



SOLD TO THE

Naughty List

Auctioned
TO THE
TITAN

LIZZY WEST

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Lizzy West

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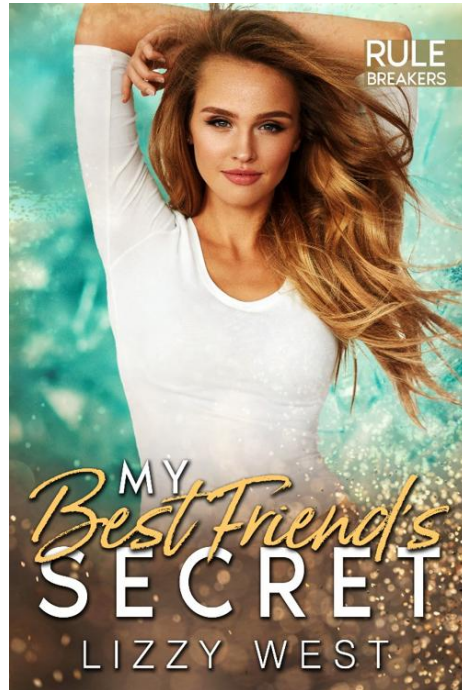
First Edition

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FREE Book Just for you!



Caroline

My best friend Jake has always been a part of my life since forever.

When he chose to join the army in Pennsylvania, it seemed the obvious choice to move closer to him to study two years later. Although we speak on the phone most of the time, it's been years since I last saw him.

Some pretty weird things have been happening to me since I started college. Thankfully, Jake being Jake, came to my aid when I needed him the most. And after seeing him for the first time in years, I really needed him...more than *I realised*.

I love a dominant Billionaire, with money to burn.

Thank you for your support, enjoy! ~Lizzy



Contents:

[FREE Book Just for you!](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter five](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Up Next ...](#)

[Other Books by Lizzy West...](#)

[About the Author:](#)

Chapter 1

Alice

I would kill for a steaming mug of hot chocolate and a book right now. Instead, I have on heels that are killing my feet and vague directions my father gave me for finding this place. Maybe I'll get my wish after I finish my first ever waitressing shift at the same place my father works. *I really hope these people tip better than they do at IHOP*, I think as I almost laugh, finding it ironic that I actually miss working there. Smelling like bacon and getting hit on by drunks in the early morning hours isn't my idea of fun, but at least working there was my choice. This, this is not my choice. I stop that train of that and study the large ornate door leading into the auction house.

Before I worry myself to death, I square my shoulders, ignore the unease this place gives me, and push the door open. The first thing I notice when I enter the auction house is the smell—a heady mix of cologne and alcohol.

The next thing is the way the men look at me as I step inside. While some barely spare me a glance, others analyze me like I'm one of the art pieces they're here to buy. But not in a flattering way. In a way that makes my skin crawl.

I don't think I should be here. At least not this part of the auction house. What have I walked into?

I remind myself why I'm here - *guilt, duty, my future* - pull myself together and walk up to a man in a crisp black suit. "Excuse me. I'm looking for Mr. Kirk. I'm supposed to be waiting tables tonight."

He barely glances at me and just points down a narrow hallway. "Through there. Room at the end."

"Thanks."

My heart is thundering in my chest as I move down the hallway and find the last door. With a shaky hand, I turn the handle and open it, expecting to see a bustling kitchen or a staff room, but instead, I'm met with something entirely different.

Half-naked girls line the room, chattering away as they cake their faces with heavy makeup. A cold sweat breaks out on the back of my neck as most heads turn toward the door. This can't be right.

"Are you the new girl?" Someone asks.

I shake my head vigorously. "No. I'm not. I...I think I'm in the wrong place," I stammer, stepping back. "I'm here for a waitressing job, not—"

"Alice Fray?"

A man with a bored look steps out from among the girls, with a file in his hand that has my picture.

"I am. Bu—"

"Perfect!" He exclaims dryly. "Take your clothes off and join them. The show is about to start."

"I don't understand."

"You owe Mr. Kirk some kind of debt, don't you? If you don't want to make this difficult, I suggest you do as you're told."

Technically, I don't owe Mr. Kirk, my father does. But as I'm here instead, I guess it's the same thing.

"I'm just here to wait tables," I object, more timidly than I'd like.

"Which is what all the other girls are here for. You, however, are much more valuable than that, aren't you, Alice?"

The familiar voice comes from behind me, and I suppress my disgust as I turn to see Mr. Kirk.

He's a tall, imposing man, in a navy blue suit. He looks at me with a weird smile that sends chills down my spine. It's

the same look he gives me every time he stops by to see my father; it's a look that lets me know I'll be doing what he wants whether I like it or not.

“Your father owes me a lot of money. You're here to pay it off by diligently serving any man who pays for your... art.”

I freeze, every word slicing through me like ice. “What? No... no, that can't be right.”

He frowns and cocks his head, looking genuinely sympathetic. “Your father sent you here without telling you that?”

“He wouldn't... he couldn't...”

I think about how my father has been feeling unwell, so much so that I delayed attending my first semester of college. When he reminded me he was paying for it, adding that hasn't he sacrificed enough by raising me on my own after my mother took off, I knew the decision to stay was already made.

But I never imagined this was what he meant. Yet, the more I think about it, the truth is staring me in the face, cruel and unyielding. My father's voice echoes in my head, as does the desperate look on his face when I left home a few hours ago.

I need you to help me cover my shift for a while. Everything will be all right if you just do whatever Mr. Kirk tells you.

My skin turns to ice, my heart beats so loud it threatens to explode in my chest, and I'm weak in the knees.

This can't be real.

My panic turns to desperation. I clasp my hands together in a prayer and plead with Mr. Kirk, “Please. There has to be another way. I can work—anything.”

Mr. Kirk's smile doesn't falter as he tucks a strand of hair behind my ear; I can't help but jerk away, causing his smile to thin and his eyes to turn to ice. My dinner threatens to

resurface, and I swallow it back down. “You’ll work, all right, just not in the way you’d hoped.”

The bored-looking man steps closer. “We don’t have time to make her look...presentable, Mr. Kirk.”

He frowns and looks at me from top to bottom then sighs. “It’s fine. Just give her the most revealing outfit we have. Her father said she’s a virgin. If the bidding is low, use that card.”

I gasp and take a step back.

“You can either do this the easy way or the hard way. But trust me, you will do it either way.” With that, Mr. Kirk leaves.

In a daze, I’m forced into an outfit and placed in line with the other girls. It all happens so fast that my mind can’t keep up.

“I heard Demon Damon would be bidding tonight,” one of the girls beside me murmurs in a low voice.

“What! He’s never even been to an auction before. Why would he be here tonight and bidding?”

The girl who spoke shrugs. “I don’t know. Something about Kirk wanting to solidify their partnership. But the reason doesn’t matter. What I *do* know is I don’t want to be auctioned to him.”

“I don’t think I’d mind,” a girl who looks to be several years older than me speaks up. “Have you seen him? All that brutish attitude might give a fantastic fuck.” I flinch at her words, and she laughs, mockingly.

As she opens her mouth to say something else, another door opens, and I’m pushed forward.

I stumble, try to turn back, but there’s no escape. The last thing I see before they push me further onto the stage is the cold, unyielding smile on Kirk’s face. And then I’m out there, under the lights, with a room full of predators waiting to pounce.

The moment I step onto the stage, the blinding lights hit my face, and I freeze.

I can barely see anything beyond the brightness, but I can *feel* the eyes on me—hundreds of them. My heart pounds in my chest, a frantic drumbeat that drowns out every logical thought.

Run. Run now.

I could bolt into the crowd, scream for help, tell the people in the audience that I'm doing this under coercion.

Run.

But I can't. My feet won't move even though the hands of the men who shoved me onto this stage are gone. I've heard enough stories about Mr. Kirk to know that running wouldn't make this go away. It'll only put my life in danger and my father's, too.

I'm paralyzed to the spot and tears gather in my eyes. I want to cry, scream, wail, do something. Anything. But I can't. My body doesn't move.

Then, as if drawn by some unseen force, my gaze locks on a man sitting near the front of the room. Where he's seated is dimly lit but even from a distance, I can make out his sharp, chiseled jawline, hard as stone, like it's never softened for a smile. His black hair, short and perfectly styled, glints under the dim lights, but it's his eyes that lock me in place. Dark, intense, and piercing, they seem to see straight through me, as if stripping away every layer of my being. He doesn't blink, doesn't look away.

His lips, set in a firm, unreadable line, hint at a man who doesn't tolerate defiance. Everything about him is cold, controlled, and yet somehow magnetic. I should look away. I should be afraid. But all I can do is stand there, rooted to the spot, trapped in his gaze.

The moment stretches on, tense and suffocating, until I can hardly breathe.

He doesn't move. He just... watches me. And God help me, I *don't want* to look away.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the auctioneer’s voice rings out, breaking the silence. “Our next offering is something quite special. A rare find, indeed.”

The sound of his voice snaps me back to reality, and I feel the blood drain from my face. Offering. Like I’m some kind of... product.

The audience murmurs with interest, and I hear someone call out, “She looks pretty basic to me.”

My breath hitches, and a wave of nausea hits me. I want to scream, to tell them all to shut up, but I’m paralyzed.

The auctioneer chuckles. “Ah, she may *look* that way but whoever takes her tonight would find that she’s quite... untouched.”

A ripple of excitement runs through the room, and I want to crawl out of my skin. My stomach twists; I press a hand against it, willing myself not to be sick.

The bidding starts.

“\$10,000.”

“\$20,000.”

“\$50,000.”

“\$100,000.”

I stare at the floor, willing myself not to cry, not to break. Every number they shout feels like a knife, each one cutting deeper, reminding me that I’m nothing more than a price tag now. My dignity, my freedom... all for sale. And my own father put me in this position.

“\$150,000!” another voice calls, and the room falls silent. My head snaps up to see the man who placed the bid. He looks like he’s well over fifty. He has a smug look on his face, sure of himself, like he knows he’s going to win. The crowd seems to sense it, too.

For some reason, I look at Mr. Dark and Dangerous. I don’t know why, but I just look at him with pleading eyes. I

don't even know the man, but for some reason I need him to be my knight in shining armor.

His expression is different now as he leans forward. What used to be a plain, indifferent look is now replaced with something else. Irritation?

His gaze flickers toward the auctioneer, and I swear I see him clench his jaw.

Without warning, he stands up.

“\$500,000.”

The room gasps, and my heart stops. The man's voice is deep and commanding and carries a lethal edge that makes me want to cower and run into his arms at the same time. The finality in his tone leaves no room for argument. The competition is over.

The auctioneer stumbles over his words, clearly shocked. “S-sold. For \$500,000.”

The hammer drops, and just like that, my fate is sealed.

This can't be happening. This can't be happening.

I feel like I'm in a dream as they usher me off the stage into a room with spare furniture: a couch, a chair, and in the corner... a bed. I hug myself, trying to calm my racing heart. I hope it's not what I'm thinking.

“You should have come by sooner,” I hear Mr. Kirk's laugh before the door creaks open. Kirk continues, blocking the doorway from another man, “You should inspect her...” Kirk looks over his shoulder at me, a leer on his face, “make sure she's intact.”

The man I saw from the stage pushes past Kirk. He is even more intimidating up close, but I can't help but feel relieved as he enters the room and slams the door, leaving just the two of us.

He's taller than I imagined, easily over six feet, and his presence fills the small space. His black suit clings to him in all the right places, highlighting his broad chest, strong arms,

and lean waist. There's an elegance to the way he moves—smooth, controlled, almost predatory.

My heart starts racing again. But this time, it feels like for a different reason. For a second, neither of us speaks. Then he breaks the silence.

“Damon.”

“What?”

“My name. It's Damon.”

Then the name clicks. Damon. As in Demon Damon. The man the girls were talking about.

I think I'm going to pass out.

Chapter 2

Damon

I shouldn't be here.

The moment I stepped into Kirk's so-called "auction house," a pit formed in my stomach. I could tell immediately that something was off about the attendees. They didn't look like art lovers, and from the way they looked at a girl who crossed the room, it became obvious the kind of 'art' they're interested in.

Disgusting.

The place reeks of cheap perfume and alcohol. As I moved through the crowd and picked up the chatter, I got the general gist of what was really going on. It churned my gut and made me want to call the police and have every single person in here locked up.

I'd heard whispers about Kirk's 'extracurricular' activities, the kind of deals that skirt legal and moral lines, but I hadn't seen it firsthand. Until now.

I wanted to end the partnership. It was tempting to walk away right when the rumors kept coming in, but I needed more than rumors. I needed proof.

As a businessman, it was obvious that walking away without something concrete wouldn't be enough to destroy him if this all blew up. So, I promised myself I'd hold off—wait, watch, gather what I need.

But what I've seen so far disgusts me. Young women, paraded like cattle, sold to the highest bidder. Kirk's grin when he explained the "exclusive auction" nearly made me punch him on the spot. But I kept my composure, and nodded as if I understood, even though the rage was building in my chest. I may be ruthless in my business dealings, cutthroat to the point

of having more enemies than friends, but I would never condone the selling of human beings,

I should've left the moment I realized what kind of place this was. But I didn't.

And I know this makes me sound as bad as Kirk, but I'm glad I didn't.

The second she stepped onto the stage, engaging these meaningless men in meaningless conversation and enduring the suffocating smell of lust and desperation all suddenly became worth it.

She's breathtaking...ethereal... *mine*.

At first, I thought I was dreaming but after blinking and waiting for her to disappear, I realized she was real. A woman beautiful beyond words and sexier than sin has been shoved onto the stage for this disgusting crowd to behold.

She stands there with dark, curly hair that cascades over her shoulders like ink against her pale skin. Her eyes—hazel, striking, and wide with panic—dart around the room as if she's searching for an escape, some kind of salvation. When she realizes there is none, her shoulders slump.

The way she trembles, barely able to stand under the weight of what's happening, twists something deep inside me.

I've seen fear before, plenty of it, in business and beyond. But there's something different about her. Something that makes my blood simmer and my instincts flare. She looks out of place here, far more vulnerable than the other women who've come before her. Her beauty, her innocence, every fucking thing about her, sets her apart.

Then she locks eyes with me and time stops.

Shamelessly and for the first time tonight, my lust joins the ones in the room. My cock and heart pound heavily as I look at her, unable to look away.

Her eyes... they pull me in, lock me in place. By some miracle, she doesn't look away. She's terrified I can see that,

but she still holds my gaze. She stands as if her legs might give out, but she refuses to fall.

My grip tightens around the edge of my chair as my cock hardens, wanting those long legs wrapped around me while I pound her into an orgasm she would never forget. I will myself to relax, wondering what the fuck is wrong with me. I've never been so violently turned on in my life. I notice every detail about her—the way her fingers twist nervously, the faint flush creeping up her neck, the way her lips tremble but never quite part.

Then the auctioneer's voice cuts through the silence, and she looks away.

I'm going to kill that man.

She looks more terrified as the crowd's excitement grows, and it makes me realize something. She's been forced to do this. My jaw clenches, the anger inside me sparking into something hotter, something primal. I force myself to stay in my seat rather than fight every man in this place.

In the haze of my anger, I hear the word "\$150k!"

That's when I realize that the bidding has started. I'd been so enamored by her that I didn't even realize she was already being auctioned off.

I glance at the man who made the bid, a slick, middle-aged type with a predatory smile that makes me want to break his jaw.

150? 150?

My teeth grind. She looks at me again with a plea in her eyes that I'll be damned if I refuse. She didn't even have to ask. There was no way in hell I'd have let any of these men anywhere near her.

I stand, cutting through the irritating murmur of voices.

"Five hundred thousand dollars."

It's an amount not nearly enough to deserve this woman. I just need to get her off stage then I would offer *her*;

not this filthy organization or Kirk, what I really think she deserves.

Which is the whole fucking world.

The room falls silent.

I can feel every eye on me, but I don't care. I meet the auctioneer's stunned gaze, daring him to question me, to challenge my authority. He won't.

The hammer falls, sealing the deal, and I release a breath I didn't know I was holding.

They lead her off stage, and I'm already moving to follow. Kirk intercepts me, leading me to a private room a few minutes later, and as angry as I am at the man, he's not even a thought in mind as my heart pounds for reasons I can't quite explain. Even when making major deals and meeting powerful figures around the world, I didn't feel this nervous.

It feels like I've been drugged.

Kirk opens the door, ogling the woman within, and it takes everything within me not to slam him against the door and tell him to never again look at what's mine. Instead, I focus on her, standing in the center of the room, looking even smaller and more fragile than she did on the stage. Her hands are clenched at her sides, and she looks up at me with those wide, hazel eyes.

I shut the door behind me, leaving the space between us awkward and silent. Her shoulders are tense and unlike on stage, she can barely meet my eyes.

Of course. I technically just bought her.

"Damon."

"What?"

"My name. It's Damon."

I don't know what I expected, but the way her eyes widen in fear at my name makes my heart ache. All my life, I've had people look at me that way and it's never been a

problem. But having *her* look at me like that is something I can't stand.

I want her to trust me, not fear me. I'm going to do anything it takes to change that look on her face, no matter what.

I watch her carefully, standing just a few feet away, trying to get a sense of what's running through her beautiful head. She's still shaking.

I clear my throat, softening my voice as I take a step closer. "What's your name?"

For a second, she hesitates, her fingers nervously twisting the fabric of her dress. Then, in a voice so quiet I barely hear it, she says, "Alice."

Alice.

Alice Blackwell.

Why the fuck I just added my surname to her name, I can't explain, but it suits her somehow. And that only strengthens the knot tightening in my chest.

I heard whispers of what happens in this room, what other buyers do in order to 'check' that their purchase is intact. It's dehumanizing, immoral, and I hate it. But I also know Kirk will cause issues if we leave immediately.

That's okay, I'll play his game for now until I can take Alice away from here and then burn this fucking place to the ground.

The fact that I want to do things to her after I just purchased her makes me hate myself for a second. But then I realize that as much as I want to have this woman - in every fucking way - I would rather cut off my hands than touch her without her consent.

I watch her closely as she shifts on her feet, her eyes darting to the corners of the room, avoiding mine. She knows why we're here.

"You... I have to strip, don't I?" Her voice is shaky.

I clench my fists and take a small step closer to her.
“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do.”

Her gaze snaps to mine, and this time she doesn’t look away. She’s searching my face, like she’s trying to figure out if I’m lying or not.

I take another step, slowly, giving her space, but getting closer. “You’ll *never* have to do anything you don’t want to do again, Alice. I promise you.”

She looks at me, her brows drawing together in confusion, like she still can’t quite believe what she’s hearing. And in that moment, I realize just how broken her world has been for her to think she doesn’t have a choice.

How did she get mixed up with all this?

She swallows hard, her lips trembling as she opens her mouth. “Then... what do *you* want?”

The question sends an ache straight to my cock. What do I want?

I want to bury myself inside her. I want to mar her pale perfect skin with love bites. I want to pound into her so hard that she’ll feel me for days. I want to make her knees weak from taking her over and over again.

There’s a strange mix of curiosity and fear in her eyes. She looks at me like she’s trying to confirm if I’m like the others, genuine curiosity in her eyes.

I take a deep breath and step even closer, until I’m only a breath away from her. She smells as heavenly as she looks. A perfect mixture of strawberry and vanilla.

It makes me wonder if she tastes just as good.

“For now, what I want,” I start slowly, carefully, “is just to kiss you. To feel you.” Her breath catches. “But only if that’s what you want, too.”

Her eyes widen slightly and she’s searching my face again. This time I search hers, too.

I don't know when or why but she doesn't look afraid anymore. Replacing the fear, is curiosity and God help me, desire. I can tell from how dark her hazel eyes are and the way she bites on her plump lower lip.

“Okay.”

If someone told me I would rule over the world, I still wouldn't be as happy as I am at this moment.

Slowly, my hands reach out and cup her face, my thumb brushing her soft skin. She trembles under my touch but doesn't pull away.

I tilt her chin up gently, lowering my mouth to hers. The moment our lips touch, it's electric—soft, tentative, but full of an unexpected heat. Her lips part beneath mine, and I deepen the kiss, slow and patient, giving her time to adjust, to find her way through the uncertainty.

She responds, shyly at first, but soon her hands grip my shirt, pulling me closer. Her lips are soft, warm, and the way she melts into the kiss makes my chest tighten.

I trace my hands down her body, running them gently over her hips, mapping her with a tenderness I didn't know I was capable of. She arches into me, her body responding in a way that's driving me insane.

When my hands reach between her legs, she gasps against my mouth, her fingers tightening on my shirt.

I pull back and look at her. “Is this okay?”

She's breathing heavily but she nods.

I might die from how good she feels.

My hands continue to explore as I kiss her. I stop myself from moving towards the heat of her core that's calling to me.

She consented to *just* a kiss. I don't want to -

“Fuck,” I grunt and look down at her.

Her eyes are still closed, her breathing unsteady so I'm not sure she realizes that she just pushed my hands to her very

wet pussy. I take in the sight of her flushed face, her lips swollen from the kiss, her body leaning into mine.

“Is this okay, too?”

Her eyes flutter open, and she looks down to where her hand is holding mine. She gasps and pulls her hand away, but I don't move mine.

I keep it there, just against her panties while my heart pounds at a thousand miles per second.

Her cheeks flush pink and the pace of her breathing increases. Then she says, “Yes, it's fine.”

Chapter 3

Alice

I've never felt like this in my life.

In my 18 years of existence, I've never had this kind of energy buzz through me.

I don't understand it, but I can't ignore it either. I don't want to.

Damon's kiss unlocked something in me. Something that's been buried beneath all the shame and duty and self-doubt I've lived with growing up. And now, with his hands between my legs, his lips brushing against mine, I feel like I'm starting to come alive in a way I didn't know I could.

In a way I've only read about in books.

I pull back, just enough to look into his eyes. They're dark, filled with a heat that sends shivers down my spine. His cock presses against my abdomen and even though it looks like I'm staring into the eyes of a hungry predator, there's something else there. A tenderness I didn't expect from a man nicknamed 'Demon Damon.'

"Do you want me to stop?"

I nod and the disappointment I see in his eyes instinctively makes me reach for his face. I didn't know I could be so bold as to hold a man like this.

My body is still trembling from his touch. "I want...I want to strip for you."

Damon's perfect brows arch and his eyes widen as he stares at me. He stares for a long time, probably to make sure I really mean it.

"I'm supposed to, aren't I?"

Even though I try to convince myself that I'm doing this so I don't get in trouble with Kirk and his men, I know I'm

doing it because I want to. I've never done anything like this before, but with him, I feel safe enough to try.

It's not just about stripping. Damon has been looking at me like I'm a piece of art. Like there is no price he won't pay to have me.

"You want to strip for me?"

I bite my lower lip and nod. He seems to like it when I do that because his cock twitches against me.

"You know. Seductively, the way real strippers do it." My cheeks heat up. "In a way that turns you on."

His eyes darken, and for a moment, I think I've shocked him speechless.

Naive, skinny, stupidly broke me, made this godlike man speechless.

His lips curve into a slow, wicked smile, one that sends another rush of heat straight to my pussy. It clenches.

He takes my hand and places it on his cock. "Oh, baby girl," he murmurs, his voice low and rough, "you already fucking do."

Hearing that, *feeling* it, makes something bloom inside me. It's not just desire—it's power. A kind of power I've never felt before. The kind that comes from knowing I can make this man want me.

"Just teach me how to please you."

With that, he steps back and clears his throat, giving me one long ravaging look. "Take off the dress. Slowly."

I take a deep breath, my hands trembling slightly as I reach for the hem of my see-through dress. Slowly, I pull it up, over my head, letting the fabric slip from my fingers to the floor. Damon's gaze follows every movement, his eyes dark and intense, and the way he looks at me makes me feel more confident than I ever have.

"Like this?" I ask softly, watching his reaction, wanting to know if I'm doing it right.

His throat bobs as he swallows, his eyes fixed on my breasts. “Perfect,” he says, his voice husky. “Now your bra and panties. When you take off the bra, make sure your tits bounce in the process.”

I smile, feeling bold now, emboldened by the way his eyes never leave me. I lower my panties first then I unhook my bra. Before I drop it, I pull it up so that my tits come bouncing down.

He clenches his fist so hard that his knuckles turn white. The way Damon’s breath catches in his throat sends a thrill through me. He’s watching me like he’s never seen anything like me before, like I’m something precious.

“What now?”

“Pinch your nipples. Pinch, pull, and then roll.”

I cup my breasts, but he shakes his head. “Just the nipples.”

Damon’s eyes travel over me as I pinch, pull, and then roll. The sensation sends a wave of pleasure straight to my pussy, and I moan.

The second the sound leaves my mouth, Damon steps closer, his hand reaching out to cup my cheek. My nipples graze his suit and I’m suddenly aware that he’s still completely dressed.

“Can I make you feel good, baby girl?”

It’s a question but it sounds like a command.

“How...how would you do that?”

“I would kiss you.” Before disappointment can set in, he adds, “All of you. But especially...” His hand trails down, past my throat, my chest, until his fingers hover just above the heat between my thighs.

“Here.”

My breath hitches, and my knees instantly go weak. Just the thought of his mouth there, of him kissing me so intimately, makes my pussy clench repeatedly.

“I’ve never...” I start, but the words stick in my throat. He already knows. He can see it in my hesitation, in the way I tremble under his gaze. It doesn’t seem to deter him that I’m so inexperienced.

“I know,” he whispers, his thumb brushing over my hip. “I want to be your first and hopefully your last.”

I blink. He didn’t just say that.

“You don’t even know me.”

“I know. But Alice I’ve never...I’ve never felt like this for someone before. I can’t describe what happened when I saw you on stage. It’s hard to explain. It almost feels impossible, but I...”

I can see how much he’s struggling and it’s crazy because I feel the same way. My heart is pounding so hard, I’m sure he can hear it.

“Okay.”

“You’re sure?”

I have no fucking clue, but I nod, because despite everything, despite how terrifyingly new this all is, I trust him. I want him.

He lifts one of my legs so that it’s resting up on the chair before dropping to his knees in front of me.

Dear God.

When Damon leans in and presses his face *there*, I close my eyes and listen to the way he inhales deeply..

His mouth drops lower and lower. He pulls my panties to the side and licks me.

Oh God.

“Look at me,” he moans against me.

I drag my eyes to see him, dressed in his suit, on his knees in front of me, sucking on my sex. His head bobs back and forth, and his eyes are closed, like he’s getting as much pleasure from this as I am.

What if I mess this up?

He stops and looks up. “Relax, baby girl. Just feel.”

And then his mouth is on my pussy again, and I can't think. I can't breathe. The sensation is so overwhelming, so intense, I can barely process it.

“That feels so good,” I say before I can stop myself.

All at once he seems to lose control and he lifts my leg higher to give himself better access. My confidence builds again as I hold the back of his head, pressing him closer into me.

His tongue moves against me, slow and deliberate, teasing and tasting, and the pleasure builds inside me, higher and higher until it's almost unbearable.

My mouth hangs open, desperate for oxygen as my breathing gets heavier, when Damon suddenly pulls back.

“I want to fuck you with my fingers, too.”

This time it's a command, but he also sounds like he's asking my permission. How does he do that?

When I nod, he pulls me down so I'm sitting on the edge of the chair and then repositions himself between my legs.

His eyes darken as he places my legs over his shoulders and puts his index finger against my opening.

“We'll take it easy tonight,” he promises as his thumb grazes my clit, causing me to shudder. He rubs my clit while the other finger slowly eases into me.

When he successfully gets the finger in, he adds another. That's *not* taking it easy.

His fingers start to move, gliding inside me deliciously. I can't think, I don't know what to do with myself. I can just... feel.

“You're so fucking tight, Alice. It's driving me crazy.”

I don't like Alice as much as I like baby girl, but it still makes my heart flip.

His fingers move, slowly at first, but then his rhythm changes, and the stretch of it, the fullness, sends me spiraling. I'm panting now, my body trembling as he works me closer to release.

"I can't," I gasp, my body tightening, teetering on the edge.

"Yes, you can," Damon whispers, his voice rough. "Let go, baby girl. I need you to cream over my fucking fingers so I can taste it."

He's already tasted it. He's tasted it so much that there's probably nothing left for him to taste.

He seems to disagree because in addition to his fingers, he brings his tongue back to my clit.

"Damon!"

"That's it. Give it up for me, baby girl."

I cry out and convulse, my whole body jerking forward, searching for release. And with a final thrust of his fingers, I do. The orgasm rips through me, violent and intense, shattering me completely. A tear slips down my cheek as my body arches up and waves of pleasure crash over me, one after the other.

He doesn't stop lapping at my pussy even as I come. He licks and sucks until every bone in my body is relaxed.

When it's finally over, I'm left utterly spent, gasping for breath.

Damon lifts me from the chair, sits, and settles me in his arms. His arms wrap carefully around me, cradling me against his chest while his hand strokes my hair.

"You were amazing, Alice. So fucking amazing."

"Really?" I drawl still feeling weak and spent.

He chuckles and the sound vibrates his chest. "I could spend the rest of my life eating that sweet pussy of yours and

watching you come over and over again, Alice.”

I want to question him. I want to ask why he’s saying such things. Why he paid such a high price for me? Why he didn’t have sex with me like I knew he wanted to.

But for some inexplicable reason, I say, “I prefer baby girl.”

“What?”

“I prefer when you call me baby girl.”

My eyes are closing, and I feel his heartbeat beneath my cheek, strong and steady. I cling to it, to him. Because for the first time in what feels like forever, I feel safe.

“Okay, baby girl. But when you wake up, I’m going to tell you what *I* prefer.”

And with that, I surrender to the lulls of sleep calling me.

Chapter 4

Damon

She looks like an angel even while she's sleeping.

As I carry Alice into my house, her soft breath fanning against my chest, I still can't believe tonight happened.

I can't believe a woman like this actually exists and that I'm holding her right now.

And that an hour ago, I had her sweet pussy in my mouth.

I'm not sure why she affects me like this—why I feel so protective of her, why every cell in my body wants her when I barely even know her.

I take her to one of the quieter bedrooms, away from everything, and lay her down gently on the bed. Her dark curls spill across the pillow making her look like a painting.

I tuck a loose strand of hair behind her ear and watch her.

She's beautiful.

She's more than just beautiful; She's ethereal, intoxicating, enamoring. And yes, my body wants her but it's more than that. In my chest, there's a feeling I can't quite put my finger on.

Pulling the covers over her, I take one last look before quietly leaving the room.

The next morning, I'm in the kitchen with a cup of coffee in my hand when I hear soft footsteps. I turn just as Alice steps into the doorway.

She's wearing the t-shirt I left by her bedside. Her eyes still look heavy from sleep as she looks around the kitchen, her

gaze finally landing on me.

“I was out the whole night?”

“You were.” I cock my head. “How exactly did you find your way to the kitchen?”

She walks quietly to the dining table and sits on one of the chairs. “I just followed the smell of food. I have a pretty good nose.”

The way she says it, so simple, so honest, I find it incredibly cute. Beautiful, sexy, innocent, *and* cute.

“Well, it’s good to know the chef isn’t overpaid. Have a seat.”

Because I wasn’t sure what choice of breakfast she would prefer, I ordered everything possible to be made. Large portions of eggs, bacon and sausages, potatoes and hashbrowns, pancakes and waffles, toast, and coffee.

I wanted to make sure she had everything she could possibly want.

But my heart drops when she doesn’t move to get food. She just looks at the table, her expression hesitant.

The fact that I’ve failed to please her makes me feel inadequate. I don’t like the feeling at all.

“Is something wrong?” I ask.

Her eyes flick to me, then to the food. She bites her lip and that awful look of fear returns to her eyes.

I guess it takes more than an orgasm to win someone’s trust.

“Baby girl.” At that, her eyes snap to mine. But she quickly looks down.

“You don’t like the food?”

“It’s just...why are you doing this? What do you want from me?”

Her words hit me like a punch to the gut. Of course. She doesn’t trust me. Why would she? She’s been through God

knows what, sold off like an object in a place like that, and now she's in the house of her buyer. The fact that she even managed to sleep here... it must have been pure exhaustion.

Without a word, I start to make her a plate with a little bit of everything. Maybe if I continue to show her small acts of kindness, we can build the trust between us.

I gently slide the plate of food onto the table in front of her. Her lips part slightly but she closes them again.

“Uh. Thanks.”

“My name's Damon Blackwell,” I start. “But you already know that. I'm a businessman—tech, finance, real estate. I don't have a favorite color, but I wear a lot of black.”

“What...what're you doing?”

I pause and look at her. “You asked what I wanted from you. I'd like for us to get to know each other.”

Once again, she looks like I've just said the most surprising thing.

Does she get surprised very easily, or have the men in her life treated her any less than this? If it's the latter, they deserve a death sentence.

I continue. “My parents died when I was young, care accident, so I don't have any close family. Or close friends for that matter.” Alice looks up, sympathy brimming in her eyes, and I clear my throat. “I hate peanuts, and I like to travel, which is a good thing since I do so frequently.” My voice drops as I add, “Though I think I've found a reason to stick around.”

Her eyes light up, and she allows herself a small smile before it dims.

“You also buy girls in auction houses.”

Oh. *That's* what this is about.

I make sure I meet her eyes when I say, “I was at the auction house to end a business partnership with a man I can't trust anymore. I never expected to meet someone like you.”

“What is it about me?”

“You captured me.”

She clears her throat and when she looks at me again, the shy smile that appeared is gone again. “And what is it you want with me?”

Even though I don’t want to scare her, I don’t want to be dishonest with her either.

“To fuck you. That’s for sure.” I ignore her silent gasp and continue, “To make you mine. I want to make sure you want for nothing, that whatever you need, whatever you want, it’s yours. I want to make sure no one will ever hurt you, and you’ll never have to do anything you don’t want to do again.”

“Why?”

I nudge her plate of food, knowing she must be hungry. “I don’t have a reason. At least not one I can explain in words.”

She stares at the plate for a few seconds then with a deep breath, she picks up the fork and takes a bite. I watch her carefully as she swallows.

“My full name is Alice Cramer. I was accepted into art school, but I had to defer until next semester. At least I hope I can go then. I...” she pauses. “I don’t have any family besides my father.”

“Does he know you work at the auction house?”

Her eyes glisten and she takes another bite of the pancake with a small sniff. “He’s... the one who...gave me away.”

My breath catches in my chest, and I feel a wave of heat rise through me, but I keep my expression blank. “He gave you away?” I repeat, my voice cold.

Her hands tremble slightly, and she places them in her lap. “He couldn’t pay his debt to Mr. Kirk so he...sort of offered me instead.”

Her words slice through the air, and the pain in her voice makes my blood boil. The thought of anyone doing that to her makes my hands tighten into fists under the table. I want to find her father, whoever he is, and detach his head from his body.

But I push the anger down. This isn't about me. It's about her.

“Tell me more about *you*. What do *you* like? What do *you* want?”

She hesitates again, her hands fidgeting with the edge of the tablecloth. “I don't know,” she murmurs. “I...I like these pancakes. They're amazing.”

She's changing the topic, but I don't mind. She can do whatever she wants.

I watch her slowly take another bite, her lips parting gently as she savors the food.

A speck of pancake hangs by the side of her mouth, and before I even realize what I'm doing, I reach down and lick it off.

The air around us changes instantly.

She gasps but doesn't pull back. “Oh...”

When I look at her, she has her eyes closed. I'm so close to her now, the scent of her skin intoxicating, mixing with the warmth of the kitchen. Or was it the warmth of her skin, too?

“Open your eyes.”

Her eyes flutter open, but her gaze is heavy with something more than just hunger for food. The tension between us feels like a wave in a storm, growing stronger with every second that passes.

The heat in her eyes matches mine. My pulse quickens and the space between us shrinks as I lean in.

“You know Alice. I've *not* had breakfast this morning,” I murmur against her lips.

“Um. Do you want some pancakes?”

“I’d like that, if I can taste them off your lips.”

Her breath hitches, and she bites her lip, nodding shyly. That’s all the permission I need. In one fluid motion, I pull her chair back and part her legs, kneeling between them.

“Fuck,” I grunt when I see that she’s not wearing panties.

The hunger I feel for her is consuming, and my cock twitches, but I hold back. I want her to feel every second of this.

“Relax,” I whisper, kissing the inside of her thigh, my hands gripping her hips as I pull her closer to the edge. “Let me take care of you.”

She’s trembling, but I can feel the anticipation radiating off of her, see it in the way her body responds to my touch. I place a slow, deliberate kiss on her core, then part her lips with my tongue.

Once I do, I lose myself in her taste.

Her hands grip the edge of the table, knuckles white as I lap at her sweet-tasting pussy.

My mouth works her relentlessly, determined to make her come undone. Her moans grow louder, more desperate, and I can feel her tensing under me, on the edge of release.

“Come for me, Alice,” I growl against her, the vibrations sending her over the edge. She shatters, her body convulsing as she cries out, her pleasure crashing over her in waves.

I rise to my feet, scooping her into my arms. My heart leaps at the satisfied smile she has on her face, but I’m not done with her—not even close.

As I carry her upstairs to the bedroom, I feel her small hand against my chest, her fingers sliding down, tracing the hard lines of my body. Her touch is like gasoline to fire and when she places her hand beneath my shirt, I stop moving. “You don’t want me to drop you, do you?”

“You won’t,” she says and grazes my nipple.

Holy shit.

But she's right, I would never drop her. Once we get to my room, I lay her down on the bed. Her skin is glowing with the aftermath of her release. Every inch of her is perfection, and I worship her with my mouth, tasting her skin, feeling her shiver under my touch, loving every moment of it.

In my pants, my cock is throbbing hard so I press it against her leg. She tenses.

I pull back and look at her. I catch the slight hesitation in her eyes. Uncertainty and even worry.

I stop immediately. I want her—more than I've ever wanted anyone—but not like this. Not when she's not ready.

I take a deep breath, reigning in the fire that's burning inside me, and gently pull back.

“Even though I'm dying to be with you, Alice, I told you last night that you would never have to do anything you don't want to. Ever again.”

Her hazel eyes meet mine and she takes a deep breath. “I believe you.”

I cock my brows and study her face. “You do?”

“I can't explain it. But I do.”

“Good.”

After one last look, I turn, preparing myself for a long cold shower.

She grabs my hand before I can walk away, forcing me to turn back. “Stay,” she whispers, “Please... stay with me.”

I pause, my heart skipping a beat, and then slowly, I climb back into the bed beside her, pulling her close. She rests her head against my chest, and for the first time in a long time, I feel something more than just lust or desire. I feel... connected.

I don't know what's happening between us, but I know one thing for certain—she's already getting under my skin in

ways I never thought possible. And I'm not sure if I'll ever be able to let her go.

Chapter five

Alice

I'm nervous.

As I lie in Damon's arms, my heart is pounding so hard in my chest that I'm scared it'll explode.

We've been lying in silence for a while, and I've been hoping he breaks it. Start talking about himself like he did in the kitchen or even ask me a question.

But he doesn't.

And as more time passes, I slowly realize that he's waiting for *me* to say something or do something. To make the first move.

He probably wants to go at my pace and as sweet as that is, I have no clue what pace I want to go at. Ever since I walked onto that stage and made eye contact with him, things have happened so fast that it still feels like I'm dreaming.

"I like Christmas shopping and reading romance novels," I say, blurting out the first things that come to my mind.

Damon pulls back just enough to look at me. "What?"

"You asked what I liked earlier. I like Christmas shopping and reading erotic novels."

Damon raises an eyebrow, wearing an expression that is a mix of surprise and amusement.

"Why do you like Christmas?"

"Well, red is my favorite color, Christmas is a beautiful season, and it's the only time of the year where I'm not working my ass off."

His amused smile remains. "What's your favorite book?"

I mention it and his eyes widen. “That’s an erotic book. I wouldn’t have imagined someone with a face like yours reading something like that.”

A flush creeps up my neck, but there’s also a tiny bit of annoyance. I know exactly what he means by a face like mine.

I know my innocence is nothing to be embarrassed about but with a man like Damon who looks like he could fuck any woman with just one look, it’s hard not to feel self-conscious.

“So, what do you like about these books.”

I shrug. “Everything. I like getting lost in my imagination and books help me do that. They pull me away from the real world.”

His lips curve into a slow smile, the kind that makes my stomach flutter. He leans back into the bed, his eyes never leaving mine. “There are some realities that can be better than your imagination, you know?”

My heart skips a beat at his words and instantly the heat between us starts growing again.

What exactly is it about Damon that instantly sets my skin on fire and makes the spot between my legs pool? What about him draws me in so much that I feel like I can trust him with anything, even though I’ve known him less than 24 hours?

And now that he mentions a better reality, the idea that I can bring one of my books to life fills me with so much excitement, I feel the wetness between my thighs grow.

There’s something I’ve always wanted to try, something I’ve fantasized about but never thought I’d have the courage to do.

I hesitate for a moment, biting my lip as I glance at him, unsure if I can actually go through with it.

Damon leans forward and lifts my chin so our eyes meet. “What is it? Tell me, Alice.”

I swallow hard, gathering my courage by not looking away from him. Something about his eyes makes me feel like I can do or say whatever the hell I want.

“I... I’ve always wanted to try something.”

His lips twitch and I can see he’s trying not to smile. “Something from your books? Like a kink?”

I nod and the smile from his face disappears. He’s taking me seriously now.

“What do you need me to do, baby girl?”

“The same thing you did last night. Teach me.”

“Teach you what?”

“How to be a good baby girl. For Daddy.”

The moment the word slips from my lips, Damon’s eyes darken with something raw and primal. There’s only a flicker of surprise, but it’s quickly replaced with a hunger and ferocity that makes my head spin.

He grabs the back of my neck and pulls me into a toe-curling kiss. He kisses me like he wants to consume me, own me, possess me. And I love every fucking second of it.

He pulls back. “Get off the bed and come back again. But this time, come on all fours. When you get here, tell me what you want to do.”

Like last night, I obey every instruction he gives. I hop off the bed, walk a certain distance away, and then turn back and get on all fours.

With a deep breath, I start crawling toward him, feeling both bold and nervous at the same time. He’s sitting at the edge of the bed with his legs wide open and I stop between them.

I look up at him, my heart racing as I place my hands on his thighs. His breath hitches at the contact, and the tension between us sparks like a live wire.

“I want to please you.”

“Try that again.”

I say, innocently, “I want to please you, Daddy.”

The word draws out the exact reaction I’m looking for. He holds my chin, firmly but not painfully.

“You want to make Daddy happy?”

I nod, feeling a surge of confidence now. Seeing the effect I’m having on him, the way his control is slipping, makes me feel powerful.

He grabs me by the hair and pulls me in for a kiss. He’s all suction and domination as his tongue sweeps through my mouth and he holds my head the way he wants it.

He pulls back, spreading his legs a little wider, inviting me in. “Then show me, baby girl,” he says, his voice rough. “Show me how much you want to please me.”

I lean in, my lips brushing the waistband of his pants, teasing him, just like I’ve read in those books. I hear him suck in a sharp breath and I love the sound.

Damon groans, his eyes locked on me as I tug his pants down just enough to free him.

Oh. my. god!

He’s big and hard. So hard that the sight of him sends a rush of heat through me, mixed with fear at what that would feel like inside me.

I lick my lips, feeling a thrill of power as his breath hitches in response. I lean in, my lips hovering over the tip of his cock, teasing him with the promise of what’s to come. “Tell me what you want, Daddy,” I murmur, looking up at him through my lashes. “I want to make you feel good.”

His head falls back, a low groan escaping his throat. “I want to fuck your mouth.”

I smile, feeling more confident now. I press a soft kiss to the tip of his cock, wrapping my hand around his length as I slowly start to stroke him. Damon groans again, his hands

flexing as he struggles to keep control, but I can see it slipping, and that only makes me want to push him further.

“You’re such a good girl.” His voice is strained. “My perfect, good girl.”

The words send a shiver down my spine, and I feel a rush of heat between my legs. I love hearing him say that, knowing I’m making him feel this way. I want him to lose control. I want him to need me as much as I need him.

I lean in again and take his whole cock as deep as I can.

Damon’s breathing grows heavier, and his hips jerk, “You’re going to ruin me, baby. Do you know what you’re doing to me?”

My head bobs faster up and down his cock but I realize that yes, I *do* know. And I want to do more.

I want to do it all.

I keep sucking his dick with a desperation and desire that keeps building by the second.

Suddenly, he jerks away from me. I see his heavy-lidded expression, strained muscles, and the sweat gathering on his forehead.

The fact that he wants me so much but would hold back makes trust build inside me.

I trust my Daddy. I want to show him. Make him happy.

I want to be his good little girl.

I look up at him and batter my eyes.

“Would you please fuck me?”

“Is that what you want, baby girl?”

“Yes.”

“Hmm?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Damon’s eyes darken as he jerks me off the floor and practically flings me to the bed.

He takes off his clothes within seconds and positions himself between my legs, his cock brushing against my entrance. He looks down at me, his gaze full of both heat and tenderness.

I nod, wrapping my legs around him, pulling him closer. “Yes,” I breathe. “I want you.”

With a low growl, he pushes inside me, and I squeeze my eyes shut, waiting for the pain.

But it doesn't come.

The feeling of his full, throbbing cock inside me is a little uncomfortable at first but I realize something. This is Damon's cock, filling me up, claiming me, marking me as his.

I want to be your first and hopefully your last.

I realize that I want that, too. It doesn't make sense but I do. I want to only be in this man's arms and nobody else's. The thought makes my eyes water.

“Are you okay?”

I nod, wrapping my arms around his neck and my legs tighter around his waist. I look at him as my need for release grows stronger.

“Fuck me harder, Daddy.”

“Good girl,” he says and pulls his dick out, slamming it in harder this time.

I gasp at the sensation, feeling him stretch me, fill me completely. It's intense and overwhelming, but also incredibly satisfying. I feel him moving inside me, and it's the most beautiful feeling.

He takes his time, making sure I'm comfortable, adjusting his pace to match my reactions. The pleasure builds, and I can feel myself getting lost in the sensation, in the connection we're sharing. It's everything I've dreamed of, and more.

He fucks me and explores me. Grabbing my bouncing tits, pinching my nipples, rubbing my clit, even sliding his

fingers into my mouth so I can suck on them.

The soft cries of pleasure that escape my lips mix with his grunts.

Each thrust, each touch, sends shivers through me, and I'm overwhelmed with the intensity of what we're experiencing together.

"You're going to be a good girl and take Daddy's cum, aren't you?"

"Yes, Daddy."

His cock twitches inside me, and I feel an explosive release, a wave of pleasure that leaves me breathless.

Damon follows closely behind, his groans and murmurs mingling with mine as we both ride the wave of our climax.

Afterward, as we lie together, Damon wraps his arms around me.

He kisses my forehead and murmurs, "I'm afraid I can't let you go, Alice."

"I don't want you to."

Chapter 6

Damon

As the soft light of dawn filters through the curtains, I sit on the edge of the bed, watching Alice sleep. Her chest rises and falls in slow, steady breaths and her face looks peaceful and relaxed.

She looks so delicate. Like she hasn't been marred by the chaos of this world. She's pure and untouched despite how fucked up life can be.

I've never felt like this before. I've known power, control, and the rush of making decisions that can shift empires, but with Alice, it's something else entirely. It's as if every fiber of my being is drawn to her, willing to do anything just to see her smile, to hear her voice, to keep her safe.

I realize now—what I felt when I saw her on that stage wasn't just lust or desire. Even though there was plenty of that, there was something else, too. Something primal, something deep. And that scares me more than anything.

I knew what it was back then, but it was hard to accept. It felt impossible.

How could I be in love with a woman just by setting eyes on her? I've spent my life building walls around myself, never allowing anyone to get too close. But with Alice, it's like those walls don't exist. I want her to know that she's safe with me, that I would burn the world down before I'd ever let anyone hurt her again.

I need to make her feel secure, like she's never felt before. From now on, she's mine, but not in the way men like Kirk think she is. She's mine to protect, to cherish, to love.

She stirs in her sleep, shifting slightly as the blanket slips off her body, revealing her bare skin, marked by the hickeys I left last night. Her breasts, full and perfect, rise and fall as she breathes. My eyes trail down the smooth line of her

torso to the curve of her hips. I can't help it—my body responds instinctively, and I feel the familiar pressure building in my pants.

I try to resist the temptation. I don't want to wake her, but seeing her like this, so vulnerable and yet so utterly tempting, stirs something deep inside me.

My hand twitches, wanting to reach out and touch her, to feel the warmth of her skin against my palm. I imagine tracing my fingers over the marks I left, kissing every inch of her body until she wakes up with my name on her lips. My cock hardens painfully against my boxers, and I grit my teeth, forcing myself to stay still.

“Why aren't you touching me?”

Slowly, her eyes flutter open, and I'm instantly lost in them.

She runs her fingers through my hair and my cock almost fucking explodes. Her touch feels like a kiss from the heavens.

“I didn't want to wake you.”

“Well, I'm awake now and I want you to touch me.”

I reach between us and find her clit, rubbing circles around it. She moans and scoots closer to me. I slide a finger easily into her wet pussy and she moans again, never breaking eye contact.

“Does that feel good?”

“Mhmm,” she moans. “It feels so good, Daddy.”

Every time she talks, or moans, or even breathes, my entire body reacts to her. She's bewitched me, and I never want to be free.

My thumb draws a circle around her clit, pressing it like a button, then jiggling. My index continues to finger fuck her and she rewards me with her delicious moans, arching into me and trembling under my touch.

Without warning, I pull my fingers out of her pussy and bring it to my mouth. I close my eyes and grunt.

Fuck. She tastes as heavenly as she looks.

When I open my eyes, her eyebrows are furrowed and she's pouting.

I chuckle as I stare at the cutest face in the history of cute faces.

"Do you want to play the quiet game?"

She doesn't answer. Just stares at me with a displeased look on her face.

"You *will* answer me, baby girl. Do you want to play the quiet game?"

It's only a slight fraction, but I see the gleam of excitement building in her eyes.

"What's that?"

"It's a simple game with simple rules. I'll fuck the daylight out of you, drive my fat cock into your tight pussy over and over again, and you can't make a sound while I do it."

"Not a sound?"

"No, baby girl," I say, sliding the same finger I used to fuck her, into her mouth. She closes her eyes and sucks on it. The picture of my cock in there floods my mind. "You have to be a quiet girl for Daddy so we don't get caught. People can't know that you're being fucked by your Daddy."

She opens her eyes, and I pull my finger out. "And what happens if I'm not quiet? If I make a sound?"

I grab her neck. It's so sudden that she yelps but I keep my grip on her neck firm but not too hard.

"There will be consequences, baby girl. Daddy will have to punish you."

Her eyes shine so brightly with excitement that it's hard to believe she's new to all this. I know she knows what the

quiet game is, especially if she likes reading erotic novels.

But she wants me to be her daddy. She wants me to teach her, guide her, instruct her, and from the look in her eyes, punish her too.

I'm going to do all that and more. I'm irrevocably and inexplicably in love with Alice. I would go to the ends of the earth to provide for her, protect her, and when I came back from my trip, I'd never stop fucking her, never leave her wanting. Because she's Daddy's little girl. Daddy's baby girl.

"Are you ready to play the game?"

She nods eagerly and I smile. "Good girl. Now suck Daddy's cock and sit on it."

All too eagerly, she slides down and takes me in. My eyes nearly roll to the back of my head at the feel of her moist tongue. She's sucking my length like it's her favorite candy, taking me as deep as she can and looking up to see my reaction.

"You're doing so well, baby girl. Show me how much you like your candy."

She smiles and takes me even further until she gags. But she doesn't pull back. She truly wants to please me, and I feel like the luckiest man in the world.

How on earth did I get so lucky?

When she takes my balls in her mouth, I realize how dangerous my baby girl is. She knows too because she looks up at me through long eyelashes and runs her tongue around the sack.

"That's enough," I grunt, barely managing to get the words out. "Show me how well you can ride."

She sucks on my length one last time before straddling me.

I ease my dick into her, and she whimpers when I go all the way in until we're joined at the hilt.

“Don’t forget the rules, baby girl, you have to be quiet no matter how hard I fuck you. Can you do that?”

She nods and I reward her with one hard thrust. She wraps herself tighter around me and I almost lose the game, but I manage to hold back my grunt. Barely.

“Now you go first. Ride me.”

With a barely audible moan, she starts moving on my dick. It takes her a while to slide in and out of my fat cock but soon, she gets the hang of it. She starts bouncing on me like she has trained her whole life to be my cowgirl.

She’s magnificent.

Her cheeks are flushed and she’s biting on her lower lip to stop herself from moaning. Her tits move marvelously, and I grab a hold of one as it bounces.

She changes her bounce to a slow grinding rhythm with her hips and I feel my cock move inside her. The feeling is explosive.

“Do you like that, Daddy?”

She knows she’s not supposed to speak so she earns herself a good spank on her perfect round ass. She moans and I spank her again, harder this time.

“Keep riding baby girl. Daddy’s going to punish you now.”

She keeps moving on my length and anytime I spank her, she tightens around me. Her ass cheeks start to heat up and I rub them gently.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she whimpers with glistening eyes. “I’ll be a good girl from now on, I promise.”

With one swift movement, I turn her so she lands on her back. Her legs are closed as she watches me, probably wondering what I’m up to.

“Slide your knees open,” I instruct. “Give me a view of that puffy pussy.”

She does exactly as I say.

Opening her thighs up so her wet and needy cunt comes into view again, I lick my lips remembering exactly how she tastes. Now that I've had one taste of her, it'll never be enough. I want to taste her every single day, feel her come against my tongue, writhing in pleasure, every morning before I leave my bed.

I really don't deserve this honor. To pleasure this goddess-like woman and to have her eager to please me.

I love her. I love her so much it hurts.

I dive straight to her pussy, licking and sucking like it's the best meal I've ever had.

Because it is.

I could do this forever. Just rest between her legs, tasting her, having her come on my face. But for some fucked up reason, I'm only human and I can only last so long.

I crawl up to kiss her and then I bring my dick back to her pussy. I ride her hard and fast.

I swallow her screams with my kiss, sucking on her tongue as I fuck her. Her legs go around me, her heels dig into my lower back.

My pace increases and I feel her tightening around me. Something magical is about to happen. Something that has never happened to me before.

Once my thumb finds her clit, she comes and so do I. At the same, we ride into the land of complete pleasure where our bodies are broken and remolded in the most beautiful way.

She lets out a loud scream, and I continue to move inside her, filling her with every last drop of my seed until she's no longer trembling.

I collapse against her, not bothering to pull out.

I mutter in her ears, "Stay with me, Alice. Let me protect you and keep you safe. Let me be everything you want me to be and more."

She sniffs and when I pull back, just enough to look at her, tears are streaming down the side of her face. “I don’t plan on going anywhere, Damon.”

Then she shakes her head and her arms wrap tightly around me. “I just want to be with you.”

Chapter 7

Alice

In between having sex with Damon and eating his amazing food, I didn't realize just how huge his house is.

It's a penthouse

Everything in it is pristine—white marble floors, elegant chandeliers, and the type of art you only see in galleries. Some rooms have floor-to-ceiling windows that have an amazing view of the city.

I'm in one of those rooms, curled up on a plush gray couch, wearing one of Damon's oversized shirts, with a book in my hand, and it feels like I'm living in a dream.

How did I get so lucky?

The fact that I'm here because I was bought at an auction house against my will is very ironic.

I'm flipping through the pages of my book when Damon walks in from the kitchen holding two mugs of coffee. He's wearing shorts and a shirt that is unbuttoned just enough to show a hint of his toned chest. How does he manage to look so perfect all the time?

“Having fun?”

I shrug and close the book. “Not really. When I told you I wanted to read, an inspirational book wasn't exactly what I had in mind.”

He smiles. There's something mischievous in the smile, and I narrow my eyes at him.

“You must really love erotic novels, huh?” he teases, setting a mug in front of me and sitting on the edge of the couch. “It seems to me like you can't read anything else.”

“Romance novels,” I correct with a pout and pick the book up again. “Yes, I can. And you better not judge me. It's

not like you don't benefit from my... research."

He chuckles and leans in. Despite the smile on his face, his eyes are dark. "Trust me, baby girl, you won't find any judgment coming from me."

I bite my lip, fighting the urge to melt under his gaze. Everything he does makes my heart race, even with a simple tease. As much as I want to pull him into me, take in his manly scent, and kiss him till I can't breathe, I'm still so sore from last night.

I clear my throat. "I need a good book."

He laughs, the sound deep and rich, and it makes me feel warm inside. "Tell you what," he says, standing up and stretching. "I've got a meeting that came up unexpectedly, but I want you to go Christmas shopping. Take my driver. Get all the decorations and books you want. Spoil yourself."

I raise an eyebrow. "All the books I want?"

He grins. "Every single one."

"That'll be a lot of money."

He frowns. "What's mine is yours, Alice. You know that. And I'll try and join you later, I promise. Just don't clear out the bookstore before I get there."

I giggle, already picturing myself sitting in a pile of novels beside a well-decorated Christmas tree with Damon helping me sort them out.

It's a perfect picture. Too perfect.

"I'll try to leave a few for the rest of the city."

He leans down and kisses my lips before grabbing his coat. "Have fun, baby girl. I'll see you in a bit."

As I head out the door with his driver, I glance back at the penthouse. Damon's home is like something out of a magazine—everything sleek and expensive. And even though it's breathtaking to look at, it's also a bit cold and impersonal.

What's mine is yours.

I giggle as I think, *He may come to regret that.*

I'm giddy at the idea of adding my own touch to Damon's house, and I slide into the back of the car, ready to get started.

Once we're in the car, I feel a little thrill at the thought of shopping. Christmas is my favorite time of year, and as we drive down the busy streets, I can see that people are slowly getting into the holiday spirit.

Lights are strung up on buildings, snow lightly dusts the sidewalks, and I can even hear Christmas music playing from some of the more festive shops.

We pull up to the first shop, and I step out, already making a mental list of everything I need: ornaments, garlands, wreaths, and, of course, a few - or many - new novels. The bookstore is right next to the decor shop, so it's a win-win.

I'm about to walk in when, out of the corner of my eye, I think I see a familiar face. Kirk.

I blink, my heart skipping a beat, but when I look again, he's nowhere to be seen. I shake my head, brushing it off. *It's just nerves. You're safe,* I reassure myself.

Pushing all thoughts of Kirk out of my mind, I focus on the task at hand.

I step into the shop and browse through rows of shiny Christmas decorations, running my fingers over delicate ornaments and wreaths made of holly. The festive atmosphere helps ease my mind, and soon I'm lugging two big bags full of decorations back to the car.

But just as I'm about to head into the bookstore, I hear a voice. A voice I'm not sure I ever wanted to hear again.

"Alice."

I freeze, my heart pounding in my chest. Slowly, I turn, and there he is—my father. His face is drawn and tired, and the perpetual sadness in his eyes is even more pronounced.

I swallow hard, the memory of his betrayal rushing back.

“Dad?”

“My baby girl.”

The sound of the name from his lips makes me physically recoil and step back. It feels so wrong to hear him call me that.

“Don’t call me that. Call me Alice.”

He looks slightly hurt, but it doesn’t matter to me.

“Alice, I- “

“What are you doing here? How...how did you find me?”

“I...I didn’t.” He looks around like he can’t bring himself to look me in the eye after selling me off.

“I figured you’d either be in a bookstore or doing some Christmas shopping. This place has both and that’s why I came here, hoping to run into you.”

I narrow my eyes.

“I’m sorry, Alice. About everything. The debt, the auction. Mr. Kirk didn’t give me a choice.”

“You always have a choice, Dad.” My eyes tear up as I look at the man who was supposed to protect me, “I always knew you resented me after Mom left. I just never knew you hated me.”

“Alice, that’s not true.”

“It is. And you know it. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have *sold me!*”

He looks around again. I do the same, wariness creeping in. He focuses on me again, wringing his hands in front of him, “I’ll come for you, Alice. I’ll make things right.”

I stand there, speechless, staring at him. But as I look at him, I start to feel a strange sense of peace. I realize that I’m not angry anymore. His stupid and selfish decision is the only

reason I met Damon, and I'm too happy about that to be angry at him.

I shrug. "It doesn't matter anymore."

His eyes widen, as if he wasn't expecting that. "It doesn't?"

"I'm better off now. I met someone that makes me extremely happy and makes me feel safe. Which is way more than you've ever offered."

He stares at me for a long moment, then nods, his shoulders sagging as he sighs, "I'm sorry, Alice. I'm really sorry."

And with that, he turns and walks away.

But as I watch him walk away, the more confident I get in what I said. I *don't* need him to come for me. I have Damon. And for the first time, I feel truly free.

That's when it hits me, like a soft whisper in the back of my mind.

I love him. I love Damon.

I always want to be with him.

I don't know how or when it started but-

I don't get to finish that thought before the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

I glance over my shoulder, and that's when I see a shadow move too quickly, too close. Before I can scream, something sharp presses against my neck, and a rough hand grabs me from behind. My vision starts to blur, and a wave of dizziness washes over me.

"Damon..." I try to say, but my voice comes out garbled before everything goes black.

When I wake up, my head feels like it's filled with cement. I try to blink, but my eyelids are heavy and my mind feels foggy, like I'm trapped in a dream I can't escape from. Slowly, my senses start to come back. My wrists are tied to

something cold, and the smell of stale air fills my nostrils. I'm slumped against a rough, hard surface.

I force my eyes open. It takes a second to adjust, but when I finally focus, the first thing I see makes my blood run cold.

My father is standing in front of me.

Talking to Kirk.

"You said you'd give me more time to convince her to come with me."

"I told you, Thomas," Kirk replies smoothly, his tone too calm, for a man who just kidnapped someone. "I don't have more time. Fucking Damon is trying to screw me over by backing out of our deal."

"She was just supposed to cover the debt," my father murmurs.

Kirk chuckles darkly. "This is bigger than that now. Damon thinks he can walk in here, buy whatever the fuck he wants, and then humiliate me by cutting our partnership?"

He steps closer to my father. "This isn't about a debt anymore. This is revenge." He laughs darkly. "Let's see how much he wants her after someone else has her. Don't worry, you can have a cut of what she makes."

My father is silent for a moment then weakly says, "She's my daughter. I didn't sign up for this."

Kirk's voice turns menacing like he no longer cares about convincing my father. "You signed up for whatever I say, Thomas. People like Damon think they're better than people like us, people who have to work hard every damn day."

My heart races, and I feel bile rise in my throat, but I fight to keep still, terrified of what they'll do if they realize I'm awake.

"I can't..." My father's voice trembles. "I can't do this. She's my daughter, Kirk."

Kirk's voice drops to a chilling whisper. "You have two choices. You either keep your mouth shut and let me handle things... or you'll find yourself in the same position she is."

There's a long pause, and I can feel my father crumbling under the weight of Kirk's threat. He has always been a selfish coward. Finally, he mutters, "Fine. Just don't hurt her."

I stop pretending to be asleep and raise my head to look straight at my father. His eyes widen in shame and pleading, but I don't look away.

My voice is cold and unyielding as I finally say the words that have been bottling up inside me for years, "I was never your daughter. I was your housekeeper, your chef, your chauffeur. I did everything for you, hoping one day you'd step up. But you're just a coward that never deserved someone like me for a daughter."

Kirk turns, and my body freezes, as a slow, menacing smile spreads across his face. "You've still got fire. Good. Most of my patrons like a little spirit they can tame."

Chapter 8

Damon

“You lost her.” My voice is so low that it sounds like a growl.

I glare at Erick, my driver, who’s been standing by the doorway to my office the past ten minutes. He hasn’t stepped a foot inside, wise on his behalf. Though the man has been my driver for the past several years, the need to punch something is too strong; he probably knows that.

His head is bowed in contrition, but it’s not enough. It’s not enough to erase the fact that his incompetence is the reason Alice is missing.

Or the fact that you let her go shopping alone.

“I—she was about to enter the bookstore, and I—”

“I told you to keep her in your sight. I gave you one job, and you couldn’t even do that!” I shout, slamming my fist onto the table. The noise cuts through the tense silence and pain spirals up my arm.

But the pain there is nothing compared to the pain in my heart.

My hands are trembling so much with a violent mix of anger and panic. How the hell did this happen? I had sworn to protect her. I had promised her safety, and now she’s gone—disappeared without a trace, snatched out from under my nose.

Every second that passes feels like another second too long. Alice is out there—alone, afraid, and I failed her. The thought sends panic crashing through me.

I pace, running my hands through my hair. My phone sits where I threw it on the desk after not being able to reach Alice for what feels like the millionth time of dialing her

number. I pick it up, scrolling through my many contacts, thinking of what favors I can call in to help find her. I'll call every contact if I have to, every connection I have. Men will be out there scouring the city.

"Why?" I mutter to myself. I think of all the men I've pissed off, every business empire I've conquered to get to where I am. It's a long list.

I turn to my driver who looks like he might pass out. "You said she was talking to a man. What did he look like?"

I've asked him the question several times, but it's always the same answer.

"I didn't see his face, sir."

"Calm the fuck down and tell me anything you remember."

Erick takes a deep, shaky breath and runs his hand through his hair. "I remember...he had black curly hair – "

"Black curly hair?"

He nods and then it hits me.

Dark curly hair could mean her father. And her father could mean the auction house.

My blood turns to ice. Kirk. That sick bastard.

I did this. I put her in danger by ending the partnership with Kirk.

I've been too caught up in my own fucking guilt of not keeping her safe to realize. Of course, it's him. This isn't about just money. This is his way of getting back at me.

I look up at Erick in horror, unable to stop picturing the many ways men like Kirk take their revenge.

"Get the car ready," I bark, but I'm already halfway out the door, my fists clenched at my sides. Every fiber of my being is screaming for me to run, to tear that place apart with my bare hands.

The drive to the auction house feels like an eternity, each minute stretching out, torturing me with the thought of what they might be doing to her. My heart races, and I'm barely holding myself together. If I'm too late... no, I can't think like that. I *won't* be too late.

When we arrive, the sight of that fucking building sends a red haze over my vision. I don't bother with subtlety; I barrel through the entrance, ignoring the stunned expressions of the people milling about. I've got one target, and I'm not leaving without her.

Inside, the auction is already underway. My blood turns cold as I see her—Alice, on the stage, in a red see-through dress like that night only she looks even more afraid now.

Kirk is standing in the position of the auctioneer with a smirk that makes my hands twitch. I can't wait for the satisfaction of breaking his face.

I can't see straight. Rage is blinding, all-consuming, and I lose control.

“You fucking bastard!”

My voice booms through the room, and heads turn toward me, but I don't care. Kirk's smirk fades as I charge forward, my eyes locked on him.

Kirk backs up, calling for his guards, “What the hell are you guys waiting for? Get him!”

The first guard moves toward me, but I'm faster. I slam my fist into his jaw, hearing the satisfying crunch of bone before he drops to the floor. The second one comes at me with a baton, but I grab his arm and twist, forcing him to the ground.

I feel like I'm possessed. The anger running through my blood is ten times worse than it was a few minutes ago. And it was already bad back then.

How dare he parade my girl in front of all these people? How dare he take what's *mine*?

Kirk finally has the sense to look afraid as I approach him, but it's too late. My fist connects with his face before he can utter a single word, and I keep swinging. One punch, then another, until he's crumpled on the floor, bleeding and gasping for air. Yet, I keep going. Hitting him over and over again.

“Damon!”

Alice's voice pulls me out of what feels like a lucid dream and I stop. I grab his bloody shirt and pull him up, barely able to contain the violent rage clawing at my insides.

“You're done,” I growl through gritted teeth. “I'm going to destroy you and everything you've ever built.”

Though his face is a bloody mess, Kirk still tries to plead with me, “I can make you rich. We can sell the whore –

I don't give him a chance to say another word before landing one last punch, knocking him out cold. I want to rip him apart but instead my eyes find Alice, and in an instant, I'm by her side. I cup her face in my hand.

“Are you okay?”

Relief washes over her face, and she nods. She's trembling, and without hesitation, I scoop her up into my arms, holding her as close as I can.

“You're safe,” I murmur, cradling her against my chest as I carry her out of that hellhole. “I've got you, Alice. I'm so sorry.”

She doesn't say anything, just buries her face in my shoulder, her hands clutching the fabric of my shirt. I feel her tears soaking through, and it only makes me hold her tighter.

As soon as we get home, I kick the front door open, still holding her close in my arms.

She's light, fragile in a way that reminds me it's my duty to protect her. And that's why the weight of what almost happened tonight is so overwhelming. I nearly lost her.

I carry her straight to the bathroom.

I need to clean away the filth of that place, to reassure myself that she's really here, safe and unmarred.

I push open the door with my shoulder and set her down on the marble countertop. Her eyes are wide, searching my face, as if trying to understand the storm inside me.

“This wasn't your fault.”

It's the first thing she has said since we left that place. She doesn't understand that it makes me feel worse.

I turn on the water, letting it run as I stare at her, my heart pounding in my chest. There are a thousand things I want to say to her. I want to apologize for leaving her, to apologize for how scared she must have been, for so many things. But the words that leave my mouth aren't an apology.

“I love you, Alice,” I whisper. “The fact that I didn't get to tell you that was the worst feeling in the world.”

She blinks up at me, tears welling in her eyes, and she nods. “I love you too, Damon. I realized that today.”

The words hit me like a punch to the gut, and something inside me snaps. I grab her by the waist, pulling her against me, needing to feel her skin, her warmth, her everything. My lips crash onto hers, raw and desperate, and she gasps into my mouth. Her hands grip my shoulders, pulling me closer, as if she needs me just as much as I need her.

The emotions between us are too intense to be gentle. I was terrified, terrified that I would never hold her like this again, never feel her body pressed against mine. My hands find the hem of her dress, and I yank it over her head, leaving her bare before me. She shivers, her breath hitching as she looks up at me with wide, trusting eyes.

The look in her eyes—trust, love, vulnerability—it nearly destroys me.

“You're mine. Do you understand that? No one will ever take you away from me again.”

She nods, her bottom lip caught between her teeth. “I'm yours, Daddy. Only yours.”

Something primal surges through me, and I lift her off the counter, pressing her back against the cold tile wall of the shower. The water cascades over us, but I barely notice it.

My focus is entirely on her—on the way her body responds to me, the way she arches into me, her soft moans filling the space between us.

I slam into her, hard and fast, and she cries out, her nails digging into my back. It's rough and animalistic, but I can't hold back. I need her to feel this, to feel how much I love her, how much I need her. Each thrust is a reminder that she's here with me, safe and alive.

Her body clenches around me, her head falling back against the tile as her cries of pleasure mix with mine. "I love you," I groan against her neck, my lips brushing over her wet skin. "I love you so much, Alice. You're mine. You'll always be mine."

She gasps, her legs tightening around my waist as I take her deeper, harder. "I love you too, Daddy," she whimpers, her voice barely audible between her panting breaths. "Please... please don't stop."

Her words send me over the edge. I grab her hips, pulling her impossibly close, feeling her tighten around me as she lets out a sharp cry. Her orgasm crashes through her, and I follow right behind her, groaning her name, losing myself in the feel of her.

We stay like that for a moment, our breaths ragged, hearts racing as the water pours down on us. I press my forehead against hers, trying to catch my breath, trying to come down from the intensity of what just happened.

"I love you, Alice. More than anything."

Epilogue

Alice

It's my last day of art school, and my heart feels lighter than it has in years.

In fact, I still can't believe how far I've come.

Before I met Damon, I lived a life dedicated to putting my father first, never myself, never believing there was a way out from guilt and duty. I just wanted to help my dad pay off his debts and do whatever I could to survive.

And now? Not only am I a graduate, but I have infinite possibilities on what I can be, what I can do, who I can become.

And that's all because of Damon.

The security team that goes with me everywhere barely notice anymore. They're just a small but necessary part of my life; Kirk is rotting in prison where he belongs, but Damon still has many enemies he's made as he's built his empire.

Against his better judgment, Damon paid off my father's debts. Both of us came to realize that if my father were debt-free, I'd also be free. Free to never see him again, never feel like I failed him again. Now I have no idea where he is, and that's for the better.

I've built a new life, a better life, and now I have all the time in the world to do whatever I want. Because of Damon.

It makes the news I'm about to give him even more exciting.

The car stops, and I get out. My stomach flips. It always does anytime I'm about to see Damon.

It doesn't matter how long I've known him or how long we've been together. He's always going to have this effect on me.

The moment I step inside the house, all coherent thoughts fly out of my mind.

Flowers. Everywhere.

White roses, lilies, and peonies are scattered across the floor and arranged in extravagant bouquets. They're on every surface, filling the house with a heady, sweet scent. My heart skips again as I take in the sight.

What does he have planned today?

I'm about to keep walking towards the living room when I notice a note resting on one of the couches.

My breath catches as I pick it up, my fingers trembling slightly.

Take off all your clothes.

My cheeks heat up as I read the words, tracing my fingers along them.

I bite my lip, already feeling wetness between my legs as my mind comes up with a thousand ideas of what he's going to do to me.

I drop my bag on the floor and kick off my shoes, shedding my clothes piece by piece as I make my way to the living room.

I freeze at the sight before me. Damon is sitting by the fireplace, totally naked. His eyes are locked on me with a hunger that sends a shiver down my spine. His dark gaze rakes over my naked body, and a satisfied smile spreads across his face.

My hands itch to touch his perfect body, and I take a step towards him.

“Don't come any closer, baby girl. Crawl to Daddy.”

Without hesitation, I drop to my hands and knees, crawling toward him like the obedient little pet he loves. My

heart pounds in my chest, excitement mixing with nervous energy.

He watches my every move with that intense, possessive look, and it sends a thrill down my spine. When I reach him, he cups my chin, tilting my head up so our eyes meet.

“Good girl,” he murmurs, his thumb brushing over my lips. “You’re always such a good girl for me, aren’t you?”

I nod, my mouth dry as I wait for his next command.

“Today, we’re going to play the loud game.”

“What?”

“The loud game, baby girl. I want the world to know how well I fuck my baby girl.”

That sounds exciting.

“On your back, baby girl.”

I immediately change positions, lowering myself to the rug in front of the fire, and he moves between my legs.

“I want to suck on your beautiful, creamy cunt.” My sex tightens, wanting him...needing him.

He slides his fingers through my sex and pulls me open for him to study.

I hold my breath.

He bends and tenderly kisses the inside of my thigh, enticing a quiver from my body.

His eyes hold mine as he puts his nose there and inhales deeply. Then he places his tongue flat against my pussy and gives it one long swipe.

Oh my.

He strokes himself a few times, and I watch the pre-ejaculate drip. I want to taste it.

He bends again and presses his tongue through my open flesh, and I have to clench to stop myself from bucking.

“Don’t hold it in, baby. Let me know how good I make you feel.”

A long moan escapes my lips and he pushes my legs wider apart and begins sucking on my sex. His dark eyes never leave mine.

My hands go to the back of his head, holding him close. The sounds of his grunts and my moans echo in the room as he keeps lapping at me.

He builds me up to an almost-orgasm, and then he stops right at the edge of it. I grasp his hair, tugging, trying to put his face back where it belongs.

He resists, a devilish look on his face.

I pant and then growl his name, “Damon.”

“You can’t come yet,” he growls back.

“Please.”

He yanks me closer and blows air across my clit.

“Aaaahhh,” I moan in ecstasy. “I need you.”

“You’ll come on my cock and not a moment before.”

Again and again, he sucks me, teases me, bringing me to the edge of ecstasy before he takes it away, leaving me writhing and begging. “Please,” I moan. “Daddy, please.”

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me.”

“Get back on all fours.”

I do, and he positions himself behind me. I can see his cock through my legs, and I swear he looks like he’s about to come.

It seems I’m right because he curses and slides his rock-hard length into my slick pussy.

“You’re too fucking tempting for your own good. I wanted to tease you a little, but it seems that’s not happening.”

His hands grip my hips, pulling me against him roughly, and I can't help the moan that escapes me. I melt into him, letting him take control as he always does.

He pounds into me, never relenting, and I lunge my hips back to meet his thrusts. He bends and cups my breast, using it as leverage as he fucks me.

With an impressive show of strength, he changes our position so I'm facing him. He takes one of my nipples in his mouth and pulls on it. I scream with pleasure.

"Tell Daddy what you want now."

"What?"

"You said you wanted to travel," he whispers against my skin, his breath hot on my neck as he pounds me. "Now tell Daddy what you want. You know I'll do anything for you."

His words fuel the fire in me, and I cling to him, letting myself fall deeper into the overwhelming sensation of being his, of being loved by him in this raw, intense way.

"I just want to love you every day," I whisper, gasping as pleasure takes over, and we both fall apart together, lost in the heat of the moment, the world disappearing around us.

When it's over, we collapse beside the fire. Damon pulls me close, wrapping me in his arms, and for a moment, we just lay there in the glow of the flames, the world quiet and peaceful.

I rest my head on his chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart, and that's when I decide to tell him.

"I'm pregnant." I make sure I say it quietly as my fingers trace lazy circles on his chest.

He freezes for a moment, his breath catching, and then he pulls back just enough to look at me, his eyes wide with shock and—joy.

"You're pregnant?"

I nod, biting my lip, feeling a mix of nervousness and excitement bubbling inside me. “Yes. I found out a week ago. I wanted to tell you on a special day.”

A slow, radiant smile spreads across his face, and he kisses me softly this time, with so much love it makes my heart soar.

“I love you so much, Alice. More than anything in this world. And the fact they you’re going to bear my child makes me feel so unworthy.”

“Damon...”

“But I will try every day for the rest of my life to make sure I’m worthy of you, Alice. Worthy of us.”

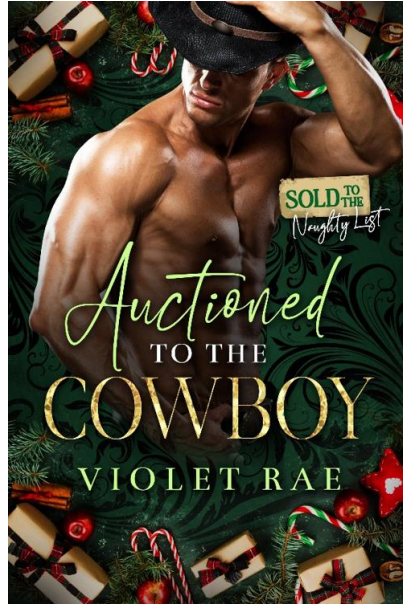
Tears well in my eyes as I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him. “I love you too, Damon. And I will spend every day for the rest of my life showing you that you’re worthy.”

Contrary to how I felt when I stepped into that auction house, I know without a doubt that this is exactly where I should be.

~The End

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Up Next ...



Henry

I thought losing my mom before the holidays would be the hardest thing I'd ever have to face—until her will threw me a curveball: marry by Christmas, or the family ranch is gone. I swore off marriage once before, and a wife wasn't part of my plans for the future. But my brothers had other ideas and bought me a bride.

Shay is everything I didn't expect—beautiful, kind, and full of sunshine. She needs a way out of her old life, and I need a wife. Our agreement is simple: a marriage of convenience, no strings, no messy emotions. But as Christmas draws near and the snow begins to fall, the lines we drew start to blur, and guarding my heart becomes the hardest job of all. Maybe Mom knew exactly what she was doing after all, giving me a second chance to embrace love just in time for Christmas.

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About the Author:

Lizzy loves to write about wild, over the top alpha heroes, their sweet virgin heroine's, and the happily ever after they deserve. Always insta-love, steamy, and swoon worthy.

She loves long romantic walks, anything smothered in cheese, and her darling Dachshund Barbie.

