked amazing, her hair a wild mess, lips swollen from my kisses and whisker burn along her neck. She looked like a well fucked, satisfied woman. *My woman.* And I loved that it was me that made her feel that way.

I leaned in to kiss her lips softly. “I had a great time tonight. I hope we can do this again soon.”

She reached up to touch my face with her hand. “Me too. And definitely soon.”

I sat on the edge of the bed to put on my shoes. “Are you going to hang around the club? Or go home?” The thought of her in the club being ogled by all the men while I was busy filled me with a feeling I hadn’t felt in a long time - jealousy. *Where did that come from?*

She shrugged and shook her head. “I think I’m going to head home. Steph and Zach went out somewhere else tonight

and I'm feeling a little tired anyway.”

I grinned. “Ok. I'll see you soon then?”

“Definitely.” She stood up from the bed and I felt desire stir again in my loins at the sight of her naked body. *Fuckin' Max!*

I kissed her one last time, this time slowly, letting my tongue dance with hers while my hand cupped her face gently.

“See you, princess.” I left the room with a smile. I couldn't wait to do this again.

ALEX

After that first night together in the club, Paul and I settled into a nice routine. We'd usually meet in one of the rooms at the club a couple of times a week. We always had an amazing time, playing with all the different toys the club had.

So far it seemed to be the perfect setup for both of us. We never met outside the club, each us having our own separate lives. We rarely talked outside of the club other than an occasional text or phone call to set up a time to meet or for him to give me instructions on what to wear.

While I certainly liked the fact that Paul never pushed me to take our relationship further, there were a few nights, especially recently when I wondered what it'd be like to be sleeping in his arms after having sex, I had to admit I even thought about dating him outside the club; going out to dinner or a movie. But that wasn't the arrangement we agreed to, so I never said anything.

Six weeks into our relationship, and after a long exhausting session involving a spanking horse and six orgasms, we were in our favorite room of the club, eating pizza in bed. We were famished after our play session, so Paul called the local pizza place down the road to have some delivered.

I was a little bit nervous as we sat around talking, which both annoyed and surprised me. Stephanie and Zach's engagement party was in a couple weeks and everyone in the club was invited. That included Paul. Despite our arrangement, I was sort of hoping we could go together. I mean, it kind of was a club function since most of the people there would be members.

I'd been hoping Paul would ask me to go with him, but he hadn't yet. Stephanie had told me to just ask him. I'd never been afraid to ask a man for something I wanted in the past, so I wasn't sure why I was now.

"You look kinda sexy eating pizza naked," he commented to me as I took a bite of my pizza.

I laughed and chewed my food before I muttered, "Yeah right." Despite the fact that I didn't have the same hang ups a lot of women had about their appearance, I found it hard to believe there was anything sexy about me, naked, shoveling pizza into my face.

"I'm serious, Alex." He put down his beer and looked at me seriously. "You're a gorgeous, sexy, smart woman. Don't ever think otherwise."

"Thank you," I replied. Now was as good a time as any to ask. "Are you going to Stephanie and Zach's party next week?"

He leaned back in bed, resting against the headboard. I couldn't help but admire his smooth chest, smiling a little at the scratches and bite marks I left there from earlier. I loved to mark him when we had sex. He had perfect abs that made me want to climb my way up his body, licking and kissing every inch along the way.

He slid his hand up my thigh and I couldn't help but shiver as I felt my nipples pucker. "I think so. I'm assuming you are since you're the maid of honor."

I couldn't help but giggle. "Yep, I will be there."

He started drawing small circles on my thigh and I felt my pussy clench. I could never get enough of Paul's touch. He paused for a moment, "Would you like to go with me?"

My heart soared. He was thinking the same thing! "Like as your date?"

"Something like that," he replied, his fingers casually traveling further up my thigh, dangerously close to my sex. "Is that cool?"

"It is with me if it is with you," I shrugged, trying to play it cool when inside I was beyond thrilled he wanted to be my date for Stephanie and Zach's party.

He slipped a finger inside me, eliciting a gasp from my lips. He knew my body better than I did. With his other hand, he threw the pizza on the floor. He almost lunged at me then, his lips on my neck, nuzzling the spot he knew turned me to putty in his hands.

"It's cool with me," he whispered against my neck, adding a second finger.

I closed my eyes and my head fell back against the headboard. This man could get my pussy soaking wet in no time. I clutched his arm, my nails digging into his skin. "Good," I managed to murmur as his fingers continued to work me.

He bent down slightly and ran his tongue across my nipple. I whimpered softly and felt my pussy clench around his fingers.

“Fuck, Alex, I love the noises you make. You’re the most sensual, most responsive woman I have ever been with. I love it.” With that he took my nipple in his teeth, nipping gently.

This time I moaned louder. “Paul, please fuck me.” I couldn’t think straight when he teased my nipples like that.

He released my nipple and pulled his fingers from me. *Why did he stop?* I wanted to scream in frustration. “Tsk tsk, princess. What are the rules?” He arched an eyebrow at me.

“Sorry, Sir. Please fuck me, Sir.” I couldn’t help it. When he touched me like that, I needed more. I wasn’t above begging for it either.

“Good girl, that’s better.” He grabbed a condom from the nightstand, rolling it over his cock as I watched. He pulled at my legs, causing me to slide down the bed until I was on my back, looking up at him. He moved between my legs, parting them with his knees. Reaching down, he teased my clit with his thumb. “Fuck, you get so damn wet.”

He stopped just as I was about to come and spread my legs wide before slowly sliding inside me. He filled me up so completely, stretching me every time. He was, without question, larger than any man I’d had before.

I clutched the bed sheets and gritted my teeth. I hated when he moved slowly and he knew it. He did it often, just to torture me.

He chuckled and leaned down to nip my ear. “What’s the matter?”

I wrapped my legs around him and bit his shoulder. “Too slow... You know I don’t like that.”

“Mmmm... Yes I do. And that’s why I do it.” He leaned back, taking my legs and putting them on his shoulders so he

could get even deeper, hitting my cervix. I moaned his name and he started moving slowly in and out of me, pulling out, then back in.

I was trembling now as he reached up to cup my breasts, pinching the nipples, pulling and stretching them with his fingers. He would spend hours playing with my sensitive nipples and could easily make me come just by stimulating them.

My back bowed up off the bed beneath him, my head falling back on the pillow. I could feel the pressure building low in my belly. He moved faster, still teasing my nipples. "Touch yourself, princess."

My eyes opened and I looked into his blue eyes as I slid my hand between us. I gasped when I reached my swollen, wet clit, running my finger over it.

"Just like that," he said as he watched me circle my clit with my fingers. "Come for me, princess. Make my pussy come."

His words took me over the edge. I absolutely loved it when he talked dirty to me. I shuddered beneath him, my orgasm exploding around him. I squeezed my eyes shut, seeing every color of the rainbow behind them, mumbling his name over and over again.

Paul took my legs off of his shoulders and hovered over me quickening his pace. "God, I never get tired of watching you come. It's the sexiest thing ever." He buried his face in my neck and thrust hard a couple more times before calling out my name and releasing deep inside my womb.

I held him on me like that for a bit, my fingers running up and down his back. "That feels so good," he whispered against

me. "I love the feel of your touch on my skin."

I kissed the top of his head and fought back the tears that threatened to escape my eyes. I couldn't believe it, but I think I was actually falling for this guy.

PAUL

I hated to admit it to myself, but I was looking forward to going to the engagement party with Alex. We hadn't hung out anywhere except the club, so I couldn't wait to spend time with her in another social setting. In a way, this was a big step for us, almost like our first date.

Alex had been busy all week, helping Stephanie get ready for the party since she was the maid of honor and her best friend. We didn't get a chance to see much of each other and it surprised me how much I missed her.

The party was being held at a bar down the street from the club and we decided I would meet her at the party since she had to be there early to help set up. I would then take her home after.

I was a little nervous about tonight. I had no problem being with Alex at the club, but for some reason being out in public with her had my stomach tied in knots. The last time I was this scared to be out with a girl, I was in high school. I wasn't sure if I liked what she was doing to me.

I arrived at the party and quickly scanned the crowd for Alex. I heard laughter coming from the corner and I smiled. I knew that sound anywhere. I headed in the direction of her voice and finally spotted her. I stopped for a minute and

looked at her. She looked amazing in her green knee length sundress that brought out the gold flecks in her eyes and white strappy sandals. Her hair was down just the way I liked it with a couple pieces pinned back. It was at that moment I realized I was in love with her.

She caught me looking at her and she smiled questioningly at me as she walked over. She hooked her arm in mine. “Hey you.” I took a deep breath. I had to get myself together.

“Hi yourself. You look gorgeous tonight.” I finally managed to say.

She blushed. Could she be just as nervous as I was? “Thank you.”

She turned her face and kissed me softly on the cheek. I knew for certain our relationship had changed. I didn’t want her just as a play partner at the club, I wanted to make her mine.

“Let’s get you a drink,” she said with a smile.

The rest of the night was better than I ever imagined it would be. We laughed and danced all night, just like a real couple. The later it got, the more I realized that I had fallen for this dark-haired beauty. . This wasn’t just about dating her; I wanted her to be mine in every sense of the word. I thought about bringing it up after the party, but I wasn’t sure how she felt about me and I didn’t want to ruin the night.

Around midnight, as she was sitting on my lap, she whispered in my ear, “Let’s go.”

I raised an eyebrow at her. “Where? Are you tired? Do you want to go home?”

She bit her lip and shook her head. “Not home...not my home anyway. And no, I’m not tired.”

“Want to come back to my place?” We’d never been to each other’s homes, so I wasn’t sure how she would react to my invitation.

She nodded and looked at me with her hazel eyes. “Yes, please.” I loved her eyes. They were so expressive. They gave her every emotion away. And right now they were saying ‘fuck me, please’.

I ran my hand down her back. “So polite...Good girl.” I helped her off my lap and stood up, offering my hand. “Ok, let’s go.”

We said our goodbyes to Stephanie and Zach headed out of the bar. Her hand brushed mine and I decided to take a chance, grabbing it, lacing my fingers with hers. She gave my hand a little squeeze and I couldn’t help but smile.

I led her out of the bar, to my car and opened the door for her. I had some ideas on what we might do when we got back to my place and I hoped she was up for them. I decided I was going to test her limits in more ways than one tonight.

As we were driving home from the party, I looked over at Alex. She had a wicked gleam in her eye and I had a feeling I was in trouble. “What are you thinking about, princess?” I asked as I reached out and touched her bare thigh, barely skimming it with my fingertips.

“Oh nothing,” she grinned at me as she suddenly reached beneath the skirt of her dress and slipped off her thong. She threw it in my lap and I couldn’t help but gasp. I hadn’t seen this side of Alex very often since we really were only together at the club, but I’d always had a feeling it was there. That was part of the reason I was interested in seeing her outside the club. I figured it could bring our relationship to a whole new level in more ways than one.

“You are such a naughty girl,” I muttered as I plucked her thong from my lap, feeling that it was drenched. For a second I thought about pulling over and fucking her right there, but I wanted to get her back to my place.

“Mmhmm,” Alex nodded and I watched as she slipped her fingers between her legs. She closed her eyes and sighed as she slid her finger inside her sex. I bit my lip to keep from groaning. I knew how good she felt, how wet she was, and all I could think about how I wanted to feel her.

She finally pulled her finger out and I could see even in the dim light of the car that it was covered in her juices. She leaned over in the seat and offered it to me. *Fuck!* I grabbed her wrist with my left hand and guided it to my mouth. I had to taste her. She let out a whimper as I sucked gently on her finger and my cock jumped in response.

Her other hand trailed down my chest to the bulge in my pants, brushing over my cock. I decided I was going to have some fun with her while she was in this mood. “Undo my pants,” I growled at her softly. She reached both hands over quickly and undid my belt buckle. She opened my pants, freeing my hard cock. “Make me come,” I whispered to her, trying to keep my eyes on the road.

Alex gave me that wicked grin again and started stroking my cock with one hand. I loved the feel of her soft hands on me. She stroked me with one hand, rubbing my precum all over as the other moved down to tease my balls, massaging them. She started moving her hand faster and my breathing got more labored. I was getting close. She leaned over and bit my earlobe, running her tongue over it as she continued to work my cock. “Fuck, Alex, I am going to come,” I said huskily.

“Come for me, Sir, please” she said breathlessly, continuing to stroke me.

Her words were my undoing and I let out a soft moan, coming all over her hand. I fought to keep control of the car on the road as wave after wave washed through me.

After tucking my cock back into my pants and zipping them up, Alex gave me a smug grin as she settled back into her seat. I watched her out of the corner of my eye while she brought her hand to her mouth and slowly licked my cum off of her. “Jesus, Alex that was fucking hot, but just wait until we get back to my place. I think I’m going to have to punish you for teasing me while I’m driving. You’ve been a very naughty girl.”

ALEX

My clit started to throb at Paul's words, imagining what he had in store for me. We'd done plenty of different things at the club, but he'd never punished me. And now we're going to his place. We'd done such a good job keeping things casual until now and I was nervous.

We spent the rest of the ride home in silence, Paul's hand on my thigh. It was a simple gesture that said so much, like I was his. Even the part of me that abhorred the idea of being owned by a man seemed to enjoy it.

We pulled into the driveway at Paul's house and he parked in the garage. We got out of the car and started walking to the door when he grabbed me by the hair suddenly and kissed me hard, his lips moving roughly over mine, his tongue dancing with my tongue. He stopped the kiss as abruptly as he started it, leaving me standing there breathless. He opened the door and grabbed my arm, pulling me into the house after him.

By now my juices were trickling down my thighs and my clit was throbbing for relief, but I had a feeling Paul was going to tease me and make me suffer after my little stunt in the car. Paul led me to the dining room without saying a word. For the first time since I'd been with him, I felt a little scared. Not scared he would hurt me, but scared he was going to push me

past my limits and make me feel things I never had before. He had this quiet determination that made me think he was planning something big for me.

He stopped in front of the table and pulled my dress over my head so I was naked before him. He traced a finger down my chest, between my breasts, finally running his finger along my swollen clit. I couldn't help but moan and my body shuddered.

“Oh, princess, you're going to be a hot quivering mess when I'm done with you.” He kissed my forehead and helped me up onto the table. When I was laid out before him, he grabbed some ropes from a drawer nearby and moved around the table, tying down each of my hands. He tugged on the restraints, making sure they were tight. “Is that ok? Not too tight?”

I pulled on the ropes. “They are fine, Sir.” So far he wasn't doing anything we hadn't done already, but my heart started beating faster in anticipation of what to come. For me, that was always the worst part – the waiting, the wondering of what was coming next.

“Good.” Paul leaned down and kissed my lips softly. He walked to the foot of the table and tied my legs down so I was spread eagle in front of him..

Paul took a step back and smiled, his eyes hooded with lust. He'd told me often that one of his favorite things to do was tie me up so I was totally helpless. “I was going to gag you, but I think I want to hear you whimper and moan for me tonight.” Paul ran his finger down my cheek. “Now the real fun can begin. I'll be right back.”

Paul left the room and I strained to hear what he was doing, trying to get a clue of where he went. My mind was

racing and my nerves were shot. I watched the ceiling fan above me spinning slowly around, trying to calm myself to the soft whir of its motor.

He soon returned with a small bag. Leaning over me, he pulled out a clothespin. I drew in a sharp breath and a small smile broke out across his lips. “Do you remember your safe word, Alex?”

I nodded. The fact that he reminded me of my safe word had me nervous. Other than the first night we had talked about it, my safe word has never mentioned again. *What was he going to do to me?*

“Tell me,” he said sternly.

“Red,” I managed to utter, my mouth suddenly dry.

“Yes, now don’t be afraid to use it, but remember, if you do, I’ll stop. So make sure you mean it. There’ll be no going back.” I nodded and Paul proceeded to place the first clothespin on my breast. I gritted my teeth as I felt the sharp pinch on my skin sensitive flesh. Paul bent down and kissed my lips tenderly, his hand caressing my cheek. “Just breathe with the pain, princess. I’m right here; it’ll be ok.”

I nodded and took a deep shaky breath. He placed more clothespins around my breast. With each pinch, I whimpered a little, my eyes filling with tears, but kept breathing deeply. He finally finished placing them around my breast, finishing with one on my nipple as I cried out softly. I squeezed my eyes shut tightly, trying to focus on his touch rather than pain.

Paul moved to the other side to do the same to my other breast. Before he started, he ran his hands all over my body, pausing to finger my throbbing clit. The combination of pleasure and pain was like nothing I had ever felt before and I

mewled softly as my orgasm built deep inside me. I forgot all about the pain, just feeling the fire in my womb.

I growled in frustration when he stopped touching my sex, using his hands to place clothespins around my other breast. By the time he was done, I was panting, my body covered in a thin sheen of sweat. *God, I hope he's done with those things.* I didn't think I could take much more.

He stepped back to look at me. "Fuck, Alex, you look hot. I should take a picture so I can look at you like this whenever I want," he said darkly, his voice filled with desire.

The thought of Paul taking a picture of me right now both horrified and turned me on. Before I could even think more about it, he slid his finger in my dripping wet slit. My breasts were throbbing now, and the delicious feel of his finger on my hot pussy was a welcomed distraction. I closed my eyes and moaned his name. He laughed softly as he removed his finger full of my sweet nectar and placed it in mouth. "No coming yet, but you can clean off my finger, princess."

I accepted his finger willingly, sucking it into my mouth. The taste of his skin and my juices combined drove me crazy and I sucked harder, flicking my tongue over his finger as if to show him what I would do to his cock if it were in my mouth.

He withdrew it and a low whimper escaped my lips as Paul came up to kiss me again. I was breathing heavy as he looked down at her breasts full of clothespins. He tweaked one on her nipple with his thumb and finger and I cried out his name. The pain sent a jolt straight through me to my clit and I thought I might explode.

"Oh I'm not done with you, not even close. Think you can handle more?" I wasn't sure if I really could, but I didn't want

to disappoint him. I nodded tepidly and he kissed my forehead. "That's my girl." My heart skipped a beat at his words.

He went back to his back and reached inside, pulling out a bottle of lube and a butt plug. We had explored anal play a little bit, but it had been with only a finger or two. The thought of him putting the plug in me had me just a bit apprehensive. Still, I trusted Paul completely and I felt the cold lube on me. He then inserted a finger, then two, stretching my tight hole in preparation..

"Are you ready, Alex?" He asked, positioning the plug at the entrance of my ass.

"Yes, Sir," I replied as I lifted my head to look at him. He never dropped his eyes from mine as he slowly eased it inside me. It burned at first, my safe word on the tip of my tongue. As I relaxed, the feeling of being filled overwhelmed my senses. He pushed it in all the way, standing back up to reach back into his bag, pulling out a huge vibrator. I widened my eyes with surprise and I felt a trickle of my juices slide down my legs. I wanted to beg him to let me cum, to fuck me, but if I did before he was done, Paul wouldn't give me any relief.

He slid the large vibe deep inside my pussy. I was so wet he didn't need any lube. Paul held the remote from the vibrator and turned it on low. I spasmed on the table and he warned me, "Don't come before I give you the ok."

I cried out in frustration. My body was a ball of nerves now. I was bound on the table with the clothespins all over my breasts. I was filled in my ass and my pussy and I felt like I was on fire. I was so close to coming - just on the edge.

I suddenly felt stronger vibrations between my legs. Paul must've turned it up higher. I struggled not to come, my body

shaking now as I fought my orgasm, my sweaty hair plastered to my head. I'd had enough; I was ready to beg.

"Please Sir, please may I come?" I was desperate now, my clit throbbing, my body on fire. Paul was standing between my legs at the foot of the table and I watched him turn up the vibrator as high as it would go.

"Come for me, girl," he growled at me, his blue eyes locked with mine.

I stopped fighting my orgasm and screamed as I tumbled over the edge. Paul reached down and pulled the clothespin off of my nipples, and I screamed again as I felt the blood rush back into them. The mixture of pleasure and pain drew out my orgasm and I couldn't stop moaning his name over and over again.

He climbed on the table with me, lying next to me and buried his hands in my hair, swallowing my cries with his kiss. The vibrator is still on inside my pulsing sex. "Come for me again, princess," he muttered against my lips.

I was trembling beneath him, the tears streaming from the corners of my eyes. "I can't...I'll explode."

"Girl, your Master wants you to come again." He commanded.

He called himself my Master! The thought made my heart swell and I let out a deep, animal-like groan as my second orgasm crashed over me. He held my face in his strong hands as my body trembled, arching off the table as much as my restraints would allow, head thrown back. My juices gushed out of me as my pussy clenched the vibe inside me.

When I finally came down from my high, Paul turned off the vibrator and gently removed it and the plug from my

shaking body. He pulled the other clothespins off of my breasts. My body was shaking now in the aftermath as the tears streamed down my cheeks. I had never experienced such pleasure or anything so intense in my life. My mind was jumbled as I tried to take it all in.

He untied me, rubbing my wrists and ankles and helped me sit up. "Are you ok?" he asked as he held a glass of water to my lips. "Take a drink."

I didn't trust myself to speak just yet, so I just nodded my head and took a sip. He wrapped me in a blanket and carried me to his bedroom where he held me close, stroking my hair as I drifted off to sleep.

PAUL

I watched her sleep in my arms as I held her tight. She looked like an angel with her hair around her face, so peaceful. I couldn't help but reach up to stroke her face, brushing her hair away. What we had just experienced was completely amazing.

I DECIDED RIGHT THEN and there she was going to be mine. I was going to put my collar around her neck. But I didn't want her to be my girlfriend. I wanted more. I wanted her in every way. I wanted her heart and soul.

I KNOW I said I'd never marry anyone again, but there was something about Alex that made me want to own her, to protect her and keep her safe, and cherish her. I loved everything about her - her submissive side, her wild side, and her fiercely independent side.

WOULD SHE FEEL THE SAME?

I WAS PRETTY sure she felt the same thing I did - that this had turned into so much more than two people just having some sexy fun. Maybe if I asked her to date me first, I could convince her we could be so much more.

I CLOSED my eyes and held her tighter to me as I listened to her even breathing.



I WOKE up a few hours later to an empty bed. At first I thought she was in the bathroom, but a quick walk around the house and I soon realized she had left. All her things were gone. She must have called a cab or called someone for a ride home.

MY SHOULDERS SLUMPED and I rubbed my face with my hands. *I scared her.* She must've felt that things were going further than she wanted, and it spooked her.

I WALKED BACK into the bedroom and undressed. I slipped back into bed, but tossed and turned. Sleep eluded me. I could still smell her on my pillow. In a sudden fit of rage, I got out of bed and tore my sheets off, throwing them in the corner of the bedroom.

I SAT down on the edge of the bed and sighed. I was so angry with myself. I swore I was never going to let anyone in again.

I wasn't going to let anyone hurt me. And here I was.

BUT I COULDN'T HELP it. Alex was everything I could ever want in a woman and I'd be a fool to not see that. But she didn't want me. Not that way. Someone, somewhere in her life hurt her so bad no one could break down those walls.

I LOOKED AT MY CLOCK. It was 4:30 in the morning. I threw on shorts and t-shirt, deciding a run might help clear my head. I grabbed the sheets from the floor and started them in the washer, before I grabbed my iPhone and headed out the door.

ALEX

“**Y**ou can’t avoid the club forever, Alex,” Stephanie said as she stabbed at the salad in front of her. She’d met me for lunch a couple days after the party. We were supposed to talk about wedding plans, but ended up talking about my night with Paul and what a disaster it ended up being.

“Why not? Can’t you guys find a new club?” I whined, pushing my chicken around on my plate. I hadn’t had much of an appetite since the night at Paul’s house. I felt guilty for sneaking out on him when he’d been sleeping.

“I still don’t understand why you got so freaked out. It sounds like you had an amazing night.”

I sighed. “We did. It was a totally amazing night. It was like no night I’ve ever had with anyone.”

Stephanie shook her head. “Then what the hell is the problem?”

“It was going too far,” I said softly, knowing that Stephanie would tell me I was crazy.

She put her fork down and looked at me sternly. “Alexandra, I love you, but you’re an idiot. You are too beautiful and wonderful to be alone and it sounds like Paul

really likes you. Why can't you just open your heart and give him a chance?"

My eyes filled with tears. "I want to, Steph, I really do. But I'm scared. I'm scared to depend on him. I'm scared that I'll live in his shadow. I've worked too hard for what I have to give it all up for some guy."

"You know, you aren't your mother," she replied quietly.

My dad had died when I was three, leaving my mom alone to take care of me. She didn't handle being alone so well, bringing man after man into my life. I hated how dependent she was to have someone take care of her and I swore I would never be that way.

"I know. I just can't help but remember how she would panic when some guy would leave her. She wouldn't leave her room for days. I never wanted to be like that." I always said I would rather die than let any man have that effect on me.

Stephanie crossed her arms and narrowed her chocolate brown eyes at me across the table. "Is that what you think is happening with me and Zach? That I am giving myself up just to be with him?"

"What?" I asked, taken aback.

"Zach and I are getting married. Am I weak? Have I lost myself?" She threw back her hair, her auburn ponytail bouncing.

She had a point. "No," I muttered.

She didn't say anything, just looked at me accusingly.

"Ok, ok, you have a point." I slumped in my seat.

"Mhmm...I didn't push you before because I never thought you found anyone that was worthy of you, Alex. But

Paul is different. I saw the way he looked at you at our party, the way he watched you when you weren't looking. He's totally smitten with you."

"Really?" I perked up.

"Yes, really! He couldn't take his eyes off you all night. And it wasn't in a creepy, stalker way like Will would do with you. There was nothing but love and desire in his eyes for you. Being with someone that feels like that about you is wonderful. There's nothing like it. You feel loved, cherished and protected. I think you'd experience all that with Paul, more even."

"But I left him the other night. He's probably furious." Why had I done that? My eyes filled with tears as I thought about the way Paul looked, sleeping so soundly in his bed as I dressed and snuck out of his house.

"Has he tried to contact you at all?" She reached across the table to touch my hand in comfort.

I shook my head, "No. Nothing." If he *did* feel the way Steph said he did, why hadn't he tried to call me?

"Well, in his defense, he probably thought he totally scared you off and didn't want to make it worse. I mean, you're the one that left without a word. Did you ever tell him these fears you have about being in a relationship?"

"We never really talked about it. I guess I should've. Things just kinda moved there before I had a chance."

"Yes, you should've. Now are you going to come to the club tonight with us or not?"

"Ok, ok. Twist my arm. I should probably talk to Paul anyway, if for no other reason than to apologize." Hopefully he will talk to me.

“Right. Something tells me he’ll forgive you. Zach saw him at the club the other night and said he was walking around like his puppy died, just sulking in the corner with his drink.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. The thought of Paul moping around like a lovesick teenager cracked me up. “Let’s hope so.”



IT WAS a busy Friday night at the club and Stephanie and I had just gotten off the dance floor, breathless from dancing. I hadn’t seen Paul yet, and I was trying not to seem too eager to see him, but I couldn’t wait to talk to him.

“I’m going to run to the bathroom. Can you please get me beer?” I brushed my hair out of my eyes.

“Will do.” Stephanie replied before she turned to take off for the bar where Zach sat waiting for us.

I twirled around to head to the bathroom and hit a brick wall – or at least it felt like a brick wall.

“What the hell? Watch where you are going,” I muttered.

“Sorry, Alex.”

I froze in my tracks. I knew that voice anywhere. I’d heard it whispering dirty things in my ear and moaning in pleasure when he was inside me. *Paul!* Finally I ran into him - literally.

“Um, sorry, I didn’t mean to be so rude,” I fumbled over my words, not quite sure what to say. Zach was right about how he looked. He had dark circles under his eyes and he hadn’t shaved for a few days. I was surprised he came to the club looking like this. “I was just on my way to the bathroom.”

“It’s ok, princess.” My knees weakened as I heard his term of endearment for me. “I should’ve been paying more attention. I didn’t hurt you, did I?” I noticed the look of concern on his face and my heart melted. How could I have left him that night?

No, but I want you to. I glanced over at him. Despite the tired look on his face, he still looked good. Tonight he had on black jeans that hugged his muscular thighs. One of his signature black t-shirts completed the look. I wanted to wrap my body around him and lick from his neck up to his ear.

“No, I’m fine. Just on my way to the restroom.” I didn’t want to leave him, but my bladder was about to burst.

He let out a deep throaty laugh. “I’d better let you go then. Can we please talk when you’re done?”

My stomach did a flip-flop. I was glad he wanted to talk to me too. I tilted my head and smiled at him softly, “Yes, I think we need to talk. I’ll come find you when I’m done.”

I watched him walk away; heading over to the table Max was sitting. God, he was a beautiful man. I was a fool to think I didn’t want him - or need him.

When I was finished in the restroom, I headed back to the bar looking for Paul. He wasn’t sitting with Max, and as I looked around the room, he was nowhere in sight.

I then heard a voice that made the hair on my neck stand on end. Will. *What the fuck was he doing back in town?* My heart sank when I saw him standing at the bar, talking to another guy. Stephanie and Zach were nowhere to be seen. No Paul either.

I started to turn around to go hide in the bathroom when Will saw me. “Hey Alex, babe!” He quickly walked over to

me.

I faked a smile and returned his hug half-heartedly. “Hey Will, what are you doing in town?”

Will grinned and slid an arm around my waist. I looked around nervously; hoping to god Paul didn’t see us. “I am back in town for a bit. I was going to call you, but decided to surprise you.” He leaned down and nuzzled my ear as he gripped me tighter. “I missed my girl.”

I’m not your girl. Never was, never will be. I needed to figure out how to get away from him without causing a scene. Will wasn’t known for his cool temperament and I had a feeling we’d all get to see that if I wasn’t careful.

I felt the bile rise in my throat, slipping from the tight hold he had on me. “How’s work? How’s California? Do you need a drink?” I didn’t want Paul to get the wrong idea about Will and me before I had a chance to talk to him and make things right from the other night. I’d never get a chance with him then.

Will grabbed me by the hips and pulled me flush against him. He pressed his forehead against mine. “I just want you, Alex. I missed your sexy ass so much. Let’s get a room. All I could think about the whole time I’ve been gone was you tied up naked and doing nasty, dirty things to you.”

My eyes flashed nervously around the room. I needed to find Stephanie. She’d help get me out of this situation. My heart dropped when my eyes met Paul’s icy blue stare. I wondered how long he had been watching.

I pushed myself away from Will. “No, Will. You realize we were done before you left for California, right?”

“What the fuck, Alex? We were far from done when I left. I’ve been gone for months and this is how you greet me? I don’t think so!” He grabbed my wrist and yanked me over to him. I fell against him, my palms against his chest as I lost my balance.

I pushed off of him and put my hands on my hips. “What the hell was that, Will?”

His face was red now and I instantly regretted pushing away from him. I’d seen that look before and it meant things were going to get ugly. That had always been our attraction; we fought like cats and dogs, but had the most amazing, passionate sex. It was like nothing I’d ever experienced before

He fisted his hand in my hair, pulling it tight, causing me to gasp. He leaned in and pressed his lips against my ear. “That’s no way to treat me, Alex. You know I have to punish you now, right?” He chuckled and bit my lip. “And I’m going to enjoy it.”

I shivered and closed my eyes. I’d been on the receiving end of Will’s punishment a few times and let’s just say that I lost count of how many orgasms I’d had after seven. Not this time though. I wasn’t going to fall into old habits with Will. I wanted Paul.

“Will,” I said quietly. “There’s someone else.”

His grip tightened in my hair and I had to fight back a moan from the pain. “Always the little slut, huh, Alex? As soon as I’m gone, you find some other asshole to fuck. Well, babe, I am back and you’re mine.”

I bit my lip and tried to push away from Will again. “We ended even before you left. His hand went tighter around my wrist, almost breaking it and this time I couldn’t stop from

crying out. A guy sitting at the bar stood up, coming to my defense. “Will, man, stop it. You’re going to hurt her.”

Will waved him away with his hand. “Whatever...She’s just playing games. She always did like it rough.” He looked at me, his dark brown eyes dark with something darker than lust – something I’d never seen in his eyes before. “She likes to fight me sometimes; pretend she doesn’t like it. Don’t you, slut?” I tried to lift my other hand to slap him and he caught my wrist, holding it so tight my eyes filled with tears. He yanked harder on my hair and I whimpered.

“Is there a problem here?” I glanced over, my eyes widening when I saw Paul standing there, arms crossed, looking down at Will.

“Butt out, man. Just a little discipline problem here with my woman.” He turned back to me and narrowed his eyes. “Right, Alex?”

“Will, I.am.not.your.woman.” I spat out at him.

“That’s not what you said when I had you tied to my bed before I left a few months ago, Alex. You were begging for more...telling me that you were mine to use and abuse.”

I licked my lips nervously as Paul looked at me questioningly. “Will, you know that was just in the heat of the moment. We’ve both said a lot of things. Let me go! I told you long ago we were done!”

Paul moved closer to Will. “I think you better let her go. And for your information, she’s now *my woman*.”

A gasp escaped my lips and I almost wept with relief at what Paul said. He still wanted me! Or was he just saying that so Will would leave me alone? Either way, Will wasn’t going to like that at all though.

Will laughed and turned to me. “You can’t be serious. This guy, Alex? Really?”

He was still holding me tight and all I could do was nod as his fingers dug into me.

“Dead serious,” Paul said, quietly, his voice rumbling as he tried to maintain control. “Let Alex go. Then I think you should leave.”

Will finally released his grip on my hair and wrists, tossing me backwards against the wall. “Fine, you whore. You’ll come crawling back.” He looked over at Paul. “Have fun with this slut.”

Paul caught me in his arms, his strong body holding me up. He made sure I had my balance and then stepped toward Will, swinging at him with his right fist. “That is no way to treat a lady, asshole!”

“Alex’s no lady, you asshole. She’s nothing more than a whore,” Will spat. Paul’s patience with him was wearing thin, I could see his nostrils flaring as he took deep breaths, trying to maintain his composure. When Will made a move towards me, Paul’s fist flew through the air, catching Will completely off guard.

Two security guards grabbed him and led him out the door as he yelled, “This isn’t the end of this, dickhead.”

Paul came back over to me, a look of concern on his face. “Are you ok, princess?”

I smiled at him wryly and nodded. “Yes, I’m ok.” I rubbed my wrists where Will had been gripping them so tight. “Thank you for coming over. Unfortunately, he probably means what he says when he claims this isn’t the end of this.”

He nodded. “You’re probably right. Guys like him don’t go quietly.” He pulled out a bar stool for me to sit on. “Water here, please,” he called out to the bartender. He turned back to me. “Are you sure you’re ok?”

I looked down. My hands were shaking. “Yes, I am. I think I’m going to call a cab though and head home. Enough fun for the night.” I gave him a tight smile. “I’m sorry for all the trouble.”

The bartender handed him a bottle of water. He opened it and handed it to me. “Here, drink.” He commanded as he brought the water up to my lips so I could take a sip. “It’s no trouble, Alex. I would protect you from anyone.” The cool water passed my lips as I looked over at Paul, my heart rapidly beating at his words. I had to resist the urge to sob and climb on his lap to let him hold me.

He pulled the water away, putting the cap back on. “Let me take you home.”

I shook my head. “You don’t have to. A cab is fine.” I was embarrassed by the whole thing and wasn’t sure if Paul was just being nice or not.

He held up a finger to my lips. “Shhhh...No arguing.” I opened my mouth to protest again. He laughed and held up his hand. “We need to talk anyway.”

He was right. We needed to talk, even more so after that little fiasco. “Fine. You’re right.”

Paul raised an eyebrow at me. “Did you just say I was right?”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “I did. Don’t get used to it.” At least he still had his sense of humor.

He stood up. “Oh, I won’t, trust me. Let me go tell Max I’m leaving and I’ll meet you by the front door.”

I nodded, butterflies forming in my stomach. I knew we needed to talk, but how would it go? Would he be mad about Will? Would he not want to be with me now? Maybe some fresh air would calm my nerves. I grabbed my purse and headed out the door. I’d wait for Paul in the parking lot.

PAUL

After combing the club for what felt like forever, I finally found Max standing in the corner, talking to someone. “Hey man, I hate to interrupt you, but we had an issue a bit ago with Alex and some old boyfriend of hers - Will? I took care of it, but I have to go. I’m going to take Alex home. Not sure if I’ll be back.”

Max opened his mouth in surprise. “Will’s back? What happened?”

I ran my hand through my hair. Apparently everyone knew about Alex and Will except me. “Will was giving Alex a hard time; wouldn’t take no for an answer. Grabbing her, calling her all sorts of names. It wasn’t good. I finally had to intervene and kick him out.” I looked down at my bruised knuckle. “After I hit him.”

“Shit, really? Will has been coming here forever. He and Alex would mess around. And you hit him?” Max looked panicked.

“Yeah. He was pulling her hair and almost broke both of her wrists. Then he pushed her so hard she almost fell. She would’ve if I hadn’t been standing there.” I felt my blood boil again at the thought of how he’d treated Alex.

Max ran his hand over his face. “Wow, interesting. I wonder what he is doing back in town.”

I gritted my teeth. “I asked him to leave nicely, but he wouldn’t listen. Two security guys took him out.”

Max sighed. “Great. I can’t imagine that’s the last we’ll hear from him.”

I shook my head. “Probably not. Sorry, man. I hope he doesn’t cause trouble here.”

“It’s ok. I’m pretty sure you did what you needed to. There are plenty of people here that can vouch that he’s a hothead. Thanks. Is Alex ok?”

“I think so. A little shaken up maybe. I’m going to take her home. We need to talk anyway.”

Max grinned. “Yeah you do. What’s going on with you two? I thought things were going well, but I haven’t seen you guys together for a few days. And you look like hell.”

I scowled at him. “Yeah, they were. I’m not sure to be honest. I think maybe I was ready to take things to the next step, but she wasn’t. I don’t know.” I couldn’t wait to sit down and talk to her and figure this all out.

“I also want to make sure he’s not sitting at her place. I’m sure he won’t leave her alone. I also told him that I was her man now. He really didn’t like that.”

Max whistled and chuckled. “Shit man, you’re in trouble. Will has always been one possessive son of a bitch. She swore they weren’t exclusive, but he acted like he owned her all the same. He didn’t take it very well when she told him she wasn’t interested in seeing him. It was a good thing for her that he moved halfway across the country.” A look of concern passed

over his face. “Let me know if you need me when you get there.”

“I will. Hopefully I’m worried for nothing. Have a good night.” I shook Max’s hand and went to find Alex.

Will was lucky I was able to control myself and not beat him senseless. I hated seeing men mistreating women. Then to see someone do it to this strong woman I cared about only made me more furious.

I got to the door of the club and panicked when I didn’t see Alex. Had she changed her mind? Had Will shown up when I was talking to Max?

I bolted out the door and found Alex standing there looking so vulnerable in the dim light of the parking lot. I felt a tug at my heart. There was no doubt I loved this woman. She had managed to melt the icy walls I had put up around my heart after Jessica.

“You shouldn’t be out here alone,” I scolded her, walking up behind her, rubbing her arms with my hands to warm her up.

She jumped, slightly startled at my words. She must still be on edge. “I was waiting for you. I needed the fresh air.”

I moved next to her, looking down at her. She had thrown her hair back in a ponytail and her eye makeup was smeared just a little. She didn’t look so tough all of a sudden and it took all I had to not to scoop her up in my arms and carry her to my car.

“My car is over here,” I put my hand on the small of her back, guiding her in the direction of my car parked in the back of the parking lot. When we arrived at my vehicle, I unlocked the doors and opened the passenger door for her.

“Thank you,” she murmured as she slid into her seat.

“You’re welcome.” I shut the door behind her and headed to the driver’s side. I got inside and started the car. I was suddenly so nervous. Did I want to profess my love for her and let her shoot me down again?

As much as it surprised me, I realized I wanted that more than anything. It was a chance I had to take.

ALEX

I gave him my address and he put it in the GPS. Funny, we had been hanging out together all this time and he didn't even know where I lived.

We drove in silence for a while. I finally sighed as my head fell back against the headrest. "Thank you for coming to my rescue. Usually I can handle him, but he must have had some pent up aggression tonight."

"He seemed to think you belonged to him. Why? And what do you mean by 'usually you can handle him'?" It hurt that Paul wouldn't look me in the eye. His hands tensed on the steering wheel as he stared straight ahead.

"We messed around in the past, but it's been awhile. Before you got here, he moved to California for work. I hadn't planned on continuing our relationship, if you could even call it that. I haven't even talked to him since he left - not a call, not a text, not even an email. I didn't know he was back in town and I certainly didn't know he was going to be at the club tonight." I slumped down in the seat, feeling defeated.

Paul glanced over at me, the vein twitching in his neck. "I thought Will was going to drag you out of the club caveman style tonight."

I snorted, “He probably would have if you hadn’t stopped him. Sadly, his reaction didn’t surprise me. It’s not the first time he’s gotten all-possessive on me. I made it clear I didn’t want a commitment from him and he didn’t own me back when we were together, but I guess he had other ideas.”

“I hated seeing you get mistreated,” he said quietly. “I wanted to do a lot more than punch him for laying his hands on you.”

“Look, about the other night,” I started to apologize for leaving him when my phone chirped. It was Will.

We are not done yet, slut.

My hands started to shake again.

Paul must’ve noticed my tremors. “Was that - ?”

I looked over at him, “Yes,” I interrupted him, biting my lip, as he parked his car in front of my condo.

“What does it say?” He reached for my phone. His gaze darkened as he read the text. He glanced up at me, the vein twitching in his neck again. “You aren’t staying here alone tonight; don’t even argue with me, Alex. You can’t be here alone if he shows up.”

I wanted to protest, but I couldn’t. For some reason, Will’s text scared me. I knew he had a darker side; that’s what had drawn me to him in the first place. The thought of Paul being in my condo with me tonight made me feel safe. “Ok, thank you.”

As the adrenaline started to wear off, I felt exhausted. I just wanted to get into some comfortable clothes, have a glass of wine, and go to bed.

I got out of Paul's car and headed to my door. As I unlocked it and started to walk in, Paul grabbed my arm. "Let me go first just in case. Wait here."

I stood in the doorway, mesmerized by him. I was used to his commanding side, but seeing the comforting and protective side of him surprised me. Part of me wanted to wrap myself around him and never let go. Stephanie was right; I was a fool to fight this.

My phone chirped again and I jumped, nearly dropping it. Looking down, I saw it was just Stephanie.

Are you ok? I heard what happened with Will.

Paul walked over to me. "Everything looks fine." He nodded at my phone. "That's not Will again, is it?"

I shook my head. "Just Stephanie. She and Zach weren't around when that all went down with Will; she must have just heard about it." I quickly typed up a reply.

I'm fine. Paul took me home and is staying tonight.

I had to smile. I knew that'd get a response out of her. Sure enough, my phone went off again.

Woo Hoo! Talk to him! Call if you need us. Gnite'.

I smirked. I figured she'd react like that. I slipped my phone back into my purse with a sigh. Where was that wine?

PAUL

I was impressed with Alex's little townhouse. Call me crazy, but her fierce independence only made me love her more.

She took out a bottle of wine and two glasses from the cupboard. "I think some of this is in order after tonight. Can you please pour some and I'll be back in a sec?"

I nodded and walked over to her, putting my hand on her back. "Are you sure you're okay princess?" I had a feeling she wouldn't admit it if she wasn't, but the need to take care of her was so strong, I had to ask.

She took a deep shaky breath. "I think so." She chewed on the bottom of her lip and all I could think about was how I wanted to kiss it, grab it with my teeth. "Maybe I'll feel better after I shower. I feel slimy with his touch still on me."

I felt a pang of fury run through me as I thought about Will again, but good lord, the thought of her naked in the shower made my cock harden almost instantly. Now was not the time to entertain that thought. "Good idea. I'll take care of the wine and find something on TV."

She gave me a smile. "Thank you, Paul." She started walking down the hallway, but then stopped and turned around. "I'm glad you're here."

I gave her a smile. Her simple thank you touched me. “Me too. I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.”

“When I get back, we’ll talk.” She turned back and headed down the hall.

She was finally letting me see underneath her tough girl exterior. The fact that she was showing me her softer side made me think that maybe I was finally making some progress with her.

The sound of the shower starting filled my ears as I opened the wine. I had to fight to keep the image of her wet and naked out of my mind. We’d shared a shower on more than one occasion and there was nothing like fucking her wet soapy body up against the slippery wall.

I shook my head to clear it and filled the two glasses she had gotten out for us. I sat on the couch and found the remote, turning the TV on. There wasn’t a whole lot on at one in the morning, so I settled for an old Die Hard movie.

“I feel much better now.”

I looked up from the TV and saw her standing in front of the couch wearing some black yoga pants and a tank top. Her face had been scrubbed clean and there were no more traces of makeup left. Her hair was still wet and pulled back into a ponytail. She looked tired and vulnerable.

“Good, I’m glad. I poured you some wine.” I motioned to the glass on the coffee table in front of us.

She sat down, tucking her feet under her, and reached for it, taking a sip. “Just what I needed.” She set the glass down and laughed. “You are probably used to drinking more expensive wine. Sorry for my \$5.99 bottle of cheap wine.”

I chuckled. “Nah, sometimes the cheap stuff is just as good, if not better. No worries.” I glanced over at the front door. “Did you lock the door?”

She nodded. “You don’t think he’ll try anything tonight, do you?”

“I don’t know, honestly. I wouldn’t be surprised. That’s why I didn’t want you alone tonight.” She was sitting next to me on the couch but seemed so far away.

“He has a darker side,” she said quietly, taking another sip of wine. “It’s what drew me to him in the first place. And fighting was sort of our thing.”

“Your thing”? Has he ever hurt you, Alex?” I said through clenched teeth, waiting for her answer. I couldn’t believe she had put up with this guy for so long.

“Some people call it passion. Hell, that’s what I called it in the beginning. But then he got more possessive, more demanding. We’d fight like crazy, even at the club, just ask Max or Stephanie. She kept telling me to ditch him; that he was bad news, but I wouldn’t listen. We’d come back here or go to his place or get a room at the club and have the most amazing sex. I had wanted to end it for awhile, but the sex was addicting.” Her face was suddenly red with embarrassment. “Thankfully, right after I ended things with him he was transferred to California and I thought that would be the end of it.”

I nodded. I knew how passionate Alex was and my fists clenched tightly, thinking about his hands on her body. I hated the thought of someone like Will mistreating her in any way or taking advantage of her. “Well, hopefully he’ll finally get the hint.” I doubted it, but I’d never admit that to her though.

She chewed her lower lip, her eyes filled with doubt. “I hope so.”

I reached out and grabbed her hand, squeezing it. She smiled and didn't let go. We sat in comfortable silence after that, watching the movie, holding hands. Soon I heard her even breathing and realized she was asleep. I reached behind us, grabbing the blanket from the back of the couch. I covered her with it and before I knew it, she had moved over and was snuggled against me. There was no way I was going to wake her; her warm little body felt too good.

I was disappointed we didn't get to talk about the night she left my house, but I knew she was exhausted from dealing with Will, so I was going to enjoy her being so close. My eyelids started to get heavy as she slept soundly against me. Just as I was about to drift off to sleep, I heard a loud bang at the front door.

“Alex, you whore! Is that asshole in there with you? Open this fucking door up right now!”

ALEX

My eyelids flew open as I heard Will's voice. That asshole was here! And by the slur in his voice, I could tell he was drunk. There was no telling what he might do. I started trembling almost immediately.

“Go away, Will!” I yelled, hoping he would leave.

“Fuck you, Alex. Open the goddamn door and let me in. Or are you too busy fucking that dickhead? I'm going to kick his ass and then tie you up and punish you until you are screaming for mercy. And I'll make that fucker watch!”

My blood went cold and my eyes filled with tears.

Paul jumped up from the couch. “Don't engage him. Just go into your bedroom and lock the door. Call 911.”

“Maybe if we ignore him, he'll go away.” I looked at Paul, panicked. I had suspected Will might show up at my house tonight, but now that he was actually here, I was suddenly terrified.

Paul shook his head. “It's too late now. He won't go away. Maybe if you'd just been here, but he noticed my car, and now all he sees is red.” His blue eyes darkened and I watched the vein in his neck throb again.

There was banging at the door again. “Open the fucking door, Alex, you bitch. I mean it!”

Before either of us had a chance to respond, my door flew open with a splitting sound. Will came flying in, headed right towards me. He had kicked the door open.

“You fucking bitch. You get me kicked out of the club,” he grabbed me and pushed me against the door, his hand tight on my neck. “And then I find you here with him. You really are the club whore.”

The next thing I knew, Paul had pulled Will off of me and pinned him to the floor. “I already warned you once, that’s *not* how you speak to a lady.” Paul’s face was bright red as he held him down, the muscles of his arms bulging. He was quite a bit larger than Will and had no trouble keeping him down.

Will let out a crazy laugh that chilled me to the bone as he struggled underneath Paul. “I told you earlier, that bitch is no lady.” He looked over at me. “Right, slut? Ladies don’t let men do the things to them that you let me do to you”

I screamed as Paul hauled off and hit Will with a growl, blood flying from his nose. “Quiet, dickhead!”

Will’s dark eyes were wild now and he spit at Paul. “Who the fuck do you think you are?”

“Your worst fucking nightmare if you keep messing with Alex.” Paul continued to sit on Will, keeping him pinned to the floor.

“So this is your latest victim, huh, Alex? How long before you get tired of his cock and move on to someone else?”

I crossed my arms over my chest and looked at Will smugly. “Maybe I was just holding out for a real man.”

Will yelled in fury, bucking backwards and head butted Paul, managing somehow to break free of his hold. He stumbled after me as Paul tried to get his bearings, his forehead bleeding. I screamed in terror and took off running for the bedroom, but not before grabbing my phone off the counter to call the police.

I got to the bathroom, shutting and locking the door behind me before Will was able to grab me. I huddled over in the far corner of the bathroom, trying to dial 911 with my shaky fingers. I had to get the police here before Will did something to Paul. I would never forgive myself if that happened because of me.

“You know you can’t get away Alex. And when I catch you, I’m going to fuck you until you are screaming for me to stop. I know how you like it rough. We can let Paul watch. I know how you like that.”

By now tears were streaming down my face. I choked back a sob and had started to dial 911 when I heard a thud. Will was suddenly quiet. A sense of panic filled me. What had happened? Was Paul ok?

“Alex, are you ok?” I heard Paul’s voice through the door.

I choked back a sob of relief. “Yes. Are you?”

“Yes, I managed to knock the fucker out. I’m going to tie him up in case he comes to. Can you call the police please? Stay in there until I have him secure and tell you to come out.”

“Ok,” I called out, my hands still shaking as I dialed the police. They were going to send someone over right away.

There was a soft knock on the door. “Alex? It’s ok to come out now. I have him tied up.”

I unlocked the door and opened it slowly. Paul was standing there, his face covered in blood. “Oh Paul, I’m so sorry.” I reached out to touch him. I couldn’t believe he was bleeding for me.

“Don’t worry about it, Alex. It looks worse than it is. This is a scratch compared to some of the fights I’ve been in.” He winced as I touched his face.

I threw my arms around his neck and held him tight. “Thank you,” I whispered into his neck. For the first time, I was thankful to have a man there to take care of me.

PAUL

We walked down the hall together, arms around each other's waists. When we got to the kitchen, she gasped at the site of Will tied up on one of her kitchen chairs. I rubbed her back softly, "Shhh...It's ok. He can't hurt us now."

She nodded, but held me tighter until the police finally came. We gave them our statements and they hauled Will away. I walked the police to the door and went to watch my face before I came back to Alex. She was sitting with her legs crossed on the couch. I sat down next to her with a sigh, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and pulling her against me.

"Do you want to stay here or go to my place?" I leaned down and placed a soft kiss on her head.

She looked around her condo nervously. "Can we go to your place?" She whispered.

I nodded, "Absolutely, princess. You go pack a bag and then we'll go."

She got up slowly and I could see she was still shaking slightly. I couldn't wait to get her back to my place. I was going to hold her all night. This time she wasn't going to get away from me.

“I’m ready,” she said in a quiet voice, carrying a small suitcase. I got up off the couch immediately and went to her, taking it from her.

I took her hand and started to lead her to the door when she stopped. “What’s the matter, Alex?” I turned around and I felt like a knife went through my heart; her shoulders were shaking with her sobs, the tears streaming down her face. I dropped her suitcase and pulled her into my arms, my hand cupping her face. “Oh princess, it’s ok. You’re safe.”

She hiccupped and buried her face in my chest, unable to speak.

I stroked her hair. “That’s it, let it all out. It’s ok. He can’t hurt you now.” I kissed the top of her head. “I won’t let anything bad happen to you ever.”

She finally pulled back, looking up at me with a tear-stained face. “I’m so sorry for that night, for leaving you. I just got scared -”

I held up a hand to stop her. “It’s ok, Alex. I know. I understand. It doesn’t matter now.”

She shook her head. “Please let me finish. It does matter. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have left.” She sniffled. “But I was falling in love with you, and it freaked the hell out of me.”

I couldn’t help but laugh softly at her confession. Leaning in, I kissed her lips softly as I wiped the tears away. “I was falling in love with you too. I knew the moment I saw you at the engagement party. It freaked me out too, but it also felt so damn right.”

She squeezed me tight. “I love you, Paul.”

Those words made my heart soar. My hands moved down to cup her ass, squeezing the firm globes against me. “And I

love you, Alex.” It felt good to finally say it to her.

She looked up at me, that naughty twinkle back in her eye. “Now take me back to your place, Sir, and fuck me silly.”

My cock hardened instantly at her suggestion. I let her go, leaning down to grab her suitcase. “With pleasure, princess. Let’s go.”

We headed out of her condo to my car. I had to stop from speeding to get back to my house. I was dying to get her naked and in my bed. I had a feeling that this new admission of our feelings for each other was only going to make our sex hotter.

ALEX

I spent the next week at Paul's house. He went back to my condo to get my laptop and more clothes. I worked from his place and he took the week off from the club. We basically stayed locked up in his house, avoiding the world.

Most of the days were spent in his bed, making love and napping and it was wonderful. Giving my heart and soul to Paul was like nothing I had ever experienced in my life.

I woke on Saturday morning to an empty bed. Most of the night before had been spent tied to the bed and spanked until my ass was raw. As I shifted in bed, I realized that it was still a little sensitive this morning.

He'd left me a note on the pillow next to me: "Running some errands and getting coffee. Be back soon. Love you. P - xoxo"

I couldn't help but smile. I got up and went into the bathroom, taking a shower alone for the first time all week. When I got out, I heard Paul moving around in the kitchen. I slipped on some shorts and one of his t-shirts and headed down the hall to see what he was up to. I was dying for the coffee he had promised to bring home.

He was sitting at the counter when I walked in. He pulled me to him immediately, kissing my neck. “Mmm... You smell so good. And look so fucking hot in my t-shirt.”

“Thanks, now where is the coffee you went for?” I looked around the kitchen, spotting the cup on the counter. “Ah, there it is!” I escaped his embrace, going straight for the coffee.

“Choosing coffee over me, huh?” he laughed, turning back the newspaper he’d been reading.

I took a sip and sighed in satisfaction. “In the morning, yes.” I winked at him, coming back to sit next to him.

“Where else did you go?” I grabbed a section of the paper. I could get used to this domestic life with him. It didn’t seem so bad.

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye, a sly smile on his face. What had he been up to?

He pulled something out of his pocket and turned to face me. He took the coffee from my hands, setting it down, and took both of my hands in his. “Alex, I love you. You’re strong and beautiful and sexy and smart and I want to be with you always. You consume me, consume my thoughts and I want you to be mine.” His eyes filled with tears and he took a deep breath. “Now I know that this is a big deal and something you said you would never do.”

I could feel my heart pounding harder in my chest.

“I was thinking,” he said, playing with whatever it was he was holding. “Maybe we could do this commitment thing on a trial basis. We can see how it goes and if either of us is uncomfortable or don’t like where things are headed, we can re-evaluate.”

I nodded thoughtfully. “I like it. We can give it six weeks and see how it goes.”

“I think that’s a great idea. I’m so glad you agree. Because I was out buying this.” He opened his hand, showing me what he’d been holding. I couldn’t help but gasp. It was a beautiful silver key chain with a heart padlock in the center. On the ring was a key.

“Alex, my princess, would you do me the honor of moving in with me?” He asked, eyes hopeful.

I touched his face, choking back tears. All I could do was nod my agreement. He grinned and put the keys in my hand. I threw my arms around his neck.

That day, Paul placed a collar around my neck and my heart. I couldn’t imagine belonging to anyone else.

EPILOGUE

Paul

“Are you ready yet?” I called to Alexandra from the living room, checking my watch. The Heaven and Hell party at the club started in forty-five minutes and I wanted to get there early. Since I was part owner of the club, it wouldn’t look too good if I was late. I wanted to make sure everything was set up; this party was Alex’s baby and I wanted to make sure it went smoothly.

“I’ll be there in a sec. These wings are a bitch,” she grumbled. I smiled, hearing the frustration in her voice. It was ironic that she was dressing as an angel for this party; she was anything but angelic, but that was part of the reason I loved her.

I clicked the TV off and ran my fingers through my hair. This woman could take being fashionably late to a whole new level. “Alex,” I said sternly. “We have to go. This whole party was your idea and if we are late, it won’t look good at all.”

“I’m ready.”

“It’s about fucking time,” I muttered, grabbing my keys and turning to her. “Holy shit, Alex,” I gasped as I was greeted

by the sight of the sexiest angel I'd ever seen. I was suddenly grateful she'd chosen this theme for the party tonight.

My gaze moved over her, my cock instantly hardening in my pants. Fuck she looked hot. She was wearing a black corset covered in lace that pushed her breasts together, barely covering her nipples. If she danced tonight, they would probably fall out of her top. Then there was her skirt - I wasn't so sure I wanted her to leave the house with a skirt so short. If she bent over, everyone would be able to see her ass. Was she wearing anything underneath it? She had on her thigh-high black vinyl boots and I had a vision of her legs wrapped around my waist later while she still had them on.

Her hair was piled high on top of her head in some sort of messy bun. The final and most amazing touch of her outfit were the angel wings attached to the back of her corset. I had no idea what they were made out of and I didn't even want to ask what she'd paid for them, but the sight of my girl with these black angel wings took my breath away.

"Well, how do I look?" she asked, twirling around in front of me.

I walked up to her and placed my hand on the front of my dress pants so she could feel what she did to me. "Totally fuckable, Mine," I replied with a smile.

"Good," she grinned at me. "Totally what I was going for." She winked and laughed.

I shook my head; she was so sassy, but that was just one of her many charms. "Naughty Girl," I mumbled, reaching out and pulling her tight against me, my hips pressing into hers. "I should spank you for being such a tease."

She smiled softly and reached up to touch my face with her well-manicured hand. “Maybe you should later,” she whispered, licking her pouty lips.

I leaned forward and captured her bottom lip between my teeth and tugged gently. She closed her eyes and whimpered softly. I released it and ran my tongue over it, reaching down behind her to grip her ass in my hand.

She leaned her forehead against mine. “I thought we had to go.”

“Fuck,” I whispered breathlessly. “We do.” I pulled away but not before smacking her ass lightly, giving her a preview of what would come later, maybe even at the club. It’d been awhile since we’d played publicly there; we were both always running around, making sure everything went smoothly.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself. I had a raging hardon and it was taking all that was in me to not bend Alex over the counter and fuck her until she screamed. I took her hand, leading her to the door. “Let’s go.”

We drove in silence to the club, her hand in mine on the seat between us. I ran my thumb over her knuckles, stealing glances at her whenever I had a chance. I couldn’t get over how beautiful she looked tonight. She always looked great, but tonight she definitely was my dark angel and I wasn’t sure if she was going to take me to heaven or hell. Shit, she’d probably take me to both places. I started having second thoughts about going to this party; it would be so easy to turn the car around and tie her to bed to tease her all night long.

“Did you even hear me?” she asked, interrupting my thoughts.

I blinked, trying to get the picture of her bound naked body out of my head. “No, sorry,” I smiled sheepishly at her. “I was busy thinking about you tied to our bed and me doing all sorts of naughty things to you.”

She rolled her eyes at me and laughed. “Don’t you think about that 99.9% of the time?”

I shrugged my shoulders; she knew me so well. “So? It’s not my fault you’re so hot.” I said defensively.

“Right,” she mumbled. “Anyway, I asked you if Max was back from California.”

My best friend and co-owner of the club, Max, had been in California for a few weeks. He hadn’t told me what he was doing there other than to say he had ‘family business’, whatever that meant.

“No,” I replied, shaking my head. “I have no idea when he’s going to be back either. He’s really vague on the phone when I ask him and he won’t give me a hint as to why he’s there.” I gave her a quick look. “Honestly I’m a bit worried about him. I have a feeling this might have to do with his late wife, but he won’t even let me bring up her name.”

Max had been married to the love of his life since college. She’d died in a horrible accident a few years ago. I wasn’t sure what had happened exactly. Max was always really vague when he talked about it. He hadn’t been the same since she’d died; he hadn’t even been with another woman that I knew of since her. It was really sad.

Alex shook her head, the big hoops in her earlobes moving. “Poor guy.” She reached over and patted my hand. “Good thing you have me to help you run the club.”

“Yes dear, good thing,” I chuckled, only half kidding. Shortly after Alex and I had gotten together, she quit her job at the PR firm she worked at and came to work for Max and me at the club. She practically ran things, taking care of the staff and publicity - everything. She did a kick ass job and I couldn’t be more proud of her.

I glanced to the back seat where her angel wings were. There was no way she could sit in the car with them on so she’d removed them and tossed them there. “I love the idea you came up with for tonight,” I smiled at her. “I had no idea wings could be so fucking sexy.”

She arched an eyebrow at me. “I have lots of things up my sleeve for the club. This is just the beginning. Just wait and see.”

“I bet and I can’t wait,” I said as we pulled in the parking lot of the club. Alex got out of the car and grabbed her wings from the backseat. “Help me put them on?” she asked softly.

I nodded and walked over to her, attached her wings to the back of her corset. I let my hand linger longer than necessary, not wanting to stop touching her. I leaned into her and kissed her neck softly. “You look beautiful tonight, Mine,” I whispered.

“Thank you,” she replied quietly as I reached up to touch my collar around her neck. It wasn’t often she called me that, but every time she did, my heart swelled in my chest. Alex was mine and couldn’t be luckier.

After my ex-wife and the last woman I collared fucked me over so bad, I never thought I’d fall in love again. I definitely thought I wouldn’t commit to anyone again. Then I met Alex and it felt right.

“All of the other guys are going to be so fucking jealous tonight,” I boasted as I grabbed her hand and started walking into the club. “Let’s go. I can’t wait to show you off.”

Alexandra

“Holy shit, girl, you look fucking amazing!”

I grinned, hearing the voice of my best friend Stephanie behind me as I stood at the bar going over my list of stuff to do for the party. Putting down my pen, I turned around and struck a pose with my hands on my hips. “You think so?”

Stephanie nodded, her long red curls bouncing vigorously. “Um, yeah.” She glanced around the club. “What did Paul say? Did he even let you out of the house without attacking you?” I fought back a laugh; Steph knew Paul pretty well. Of course, I had confided in her more than once about our crazy sex life.

I laughed and shook my head. “I almost didn’t but then I reminded him we couldn’t be late to *my* party at *his* club. He reluctantly agreed and I managed to make it out of the house without being mauled.”

Stephanie giggled. “I’m surprised. You look fucking hot.”

I dismissed her comment with a wave of my hand. “Whatever. You look pretty sexy yourself.” Stephanie was dressed like a devil tonight, wearing a sexy black dress that barely covered her, complete with horns on top of her head. “I bet Zach loves it.”

“Yeah, I *didn’t* get out of the house without getting mauled,” she winked at me. Stephanie and Zach had just gotten married six months earlier and couldn’t keep their hands off of each other. They were too cute and *almost* made me want to get married someday.

Stephanie glanced around the club. “You did a great job decorating the club, Alex.”

“Thanks. I was here all day getting stuff ready. The staff hates me,” I teased. “I worked their asses off.”

“Well, I would say it’s worth it.”

I looked around the club and even I had to admit I’d outdone myself. I’d basically split the club into two sides - one side was dark and full of candles. I’d had a couple cages put up and girls were dancing in them. Some of them were dressed like demons and a few were dark angels like I was. The other side had a softer feel with dim lighting and girls dressed as pure white angels dancing around. Nine Inch Nails was blaring in the background.

I had the staff dressed up to fit the mood. I didn’t care if they were angels or demons, they just had to fit the theme. Everyone looked amazing and I was seriously impressed with how they’d gone all out for this.

I watched the steady stream of people come in. The line must have been backed up all the way outside. The club’s regulars were mostly already there and we had visitors from some of the other local clubs. I wiped my hands on my short black skirt nervously. This better go off without a hitch. I didn’t want Paul embarrassed by my party if it failed.

I was startled by a pair of strong hands circling my waist. “Hi there, Mine,” Paul whispered in my ear, his lips on my ear.

I touched his hands and smiled before turning around. “Hey you,” I replied.

“Hey Steph,” he said, noticing her standing next to me. His gaze moved up and down her small frame. “Lookin’ hot.

Zach's going to have to beat the other men away tonight, I think."

She laughed and rolled her eyes. "I don't know about that." She motioned to Alex. "I think *you* will be the one beating them off with a stick tonight. Your girl is looking pretty fucking hot."

He pulled me to him possessively. For someone that once hated the idea of being 'owned' by anyone, I loved it when Paul got all caveman on me. His eyes got dark and the look on his face was sexy as fuck. "I'll kick anyone's ass that touches her," he growled, grabbing my ass in his hand.

I kissed his cheek. "Oh, you know I'm yours," I murmured against him.

"Damn right you are," he muttered.

I reached up and touched his cheek. "You have nothing to worry about. I think everyone is afraid of you here. A lot of guys won't even look at me, much less talk to me, knowing that I'm your girlfriend."

He shrugged and smirked. "That's fine with me."

I laughed and looked around; the club was getting pretty full. "I think you better go attend to your guests. Have to play the good host, you know," I reminded him.

"Join me, Mine," he said, kissing my cheek as he put an arm around my waist and pulled me close to his side. "This is just as much your party as it is mine. You're the hostess."

I looked over to Stephanie with a smile. "Duty calls. Talk later?" I asked, grabbing my drink and taking a sip.

She nodded. "For sure. Have fun!"

I turned back to Paul. "All yours now."

He growled and smacked my ass. “You’re always all mine.” He leaned down and bit my neck, making me gasp. He stood up and took my hand. “Maybe later, but for now, you’re right, we have guests. Let’s go. There’s a few people here I want you to meet.”



PAUL and I spent the next hour greeting the guests that had come to our Heaven/Hell party. Some of the guests were club owners from a few hours away. Paul wasn’t too thrilled Max wasn’t there to make a good first impression, so I tried to be the perfect hostess and sub for him.

During a break from mingling, I noticed Stephanie and Zach out dancing. We were sitting at the bar, having a drink, but I was ready to have a little fun myself.

“Let’s go dance,” I exclaimed as I jumped up from my barstool.

He looked at me wearily; dancing was not his favorite thing to do.

“Please,” I say, pressing my breasts into his arm and giving my saddest look.

He groaned and took a sip of his drink. He had trouble denying me anything when I gave him that look. “Ok, but just a few songs,” he agreed reluctantly.

I nodded and took his hand, almost dragging him out to the dance floor by Steph and Zach. Despite the fact he doesn’t like to dance, he was actually a pretty good dancer. Paul waved to someone off the dance floor and I turned around to see where he was looking. Over by the bar stood his best friend and co-

owner of the club, Max. Looks like he was back from California. It was about time.

He leaned in to whisper in my ear. “Max is here, I gotta go.”

I nodded and waved to Max, glad to see him. Paul had missed him and had been worried about him. “I’ll stay out here by these two,” I said in his ear, motioning to Steph and Zach.

He smiled and kissed my cheek. “Later, Mine, that ass is mine,” he murmured into my ear. My nipples harden instantly at his promise.

“I’m counting on it,” I return before he turns to leave the dance floor. I watched him leave, admiring his ass in his tight leather pants.

As excited as I’d been for the party, I couldn’t wait for it to end. *His* ass was definitely mine.

THE END

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Sammi lives in the Midwest with her own book boyfriend and two daughters. When she's not reading or concocting steamy stories, she loves hiking and watching her girls play basketball and volleyball.

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