

he plays with the kind  
of toys that leave scars

# Toy Shop

EVA MARKS

Copyright © 2022 by Eva Marks

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except as permitted by U.S. copyright law. For permission requests, contact [authorevamarcks@gmail.com](mailto:authorevamarcks@gmail.com)

The story, all names, characters, and incidents portrayed in this production are fictitious. No identification with actual persons (living or deceased), places, buildings, and products is intended or should be inferred.

Book Cover by Eva Marks

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

### **A Note From the Author**

Toy Shop is a steamy novella, containing explicit and graphic scenes and kinks intended for mature audiences only.

### **Trigger Warnings**

BDSM, sadist-masochist, bondage, breath play, lots of toys, some degradation, death of a relative, past trauma.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Contents

About the Book

1. CHAPTER ONE

2. CHAPTER TWO

3. CHAPTER THREE

4. CHAPTER FOUR

5. CHAPTER FIVE

6. CHAPTER SIX

7. CHAPTER SEVEN

8. CHAPTER EIGHT

9. CHAPTER NINE

10. CHAPTER TEN

11. CHAPTER ELEVEN

12. CHAPTER TWELVE

13. CHAPTER THIRTEEN

14. CHAPTER FOURTEEN

15. CHAPTER FIFTEEN

16. CHAPTER SIXTEEN

17. CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

18. CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

19. CHAPTER NINETEEN

20. CHAPTER TWENTY

21. EPILOGUE

Thank You!

About the Author

Coming December 28, 2022

Have you read the Blue series?

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## About the Book

**Time to strap on, because class is about to start...**

Working in an adult toy shop doesn't make me an expert on the matter. Quite the opposite, actually. My experience with my last boyfriend all but destroyed my interest in it. Until billionaire Alistair Cromwell bulldozed his way into my life.

He's unlike anyone I've ever known—dominant, harsh, but oddly tender. And he's more than willing to educate me on every product in the shop. In fact, he *insists* on it.

He tells me I'm his good girl. That only I can save him from his demons. I want that desperately. But I also want the one thing he doesn't think he can ever give me.

His heart.

Well, he's about to learn that while I'm not worldly when it comes to toys, I *do* know a thing or two about love. And I'm going to teach him *every bit* as much as he's taught me...

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# CHAPTER ONE

*Nela*

*F*ucking Roger and his fucking substandard products.

The pending order I printed out an hour ago is laid in front of me. The logo of the sex shop where I work, Toy Shop, is printed in neon pink at the top.

Below is the customer's unfortunate list of items.

Another sucker who purchased overpriced and possibly poisonous products from us. A rabbit vibrator, a cheap knock-off vibrator listed as the original Rocket Pocket, and a butt plug. The three—among another quarter of our shop's supply that Roger profits off, significantly—are branded as high-end items in our little high-end shop.

In fact, the whole shop is branded as such, and Roger, my boss and shop owner, makes sure we don't have to say a word to get the message through. The walls are crisp white, shelves sparkle with how clean they are. Don't get me started about the too-rich-for-anyone's-taste prices and the flashy website.

Last but not least, though—the A-list influencers. Roger gifts them high-quality toys, and in turn, they visit Seattle and upload selfies at Toy Shop.



They're practically screaming to the public: *This is an honorable sex shop, run by honorable people and frequented by the elite. You should trust us.*

They really shouldn't.

Because, really, some of the toys are a health risk, and to top it off, Roger isn't the man to file insurance claims or own up to his mistakes.

He lies, accusing the customers they used the products wrong, suggesting their hygiene sucks. Most of our clients are either wealthy, famous, or both who prefer their private business not to be outed.

So, they drop their accusations, scurrying along to treat themselves privately. And while it doesn't happen often, I'd say maybe five to ten percent of the orders we sell get that sort of reaction.

Too bad I need the money, otherwise I wouldn't spend another minute under his employment. He pays more than most non-sex-industry retailers, so mostly I turn a blind eye to these things, like when they choose one toxic product out of a larger order.

I send it over or ring in the order for the walk-in customer, crossing my toes they don't have sensitive skin or allergies.

Here though, with this order, it's not one faulty product. It's not even two out of three. Every single thing this dude ordered isn't safe. From a place he trusts.

He chose products manufactured from chemicals I'd avoid like it's the plague. God forbid anyone suggests putting them inside my vagina. Or my ass. Na-ah. No.

Not that my lady parts or any parts of me have experimented with any of those, safe or not, but that's totally beside the point. I'm not the one my heart hurts for right now.

It's for the client.

“Gross.” My throat gags uncontrollably; my body shudders.

So many things could go wrong if he uses these three exclusively for a long period of time. Rashes, tissue damage, lasting effects on the nervous system.

If this guy’s wife or girlfriend is pregnant... I shudder again.

Hell would have to freeze over before I package these and send them to him. He’ll use it on himself, or his partner, and... Gah, shivers ransack my body the third time and I just can’t. Nope. Not happening.

What I could do, what I actually do in these irregular cases when I can’t with good conscience send the order, is call him. To do a little trickery on Roger. I lower my voice to not be overheard by the CCTV mics, spilling out a white lie about running out of the item they ordered.

Eventually, I suggest a similar product for the same price, regardless of what’s written on the price tag, minus phthalates or other chemicals. My boss has never caught me.

Should it happen one day, I’ll apologize. Whoops, sorry, honest mistake while packing the order. Everyone’s allowed to one, especially me. I’ve been an exemplary employee during my four years of working my way through college here, so it’s pretty safe to say he’ll believe me.

Okay, here we go. The line rings.

I hold, sneaking glances at the CCTV cameras. I try to act casual while I run a hand through my long, voluminous, wavy hair to cover my lips.

Can’t be too careful.

“Hello?”

The voice that answers is thick like molasses. The kind that’s unintentionally sensual and winds your core tight, an electric wire ready to

either snap or electrocute you. Intoxicating in a Charlie Hunnam kind of way.

I. Am. Melting.

*For fuck's sake, Nola, it's a voice.*

I focus back on my goal. Switching the items in his order.

Clarity follows, and I start anew, "Chad? Chad Chadwick?"

Doesn't take rocket science to realize it's a false name. Most of our customers use an alias. The fundamental difference here is the name of the credit card holder is also Chad Chadwick.

My curiosity piques, a stark interest I keep to myself. I learned long ago to not shove my nose into the lives of the clients who are adamant about remaining in the shadows.

Allowing him a moment to process who might the caller be, I say nothing. He could be around friends, coworkers, family members. Anywhere really, where he doesn't want to or shouldn't discuss vibrators out loud.

If any of the above applies, this is his moment to distance himself where he can talk privately or ask me to phone him at a later date.

Chad does neither. "Speaking."

"It's about your *reservation*." Always a reservation, never an order.

He answers, unfazed and in no need of the mincing of words, "I was about to call you about it. About the *reservation*."

"You were?"

Who's stumped now?

I mean, it's a good thing. Maybe he read the small print somewhere, saving me from the need to save him. Or his partner. Definitely has a partner.

A man owning this insane level of flirt and swag over the phone, I can't imagine what he must be in real life.

I sigh inwardly.

*Focus on the task at hand, thirsty Kirsty.*

My confusion apparently amuses him, or is endearing to him, depending on how you analyze his short and rugged chuckle. "Yes. But here you are, calling me. Imagine that."

That. Voice.

I've avoided any sexual encounter for years. Haven't needed it, haven't missed it. Even working in an adult shop where I'm around sex between five to six times a week hasn't changed the fact I'm not interested.

And yet this guy wakes it in me. Warmth swarms in my lower belly; my throat clogs with need.

Another sigh? Really?

*Go home, Kirsty.*

"Okay." I bottle up the tingles his teasing spurs in me, smiling in hopes he can hear it.

"I would like to cancel it."

"What?" Didn't see that one coming.

Another short, sensual laugh emanates from his end. The effect on me remains as it was before, the lightning bolt between my thighs ever-present.

"I'm sorry for the inconvenience." There's a trace of a Southern twang to his apology, but it ends there. I hear it because Miss Kirsty latches onto his every word. Not me. Her.

"Was the order shipped already?"

"No, um, no..." I stammer. Juvenile. I sound fucking juvenile in front of someone who's clearly older and more mature, the way he's handling this

conversation. Suddenly, it's crucial to have the faceless client think I'm anything but childish.

I clear my throat. "I'm preparing it as we speak. I just called to offer you better products. Yours are..."

How does one say you bought items made of embalming chemicals?

"They aren't manufactured from the best materials. I wanted to offer you a change for the same price."

"I appreciate it..." He pauses, waiting for me to introduce myself.

"Nola." My inner strength elaborates, lending potency to my tone. Finally. "Nola Vickers."

"Nola Vickers. That's a beautiful name." Another break in his sentence, in which I imagine he's licking his lips, pondering what to say next.

*All right, Miss Kirsty, you're banned out of this establishment in aeternum.*

"Anyway, it won't be necessary. Thank you."

At this point, with any other customer, my answer would be *Cool, no problem, I'll process your refund, have a good one*. But here, a force pulls me, encouraging me to elongate the conversation.

The shop is empty. I'll have plenty of time to pack and send out the other two orders in the next 5 minutes, or I can stay overtime.

"May I ask why?"

"Are you following the shop's policy?" He's not angry with me for poking around where I shouldn't. On the contrary, he ups the flirting. "Do all customers get the special Nola treatment?"

"No, nothing like that. Just wanted to know why." I shut up before I return to blabbering mode. I've embarrassed myself plenty for a lifetime.

"A curious little thing, aren't you?"

Our heavenly Father, thank you for the a/c saving me from melting on the spot. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry."

"Don't be." The smile in his tone doesn't waver. "Nothing serious. I had an arrangement, the arrangement's ended."

*Ended.*

"Hence me returning the order," he states matter of fact. "But you know what, Nola Vickers?"

Is he going to ask me to take her place? We've had a ton of salacious offers in the shop, both me and Rhodes, the other salesperson here. It wouldn't be a first.

Would I say yes this time, though?

I can't blame Kirsty anymore. I'm thirsty, simping. Me. Only me.

"You go ahead and keep them for yourself."

Oh, shit. Here come the stutters. "I...um. Well, the thing is I can't."

"Why not?"

Why not is a good, complicated question. Its reply is identical to why I avoid sex in general, and it revolves around my douche of an ex and how he left me feeling used and unloved after our first few times together.

The words almost topple out of me, but I bite my lip to stop them.

What is it about him that makes me so at ease? So vulnerable that I'm willing to let my guard down?

I already exposed too much of myself, and for some reason, I'm cautious of what'll happen when Chad learns more. He might think I'm the fool like my ex made of me, and it might cause him to end the conversation.

And I don't want him to.

I like his voice.

Better watch what I say next. Keep it short and simple.

“I’ve never used them.”

“These in particular?”

“No.” I grab a pen, doodling on a piece of paper to focus on anything. Just not the brutal honesty clamoring in my chest. If I stick to toys, I won’t have to expose the other, deeper, painful parts of my history. “Nothing, ever.”

“Huh.”

“Huh.” Reiterating the word is my one remaining weapon left to face this situation. It’s not as if I can ask the ground to swallow me whole.

“How old are you?”

“Twenty-one,” I whisper, knowing full well he’ll find an excuse to hang up now. I’m young compared to whatever his age is, and inexperienced at that.

My chest caves a little. Then he speaks, “Let’s fix it, then.”

The pen in my hand drops on the counter, and my jaw slacks, dangling low.

Fix it? How? What? Did he just really say what I most probably imagined hearing? The need to impress him cracks, and in its place seeds of indignation sprout.

“Excuse me?”

“The least I can do,” he says, unbothered by the change in my tone. “As a gratitude for your concern.”

“What does...” Somewhere along the line, I stop caring about the CCTV. My eyes boggle out, staring at without seeing the shop’s glass door. “What exactly do you mean?”

He doesn’t hesitate. “I’d be honored to teach you.”

“Are you fucking with me?” My potent words and intonation clash with the tremors inside me.

“I wouldn’t dare.”

“I...”

Reading my apprehension, he adds, “In a public place. Safe. I’ll show you how to use those toys you offered as an upgrade under the table, and we’ll call it even.”

Logic tells me to hang the fuck up. Who the hell is this man to assume I want to learn?

Then a dark, dormant need within me begs me to differ. He doesn’t have the perverted attitude other clients give off. And he does sound attractive.

And offered a public place. Public.

“Show me as in show-me-show-me?”

The man who must have the sexiest name on earth which isn’t Chad Chadwick chuckles again, sinful and caressing. “Yes. Show-you-show-you. When does your shift end?”

I quickly add up how long it’ll take me to package the remaining orders, already texting the delivery guy to come over in ten. “Fifteen minutes, tops.”

“Perfect. You know SunsOut?”

“The bar?” I’m talking while walking around, gathering the first order’s items. Yes, I’m doing it. I’m actually doing it.

“The one and only. It’s two blocks away from Toy Shop.”

“I know.” I’ve been there two or three times during my senior year at Seattle University, but I don’t elaborate on that. No need to emphasize my age.



“Bring the bag and wear a skirt.” An office chair is dragged on the floor, his shoes clanging on a wooden floor. “I’ll wait for you there. See you soon, Nola.”

He disconnects the call, leaving me to scurry around the shop.

It’s the worst idea I’ve had in eternity, I’m aware.

However, just as the moon is high in the sky tonight, I’m sure it’s probably one of my best, too.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TWO

*Alistair*

“**M**atteo,” I address the barman working SunsOut tonight. I don’t frequent here often, trusting the staff I treat as a family to take care of the place.

“Yes, boss?” His friendly reply flows out naturally as he wipes a beer glass.

“A gi—”

*Fuck no. She’s not a girl. You are not about to be sexually involved with a girl.*

Twenty-one is old enough to drink, meaning she’s old enough to play.

Right?

“A woman should be here soon. She’ll carry a large pink and white shopping tote. I’ve alerted Tonya at the entrance, she’ll let her in.” I unveil the private room in the back, turning to Matteo. “But give me a heads up when you see her.”

Matteo’s dark brown eyebrows furrow. “A woman? Like a date?”

“No.” I give him a look that I hope translates to I don’t plan on digging any further into this. A line has to be drawn, family or no family.

“*Che peccato.*” *What a shame.* He pulls out his hair band, redoing his man bun on top of his head. “A pink and white bag, you say? There could be more than one.”

My lips curve to the side. “There’ll be one. Soon.”

Something in Nola’s voice, in her eagerness that matches mine, told me it wouldn’t be long.

“If you say so.” He grins back, turning to serve a couple who settled on the bar.

Releasing my hold of the thick blue veil that serves as a buffer between the private area and the rest of the bar, I survey the room.

I make sure no empty wine tumblers or platters were left unattended on the singular dark, round wooden table in the room. The bright blue walls had recently been painted, the lighting fixture has no burned light bulbs and is dimmed exactly to my liking.

Jefferson Airplane is playing in the background, one of my favorite bands from one of my favorite music eras.

Everything’s as it should be.

While I wait, I roll up the sleeves of my gray shirt, shoving my hands in the pockets of my black suit pants. I amble toward the round wall mirror and stare at my reflection. Though the years have gone by, I’m not too modest to say I’m not the average forty-two-year-old.

My parents’ genes ward off any signs of age, my brown eyes are sharp, and the short, darkish-blond hair cut short on my head is still full. I work out, eat healthy, consume my adequate water intake, yadda, yadda, yadda. I’m a walking cliché, but at the end of the day it pays off.

Not like I should care what Nola makes of me. It’s a one-off, the last hurrah. Since Donna found the man she proclaimed to be *the one*, I decided

she'll be the last. The sex was good. That's never been the issue.

She and the women before her have fed the need burning inside me to win the war against the Almighty by inflicting pain exactly to my liking. I've been robbed of something by mother nature, and by fucking those women raw and hard, I flip the tables, taking the reins back.

When I control the pain, I become stronger than life itself. I dominate another human, holding the responsibility to keep them safe throughout the torture.

The power is mine. My past mistakes are somewhat erased in these moments. I'm no longer the negligent brother who let his sister go tombstoning with her friends and didn't tag along to protect her. I'm not a bystander.

I take ownership of the control life stripped from me.

Or I have. Until recently.

The women, our scenes, they just don't cut it for me anymore.

In the last weeks with Donna, no amount of pain I inflicted, no sadistic methods I applied—those veering from causing permanent damage—nothing fed my needs. All the girls I encountered were savvy in the BDSM scene, knew how to role-play, how the scenes worked. They signed an NDA. They were safe.

And they weren't helping my predicament.

Not that I blamed them. I searched for a certain type, designed the scenes, handled the contracts. I micromanaged it to the smallest detail, leaving no room for mistakes in the path to getting what I wanted.

It's the predictability of it that was my undoing.

My brain is too cunning for its own good, though. It analyzed the situation to what it really was, instead of what I coerced it to be in my head.

I never possessed true strength over them. It was all a game.

Nola, though, isn't from the scene. Didn't sound like the girl's been in any dungeon lately, and if I take her word for it, which I do, hasn't played with toys, either. She sounded nice purely for the sake of being nice, harboring genuine innocence.

When we talked about her coming over, she didn't ask for gratification, nor had she hung up on my intrusive questions. Her kindness roused something in me. She made me *wonder*.

I have to have a taste of her, have to see how she fits into my sadistic palm. Only this once, and I'll set her free.

Because even if she's different, even if I find a true connection with her, I can't have her. No one would want me, a man so thoroughly incapable and unworthy of love for a partner.

My mistakes will haunt me to the day I die. As such, I doomed myself to a future where no happiness awaits me, and I'm incapable of ruining another human's life.

So, after Nola, I might—and should—heed my sister Jolene's advice to schedule that long-awaited appointment with a therapist. Meditation isn't a farfetched idea either, to head to a retreat and deal with my shit in peace.

There are lots of other means other than sex to stop being mad at the cosmos. Or hating myself.

Ones I'll try once I'm done with Nola.

Matteo's head peeks in the room, tearing through my thoughts. "Pink tote's here."

A smile crawls up my lips, a twinge of excitement zapping my lungs. I get up, pull out a chair, waiting for Nola to be escorted inside.

And into the room she walks.

I've encountered beautiful women in my lifetime, gorgeous women. I hung in the circles of supermodels, actresses, socialites. They were all naturally stunning and those who were less than had the wherewithal to be pampered by the most sought-after hairstylists and makeup artists. The closest thing to perfection.

Yet, they have nothing on her.

Even though, and in all fairness, it's cruel of me to compare any of them to Nola Vickers. She's not in their league or anyone else's. Mine, included.

"Hi." She stands straight to her full five foot seven, give or take, in a mint-colored minidress.

Her lush and thick brown waves reach almost to her waist, framing exquisite, flawless features of thick dark eyebrows, impossibly big caramel eyes, and a full pair of lips.

"I'm not staying." The flare in attitude isn't what I remembered from the phone. To my utter and complete surprise, I'm drawn to her resistance as well.

Nola outstretches her hand, willing me to relieve her of the bag. "Here, these are yours. The upgraded items."

A moment passes. I take a closer look at her eyes, picking up on another thing I like about her: she has no clue who I am.

Even when people don't come outright and say *Hey! You're that Alistair Cromwell, you were in Forbes magazine!* They have this look that they know. There's the flicker in their eyes, the recognition settling, while calculations ensue.

They can't help it, it's just how human nature works. I'm not the slightest bit mad about it, either. Want a picture? Sure. A job interview? Absolutely. Donations to a cause you believe in? Call my office, we'll make it happen.

Nola has none of it in her eyes or body language. She's the sweet girl who called to ensure my safety, the young woman who, despite her previous hesitancy, demonstrates fierceness I admire. No recognition whatsoever.

I take a step closer, eying her questioningly. "You sure about that?"

"I'm not interested in the classes." She steels her voice, but her hand shivers.

I'm within reach, placing my palm on the top of her wrist and lowering the hand holding the tote bag. Her gaze stalks my moves, my slow, unhurried gait until I reach her side.

I bend from my six-foot-two height. "Do I intimidate you, Nola?"

Her breath hitches, her nipples protrude from the thin jersey fabric of her dress. Her voice, however, lets on nothing about her trepidation or arousal. "No. Just not interested."

Nola's aura magnetizes me to her, her flowery scent making my hair stand at the back of my neck. The desire to be the owner of her pain and pleasure for this one night rises, consumes me whole.

I'll never force a woman into giving herself to me, but I'll be damned if I don't attempt to convince her.

Watching for any resistance about me intruding on her personal space, I wrap an arm around her nimble waist. With two inches separating our bodies, my hand trails up and down her arm.

The electricity buzzing in the air between us is a lightning bolt boxed into this room: enormous, powerful, impossible to ignore.

Nola's dilated pupils glare at me, accusing me of the attraction I'm awakening in her. She's got me all wrong if she thinks I'll apologize for it.

“How about we try this on for size?” I start. Matteo chooses this moment to enter, holding two whiskey tumblers. I motion for him to return to where he came from. “I’ll choose one toy, give you one class. Only for tonight. Nothing to overwhelm you.”

She upholds her glare. “Why would I say yes?”

The answer is so simple; I don’t consider it for over a second. “To show you what you’re missing. Show you what you could do later when you’re alone, getting off when you fantasize about me.”

A sculpted eyebrow is raised, her head rearing. “Cocky much?”

“I can back it up. So no, not cocky.” I release my hand to cup her forearm. The sensations at the contact are further proof of how fucking right this is. “You can always opt out halfway, say the word *red* and I’ll stop to check on you, we’ll reevaluate the whole thing and if you eventually decide that you want me gone, then I’m out.”

Nola observes me, gauging my sincerity, my confidence.

An eternity transpires between us. Then she hands me the bag, surprising me by saying, “Prove yourself.”



## CHAPTER THREE

*Nela*

**J**ohn Doe is fucking hot. I refuse to address him as Chad Chadwick in my head. No freaking way does a Chad Chadwick walk, talk, and breathe fire like this man right here.

Chad Chadwick is a family guy from the suburbs, has a dad bod, and is in charge of the neighborhood barbecues. Nothing wrong with that, it's just this man isn't it.

John Doe, he's the forever single to the wives of the world's Chad Chadwicks get off on when their Chad's chadwick—if you know what I mean—is pumping them missionary style once the kids have gone to bed, the bills have been paid, and garbage taken out.

I digress, but I can't help it. My brain is a mumbling mess.

This tall, frighteningly handsome human creation offers me utterly sinister things while looking like he's about to have me for dinner. His brown eyes gauge my reactions, a shark circling his prey.

His lips tip upward into a smile that says it all. He knows I'm inwardly drooling over him. But other than that, he doesn't acknowledge it.

He accepts the bag and grins at me approvingly. "Right over here."

“Cool.” I breathe in, realizing too late I’ve made a colossal mistake. John’s cologne and traces of the whiskey filter into my nose, stripping me of the ability to withhold the shiver of the pulsating arousal.

His hand cups my arm and then slides down my back, angling me toward the chairs on the far side of the room. I put one foot in front of the other, attempting a sexy prowling, oozing every bit of *adult* energy I have in me.

We’re playing on an uneven playfield. He, this smoldering grown-up *man* and me, the girl who’s never experimented with a vibrator. I refused him because of this reason, catching on quickly how clueless I am about life in general compared to him.

But I can’t deny this visceral attraction, how I’m magnetized, drifting toward him simply because he asked me to. I’m not afraid, either. How could I be? He’s invited me into a room not even barricaded by a door, gave me a safeword and a promise my instincts told me he’d stand behind.

We stop at the two chairs at the end of the table. They’re not a foot away from the back wall decorated with a large painting of the night and stars.

“Have a seat,” John instructs.

When I start scooting myself in, he places a hand on my shoulder, seeing through my nerves. I glance up at him. His serenity hasn’t left. In fact, it’s pouring out of him in waves is another promise, an unspoken one. *I won’t let harm come to you.*

It sinks in by the time he takes his own seat, the dark pools of need probing me. “I’m going to touch you.”

I gotta hold on to being an equal, somehow, raising my chin an increment. “You or a toy?”

A smirk takes over more than his just lips. His eyes light up in mischief, nostrils flaring at the challenge. From his answers, I’m able to discern he

hasn't heard the word *no* or had someone challenge him in a while.

Though it looks like he kinda likes it.

"I will. Do I have your permission?"

"Yes." *Though I can't promise to not spontaneously combust.*

John doesn't waste a second, his palm landing on the bare skin of my thigh. He rubs it, massaging the flesh, each long finger digging deep into my skin.

In the background, I vaguely register the music pouring over the speakers. Jefferson Airplane's *White Rabbit* plays loud enough to penetrate through my cloud of lust. The rumbling tune sounds as though I'm listening to it underwater.

The whole world turns dull, everything except John. His fragrance increases in its potency, his features a compilation of rough edges. The words he says reach my ears, lodging in my very soul.

His hand courses up my thigh, teasing the hem of my skirt. "How do you like that?"

I look him dead in the eye, but I can feel my composure wilting. "Fine."

His eyes narrow, his fingers sliding under the fabric. He flexes them, then clenches furiously, bruising me. "And this?"

"It's..." I utter past gritted teeth, "...nice."

"We can't have that, can we?" Higher and higher he goes, eyes darkening each inch he climbs. "I don't play *nice*."

The drums of the song echo louder—or maybe it's my heart. Could be both.

John's palm presses into the bare skin of my pussy, panties free. "What do you know, Miss Nola isn't crazy about the concept of nice, either."

There isn't a moment or space in my lungs to form a coherent reply. John sinks two fingers inside me with no preamble, penetrating and filling me. He curls them inside, probing for my G-spot.

"Oh, God." My hips buckle, my toes curling in my heels.

He finds it, and he doesn't let go, stroking and rubbing the inside of my walls. The heel of his palm pushes at my clit, his mouth doting unrushed, calculated kisses to my exposed neck.

"Shit," he grunts.

His voice over the phone was decadent. The voice I'm listening to now, while his lips coast my jawline and his words reverberate on my hypersensitized nerve endings, is as sinister as if Lucifer himself were delivering them to me.

"I thought I fucked up earlier," he murmurs coarse whispers. "Forgot to ask you to add lube to the order. Glad we won't need it, after all."

To make his point, John removes his fingers, swirling them over my clit. His touch is smooth, the pads of his fingers wide, and work my mound deftly. Even though I never let anyone go down on me before, the intense pleasure he gives me is the next best and feels like it could definitely be it.

John spreads the moisture across my pussy, flicking my clit bottom up. "So fucking wet, you're soaking through this dress, dripping on my chair."

Awareness snaps into my aroused trance. I cease my writhing, clamping my legs together. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

"Don't be. I sure as hell am not." He probes my legs apart, removing his fingers from my pussy. "Not about your sweet pussy soaking through my chairs."

More worry is added to my panicked state, but John soothes me by opening me wider, thus forbidding me from clamping. "I'm the one who's

sorry. Sorry no one's offered you this experience before. Whoever you've been with obviously had no idea what they had on their hands. They had to be idiots to miss out on this."

John raises his gaze to clash into mine, my longing gaze an approval for him to go on. His lips twitch. Holding my stare, he brings his damp fingers to his lips, sucking them clean. "You taste as fine as you look, Nolita."

I gulp, helpless against this slaughter of sexiness oozing off him. I don't even care about the hint at Lolita, about the young reference. For the sensual experience he's giving me, I'm willing to take the role of anything and anyone he'd order me to be.

He's completely in control, knows what he's doing. The man can do no wrong.

The song changes in the background, Led Zeppelin's *Whole Lotta Love* bathing the space in sex. I'm rasping at a matching pace to the bass and drums pulsating through my ears. Lost to desire, I'm morphing into the music, a tool for John to play with.

I can't say I'm not reveling in it.

His thumb courses along my collarbone, trailing over my chin to tip my head up.

"Stay exactly this way. I want you to experience it, to remove stress from the equation. Want you to have an evening to remember." His tone lightens. "To show you I'm more than just talk."

"Kay."

He turns his back to me, and I eye his calculated movements. He sifts through the bag, no reprimand in the words he says without looking, "Eyes up."

I do. Despite my past, despite the trust I never intended to place in any man's hands again, I do.

John doesn't leave me for long, his index and middle fingers stroking my core, now slipping outside and lower under my butt, and hefting it up. His attention is on me. My body picks up on it easily, even though my eyes can't.

"You with me?"

The check-in affirms my gut feeling to trust him. I swallow, nodding as I keep looking at the blue ceiling.

"Good." A cold, cone-shaped glass device is plunged into my pussy. The size isn't big enough to be a Rocket Pocket vibrator or the rabbit one.

He's thrusting the butt plug into my pussy. Will he stop there?

I'm not ready for it to go into my ass, wanted no one in it. But my mind is wandering high in pleasure-land, plucking desires from within my subconscious and into the air between us.

"Wrong hole."

"Oh, I'm where I'm supposed to be, all right." His audible smirk coaxes me to clench around the plug. "Remember when I said I was upset over not mentioning lube? This is what I'll be using, instead."

"No."

He stops immediately. "Is that a red?"

Again, words trample out of my mouth unchecked. "No. But I've never... No one's ever been there."

His silence scares me. I'm sure he's had it with my naiveté, positive he's pulling out. Just when I'm on the verge of sneaking a glance at him, the glass object is being retracted from my pussy, its head prodding at my pucker.

“Then it’s my pleasure to be the first to take that virgin ass, sweetheart.” John doesn’t tell me to relax, does absolutely nothing to appease my pending anxiety and mounting anticipation.

Tension builds in my body, a rope being pulled at both ends ready to snap. It almost does, too, when he pulls out all the stops in his dirty talk. “I won’t wait for your approval, not when I’m sliding it real slow inside you, not when I fuck you mercilessly with it.”

He spreads me an inch wider. Sensations like pain and shame and lust collide. But before I let lust wash over me and release myself into the hold of his strong palm, there’s something I need to clarify.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER FOUR

*Alistair*

“**W**ait, stop.” Nola’s arresting features glare at me. Caramel eyes swirling with need latch onto mine, parted lips panting and the scent of sweet mint carries from her mouth to my eager nose.

The butt plug’s halfway in. By everything that’s holy, I’ve never been more turned on in my life. My cock is a hot rod in my pants, my reflexes that of a famished predator ready to pounce.

It’s a borderline miracle I’m able to constrain myself as I do. In my head, I’m already down on my knees to eat that pussy, taking a good, hard look at the glass butt plug being sucked into her pucker.

I salivate at the image of having it sink in and having the pink diamond at the base gleaming at me. Of rolling my tongue over her clit, how it’d blow my mind when she clenches and whimpers over my face.

To see that sweet pussy coming, then make it come again.

She won’t play a role in a scene, won’t expect it. Her reactions will be genuine. Her hurt will be real, her consequent satiation too. She’ll do me the honor of being the deliverer of both.

Life or faith or any sort of cruelty won’t have a hand in this.



I will.

Only when she's okay.

My eyes rake over her face, pausing at her request. Pain isn't registered there, it's not that. She needs something. I stop altogether to oblige to whatever she'd ask, regardless of how out of character it is for me.

And it doesn't take away a thing from my pleasure. "Is that a red now?"

Nola shakes her head, licking her lips.

I leave the butt plug where it is, brushing her taut, young skin with my knuckles. "What's wrong? What do you need?"

"Your name."

The reflexive grin tugging at my lips is unexpected at her statement. At this juncture, her knowing my identity will mean shit. Even if she'll connect the dots, there'll be no effect on the scene.

She's in too deep. For her, at least at the present moment, I'll still be the man who's opening her pucker and an entire universe of sexual opportunities with it.

So, I indulge her. "Alistair Cromwell."

Not a muscle twitches in my body as I take her in, delving into her soul, searching for recognition that isn't there. Her pure smile shines in my direction; her firm, round ass relaxes in my palm.

We're good.

It's all the invitation I need to swirl the plug past the nerve endings one last time and shove it in.

"Oh!" She clenches, her entire being in visible discomfort.

Which is where I come in. "Give me your eyes, sweetheart."

Her vision refocuses, the look in it clarifies.

"That's it, good girl."

She eases into me. “I like your name.”

The crippling sensation of wanting to coddle her blares through me. I brush it off, dirt off my shoulder. I’m not this man, and we’re not here for this. Reverting to our original agreement, I free my hand from under her ass.

With one hand pressing the butt plug in, I drive three punishing fingers into her pussy. The corners of her eyes crinkle, her bottom lip sucked in. I rein in the urge to suck on it, myself.

“How ‘bout now, Nola? Is this what you’d call *nice*?”

“No.” She lets out a groan, riding into my touch.

Her acceptance of whatever sins I lash out at her, and her goddamned innocence, crack a fissure in my glacial façade. I drag my chair closer, lips in her ear, licking and nibbling down her neck.

A tiny drop of sweat trickles down where my tongue and mouth meet her neck. The barely-there hint of salt is equally delicious as the rest of her. I devour it and the sounds she emanates. The moans and pants no one could hear over the music save me.

And though I accepted her request to stop, I won’t allow her to come, not yet. She’s nearing it, I gather looking at her painless face, her squeezing my hand harder, riding me faster.

The need to prolong it overpowers me. I remove the butt plug, and this time when I push it in, I’m not swiveling, not twisting. Not. Fucking. Gentle.

“Fuck!” Nola’s head bows down fast, her cheek chafing my stubble on her way down.

“So, here’s your lesson for today. When I fuck you this hard,”—The word *red* is nowhere to be found, my okay to keep at it. I pry it out of her,

shoving it in, repeating it twice, then fuck her slowly with the glass toy —“you take and take, you graze the edge where you can’t anymore and then you take some more.”

Her shoulders rise and fall with labored breaths while I suck and lick her left nipple, while I fill her two holes and thrust into her.

“You make me so proud. My outstanding student.”

“Alistair.” My name is merely a breath, barely flourishing over the music.

But hearing it is redundant. Why would I need it to be audible when I can feel it reverberating through her body and in my mouth?

“Yes, Nola?” I answer along with the harsh pounding I deliver to her.

Her chin detaches from her chest, head lifts. I leave her tits, meeting her gaze. Her body is being thrust repeatedly against the back of the chair, her eyes wide and lips quivering.

“I...”

She can’t finish, and it worries me. I gauge for any hint of fear in her, for a dormant trauma triggered by my rough actions, always checking up on her. If it’s there, she definitely hides it well.

I break my rule for the second time this evening. I need to listen to what’s going on with her, instead of just making her teeter on the precipice where agony meets elation, where her life is in the palm of my hand.

She’s making me be gentle.

“Talk to me.”

“It feels...” Her cheeks flush in the darkened room, a glint of horror flashes behind her pupils. “I’m going to come, Alistair. I think—oh, fuck—I know I’m going to come.”

“Why’s that a problem?” My words are clipped, connected to the pace my hands are fucking her in both holes.

Her glance skids to the side, avoiding my gaze. Proof she’s hiding something. I slow down, listening.

“Tell. Me.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be teaching me? Aren’t we done?”

Every syllable is strained. I can’t tell whether the cause of her approaching climax or an underlying past issue she’s reliving due to my actions.

As the one in control of her, I do everything in my power to not have her slip down a well so deep I wouldn’t be able to reach out and save her.

“Nola,” I command her attention, a demand she obliges. “I’m here for whatever you want me to be. You don’t want this, you say the word and—”

I don’t even get to finish the sentence.

A primal moan bursts out of her lips, caramel eyes rolling to the back of her head. She clenches around me, hard and sharp before the undulation of her body takes place. I resume the fervent thrusting, never stopping to pleasure her for a minute.

What a vision she makes. It’s more than just an orgasm. It’s a luminous light bursting from her, effervescent and enchanting. I’m livid, my dick in desperate need of release, an urge I stomp on as soon as it rises.

Her class, her suffering, her pleasure. Hers, and hers alone.

I gave her my word, and I plan to stick to it.

It’s my pleasure too, in a sense. I’m bathing in the outcome. Never in my wildest dreams would I have guessed the innocent voice over the phone would manifest into what I envisioned her to be, to surpass it. Nola sneaked

into a cavern I haven't allowed anyone in the past, turning this experience exactly into what I wanted but couldn't articulate.

Nola slacks against the chair, pondering me past her thick lashes. Her tired eyes look down to her thighs, wringing her fingers together in her lap.

With me still inside her.

One hand on the plug, the other's fingers are deep in her pussy. Removing myself is hard, but I do it.

"Class over." I wink, summoning a seductive smile to cloud the heavy, blindsiding sentiments, providing her comfort. Her breath hitched earlier when I smiled at her, a barely-there gasp I noticed by observing her closely.

She seems appeased by it, elegantly crossing one ankle on top of the other. I remove the disinfectant wipe I have ready in my pocket, tear open the foil, and sterilize the plug. Once clean, I restore it to its case, returning it to her bag.

Nola's rapt attention follows me throughout, abstaining from speaking and undoubtedly curious.

I'm curious as well. About her.

Which leads me to make the fatal mistake of looking deep into her eyes post-orgasm.

Over the phone, I received the sassy Nola. When she pranced inside, I had the pleasure of meeting the bold and feminine side of her. On this chair, Nola showed me her wild and vulnerable and trusting characteristics.

Now, when she looks at me with those doe eyes, I'm seeing gratitude.

A touch of longing, too. For me.

Not for Alistair Cromwell the billionaire, not Ali the brother who doesn't keep in touch with his sister the way he should, not Boss or Sir or any other name the world attaches to me.

She only has eyes for me.

The refreshing and easing notion walks hand in hand with numbing fear. My throat constricts, the muscles around my shoulders tighten.

It can't be me. She has no use for *me*, nor is she aware of the abundance of reasons she shouldn't. She's not required to. It's a one-time thing.

The one obligation I have for Nola is to have her walk out of here content, educated, sated. That's it. Keeping her well-being in the forefront of my head, I rise to my full height, offering her my hand.

"How did I do?" Her brilliant smile infiltrates the darkness, her voice sweeter than any music playing in the background.

*Let her go.*

"The question is, how did I do? How do you feel?"

"I'm..." She taps her nose, another adorable gesture. "Happy?"

"Happy is what I aimed for." I bow down, kissing the back of her palm, yielding to the unwanted separation. "You're welcome to stay for however long you'd like. The private area is yours. I have to head out to business."

"Okay, sure. Cool." Her head bobs in agreement. The disappointment lurks behind those soulful eyes, a pang of guilt slices through my heart.

*You don't want me in your life*, I think, concealing it much like Nola does her letdown.

Reluctantly, I free her hand. "Enjoy the rest of the evening." And with that, I depart the bar to the driver waiting for me outside.

## CHAPTER FIVE

*Nela*

Rhodes, my partner in crime for this Tuesday night shift at Toy Shop, receives a generous view of my back. I've just wrapped up telling him Alistair's story, one I don't wish to elaborate on, even though he pretty-please asked.

I've been reluctant about telling him anything to begin with, but he kind of left me no choice. The past week since Alistair's class, my work buddy and best friend saw me in either a state of daydreaming or moping.

Seven days later, Rhodes's self-restraint has peaked. He stole my phone until I broke down and related the story to him. Follow-up questions, however, weren't a part of our deal.

In order to make my lack of interest in elaborating abundantly clear, I busy myself by reorganizing the cock rings shelf. I've done it twice this week in my attempts to forget Alistair, and here I am, avoiding something. Again.

Something that's boring holes in my back the way he's glaring at me. "Rhodes, you're staring. I feel it."

“Of course my eyes are on you.” He sighs, exasperated at how I’m missing the obvious. “You cut your story in dead the middle. What happened after the night with sexy Mr. Chadwick?”

It goes without saying that I kept Alistair’s identity a secret. While the rest of him is an enigma, one aspect of his personality can’t be hidden—the man prioritizes his privacy. Anyone who goes to such great lengths to manipulate the credit company to issue him a card under a false identity is a man who cares to remain in the shadows. At least about his sex life.

And that’s exactly where I leave him.

“Rhodes.” I spin to face him. Warmth seeps into the green, curious eyes I’m met with. “There’s nothing else. He wished me good night and left. End of story.”

He plops his elbows on the counter, laces his fingers, and rests his chin on them. “I can’t believe it. After over five years, you finally have a sexless hook-up? And don’t tell me the plug counts.”

“Well...”

“No, not having that.” He groans, fixing me with a stare. “I wanted some heavy-duty cock thrusting into you. This...it’s so underwhelming.”

“Depends on who you ask.” I hit him with my best Alistair smoldering imitation, throwing my hair over my shoulder.

“You ask me, duh!” The amusement I’m conveying flies right over Rhodes’s head. “I love my Jack down to my core, and he’s the match I never believed I’d find...”

“Don’t you say *but* to me.” My warning arrives in the shape of a long, veiny dildo proffered at him. “I love Jack even more than you do. He’s incomparable, so don’t even try.”



“Are you seriously threatening me with *that*?” He quirks an eyebrow at the shaking member. “Please. I’ve faced worse.”

“Insulting William now?” To add to the dramatics and change a topic, I start talking to the dildo while stroking it. “He didn’t mean it, boy. You’re thick, veiny, muscular, and I mean, just look at your sexy curve. You’re every person’s wet dream.”

My pep talk to William alleviates my nerves. Rhodes’s too. He lets out a short laugh. “I’m sure Mr. William here won’t be heading to therapy for self-esteem issues anytime soon.”

I hug William, leaning my cheek against the cold silicone. “Regardless, he’s my star product. No one makes the shop shine like he does.”

Rhodes rounds the counter, placing both hands on my shoulders. “And you’re *my* star person. My best friend who hasn’t had sex for a looong looong time...”

“Second time today.” I wince. “Thanks for the reminder.”

“You’re welcome.” He ignores my tone. “You finally let someone in. Why rob yourself of a harsh pounding and let your bestie live vicariously through you? Like I said, not leaving Jack for nothing, but, I’d be lying if I said I don’t miss it every few months. The jitters of meeting someone new or fucking for the sake of fucking, you have to indulge me. What really happened after Mr. Chadwick finished you off?”

What happened was I stayed up late that night, playing the evening over and over in my head. I haven’t really stopped since, to be honest. Alistair was totally nice—err, kind, since he didn’t do *nice*—the whole time, a complete gentleman. If he up and left in a hurry, it had to have been something I’d done, right?

Maybe my moans weren't sexy, or I reached the big O too fast, sealing it for him I was a juvenile kid. Maybe—and my face is a wildfire at the notion—what he saw on the butt plug in the aftermath grossed him out.

Yuck. I do not need that mental image.

“Nothing.” I drop William off on his shelf, then level my gaze with Rhodes. “I swear on my parents’ lives.”

“Bringing in Mack and Eloise.” He hums. “You do mean it.”

“Yes, I do.” My parents are the most important people in my life. Rhodes, who'd accompanied me to more than his fair share of our Sunday dinners, knows it, too.

A random guy in his forties walks into the store. The bell above the door chimes to announce his presence, even though the man makes himself visible on all his own.

He's fixated on me, the store and Rhodes apparently not what he came for. “Heard over the last year how this place employed one of the most beautiful women in Seattle, but I had to see it with my own two eyes. They weren't wrong.”

I stick my chin up, accustomed to handling the random pervert. After all, that's why Roger paid us extra to work here. “Can I help you with anything?”

“Sir.” His eyes dip to the cleavage of my red T-shirt, lowering along my skinny jeans. “You can call me Sir, for a start. For seconds, you can give me a demonstration on how to put these vibrating things into good use.”

Rhodes takes a step in front of me, erecting himself to his full six-foot-four. I'm grateful he's there. I really am. But I don't need him. As a young woman who's lived on her own and worked at this place for years, I've become highly efficient at fending off douchebags, myself.

Pulling out my phone, I click the camera app coolly, catching the perv in my lens. “The only call I’m making is to 911, then streaming your harassing face to all my followers on my social media. I’m giving you five seconds, asshole. Beat it.”

The jerk sneers, glancing at me around Rhodes’s shoulder. “This isn’t over, little girl.”

“Thanks for the heads up,” I yell after his stomping ass. “I’ll have this video saved on my cloud.”

Once the door shuts behind the poor excuse of a man, Rhodes swivels to me. Concern sweeps across his features. “You didn’t have to get up in his face, Nol.”

“I always get up in these small dicks’ faces.” My brow furrows, my eyes squint, and I launch into my usual manifesto. “How the hell else was I supposed to act? You know how these predators think, how they act. He’s not the first and probably isn’t the last that’ll come in here expecting sex just because we sell sex toys. They feed on fear, and I’ll never let them see any of it in me.”

Rhodes and I have had this exact conversation many times. I should thank the lucky stars I have a friend who cares about me this much, that he’s here during most of my shifts and has my back.

But at the end of the day, I’m my own person, a single woman. Being all meek and agreeable would be a fatal mistake on my part and would only serve to put me in harm’s way.

“I’m not belittling you or saying how you reacted wasn’t something this asshole had coming.” He places a comforting hand on my arm, lowering my defenses. “Your badassery should be studied and taught nationwide.

However, someone, someday, might have his screws loose and wouldn't give two shits about social media or being exposed."

He's right. I know he's right. I still don't like it. Which brings me to another conclusion. A far more depressing one.

"Am I an idiot too, Rhodes? For thinking that Chad is any different?" I munch on my bottom lip, the wind slowly taken out of my sails. "Was I so blind to overlook how he's a subtler version of the idiots who harass us here?"

Rhodes's head tilts. "What? Weren't you the one who described him as the perfect gentleman? This guy,"—he tosses his thumb toward the shop's door—"the word 'gentleman' isn't in his vocabulary, that's for sure."

"Chad could be better at concealing it, but it's getting clearer that his endgame is the same. If he would've been that perfect, he would've—I don't know—asked for my number? Called the shop?"

A rope is cinching my heart, squeezing it to the point of a mild, lingering ache. Alistair stated his intentions of this being a one-time quid pro quo thing, so it's not fair to resent him. Still, it's becoming increasingly hard to shake the feeling we shared something.

Guess I was wrong.

"I was another PornHub fantasy reenacted, or whatever." There's no venom in my words. A dark, gray shade of defeat. That's what it is.

"Maybe he's a criminal, and this was his last day before facing incarceration?"

"Highly unlikely." I huff a laugh. "Nothing screamed I'm free to do and be anything more than him."

"Did you search him online?" Rhodes offers, wagging his eyebrows.

"No." Of course I want to. "Not gonna happen."

“Why not?”

“Do I have to remind you my self-preservation works overtime?” I swipe a finger across the middle shelf where we put the lubricants, frowning at the dust.

“Well aware.” He laughs, rubbing it off with a towel. We make a great team, another reason I love him.

I organize the sexy nurse outfits on the hanger by size, avoiding eye contact. “Can we talk about something else?”

“Fine, fine.” Rhodes waves me off.

Sounding exasperated, he turns to another aisle, arranging some products in the back, the one made of phthalate. We hide them out of our customers’ reach, putting them on display the one time a month Roger regales us with his presence.

“What about your job interview tomorrow?” Green eyes study me from across the room. “Safe topic? Yes? No? Depending on the mood?”

“Shit. I almost forgot.” I smack my forehead, my face scrunching.

Ever since the summer when I graduated from Seattle University with a BA in economics, I’ve been on the job hunt. A real job, any job, just so I could get my foot in the door. Student loans and my studio apartment aside—even though I live in an affordable low-income building—I have a dream to finance.

One day soon, I want a shop just like this one, owned and operated ethically by me. For that to happen, I need the money SunInUS offered in the classifieds for the intern job in their finance department.

“If that’s any consolation, I would’ve too after the night you had.” Rhodes reemerges out of the back aisle, giving me a sinister look.

“Not comforting at all. It’s been a week. I should’ve researched them, gone over material they might ask questions about.”

Blood drains from my face, stress gripping my gut. We have three hours left in our shift. By its end, this nervousness will be a full-blown panic attack. “There’s no way I’ll be able to be prepared for tomorrow. I might as well email them and cancel now.”

My hero sidles next to me, giving me a side hug. “Go sit by the register, girl. I got this shift.”

Grateful doesn’t begin to describe my feelings for him. “Really? You’d do that?”

“Um, duh.” He spins me, pushing me to the back of the shop. “Study hard, nail the interview, and remember me when you’re rich and open your own place.”

“Never.” We reach the counter.

I swivel to give him a quick hug and kiss his shaved cheek. “You’re the best.”

“No, you are.” With a head gesture, he says, “Stop stalling. I don’t want to hear any more from you until we close, ’kay?”

“Okay.” I grin, rushing to the high stool.

The first order of business is to read about the company. I can’t recite the short description they gave of the company in the classifieds. It’d tip them off that I’m not interested, and I am.

My goal is to memorize the history of this solar energy provider, how they branched out all across the country, their goals, and ethics. On top of that, in case I bump into management in the halls on my way to the interview, I make a point to go over the *Team* section on the website and know them by face.

SunInUS's website loads up on my phone's browser. The cadmium green and tangerine yellow brand colors splash on my screen, the font choices and smiling faces giving the appearance of a decent, positive company. Gosh, I hope they are.

I continue to their *About Us* page, my brain ready to absorb the information.

*The idea for SunInUS evolved in the summer of 2001 in the basement of CEO and founder Alistair Cromwell's childhood home...*

Hold up. Hold the fucking phone. Alistair? The unassuming, casual, smoldering man I thought was a manager of a bar?

Nuh-uh, nope.

My pulse rises, the panic Rhodes subdued making a swift and terrifying comeback. I ignore the rest of the flowery history, going straight to the *Leadership page*, praying there's another Alistair Cromwell in Seattle.

A girl can dream.

And her dreams can fail.

Because oh my fucking God, that's him. I had the most random sexual encounter with one of the wealthiest men in the US, and I was wondering why he hasn't called me. A man of his stature probably has women lining up to fuck him. I was just dumb enough to think he'd go through the effort of locating me.

I cannot, under any circumstance, work for him. We'll be bound to cross paths, if not at the office, then at company functions.

No.

No, no, no.

It hurts to lose this enormous opportunity, a job that sounded interesting with pay that could help me and my aspirations ride happily together

toward the sunset.

Sadly, I have no other choice.

A sinking feeling grips me and lead fills in my lungs as I reply to the HR recruiter's email, informing him I have to cancel the interview.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)



## CHAPTER SIX

*Alistair*

I rejected her cancelation the instant David from HR emailed it to me. No fucking way I'm letting her, or any other young, brilliant mind slip away without hearing me out first.

Never happened, won't start now.

Obviously, in the role of the CEO, I care about the bottom line. I built this company from scratch. I got into alternative energy sources in college when I saw how bad the pollution problem was becoming. I constructed and patented new solar technology... which has made me a shit ton of money.

We're in charge of installing them nationwide, providing electricity to forty-nine of the states and even that is due to not wanting to be called a monopoly and allowing the government to regulate us.

But above that, it's my chief business and baby. And the people in it matter. I want to know *who* they are when HR is about to approve or deny someone's application. Some would call it micromanaging. I call it caring.

Another thing I asked David from HR to update me about is candidates who withdraw their applications. None have, except the day I received the email Nola Vickers had.

No doubt this clever girl has done her research on us and the owner of SunInUS, albeit a little late to the game. There's no other explanation for her to drop such a great opportunity the night before.

I'm not conceited about what a great company I run. I'm honest. According to the last ten polls of the best places to work in Seattle, we're continuously named up there in the top five. We're a well-rounded, ethical company that pays substantially over the median market salary and offers endless opportunities to climb the corporate ladder.

A great fucking place to work, run by yours truly. That's why, when I received David's email on Tuesday night, I shot him a response to rebuke her withdrawal, ordering to have her here at the scheduled time.

She deserves to work here. I set out a rule long ago: I'd never let my personal business interfere with my job. Nola wouldn't be the exception to that rule, and I wouldn't be the one to rob her of it.

Jessica Wang, our finance director, pushes open the glass door into the conference room. She wears a tanned silk blouse and black pants, her black high heels clinking on the granite floor.

She joins David, and me, who arrived early, both of us in gray suits and white shirts. Jessica takes a seat next to me around the oval blue-glass conference, the three of us facing the door. We both stop our idle chat about the coming election to greet her.

"Morning, Alistair, David." She arranges the questionnaire for Nola on the counter in front of her. Jessica tucks her long, thick hair behind her ears, giving me a quizzical look. "Isn't this,"—she waves in a circle indicating the three of us—"a touch overkill? To interview someone for an intern position?"

She's not mistaken. Normally, one of David's subordinates and the direct manager are in charge of these procedures. Not today.

Good thing I anticipated one of the two high-ranking managers to question my last-minute RSVP, where I demanded they move around their meetings to attend this interview.

"Miss Vickers is an employee our company would be fortunate to hire." I angle myself toward her since David is in the know about this already. "She canceled her application yesterday, and I'd like to have her reconsider."

Jessica raises a thick eyebrow. "By stressing the poor girl and having management interview her? Pretty sure it'll send her packing, not running in our direction."

"No."

I might've considered Jessica's opinion, had I not met Nola before. I could still feel her leaning into my touch, reveling in the attention I gave her. How she submitted and offered herself to me when I doted attention on her. She'd appreciate having the three of us here. It'd reflect well on the company, of our values.

"By showing her how serious we are, I hope to convince her to consider us."

"You're the boss." She shrugs, then her eyes widen by a fraction; her lips tug in a polite smile. "Let's put your theory to the test."

My head swivels to the hall where Jessica's gaze is fixed. Nola arrives in an elegant stride, her wavy hair bouncing. Her pearl-white shirt and honey-colored pants accentuate her curves, her heels making her tits sway.

If I wasn't mesmerized, I'd find it disconcerting how drawn I am to her. What's worse is my cock swells as I remember the breaths she struggled to take while under my hold, how her cunt squeezed me.

“Yeah.” I correct my wandering gaze to her eyes, swallowing against the rising tide of arousal. “We shall.”

The three of us stand to shake her hand, introducing ourselves one at a time. I’m the last in line, half-smirking at the waver in her confident demeanor. I’m not the only one still riding out the effects of our *class* a week ago. Nola is, too.

“Alistair Cromwell, founder of the company.” I outstretch my hand, which she accepts. The smooth skin of her palm molds into mine, causing a shiver to break across my arm. It’s pure luck I manage to hide it. “Nice to meet you.”

Her brow raises. “*Nice* to meet you as well.”

She remembers. Is it as vivid for her as it is for me?

“Please, have a seat.” David gestures to the chair in front of me, breaking the moment no one but Nola and I are aware of.

When the four of us are seated, he continues, “I must start by stating your resume impressed us, all three of us. We imagine someone else has beaten us to a woman who was at the top of her class, so we appreciate you giving our company a fair chance to interview you and outmatch said offer.”

Her large brown eyes slant to the side briefly, a crack in her self-assured attitude. Both of us are cognizant of her withdrawal reason. It had nothing to do with working for a competitor and has everything to do with me pounding a butt plug into her ass.

Nola pushes her shoulders back, chin angled high, eviscerating her hesitancy.

“That’s why I’m here.” Nola glances at the three of us, lingering on me a second too long.

The rest of the interview goes by sans interruptions from my end. I listen in on David's inquiries about what drew Nola to economics and this company, where she sees herself in five years. Afterward, Jessica fires finance questions regarding projections, budgets, excel tables, and other aspects of the profession.

Nola doesn't flinch, stumble upon any question, or pause to think. She goes head-to-head with Jessica, coming out on top.

Her moans and ass and breasts were just the appetizer. Her brain, how put-together and insanely clever she is, snaps at my restraints. I'm reeling as I sit there, fantasizing about walking behind her, pulling on her hair, sucking on her neck, sticking three fingers into her while her throat bobs up and down.

While she's answering Jessica.

My Nola.

*Mine?*

Not only is she not mine, I shouldn't be entertaining the idea of seeing her in a sexual environment ever again. What I should do is remove these roadblocks from my head, schedule the therapist, and attend the retreat.

Anything except bang my way out of my issues. Even if Nola differed from the others, it won't last. Nothing will.

Or will it?

"Okay." I've never witnessed Jessica this pleased in our nine years of working together. "We have everything we need and then some. Do you think we could interest you in an associate position? You'd be much more suited there. The compensation is higher, too."

Jessica rests her forearm on the table, turning to David and me, beseeching us. "You two agree with me, right?"

“Yes, absolutely,” we say in unison.

“Well, Nola. The decision is yours.” Jessica swathes her with a kind, genuine smile. “Have we lived up to your expectations? Are you interested?”

Nola’s eyes brighten, her teeth flash in an exuberant grin. Then my chest tightens because the talented young woman I’d love to have on my team glimpses at me.

And falters.

“I...” She sucks in a shaky breath. “I’m extremely grateful and beyond appreciative of your offer. I’ll have to consider it.”

My colleagues nod, standing to end the meeting. While Nola mirrors their action, I do not.

“I’ll send you a detailed offer.” David shakes her hand for the second time today, warmth coating his words. “Hopefully, it’ll tilt the odds in our favor.”

“Thank you, again.” Nola blushes.

Jessica and David round the table and head out the door with Nola on their tail. My instincts roar into action, ignited by one truth—I’ll never see Nola again if she walks out that door.

To hell with the shrinks and fuck meditation.

This pure girl in this twisted world is exactly what I need.

The chair I’m occupying scrapes the floor as I push it behind me, but it’s not the only sound in the room. “Miss Vickers, hold up for a second.”

## CHAPTER SEVEN

*Nela*

**T**he common conception is that when your heart stops, you die.  
In my case, I've never felt more alive.

Alistair's request shocks my system, shutting down my organs for the longest second ever. When it ends, they return to function unanimously. A cacophony of lights and emotions and excitement unfurling inside me.

Among them, a shrivel of hope resuscitates too, blooming rapidly from a seed into the beginning of a red, bright rose under Alistair's sun. Could it be he wants to pull the brakes on this interview charade and finally admit what I want? What we both—hopefully—want?

I'm attracted to him. I can admit it to myself. Maybe Alistair does, too. Maybe he'll even tell me what I tried to read from his face throughout the past thirty minutes of the interview.

Despite answering every question Miss Wang and Mr. Auburn presented, I kept sneaking glances at Alistair, to claw out a hint as to why he insisted I come here. His imposing frame reigned over the room, his dark captivating eyes were zoned in on me. He was right there, and yet he wasn't. An enigma.

And just as I was willing to throw in the towel and call it quits, he asked me to stay.

Prepared to get my answers, I turn around.

“I can tell you’ve made up your mind about the job.” He closes the button of his suit jacket. “I’d like you to reconsider.”

There are moments in time when I’m emotionally available to mask my disappointment, preferably wearing an agreeable smile. People like smiles. It soothes them.

Not me, not now. The petty annoyance for having to sit through this for nothing demolishes my enthusiasm, reaching out of my chest unbidden.

I angle my chin high, pinch my lips into a tight line, narrowing my eyes into slits. “I’ll have to decline. Thank you very much for the opportunity.”

I’m not here for this, will never be able to work with him. I know without a shadow of a doubt, I won’t survive being a mere employee for Alistair. I’ll always want more.

“You came, though.”

His sly smile and comment throw me off and dent my resolve to walk away. I let out an exhale, rethinking the situation and him. “Well, you kind of demanded it.”

He chuckles, velvety and devious. It weakens my knees.

*Stop it, knees!*

“I made the right call, and Jessica and David see my point.” His smirk doesn’t falter when he disappoints me yet again by talking about work. “Tell me what can I do to get you to ignore what we shared and work here.”

The words I’m listening to are wrong. I’m not looking to be his goddamn employee. I want...I want... Whatever it is I want, it’s not this. I suck my lips in, shoving down his massive letdown.



Oh, hell, I'll just spit it out. "I don't want to be your employee."

"Let me get this straight. You're perfect for this job you applied for, so I assume this place is perfect for you as well." His jaw tics, confusion and indignance simmer in his tone. Feisty. That's the Alistair I remember, the one I like. "And you're going to keep working in Toy Shop?"

My palms ball into fists, my fingernails cutting into my flesh to wake me the fuck up. Alistair's dominance hypnotizes, but not to the point of being a pushover. "No. And yes."

"Talk to me. Why?" I'm recognizing the bossy Chad from the bar in this businessman daring me to defy him while caring for my emotions.

"No, because, for the time being, I'm searching for a job in my field of expertise."

I leave out the part I loathe my boss and the plethora of justifications for why I'd make for a better sex-shop owner. I'm not hiding it, it would simply ruin the dark, hungry look Alistair's searing me with.

"And yes," I continue. "I'll hold on to my position there. I'll repeat what I said, because I feel like hearing no isn't in your repertoire, but I'm not interested in being your employee."

"What does pique the interest of Nola Vickers, then? You came here for something, haven't you?" His tongue slips out, wetting his bottom lip, and it's all I can do not to groan.

Alistair isn't any help, seducing me with his words on top of his sexy aura. "The first class together has you looking to take an entire course with me?"

"Maybe." I shrug, looking sideways, shrugging. "Yeah."

My composure says: *You don't affect me, you hot beast you*, which isn't remotely close to the truth. On the inside, I'm crumpling into a million tiny

coals, waiting for him to blow his lips on them to set me ablaze.

Alistair Cromwell, billionaire, owner of SunInUS and SunsOut—for the life of me, I can't figure out how I haven't connected the dots earlier—and advanced erotica professor, stares at me.

None of these titles unnerves me. My fierce pull to him does.

“All right. It's your choice. Any other employer with half a brain will hire you in a heartbeat.”

That's it? Work again and goodbye? Really?

I clutch my purse, preparing to fake-thank him and dart out of here.

“There were other items in my order for you.”

The gray matter in my head, also known as my brain, is a bit jumbled. He's not talking about this job, so what is he... Oh! *These* items.

“There were, yes. In your order. I'll send them over to you.”

“No, I don't want them for me. They're yours.” He cocks a playful eyebrow. “Have you been practicing? Done your homework?”

We said it'd be a one-time class, but I'm finding I like this teacher-student talk way too much. It plays into a swarm of dirty fantasies my conscience has never considered. I removed the concept of a sex life for myself long ago, buried it in deep, obscured alcoves I had no intention of revisiting.

Alistair doesn't care for my resolve, yanking my forgotten sex drive to the surface, forcing me to face them one after the other.

“I haven't.”

“Don't tell me you're slacking already.” His eyes glimmer. “I'd hate to have to punish you.”

I whimper. In a conference room of a highly respectable company. With the CEO. And I fucking whimpered.

“Do you have a shift today?” He keeps eyeing me like I’m his favorite meal.

“No.”

“Hmm.” And a smirk is all he lets on.

The observant, heated glare lasts another minute, cutting my blood circulation and my breathing abilities.

Alistair severs the weighty silence. He fishes out his phone out of his pant pocket, tapping while talking, “You’ll have your class. Tonight. My driver, Jeremiah, will park outside your building at ten.”

A looming, creepy sensation courses through me. “Wait, how do you have my address?”

He slides my resume across the table. Ugh, great job, hormones for making me look stupid. It’s there, black letters on the white paper under my name. Whatever brilliancy I exhibited in the interview is nonexistent when I’m this little, inexperienced girl engaging with him.

“Right.” My shoulders slouch, and I half-turn to the door, needing the space to regroup and for him to forget I’m an airhead.

Alistair’s smirk morphs into a warm smile as he rounds the table, and I pause, gazing at him. He stands close, but not too close, his speech a soothing balm to the rage of insecurities assaulting me.

“You’re adorable, and I’m fucking flattered that you care about my opinion. Here, you don’t need to worry about that. I see your worth. Where you should be concerned, though, is at my place tonight.”

“Um...” I fumble.

Alistair opens the door for me, his voice low for my ears alone. “See you later.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER EIGHT

*Nola*

For this evening, Alistair hasn't instructed me what to wear. I take the liberty of going for a badass chick look, determined to show up like I at least have some sort of clue. With my black, skin-tight tank top, black faux-leather leggings, and matching biker boots, I just might.

"Good evening, Miss Vickers." A tall, middle-aged man waits on the pavement, holding the back door of a slick black Bugatti. For me. "My name is Jeremiah. I'll be escorting you to Mr. Cromwell's house tonight."

"Nice to meet you." I pause, my eyes skating to the shop behind me.

Rhodes's tall figure appears out of Toy Shop as soon as I glance in that direction, according to plan. Alistair hasn't given me a reason to mistrust him; the world has. His public persona and wealth aren't sufficient comfort for me to head to his home blindly.

There isn't a shortage of celebrities and billionaires who have kidnapped or tortured women. That's why I disclosed everything to Rhodes, including Alistair's name.

My friend aims his no-bullshit stare at Jeremiah, pulling out his cell phone. "Hi, my name is Rhodes, Nola's friend. Where exactly it is you're

taking her?”

Jeremiah isn't fazed, nor does he sound on the defense. “As I said to Ms. Vickers, to Mr. Cromwell's residence.”

“See, that's not what I asked.” Rhodes meanders to the back of the limo, snapping pictures of the plates. “You'll have to be more specific.”

The driver's lips tug at the side, a slight twitch. “Oh, of course. Mr. Cromwell instructed me to reassure you your safety won't be jeopardized by any means you'd request, including handing off his address to a person you trust, should you ask for it.”

“We do.” Rhodes folds his arms over his chest.

Jeremiah turns to him, rattling out the home address in Medina.

Umm, shit. Not that I haven't expected a billionaire living among other tech billionaires, but still. It's weird. Then again, what isn't about this whole situation?

“We're good to go, then?” Jeremiah inquires.

“Hold it.” Rhodes closes the distance between us, hugging me. “Text me in three hours or I'm coming over, guns blazing.”

I kiss his cheek and leave a red mark there. “Love you.”

“To infinity and then some.” He walks back, directing his attention to Jeremiah to do the silent threat of *I'm watching you* gesture using his index and middle finger.

Appeased by the security Rhodes lends me, I step into the car. The cool leather seat smells new, the console and wheel in the front sparkle like it was bought yesterday, or could be Jeremiah spent the entire day cleaning it.

I don't ask and he says nothing else, and without another word, we're off. Jeremiah cruises out of the neighborhood to the I-5 Express, then to pass the Portage Bay Viaduct Bridge.

The water gleams below us with reflections of the city's buildings and the full moon in the sky in the magical light reserved only for these hours.

We cruise into Medina, passing along many well-kept houses, a golf club, and Medina Park. A lot of thought has been put into this, the wealth practically pouring out of the streets, architecture, even the pavement.

Somehow, though, none of it deters me. The number one has in their bank account is exactly that—a number. Alistair hasn't been condescending to the degree I haven't even realized how wealthy he is until I researched him.

It's miles away from my little, modest, and wonderful dreams, though it shouldn't matter and I shouldn't be judging. Mom taught me way better than that.

"We're here," Jeremiah announces. The car cruises onto a long gravel road.

A variety of tall trees grow from both sides, with no other houses in sight. I'm about to ask him if he'd gotten lost, until an orange light shines in the distance, growing as we approach the entry.

Jeremiah pulls to a full stop in front of large, dark-gray stones leading up to what must be Alistair's home. If I can even call it that. In the middle of nowhere sits a massive contemporary-styled house, constructed by boxes in uneven angles, concrete and floor-to-ceiling windows.

The porch's lawns blend into the outside park, giving it a feel like there is no real beginning or end to it. Warm, golden illumination trickles from the inside, and soft tunes of Bill Withers's *Ain't No Sunshine* reach my ears when Jeremiah holds the door for me.

The whole scenario is a lot, yet it isn't. There's a sense of coziness I can't put my finger on, kind of like the man who lives in it. Makes sense he lives

here.

“Miss Vickers?” Jeremiah holds out his hand, which I accept, unfolding myself out of the car.

“Thank you.” Releasing his gentle, professional touch, I straighten my clothes, tamping down the jitters by gazing at the bag instead of focusing on the path ahead. After a brief second, I suck in air, plaster a smile, and hold my head up high.

“What am I supposed to do n—” I stop mid-sentence, noticing the broad, handsome man appearing in the doorway.

Alistair steps out the front, tall and handsome. He wears a loose-fitting dove-gray Henley, charcoal gray linen slacks, and black leather sandals. Elegantly, he strides in our direction, his short hair untamed by products, and his smile is easier than the troubles-ahead smirk.

It’s almost as if he wants to make me feel at home and not planning to ram a large cock-sized vibrator into me.

*Curious. Very, very curious.*

“Evening, Jeremiah. Thank you for driving Nola.”

“Sir.” He tops his hat off to him, gets into the car, and rolls out back to where we came from.

“Nola.” My name when he addresses me is a calling, rolling off his tongue like silk and leather combined.

“Alistair.” I stick to my smile, my *fake it ‘till you make it* strategy. I’m a fish out of water, navigating to the best of my abilities to prevent it from showing. Again.

“Let me carry that for you.” He flips his palm to face up, reaching for the bag.



“Thank you.” I hand it over to him, not because I’m incapable. The simple math boils down to time wasted arguing is time that isn’t spent touching. The decision practically makes itself for me.

We climb on the stones, past the porch, and through the door. The foyer of the house is vast, the rest of it equally expansive and expensive. The high-ceiling and cream-colored furniture and wall-to-wall carpet lend the place the illusion it’s even larger than it is, without being intimidating. It’s equally homey as the outside suggested. Nothing too modern or fragile-looking. Cozy.

“How was the ride over?” He leads me up a short three-step staircase and into his living room. We reach an off-white L-shaped couch overlooking Washington Lake and Seattle. The tiny lights gleam in the distance, where our mini-tour reaches its end.

“It was ni—” I catch myself, huffing a nervous laugh. “It was great.”

“I’m pleased.” His smile withers, his eyes raking over my body.

He’s undressing me with his gaze, almost like his own hands tear the clothes off my skin. There’s a hunger in it, a hurricane shifting the mood in the room. From light and fluffy, the atmosphere morphs into dark and sinister.

Goosebumps spread like wildfire across my arms, instant dampness pools at my core. My nipples are so hard, they’re no match for my built-in bra. He refrains from acknowledging what he notices, giving me nothing except a satisfied grin once his journey along my skin ends.

“Ready to start your class?”

I gulp in air, my throat parched. “Are we going somewhere?”

Do I expect a dark, obscure house with a dungeon? Maybe.

Have I imagined Alistair hanging me off a bar, getting right down to business? Possibly.

Do both options appeal to me as much as they intimidate me? Absolutely.

But does Alistair fulfill any?

“No.”

He takes a step toward me, his knuckles brushing across my cheek, down my throat. “I envisioned you, like this, right here.”

Alistair is buzzing, basically electric. He towers over me, and my lips part in my feeble attempt to let in more air. Or maybe it’s an invitation for him to kiss me. Maybe both.

The many guys who wanted to kiss me throughout college scared me. The minute they neared me, I was triggered, closed off, wanting nothing of it.

Not this man. Alistair and his oozing confidence, fierce demeanor, and the underlying care in him are safe. He’s safe. He won’t promise me forever; he won’t lie to me. He made it blatantly clear.

Kissing him won’t hurt me. Being involved with him won’t put a dent in my soul.

Whatever he’s offering, I’m taking it.

“What else is involved in your vision?” I ask in a husky tone.

“You. Naked.”

He allows the craving we share to float in the room, become a living thing.

I can only bob my head.

“Ever since you called me, I can’t get you out of my head. I shouldn’t fucking feel it, but I do.” His hand slides to the back of my head, his fingers playing with the ribbon holding my bun in place. “May I?”

“Yeah.” I’m going for the regal attitude, hiding the tremors his erotic words provoke.

Alistair finds the gift-wrapping bow, undoing it using both his hands in such a gentle touch that I quiver. He steps closer to pull on the ribbon, the scent of his cologne and shampoo adding an extra layer of desire to my already untethered state of being.

“There it is.” He unravels my hair, combing down my waves, then slipping the ribbon into his back pocket.

I never imagined I could come by a tender touch and a man’s proximity. My imagination was, apparently, very limited. A few more seconds of this, I just might explode. I’m panting, angling my head higher, yearning for his lips.

His fingertips below my chin tilt it up, eyes connecting with mine. “You look like you want something, Nola. Like you’ve wanted something from the minute you walked out of the car.”

The ache between my thighs is to the point of pain. I don’t care anymore about toys, or learning, or anything. I’m hurting, and only Alistair can relieve it.

“Come on, sweetheart.” He inches closer. “Use your words.”

“I want you to teach me.” I keep it short, avoiding any hint of desperation.

“Anyway I deem fit?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl,” he hisses, and his mouth crashes into mine.

## CHAPTER NINE

*Alistair*

A groan, one of many, slips past my lips between wet, insatiable kisses. My composure dissolved when her sweet lips touched mine, and now I'm wondering if it was ever there to begin with.

I grip Nola's nape tighter, both hands pulling her to me until she's flat against my chest. Her pulse hammers in her chest, her fingers clawing at my shirt, reaching for my stubbled cheeks.

It's the most I've gotten off on vanilla stuff. My erection presses in my briefs, hard, heavy, and ready to nail this girl to the floor and take her. I lower a hand and pinch one of Nola's tight nipples before cupping and rubbing my dick once to ease the mounting pain and the desire to ruin my plan for today, altogether.

The lack of space between us makes it so she notices I'm fisting myself, joining her palm to cover mine and rub me.

But that's not how it works, and it sure as fuck not how I planned this evening to go down. I'm a goddamn mature man. I know better than sticking my cock in her with no preamble, know it wouldn't do a damn thing to me.

It doesn't matter if she makes me feel like it will—I'm damaged. There's no hiding from the simple truth of it. And since my aim for today is to bring me equal relief, I stop her.

It's fucking torture to break our kiss for me and her. Her eyes begin to form the question *Why?*, which I cut with the same efficiency as I cut off our kiss.

"To the window." I grab her by the arms, spinning her around.

She glances at me over her shoulder, unmoving.

"I said, to the window." I spank her. A loud thwack follows when my palm connects with her round ass in the faux-leather leggings.

Nola gasps, her gaze is a mist of shock and lust.

Just when I thought I couldn't find a more fitting partner.

Partner.

I erase the word from my consciousness as quickly as it came. There's no place for it when I need to concentrate solely on the here and now, on kicking my sandals off and walking Nola to the edge of the living room.

"Head to the side, shoes off," I deliver further clipped instructions.

The clever girl complies. I marvel at her beautiful profile: eyelids partly closed, swollen, full lips open, her red lipstick nowhere in sight. Too bad. I wanted that all over my cock, but it'll have to wait for another day.

I place my knee between her legs, jerking them apart. "Spread them."

She does so without hesitation.

"I'll tell you what's going to happen now." I grab her waist, pulling her back.

She gasps audibly, the sound transforming into a moan, then more when I reach forward and yank her tank top down her tits. Nola's breasts bounce out of the tight material; the angle I'm standing at provides me a good view

of what I've been craving to see. No one else would, though, given the ten acres my house sits on.

"I'm about to make you soak your panties, have you dripping wet to take every inch of my cock." I shove her breasts to the window, knowing the cold glass on her warm skin will be another point of agonizing pleasure for her.

Another throaty moan expels from her lips. I barely allow her a second to get accustomed to the sting, forcing my hand to the front of her pants.

Her lace thong grazes my fingers when I tweak the hardened clit beneath it, but I don't let her get too comfortable.

I shove the flimsy material to the side, sinking three punishing fingers into her cunt. The surprise and pain in her moan make my cock jerk with need, thrusting my hips to press into her luscious behind.

"You're a wet little greedy girl, aren't you?" I pound my fingers into her, curling the fingers of my free hand around her neck. "I didn't do anything and your body is begging for my cock to rip you open and fuck you hard."

"Yes," she croaks, licking her lips, finding her voice to fight past the weight of my hand. "I brought lube today. Organic."

This girl. This fucking girl, driving me to break out of character. But I'm stronger than that, and the throaty, painful moan she emanates proves to me I'm stronger than her. I hold her down. I'm the one yielding the pain, in charge of life, her life. And it's more than enough to eviscerate any sort of humor in me.

"Bet you have." My fingers, coated in her juices, rise to her lips, parting them and pressing into her center. Her clit pulses under my middle finger while Nola's moans are drawn out in fervency.

"You know what, Nolita? I don't think we'll need it today."

“Okay, Da—” Her eyes scrunch, body steeling.

I’ve never been called Daddy by anyone, and I fucked young and older women, alike. Never imagined liking it. Sir, Master, yes. Never a Daddy.

It hasn’t crossed my mind, but the way Nola grants me control over her, this ultimate power to do as I will, I might just fucking love it.

I bend my head, jamming my finger up her jaw to have her look at me. “What’d you say, baby?”

“Nothing, nothing, ignore me.”

“Open your eyes.” It’s not a request. I make sure my voice leaves nothing to open interpretation.

She slowly glimpses at me, horrified.

“What did you call me?”

Her teeth puncture her bottom lip, her cheeks a fiery red. Her voice, that sexy ragged voice, hardly rises above a whisper. “Daddy.”

My balls tighten, a rush of heat pulsates like a bolt across my body. I return to rubbing her, to push her harder up against the glass window. “Say it again.”

“Daddy,” she groans louder when I slap and pinch her hardened nub, sticking her ass back against my groin.

Her guttural cry pierces me. I need to see her, really see her. I pull out of Nola, flip her around and shove her pants to her ankles, not wasting a second to take off her shoes. I don’t need the space, dying to have all of her surrounding me.

My lips are on her pussy so fast, she jolts at the contact. I’m not tender by nature, sucking and biting and scraping her clit between my teeth while my tongue flicks relentlessly on it. She yells, gyrating on my face.

Nola grips my hair on either side, encouraging me to do more. On any other day, I would've stopped, tortured her, blown on her wet, needy cunt as another form of inflicting anguish. Except I'm too far in to restrain myself.

I don't stop pleasuring her, relentlessly eating her out. Christ, she's exquisite in my mouth, her taste, and movements. She tightens, tiny pulses that tell me her orgasm is about to erupt, her tight nub ever harder.

And I'll carry her there. I lift my hand to her breasts, tugging and pulling and twisting her pink, aroused nipple, then slap her supple tits, hard.

"Daddy, yes, Daddy, I'm coming." Her whole body stops, her inhale echoes in the room. When she releases, she writhes and undulates in waves that I have to grip her tighter to keep her from falling.

I swipe my tongue across my lips to have more of her, then stand up. "Stay here."

"But—" The post-orgasm apprehension dawns on her.

I squash it. "None of that. Take off your pants, turn to the window and wait for me with your palms up against the glass."

She turns, and I grab her shoulder, forgetting I haven't told her what I'd use for today's play. Especially with her back to me, transparency and trust are invaluable.

"You're going to get fucked with the vibrator you brought over and spanked hard with a paddle. Is that all right?"

She still looks somewhat in between here and there. I need her here for her approval. My hands cup her jaw, drawing her face to mine. "Nola, do you hear me?"

"I do."

"What's my name?"

This time, there's no hesitation. "Daddy."



“That too.” My lips quirk to the side. “What about my real name? Full name?”

“Alistair Cromwell.”

“Good girl.” I press my lips to hers, an encouraging kiss rather than a sexual one. “I’ll repeat what I said—we’ll be playing with the rabbit vibrator and a paddle. Is that okay?”

“Yes,” she says vehemently. “I’ll wait here. I’ll be a good girl.”

“That’s right, baby.” I stroke her hair one final time before turning away. “You will.”

I leave her, heading to the TV room where I set the paddle of my choice earlier. The black broad pole has two sides, one leather, the other fur.

Although exerting my power and causing pain to flare in my partner gets me off and helps me regain control of my life, I’m not a complete monster. Nola hasn’t touched a vibrator in her life. I’m not about to traumatize her by choosing the most extreme paddle I own.

She waits for me like she said she would, fingers splayed out on my window again. Condensation frames her palms, her body heat contrasting the temperature outside.

Her head is bowed, and when I enter through the doorway, despite walking softly across the wall-to-wall carpet, she turns it to me. Like she knows I’m there.

It’s a connection I can’t ignore and am adamant on abhorring.

There’s no room for it here.

“Is it...is it going to hurt?” Her eyes flicker to the paddle.

“Nothing that wouldn’t be accompanied by pleasure.” I grab the rabbit from her bag. A dull pang of jealousy flares in me toward the inanimate object.

“Okay.” She sighs, relaxing for the barest moment.

Because in the next, the curved head of the shaft is positioned at her slit. A short whimper she tries to suffocate by sealing her lips tight carries to my ears.

Fucking music, that’s what it is.

Foreplay is redundant. After the orgasm I gave her, Nola’s pussy is more than prepared to be fucked by just about anything. I force the vibrator into her clenched pussy, demanding her muscles give in, then ram it all the way to the hilt.

“Feels good, doesn’t it, baby?”

Her head bobs. I pull it out, shoving it straight back in. The rough, yet intentional and calculated movements draw out another whimper from Nola’s lips. Her torture and elation blend into one, and fuck, is it fucking perfect.

The power over her is immediate, natural. It flows, but she still needs guidance, that invisible leash.

“You love it when I fuck your tight, sopping hole like that?” When she cries a weak yes, I go on, “Like how fucking deep I’m in?”

I hold for a second, leave the tip of the vibrator nudging at her opening.

“I do.”

I smile to myself.

And I show her we’ve only just begun.

“This,”—I pound it inside her, out, then in again—“is,”—I go faster for five thrusts, counting—“how,”—then two slow—“it’s done.”

The ruthless delivery of pleasure continues, her pretty pink pussy taking whatever I administer. She’s dripping, arousal running down her thigh,

showing how badly she wants it. I stuff the paddle between my arm and torso, tracing the sweet juices with the pad of my finger, licking the tip.

“Mouth open wide.” I bend over her, dipping my finger into her mouth forcefully. She sucks on it, swirling her tongue, gazing at me through fountains of need.

“That’s my girl.” Nola earned the praise, and by the end of the night, I have no doubt this good girl will receive a lot more of them. I can see it in her.

Though there are still lessons to be taught. When she tries to swallow my finger in, I take it away. Protest rises in her throat, providing me the best cue to whip her if I ever knew one.

In one fluid movement, I free the paddle, grab the handle, and smack the side of her right breast with the furry side. My spanks—twice, then three fast times on the left one—are subtle. Irreparable damage isn’t my kink.

Feeling her tits bounce, watching the knuckles of her fingers whiten as she seizes the window—that’s what I get off on. But she’s too fucking quiet and I need more. Both of us do.

“No, we’re not doing quiet, just like we’re not doing nice.” The paddle hits her twice more, now on the left butt cheek, and harsher the third time it lands on her. Where the skin starts blooming is where I lower the fourth smack, connecting the leather side to her flesh. Stronger.

“Let me hear how bad you’re hurting.”

She groans, mouth open, body vibrating with the primal cry of pain on the fifth spank. It’s a sound of surprise, of an unpracticed partner. Of someone who currently believes the pain coming from my hands is her entire universe.

“Beautiful.” I reward her, gently rubbing the furry side on her ass cheek and pressing the button of the vibrator.

The pleasure device roars to life at the lowest speed.

“This...” Nola speaks just loud enough for me to catch her words. “I love this.”

Nola, in the visible pain she’s enduring, is finding a sliver of gratification. The moment, though, isn’t right. Not for a lingering pleasure.

“What you’re saying to me is this doesn’t hurt?” I press the button of the vibrator to the highest intensity, slamming it into her while spanking her other ass cheek.

While I press pause on the punishment in the form of paddling, I don’t for a second quit slamming the vibrator into her. I angle her ass higher, getting a view of the bunny ears stroking and vibrating her clit.

A pulse of heat emanates in my groin, knowing how sensitive she must be. What an overstimulation it has to be for her. “I can go harder. There’s always another level of pain I’m willing to deliver.”

“N—no.” She squeezes her thighs at the less-than-forgiving thrusts. “Yes. I don’t know. Oh. Oh!”

Her body takes on violent tremors, her chest heaving. I rub my cock on her ass, taking this moment for myself too, imagining I’m the one sinking into her while she comes and comes and comes.

“Well, then.” I yank the vibrator out of Nola’s pussy, leaning into her ear. “I guess this means you took everything you could from the class. No more teaching for the night.”

“What?”

“Right or left-handed?” The paddle on her ass is a threat of what happens if she doesn’t answer, the shaft of the vibrator tapping on her clit an

arousing sensation to throw her off. Just because I can.

“R—right.”

“Give it to me,” I demand. I place the vibrator there, grazing my lips on the side of her neck.

“The teaching part of the class is over. Now, it’s your turn to show me what a good student you are. Fuck yourself for me to watch.” The threat of the paddle isn’t removed when I whisper, “Make it worth my while, or so help me God, I will not be as forgiving as I’ve been so far.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TEN

*Nola*

“**N**o.”

I’m positive the things Alistair has done to me caused some kind of hearing impairment. Because he couldn’t be asking for what I think he does. He couldn’t be demanding me to do something I can’t.

My knees are a wobbly mess, my muscles useless, and my head vacillates constantly between heaven and hell. Alistair has dragged me into the eye of the storm, agony blasting me on one end, pleasure twirling a silky robe around me on the other.

And in this temporary insanity, in this explosive takeover of my senses, am I really supposed to do anything other than survive?

“Be a good student, Nola,” Alistair encourages my feeble mind to move my weak limbs. “Don’t defy me.”

The device weighs heavier in my hand than any other toy I carried at the shop has ever been, and my heart sinks as disappointment in myself flourishes.

But with a slow drag of his finger on my nipple, he says the one thing to help me overcome my physical and emotional weakness, “Make Daddy

proud.”

I want to. The need to satisfy him is abysmal, cavernous, all-motherfucking-consuming. My fingers contract tighter on the vibrator, skin attached to the silicone, my resolve intensifying.

Alistair senses the change in me and withdraws. His bodily warmth disentangles from my back, but his gaze never detaches from my profile. He strips and covers me, the attacker and the defender.

I’ll do anything to satisfy him. I point the head of the vibrator to my crotch; the quivers thrumming on my clit; the tremors swarming in a tingle up my spine.

“That’s it. Right there, baby.” His husky praise and attention to my pussy encourage me further.

*I got this*, I repeat in my head, reminding myself Alistair won’t take what he doesn’t ask. He’s clear, he’s honest, he’s honorable even in his brutal handling of me.

*I got this.*

The head of the vibrator sinks in first, my juices helping suck in the rest of it.

“Jesus,” I hardly breathe, absorbing the fullness of it. The rabbit’s ears flicker on my clit, the thrumming on my sensitive mound making my knees buckle.

I haven’t come in forever, not to mention twice a night. The once-in-a-blue moon orgasm was usually the result of a wet dream since my subconscious couldn’t tolerate my abstinence a second longer.

Which results in trepidation on top of the heightened sensations. And I stop.

Alistair, on the other hand, is not aware of my fear, or he's hell-bent on fighting me on it. A smack on my right butt cheek, louder and far more searing than the harsh ones he's submitted before, jolts me to the here and now.

The paddle's bite is sharp, a million bees assaulting my butt all at once, sinking their sting under my tender skin. I'm disturbingly thrilled by their metaphorical poison, and no vibrator or another orgasm scare me anymore.

"Why aren't you moving?" Alistair thunders. He's not mad. He gets off on hurting me but not putting me down where I can't get up.

I'm learning another lesson in our time together other than using the sex toys: Alistair's games are twisted, aimed for a dangerous sort of pleasure, and never forgiving.

Or patient.

*Smack, smack.* Pause. *Smack, smack, smack, smack.*

I cry out because he demanded me to. I move because his strikes jolt me. The ridges of the vibrator's wand slide in and out of me, gliding along my walls. The rabbit's ears pulsate against my clit like two fingers playing with it.

The movement resembles what Alistair taught me. His thrashing of my ass is a turn-on I'm still experiencing seconds after the paddle hit my butt last. For fuck's sake, I'm supposed to know how to do it.

But it's not happening.

"Something's off." His observation alerts me as to how attentive he is to me. "You're not playing right. Your screams should've burst my fucking windows by now."

My head bobs, my body on edge, expecting him to fling my ass, to order me to do better. And he does.



A sequence of six slaps to the bottom of my ass agonizes and arouses me in equal measures to the sound of Alistair's commands.

"Faster, Nola," he goes. "Deeper, Nola," he insists.

I turn my head to him, looking at the present moment while my heart is captured by the past. "It's not working."

"Who's in charge of you?" He clutches my chin in his thumb and forefinger.

My eyes are watery, the fear paralyzing.

"Nola." He scans my face, registering my emotions. "I don't know what happened to you. What I know is, here and now, it can't hurt you. In this house, in this room, I hold the key to your safety, and I will have you teetering on that edge of insufferable pain, but I will *never* under any circumstance allow anything or anyone to damage you. This is a place where you'll be built back anew and give your traumas such a sonorous *fuck you*, they'll run right to the hole they crept out of."

How he analyzes me like this by simply looking at me is beyond me. But he does, and I believe him. Better yet, I follow him.

"Okay."

He permits himself to mold his lips into mine, then he surprises me. "Let me."

His firm hand wraps around my wrist, directing me to go faster, in circles, tilting the vibrator up to where it lands on the spot to make my eyes roll up to the heavens.

"I'm so fucking hard watching you fuck yourself, but I want to see your cunt clenching. Can you do that for me? Can you fuck yourself just right until you come all on your own?"

“Yes, yes, Daddy.” My untethered state throttles me, making me sway and pound myself like he wants me to.

“Got it, little Nola?” His grip on my wrist is commanding, and he’s sliding it back into my slit.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“No more slacking.” He moves away, teasing the skin on the small of my back with the leather side of the paddle. “Be a good student. Make your Daddy proud.”

“I will.” I take on fucking myself deeper, trying new angles, mimicking the motions Alistair guided me through.

No inhibitions, no self-control, nothing but Alistair and the orgasm splitting my body in two. I breathe out sounds I had no idea I could make, a tear slipping down my cheek as ecstasy envelopes me.

“That’s my good girl.” Alistair’s satisfied smirk echoes in his voice. “And now for your reward.”

He pushes apart my ass cheeks, one of his thumbs coursing along my crack. Fuck, I shouldn’t still be aroused, still want to get fucked, but I do. I don’t let go of the vibrator, pushing it harder, pressing the button to try a different speed while pushing my ass into Alistair.

“Look at what we have here.” He nudges the pad of this thumb inside me, pumping it to the rhythm I apply to the thrusting of the vibrator in my pussy. “You want me to fuck you there, sweetheart?”

A button pops behind me, a zipper being pushed down. I dare to gaze back, my mouth gaping, nipples hardening when my eyes land on his long, thick, silky length. He strokes it from root to tip, pleasuring himself and looking like the king of the world.

Maybe he is.

“I’m clean, tested regularly, always use a condom,” he grunts out, slowly, patiently, stroking himself and my ass. “Not today, though. My cock dying to feel your tight little cunt bare. I trust you to not lie to me. Have you been tested?”

“Yeah.” Ever since the last time, six years ago. “I’m clean. And I have an IUD.”

“Good.” His throaty voice is a sensual sin, and it swathes me, drawing me deeper to him. “About fucking you bare...from your silence, I take it this isn’t a *red*.”

“It isn’t.” My pumps slow down, forbidding myself to come before I have his cock in me. “I want this.”

“Want what? Where do you want me?” Dark eyes bore holes at me, his thumb sinking a bit deeper. “I don’t need any other approval, but fuck if I don’t want to hear it. Use your words.”

“I want your dick in my ass, to be filled in my two holes.”

By the raise of his eyebrow, he’s expecting more. I say things I haven’t considered for the entire duration of my adult life, emboldened by desperation, “I want that vein pumping against my walls, want your hot cum filling me.”

“You’re forgetting one thing.” The head of his cock substitutes his thumb, tearing small fissures to the ring of nerves.

“What?”

“Forgot to choose whether you prefer lube or Daddy’s spit.”

I whine, embarrassed and turned on. “Daddy’s spit.”

The barest tilt of his lips evaporates. He gathers saliva in his mouth, deliciously sexy in its crudeness. The warm liquid hits my crack, drips down to my slit, where I’m working the vibrator absentmindedly.

Alistair catches it, smearing it over my hole, then spits it into his palm to rub himself.

“Gonna love tearing into your tight little hole.” He pushes inside. The spit and the smooth curve of his cock ease him into me.

The crown of his head sinks inside, the size so overwhelming it robs me of my breath. My hand stills and my butt clenches and unclenches around him, keen for the pain more of him will bring, eager to have him rip me apart, then put me back together.

Sparing the barest of warnings, Alistair places a hand on the curve of my spine and sinks his cock into me to the last inch.

“I...I...” Words evade me against this assault of emotions.

“The vibrator.” His call wrenches me into the present, commanding me to experience this with him. “Fuck yourself, make it hurt so good, ’cause I damn sure will.”

“Okay, Daddy.” My hand moves, finding its rhythm again.

As does Alistair. His thrusts start slow and considerate. He picks up the pace and intensity, pummels into me, relentless and rough. I gaze back, and there’s no cruelty in them. He doesn’t slip out of the guardian character, even as sadistic as he is.

Words are one thing, actions another, eyes—they never lie.

“This fucking ass.” He spans it, his bare hand jolting my bruised behind. “I could fuck it for eternity. So tight, milking my cock like that.”

My world capsizes, a haze subduing me. My head drops, eyes gazing at the carpet as Alistair and I move in unison.

“Not there, baby, I want to see you.” Alistair’s fingers wind around my long hair, pulling me to him harshly. “Want these large, soulful eyes on me when I shoot my load in your ass.”

The last sentence, along with everything else going on, ruins me. I clamp my fingers onto the window, screaming like my lungs are on fire and my heart gallops in my chest.

“More.” He chokes out. “Louder.”

I grant this compassionate sadist what he asks for over and over.

“Yes,” he lets out the grunt to end all other groans, guttural and primal and everything.

Alistair’s hot sperm unloads in my ass in three final brutal thrusts. Some of it pours out, mixing with my own cum.

“Come here.” He pulls out of me, not letting me wobble for a second by circling my waist with his firm arm. Alistair releases the vibrator out of my hold, drops it to the carpet, and scoops me in his arms.

His firm body has no trouble traversing the living room while carrying me, an unwavering balance like I suspect he reigns over every aspect of his life.

“Where are we going?”

“You took everything so well, Nola.” He gazes at me as he takes a turn into a narrow corridor. “I’ll reward you a second time this evening. How do you like warm baths?”

My eyes widen. And what a scary thought it is to think, my heart does, too. “A lot.”

His signature smirk appears, demolishing my remaining neurons. “Then, sweetheart, you’re gonna love this.”

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

*Alistair*

“**T**here you go.” I extend my hand out for Nola to hold, helping her into a chair around the dining room table.

We’re both clean, the scent of lavender floating in the air around us after the bath we shared in the air massage tub. Nola left her hair in the bun I pinned up for her, tying the ribbon in the same knot Mom had done for my sisters during our childhood in Mississippi.

The memories pained me a notch, but then Nola’s smile erupted at my caring gesture and the pain evaporated altogether. The permission she gave freely to take care of her was like the soft fall wind, blowing the fallen red and orange leaves to the ground, clearing space to create something better. A new beginning.

“Thank you.” Nola steps in, sitting elegantly. Her toned legs are bare under a lilac-colored T-shirt I lent her, the faintest hint of her breasts outlined beneath it.

She gazes at the two full platters on the table. Since Nola and I haven’t discussed her food preferences, I jogged to the kitchen and set up some

light and some warm choices for her to select by herself while she was getting dressed.

Her eyes gleam like her smile does when she looks at the table. It's like she can't decide whether she'd taste from the platter of fruit, biscuits, and cheese, or from the second one with the chocolate chip cookies and muffins I warmed in the oven.

"Alistair, everything looks great."

I descend to the adjacent chair, without relinquishing my hold on her hand, and grin. Telling myself that this is another form of aftercare would be easy, but it'd be a lie. I ran her a bath, hugged and caressed her, saw her through this. It should be enough to send her home. It'd also be the complete opposite of what I want.

I want her to stay.

"Which would you prefer?" One of my hands drifts to Nola's back, rubbing it in soothing circles, the other sliding the steaming ginger tea to her.

"I don't feel like choosing." She lowers her chin, glancing at me behind her long eyelashes. "Will you choose for us?"

"For us?" Another line I've never crossed during aftercare, or ever, is joining them. With Nola though, it requires less than a second of her sweet gaze to rope me into having this late-night dinner together. "Okay, okay. I'm thinking I might be in the mood for grapes."

"Okay." Her hand hovers on top of the fruit of her choice.

I curl my fingers around her wrist, bringing it to my lips. "I'm the one doing the nurturing."

"You're aware I'm capable of eating on my own?" Her raised eyebrow presents a challenge.

It's also entirely too fucking precious.

"I do."

Neither of us budes, a pattern I'm beginning to notice. When we fuck, Nola is all too eager to please, but outside of the sexual content, she's the polar opposite of a pushover.

I've never had anyone even closely resemble her. Then again, the entire experience with this girl is a ride down different paths than the ones I normally travel, so clearly applying a similar approach would be a futile attempt.

"Let's make this whole thing less formal. Move to the couch."

She considers it, opening and closing her full lips twice. Her head gets where I'm going with this, and she meets me halfway, saying, "I can do feeding on the couch."

"Great."

We walk to the living room, curling up on the chaise lounge. She rests her ear on my chest, enveloped in my arm wrapped around her.

My chin relaxes, resting against her temple. This domestic notion, though feeling so fucking right, is still foreign to me, though I enjoy it. I reduce the dissonance by rationalizing with myself. Creating this safe, nurturing environment for her doesn't veer from my original, visceral need—to have the upper hand in life.

Here, in this cocoon Nola and I share, I have exactly that.

I feed her one of the green grapes, my eyes mesmerized by the gleam of her pink tongue as she captures it.

"Thank you," I tell her.

"What are you thanking me for?" Curiosity seeps into her question.



“For calling me about the products.” Plucking a second grape, I place it in her wanting mouth. “For caring.”

“Don’t flatter yourself.” Her soft giggle sends warmth traveling to my stomach, my chest. “I cared for Chad Chadwick.”

Thanks to my fingers finding the tender spot at the side of her waist and tickling, I’m able to listen to her laughter linger, intensify.

“Alistair, stop!” Nola wrestles me, batting my hand and wiggling in my hold. “I’m warning you, I’ll feed you a grape myself!”

Her buoyant spirit, bright smile, and liberated laughter are addictive. I go at the tickles longer than I intended, only stopping when the grape platter on the couch cushion nearly tips over. My attention averts to fix it on the arm of the couch where it’ll be secure.

“Thank God.” Nola rests her head back on my chest, molding her body into mine.

“Jokes aside.” My fingers lie idly on her arm, casting my eyes down at her. “What made you call? Why would you risk your job at the shop for a stranger?”

Her focus travels to her hands, cracking her knuckles. A nervous mannerism.

“Nola?”

“I don’t do it as often as I’d like. The job pays slightly better than other retail positions, so most times I say nothing.” Shame taints her happiness. “But you just had a cart full of crap. I couldn’t send it with a clear conscience.”

“Toy Shop is one of the most exclusive, well-known shops in the US.” My brow furrows in confusion.

She winces, peeking at me through narrow slits. “Is that why you haven’t researched what you bought?”

“I never had to when I bought from a similar store in Paris. They closed two months ago, and Toy Shop received glowing recommendations.” My eyebrows probably cover half my eyes by now. “What’s going on there?”

“The majority of the products are legit.” Nola’s bittersweet smile speaks louder than her voice. “The rest, it’s a roll the dice kind of game. Some products might cause them infections or abrasions, some might not. The ones who do, Roger, our manager, takes care of them. From what I’ve seen in his emails, he guilt-trips them into believing their hygiene is crappy or goes so far as to suggest they contracted STDs. No one wants these speculations surfacing about them, especially well-known, wealthy, or famous people.”

I clench my jaw.

“My feelings, exactly.” She rolls her eyes, huffing a long, exasperated breath. “That’s why I plan to open my own shop one of these days.”

I don’t get easily confused. Today, though, I’m thrown in every which direction. “But when you—”

“I love economics, love finance, love analyzing trends and working on budgets, and most of all having an impact, meager as it might be.” Her head whips at me, her ferocity etched on her face. “The endgame, though, after I’m done paying student loans and saving up, is opening my own sex store. An ethical, all-inclusive one.”

This girl in my arms, the essence of her, reveals another layer I’m insanely attracted to. She isn’t a pawn to get me off while working on my anger and sense of being powerless. She proves that in the goodness of her heart lies a key to maybe help this feeling be...permanent.

Permanent?

No.

Hell no.

*You only have the now. Stick to the conversation.*

“Tell me about your dream shop.”

“Toy Shop’s marketing targets one, wealthy, mostly straight part of the community we live in.”

“Kind of figured this out by the type of websites praising them.”

“Right. So, that’s the hefty part of our clientele. Those who’d pay for overpriced shit because a model claims on her social media that she and her boyfriend don’t buy anywhere else, despite living in LA or Manhattan or whatever.” Nola’s speech deflects the ludicrous notions out of my mind about having her for the long haul. I’m genuinely curious, listening to hanging on her every word.

“Nothing wrong with that,” she continues. “I mean, the lady model deserves a great sex life using the high-quality products Roger handpicks for her. My point is, there’s a wider, equally-deserving demographic. People of all races, income levels, and sexual orientations should have access to safe stores with organic and socially-conscious products. An *Everybody’s Welcome* kind of shop.”

Time ceases to exist for a second. Her inner beauty and devotion far surpass any ethereal feature on her face. I cup her jaw, kissing her because I just have to.

“I want to help,” I say when I come up for air.

Nola’s hands reach to my chest, pushing herself away. “No, I can’t accept any help, especially not one that’d cheapen what we have and make me a gold digger who hounded you down to be my sugar daddy.”

“Nola, you didn’t know who I was.” Her words, *what we have*, ring in my ears, though I’m not in any position to accept them.

“If anything—” I bring my words to a screeching halt. Under no circumstances will I utter *I chased you to be my trophy wife*. The last thing Nola needs is a messed-up man such as myself to be her husband.

And in any case, I’m not the marrying type.

I’m not.

“You’d never know for sure, though. Not really.” She shrugs. “Once money’s involved, the seed of doubt is forever there. Besides—and I don’t care if they’re pennies for you—but we’ve met like what, three times?”

“Four, including our phone call.”

“Fine, four.” She motions for the grapes.

When I offer her one, she only shakes her head, telling me wordlessly I need to keep my end of the bargain. She’s right. I pop one in.

A huge mistake, since I damn near cough it out listening to her ludicrous question. “I still don’t understand why you’d offer to help me, this no one.”

A no one wouldn’t tap with such ease on the darkened area of my soul, pressing the button familiar faces and experienced women before her were unable to reach. Unfortunately, I know how it sounds. Overwhelming and too-fucking-much.

“Let’s get one thing straight, you’re not a no one.” Applying the barest of pressure, I stroke my fingers across her lips, imprinting them to memory. “And it’s not just you. I give back, it’s what I do.”

“Let’s change the subject.” Her answer is fire.

My frown morphs into a glare. I can contribute in so many ways. “I—”

“Red.”

“All right.” The verbal stop sign registers in a heartbeat. “I’m curious about other aspects of your life. Is that okay?”

The appreciation of me standing by my promise brings levity to her expression. “Yes.”

“Roger approves of your work, I assume.” I tread lightly toward the subject.

“He hasn’t fired me for the past four years. I must be doing something right.”

“How do you...” I lower my chin, giving her a pointed look. “Please don’t take it as anything other than sheer curiosity. How do you recommend products matching the clients’ tastes without any experience?”

“That’s actually not a horrible question.” Her butt shuffles a little on the cushion while angling herself to face me. Not like I let go of her in the process. Not like I can.

“Rhodes explains most of it to me. Talking about it doesn’t feel menacing when he speaks of his experience or when one of his girlfriends do. Other than that, it’s about doing your best to be a decent human, to understand someone’s needs and help them.”

It doesn’t escape me she used the word *menacing*, nor have I forgotten her apprehension earlier. My care and need to remove the shit from her life consume me, propelling me to venture deeper. Until she *safewords* me again.

My voice is a caress, my words bare of judgment. “What happened? Why the inhibitions?”

There’s a crack in her, a doubt. “I’m afraid it’ll make you think less of me.”

“Not gonna happen.”

I refrain from adding how I can sense that by the end of this conversation, someone will have hell to pay for what they've done to her. My face is as sealed as my lips are, and I shut up and listen.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TWELVE

*Nela*

“It was a stupid high school thing.” I try to stir my gaze away, to avoid the judgment that will inevitably arrive.

“It’s not stupid if you got hurt.” Alistair isn’t having it. His fingers at my chin drag me to his harsh glare. “Whatever anyone else has done, it does nothing to diminish my opinion of you.”

His nostrils flare in response to my glossed-over eyes. “Give me the word, and that person perishes off the face of this planet. No one will find him once I’m done with him.”

The man who pounded and spanked and rammed into me intended for me to hurt. It wasn’t the kind of pain a cold, brutal heart inflicts. He tortured me just enough to awaken my senses, have them salute him, acknowledge Alistair was the captain sailing my ship to a haven.

This Alistair staring at me has vengeance screaming out of his pores. He leaves no room for doubt about how serious he is about making good on his promise.

Which I appreciate, though, won’t be accepting. I place a palm flat on his chest, drawing from his power, releasing the past. “Thanks, but no. We were

young—”

A hint of a smirk slips past his rough exterior.

“Ugh.” I roll my eyes. “*Younger*. I’m sure—I hope—Reggie regrets it by now.”

“What. Did. He. Do?” The smirk evaporates in a flash. Alistair’s control is hanging by a thread, every word being drawn out carefully.

Once I navigated us out of the murderous zone, I’ll have to tell him the killer look is one he should wear often, as in all the time.

That is, whether he’d stay or not after he hears what an idiot I’ve been.

“I wasn’t raped. He...um...fuck.” I glance at the high ceiling, collecting myself. “Sex always interested me. Reggie and I were friends for years, and at fifteen, he offered me a thousand reasons to believe he was safe for my heart and to experiment. And I loved him.” My shoulders sag. “Like a Taylor Swift song.”

There’s no way I can hold Alistair’s intensity, not a second longer. I break out of his hold, pulling my feet to my chest and resting my forehead on my knees. Alistair, the box of surprises that he is, doesn’t force me into anything.

A large, compassionate palm rolls up and down the curve of my spine, pausing at my nape to massage it, then down again in soothing repetitions.

“Which is so stupid in retrospect,” I murmur into the body-shaped cave I created. “Her songs don’t have happy endings. But I was blind to any of it. An idiot.”

“You’re not an idiot for having a kind, trusting heart.” His hand stops, wraps around my shoulder, and squeezes. “He’s the stupid one for letting you go.”

My head lifts as though pulled by a thread. “How did you know?”



“I might’ve listened to a song or two from her.” His coy voice is so unlike him.

Despite everything I’m experiencing, I chuckle.

His whole face is the sun after the storm, his palm is a ray of sunshine. “Go on.”

“We said we’d try whatever was interesting.” No longer amused, I can sense my face burning.

In for a penny, in for a pound. “We watched porn together. And I might’ve suggested a thing or two from *Sex and the City*. It was fun, but after a few months, he got bored, done with me. Ended it with a text saying he’s dating Lorraine and *Bye, bye, great hooking up*. He never gave me the feeling we were a hookup. Ever.”

I sigh, ending my story. “After that, sex never felt safe again. The whole concept reminded me of the boy who promised the world, used me, and moved on like I never mattered.”

Alistair swallows, his Adam’s apple bobbing in anger. The vein in his throat pulses.

“Until you arrived.”

Sorrow mars the sharp edges of his face, softening them. “I’m not promising you anything, either.”

“Exactly.” I put on a brave face, though the little paper cuts in my heart tell another story. “We’re not dating, no sweet words, no forever vows. I know where we stand,”—and boy, how I wish we weren’t in that position—“so I can’t be disappointed.”

He winces for a second, wiping it off his face the next.

But I catch it, that hint of regret.

Could he...?

No. Hope has no room for what's between us.

I'm grounded, changed, empowered, far more than I was over five years ago.

Not to mention, Alistair is a grown-ass man.

*You want me?* I taunt him with my glare. *Come get me.*

That's all I say on the matter.

I lean forward, kissing his cheek, and rise up on my feet. Rhodes will receive the *I'm okay* phone call soon when I'm on my way home. "D'you think I'll have to pay an extra forest fare for the Uber?"

Alistair, for all his muscles, is agile, quick to mirror my standing position. He's about to say something, his fists clenching at his sides.

*I'm here!* My internal screams have to reach him. *I'm right fucking here!*

Eventually, he lets out a loud breath from his nose, placing a hand on my shoulder. "No need for Uber. I'll call Jeremiah and he'll be here in five."



It's been two days. And I miss him. I've been single for many long years, never needing or missing anyone other than maybe my parents.

I shouldn't miss him, shouldn't long for more than the *Good morning* and *Goodnight* messages he sends me. I'd be in the wrong to do so. He's polite, he's gracious, doesn't give me the icky feeling of being used, and never promised me a damn thing.

But there's no denying my body along with a teeny, tiny piece of my soul, long for the smoldering voice rumbling in my ear, those large palms grazing my thighs. And waist. And chest. His long, pulsating cock thrusting into any hole Alistair desires to tear open and pummel into.

The ache transforms from a slight itch to be scratched into a waterfall of lust. My past anxieties are nowhere to be found, replaced by the brazenness the hot businessman has instilled in me. I turn to the nightstand on my left where I stored the vibrator he made me take home.

I pull it out, run it along my fingers. The pink shaft quakes as I press the *On* button. My thighs do, too.

Too impatient to wait for the second it'll take me to remove my panties, I push them to the side. Sweet, torturous heat whirls in my belly when the device pushes inside, and I close my eyes.

I'm in Alistair's living room, his broad figure looming behind me, instructing me, commanding me.

*Harder, faster. Come for me.*

*Be a good student, make me proud.*

I try. I do exactly as he said, and yet... I can't. Apprehension has nothing to do with it, though. I'm not interested in the vibrator. I have an insatiable hunger for *him*.

Groaning, I toss the rabbit to the floor and throw myself out of bed, going through the motions of the beginning of a new day. By the time eight a.m. comes around, my teeth are brushed, hair washed, and straightened. I'm dressed in a pale-pink T-shirt and yoga leggings, still fucking horny, but it's not like I can do anything about it.

After filling my thermos with cinnamon mocha coffee, which I make at home, I lock my apartment, jogging two steps at a time. Even though I'm not particularly a morning person, Rhodes is a senior at Seattle U and has a class today.

I'll do anything for this guy, happily. And besides, it could've been worse. People drop by Toy Shop at every hour of the day, but the mornings,

at least until eleven, can be slow. Maybe I could text Alistair. Innocuous, slightly sexy messages to start both our days right.

I push the door out of the building, the fall's wind flaps across my hair, and...

"Hey, Nola."

My knees buckle, an inelegant gasp runs loose out my lips.

"I'm sorry. Didn't mean to startle you." Alistair stands by the shop's locked front door. He's in his CEO attire, an oxford-blue tailor-made suit clinging to his fine, taut muscles, an ice-blue dress shirt stretched across his chest, his hair styled impeccably in place.

Still wired up from the orgasm I couldn't reach by myself, my heart is palpitating at the sight. I've died and gone to heaven.

"That's okay." The words are lilt. Better than the silence my hormones suck me into while they insist I latch on, grind, and be full of Alistair.

"What are you doing here?"

"It's pretty self-explanatory, isn't it?" The hint of his smirk gives me flashbacks of two days ago. I swear this man came here with the intent of killing me. "Shopping."

"Um. Okay. Okay, then." My feet carry me to the front of the shop.

Alistair moves to allow me to unlock the door. His fresh shower scent is as intoxicating as that of his sweat. The attention he lavishes on me has the power to abolish mountains into invisible particles.

Somehow though, I persevere. The lock clicks, and I pull the door, getting inside with him behind me.

"I'll just turn on all these lights, then I can help you." I treat him like I would any other customer. I mean, he did say he came here to shop. "You can browse, meanwhile."

I walk around, flipping on the switches. The room is bathed in the clinical white light, with the new products that had been shipped in yesterday put away on the shelves, thanks to my sweet Rhodes. I race toward the register, double tapping the space bar and lighting up the screen.

“Great, we can start.”

His cunning gaze pins me in place, only to be detached by the chime of my phone. I don’t answer it.

“What can I help you with?”

Alistair tilts his head sideways. “You might wanna get that.”

“It can wait, nothing to worry about.” I’m babbling. I know I’m babbling.

But I’ve come to accept that sometimes I can’t stop. The tenderness on the flesh of my butt and the moisture pooling between my legs are a constant reminder of what he’s done to me. What he still does.

“You’re the customer. My personal conversations aren’t important now.”

“They are.” He nods. “Trust me. Open it.”

My pulse quickens. I’m catching on to who the sender is. I’m slightly trembling when I fish the phone out of my jeans pocket, unlock it to see I was right.

Alistair: *I know the place is recorded. Act like you would with any other client, do get something for me from the storage room. Once there grab vibrating Ben-Wa balls, and meet me in the testing room. Yell for me to come once you “find it.”*

Ben-Wa balls.

The vibrating kind.

Um.

Okay.

Not your regular customer, after all.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

*Nela*

The testing room is where there are no CCTV cameras. They're there for customers who want to try on sexy outfits, and some test the vibrators'...abilities. Above clothes, that is.

Starting today, however, Alistair will declare it as our room as well.

How he found out about this secret, I could only assume. My educated guess is billions plus intentions result in sexy surprises. And the idea of being sexy with him makes the stalking not a bit creepy.

It makes it hot. It also allows hope to prevail. He should be at work at this hour, running an empire, managing people. Yet here he is, in Roger's shop, prioritizing me on top of everything else.

Please, let it mean he missed me.

Warily, I sneak a glance at Alistair, my speaking abilities reduced to nothing.

"Miss." The timber of his voice echoes down to my lady parts.

Who needs a vibrating anything when his words cause an earthquake scale of seven to my body?

"Yes?" I place the phone in the top drawer under the register.

“The latest Spiller’s cock ring. Do you have it here?” His facial muscles are so relaxed, you’d think he’s actually considering buying something and didn’t just send me a text to hook up in my workplace.

One look at the vacant space between the rest of the cock-rings confirms my suspicions. Alistair sought the one brand we’re missing so he could pave the way for me to go to the back.

“Well?”

I summon my big tits energy (yes, it’s a thing), lift my chin, and answer, “Yes, sir. They’re in the back. I’m on it.”

“Thank you,” he drawls. The sexiness in his accentuated Southern twang sends me packing, and I scurry to the back.

The next minute is spent looking at the tallest rack, pretending to reach the top, doing this weird, awkward hop. Then I walk to another shelf, pulling out the Ben-Wa vibrating balls magically waiting there for me.

“Excuse me?” I unveil the part separating the back from the shop’s front.

Alistair’s black, brand-new shoes creak on the wooden floor as he prowls toward me. His demeanor radiates cold and detached, the pretense of us being strangers meeting for the first time. “You found them?”

“I have. It’s just, the box is on the top shelf and I can’t reach.”

This role-playing game turns out to be more arousing than I could ever imagine. I take on the damsel-in-distress attitude, leaving my superwoman approach aside.

My request is a half-whining, “You’re so tall, though. Could you lend me a hand, please?”

“Absolutely.” He closes the short distance left between us. “Show me where.”



“It’s right over there.” I guide him behind a second curtain to the storage room, point it out.

He grabs whatever’s on the top rack with ease. His face is inches from mine in the confined space of the storage room. “I’d like to try it.”

“Sure.” I step in the direction of the satin red curtain. Between the two of those, Toy Shop houses the infamous testing room, and I push the wooden door open.

Alistair walks past me, entering the room. He’s fixated on me, his lips curling to the side. “And you’re going to try it with me,” are his last words before he grabs my arm, pulling me inside and shutting the door.

“You.” He pins me to the wall, the box in his hand discarded.

Both his hands bracket me on either side of my face, his teeth scraping along my neck. The fresh scent of his shampoo and cologne is like pheromones injected into me, my body awakening, arching, needing.

“I can’t get you out of my head. Can’t sleep, my concentration at work is nonexistent. What have you done to me, Nola?”

He missed me. He can’t handle it, almost shook. Just like I am.

“I...” Moan. “I haven’t done anything.”

“You have. Goddamn intoxicating.” Alistair sucks on my earlobe, his cock grinding on my belly. “Something about you,” he speaks between a swipe of his tongue on the shell of my ear and a soft bite to my throat. “No, not *something*. Every-fucking-thing.”

The depth of my eagerness to hug him, pull him closer, and have him tear my clothes off simultaneously is unfathomable. I’m dying for him to fuck me for the world to hear. Screw this job, screw Roger. All I want is Alistair.

I lift my hands, my feeble fingers freeing the Ben-Wa balls box to the floor. The sound of the plastic box meeting the linoleum wakes Alistair up

out of his lustful roaming of my body.

He detaches himself from me, pacing back as much as the two-by-two room will allow. His gaze isn't any less predatory. The rest of his body, voice included, is calm, in control of this. Of me.

"Kneel to pick that box up." My compliance is immediate, but before I make it to the floor, I see Alistair's shaking head. "You're going to do it naked."

I slap a hand to my mouth to prevent the whimper of lust from being overheard by the CCTV microphones.

"Strip for me." Somber and in control, he instructs.

The desire to please him snaps me out of my lust haze. I discard my garments, naked in front of the well-dressed and super-composed man in front of me.

His appreciative gaze roams my body, his cock hard in his suit pants. "Now, sweetheart, on your knees."

I drop at his command, the pain of my knees hitting the wooden floor, not registering. My body is made of a million particles of arousal, and Alistair manifests his mastery in each and every one of them.

"Be my good little girl, take the balls out."

Rushing to comply, I extract them, still hesitant to put them in. I want him to do it with me the first time, though I'm not sure how to approach it.

But he doesn't need my words. He recognizes my doubts, lowering beside me.

"I bet your cunt is sopping wet," he says, working my body, shoving in one delightful and painful motion two fingers into my aching cunt.

"Yes, Daddy," I whisper.

“Yeah, that’s my good girl.” After pumping his fingers in, he instructs, “Hand on my shoulder, the other one on my wrist with the balls.”

I grip onto him, clenching my fingers and causing the rich fabric of his suit jacket to wrinkle. Without severing our eye contact, I search blindly for his hand until I clasp my fingers on top of it.

“This,”—he angles his burly figure forward, kissing me while he shoves the first ball of the two connected ones inside me, swallowing my moans in his mouth—“is how you do it.”

Back he goes, standing up, looming over me. He hands me the remote to operate the Ben-Wa balls, placing my finger on the *On* button. “That’s where you press when I tell you to,” he instructs me. “Now be a good girl, push the other one like Daddy taught you.”

I nod and shove the other ball in, devouring the sight of him unbuckling his belt. The sound of the leather swooshing as it’s pulled out of its buckle sparks a net of tingles erecting my nipples. A button pops, the zipper dragged down to free a cock so hard I can see the veins and ridges through the boxers.

Momentary paralysis consumes my body when he whips out his huge cock. He jacks it off slowly, inches separating him and my mouth. The hem of his shirt covering the light dusting of dark hair I remember to be there.

My tongue juts out to wet my parched lips, hungrier than I’ve ever been.

“Press the button, Nola.” He draws his pulsing member closer to his stomach and away from me. “Don’t think I’m waiting for you to suck on this cock a second longer.”

With each stroke, each course up and down his veins, and every flick on the bottom of his round, smooth crown, I’m edging closer to the brink of insanity.

In order to get what I'm greedy for, compliance is my best option.

My only option.

I press the button my thumb's resting on. The balls' slow thrum builds up, quivering within me. They vibrate inside my pussy, pulsing behind my clit. Alistair's approving gaze unites us, securing me to him harder in an unbreakable bond.

He pushes off the wall, taking one step to loom over me. The heat of his body radiates to where I kneel, creating a sphere of heat to connect us further. I'm faintly aware of the ongoing vibrations in my pussy. My attention and desire are one, gripped by this massive, hotter-than-sin life force.

"My good little student."

Alistair's palm cups me beneath my chin, compelling me to stare into his eyes.

Sounds shouldn't be this erotic, but when I listen to Alistair's voice and the repetitive friction his palm creates as he pleasures his cock, I realize how wrong I'd be to think it. He's composing a sex symphony, the piper demanding eternal obedience through lust.

"And my good girl here is going to make her Daddy come." His thumb tips my bottom lip down, opening my mouth.

"Gonna choke on my cock while you get yourself off." He stops stroking himself, resting the heavy head of his dick on my lips, slapping it on my flesh.

*Pop, pop, pop.*

Goosebumps prickles, roaring across my skin. A wildfire rather than a physical reaction. The sensual obscenity of being subjected to Alistair, to

his glorified magnitude, is my complete destruction. My undoing. My ruination.

My paradise, too.

Famished by my arousal, I lick off the drop of precum glistening on the top of his crown, just to have him take it away. The torture burns, brutal as the harsh spanking he had laid on me.

He resumes touching himself, his dark stare decadent and luring. “Do you feel the toy in your tight little cunt, Nola?”

“No.” My lips quiver. There’s nothing I can hide from him, my soul and my body alike bear in his presence.

“What are you waiting for, then?” His hand slips to the back of my head, his grasp punishing. “I’ll be disappointed if you’ll slack in our classes; if I find out you haven’t come when my sperm is dripping on that beautiful face of yours. Very disappointed.”

Without a single word, I press the remote three consecutive times. The heightened speed blazes through my pussy, my surprised cry unfurling in the room.

“That’s my girl.” The encouraging praise barely settles in before he pries my mouth wide open and jams his cock behind my lips, down my throat.

Tears gather in my eyes, one of them breaking free and trickling along my cheek. I relax my jaw, inhaling deeply, accommodating at least some of his breadth in my eagerness for more.

“This.” He pulls back, shoving himself deep down my throat. I gag, breathe, get another inch in. Alistair returns to grasp the back of my neck, securing me in place. “Your tears, your pain. I. Own. Them. I’m your Daddy, your teacher, your everything.”

His broad shaft dominates my mouth; my tongue, my palate, blocking my airways. He withdraws, slamming in a third time. Despite my attempts, I choke and cough, spit dripping from my lips. But he likes it that way.

Alistair's primal glare, the snarl on his full lips, they're the indication of how irrevocably pleased he is.

"Cry, Nola." He commences fucking my mouth relentlessly. "Give me your tears, give me your spit. Surrender your pain to me. Let me see my baby hurting, so I can make it better for her."

His commands and actions tear through my body and soul. Another tear dampens my cheek, saliva smears down my chin. My pants and moans are chopped noises as I struggle to breathe.

Some sense of helplessness, at least a sliver, ought to infiltrate my mind in this compromising state I'm in.

For any other girl with any other man. Not me.

I'm ravenous, enamored, complete. Juices trickle down my inner thigh; the knot in my belly tightens. I want to tell him I'm a good girl, that I'm close, that I'm eager to come. Only I'm so full of his cock that breathing is a struggle, the moans flowing from me are whatever Alistair permits.

He gives me a pause, drags his cock out, gliding the heavy crown on the tip of my tongue, brushes my lips. The swollen, dripping flesh lies on my lips, while Alistair restrains my attempts to have more of him by holding my neck.

"You're going to come, aren't you, sweetheart?"

The faster I answer, the faster I'll have what I'm after.

"Yes." My voice croaks.

"Dirty little girl. You've made me proud." A drop of precum slides to my tongue, a pang of heat to my center. "We'll end today's class with your

juices spilling to the floor, baby. Turn up the speed on the remote, squeeze your cunt around the vibrations and rub yourself while sucking my balls in your mouth.”

I moan at the imagery and his low, demanding baritone.

“And when I’m done, my cum will mark that innocent face. You’ll be mine, you hear?”

Tears roll unbidden down my face, the urgency to have him in my mouth overriding my speech.

His grip fastens, fingers digging to my neck, his voice clipped. “Don’t force me to leave.”

That gets me talking so fast that I stumble over the words. “Yes, Daddy, I heard you.”

“Good girl.” He holds his cock up, shoving his balls into my mouth. “Come here.”

I part my lips, looking up at Alistair. He repositions my head to lick and take all of his sack in my mouth at intervals. The furious grunts are the praise I’m searching for, the approval. They teach me he likes the flat of my tongue pressing to his flesh, to have my lips round and close in to suck one, then the other.

“That’s it, baby. Fill your fucking pouty mouth with my balls,” he groans, eyes piercing mine as he pleasures himself vigorously. The room smells of sex and lust and in the back of my mind, I’m eternally grateful no one’s had the urge to do sexy shopping early this morning.

“I don’t see you rubbing your clit, Nola. You’re so close to being my good little girl.” A hint of compassion appears one second, gone the next. “Don’t fail me.”

Inwardly, I repeat the *Yes, Daddy* I know he seeks, hoping it'll show through my eyes and actions. I find my hardened clit, starting to rub myself. The pulses coming off the Ben-Wa balls reverberate against my fingers, racing up my body to my nipples.

My body is an electric field, wired and brimming with sexual energy.

Alistair's ball sack elevates, tightening. His climax is imminent, and I brought him there. I've been able to absorb his harshness, his instructions, his affection. It's a high like no other, the realization thrusting me over the edge. I come, yelling, hyperventilating, almost levitating off the floor.

"Close your eyes, sweetheart." He yanks me back, coming over my face. Hot rivulets of cum stain my cheeks, my eyelids, my lips, everywhere.

And even though I came, I'm still greedy for him. I dip my tongue out, tasting him. He chuckles, then I sense a shift in the air. The sound of his zipper tells me Alistair tucked himself in. His hot breath on my face means he's kneeled beside me.

"Jesus." He's unmoving, and my sole regret is that I can't see how he's looking at me. "Aren't you beautiful wearing my cum, baby?"

I can't help myself. I smile.

A sound of a wrapper being torn follows his filthy, caressing words. "Too bad I have to clean you up." The cool, damp wipe brushes my skin. "My beautiful, beautiful girl."

He brushes a kiss on the tip of my nose. Clear of his marking of me, I flutter my eyes open. My breath nearly knocks out of me the second I do, the view greeting me too much in my fragile state.

Alistair has this look about him, something more profound than anything orgasm-induced. I'm trapped in the chocolatey color of his eyes, mesmerized by the tiniest twitches of his lip.



“Hold onto me.” Below me, he laces his fingers with mine, guiding my hand to his shoulder where he wants me to grip.

Contrasting his demeanor in our classes, Alistair treats me gently, both in touch and in speech. “Relax your body and, on the count of three, I’ll pull the balls out of you. Okay?”

I nod, placing my trust in him for the millionth time this week.

“One...” He grins a coy, sweet smile. “Two...” I nod again, affirming that I heard him. “And three.”

The balls are out. Alistair polishes them too before slipping them into the inside pocket of his suit jacket. My hand travels from his there to his sturdy neck where his pulse rushes.

I want to kiss him. I want to ask him to stay, to preserve this magical moment for as long as we can. To confess that being his student just isn’t enough.

Then the fucking phone rings.

His eyes sober fast, his face grimaces. He rises to his full height, offering me his hand, which I take. “We...”

We. Could it be a beginning of a promise?

He bends down silently, collecting my clothes from the floor, helping me into them. Bra, panties, shirt, then jeans. I study his expression, searching for the Alistair I witnessed before this, but that man has mentally checked out.

The man facing me is sad and seriously distant.

“I have to go.” Desolation coats his voice. “I’ll be back for you.”

No endearing words, no hug. No specific plans for later.

He turns around.

Then he’s gone.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

*Alistair*

*N*ola .

It's been two weeks. Every day is longer than the one before, every second more torturous than the previous.

I need her, and I'm bad for her all the same. Whatever I'm feeling, whatever I can offer her, it's nothing good. I'd like to think I'm better next to her, that I might change.

The storm looming over my soul alleviated in the past week, in the few hours Nola and I spent in each other's company. Her kindness and naïveté changed some of the rotten energy inside me.

I found myself, for those scarce moments, to be able to extinguish the lingering fire, to be void of the hate. The familiar anger I've harbored for years transformed into something beautiful, a place where she could heal. My brutality is a ladder for her to climb out of the darkness she's been in for too long, and it's a greater gratification than attending to my own selfish needs.

But it's a pretense, escapism from who I truly am. When I'm not near her, my past returns with a vengeance. I can't cling to her, can't flip what we

have so that *I'm* the one putting the weight of my past on *her*.

And it hurts, keeping my distance. I need to talk to someone.

Even though we haven't spoken in forever, I pick up the phone and call my sister.

"Ali! How are you?" Her tone is cheery as it always—almost—is.

Sounds of kids' laughter bubble around her. A smile curves on my lips, and I press the phone to my ear to hear her better. "Same ol' same ol'. How are you? The kids giving you hell?"

"The usual late Sunday morning." Cabinets open and shut. My sister's footsteps tap on what must be her kitchen floor. "I'm baking biscuits for the barbecue, so they're excited because they know they'll have all the good stuff coming soon."

I sink deeper into the couch, watching the lake in the distance. "You're making them Mom's recipe?"

"The one and only. Helps keep her memory alive. And it's delicious."

"Yeah." I run my hand across my short hair, my heart sinking at the thought of her and Dad.

"What made you call?" She ceases bustling around the kitchen, painting her tone with the warmth of her. "You won't hear me complaining, but you never call on a Sunday."

There's a lot of baggage relating to that day. More often than not, the memories of our parents who have passed, our shattered family, are emphasized by this one time a week. It's when our family stopped whatever we were doing to gather and were just us.

Until we weren't.

"I'm... I..." I groan, hating how the words evade me. When they do, they come out more like a question than an actual statement. "I might have

met a girl?”

My sister’s and my souls are connected, even if we don’t talk as much as we had in the past. She knows of my reluctance to settle down, and I know these selected words will be self-explanatory. This isn’t about some girl I’m fucking on the side. It’s serious.

She reacts accordingly. Jolene’s shrill shriek pierces my ear. “This is the absolute best news I’ve heard in a decade. Who is she? Where she’s from? Where did you guys meet and when are you flying her over?”

“Hold your horses.” Her eagerness coaxes genuine laughter out of me. “We’re not dating.”

“Why the heck not?” My sister’s frown is practically audible. “What’d you do?”

“Me?” I fake surprise.

“Yeah, you, Mister I-don’t-deserve-happiness. You’ve been denying yourself a relationship and family for far too long. No one thinks you’re a bad man. No one.”

“That’s debatable.” I sigh. I don’t think. I know.

Jolene sighs, cutting right to the chase. “You holding out on your life does nothing but tarnish Connie’s memory. She loved you. She’d wish for you to lead a fruitful life. Mom and Dad did too, and I still hold on to hope.”

“A poor man from the south who came from nothing and built and owns one of the largest companies in the States and a ton of other business ventures isn’t fruitful?” I reply, ignoring the true nature of her question. “Billions in the bank, charities I donate to anonymously, is that not making a good use of my life?”

“Ali, don’t you use that tone with me.” The groan emanating from her reminds me of her kids. “Your achievements, you using your mechanical engineering studies and your entrepreneurship skills to create what not many can, it’s admirable. But it’s not living. You know what is?”

I don’t have to guess, since we’ve had this conversation on repeat for the last twenty years. And there she goes, making me smile.

“Love is.”

“Exactly.”

Her victorious huff does it for me. I laugh. “Nola. Her name is Nola.”

By the time I’m done telling my remaining sister about the magic I’ve encountered while skipping the explicit details and focusing on how she makes me *feel*, Jolene gloats. I don’t have to witness it to know it.

“What are you doing then, sitting here on the phone with me, idiot? Sunday only comes once a week. Go enjoy it with her.”

“I’ll try.”

“And you will.”



My cell phone barely has a chance to cool down after Jolene hung up, and I’m already calling Nola’s number.

The shirt of mine she wore is in the drawer of my nightstand, safely out of the cleaning crew’s reach. While waiting, I extract it, sit on the edge of my bed, and inhale Nola’s scent on the garment.

Long days and longer nights have passed since she wore it last, but a trace of her fragrance remains.

Bliss.

A momentary one, that is.

“Yes?” The snappy edge to her response clashes against her sweet scent.

Can’t say I don’t deserve it. Can’t say I’m a man deterred easily, either. Not even a twenty-one-year-old who I’m growing more attached to by the minute.

“Hi, Nola.”

“Hi.”

“Where are you?”

She hums impatiently. “I believe the correct question word is *how*.”

Instead of aggravation, I’m feeling aroused. My groin heats at the prospect of the satisfying punishment she’ll receive for talking back to me.

“I’ll ask you any fucking question you want when I see you.”

“That’s cute.” She lowers her voice, though the sting doesn’t diminish. “That’s really fucking adorable, Alistair.”

“You’re the first one to tell me that.” I smirk, knowing it would lend my tone that not-fucking-around attitude. “I’m flattered.”

“Again, not cute.”

“Nola, is everything okay?” A woman calls her on the other side.

“Yes, Mom. It’s a…” Hesitation capitalizes on her fury. “A friend. I’ll come to help Dad with the TV settings in a sec.”

“All right, honey.” Her Mom’s voice grows faint, along with other murmurs.

I drop the T-shirt, heading to my walk-in closet. “Sunday dinner?”

“Sort of. I visit my parents and aunts and uncles once a month, sometimes more.” She huffs. “Not like you’d care.”

“That’s where you’re wrong. I do care.” The hurt in her tone doesn’t go unnoticed. “I want to see you.”

“Too bad, because I don’t. I don’t need any more classes.”

“It’s not about a class.” Confident I’m going to meet her, I choose a proper outfit. I swipe a blue polo off a hanger and a pair of gray slacks. “It’s about you and me. About us.”

Nola gasps, the innocent sound I’ve gone crazy without. “No. You... Me... I can’t. Besides, I’ll be leaving here, soon.”

“Where’s here?” I repeat, unmoving from my position. I’m not backing down on this.

“Here is in Portland.”

A little over a three-hour drive. I’ve had longer, easy. “Give me ten, I’ll head out your way.”

“No! No.” She quiets. “I’ll be out soon. You can pick me up from the bus station. If that’s what you want.”

There’s a breach in her resistance, my opening.

“Text me your parents’ address.” I didn’t get to where I am by taking no for an answer. “I’ll say hi to Mr. and Mrs. Vickers. You’ll have a comfortable ride home. You can’t say no to that.”

“Alistair.”

My voice snaps. “Nola.”

“You’re impossible.” She groans. A smiling groan. “Fine. I’ll text you the address.”

“Perfect.”

“Don’t get too excited.” Her second huff today loses its belligerence. “If you don’t pass my dad and mom’s inspection, I’m taking the bus.”

The rumble in my chest and the shaking of my shoulders come along with the laughter I’ve been withholding without even knowing it. “Wish me luck, then.”



“May the odds be ever in your favor,” she quotes from *The Hunger Games*, and the line goes dead.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

*Nela*

Alistair passed Mom and Dad's test. Of course, he did. Truth be told, I'd need a heart of stone to be impenetrable to his charm.

And when he blasts it at me, not holding on to anything? Pfft.

Not a single one of us stood a chance.

From the second I let him in the door, Alistair, with his charming smirk and a bottle of wine and flowers in hand, won my family over. He complimented Mom's cooking since she insisted he grab a bite of our lunch leftovers, helped Dad fix the damn remote of their smart TV I battled with. He sat around with my aunts and uncles on both sides, their spouses and kids. It was like there was nowhere else he'd rather be.

Any hesitation they might've harbored about me dating a forty-two-year-old—just a few years younger than any of them were—vanquished in his presence. They had their concerns about me falling into the stereotype and of him taking advantage of me, but he made sure to eviscerate their doubts.

He worked damn hard to remove mine, too.

“Thank you for having me, sir, ma’am, everyone.” He offers them a grin, shaking their hands.

“Eloise and Mack,” my dad corrects him. “Have a safe drive home.”

“Will do.”

My parents and I hug each other one last time, parting so that I can climb into Alistair’s silver Porsche Cayenne. The sun is setting, giving way for the moon to reign over the skies. As we drive out of the city and onto I-5, the clouds clear, and an abundance of stars sprinkle across the darkness of the night.

*Sitting on the Dock of the Bay* by Otis Redding plays as our soundtrack, while the both of us are silent. There are lots to be discussed, deeper issues to address. Alistair’s charm can only go so far, and he needs to do the explaining he promised right now.

Or so I thought.

Ten minutes into the drive, and still nothing.

“Alistair.”

A warm, rough, yet soft hand lands where my bronze-colored skirt doesn’t reach, setting fire to my bare knee. “Yes?”

Sparks detonate on the skin he’s touching, my body whirring and humming with the electricity spreading throughout.

*You said you wouldn’t be dissuaded by his charm*, the voice of reason reminds me. I hate it when it’s right.

I cover his palm, flexing my fingers around it, and not without a measure of force, break the contact. He’s as unwilling as I am to sever our touch, but we have to talk.

The road is empty ahead of us, permitting Alistair to avert his gaze and peek at me. “Something wrong?”

“Well, depends on what you describe as wrong.” My feeling of abandonment sneaks up on me, lacing venom into my words, even though I don’t mean to. “Does running off after our morning in the testing room count as wrong? Or disappearing on me for two weeks? Sounds pretty wrong to me.”

“We were having classes. Not dating.” He goes onto the defense. He’s not mad, but definitely off his game.

“Okay.”

This knee-jerk reaction is to be expected, so I let him have it without passing judgment. I read about him a little during these two weeks. Of his upbringing in Mississippi, the number of times the bank almost declared his business bankrupt. He had to have elbowed his way into this world by himself, so he thinks that’s how relationships work.

“You could’ve called, too.” He returns to me, repentance replacing defensiveness.

“Oh, really?” I slant my eyes in his direction. His lips curl up in the smirk he uses to disarm me, slicing through his serious face. “And say what, exactly?”

He’s silent.

“Or better yet, what would you have said to me?” I’m genuinely curious, turning fully to gauge his reaction. “Why did you come here, Alistair?”

The silver light of the moon gleams in his eyes when he casts them at me. “You told me I could.”

“You can do better.” I stand by the declaration I’d made to myself two weeks ago. If he wants me, he better say so himself.

“Listen, I get you’re young and curious—”

He's not condescending to me, but he's damn well close. "Think carefully about what you're about to say and whether patronizing me is how you want to go about it."

"I'm not patronizing you." The veins of his arms pump, his fingers clinging to the steering wheel.

"Then don't start a sentence like that." Admittedly, I shouldn't have lost control of my temper. I'm going for mature and adult. Any spike in my tone does the exact opposite.

But when I called this man Daddy, when I gave myself to him, I considered him this all-powerful man who wouldn't hurt me, wouldn't talk down to me. And it blew up right in my face.

"Daddy, my ass. Some adult you are." Yup, that's how I do mature.

I slack back in my chair, my heart twisting in my chest.

"I was going to say that I see you're upset and that you're upset about being upset." He covers my knee again, sliding his hand higher. "Am I right?"

"Ugh."

"I'll take that as a yes." He chuckles. "What I wanted to say is I don't mind. That I like that about you."

"I'm sorry." I sigh, tracing a finger from his manicured fingernail down to his wrist. "But you still owe me some explana—"

Alistair doesn't answer, swerving the car to the nearest exit. He slams the brakes on, cutting into a nearby deserted rest stop, his humor nowhere in sight. There's an ominous air about how he walks around the hood of the SUV to my side of the car, a cold, detached look on his face when he opens the passenger door.

"Out."

My eyes nearly boggle out of their sockets. The worst-case scenario and my fears creep up my throat, choking me. I told him what I'd been through. How can he do this to me?

"You're leaving me here?" My voice is a leaf in the wind, the tears a rising tide behind my eyes.

"The hell I am." He cups my jaw, harsh and familiar, the man I ached for the past two weeks as though I was missing a limb. "I made the mistake of leaving you twice. I'm not about to repeat it. Now, out."

The meaning sinks in as I hop to the asphalt, to unclench the evil claws of anxiety and the past off me. The red veil of panic subsides, clearing my view of what truly stands behind his glowering tone.

He's not angry. He's intense and ferocious, powered by his intention to show me he's mine.

"Walk back." The click of his belt buckle snaps in the night air, following me to the gray and dirty stucco exterior of the rest stop.

I'm so close I can smell the old cement, see the cracks marked on it by age and nature. But I don't want to look at what's in front of me.

I twist my head to Alistair. Less than a foot away, he looms behind, his belt rolled in his right hand.

"Turn toward me." He makes a gesture with his head to be quick about it, like I bore him. And I comply. "Lean your back on the wall." And I do.

It makes no difference that I washed my hair this morning, that I spent time and effort to make it look pretty this morning. That doing what he told me would ruin it.

Having Alistair on me, physically and emotionally, far outweighs anything else.

“Skirt up, let me see your pretty little pussy.” He glares at me, his next words excavate their way straight into my heart. “*My pussy.*”

“Yes, Daddy.” My fingers clench the bottom of my dress, rushing to lift it.

The night breeze flutters at my bare legs, whipping at the wet patch in the center of my underwear. I’m absorbed by Alistair’s gaze, the heat and ice mingling in it as one, the passion pouring out of it.

So much so, that it’s no wonder I miss what’s coming.

Alistair lifts his arm, landing a strike of his belt on my thigh. Air whooshes out of me, my lungs emptying. The striking pain doesn’t last, though. A sweet sensation of flowers blossoming where he hit me begins, a caress reaching up to my pussy where I’m already wet.

Not like he’ll let me revel in it.

The second smack lands on the same thigh. The third too.

“I mean to spank you seven times, Nola. Gonna round it up to ten for your attitude.” He lifts his hand, holds up in the air, the weight of his belt landing on me.

The turbulence of emotions skyrockets through me. Searing pain switches to an unraveled pleasure. They’re interchanging, interconnected. I’m lost on which is which, on who am I anymore.

Alistair, however, is still my Alistair. In his unrelenting demeanor, he continues while I suffocate my grunts and screams to keep from being overheard.

“Ten,” he whispers, breathing hard while he rolls the belt back into his hand.

My desire for him mounts higher than Everest. The thudding pain in the wounded area sends my blood down there, and I’m more alive than I’ve

ever been. I'm marked by Alistair, lusting after him.

Falling for him.

I haven't been with another man in six years, barely had the time to get acquainted with Alistair for such a major declaration, but the undeniable feeling is there.

And for once in what seems like ages, thanks to Alistair, I'm embracing it.

A knowing gaze paints his eyes, a bright stroke of a neon color across the dark, hungry glare. A recognition.

He blinks once. Enough to communicate he's seen me, to tell me he's not breaking the scene. Even if he might share the sentiment.

The carnal look he gives me doesn't waver after the moment we shared. It intensifies, reaching dangerous levels when he raises the navy-blue leather belt to my face.

Nothing is subtle about how he probes behind my lips, or in the harsh command of, "Open up, Nolita. You've done plenty of talking for tonight."

I gasp, a sound that's swallowed by the rough ramming of the belt into my mouth. Alistair places one finger underneath my jaw, clamping my lips shut, forcing my teeth to squeeze the material.

Spit draws on my tongue almost immediately. Alistair's demanding palm lands under the thigh he bruised, pushing the entire leg up. He aligns me into a splits position with my ankle at his shoulder, pushing hard to pin me further into the wall.

I'm agile, given the yoga classes Rhodes and I attend a couple of times a week, so there's no painful stretch at the positioning. His height, however, leaves me helpless against rising high on my left toes.



Alistair shoves me another inch closer to the wall, flattening my back on it. “Hold on tight.”

My fingers grip his shoulders as he hefts me off the ground. Once he affirms I’m secure, he releases me, moving to unbutton his pants. I watch him on a quivering leg, balancing and struggling to contain the unbearable desire, and my need to be pounded by him to another universe.

I ache for him on such a visceral level, the stab in my insides worse than the physical smacking. Torture much more intolerable than the belt shoved in my mouth.

“You need me to spell out the reason I drove all the way up here for you, sweetheart?” he asks while pulling his dick out. The long shaft is hard and ready, the erotic sight increasing my need. “To tell you why I’ve been gone?”

I nod. Saliva drips down my chin, and I don’t try to fight it. The vein in his neck swells with his effort not to maul me.

Losing control of my spit becomes so. Fucking. Worth it.

Alistair wrenches my panties to the side, the thickness of him filling me up in one ruthless thrust. His inner fire lashes out, the flames curling around my insides and molding me into him.

I’m high on him, his words while he fucks me are heroin shooting into my bloodstream. “You make me want things.” His harsh pounding has the wall scratching my back, tearing at my dress.

I take it all, still hungry for more.

“Things a man like me shouldn’t. Ones he’s not worthy of,” he goes on, his speech coming out of clenched teeth. “A simple, happy fucking life. Connected to another’s.”

He pauses. Every inch of Alistair's cock is buried inside me, but his glare reaches miles deeper. "I don't deserve to rebuild the family I lost. Didn't think so until you came. You frighten me and possess me. Consuming me. I've just met you and it's too goddamn soon."

A tear frees itself from the corner of my eye. He catches it, a rugged finger wiping it away. The comforting hand morphs into a domineering one, clasped at the side of my throat. The other is right under my right buttocks, affirming Alistair's grip when the unrelenting rocking in and out of me resumes.

Emotions inflate in my chest. Affection, sadness, compassion, while my desire remains strong. I dig my fingers into Alistair's nape, scraping the soft hair, intending to drag him to me.

I'm the Little Mermaid. My mouth is indisposed and I have nothing but my body to send him the message he has to hear from me. I'm here for him. I feel the same.

And it's not too soon.

He won't allow any measure of consoling, pressing my leg further in the direction of the wall. His thrashing into me resumes in all its ferocity, the new angle allowing each sway of his hips to reach deeper.

It hurts so good, how raw and open and controlled I am. The heat and the tightness in my stomach grow at a rapid speed, a race toward the end I'm dying to get to.

"I don't care anymore," he groans. His forehead is pressed into mine, his voice arouses me as though he was licking my clit. "You're so pure, but you didn't run when you saw my darkness. I feel like... I'm desperate to believe you could love me at my worst."

I whimper, nodding against him. If he can believe in my love, he has to be falling for me as well. His rough-around-the-edges kind of faith entangles with the agonized look in his eyes. I don't need to guess anything. I know he wants me.

And what that knowledge does to me... It's beyond words. A loud cry gushes out of me and I come so fiercely, I dent and bend the leather in my mouth.

My orgasm still pummels through me when Alistair rips the belt out of my teeth and forces himself on me. His lips slant on my wet ones, his tongue swiping across my them before dashing beyond my teeth.

The taut muscles cording his body tense, his hand slides up my calf to the heel of my raised foot and he lands the final thrust. Alistair's cock pins me to the wall and suddenly he consumes my entire existence. He's dynamite exploding within me, an all-demanding fire.

"Come home with me," he whispers, spreading kisses on my cheek, down my jaw, capturing my lips.

My heart is in my throat, and the brightest smile is spread across my lips. "I will. I will."

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

*Alistair*

“Are you comfortable?” I tuck Nola into my naked chest under the black duvet stitched in gold, encouraging her lean leg to tangle into mine.

“M-hmm,” she hums.

My Nola can’t quite keep her eyes open after the long drive and the rough pounding she took so fucking well on the way over. Hell, she almost fell asleep while I got both of us cleaned in a long, warm shower, her eyelids droopy when I applied ointment on the welts on her thigh.

She’s dressed in one of my T-shirts, nothing underneath it.

I love her naked.

Wait. That’s not accurate.

I love every bit of her.

Tilting my head lower, I watch Nola in her near-sleep state. Her long eyelashes flutter on her cheeks. Her lips are a tad swollen from the belt, and our uninhibited kisses whenever we stopped at a red light, or a stop sign, or at my home’s garage.

This girl is gorgeous. Perfect. Cosmic.

She owns me, and in the infinity link we formed between us, she's also mine.

*Mine.*

The word swirls in my head then dips out to reach my tongue, as I murmur into her soft hair, "My baby. You're mine."

She stirs from the dream she slowly drowsed into. Her tortured lips curve up in a conniving smile.

"I am." She snuggles closer, sneaking out of the duvet I tucked her into.

The shirt she's wearing hikes up. Below the sheets, I can feel the silky area connecting her thigh and pussy grazing my leg.

I'm hard by the mere hint of it. My hand shifts lower along the curve of her spine, pulling the hem of her shirt higher. I brand her ass with my palm, my five fingers covering a firm, round butt cheek, moving to hover above her tight asshole.

Unfortunately, it's too soon. Her wet pussy meets the straining muscles of my thigh...

"Ouch." Her wince is visible, despite her attempt to hide it.

I stop immediately, covering her up and stroking her thigh in tender, compassionate caresses. The interest and desire to be the owner of pain doesn't trickle into real life. It never, not ever crosses the line into the after-care part.

"I'm okay." She puts on a brave face, which I admire.

Admire, but don't fall for it.

"No." I capture the hand she's slinking down my chest to the waistband of my boxer briefs. My lips brush her knuckles, the back of her palm, her wrist. "We have days and weeks, months and—if you'd still want this old man by then—we've got years."

My humor helps her relax against me, to relieve her of the need to be brave. Her soft laughter is a flock of butterflies across my skin. “You’re not old.”

“What am I, then?” I ask, curious about her thoughts about me, to hear them out loud instead of guessing them through her eyes.

The soft amber glow of the night lamp casts a tender light on her face, illuminating her smile. “You’re exactly how you should be.”

Jesus. How can she be this assured I’m worthy of her when I’m not?

“You’re something else.” I brush a long, wavy strand away from her cheek to get a better view of her. “Perfect.”

“I’m aware.”

Her sassy attitude is designed to mask her exhaustion, one I can’t miss. “You’re also up way past your bedtime.”

“Alistair...”

I chuckle at her warning. “I’m not patronizing. It’s almost one a.m.”

“Big fucking whoop.” On principle, she forces her eyes to open. “I have the afternoon shift.”

“Still, you’ve been up for hours. You need to sleep.”

A yawn escapes her. My winning argument. I quirk an eyebrow. She answers with a frown. Another huff of a laugh escapes me. I reach for the pull chain of the night lamp, switching off the light.

“Good night, Nola.” I rub her back in soothing circles.

“Night, Alistair.”

Her gentle tugs at the smattering of my chest hair slowly diminish, her breaths turn shallow. Only when I’m confident she’s safe in her sleep do I permit myself the same luxury, meeting her in my dreams.



“Come on in,” I answer the knock on my office door the next day.

Hannah Smith, my assistant, pushes the door to my office and lets herself in. A cream-colored folder containing stacks of papers is enfolded in her hands, a pleased expression on her face.

“This much joy on a Monday?” I lace my fingers on the table, leaning forward. After working for over ten years together, we developed a friendship where our titles don’t impede our banter. “Who are you, and what have you done with Hannah?”

“You’re too clever for your own good, Mr. Cromwell.” The sixty-year-old assistant refuses to call me by my first name, banter or not. “I adore the day-to-day work here, but whenever I’m fortunate enough to witness you opening a charity, I truly love it.”

“Well, I’m in luck, then. This company wouldn’t function without you.”

Although I fell asleep right after Nola, my mind couldn’t. I woke up four hours later with an idea of how to aid Nola in getting her dream while maintaining the boundaries she set.

I called my lawyers and my accountant as early as six in the morning, and gave them the orders I had in mind for the new philanthropist charity I would donate to.

“Flattery won’t get you anywhere, Mr. Cromwell. Especially not in the good graces of Mr. Smith.” Hannah lays the folder on my mahogany desk. A square, blue slip of paper is pressed on top of it. “Here’s the number of the gentleman you asked me to find for you. You’re sure you don’t want me to place the call?”

“Absolutely.” I snatch Rhodes’s cell number, knowing better than to come off as a condescending prick to Nola’s best friend. “Thank you, Hannah.”

“You’re most welcome.” She spins on her heels, closing the door behind her.

His phone rings twice. “Hello?”

“Rhodes, hi, this is Alistair.”

Silence permeates the line. “Alistair Cromwell? Nola’s boyfriend?”

An unfamiliar warmth engulfs me, and I have to blink my eyes against the foreign assault. When I left Nola this morning at seven, she woke up to kiss me goodbye, returning to her peaceful sleep a second later.

It’s only nine a.m. now, and she’s already talked to him about us.

*She’s too good for you*, the incessant voice keeps whispering.

I shut it down.

“Yes, Nola’s boyfriend.” I flip through the contract Hannah printed for me, focusing on the task at hand. “I imagine she told you about her dream shop?”

“Pfft, told me? Until you came along, she wouldn’t shut up about it.”

Again, the mess of feelings of belonging and unworthiness clash within me.

Rhodes cuts into my thoughts. “Since I assume where this conversation is going, the answer is no. Even I can’t convince Nola to accept a handout. She’s proud, works hard, and whatever you plan to give her, she’ll throw right back at you.”

“Fully cognizant.” A laugh nearly sneaks up on me, remembering her fierce resistance.



“You gave it a shot, I see.” Rhodes’s laughter, unlike mine, flows freely from him.

The validation I made a good impression is a relief. “I have. That’s why I’ve come up with another idea, and I need your help to pitch it to her.”

He doesn’t wait a second before saying, “For Nola? Anything.”

“Excellent.” I arrange the papers, content to get the ball rolling. “Let’s start.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

*Nela*

“Aaaand last question, answered,” I say to myself. I click on the green *Send* button to finish my application for The Young Entrepreneurs in Seattle charity, a smile splayed on my face.

This afternoon when I arrived at Toy Shop, Rhodes was waiting for me, excitement brimming from his every pore. He signaled for me to come to look at the website they launched this morning.

True to its name, the charity was set up by anonymous donors who are interested in offering better opportunities to the young people of this city. It fit like a glove with what I wanted to achieve in my life, and frankly, a little too good to be true.

However, since their requirements didn’t involve handing over my bank account or any personal information other than my phone number and email for correspondence—and, duh, my general business plan—I figured I had nothing to lose.

Worst case, someone would steal my idea of a sex shop.

*I know, the novelty of the concept.*

My phone chimes at the exact moment I close the lid on my laptop. I turn from the IKEA dining room table in my studio apartment, heading for the armchair where I tossed my phone after work.

Alistair's name surprises and thrills me, and I'm quick to accept the call. "Hey. I was just about to call you."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

He sent me a lot of sweet and kinky messages throughout the day, ranging from *Send me a picture of your beautiful smile* to *Miss you* and lest we forget my favorites *I'm so hard thinking about you, baby*, and *Are you wet for me?*

I always am.

And there was no one's voice I longed to hear other than his.

"What have you been up to?"

"I had to file this application for a new charity that gifts grants and/or low-rate loans to entrepreneurs around the city. I needed to get it out of the way so I wouldn't obsess about it."

"Sounds like a great initiative. I'm proud of you for taking that step and signing up."

His tone lacks the curiosity I've gotten to recognize in Alistair. I pace around the apartment, my bare feet tapping the hardwood floors with each step. Finally, my head wraps around the answer.

Yup, definitely too good to be true.

"You're the anonymous donor."

Disappointment is a bitter sentiment. Its taste is that of old homemade medicine, the one Mom thrust into my mouth after I resisted trying due to

the foul smell. Another thing about it is, it tended to demolish any other decent taste I had on my tongue.

I flop on the old wooden chair at the dining room table when he doesn't confirm nor deny, opening my computer. "I'm pulling my application."

"Don't you dare, Nola Vickers." His dominant command affects me little to none.

"You lied to me." The *mystery* charity website pops up on my browser. I move my cursor to the red *Cancel Application* button, letting it hover. "You said you'd honor my safeword."

"I am honoring it. I initiated the charity, yes. I am the sole and only donor, that's also a truth. But this is where my role in it ends."

My heart is inclined to hope. My head, carrying the lessons of past mistakes, is far less lenient. "I find it hard to believe you'll be giving a shit ton of money without any pull on the final decision-making process."

"You might've not heard about me or known me for long, so I'm not offended. I will, however, prove to you I'm a man of my word." Around a minute of silence passes. It's the time I need to process what he said, to believe in him. "Check your messages."

I click on the text notification he sent me. In it there's a PDF file of the end of a contract claiming, *The donor of the funds wishes to remain anonymous. He hereby signs away his rights to partake in the selection process at any stage of the way...*

There's a signature at the bottom.

*Chad Chadwick.*

"You see?" The tenderness in him would normally verge on ruining me.

Except, I'm too intrigued to get emotional. "Now that we're together, I have to know what's with the alias?"

He lets out a short laugh, and I picture his smirk making an appearance.  
“It’s a company name, a legal identity.”

“Selling what?” I grip the edge of the table, rocking on the legs of the chair.

“It’s a recording studio for porn movies.”

I’m almost knocked out of my chair, balancing myself last minute.  
“Wow.”

“Yeah. It’s a decent front.”

“An interesting front.”

“Do you really want to keep discussing the porn business I’m running?”

Arousal shoots away any remnant of bitterness at the seduction in Alistair’s tone. “Well, duh. Someday.”

“Not today.”

“No, Alistair.” I smile softly. “Not today.”

“Perfect, since my plan revolves around only the two of us.”

“Which is?”

He says nothing. My expectation for his answer takes up the entire room. He stretches the tension, partly to *punish* me like he had with the belt shoved in my mouth. One day, I’ll have to confess that being turned on isn’t a punishment whatsoever.

But—and quoting Alistair himself—not today.

The ring at the door cuts through the suspense he created.

“You might wanna get that.”

I remember that line. And I walk to the door without saying another word.

A tall, blonde woman stands at the door, an ivory-colored bag in her hand. “Delivery for Miss Vickers.”

Alistair must be so smug right now, listening to his master plan unfold.

“Thank you.” I accept the gift, closing the door behind her, and returning to Alistair. “Am I supposed to open it?”

“Yes. Open it and wear it. You’ll cover yourself in regular clothes, go down to the shop to arrange the order I placed ten minutes ago, and have it delivered to my home with Jeremiah. He’s waiting outside.” The cocky Alistair clashes with the dripping-with-sex one. “More instructions will wait for you at home. Prepare to have each and every hole of your body thoroughly fucked, sweetheart.”

Alistair doesn’t wait for my reply.

He hangs up.

Leaving me all hot and really, terribly bothered.

*Lord, help me.*

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### *Alistair*

“**A**listair?”

Nola’s sweet voice bounces around the house. The clinking of her heels, then their dull thuds, signal that she’s moved out of the foyer and into the living room. Unlike the first time she came to meet me here, I’m not standing at the door to greet her.

While I adore her, changed thanks to her, I’m no less of an inflictor of pain. A part of that pain is the slight uncertainty I’m planting in her.

This will only last a minute. I am, after all, not a monster.

And besides, I couldn’t prolong it even if I wanted to. I’m hurting just the same being away from her.

I tap on the phone to turn on *You Really Got a Hold on Me*, covered by VCTRYs, and it drifts into the hidden speakers across my home. I’m silent in the seconds she’s alone, letting the music wash over her.

She pauses where she’s at, looking around the room. I’m invisible to her in the hallway leading to one of the guest rooms.

That’s not to say she’s invisible to me.

In my phone's CCTV app, I have a clear view of the sexiest woman I've ever laid my eyes on. She has the mass of her wavy, full hair running free down her shoulders. Her body is covered by a floor-length gray cardigan she disposes of as she scours the living room for me. Nola taps into my wishes on her own, aware I'm watching her.

She reveals the black leather corset mini-dress I sent her, the fishnet tights, the black heels. My dick is painfully hard. My hands itch to hurt and love her body and soul, alike. I leave the phone on the floor and step into the living room to meet her.

"Good evening." I rub my chin, assessing her.

"Hey."

"You're a good girl, wearing the clothes I sent you."

My Nola nods, her teeth sink into the bottom lip she painted red, sucking it in.

Pausing my walk about three feet from her, I ask, "You have something for me?"

Her eyes dart to the bag in her hand, almost forgotten, handing it to me.

"Good girl." I take it from her, tossing it to the side.

"I... What?" The confused look while in the black corset only serves to enhance her sensuality.

"Twirl, let me have a look at you." The words are as sharp as a whip, and she immediately does my bidding.

In a slow, erotic show of the sinful outfit I'd bought her, she opens her arms and allows me to examine every inch of her. The front has a silver zipper crossing it, a silk ribbon crisscrosses at the back, and is tied in a bow, symbolizing my hold on her.



“I’m very pleased with how well you tied it.” I meander over to her, trailing an index finger across her mounds to emphasize my point. Her tits are cinched together, spilling over the corset. “Thing is, love—”

Her breath hitches at the name, stirring the soberness in me. A smile cracks, a mere twitch. “You are loved, in case you were wondering.”

“Is this—” She clears her throat. “This is how you’re telling me you love me?”

The next step I take brings us chest to chest. She has to crane her neck up to meet my gaze. Her eyes gloss over, luscious lips opening the lower I descend.

When my mouth is right on hers, I don’t kiss her. “No. That is not how I’ll tell you.”

She goes in to capture my lips, and God does it hurt not to reciprocate. Still, there are other things at play. I’m at her back, tugging slowly on the bow she so elegantly tied at her home, until it’s loose.

“What I’ve been trying to say is,”—I push the corset down so her tits are out, then cut short the air she tries to stream into her lungs, fastening the ribbon and as a result her corset doubly tighter—“it’s not as snug as I intended it to be.”

She struggles to grasp the air she fears she will not have again. I drape her hair to the side, inhaling the scent of argan oil.

“Relax.”

This is the one word none of the women I’ve been with ever heard before. They were silently expected to suffer through on their own. But they were experts, and when I’d cut their breath short, they were acquainted with the process, or at worst safeworded.

Nola is no expert, nor does she use her safe word. Her struggle flares the heat in my groin, draining the blood in my body down south. If you think it'll stop me from having my way with her, how I originally planned, then you haven't been paying attention.

I assume the role I have played these past few weeks. I teach her. My hands skim over her bare arms, mouth talking at the soft spot between her neck and shoulder. "Relax. Breathe. Daddy's here."

Her breathing slows. But there's still a way to go.

"I'll never bring you over the edge." My lips coast down to her bare shoulder, hands flat on her stomach, pinning her to me. "Won't ever demand anything that'd put you at risk."

The declaration gets her to breathe how I intended her to breathe. Short, methodical breaths where she finds her rhythm.

"I know you won't," she pipes out.

My hands travel higher to her neck, wrapping it and drawing her into me. The loops of the corset pierce into my chest, the soft waves of Nola's hair caressing my lungs. I'm on the brink of losing all signs of my sanity.

I draw my lips to her ear, growling, "Who are you breathing for?"

"You." Her throat battles to drink in more air, but in measured gulps now that she knows better. "I breathe for Daddy."

"Damn right you do." Her moan is chopped, the sound the epitome of sex when my teeth mark the side of her neck. "Even with Daddy's cock in your mouth, even when you choke on it, you'll keep breathing. For me."

I spin her, the movement rough. My cock jerks in my jeans, hearing the air blown out of her, at the slight resistance her body puts up. I push her shoulders to lower her to her knees. My defiant, yet docile baby complies.

“I’ve had other plans to start with.” My left hand tugs her chin, instructing her to open her mouth, the right undoing my button and fly. “But you ruined it with your red lipstick.”

My throbbing hard-on is out in her face, followed by another moan Nola fights to exhale. Her sighs of arousal while her breath is restricted are unpracticed, her struggle painfully erotic.

“Suck on me, Nola.” I hold the back of her head, shoving her lips to the glistening head. “I want to see you painting my cock in red while you fucking choke on it.”

Her agreement burns bright in her eyes, in the parting of her lips.

“Such. A. Good. Girl.” I groan each word out to the rhythm I fuck her mouth in. “Almost making me come deep down her throat.”

Nola’s eyes glimmer, her throat gurgles. The few times air filters in is when I allow it. Three forceful strokes, then pulling out. I’m testing her further, pounding into her four times, taking it up to five and six.

I can do it for hours, cum on those round, supple tits, and go at it again. And I will. One day. With a ragged grunt, I pull out of her, wiping a drop of saliva off her chin.

She yelps when I yank her up on her feet, her knees wobbly.

“Come here.” I grab her waist, simultaneously walking out of my jeans and boxer briefs.

Her pliable limbs allow me to scoop her in the air and over my shoulder, to carry her to the empty room I had *renovated* today. The dark space is lit by several candles to set the tone for what I’ll do to her, though with her gaze facing the hall, she can’t see it.

“Got a surprise for you. Close your eyes.”

“Closed,” she affirms what I already knew.

I'm highly in tune with her, a connection I haven't shared with any other lover before Nola. Even though I might not be the best man for a unique, wonderful creature like her, I'll work my damndest toward being the right one.

Besides being completely in tune with one another, there's a heightened level of trust between us. Nola doesn't falter as I shift her to her feet, lowering her to the floor with me. The lush carpet is soft beneath my knees.

I shuck off my shirt, push her to lie down, and tower over her to pull her right wrist up and sideways. The renovation I made? There are four stakes drilled into the floor of the room, a rope is looped around each of them.

For her.

Nola doesn't put up the least bit of resistance when I tie her wrist to the end of it. I halfway hoped there'd be a level of fear in her. Nothing.

Like she expected it, her head thrashes to the side, hips angled higher, seeking friction.

"Greedy." I lay a hand flat on her stomach, shoving her to the floor. The heel of my palm is intentionally on the top of her pussy, challenging her to fight me.

"Alistair," she pants once, then stills herself. Subdued.

I don't respond verbally. My hands go through the motions of tying Nola up in calculated measures. Savagery boils my blood, runs through my veins, and I put every bit of effort into taming it.

The entire day I've fantasized about the ropes on her wrists and ankles, of having her spread-eagle for me. Being rational isn't easy when real life outweighs your dreams.

When I'm done, I lean on my knees between her thighs, admiring my handiwork. My gaze ravages her bare skin and the covered parts in the

sinister outfit.

She sees through me, even behind her closed eyes. “Do I please you, Daddy?”

“Very much so, baby.” The tops of her nipples break to peek out of the corset, she’s breathing so hard.

I bend down, unable to resist the temptation any longer. My length glides along her inner thigh, my lips dipping to her nipple. I give her hardened nub an open-mouthed and filled-with-spit kiss, feeling her body jerk beneath me.

She’s a landmine ready to detonate, and before the night is through, she’ll get much more than she wished for.

It’ll hurt. And we’ll both love it.

“Open your eyes, Nola.” She does, and her blazing chocolatey-brown gaze searches me from her place on the floor. “So you can watch instead of just feel how I’m going to destroy your body with my two bare hands.”

I lick my bottom lip, correcting myself. “*My* body.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

*Nela*

I'm gulping for air, not even screaming. Unable to, even if I tried.

Alistair's teeth latch on my nipple at the same time he thrusts three fingers inside my pussy. The outfit he sent me didn't have underwear with it and the fishnet tights had a hole where the crotch is, making it easy for him to access.

"Jesus, I love your pain." He lifts his head only for a second before returning to tear me apart. "Not for myself. How it builds you. It's fucking beautiful."

I know what he means, and I love it too.

His mouth sucks, bites, and kisses. His fingers ram into me up to the last knuckle. This level of pain shouldn't feel good, but logic isn't in this room with us. It's Alistair and me, and this all-consuming desire clamoring against the walls, pounding into our hearts.

His ruthlessness takes me over the edge, sends me into an orgasm that spears me, opening my soul up for him to catch me.

"Alistair," I cry out, panting and quaking. The ropes bites into my flesh, scraping the skin deeper as my body revels in the most intense climax of

my life. This searing sensation delves into unknown places in my heart, exposes them.

Then makes them better.

“Right here, sweetheart,” says the man who orchestrated this emotional cacophony I’m experiencing.

“Again, Nola.” He demands me to walk past that threshold of agony and take more. He believes in me.

He’s a beast hovering over me, a man so handsome, unlike any other. My eyes are glued to him, my heart tied to his. Even through his torments, he cares. Without an ounce of reprieve to gather myself, Alistair’s mouth is already sucking and devouring my other nipple, tweaking and pinching the sensitive one he left behind between merciless fingers.

From my breast, his rough free hand lurches to my throat, thumb stroking just beneath my chin. The fingers he pins my pussy with to the floor go fast and hard, his thumb tracing tantalizing circles on my clit.

“You know what good girls do, Nola?”

“W—what?” I’m fighting to breathe.

“They come for their Daddy.” The command is delivered with a stroke of his cock on my clit. “Come for me.”

“Oh my fucking God.” I’m done for.

My very being has Alistair tattooed across it. The owner of my orgasms, the master of my heart. My lips pulsate again with the need to scream the name of the man who makes me come as violently as he treats me.

But I can’t. I’m too raw, too breathless, too illuminated by a continuous ache, and elated by inconceivable highs of pleasure.

“Baby.” He rises on top of me, towering in his formidable and cherishing way. His knuckles graze the side of my face, a sinful smirk curving up his

lips. “You’ve been such an outstanding student, and now that our classes are ending—“

I know it’s irrational; I know this doesn’t reflect on *us*. Panic grips me just the same. “You’re not going to touch me after this?”

“I won’t ever stop touching you.” He’s pressing his cock between my lips, grinding on it, from my sopping entrance to my bundle of nerves. “I couldn’t even if I wanted to. But I appreciate your concern.”

My lips round in an O shape.

“Fucking adorable.”

“Oh.” Words evade me. Instead of focusing on myself, I watch him. My orgasm coats his length, glistening and big. Then he’s leaning his entire weight into me. He grinds relentlessly on my pussy, making my mind a convoluted mess.

“What I was about to say is, you’ve been a good student. The best. My only one.” He leans in to kiss me gently, in stark contradiction to the burning sensation at my wrists. “And as a graduation gift, I’ll allow you to choose your favorite toy.”

Articulating what I’ve been fantasizing about takes me less than a millisecond. I gaze up at him with eagerness I can’t control or hide. “The butt plug.”

A thick, dark eyebrow quirks. He stills, lowering his forehead to mine. “Oh, yeah?”

I gaze into the depth of his dark eyes, the duality of his cruel and tender nature reflecting in them. “Yes.”

His cock pierces me, burrowing deep into my pussy. And again. “Beg for it.”

“Please,” I whimper.



“Please what?” Another thrust, unrelenting and mind-boggling.

But words come. “Please, Daddy.”

“That’s it.” The brutal thrashing continues, his lips speaking against mine, “That’s my good girl. That’s how you beg for something.”

I bow up to him, not snaking away from the pain. Learning to love it. Learning, maybe, to love him. But he doesn’t let me for long.

Alistair is up before I get the chance to lose myself in his forceful pounding. I raise my head up and to the side, watching him pace to the corner of the room. The toned muscles weaved through his thighs flex with each step.

His dick is hard and slick, and goddammit, why did I ever ask for the butt plug when I want nothing other than have him and him, alone?

“Don’t worry, I’m coming back.” There’s a slyness to his tone, how he slithered into my head.

He’s holding the butt plug he’d used on me the first time we met, walking up to me. The light from the candles dance and gleam on the pink jewel at the base, giving it a semblance of a diamond.

“I’m glad you chose this one.” Alistair’s eyes flicker from the toy to me. He kneels on the carpet, eyeing my bare opening. “I loved everything about that night, except the torture of not seeing your virgin butthole. It burned me to be withheld from the tender tissues slick and wet, then giving in. I kept going back to that evening, coming so hard to those images.”

He’s situated between my widely spread legs, slowly pushing the cold glass object in and out of my pussy. It isn’t meant for the benefit of my pleasure. I’m aware by now. He’s preparing me and the plug for a brutal penetration.

“Ass up, sweetheart.”

I do. Not high enough, though. In a snap, his fingers clench on my inner thigh, his voice demanding.

“Higher.” He’s pulling me upward as much as the ropes’ restriction will allow.

Alistair is absorbed in his ministrations, fixated on my hole. He wedges the plug inside, twisting and turning, smearing my juices on the tight nerve endings.

My heels dig into the carpet. My attempts to stay high by relaxing my butt and accepting the plug cause my legs to tremble. On any other day, I might’ve yielded, surrendered. Not today.

Failing to please Alistair isn’t even a fleeting consideration. I press my forearms to the carpet, pushing myself higher. The leverage allows me to release my butt cheeks, take in the plug, and make him proud of me.

“That’s my baby.” Alistair flashes a grin that’s there one second, then his all-powerful mask descends on his sharp features. “That pussy and your ass... Damn. I’m going to fuck you Nola, every fucking night. That pretty little cunt and ass are mine.”

His dark and clandestine eyes gravitate to mine. “Hope you’re ready.”

“Yes. Yes.” He doesn’t need my approval, but his commands while painting our future together drive me to blabbering, spitting words, panting heavily.

He stops the swiveling of the plug, pushing it straight in. The pressure on my back hole heightens like a hot rod just slammed into me all the way up to my eyeballs.

“Holy fuck,” I cry.

The agony curls inside me, a fleeting shot of pain that quickly converts into a simmering pleasure.

I open my eyes, searching for Alistair. His erection stands hot and heavy between his thighs, his gaze equally sinful.

“I’ll be working damn hard, Nola.” He pats my clit lightly, maneuvering his sturdy body to come on top of mine. “Damn fucking hard to be worthy of you, every single day.”

Before I can analyze whether he’s talking about me in general or my almost-coming-for-the-hundredth-time face, he’s shoved himself in. He doesn’t waste a minute ramming into me, one forceful stab after the other.

My breasts bounce, and Alistair takes one into his lips. At his lavish attention, the biting and kissing and tugging, my world twists and turns. It goes up and down on a rollercoaster I never want to get off of.

His two muscular arms bracket me, veins cording his biceps, pumping in his forearms the harder he goes. He meets my gaze, locking us in our invisible bond.

“Nola,” he grunts out. “I...fuck.”

With each stroke of his cock, the buildup in my belly grows. It’s ever-evolving, morphing into something unearthly in its magnificence. My ass is blissfully full. My cunt stopped belonging to me, now the exclusive property of Alistair Cromwell. My clit is rubbed and stroked from within, that it’s much like it’s being fucked too.

A droplet of sweat falls from his temple to my chest, the sensitized skin enhancing the sensation tenfold.

“I love you, Nola.”

The unimaginable happens. I understand that whatever I’ve been feeling so far was utterly meaningless, compared to the elation his words provoke.

They’re said between angry grinds that pin me to the carpet, as I’m being thrust so either my wrists or ankles are being pulled. But it overrides any-

freaking-thing happening, landing in my ears, divine, and life-altering at once.

“You hear me?” He goes harder, his husky voice cradling my heart. “I love your powerful side, your wounded side. I love how you burn for me and ask for fucking more, how with one glance you chase away my demons. I fucking love you, Nola. I’m all the way in, crazy fucking in love with you.”

For a second, I hate my restraints. I wish I could grip either side of his face, for my fingers to be prickled by his beard. To pull him to my lips to announce the feeling is inexorably mutual, the same as he’s been showing me.

Another day.

“I love you.” I glare at him, transferring the touch he’s prohibiting from me. The words tumble into the room in a breathless sigh, given the way he’s pounding the air right out of my lungs. “I love you. For just,”—sigh —“being you.”

His hand reaches my throat, thumb stroking my windpipe. “Again. Mean it this time.”

The pressure emanating from the inside of my pussy intensifies. I know he’s going to come any minute now, and I’ll be damned if I’m not the one driving him over the edge.

“I love you. I fucking love you.” My throat is sore, voice is wretched. My determination doesn’t disappoint me, conquering both.

Alistair’s lips curve into a half-smirk, half-snarl. His hand snakes to my swollen, damp clit, his fingers rubbing the aching bud. His penetrating glare is a silent command, saying *Come*.

“Kiss me,” I beg, not wanting to end this without his lips on mine.

Despite this being completely out of character for him, he does. The softness of his lips complements the harsh pounding, the tugging on my hair. I'm floating into the light at the most epic of moment in my entire existence.

Fear doesn't hold me captive anymore. Alistair does.

He joins my undulating body, his calculated hammering into me turning into an inelegant and yet oh-so-fucking-sexy jerking of his hips. Once he's done, his head drops to my neck, lips tasting my damp skin like he can't get enough.

Truth is, neither can I.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TWENTY

*Nola*

A listair carries me out of the dark room and into a bedroom I hadn't slept in the last time I was here. My eyes are droopy, my breath slow, limbs heavy in his arms. I circle his neck with my hands, snuggling closer to his shirtless chest.

A sugarcane-sweet gaze encapsulates his eyes as he looks down at me. His bare feet pad the carpeted floor, his voice even softer than that. "What's that smile for, Miss Nola?"

*Is it crazy to say that I haven't noticed I'm smiling? Fuck, I'm so far gone for this man.*

"You, probably."

"Probably?" One eyebrow elevates along with the side of his lips. He places me on the bed, pulling the covers over me.

They're made of silk, black with the same gold stitches that were in the other room we slept in. This one is on the other side of the house, more expansive and personal. There's a reading corner by the window wall, a large brown leather armchair next to a mahogany corner bookshelf obscuring a part of the vast window.

It provides the room coziness, reflecting the tender, homebody side of Alistair.

And I love it, same as the rest of him.

“Only you.”

He takes a seat beside me, blocking some views of the library.

I could care less.

I tug at both sides of his face like I wanted to do, lying on the carpet, pulling him to me. His grunt revives me. No longer worn out, bruised, and docile, I kiss the living hell out of him. My lips mold to his, my tongue giving way to the smooth texture of his as it invades my lips.

My man climbs onto the bed, then on top of me. His boxer briefs tent, his cock nudging my inner thigh, teasing the sensitive center. He might be forty-two, he might not act his age too anywhere else.

Here, now, with me, Alistair is a ravenous college boy. Not satisfied for long, ready to go and so am I.

So.

Am.

I.

...

Not?

He turns us to have me on top of him, exposing me to something I missed until now. On the right nightstand, three framed photos are organized to face the bed. I can tell they're old, the low quality reserved for ancient film cameras and Alistair's youth betraying their age.

But he's not alone.

Next to him in each of the three photos is a stunning young woman. Her hair runs in long blonde waves down her back, her curvy figure must have

been the source of envy to many.

Her eyes, the rich hue of maple syrup in them, are aimed at him. Admiring him.

“Who’s this?”

It sounds accusatory, though I really didn’t intend it to. Or did I? My emotions are an unchecked mess, and my insecurities latch on to the opening it provides.

My brain reverts to the dangerous comfort zone it’s resided in since I was fifteen; sex isn’t safe. Sex gets me into tight corners, into confusion and heartache.

I love Alistair. The side of him he allowed me into.

What about the hidden one?

He doesn’t answer. His chest caves in, the corners of his eyes slanting downward.

His hand lifts to my cheek. A haven a minute ago turns into a red flag, a warning sign.

The longer he’s silent, the more I’m reverting to crime documentaries I’ve watched. The serial killers severely obsessed with the one who got away, the one who broke their hearts into shreds. How they hunt for their lookalikes and teach them a lesson.

And while Alistair doesn’t strike me as the murderous type, I admit I don’t know what to make of this.

I avert to the left, pulling from his touch, and stumble to the other side of the bed.

“Nola…”

“What is this, Alistair?” Stress tears well behind my eyes, my lungs struggling to function. “Is this some sick game, you trying to replicate your



ex?”

“Nola, please.” His tone lacks his usual aplomb. “It’s hard for me.”

“Ha.” I croak out an indignant laugh. I’m not mocking him; I’m scared shitless, taking another step back. “What about me? What about my feelings? What am I supposed to think when you’re not saying anything?”

He stares at the bed before returning his wounded eyes to me.

“Please explain this to me.” My scarred heart and lips beg him in unison. “It can’t... I refuse to let it end. I’m sure there’s a decent explanation for all of this, and you have to give it to me.”

His forehead crinkles. “It might tear us apart, either way. Fuck. I brought you here because I didn’t want to hide it anymore. I just didn’t imagine how excruciating it’d be to attach words to the photos.”

This isn’t my Alistair. Then again, I’m not the Nola he met a few weeks ago. I’m alive, thanks to him. And I can’t be that ungrateful, to have him care for me and aid in obliterating my shitty past, only to not stop for a minute and breathe. To listen.

On shaky feet, I return to the bed. I clasp his hands in mine, both of us on our knees, naked, loving. “Whatever happened, it was long ago. I won’t freak out unless it’s the ex you can’t get out of your head.” I offer a shy smile to lighten the mood. “Or if you killed her. It would kinda be a hard pill to swallow.”

His features set into stone—eyes harden, lips flatten into a thin line, jaw tics. “What if I told you I have?”

We’re silent, painfully silent. My eyes search his for the lie. He gives me nothing.

“You can’t,” I peep, body quivering. “N—no, not you.”

“Yes, me.”

“No!” I shout to his face, my disbelief demanding I undo the last five minutes. “You’re not a killer. You can’t be.”

“But I am. I killed my sister, Connie. Then my parents.”

My head is shaking violently. I feel my brain jostling inside. “You couldn’t have.”

“I have. I started a chain of circumstances, ending up with the three of them dead. I killed them.” He sucks in air, his hard chest quivering.

“Twenty years ago, I was fresh out of college. Getting into the solar panel industry wasn’t simply to have a job, it was my obsession. I did my research and knew my product would have to outshine the competition. It had to be special, something else. I locked myself in my parents’ basement in Mississippi twenty-four-seven, laboring over an innovation that’d change the solar panel world.”

The emotion returning to his eyes solidifies my belief. He’s never so much as laid a hand on a fly, but he still carries guilt.

“One day, my mom asked me to join Connie and her friends at a new lake they hadn’t been to yet. Connie told her they’ll just hang out, swim, but Mom knew better. Connie was a spitfire. She loved diving into the sea from cliffs, was good at it, too. After many jumps, I trusted her to go alone, prioritizing my work.”

He sounds disgusted with himself. I refuse to have it, placing my hands on his shoulders and tugging him to me.

“No. I don’t deserve your compassion.” He collapses to the bed, lying against the headboard. Undeterred, I follow him, holding on to him. “She was twenty-one, young, with her whole life ahead of her. If I’d only been there, had I only played the role of the responsible adult and scoured the

water to check it wasn't too shallow, she wouldn't have died. She'd be here today, her and my parents."

Fury verging on madness boils in him, pouring outside in waves. "A month later, our mother's heart couldn't stand the pain and failed her, dad a week behind. My neglect wasn't punishable by law, but God ensured I pay."

"Alistair. You've done nothing wrong. It's no one's fault. You couldn't have known." I weep now, tears gushing.

He can't stand to see me like this, folding me into his arms. "I was her older brother, the one responsible for her. I should have been there. That's why I fled Mississippi and my remaining sister, Jolene, behind. Why I poured myself into my work."

A warm palm cups my jaw, angling my head upward. "It's why I get off on violence. The power I exert, proving to nature I could be just as ruthless and still keep the women alive and well and goddamn happy. These are my small wins. How I cope."

More tears slip down my cheeks, and I let them. The concerns in my heart are too big to swallow, too consuming to let the air out.

"What is it, baby?" He bends to kiss me, stopping himself. "Don't be afraid to tell me it's too much, that I'm wrong for you. I already know I am."

"What will become of us when you get bored with me? Is that what happened to the other girls?"

"Nola, you're nothing like them." The hand on my cheek tightens, calling me to listen. "The women I met for these purposes were great people, but what we had was an arrangement. I admitted from day one I was done with it, and I was. You're not another arrangement, another means to an end."

Your innocence, your inner beauty, your belief in me, I love every bit of it. I love you. I'll never tire of you."

I sniff, lips twisting. "How can you be so sure?"

"Nola." His lips press firmly to my forehead. "Just the thought of you walking out the door—I will never recover from it. It'll wreck me." He moves back, searching my gaze. "You can, though, and I won't hold you to it, but it'd crush me. That's how I know."

Amid this turbulent situation, I regain absolute clarity. "I'd be crushed to be without you, too. I want to figure out life together. Do you think we could do that?"

His smile is immediate. It's not his sly smirk or wicked grin. It's a radiant smile, reaching his eyes. Contagious. "Nola, we could do anything you want. Together."

Before his lips land on mine, I glance at the photos on the nightstand one more time. I promise Connie that with me, her brother will get his peace.

## EPILOGUE

*Alistair*

*Two years later*

“**Y**ou got this, baby.” I look fiercely into Nola’s eyes. She’s dripping with sweat from the exertion, her eyes the epitome of pain.

Christ, I love this woman.

“You’ve taken so much, such a good girl. Just a little more.”

“Alistair!” she hollers my name.

What a beautiful ring there is to this sort of ache, more than the others preceding it.

As equally perfect as the one that follows. Our baby is thrust into the water pool we had ready at home, right into my hands. His little face crumples before belting out his wonderful scream into the world.

Clapping booms around me—Nola’s parents, Jolene, the two midwives, and the doctor. Our two families have become a joint big one over the last two years, Nola and Jolene forming a connection deeper than that of sisters-in-law. They’re virtually best friends, and Nola insisted she be here when our son came into the world.

But I can’t seem to care about anyone except my wife and our newborn.

“Congratulations, Mom.” I hand him over to her eager arms. I’m crouched on the floor in sweats and a T-shirt, scooting closer.

I hug her, kiss her hair, forehead, and cheek. I’m beside myself, and I don’t care.

In place of death, Nola has brought me life for the second time. I sat in an emotional jail for years, disgusted and hating myself. This woman freed me from the heaviest of burdens. I still felt guilt, but alongside her and through therapy, we’re making it work.

Nola makes life perfect. What more could a man ask for?

“Conrad.” Nola’s eyes are drowning in tears, bracing him to her naked chest, flourishing him with kisses of her own.

Five months after we exchanged the first I love yous, I proposed to Nola. Forty-three lurked just around the corner, and with both of us madly in love, there was no actual use in waiting.

Besides making me the happiest man in the world and marrying me, my valiant bride received the grant for her business, fair and square. Her shop, We Love You, took up fast. It has this young, vibrant, and caring feel to it, like only she could give it.

Clients of all races, genders, sexual orientations, and income levels like she intended flock to the shop. It gives me so much damn pride calling this woman my wife.

It gives equal levels of joy to call her the mother of my child, even before we laid eyes on our baby. When we found out we were pregnant, Nola collapsed into me in a hug. She said what only a caring, compassionate woman like her could, *If it’s a girl, we’ll name her Connie, if it’s a boy, Conrad.*

I’m the luckiest fucker in the world.

“Conrad, my baby.” She cradles him, rocking him gently. Her motherly instincts blossom before my eyes, and it’s fucking magic. “Mom and Dad love you so much, you know that?”

He answers her with a loud cry, his cute eyes squeezed tight.

Her gaze wanders to me, briefly. “Do you think that’s a yes, Daddy?”

“I do.” I kiss her one last time before we go back to the real world. “But in case he ever forgets, we’ll remind him every day.”

“Yes, we will.” Her eyes glimmer, a wave of fresh tears of elation decorating them. “I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you, my wife. Always.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

Thank You!

Thank you so much for reading *Toy Shop*!  
If you loved Alistair and Nola's sexy shenanigans, I would be eternally  
grateful for your review ♥

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)



## About the Author

Writing edgy spicy novellas, addicted to HEAs, and an avid plant lady.

### **Stay in Touch!**

Newsletter for new release updates and giveaways: <https://bit.ly/3c3K2nt>

Instagram: <https://bit.ly/3QQ3Nh4>

TikTok: <https://www.tiktok.com/@evamarkswrites>

Facebook Group: <https://bit.ly/3LnFpln>

BookBub: <http://bit.ly/3AhNcgv>

Website: <https://www.evamarkswrites.com/>

Email: [authorevamarks@gmail.com](mailto:authorevamarks@gmail.com)

[OceanofPDF.com](https://OceanofPDF.com)

Coming December 28, 2022

*A New Year's Toy (Adult Games #2)*

**Paris, here we come.**

I'm living my dream life. With a hot, caring boyfriend and a self-owned adult toy shop, I'm the happiest I've ever been. But I can't rest. Now that I have my shop, I want to evolve, to add new items you can't find in the US.

Exclusive additions to my shop that are only available in Paris, the city of love.

This New Year's Eve, Alistair, will join me on this business trip. My sweet sadist, my Daddy. My soulmate. My teacher of all things naughty. Whether I'm wearing my business suit...

Or not.

Click to pre-order

[OceanofPDF.com](https://OceanofPDF.com)

Have you read the Blue series?

**Little Blue, Book 1, order here**

I worked for Hudson Kent for years.

He's not a man you refuse.

But I did.

Because no matter how much I wanted him, chasing the sexy, older CFO would've ruined the reputation I worked so hard to build. It just wasn't a risk I was willing to take.

Until now.

Hudson isn't my boss anymore. There's nothing stopping us from acting on our mutual attraction and acting out every dirty fantasy we've ever had.

So, if he calls me now, there's only one reply I can give.

Yes, Sir.

**TW:** Bondage, BDSM, a bit of degradation.

**Little Blue, Book 2, order here**

**This holiday he plans on a special trick and treat for her...**

After overcoming our differences, I'm finally engaged to Hudson, my old boss and millionaire CFO.

We're madly in love and I can't complain when he constantly cherishes, coddles me and says I'm his good girl. I can't and won't, even if I miss his harsh domineering side at times.

But my fiancé, who reads me like a book, can tell I have doubts, and he knows just how to put them to rest.

This Halloween, at an adult club party, Hudson will show me and everyone around once and for all exactly what my Sir is made of.

**TW:** Bondage, BDSM, pet play, sex club, exhibitionism, a bit of degradation and a whole lot of love.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)