

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

RENE
WEBB

*KIDNAPPED.
IMPRISONED.
BETRAYED.*

UNCOVERING

MACKAY INTERNATIONAL #1

Lily

UNCOVERING LILY

RESCUED BY THE BILLIONAIRE ROMANCE
BOOK 1

RENE WEBB

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For: *All my Game Night friends.*

UNCOVERING LILY

A BILLIONAIRE ROMANTIC SUSPENSE

Will one night be enough to win her trust to save her?

A Kidnapped College Student

While studying abroad, I was drugged, kidnapped, and imprisoned . . . in a Hong Kong brothel. After several failed attempts to escape, I know my time is running out. My innocence is about to be sold to the highest bidder.

A Billionaire CEO

My plan was to meet an investor at the upscale brothel, and immediately return to Boston. That was until I uncovered Lily. I recognized her instantly, but she had no memory of me.

Now I only have one night to claim her and rescue her from her captors.

Will one night be enough for him to win her trust, to rescue her?

LILY

Mid-April – Hong Kong

The sounds of partying and sex have finally ended, and the house has grown silent. Sneaking out should be easy.

Grasping the door handle with a shaking hand I whisper to myself, “It’s now or never.”

The knob turns, and the door thankfully opens—my captors haven’t locked me in the small prison-like room. Two days ago, at least I think it was, I woke up disoriented from whatever drugs they had injected me and with the worst hangover I have ever experienced. *Last year’s tequila-fueled New Year’s doesn’t even compare!*

The small room swam in front of my eyes, and I was too dizzy to comprehend what was really going on. I only knew one thing: I had been kidnapped. I have since been able to deduce that I’m most likely not in Paris. They aren’t speaking French, rather what I assume is Chinese Mandarin, so I have not understood a fucking word they’ve said to me through the drugged-induced haze.

Last semester I should have taken Mandarin instead of fucking French. It would’ve been a hell of a lot more useful! Who needs to speak French anyway? Most of the French I met in Paris spoke at least some English, and many of those were eager to practice their English with me.

Once the fog started lifting from my mind, I drank every drop of water they gave me to try and flush out whatever drug they'd injected me with. I also exaggerated the effects, making them think the drugs were still having an effect on me. By last night I felt almost human again.

Now it's time for my escape.

From looking out the small window, I know that I am being held on the third floor of a large residential home. I feel pretty confident in my abilities since I have had plenty of practice sneaking in and out of my house in high school. I have been eagerly waiting until the house quiets. Hopefully, everyone is asleep.

I'm still wearing the same black dress I was kidnapped in, but my shoes have gone missing, so I tiptoe out of the room barefoot. The long hallway has several doors on either side, and in the darkness, I can make out a staircase on the far end. Slowly I make my way down the hall, keeping in the shadows and using the rug running its length to muffle my footsteps. I inch my way toward the stairs and slowly descend to the landing, leaning my weight onto the railing so my steps are lighter on the treads, until I enter another long hallway.

This one is brighter, and it's not long before I come to another railing overlooking the open entryway. There I see the early morning sun coming through the windows. The large front door is in sight! My heart is pounding in my chest so loud I can almost hear it.

I move slowly toward the staircase but freeze when I see a large man dressed in a suit walking to the door and standing by it like a sentry. After several eternity-like seconds, he touches his ear almost as if someone is speaking to him and moves off down an adjacent hallway until I can no longer see him. I quickly hurry down the stairs. Throwing open the door, I bolt outside and down the cement steps, ignoring my feet protesting the cold and rough terrain.

I make it down the driveway and come to a decorative gate. I attempt to push it open, only to find it locked. *Fuck*. I am forced to crouch down in order to crawl under. I wince as I scrap my palms against the icy broken concrete. My dress's flimsy material barely covers my knees and I can feel it beginning to tear. Once on the other side, I attempt to stand only to snag my dress on one of the gate's unwelcoming spikes. Panicking, I tug myself loose, ripping a hole in the

back of my dress.

Shaking and sweating, but not wanting to risk being caught, I continue to run down the busy sidewalk.

I don't get too far when I freeze in my tracks. A black car has pulled up in front of me and several large men in black suits get out. I turn to run the opposite direction, only to run directly into more men.

One of the men picks me up and carries me over his shoulder. I kick, scream, and fight as they drag me back to the house. The street is busy, and pedestrians pass by, but no one attempts to stop them.

They take me through the back door and into what I now know is the holding room for any drunk or abusive clients. They are careful not to hit my face as they beat me with wooden canes, and laugh at my expense as I curl into a tight ball, protecting myself.

I am then forced into my now familiar closet, with only a pillow and blanket. I can barely move or breathe.

I'm stuck. Trapped.

Beaten.

But not raped. Yet.

The following morning, I am dragged out of my closet and taken to see the overseer, a balding middle-aged man who runs the house.

"You behave, or I have you beaten again," he says, spitting and jabbing a fat finger in my face. "Until Sir comes for you, you work for me now."

Since every man who enters the house is called "Sir," this doesn't tell me anything.

The only thing I can do is keep breathing—no matter how painful it is.

After my escape attempt yesterday, I've come to realize that I need to learn as much as possible about my surroundings before I attempt another escape.

Lying alone on the floor of this tiny, stuffy, closet with only a pillow, blanket, and my thoughts for company, I try to piece together what is happening to me and why. The rest of the day I sink into despair and silently cry myself to sleep unable to control my emotions. But I quickly realize that this isn't going to help me escape.

The next day no one will tell me why I am being held captive. And I have asked, repeatedly. The other inhabitants of the house barely speak to me, unless to issue an order in broken English, although they jabber away behind my back. And by their tone and gestures, I know they aren't saying how much they love having me here. *So why am I?*

All the women, from the maids who cook and clean to the girls who service the gentlemen, all seem to be here of their own free will. They smile, laugh, and eagerly greet the men who visit. None of them are locked in at night to prevent their escape.

As the days pass, I'm able to piece together several things, one being my location. After hearing one of the gentlemen talking to another I've figured out that I am now in Hong Kong. How I got here from Paris I still have no fucking clue. I don't dare ask any of the men who visit for help. They barely acknowledge my existence, except to try and cop a feel or order a drink.

Nothing makes sense.

At first, I thought that I was being held captive for ransom. My late father's company, *MacKay International*, is a multi-million dollar corporation and one of the largest textile importers in the country. Clearly, this isn't the case otherwise I would be free.

My throat tightens and my chest painfully seizes whenever I think of my family. They must be going crazy wondering where I am and what has happened to me. I imagine my stepfather, James, and cousin, Peter, are frantically scouring the globe looking for me. And my poor mother, who's already lost so much, is probably sick with worry and pretending nothing is wrong.

I need to get home to them. *Now, all I have to do is figure out how!*

FINN

The tiny doorman pushes open the heavy, solid wood door. Upon entering the cold interior of the McMansion's large entryway, I am met by my host Robert Ban who says jovially, "Mr. Finch I'm so glad you were able to make it."

I have no desire to be in a Hong Kong brothel, but it is important that I meet with Robert and ingratiate myself with him. No matter how distasteful I may find my surroundings.

"Call me Finn," I tell him, reaching out to take his pudgy hand in a firm handshake. You can tell a lot about a person from their handshake: whether they are weak and easily manipulated, or if they are aggressive and overly self-assured. Robert's handshake is a happy medium.

"Let's get business out of the way, and then we can relax and enjoy the night's entertainment." He smiles, leading me into a small sitting room and flopping down on the overly stuffed couch. I sink into the chair kitty-corner to him and attempt to relax.

My business partner, Peter Stein, had put me in contact with Robert, who is now the Chief Operating Officer (COO) of his family's tech firm, *Ban and Sons*, telling me he would make an excellent contact for the private deal we have been working on.

Peter and I have known each other since our days at Cambridge and have recently been working on combining some of our business interests. His uncle,

who he'd been like a son to, passed away five years ago, but he'd verbally and privately promised Peter a piece of his company, *MacKay International*. Although Peter is now a large shareholder and member of the board of directors, the new CEO limits his power thus complicating our efforts to merge. The company's manufacturing interests would pair perfectly with my transportation company, and it's been our goal to combine them into a new, larger, more powerful corporation.

We haven't given up. After several years, despite the complications, we have raised the capital we need and are working on finding some struggling manufacturing corporations we can take over at a discount price. We also need a state-of-the-art tracking system for our new company, to more efficiently track our products from manufacturing to transport and distribution. That's where Robert and his company come in.

But right now I'm exhausted. Since I left Boston, the last two days have been non-stop traveling and meetings. It started with a contentious brunch in DC with several overpaid lawyers, followed by unproductive cocktails in Chicago, and then a red-eye to San Francisco before flying here to Hong Kong only to be swept up into more mind-numbing meetings where nothing ever seemed to be accomplished.

I am beginning to seriously question the viability of several of the companies whose CEO's I met with over the past two days. These men had very little interest in actually discussing anything business related unless I came prepared to agree with them *carte blanche*, and instead of negotiating they attempted to impress me with their golf handicaps. If you have time to play enough fucking golf to have that good a handicap, then you must not take your company too seriously. And I won't be giving you any of my fucking money or contracting you to work for my company.

Not surprisingly, it was the women-run textile companies I met with this morning over breakfast which had their fucking shit together and came to the table ready to actually negotiate. With them, I was able to make several lucrative deals. Afterward, they probably went out to buy knockoff handbags and shoes, because every smart businessperson knows when to cut corners, and I got ready

to meet Robert and come to this fucking overpriced brothel.

This isn't your typical low-rent establishment. For security and secrecy, you aren't even told where you are. A driver picks you up at your hotel, and then you are driven in a dark sedan with blackened windows to the destination. If it was my business and I wanted to avoid being found, I'd also have a number of houses across the city. That way I could change locations at unpredictable times, but not have to cease normal operations. Not that I would ever own a brothel. I may be a lot of things, but I'm not a whoremonger.

A waitress, who I am assured by Robert does not understand English, brings us drinks, and we quickly get down to business. From Peter's intel, I know that Robert's company is in talks with our major competitor and it is up to me to get him interested in our fledgling company, to convince him there is more potential growth with us. *Ban and Sons* has not only the technology but also the infrastructure to handle our needs.

Our meeting isn't long, and I am struck by how intelligent and diligent my host is when discussing business. He came actually willing to negotiate and have a productive conversation. We may not have come to any finite terms, but I'm well on the way to convincing him that his company should work with me. *I like him already.*

Once our meeting has concluded, we walk down the hall and enter a large cigar-smoke-filled lounge. I am surprised to see the CEO of one of my company's largest subcontractors, *LDC Limited*, there with several of his associates. They are sitting on the large soft leather sofas and chairs in front of a small raised platform where several women are dancing, as close to the action as possible.

I choose the couch furthest away and closest to the long bar that runs the length of the room. Robert drops down next to me and looks around the room expectantly. Casually peering at my watch, I wonder when I can make my exit without insulting my host. I got what I came for—a private, productive meeting with Robert. Now it's time to leave.

"Sir. You are back," a tiny woman says excitedly in Mandarin, trotting over as fast as her heels can take her. She wraps her slender arms around Robert's

neck and sits on his lap. I watch as his face brightens and he blushes with the attention. The tart is barely dressed and has enough makeup caked on for ten women. Definitely not my type. I prefer my women with a natural look.

“What can I get you, sir?” a soft, quivering female voice asks in perfect English, catching my full attention and making my head snap up and look at its owner. Beneath the mounds of dark makeup, nervous green, *familiar*, eyes stare back at me.

Fuck!

I shake my head, still not believing what—*whom*—I see standing before me. It cannot possibly be Peter’s cousin. I have seen plenty of pictures of her throughout the years, and her resemblance to my friend is undeniable. There have been no rumors of her missing, and my friend would have told me. *Is it really Lily MacKay?* I need to come up with a way to get this girl alone, to find out for sure.

“Sir?”

“A scotch, but only one ice cube.” I take a deep breath and suppress the building anger within. I would bet money, something I rarely do, that Lily is not here because she wants to be. Fuck, there is no way I can leave now! Peter knew I wouldn’t, couldn’t possibly, leave without her. This insane, whirlwind trip Peter coerced me into taking is starting to make perfect sense.

“I have never seen an American here before,” Robert says in perfect French, surprising me. His serious scowl and switching to another language that presumably many around us don’t understand quickly tells me he also senses something is off.

“Don’t worry,” I reply in the same language. “I’ll make sure she is okay.”

He nods his head, seeming satisfied with my answer and is quickly distracted by the woman on his lap who is kissing his neck and touching and stroking his chest. One of the other tarts moves to sit on my lap, but I gently push her off, crossing my legs to discourage any further attempts.

Lily soon reappears next to my chair holding a tumbler of my favorite amber liquid.

“Thank you,” I say politely as Lily hands me the drink. When our fingertips

touch, a warm spark floods through me. I know it's not the alcohol; I haven't even taken a sip yet. When I look up, I catch her gazing down at my left hand as if looking for something. It is not the first time I have caught a woman checking to see if I am married.

From my vantage point, I can see a majority of the room. Pretending to be entranced by the performance on the stage, like the rest of the men, I let my gaze follow Lily around the room. She serves several men drinks, and they barely acknowledge her. The ones that do, she deftly sidesteps their wandering hands like a pro. Several of the men who casually attempt to molest her are the same fucking men I have done business with—*not anymore*.

I make a point of ignoring her. You never know with some of these competitive assholes, they might notice my interest and then automatically decide Lily must be worth having. Or worse, they could recognize her. Several of them have had dealings with her late father's company. Hopefully, she hasn't recognized any of them either.

It is safer for everyone if she is just another tart to them. Part of the exorbitant entrance fee went toward anonymity with the management. When Robert arranged our night out, he assured me that no one but those in attendance—who I already knew—would know who I was.

Lily leaves the room for several minutes, and when she returns with a platter of crab cakes, I smile as I watch her quickly devour one. Having taken several myself, I know how delicious they are.

After spending entirely too long fending off the other women who are throwing themselves at me, their nauseating perfume making me dizzy as they invade my space and attempt to grope me repeatedly, I decide it is time to figure out a way to get Lily alone.

Rising, I walk over toward the man standing in the corner who is watching everything. After a quick conversation and an exchange of even more money, my entrance fee didn't include private entertainment, I walk back to finish my drink assured that Lily would be waiting for me in a room upstairs when I'm ready.

Picking up my glass, I take the final sip. Out of the corner of my eye, I watch

as the overseer roughly grabs Lily's arm and pulls her aside. No doubt he's telling her that she has a customer for the evening. He walks away from her, and Lily looks around the room seeming nervous before quickly leaving.

It is growing late and several of the men, Robert included, have started drifting away upstairs with the women. They say goodnight with overly aggressive handshakes and promises for future meetings. I sit and bide my time, not wanting to seem eager or complicit in their activities. Silently observing.

LILY

“S tand,” a steely American voice growls from the shadow of the doorway; the sound is quickly followed by the finality of the door banging closed.

I scamper off my knees to stand on the bearskin-inspired rug at the foot of the large metal bed frame. A mountain of a man steps forward into the dimly lit room. My heart pounds in a tattoo of fear as he comes forward, towering over me.

Instantly I recognize the sinfully good-looking man, with his shaggy jet-black hair, golden eyes, full lips, and scruffy eyebrows. The custom-made dark gray suit he’s wearing hugs his body perfectly and a blood-red tie offsets it with a similarly colored swatch of fabric in his breast pocket.

Downstairs with the other million and billionaires, he seemed so bored and disinterested. While the rest of the men were groping the other women, pulling them into their laps and demanding services; he sat there with a cold, indifferent stare. I watched as he brushed aside the advances of some of the more aggressive women. Pushing them off his lap, grabbing the wrists of wandering hands, and ignoring their presence. The man fascinated me.

I have been held captive in this house for nineteen days and counting. During all that time, I have never seen a man come in and not partake of what was offered—*what they had paid for*. I have learned that the women get a bonus if one of the men requests a room with them.

The group this man was with had been relaxing in the large communal lounge downstairs. Whenever I enter that room its muted lighting, dark colors, and lingering stale odor make my stomach clench. Here they smoke cigars and drink expensive top-shelf booze.

As usual, the men started out their evening by discussing business in small groups over hors-d'oeuvres and cocktails. Several days ago, one overindulgent sweaty man had complained angrily to the overseer about my serving them during their meeting. Because I understand English, unlike the other girls, he thought I could be a corporate spy. *If only!* Since then, I have, happily, been relegated to working behind the bar and in the kitchens during the first portion of the evening.

Once any backdoor corporate deals are made, the real entertainment begins, and I am back serving drinks, food, and working hard to avoid being groped. I have tried my hardest to blend into the background. Even though I stand out dramatically from the other women, it's surprisingly not too difficult. Despite my green eyes, wavy light-brown hair, and translucent Irish skin, along with my curves and five-foot-five-inch stature which sets me apart from the native population, most of the men ignore me. And I couldn't be happier.

It was while I served this man that I took the opportunity to observe him, and against my better judgment, I found him attractive. For some unknown, *insane*, reason I felt an invisible pull toward him. I hate myself for it. I don't want to feel drawn to a man who would spend the GDP of a tiny nation so he could visit a Hong Kong brothel.

Plus, this man needing the house's services makes no sense—*like at all*. Unlike some of his companions, who clearly weren't going to get a woman unless they paid for one, he could easily go to any bar or club and attract a willing woman.

During the several hours we were all downstairs, I found myself watching him closely and making a mental list of everything I learned. One discovery I made was that he likes his scotch with only one ice cube, not the three or four that usually fill a glass. He also seemed to enjoy the mini crab cakes, if the amount of them he ate was any indication. Having stolen several of them myself,

I would have to agree they were delicious. The house has an amazing restaurant-style kitchen and a chef that caters to any of the client's tastes, no matter the time day or night.

The man also seemed to only be on friendly terms with the short, pudgy man who had accompanied him. The rest of the gentlemen, like the girls, he mostly ignored, though several of the gentlemen clearly wanted to impress him. The man's face had been a cold mask of indifference the entire evening.

I had briefly wondered if he was married, not that it stopped any of his companions from enjoying themselves. When I handed him his drink, I noticed a lack of a wedding band. This could mean nothing, since not all men wear bands, but if my husband looked like this man, he would be wearing a huge one—telling the world he is taken. *Maybe he's gay?*

This is the first time that any man has requested me, and I never imagined it would be this man stepping through the door. I'm surprised. The entire time we were downstairs the only words he said to me was a polite "thank you" as I served him. He barely even looked at me. Why did he request a room with me?

If I'm honest with myself, I'm a little—a *lot*—relieved. He's at least not old, fat, or a disgusting combination of the two. And I admit, begrudgingly, that he is sinfully attractive. The thought of this man touching, kissing, and penetrating me doesn't make my skin crawl or my stomach bubble with acid. It scares me, but maybe if I close my eyes, I can pretend we met during a night of clubbing and this is all my own choice. *Or maybe not.*

The overseer told me to wait in this room kneeling properly liked I'd been taught, and I was to do whatever the man told me to, or else I'd get another—*worse*—beating. My sense of self-preservation is high, which is why I've done exactly what I was told—for now.

I figure the more I play along, the longer I survive and the greater chance I have of figuring out a way to escape. Fighting this man would only make things worse. It's much harder to escape when you're bruised and broken. I learned that the hard way.

From the way he's looking at me there is no question what he wants. His eyes are sparkling with pleasure as they take in my scantily clad body. *Definitely*

not gay. The heat of his stare has my traitorous body reacting.

The man steps closer, invading my space, and his warm spicy cologne fills my senses, something I had not noticed downstairs. He reaches out and fists my hair tightly, forcing me to look up into his golden eyes.

“Your name?” His voice is deep and commanding.

“Lily,” I manage to answer, my voice quivering in fright.

“Lily what?” The man shakes my head slightly as if trying to knock the answer out of me.

“MacKay, Lily MacKay,” I gasp out.

His grip on my hair loosens, and he takes a half a step backward. The man’s gaze is transfixed on me, and what was once an emotionless expression morphs into a tight scowl.

I have never noticed a man’s eyebrows before. His are dark, full, and expressive, telegraphing his every thought and emotion. Right now he is both angry and confused.

“Who are you?” I ask, mustering courage I don’t really possess.

“You can call me, Sir,” he states coolly. A ghost of a smile flits across his face and then it’s gone, replaced by his eyebrow-scrunching scowl—a scowl I’m trying my hardest not to find attractive.

LILY

“**H**ow’d you come to be here?” he asks with slow precision. The frown lines on the man’s forehead deepen, and his fingers flex in my hair, tightening his hold. I gasp as the pull of my hair becomes painful.

Unsure how to handle the situation or the man, I decide to answer truthfully, “I-I was kidnapped three weeks ago in Paris.”

Then with a wave of panic, I sputter out, “My family would pay a lot of money to know where I am.”

“Do I look like I’m in need of funds?” His voice is almost casual, conversational, lit with humor and the fingers in my hair relax, loosening the tug on my scalp. “What were you doing there?”

“I was studying abroad in London. I only went because, I-I wanted to see the glass floor of the Eiffel Tower,” I ramble, my heart rate increasing and my breath catching as the horrible memories come flooding back to me.

Being dragged into the alley behind the nightclub.

Thrashing. Kicking. Pain. And then blackness.

Waking alone. Trapped.

Janice, one of my new friends I met in London convinced me that spending part of our Easter holiday in Paris was just what we needed. The plan was that our days would be filled with sightseeing and gorging on pastries and cheese, while our nights would be a combination of dancing and booze; the perfect way

to break through the stress of the semester.

“Did you get to see it?” the man wonders aloud, letting go of my hair and placing his hand lightly on the nape my neck. For some crazy reason, the deep slow tenor of his voice calms me.

“No,” I answer softly.

The man takes several steps backward, and I quickly cross my arms in front of my chest, creating more distance between us. Hugging, protecting myself—in vain.

I watch as he removes his suit jacket, tossing it onto the end of the bed as he speaks, “Someday you should. It’s spectacular.”

My eyes are transfixed on the man as he reaches up and begins to tug on the tie around his neck, loosening it.

“How many lovers have you had?” With a final rough tug, the tie comes free.

The question startles me, and I take a shaky step backward as the man steps toward me, shoving the tie into his pants pocket.

“What?” I ask softly, casting my eyes to the ground.

How do I answer that question?

Or more importantly, what answer does he want?

“Look at me,” the man snaps. I jump, my heart racing violently as I look up into his stony face. “How many men have fucked you, willingly or otherwise?”

I forcibly swallow the lump in my throat. It takes every ounce of self-control not to look away. His brows are furrowed, and his dark golden eyes are burning into me. I want to look anywhere else. I want to hide.

“None,” I manage to squeak out.

“The truth,” he growls annoyed, taking a quick step toward me. I instinctively backup until my knees hit the bed. I’m trapped.

The man grabs my hair again, painfully tugging my neck back as he leans over me.

“I want the truth,” he whispers coolly, the softness of his voice scarier than any screaming madman.

“I’m-I’m telling you the truth,” I stutter, barely holding back my tears.

“We shall see,” he says softly, loosening his hold on me and taking several

large steps backward. “Strip.”

“What?”

The man’s answer is to silently cross his arms over his chest and raise his eyebrows, giving me an *I’m waiting* stare.

My hands shake as I quickly unzip the ultra-short black pleather mini skirt. The plastic sticks to my skin despite the AC as I push it down and let it fall to the ground. Next, I unhook the black and white trimmed corset, breathing in a sigh of relief as it drops to the floor.

Looking up, the man’s intense stare burns into me with a ghost of a pleased smile on his lips. He’s enjoying this. *Enjoying me.*

I should be disgusted. Revolted. Afraid. Instead, the idea of being able to make this stoic man smile fills me with confidence, muting my fear considerably.

Reaching behind my back, I unhook my bra, letting it slide off my arms and onto the pile on the floor.

“Stop,” the man commands as I begin to tug off my remaining barrier—the red G-string. “Come here. I’ll unwrap the rest of my present.”

Realization suddenly hits me and my stomach clenches. I’ve been given to this man. *To enjoy.*

“Come,” he repeats, crooking his finger at me.

I cross my arms over my naked chest and, with unsteady steps, move closer to stand in front of the man.

His warm hands run lightly along the skin of my upper arms before reaching down and uncrossing my forearms. I brace myself for his touch to be rough and bruising and am shocked when he gently cups my breasts in his hands and teases my nipples with his thumbs. His hands are rough and callused, nothing like I would’ve expected from a millionaire playboy. I gasp in shock as pleasure floods through me.

“Beautiful.” He pinches and twists my nipples, making them hard, and I find myself leaning into the pleasure.

All too soon, he’s sliding his hands down my body until they are resting firmly on my hips.

With one hand, the man grabs the thin band of the G-string and pulls; it breaks with a snap. He rips the other side and the small triangle covering me flaps down, revealing my recent and painfully naked and waxed sex.

The women in the house had enjoyed watching me subjected to the torture of having my pubic hair ripped out by the roots. They had jabbered away as they held down my ankles for the old crone who was in charge, laughing and jeering at my tears.

Lifting his hand off my hip, the man walks around me and I feel more naked than I ever thought possible. I jump when he thrusts his large hand between my thighs and cups my delicate flesh, commanding, "Spread your legs. I want to see if you are a liar."

"I'm not," I stupidly snap at him, resulting in a stinging smack against the bare flesh of my pussy. Why couldn't he spank me on the ass like a normal person?

Slowly I widen my stance, opening my legs, my heart racing at how vulnerable I am now. Not that I wasn't before, but this feels worse for some reason.

I'm naked. Alone. And opening myself up to this man.

One of his hands moves to grab my ass firmly in his palm, holding me steady. With the other, he raises two fingers and places them on my lips. I open my mouth wordlessly, and he thrusts them inside.

"Suck," he growls, his golden eyes sparking with desire.

I do what I'm told, trying to ignore how good his salty masculine skin tastes, and pretending not to imagine or wonder what sucking another part of his anatomy would be like.

"Enough." The man pulls his fingers from my mouth. His eyes widen with shock when I nip at the tips of his fingers in retaliation, and I see another hint of a sexy smile.

He moves his hand down to my pussy and spreads my lips, using his saliva soaked fingers to probe my entrance.

"You're fuckin' tight," he groans, slowly forcing not just one but two thick fingers into me.

“Please,” I gasp, grabbing onto his forearms, the strong thick muscles briefly distracting me from the burn of being stretched and invaded.

“Relax,” he snaps, squeezing my bottom roughly.

“Sir. Please,” I groan as his fingers continue their inspection.

“You weren’t lying,” the man says casually as his thumb pushes its way between my outer lips. My body jerks when it hits my clit. He begins caressing it gently with his calloused digit. My traitorous body responds, relaxing under his spell. The man’s fingers are still inside of me, and I can feel myself aching in places I didn’t know existed.

“How come no one’s ever fucked your gorgeous body before?” he asks conversationally. I look up into his face, which no longer seems cold. With every gentle stroke against my clit, my body is betraying me.

“I never met any man I wanted touching me,” I admit breathlessly.

“Do you like me touching you?” he whispers lazily into my ear as he nuzzles my neck.

Before I can answer, he slowly slides his fingers partially out of my sex, before sliding them back in, all the while continuing to tease my clit.

“No,” I lie as my sex floods with pleasure, wetting the man’s fingers with my cream.

“Liar,” he replies amused, continuing his ministrations. “Well, I certainly enjoy touching you.”

I attempt to swallow a moan as his fingers begin to increase their rhythmic movement and tighten my hold on him as pleasure overtakes my body.

“Sir,” I cry out, not being able to stop myself as my hips buck greedily against his hand.

The hand fondling my ass moves up my back and into my hair, fisting it and directing my mouth to his. He nips my lower lip, and when I open, he takes over. His tongue probes my mouth in the same manner his fingers are possessing my sex.

My heart is pounding, and I’m breathless as he ends the kiss. The man takes his fingers, wet with my juices, and places them on my lips. His eyes spark with passion as I obediently open my mouth and suck them clean, tasting my own

salty-tang for the first time.

I melt further. *Fuck!*

The man pulls his hand away from my mouth, but not before I'm able to take another nibble, and his eyes flash amusement.

"You'll be begging me to fuck you before the night is out," he tells me confidently. The man moves his hand out of my hair and down my back to caress my ass lightly while the fingers I had just sucked grasp my breast.

"No." I shake my head in denial and attempt to step back—away from danger. "Never."

"I can be very persistent." His soft lips descend on mine, barely touching as he teases me with phantom-like kisses. Uncontrollably I lean forward, wanting to feel the full pressure of his mouth on mine, but he pulls away, his eyes alive with desire. "I can also be very patient."

I back away, confused and anxious with unwanted desire.

My thoughts and feelings war against each other. I can't possibly like this man; I should be afraid of him. But his touch sends a calming warmth through me, and all I want to do is get lost in his arms, his touch, scent, and taste. But he is my captor—my enemy.

A small voice in my head argues, *But he didn't kidnap you. He is not the reason you are here. And he cannot be too bad; he hasn't struck you or forced himself on you. He's only touched you, which you can't deny you enjoyed.*

"When was the last time you ate?" The man breaks me out of my thoughts, and I look over to see him pulling his shirttails from his pants.

"What?" I ask, stepping further away. My gaze locks on his large fingers—the ones that had just been inside of me—as he begins fumbling with the tiny buttons.

"When did you eat?" He shrugs out of the shirt, leaving him in a tight-fitting white t-shirt. Stepping forward, he cups my cheek gently, sending a spark of warmth through me. His thumb touches my lip which I didn't realize I'm biting, and he comments casually, "You must be hungry."

"I stole some crab cakes."

"Good choice." He removes his hand from my face and holds out his shirt.

“Put this on. You’re a beautiful distraction, Princess.”

“Thank you.” I take the well-starched garment, quickly putting it on and doing up as many buttons as possible. The sleeves dangle past my wrists and luckily the shirt is long enough to cover my ass.

With the shirt covering me, I begin feeling more comfortable. More myself.

Safer.

“What would you like to eat?” he asks, moving over toward the bedside table where a house phone sits. “I’ll call down for something.”

Food. Real American food. Sounds like heaven.

“I’d kill for a burger and fries,” I tell him, moving to sit on one of the chairs at the small round table in the corner. “Or a meat lovers pizza.”

Eyebrows shoot up on the man’s face as a smile appears. “Meat lovers?”

The innuendo isn’t lost on me, and I stammer quickly, “A hamburger.”

Picking up the phone, he speaks perfect Mandarin into it—I don’t understand a word.

Why did I take fucking French?

FINN

Fuck! I thought having Lily cover up her gorgeous, tight little body would make her less distracting—*enticing*. But seeing her sitting here in nothing but my shirt has me wanting to toss her onto the bed and fuck her right now.

My cock may think that's a perfect plan, but I'm not that much of an asshole. I probably shouldn't have made her strip, or fucking touched her to begin with. In my defense, I had to be sure they hadn't harmed her, had to see with my own eyes there wasn't any lasting damage to her body.

Once I got my hands on her, caressing her delicate skin and bringing her to climax had been instinctual. Watching her let go, embrace the pleasure I could give her, and forget about the world around her, made my cock ache and my heart light. I had sensed her attraction to me earlier, and I needed to see how she'd respond to my touch. Her wet cunt squeezing my fingers in orgasm told me all I needed to know.

Never in a million years would I have thought Lily was a virgin. *A fucking virgin*. Even though I've had my fingers in her tight pussy and felt her barrier, I still can't believe no one's ever fucked her. *Miracle*.

Lily's innocence has me wanting to both corrupt and protect her in equal measure. Nothing is stopping me from doing both. She's the type of woman I've been unknowingly searching for. *Cultured. Intelligent. Untouched*. It's just my

luck that I find her in a fucking Hong Kong brothel.

She's mine now.

And I protect what's mine.

Once I discover why Lily was kidnapped, brought here to be used by any man willing to pay for her, and by whom, they are going to pay.

How the hell did I end up in a Hong Kong brothel with Lily MacKay?

The last time I saw her was five years ago. I had thought Lily was beautiful then, although still a teenager and growing into her body. Now, she is a fucking gorgeous woman with all the right curves. Maybe a little too skinny, but that's nothing a few good meals—which I doubt she's been getting lately—won't change.

It is clear that Lily doesn't remember me. Although, I doubt anyone made an impression on her at her father's funeral. It was a cold and rainy October day, and I remember having to stand in the back of the overflowing church.

Everyone had loved Arthur MacKay. He was known not only for his shrewdness in business but also for his kindness to all those around him. It didn't matter if you were the CEO of the company he was trying to overtake or the janitor who cleaned the offices at night; he treated everyone with the same respect and kindness. MacKay was someone you wanted to emulate, someone to look up to. I can already tell his daughter has that same sweetness, buried beneath her fear and anxiety.

For the short time I knew him, MacKay had been a great friend and mentor. I would protect his daughter for his sake if for no other reason.

What the fuck have I gotten myself into? I need a few moments alone.

"Go into the bathroom and take all that junk off your face," I tell Lily. Like the other women downstairs, she has enough makeup on for a whole circus of clowns. I find the overly made-up look wholly unattractive, as if they are trying to hide the ugliness within, ugliness I know Lily does not have.

Lily quickly stands and, arms crossed over her chest, scurries into the bathroom. I lose all concentration as I watch her shirt, *my shirt*, sway against the back of her thighs. Once the door clicks closed and I hear water running, I pick up the phone again.

Cell phones are not allowed on the premises for security purposes, so I had begrudgingly left mine at the hotel with my assistant, Trevor. Now that I need it, not having it makes me feel naked and vulnerable. How fucked up is that?

“Suite 211 please,” I tell the hotel operator and soon hear ringing.

Once Trevor answers, I don’t waste time putting him into action.

“Trevor, we have a situation. Grab my phone; I need you to send a text to Peter.” I can hear the rustling of him moving around the room, searching for the device.

“I’m all ready, sir, tell me what it should say,” he says after a minute.

“It should read, *I want some fucking answers.*”

The thought that Peter knew Lily was here has my hands itching to wrap them around his throat. Images of dangling him in the air as he gasps for breath dampen the rage inside of me.

“Anything else, sir?” Trevor’s voice brings me back to the present.

“Yes. Send an email to Sansbury and tell him I want a report on the viability of switching all our business to *Ban and Sons.*”

Peter and I may want Robert’s company for our new enterprise, but that doesn’t mean I can’t also use them at *Finch Distributing*.

Surprisingly, I enjoyed spending time with Robert this evening. And truth be told, I understand why he comes here for female company. Although he’s genuinely a nice guy, he’s also overweight, sweaty, and has a receding hairline. Not that I’m an expert, but I doubt many women would find him attractive. At home, only mercenary ones would pretend to be attracted to him. Here there is no pretense. These women get paid to enjoy his company and please him—it doesn’t matter if they’re attracted to him or not. I wonder if Robert has a frequent visitor rewards card and gets discounts?

Someday, I bet he picks one of the women he enjoys the most and takes her home. I wouldn’t be surprised if it was the woman he was with tonight. He’ll marry her, treat her like a princess, and in exchange, she’ll happily suck his cock, take it up the ass, and let him fuck her whenever he wants.

Robert grew in my estimation when he noticed Lily, and even though he didn’t recognize her, he was concerned as to what a young American woman

was doing here.

I can now see why Peter recommended him as a possible business partner; he's someone I could see doing business with, but only if it benefits my own interests.

"Then email Maul," I direct Trevor, returning my focus to our conversation. "Tell her I want her to figure out a way to halt all dealings with *LDC Limited*, as of yesterday." I want nothing to do with a company whose CEO attempted to grope Lily.

"Certainly sir, I'll send Sansbury and Maul emails right away," he promises. "Will there be anything else?"

"Yes, I'll be spending the night so ... "

"Sir, you've received a reply from Peter," Trevor states surprised, interrupting me.

"What does it say?"

"It reads, *Is she okay?* Would you like me to answer him, sir?"

"Reply, yes, and then turn the fucking phone off," I tell him, seething with anger. Peter clearly knew she was here, and he should've fucking come himself instead of sending a virtual stranger. It's only by some miracle that Lily hasn't been harmed or traumatized more than she already is. He should have dropped everything, instead of sending me under false pretenses. And without fucking telling me what I was getting into. Nothing seems to add up, and I fucking hate when things don't balance out.

"Who does he mean, sir?" Trevor asks guardedly, ever the protective assistant and bodyguard. "What has he gotten you into?"

"Peter's cousin, Lily MacKay, is here and not of her own choosing," I growl tersely. "I have no fucking clue what's going on, but I mean to find out and make them pay."

"Fuck!" comes Trevor's clipped reply. "I'll call Daniels and have him make some discreet inquiries about Miss MacKay, but I don't think we should let anyone know where she is until we get a clearer picture of the situation."

"I agree. Peter knew where she was and didn't come himself, so there must be something we're clueless about. I don't like being kept in the dark."

“I know, sir,” Trevor mutters somewhat distractedly, I know he’s already working on getting me some answers. It is what makes him such a valued employee and why I don’t mind paying him his exorbitant salary. “Will there be anything else?”

“No. Just have everything packed up and be ready to leave when I’m dropped back off at the hotel tomorrow morning.” I’m still uncertain what my game plan is, aside from spending the evening exploring Lily’s gorgeous and responsive body; making her forget everything that’s happened to her. Heaven.

Lily obviously doesn’t have a passport or other clothes. She wouldn’t be allowed through customs without the former. It’s times like these that I kick myself for not splurging and purchasing my own private jet. Then I could’ve easily fabricated the manifest and smuggled her out of the country.

I’ll have to come up with a plan for getting her out of Hong Kong, one that doesn’t involve smuggling ourselves onto one of my container ships. One thing I know for sure is that when I leave tomorrow, I will be taking Lily with me. No matter what I have to do, or how much I have to spend. I’d have Trevor pick us up, but the truth is I don’t know where the fuck we are.

“I think it’s best, safer, to keep your identity a secret until you’re back here,” Trevor tells me, cutting through my busy mind. “Hopefully by then I’ll have some more information about what’s going on.”

I hang up the phone just as Lily slowly makes her way out of the bathroom and resumes her seat at the table. The fact that she came out on her own volition tells me she’s not as afraid or repulsed by me as she’s trying to seem.

I’ll have to see what I can do to get her to relax more.

Another orgasm would probably help.

LILY

The floor is freezing on my bare feet as I make my way into the cold ultra-modern tiled bathroom. I am more than happy to wash the gunk off my face as the man ordered. The caked on makeup feels dirty and gross, and I'm always happy when I can finally remove it. The door closes with a soft *click* and I move to turn the lock on the door handle—but there isn't one. I only have the illusion of privacy; the man could come in at any time.

Through the door, I can hear him on the phone speaking English—a *language I actually understand*. I can't make out the words, only the man's angry tone.

Stepping onto the plush bathmat in front of the vanity, I don't recognize the person staring back at me in the mirror. The bright red lipstick, liberal use of mascara, heavy dark eyeliner, and sparkling blush has me looking unrecognizable. Usually, I'm a chapstick and natural-colored eye shadow kind of girl. My perfectly manicured nails are the only things I would've chosen to do myself.

I unbutton the shirt, pull it off my neck and chest, and push the sleeves up my arms, not wanting to get them wet. I then turn on the sink, drowning out the little I can hear of the man's conversation, and splash the warm water on my face. Reaching out, I unwrap a small bar of floral smelling hotel soap that is sitting on the counter. Working the soap into a lather, I begin to scrub my face. As I begin the process of wash, rinse, repeat, my thoughts are on the man in the

other room.

None of what this man does or says makes sense. He acts nothing like I expect and I find myself perversely intrigued by him.

There is nothing about this man, who pays for women at a Hong Kong brothel, that I should find attractive. Yet, I find myself craving his touch and wanting to lose myself in him, in the pleasure he's offering, and in his firm gentleness and strength. I can't explain why, but with him, for the first time in a long time, I feel safe. And I don't even know his name.

I had been psyching myself up to be stripped of the little clothing I was wearing, tossed on the bed, and fucked. The last thing I expected was for him not only to offer me food, but ask me what I would like to eat. I may have eaten my fill of crab cakes, but the thought of a real hamburger has my stomach growling.

Then the man did something even more confusing by handing me his dress shirt to put on. Allowing me to cover up.

Rinsing my face for the final time, I look up and finally recognize the person staring back at me. I feel like I have a little portion of myself back as well.

I slowly button the shirt back up. Taking a deep breath, I inhale the spicy scent of his cologne on the collar, very different from the noxious lingering Axe that men I know from school wear. I carefully adjust the sleeves, unrolling and then rolling them up so they are perfectly equal. I know I'm procrastinating, and I can't stay in the bathroom indefinitely. Making this man angry by hiding from him doesn't seem smart.

"It's now or never," I tell myself as I slowly open the bathroom door and rejoin the mystery man.

FINN

“**O**ur dinner should be here shortly.” Lily gives me a tentative smile from her place at the table; her face glowing, clean, pink, and freshly scrubbed. *Beautiful.*

I walk over toward her and pull out the chair next to her. Lily stiffens for a moment as I shuffle my chair closer, sitting and facing her side so my knees touch her bare thigh. She crosses her arms over her chest and leans away from me. I can sense that she’s frightened, but not necessarily of me. It’s not surprising. Anyone in her situation would be jumpy and anxious.

Tonight, I’m going to make Lily forget about everything that has happened to her since her kidnapping. Until I am able to get her out of this fucking place, all my princess will be able to concentrate on is me and the pleasure I can and will give her. It may take more patience than I have, but I am determined to make this a night neither of us will *ever* want to forget.

My first step is to assess exactly how much experience or lack thereof Lily actually has. Creating my game plan for the rest of the evening depends on first acquiring the correct data.

“Have you ever sucked a man’s cock?” I ask, mimicking her pose and leaning back in my chair, giving her some semblance of space.

“Once,” she answers quietly, biting her lip and staring down at her lap, playing with the tail of my shirt. Looking up at me she continues, “I gagged so much I vomited all over him.”

Lily gives me a small devilish grin that doesn't quite meet her muted, moss-colored, green eyes. "He didn't like that."

I find myself chuckling at her response. "I bet he didn't."

This gets me another weak smile, and I watch as she again bites her lip nervously. Reaching out, I gently thumb her lip out from between her teeth and tell her truthfully, "I want my woman to enjoy sucking my cock." Leaning forward I whisper, "I want it to make her wet and aching for me to fuck her."

Lily shivers at my words, and I watch as her nipples harden beneath my shirt. I know it's not from fear. Pulling away, I lean back and promise, "But you don't have to learn how to do that, not tonight."

I'm not going to pretend or lie to her about the fact that I want those perfect lips wrapped around my cock. Tonight there needs to be transparency, honesty between us—as much honesty as I am willing or able to give to her until we leave.

Lily may not realize it, but I plan on us spending a lot more time together than just tonight. There will be plenty of time for my princess to perfect that particular skill—*how to please me*. Tonight though isn't about me, but all about her pleasure. About helping her forget. We are both trapped here together and although I'd much rather have her for the first time in my own bed, sometimes you just have to work with what you have.

The next step in making this night memorable and pleasurable is getting Lily used to my touch. Getting her to relax and enjoy the pleasure I can give her is key.

Wordlessly I lean forward, placing my hand lightly on Lily's knee. I watch as her heart rate increases, and then slowly evens out. Gradually I inch my hand up her thigh toward her cunt.

"Sir?" Lily's voice shakes with nerves and her breathing increases. She looks up at me, grabbing my wrist with her hands, attempting to stop my progression.

Pausing for a moment, I caress the inside of her thigh with my fingertips. Gooseflesh appears. Lily shivers involuntarily, and her panicked breathing turns into pleasure-filled panting.

Although she still holds onto my wrist, her grip loosens, and she doesn't try

to stop my journey. The closer I get to her mound, I can feel the heat radiating out from between her firm thighs. I can't stop my imagination from conjuring up images of the toned muscles grasping me tightly as I pound into her.

Fuck.

My cock begins to take an interest. Sucking air through my nose, I take a deep breath. And relax. This is about Lily's pleasure, not mine—for now.

She gasps in surprise as I gently pet her bare flesh, slowly running my fingertips along her labia. Lily's face flushes, her green eyes darken, and her hands tighten their hold as her nails dig into my skin.

Thoughts of her nails clawing my back have my cock stiffening and pressing against my fly. Taking a deep breath, I shove those thoughts aside and focus on the task in front of me. Getting Lily used to my touch.

"Has anyone ever tasted your cunt?" I ask as I slowly spread her lips open and lightly touch her clit. She shivers, and I hear a strangled moan.

"No," she answers breathlessly as I slide my finger down further and rim her wet opening with a fingertip before continuing to stroke her.

Leaning forward, I wrap my free arm around the back of her chair and rest it lightly on her shoulder. I press a light kiss on her long slender neck and ask, "How did your cum taste earlier?"

Lily shakes her head. She's unable or unwilling to answer. With every stroke of my finger, her cunt gets wetter and wetter. I dip my digit slowly into her tight warmth and feel the pressure of her nails digging into my forearm increase.

My hand on her shoulder moves down to cup her perfectly proportioned breast. Lily's heartbeat quickens. I brush my thumb against her swollen nipple and her cunt twitches around my fingers.

"I bet you taste sweet and spicy," I tell her, continuing to slowly fuck her with my finger as I tease her clit with my thumb. *Taking my time.*

Lily makes no effort to stop my ministrations. I feel a shiver of pleasure run through her as her body responds instinctively to my touch. The scent of her arousal fills my senses, becoming stronger with every inward thrust, fogging my mind with need.

Pulling my finger out, I push two back in as I stretch her open further. At

first, she groans and clutches my arm tighter. I tease her clit with my thumb, and she rewards me with a low moan of pleasure. I pinch her aroused nipple through the starched dress shirt she's wearing before moving my hand up her breast and onto her shoulder again. Then I begin to slowly massage the back of her neck. Lily's body soon loosens, relaxing under my touch.

I halt my inward thrust when I reach her barrier, debating whether it would be less painful if I broke through it now or waited. Giving her any pain at this stage could ruin what little trust she has in me, so I pull back and continue to tease her with shallow strokes.

Her breathing has increased along with the tempo of my touch. I lean forward, shifting in my seat as I attempt to alleviate my painfully aroused cock, which hardens more with every uncontrollable moan Lily attempts to suppress.

"Sir," she cries out, fisting the front of my t-shirt as her hips instinctively move against my hand. Lily's eyes flair in surprise, and she struggles to fight the pleasure that is overtaking her. *The pleasure I'm forcing on her.*

"Come for me, Princess," I command softly into her ear, nipping and sucking on the lobe. "Enjoy what I can give you."

Lily finally lets herself find release on my fingers, squeezing them tightly as she soaks them with her juices. I watch her face flush with pleasure as she soundlessly comes undone. My cock twitches angrily, but I ignore my own needs.

I don't stop moving within her or stroking her clit until the final tremors of her pleasure are released. She drops her forehead onto my shoulder and becomes weightless against my chest. I take this as a sign that she is slowly coming to trust me and the pleasure I can give her.

With my free hand, I fist her hair and direct her mouth to mine. *I need to taste her.* Slowly, I tease her lips with my own, stroking them with my tongue. Soon Lily is leaning into the kiss and responding on her own.

Fuck.

Having forgotten my fingers were still inside her snug cunt, she gasps, breaking the kiss when I begin slowly sliding them again through her wetness, reawakening the needful feeling within her. She groans as I pull out my fingers

and taste the salty sweetness for myself. Lily's eyes are glassy with desire as she watches me suck my digits dry, tasting her juices for the first time.

"Fuck. I was right, Princess, you've got the sweetest cunt I've ever tasted." Lily's eyes flare with passion at my words, changing into sparkling emeralds. "I look forward to spreading you out and feasting on you later."

Still clutching my shirt, she squirms in her chair, and I know she's aching for me to finger her again, but I won't. The next time I bring her to climax, I want her to be begging me.

Releasing my hold on her hair, I run my hand along her back, feeling her muscles relax under my touch. Unconsciously, she leans into my chest. Her breathing is still slightly labored and her nipples are hard points against my shirt.

With my free hand, I cup one breast, feeling the soft, warm weight in my palm.

Perfect.

Suddenly there is a knock on the door, signaling that our dinner has arrived. Watching Lily jump at the sound has me burning with anger. Whoever instigated her kidnapping and knowingly put her through this hell will fucking pay.

I stand up, but before walking toward the door, I tuck a strand of her silky smooth hazelnut-colored hair behind her ear, stroking her cheek gently. Lily visibly relaxes against my touch. *Progress.*

Pulling open the door, I grab the cart from the waiter and, not wanting to let him inside, pull it into the room. There is no way I'm letting anyone from the house near my princess again, let alone see her dressed in only my shirt.

"I hope you're hungry." I wheel the cart of covered dishes toward the table.

"Starving." Lily jumps up and eagerly comes over to inspect what I've ordered. I glimpse the first real smile on her face as I pull the metal dome covers off the dishes and reveal the hamburgers and mountains of golden French fries. "I'm not a huge fan of the cuisine here."

"Meat and potatoes girl are you?" I grin at her. "Seems like we have something in common."

LILY

“S it,” the man softly commands. “I’ll serve you.”

Hugging myself, I walk toward him. Grateful once again for the shirt—*the shield*—he’s given me to wear. Not that the flimsy fabric has stopped him from touching me or making my traitorous body respond to his surprisingly gentle caresses. The way he acted earlier, when he first entered the bedroom with his growly commands and scowl, I assumed—*wrongly*—that this man would be grabby, rough, and forceful. He is none of these things.

Walking around the table, my back to the room, I am now facing the open bathroom door where I had, all too briefly, sought sanctuary earlier.

A wave of sorrow slowly begins to overtake me, but I force it aside. I can’t let myself think about what will happen tonight, or even tomorrow when the man inevitably leaves me here. I need to live in the moment. Something I’ve been trying to do ever since my father’s sudden death, five years ago. Wanting to live life to the fullest is what persuaded me, along with James’ insistence that I go, to do a semester abroad in London, even if it took me longer to graduate, and it is what led me to the spontaneous—*now disastrous*—trip to Paris.

Acting the gentleman, the man tucks me against the table before placing a plate loaded with food and a set of silverware rolled up in a navy blue napkin in front of me. My stomach audibly grumbles as I inhale the delicious scents of fried food and red meat.

“Thank you,” I mumble, years of trained politeness taking over.

“You’re welcome, Princess,” he says, his voice light with amusement.

Ignoring his words, I quickly shake out the napkin and tuck it onto my lap before grabbing several fries. I dip them into the small container of ketchup, take a large bite, and close my eyes, moaning blissfully as the tastes of home hit my tongue.

I can almost imagine that I’m in my favorite diner. The one on Main Street, with its red Naugahyde covered booths, stainless steel tabletops, and mini jukeboxes at every table. Where the waitresses wear poofy skirts and zip around on roller-skates.

For years, Dad and I would go there, just the two of us, for our bi-weekly father-daughter dinner. He traveled a lot for work, so every two weeks it would be just him and me, hamburgers, French-fries, and strawberry milkshakes. We would talk, laugh, and catch-up on what we missed in each other’s lives while we were apart. Dad would describe all the places he’d seen, and I’d regale him with the latest school gossip. I have not been able to bring myself to go back there since his death.

A low growl next to me forces me back into my grim reality. I shove the remaining handful of fries into my mouth, pushing back the overwhelming feelings of suffocation and loss, and focus on the satisfyingly familiar flavors.

“Good?” the man asks, pulling out the chair next to mine and sitting down. So lost in the past, I had not noticed that he’d arranged the rest of the table with drinks and his own overloaded plate.

I nod and swallow thickly, adding wistfully, “All I need is a strawberry milkshake.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” He tosses his napkin back onto the table and moves to stand up. “I would’ve ordered you one.”

“No. It’s fine. Don’t.” I reach out and grab his wrist, firmly ignoring the spark of comfortable warmth that passes through me. The last thing I want is to owe this man anything.

“Whatever my princess wants, she gets,” he states firmly, pulling out of my grasp and moving toward the phone.

“I want to go home,” I mutter under my breath, staring down at my plate and

trying to control the sudden tidal wave of emotions—helplessness, fear, and loneliness. Not wanting to cry, I grab the burger and take a large bite, trying to push everything out of my mind, especially the man’s words.

My princess.

I don’t want to think about how many times he’s called me that, or the way he utters the words. Behind me, I hear him grab the phone and speak in clipped, annoyed tones. So very different than the growly caress the man uses when he says those two words: *my princess*.

“It should be here shortly,” he states firmly. I feel the brush of his pants against my leg and his solid warmth as he settles himself back into the chair next to mine.

Focusing on the food in front of me, I ignore the conflicting emotions this man is creating within me. *Fear. And desire.*

“Did they make it medium-well, as I ordered?”

I look up to see him scowling down at his own plate, his dark eyebrows scrunched up and his mouth thin. I have the sudden urge to kiss away his annoyance. Shaking myself from the thought, I give him a small smile and nod.

“Good.” He picks up his burger and takes a large bite. I watch the thick cords of his neck strain and flex as he swallows. The insane desire to lean over, kiss his pulse, and breathe in his warmth overcomes me. Ignoring my own insanity, I grab more fries and attempt to focus on their wonderful salty, greasy, crunchiness. I can’t help but stare transfixed as the man’s tongue peaks out when he licks his lips, cleaning them. He grabs his beer.

“God, this is fucking awful,” the man says, putting his beer bottle back on the table with a thud and glaring at it in disgust. “I don’t know what that is, but it isn’t beer. Tastes like piss.”

“You’ve drunk urine?” I find myself asking in between bites.

“Urotherapy is supposed to have many health benefits, including curing cancer,” he states, lifting his water glass and gulping down a third of it.

Eww!

If this man really has drunk urine, I’m seriously going to rethink finding him attractive. He must see the look of revulsion on my face because he grins.

Leaning over, he takes his napkin and wipes ketchup off the corner of my mouth before admitting the truth. “Don’t worry; I’ve never actually drunk piss. Not even during a drunken game of dare at university.”

I smile and return to my perfectly cooked hamburger. We eat in comfortable silence for several minutes until a knock on the door startles me again. The man stands up and places a gentle, calming hand on my shoulder. But when I look up, he’s staring down at me with a dark expression.

I watch as he yanks open the door, grabs the silver tray from the waiter, and then slams the door shut in the waiter’s face. When he turns back around, his face is clear of emotion—a placid mask.

The pendulum swing of his emotions leaves me feeling unmoored and insecure. Even though none of his anger seems to be directed at me personally, it’s unsettling to witness. After watching him this entire evening, one thing seems to be clear: he has no desire to be here. *Then why is he?*

“They better have made it correctly.” He places the large strawberry milkshake in front of me and moves his beer to the other side of the table.

“Thank you.” I reach out and take hold of the tall cold glass. A white straw pokes out of a watery pale pink liquid. Taking a large sip, I look up to see him watching me with a furrowed brow.

“It’s delicious,” I lie, not wanting this man to know it’s possibly the worst milkshake I have ever had. He doesn’t need another reason to be more annoyed than he already is, and I don’t want to risk that he’ll start taking it out on me—*physically*.

“It fucking better be,” he grumbles, taking his seat next to me once again and going back to his meal.

The supposed milkshake tastes like they used frozen yogurt instead of ice cream and fat-free milk. It is nothing like the extra thick ones with their generous helpings of whipped cream on top that I used to get at the diner back home. Again, I try to brush thoughts of the past aside and live in the moment.

“Here, you can have mine.” The man places his small container of ketchup next to my plate. “I prefer oil and vinegar.”

“Thank you,” I reply, and find myself commenting, “That’s very British.”

“I went to Cambridge,” he tells me. “And then spent several years working in London.”

“My cousin went there,” I tell him softly, my heart suddenly aching for my family.

Do they even realize I’m missing?

Are they looking for me?

Grabbing the milkshake, I take another large sip, ignoring the watery flavor as I swallow and try to push down the tightness that has spread into my throat. Over the past weeks, I have deliberately avoided asking myself these questions, knowing it would leave me slipping into despair. Something I have to avoid at all costs if I have any hope of surviving, of escaping.

“What was your favorite thing about Paris?”

“Paris?” I ask, staring down at my half-finished meal.

The man’s question startles me; I almost forgot I had ever been to Paris. I had barely begun exploring the city when my nightmare began.

“Yes, Paris. What did you enjoy most while you were there?”

I look over to see his face full of genuine interest.

“The croissants,” I tell him, grinning slightly—remembering the crisp, flaky, buttery croissants we had our first morning and how they melted in your mouth.

“You sound like my little sister,” he tells me, and a grin flits across his face.

“You have a sister?” I find myself asking. How could this man possibly be here in a brothel buying women and have a younger sister at home?

“Yes,” he answers with a finality that doesn’t allow for any further questions; instead, he redirects the conversation with one of his own. “Did you get to the Louvre?”

Having taken another bite, I simply nod my head in answer.

Janice and I had braved the insane line at the Louvre to catch a glimpse of the famous paintings we had only ever seen in our art history textbooks.

“What did you think?”

“Seeing the Mona Lisa was a little anticlimactic,” I admit, nibbling on another fry.

“It is, isn’t it!” he exclaims, putting his glass back down on the table with a

resounding thud.

I can't help but smile at his overly enthusiastic response about something so mundane.

"It's only worth the visit if you do a private tour," he adds, and then he begins telling me all about his last visit. It sounds like he saw a lot more of what the museum has to offer than I did. My heart skips a beat when he casually remarks, "I'll take you sometime."

A swell of hope fills me, but then reality crushes it. People say things they don't really mean all the time. I need to focus on our conversation here in the moment, not what could be in the future.

The man is clearly intelligent and cultured, knowing all about the artists, the architecture, and the history of the Louvre itself. After going weeks without having anyone to talk to, our conversation is oddly comforting. I find myself asking him questions, wanting to know more about him and his interests. We segue into other topics, such as our favorite films, foods, and his favorite American microbreweries—one in Vermont in particular. Although he avoids anything too personal, like his name, he answers me and seems just as interested in keeping the conversation flowing.

I'm struck suddenly by how oddly date-like our dinner has become, and even more confused by this man's odd behavior. Ever since we sat down to eat, it seems like he wants to get to know me. Almost like he wants to be friends. I highly doubt that this man lacks friends. So why does he care whether or not I'm a fan of Harry Potter? Incidentally, I am, having grown up reading the books and seeing the films. He claims to have taken an online quiz that sorted him into Gryffindor, but I'm not sure I believe him. He's clearly a Slytherin.

"What are you studying in school?" he asks, pushing aside his plate and draining his water glass.

"I'm majoring in advertising and minoring in graphic design."

"A perfect combination," he tells me with a grin, seeming impressed.

I find my heart warming at his support. There have been very few in my family who believe a career in advertising is what I should be doing. Most want me to follow in my father's footsteps. I know my mother does. She wants me to

take over the running of *MacKay International* when my stepfather retires. Running a multi-million dollar company holds no interest for me. I would happily work in the advertising department.

Not wanting the man to know how much I dislike it, I take another tentative and very small sip of the disgusting milkshake. I'm unsure why I care. I keep flipping back and forth between thinking how kind he is for specially ordering it for me, and then telling myself how ridiculous I'm being. As much as I try to live in the moment and enjoy his company, I cannot let myself forget where I am and why we're here in this room. Tomorrow he will leave. And I'll still be trapped here in my living nightmare.

The man takes me by surprise when he stands and tosses his napkin down onto the table. "Shower."

I look up nervously as he takes the nearly full milkshake from my hand and places it back on the table before he pulls out my chair, giving me no option to retreat.

"I haven't finished," I complain, reaching to grab another now cold and soggy French-fry and popping it into my mouth. *Gross!*

"Yes, you have," he replies, taking my arm and pulling me bodily out of the chair to stand in front of him. "You've been staring at your plate and playing with your food for the last five minutes."

"I was digesting," I counter back. I really should not be provoking this man. But something inside of me enjoys goading him; getting the blank mask he wears to break. Instead of anger, a fleeting grin of apparent amusement crosses his face.

With his hand on my elbow, he leads me into the bathroom. Once inside, he lets go of my arm and shuts the door behind us. *Click.*

The tile is cold on my bare feet, but the man's warmth beside me floods my senses. Why am I not more afraid? *I should be terrified.*

Moving behind me, he brushes my hair aside, draws his shirt away from my skin, and leaves a trail of kisses along my neck. I bite my lip trying to suppress a moan and find myself leaning back into his chest. The man's hands run along my sides, settle on my hips, and pull me back further into his arms. *I gasp.* His hard,

thick cock presses into me.

The man nips my earlobe and whispers, “Can you feel how hard you make me, Princess? Are you going to make me suffer all night?”

“Yes,” I reply with a moan as he unhurriedly rubs himself against me, the friction sparking an unwanted desire within me.

“We’ll see,” the man chuckles into my neck, sucking on my pulse point as he moves our bodies together in the same leisurely fashion.

“Turn around,” he commands, placing his hands lightly on my shoulders and guiding my movements as I turn to face him.

“You won’t be needing this.” He reaches up and slowly pops open the top button of his shirt, letting his calloused fingertips lightly caress the skin on my throat. I shiver.

Leisurely the man moves down my body, continuing to tease me with the pleasure of his gentle touch on my breasts as he slowly unbuttons the shirt. My sex pulses with need as he moves lower, leaving barely there touches against my stomach. The man slowly reveals my body until he’s pushing the stiff fabric off my shoulders and lets it fall onto the floor.

LILY

Looking up, my breath catches when I see the look of burning desire in his eyes. *For me.* Before I know what's happening, his hands are gently cradling my face as he pulls me into a deep, wet kiss.

Breathless and off balance, I grab hold of the man's waist and lean into his strength. Opening myself up further, I taste the warm bite of the onions he ate with his hamburger earlier. Hungry for more, I find myself rising on my tiptoes. I shiver as the man's groans of pleasure reverberate through me.

All too soon, he pulls away and rests his forehead against my own, whispering, "You are the sweetest thing I've ever tasted."

I catch his eyes. The burning desire has warmed into amber pools. I find myself tightening my hold and swaying further into his body.

No one has ever kissed or touched me the way this man does, with so much demanding passion, tempered with an almost tender gentleness. I feel my resolve begin to crumble as my desire for him grows. I should be disgusted with myself, standing here naked, vulnerable, and half-wanting this man to do whatever he pleases with me—with my body. Instead, all I feel is confusion at my growing attraction to this man who won't even tell me his name.

I may be a virgin, but I am neither naive nor clueless. I've read NC-17 Harry Potter fan-fiction, watched *Maple Colors*, the Japanese erotic animated series, and have listened to enough of my friends' sexual exploits to know what I'm getting into by being intimate with this man. So, unless he has two dicks, I doubt

anything about being with him would surprise me.

Releasing his hold on me, the man steps back, and in one fluid movement, reaches behind his shoulders to pull his shirt up and off.

I lean back, taking in his bronzed chest flecked with coarse black hairs. *All man*. Unlike the boys I'm used to seeing.

Shaking slightly, I find myself reaching out and placing my palms on his hard abs. I feel his intake of breath. It emboldens me to run them up his warm skin until I reach his pecs dusted with wiry, coarse hairs. He holds his breath. The thought that I have that much power over him sends a thrill of excitement through me.

The idea to thumb and tease his nipples comes naturally.

I give into the impulse.

It feels right.

"I only have so much control, Princess," he groans, grabbing hold of my wrists and pulling them off his chest.

I bite my lip, attempting to hide my smile.

The man lets go of me and moves toward the large glass shower. Opening the door, he leans in, and with a long arm turns the knobs until the rain-like showerhead is spraying down from overhead. It is a hell of a lot nicer than the shower they've been making me use since I arrived.

My smile slips as my thoughts wander back to my grim reality.

The man turns back around and motions me forward. I move toward him obediently, needing to feel closer to him.

When I'm within touching distance, he snakes his arm around my waist and pulls me against his solid frame. Sturdy and safe, I can no longer deny that I want to take refuge in this man's arms.

Cupping my cheek, he tilts my face up so I'm looking into his melted caramel eyes. I let my body fall into his as he touches his lips ever so lightly to my own. I blink up at him, unsure if I've imagined the gentleness of his feather-light kiss.

Pressed against him, the hairs on his chest scratch by breasts, sending tingles of pleasure through me. Reaching out, I place my hands on his hips, anchoring

myself as I feel my body responding to his.

“Check the temperature to make sure it’s comfortable,” the man tells me, moving out of the way and reaching down to begin undoing his belt buckle.

The thought of his naked body fills me with nervous excitement, so I quickly turn and step into the shower.

The steaming spray engulfs me, and my muscles have no choice but to relax under the constant battering. Standing there, I let myself drown in the deluge. For a moment I forget everything and enjoy the sensation.

I’m startled back into the present as the man steps into the shower behind me, the glass door rattling and then clicking closed. The thick steam combined with his solid presence in such a small space suddenly becomes oppressive.

“Relax.” He grips my arms and slowly turns me to face him.

Now faced with a very naked wet man I attempt to step back, but his fingers dig into my arms, holding me in place.

I stare.

I have never been this close to a naked man before; unless there was a computer screen between us. This man is unlike any I have seen. The perfectly waxed, shaved, and bronzed male models; with their clipped pubic hair and perfectly tanned skin are nothing like him.

I continue to stare.

I can’t help but smile at the sight of his tan lines banding around his thighs and waist. The dark hair around his broad half-erect penis stands out even more against the pale skin the sun hasn’t reached. I have this insane desire to reach out and touch him, to feel the smooth hardness in my palm.

“It’s not going to do anything I don’t let it.”

“What?” I look up at him confused.

“My cock. It’s not suddenly going to leap out and attack,” he teases with a slight grin.

“Oh,” I say, unsure of how else to reply.

Should I comment on the size and say “It’s big” or “I’ve never seen one like that.” I bite my lip and stay silent, deciding to let him make the next move.

I don’t have to wait long before he’s wrapping an arm around my waist and

pulling me in close, pressing his lips to mine. I respond, relaxing under the now familiar taste and feel of this man's kiss.

I find myself reaching up to wrap my arms around his neck and lean into him, while one of his hands cups the back of my head and pulls me—if at all possible—closer. I'm jarred back to reality when I feel his thick erection pressing against my hip. Pulling out of the kiss, my body is kept in place by the tight hold he has on me.

For the first time, I notice his long lashes are now wet spikes, adding to the intensity of his golden eyes. Effortlessly he spins us around so that he is now in front of the sprayer.

Releasing me, he takes a half-a-step back, moving fully underneath the showerhead. The man reaches up and pushes back his hair, letting the spray hit his face. I watch as the droplets slide down his chest, catching in the tufts of hair.

"Let's get you cleaned up," he mumbles over the spray, bending down to grab a small washcloth and a tiny unwrapped bar of bland smelling hotel soap from the shower ledge. The man briefly runs them both under the spray, wetting the two items, before vigorously rubbing them together. Once he is satisfied, he turns toward me. "Spread your legs."

I widen my stance slightly, nervous.

"Further," he commands, stepping even closer.

As I inch my feet apart, I have a good idea where he plans on using that washcloth, and the thought of him rubbing the rough fabric against my sex excites me.

"Use my shoulders to steady yourself." The man squats down in front of me.

I flush in embarrassment and rock backward as his face becomes level with my crotch.

"Hold still," he admonishes, palming my ass and pulling me back toward him.

It's one thing to have him touching me, another for him to be staring directly at my bald and ugly hoohah and flabby thighs. I can almost hear my mother's voice in my head telling me I should have used her old Thighmaster.

Starting with my inner thighs, he runs the sudsy washcloth roughly against

my skin before running it between my legs in the same vigorous manner. I hold my breath, suppressing a moan as his motions press against my clit. I dig my fingernails into his shoulders and can't control my hips as they rock against his palm. All too soon he stops, leaving me aching for more.

"Sir," I groan softly, but he either can't hear me over the spray or ignores my plea.

With one hand he spreads open my outer folds.

I can feel myself getting wet as he begins to gently and methodically clean me, running the cloth up and then down, on either side of my clit, once—twice—three times. The rough nub of the cloth sends shockwaves of pleasure throughout my body as he continues to ignore my throbbing clit.

"Sir," I groan again. The man looks up with his amber eyes burning and gives me a cocky satisfied smile. He knows what he's doing to my body.

"Now the rest of you," he says, standing up and thoroughly rinsing off the washcloth before soaping it up again.

"I can do it," I say, annoyed and not just a little frustrated as I make to grab it from his hand.

"Don't worry. You'll have a chance to wash me too," he says, outright grinning at my wide-eyed expression. "You first."

The man gently runs the cloth around my neck and down onto my breast, teasing my nipples in the process. With his free hand, he begins to lazily run his fingers along my side, making me giggle uncontrollably. He tosses the cloth onto the floor and wraps his arm around me as he continues to tickle me relentlessly.

"Stop," I sputter, drowning under the spray as I laugh, trying to escape his hold, which is only causing me to wiggle against his naked body even more.

"Are you ticklish or something?" he asks, grinning down at me and continuing to run his torturous fingers lightly along my side.

"Yes," I gasp out, pressing my palms against his chest and creating a space between our bodies. He takes the opportunity to dip his head and catch my nipple between his lips.

I sway toward him as the pleasure of his twin assaults engulfs my senses. My knees start to give way as my body begins to come undone.

“Fuck.” The man pulls me into a quick, hard, wet kiss. “You’re amazing, Princess.”

Breaking away, he picks up the discarded washcloth and continues what he started. This time without the tickle-induced pleasure. I’m unsure if I should be disappointed or not.

It’s hard to be too upset when the man begins to shampoo my hair and massage my scalp. This man may be a lot of things, but unfortunately for me he’s also the best hair shampooer I’ve ever experienced. Describing his strong fingers as they slowly worked through my hair, gently tugging at the roots doesn’t do the feeling justice. It’s something you need to experience yourself to truly understand. Somewhere along the way, from his first rough kiss to his gentle and methodical rinsing of my hair, I became completely comfortable being naked with this man. His touch no longer startles me, but only makes me want more—*like an addict*.

“Move over,” the man says against my lips, breaking me out of my relaxed haze with a soft kiss. “Let me quickly wash up.”

Blinking up at him, I take a step back and allow him to stand more fully under the spray. I watch in fascination as he quickly and efficiently washes. His muscles ripple as he rubs the bar of soap roughly over his face and chest, the foamy bubbles catching on his chest hair before being washed down. I watch the rivulets of water flow until they come to the wiry mass just above his half erect penis.

I stare transfixed as the man cups himself, washing his balls thoroughly before stroking himself. Without a thought, I step closer, my hand itching to reach out and touch him.

“Like what you see?” The man’s voice startles me. Looking up at the gold flecks sparkling in his eyes as he stares down at me, I bite my lip unable—*unwilling*—to admit the truth to him: that I do like what I see.

Dropping the nearly disintegrated soap bar onto the shower ledge, the man cups my face, gently using his teeth to tug the lip I have been biting before soothing it with his tongue. Leaning into the kiss, I moan with desire as he plunders my mouth. The man’s hands move down my back, sending sparks of

pleasure in their wake until he's cupping my ass and grinding our bodies together.

"I need a taste," he growls.

He places his hands on my hips, and my heart races as he steers me backward so I'm pressed against the rough tiled wall of the shower. I bite my lip in anticipation as he squats down in front of me.

"Lift your leg over my shoulder," he instructs, his large hand gripping the back of my thigh to guide my movements and opening me up further to him.

"Sir," I cry out; unsteady on one leg. I reach out and grab his arms.

"Don't worry. I've got you, Princess," the man states, gripping my hips more firmly in his hands as he turns his head and begins nipping and sucking on the delicate flesh of my inner, flabby, thigh.

I can't control my reaction—I'm *beyond trying to*—and gasp as I'm hit with a bolt of pleasure.

"I can smell how wet you are," the man mumbles against my skin, humming with pleasure.

Another burst of pleasure hits me as he runs his tongue lightly along my bare folds, teasing me.

The first, *only time*, I let a man go down on me was anticlimactic in every sense of the word. I have no doubt this time will be different. This man is precise, patient, and exacting.

After a few more all too gentle swipes of his tongue, I'm burning with frustration. My hands find their way into his hair as he begins his unrelenting assault on my clit. I'm gasping for breath now and leaning back against the hard tiled wall as I push my sex further into his face, all in an attempt to get what I need from him. *Release from this torture.*

This man has a power over me that I can't explain. Everything about him makes me come apart with pleasure.

It doesn't take long until he has me writhing against his hold, and then all too quickly spent and out of breath. I would've fallen onto the hard tile floor if he hadn't caught me in his arms.

Gripping my ankle gently, the man sets my foot back onto the tile. I sway

slightly as I catch my balance. Standing up, he holds me securely against his chest with one arm around my waist while his other hand tangles in my hair, tilting my head back. He kisses me, robbing me of what little breath I have left.

Before I have a chance to enjoy the assault, the man is tucking my head tightly against his shoulder.

I feel him press a kiss to my forehead, causing me to melt further into his arms.

He says something that I can't make out over the noise of the shower spray. "What?" I ask, tilting my head up to look into his face.

The man grins down at me, slowly gliding his hands down my back until he's palming my ass. I can feel his thick erection wedged between us and I find myself growing excited once again. He grinds our bodies together for several pleasurable moments before he pulls away entirely. Switching off the shower, he opens the door and steps out.

Grabbing a towel from the rack, he quickly runs it over his body and then wraps it around his waist before turning back around to offer me his hand. As I place my hand in his and step over the threshold, I feel like I'm entering an entirely new world, one where I feel completely and utterly comfortable with this man. Against all rationality, I feel safe with him.

Somewhere between my shampoo and the breathtaking orgasm, I came to the unconscious realization that I want to have sex with this man, that I want him to be my first. I know next to nothing about him, but for some insane reason, I trust he would never hurt me. With his strong, capable hands and warm wet mouth, not to mention his talented tongue, I have already experienced some of the pleasures he has to offer. Every cell in my body is humming—*craving*—for more.

"Let's warm you up." The man takes another warmed towel in one hand and with the other, palms my ass and moves me closer to his body.

I can feel a contented groan reverberate in his chest as he leans down to nuzzle my neck.

No longer shy, I lean into his touch, letting my hands run down his sides to anchor my hold on his hips. The man drops the towel and, using his free hand,

draws me in closer.

“Sir,” I laugh, pushing against his chest and away from him as he intentionally runs his fingertips lightly along my side. Tickling me.

“What?” He feigns seriousness as I squirm against him. I feel his cock thicken between us, and my own nervous excitement grows. *I’m ready*. Ready to give myself to this man.

“Please,” I beg between breathless laughter.

A loud knocking on the bedroom door breaks the playful spell. I jump at the sound, and my heart leaps into my throat, making it tight and constricted, reminding me once again where I am.

The trapped feeling resurfaces, suffocating me.

Enfolding me in his strong arms, the man holds me firmly against his solid chest. I breathe easier knowing that he doesn’t want to let me go either.

The knocking persists and a muffled raised voice follows it.

“Wait here.” I feel the man’s low growl against my cheek.

Pulling away, he picks the large towel off the floor and wraps it tightly against my body, fending off the chill that’s set in. “Don’t move.”

The man jerks the bathroom door open and closes it with a snap behind himself. I move closer and press my ear to it. Holding my breath, I listen as the bedroom door opens. A muffled masculine voice is speaking in broken English, and the man replies sharply in what I think is Mandarin. The inaudible conversation continues for another minute, and I jump when the bedroom door slams shut.

A moment there is another loud crashing sound and I quickly back away from the door. Retreating to the corner and sitting on the closed toilet seat, arms crossed over my chest as I hold the towel more securely against my body, I barely breathe as I strain to hear any sound coming from the other room.

The man begins speaking English, and I move cautiously back toward the door in the hopes that I might be able to make out some of the conversation. There are pauses when he speaks, but I hear no one answering him. He’s either talking to himself or on the phone.

Slowly, I turn the doorknob and open the bathroom door a crack—just

enough to peek out. From where I'm standing, the man's lean back, rippled with muscles, is to me while he stands talking on the phone. I can't help but appreciate the view of the low-slung towel around his waist highlighting his perfectly formed ass. His empty hand rests on his hip, elbow cocked, in a stance of confident power.

He slams the receiver of the phone back down, and I quickly shut the door before he can turn around. There are several moments of silence before I hear his muffled footsteps approaching the bathroom. I resume my place on the toilet seat as if I'd never moved and wait for him to enter.

I wonder which version of the man will be returning to me. The scowling angry one or the playful teasing man that I've grown attached to.

FINN

“**Y**ou lied to me,” I growl, storming angrily into the bathroom and slamming the door shut.

“What?” Lily squeaks, jumping up from where she’s been sitting on the closed toilet seat and pressing herself tightly against the closest wall—seemingly attempting to escape my anger.

I smack my palm against the wall near her head. “You lied to me.”

“N-no.” She shakes her head. “I-I haven’t lied.”

“We do not lie to each other,” I say, taking a deep breath and forcing myself to relax. I’m scaring her, something I swore to myself I’d never do. I have come so far in getting her to trust me. And now I can see her eyes are round with fear. Any progress I made in my seduction is quickly slipping away.

“That milkshake tasted like shit. Why did you tell me you enjoyed it?” After taking a sip, I’d thrown the fucking thing against the wall in both frustration and anger at the situation Lily and I have found ourselves in. But if I’m honest, what had really irritated me was the fact that Lily had lied to me. I may have kept things from her, but I have never lied.

“You were already pissed off,” she states, her voice quivering slightly on the verge of tears. Then my amazing princess takes a large sucking breath through her nose and continues with more confidence. “I didn’t think it was smart to make you any angrier.”

“My anger has *never* been directed at you.”

This is a fucked up situation. But Lily is in no way to blame. Others will be made to pay for what they've done; I can fucking guarantee that!

"Now, I'm going to ask you a question, and you're going to tell me the truth." I wait until she nods her head slightly in understanding. "Did you enjoy that milkshake?"

She relaxes at my question, which was my intention all along.

"I'm not sure what that drink was, but it wasn't a milkshake." Her voice is still soft, but she has a bit of her confidence back, which makes me smile.

"It wasn't like any milkshake I've ever had," I agree. "It was fucking disgusting."

Someday soon I plan on taking Lily to get a *real* milkshake, thick with homemade ice cream and topped with whipped cream, from my favorite diner—a tacky retro place near my Vermont cabin.

Removing my hand from the wall, I place it lightly on her bare shoulder. She flinches. My blood rages with anger, both at myself and whoever brought her here. I don't want her cowering at my touch like it's burning her skin. I want her craving it; I want this woman begging me to touch her—to have all of her.

"Where do you normally sleep?"

The question surprises her. "What?"

"Where do they keep you at night?"

"On the floor in one of the closets, like the other maids."

Her admission has me balling my fists in anger, but this time I manage to outwardly control my emotions.

Biting her lip, she holds my gaze. "Will you be honest with me?"

"I said we'd be honest with one another, didn't I?"

This is why I'm so fucking angry. Our relationship may be starting out completely fucked up, but I still want us to be honest with one another. I don't know Lily well enough to read all her non-verbal cues, except when her soaking wet cunt does the talking, and I need her to tell me how she really feels.

"What did that man want who came to the door?"

"He came to take you back and lock you in for the night," I growl. "But I informed him that I wasn't done with you yet and that you'd be staying here with

me.” *And for the foreseeable future.*

This is what had set off my anger, the horrible treatment of Lily. Beyond that of fucking kidnapping her—they’ve traumatized her. *My princess.*

The quick call I made to my assistant, Trevor, angered me further. There is no new information as to how or why Lily is here. She has not been reported missing by either her parents or her university, both of which is troubling.

Calming myself, I place my hands on the wall on either side of her head, lean forward, and kiss her lightly, teasing, seducing her lips with my own. I’m triumphant. Soon Lily is placing her hands lightly on my waist and leaning into the kiss.

“Now we can have our bath.” I reluctantly pull away and turn toward the large tub. Perfect for two.

“But we just took a shower.”

“You don’t take a bath without rinsing off first. Otherwise, you’re stewing in your own filth.”

This statement gets me a small smile and snort of laughter.

“You make an excellent point.” Her tone is somewhat mocking, and I relax knowing she’s comfortable enough with me to tease.

“I know.”

I turn the taps on full blast and the room quickly fills with the sound of rushing water and steam.

Turning around, I return to Lily and, taking hold of her arm, gently tug her toward me. Although she doesn’t protest, she does attempt to shake off my hold. I let go, only so I can pull off the towel she’s wrapped in.

“Hey.” Lily grabs at the towel as it falls to the ground. She then tries in vain to cover her gorgeous nakedness.

“When was the last time you had a nice hot bath?” I ask, wrapping my arm round her waist and pulling her to me. She comes willingly, wrapping her arms around my waist.

“I don’t remember.”

“We’ll make sure this one is memorable,” I promise her, cupping the back of her head with my free hand and kissing her lightly, teasing her lips until she’s

kissing me roughly in frustration, taking what she wants. *Me.*

“Make sure the water’s not too hot,” I tell her, eventually pulling out of the kiss.

I run my hand slowly down her back, taking in her unconscious shivers of pleasure. Reaching her firm buttock, I palm it—enjoying how perfectly it fits in my hand—before I push her gently toward the waiting tub, which I soon realize is a mistake.

Watching Lily bend over, seeing her breasts dangling like perfectly ripened fruit and her bare inviting cunt, has me wanting to thrust balls deep into her while I squeeze her breasts and pluck her dark nipples.

She splashes her hand in the water before looking over her shoulder at me—her wet hair hanging in thick graspable waves.

“It’s fine.”

“Get in.” I try not to growl as I throw off my own towel. I stalk toward her, and she scrambles into the water, ducking underneath with a small splash.

I reach across the tub and turn off the taps, and then slowly lower myself into the blissfully hot water at the other end so Lily and I are facing each other. She quickly tucks her legs up against her chest as I settle in, my knees bent slightly as my feet rest on either side of her hips.

Leaning my head back against the tub, I let my forearms rest on my knees—melting into the heat. For the first time since I left Boston two days ago, I allow myself to truly relax.

Ever since I looked up to find Lily standing next to my chair and asking with tight, nervous politeness what I would like to drink, this insane trip Peter insisted I go on started making sense. He knew I’d recognize his cousin, knew I wouldn’t leave without her, that I’d ensure her safety, and he definitely knew he could count on my discretion. I’m sure my friend didn’t count on me taking full advantage of the situation though. It’s his own fucking fault for not coming out himself two weeks ago when we began planning the marathon of meetings for these past two days. He knew what, *who*, I’d find! I wonder how he discovered her location, and what stopped him from rescuing her himself.

As the hot water begins to loosen my sore and tired muscles, a new plan

begins to take shape. Peter will hate it, but I've never needed his fucking approval for anything! It's all in the planning and execution.

"Have you ever been in a hot tub while it snowed?" I ask, closing my eyes and imagining we're a world away.

"You mean outside?"

"Of course."

"No." She scoffs incredulously. "That sounds crazy."

"There's nothing like it," I tell her, opening my eyes to see she's let herself relax. "Breathing in the cold air while you're surrounded by warmth."

"If you say so," she says in a disbelieving tone.

"Every Christmas my parents would rent the same cabin in Vermont for a month," I tell her. "And I would run through the freezing snow on the deck and jump into the hot tub."

"You did this for fun?" she asks with a small smile, stretching out her legs and fully relaxing.

"Yes," I tell her. Someday I will take her to the cabin in Vermont, which I now own. I know Lily would love the quaint shops in the small town of Pinetree, and the peacefulness of the woods the cabin is nestled in. It is close enough to the ski resort, but far enough away to be completely private—the perfect getaway.

"My family has a place in Colorado," Lily says softly, telling me something I already know. The house is a large A-frame, with a side of glass looking out onto the local ski-slopes.

It's an impressive house, I had attended several parties there thrown by her father's company over the years, but nothing like my snug little cabin nestled in the woods.

"Really?" I ask, feigning ignorance. I reach down into the water and wrap my fingers firmly around one of her ankles. Ignoring her pull against my hold, I ask, "You ski?"

"What are you doing?"

I pretend not to hear her question, instead lifting her leg up to have a better grip. I begin to gently massage her foot as I tell her, "I prefer snowboarding."

“Me too,” she agrees. I then watch her face as she attempts to suppress a moan of pleasure as I continue to knead the sole of her foot firmly.

“Relax,” I softly command, running one hand up her leg to massage her calf.

I watch as she struggles to follow my instructions. The pleasure I am giving her wins out, and her leg goes weightless in my hand. “Good girl.”

LILY

I fight an internal battle as I struggle to suppress the moan caught in my throat. The man's strong fingers are working the instep of my foot and sending a wave of pleasure and relaxation throughout my body, relieving tension I didn't know I had. If I am not careful, under this man's touch I will melt completely into the hot water.

I do not want to succumb, but this man has a way of relaxing me—even if he scares and confuses the fuck out of me in the process. The biggest problem is that I cannot help but find the man attractive. With his perfect ass, defined jaw, and masculine eyebrows, which I have only just discovered can actually be sexy, I cannot help getting excited—*aroused*.

“How's that?” the man asks, letting go of my foot and reaching for the other. This time I do not fight him as he begins the same blissful treatment. Closing my eyes, I relax and let my body enjoy the pleasure he's giving me. After the hell I have gone through these last few weeks, I deserve to steal as much enjoyment out of this man as possible.

Not only is my body betraying me, but my mind is beginning to play tricks on me as well—liking, *no loving*, how this man listens to me as if he is truly interested in what I have to say, in my opinions and interests.

How many dates have I been on where all the guy talks or cares about is himself? I can't count the number of times I have heard how accomplished my date plans on being in ten years; world domination is a common theme. Or how

amazing he is at anything I mention doing or enjoying. If I say I have skied a black diamond, then he has skied a triple. It is nothing like that with this man. Maybe it's because he's older, more mature and self-confident than the college-age guys I have been stuck dating these past few years. Whatever it may be, it is one of the most attractive things about this man.

"It's time for dessert," he says, letting go of my foot.

Opening my eyes, I see him grinning at me as he stands up in the tub, water sloshing down all around him. I cannot help but focus on the large muscular thighs in front of me and the hard thick cock jutting out toward me. For some insane reason, I have the urge—something I have never had before—to lean forward and taste him.

"I'm going to eat your cunt, and you can have another orgasm," he states confidently, and I shake my head as I look up to see his amused face staring down at me. He quirks his eyebrow, grins, and asks, "See something you like?"

"No," I sputter, bending my knees up against my chest and wrapping my arms around them.

"Stop lying to me," he growls, reaching down, grabbing my arms, and pulling me up to stand in front of him.

"I'm not," I say, lying to us both.

Shivering suddenly, I am unsure if it is from the cold air or the thought of this man and his very erect cock.

"Let me get you warmed up," he says and steps out of the tub. After quickly wrapping a towel around his waist, he grabs another and wraps it tightly around my body before helping me out.

"Thank you," I say as he begins to rub his large hands along my arms and back. I find myself stepping toward him, *into his chest*, toward his warmth.

The man's palms find their way underneath my towel, and I cannot control the moan from slipping out as he firmly rubs the globes of my ass.

"Spread your legs," he commands, growling softly in my ear and nipping at it playfully.

My body obeys without me knowing it.

"How does this feel, Princess?" the man asks as he lets one of his hands dip

between my legs and caresses the folds of my sex with surprising gentleness.

Wrapping my arms around his waist and placing my head on his broad chest, feeling the warm dampness of his skin against my cheek, I let myself succumb to his ministrations.

At some point during our bath, probably when he first began massaging my foot, I unconsciously decided to let myself enjoy whatever pleasure I could. The night will end all too soon, this man will leave, and I'll be back to my nightmare existence. After everything that's happened, I deserve to use this man to pretend my life hasn't turned into a total nightmare.

"So wet for me," he groans in my ear, pressing a thick finger into my wetness.

"I need you," I hear myself whisper, tightening my hold on the man, breathing in his clean scent, and feeling the security of his strong body as I lean into him. "Please, sir."

"I'm right here, and I'm not going anywhere," he whispers, gently teasing me with pleasure as he circles a finger wet with my own juices firmly around my clit. My entire body begins humming faster and faster with unsatisfied need.

"Are you going to let me inside?" the man asks, slowly and unrelentingly pressing two fingers into me, making me gasp as he stretches me open, my pussy burning from the intrusion. I hear the sucking noise of my wetness as he begins moving his fingers in and out of my sex. "I want to fuck you."

I shudder at his words; both fearful at what could happen and excited at the prospect of the pleasure I know this man can give. If only to prove he has total control over my body.

"You wouldn't tie me up or anything, right?" I ask, staring intently at the dark, decidedly sexy hairs on his chest.

"Fuck no!" he says, continuing to slowly finger me as he begins to rub his thumb against my clit, making me tighten my hold on him and move my hips in time with the rhythm he's creating.

"I'm not into that. I like my women free to go wild on me," he whispers into my ear, his voice promising pleasure.

"Okay," I groan as he pushes me over the edge and into another orgasm. He

holds me tightly against his body as he continues drawing out my pleasure.

Removing his hand from beneath my towel, he raises the glistening fingers to his lips and sucks them clean. "Delicious."

Gently cupping my face, the man touches my lips with his own, briefly, and whispers, "Are you sure?"

I nod my head in answer, unable to actually give voice to the desire. The desire I do not want to, *should not* have.

The man releases his hold on me and steps back. Crossing his arms over his chest, he asks, "Why?"

"What?" I look up into his face, blinking in sudden confusion.

"Why do you want me to fuck you?"

"Because."

"Because isn't an answer, Princess," he says in a low, demanding tone.

Unable to meet his eyes, I quietly say, "I thought you wanted ... "

"Stop right there," he interrupts, stepping forward and putting one arm around my body. "I do."

With his other hand, he grabs my hand and tucks it underneath his towel, wrapping it around his cock. "Feel how hard you make my cock. It didn't get that way from anyone else but you, Princess. I've wanted to fuck you since you walked into the room downstairs."

"Oh," I say, unable to stop myself from squeezing him in my hand and stroking his smooth hardness once before realizing what I have done and quickly letting go.

"But I want to know what's persuaded you that us fucking is a good idea." The man cups my face in his hands and gently strokes my cheek with his thumb. "I don't want you to ever regret it."

I can't help but melt into him. This man keeps displaying the confusing, perfect, combination of tenderness and possession.

"Because I want you too," I growl, beginning to get annoyed. Why won't he just take what he's wanted all night?

"Why?"

Pulling back, I look up into his face. His expression, a mix of amusement

and sternness has me stamping my foot petulantly. Why won't he just fucking fuck me already? He clearly wants to. And I've made it clear I won't be fighting him.

"Behave. Don't pout," he rebukes. "I don't usually throw women over my lap and spank them until they tell me what I want to know, but I'm beginning to see the appeal."

"You don't?"

"No. There are much nicer ways for me to get the information I want out of you, Princess," he says, wrapping his arm around me and pulling me back toward him.

Fisting the hair at the back of my head, he leans in and kisses me with surprising gentleness. It does not last long, and soon he's thrusting his tongue into my mouth and stealing my breath. I can do nothing but cling to his waist and enjoy the ride.

The hand not tangled in my hair moves up my body and takes hold of my breast. The towel rubs against my skin, making my nipples react and my body thrum with tormented pleasure.

"Sir," I moan, wanting, *needing*, him to bring me over the edge once again.

Abruptly he stops the exquisite pleasure and stares down at me with his eyebrow quirked, demanding me to speak.

"Please, sir." I run my hands up his chest, shamelessly imploring him to continue. I should be disgusted with myself. But at this moment I don't fucking care. "Don't stop."

"Are you going to tell me why I should fuck your sweet, tight, virgin cunt?" he whispers, nipping at the shell of my ear and squeezing my breast—reminding my body what it wants.

"Because." I find myself raking my fingertips through his dark, surprisingly soft chest hair. The man doesn't say a word or move as he waits for me to continue. "Because you won't hurt me. And you'll make sure I enjoy it."

I briefly wonder if he has ever done this to one of his competitors, seduced them with pleasure so they will give up all their secrets. Maybe not always sexually, but a nice bottle of whiskey, a trip to an expensive brothel, and he has

them spewing all their company's inside information.

"That's all I wanted to know." He releases his hold on me all together and opens the bathroom door, motioning me to walk through.

Suddenly nervous, my pace slows as I make my way into the room and closer toward the large foreboding bed. *What the fuck have I gotten myself into?*

"Get on the bed," the man tells me, snagging my towel and pulling it off, tossing it on the floor.

Here goes nothing. Turning quickly, I crawl onto the stiff mattress.

FINN

“Good girl.”

I watch as Lily slowly, *nervously*, crawls up onto the bed, displaying for me her beautiful curves and flashes of her bare cunt. I grab my cock, attempting to relieve some of the ache, but there is only one thing that will help. And it's *hot, wet, tight*, and right in front of me.

“Now lean back against the pillows,” I tell Lily, walking over and grabbing a nearby chair. I sit at the end of the bed where I have the best view.

I know Lily wouldn't have fought or put up a struggle if I had taken her earlier. My cock thinks, *knows*, I should have, and it's beginning to wonder if I am a masochist. But that would have seriously fucked, no pun intended, with my plans for her. I want her completely persuaded that me fucking her is in her best interest. When we leave tomorrow, I want her addicted to pleasure and craving it from my hands, my mouth, *and* my cock. Pouncing on her now and mindlessly fucking her would destroy anything my earlier seduction accomplished.

“Bend your legs and put your feet flat on the bed by your hips,” I tell her, leaning forward and resting my forearms on my knees.

Lily slowly does as she is told, already complying easily with my demands.

“Good. Now spread your knees and show me that virgin cunt.”

“Sir?” she asks, all the while doing as I commanded.

“As smooth and clean as it is waxed, I think you need a landing strip,” I muse, shifting uncomfortably in my chair as I watch her puffy folds, still

glistening with her arousal, come into view. All my cock wants to do is thrust itself inside and be surrounded by her wet warmth.

I draw in a deep breath, trying to relax. Otherwise, I won't be able to last long or ensure that Lily comes. I need to make sure that she is completely ready before I finally give into my urges.

"Reach down with one hand and spread your pussy open."

"What?" she interrupts, sounding somewhat shocked.

"With the other hand, I want you to play with your clit. You need to be nice and wet before I fuck you, and you're going to do all the work while I watch."

"But, sir," Lily says nervously, running her hands along her thighs.

"I know you've done this before," I tell her and watch as she bites her lip and blushes slightly with embarrassment.

My princess may be a virgin, but from the little amount of time we've spent together, I know she's had pleasure before. No one would ignite and demand release like Lily does if she were clueless. "Show me how you get yourself off."

Raising herself up on her elbows, she meets my eyes and whispers shyly, "I don't have any of my toys."

Fuck. We'll definitely be exploring that later.

"You'll have to make do the old fashioned way," I tell her, scooting my chair closer.

Dropping back down onto the bed, she closes her eyes and slowly follows my instructions, opening her pink folds and taking two fingers to stroke her clit before squeezing it between them like an expert. Her breathing slows as she relaxes.

"Now dip that finger into your hot cunt and use the wetness to stroke your clit," I guide her.

"Sir." She moans as her breathing becomes more and more labored.

I can see the glistening of wetness surrounding her opening, and I ache to taste her. *Later.*

"That's it, Princess. Now let go of your labia and work your two fingers into that hot wet channel of yours." My own breathing is becoming hard as I watch her slowly pleasure herself.

“Sir?”

“In and out, don’t stop stroking that clit. That’s it, Princess, get yourself there,” I groan out as my persistent cock begins to throb and my balls feel like they’ll burst.

Fuck!

Watching her masturbate is not helping me relax.

How could I have ever thought it would?

Totally zoned in on the woman before me, enjoying the scene of her desire, I almost lose track of my plan of getting Lily to beg me to fuck her. I want her so lost with desire that she’s begging me to take her.

“Stop,” I command.

“What?”

“Stop.”

“But.”

“I said stop.”

Standing up, I toss my towel onto the floor and crawl up the end of the bed.

“I’m taking over now,” I tell her, grabbing her hand and removing her fingers, with a wet pop, from her sweet-smelling cunt. Lifting them to my mouth, I suck them clean and groan with pleasure. “You do taste divine.”

Lily is a sweetness I have never tasted before, and I plan on keeping her. No matter what I have to do.

“Look at me,” I say, getting her to meet my eyes. “I think you’re ready to be fucked now, don’t you?”

“Please, sir.” She grabs onto my arms and tries to pull me down onto her.

I move over her body, feeling the softness beneath me. Leaning down, I kiss her gently, teasing her lips with my own. I want her mindless with wanting before I claim what is already mine. Tomorrow, I don’t want there to be any question that she asked, *begged*, me to fuck her.

Shifting my weight onto one arm, I thrust my tongue into Lily’s mouth as I simultaneously press two fingers into her tight passage, stretching her open, testing her readiness. Lily lifts her hips into my hand, and I hum in satisfaction. I slowly finger fuck her—tease her, feeling her slick burning cunt on my fingers.

Ending the kiss I lean down taking a nipple between my lips, I suck it deeply onto the roof of my mouth and feel Lily's cunt squeezing my fingers in response. Nipping at the hard bud, she gasps, and a rush of desire releases onto my already wet fingers.

Kissing and nuzzling her neck I whisper, "Are you ready?"

"Yes." She growls in frustration as her hips move against my hand, seeking release. She grabs my body pulling me closer.

"Ask me to fuck you."

"Would you *please* fuck me already," my princess growls, smacking the side of my ass.

Taking my impatient cock, I place it at her entrance and push slowly in until her burning warmth surrounds the tip.

"This might hurt, Princess," I warn her. "But relax and think of all the times I've made you come tonight."

"Okay." Lily giggles nervously. I nuzzle her nose and then kiss her roughly as I thrust fully into her cunt, making us both gasp and tighten our grip on one another.

Fuck!

My entire body is shaking and sweating with the need for release. Somehow I'm able to control my urge to pound mindlessly into her and seek my own relief. This isn't about me, but the woman I plan on having in my bed for the rest of my life. I better make sure Lily enjoys, *craves* it.

Pulling back slowly, Lily's groans turn into moans as I push my cock slowly back into her cunt. With a control I didn't know I possessed, I steadily get her used to the movements and rhythms of our fucking—kissing and nipping at her throat to distract her from any discomfort.

I groan with pleasure as she raises her legs and wraps them around my waist, forcing my cock in deeper.

"Fuck, you're a natural."

"Sir," she whimpers, arching her back and tightening her hold around my neck.

Lily's cunt begins pulsing around my cock as she gets closer to climax.

“That’s it, Princess,” I say, palming one of her breasts and thumbing the hardened nipple roughly. “Come for me.”

“Oh God,” she moans, thrusting her hips up into mine.

“Lily,” I pant as her fingers dig into my side and the power of her orgasm squeezes my cock almost painfully.

With one final thrust, I feel the rush of my release as I explode, leaving me breathless and spent.

Coming back to my body, I realize the thought to grab a condom, something I am pretty fanatical about, had never crossed my mind. Through the mistakes of others, I’ve learned a couple of things. One, you should always buy your own condoms. And two, as sexy as it can be to have a woman slowly roll it down your cock squeezing as they go, you should always put it on yourself.

Tonight all of that went completely out of my head; not because I know the establishment makes sure the girls are clean and I had a vasectomy last year, but because Lily is now mine. I don’t care what anyone says, including her, she is mine. It doesn’t matter what games I have to play, or what I have to do—I am fucking keeping her.

Every good businessman knows it is important to be flexible and seize opportunities when they fall in your lap—*literally*. I had not planned on her, but I can make the necessary adjustments. Lily is now my future, whether she wants to be or not. Now I only need to convince her, and this was a fucking great start.

LILY

“**H**ow was that?” the man asks smugly, resting his forehead on mine as his warm breath tickles my nose.

“Okay,” I answer breathlessly. I am not about to give him the satisfaction of knowing how, beyond the initial feelings of uncomfortableness, sex with him had been amazing—the stuff of fantasies.

“Oh, Princess, I think we both know it was better than that,” he chuckles, rolling us onto our sides and holding our connection in place. “You were fucking amazing.”

The hand behind my head pulls me into a gentle, thorough kiss. I open my mouth in invitation; the taste of this man is becoming an addiction. Wrapping my arm around his neck, I pull myself closer, wanting to feel the connection with him all over again, just as his cock is slipping out from between my legs.

I did not know what I expected from this man, but him as a cuddler after sex never crossed my mind. I had assumed, *wrongly*, when we finished, he would pull out roughly, jump off the bed, and leave.

There had been no time for me to fantasize about what it could be like between us if things were different, but this is what I would have dreamed up. Being with this man was pretty much *perfect*.

“Let’s go get cleaned up,” he says, breaking the kiss and pulling his head back to meet my eyes.

We both slowly rise from the bed. The man takes hold of my hand as we

make our way to the bathroom.

“They never give you enough fucking towels,” he mutters in annoyance, opening the shower door and turning it on. “Stay in here.”

The man leaves the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Wrapping my arms around my chest for warmth, I move over toward the door and try and listen. He’s picked up the phone and is speaking fucking Mandarin into it.

He slams it down onto its receiver, and I quickly scurry over toward the closed toilet seat and sit down, wrapping my arms around my knees.

“Let’s get you into the shower,” he says, walking back into the bathroom. Unfolding myself, I take his offered hand and walk into the steaming hot water. Once inside, I shiver as it hits my chilled skin.

The man pulls me against his chest and rubs my back gently. “Are you warming up?”

“Yes,” I answer, wrapping my arms around his waist and letting myself enjoy the warmth and comfort of being in his arms. I can hate myself later for it, right now I’m going to take full advantage of the man I have in front of me. That includes giving into the gentle, sweet side that keeps appearing.

“Good.” He steps away and grabs the bar of soap. “Let’s get you cleaned up. Spread your legs, Princess.”

Biting my lip, I widen my stance. This is the man who has touched, tasted, watched, and *fucked* me, but for some insane reason, I feel nervous—shy.

“Good girl,” he whispers, crouching down in front of me and roughly beginning to run his soapy hands up and down my legs. I grab onto his shoulders to steady myself. There is no seduction in his touch when he reaches the apex of my thighs and runs a hand between my legs.

Once he’s satisfied with my cleanliness, he stands and begins cleaning himself. The words offering to do it for him are on my lips, but I can’t seem to bring myself to utter them. That seems a step beyond into utter madness. I should want nothing to do with this man, not be fantasizing about stroking his cock and balls, feeling the weight of them in my hand. *Fucking insanity*. I shake my head and begin rinsing my hair while I wait for him to finish.

“Now, it’s time for a warm bath,” the man says, stepping out of the shower

and turning on the bath's taps.

How many times are we going to shower and bathe? I don't think I have *ever* been this clean!

"Get in," he tells me, taking my hand and helping me step over the ledge of the tub. "Sit and relax. The hot water will be good for your cunt."

"Okay," I say, sinking deeper into the water, letting the warmth cover and relax me. As much as I don't want to admit it, he's right. The warm water feels good against my tender skin.

I hear a loud knock on the bathroom door, and I jump. My heart begins beating faster, and I reach up to grab his hand. This man's presence is no longer frightening, but reassuring.

"Don't worry, Princess," he growls, crouching down and kissing my temple gently. "They're just here to strip the bed and deliver more towels."

"Sir?" I breathe out.

"You're not getting rid of me," he states, fisting the back of my hair and pulling me into a rough, possessive kiss. "Stay in here until they leave."

He rises and leaves the bathroom, his loud, demanding voice carrying through the door.

I sink back and let the hot water slowly envelop me as the tub continues to fill. For the first time since the man entered the room this evening, I truly let my mind wander, trying to puzzle out his conflicting behavior.

On the one hand, he's sweet and gentle, on the other, he's gruff and coarse. He scares me, but I'm not afraid of him. I know he would never physically hurt me. Yet his gruffness and anger can be unsettling at times.

Then there is the sex. I still can't wrap my head around the fact that I willingly slept with this man, that I asked him to have sex with me. Not only that, but that I enjoyed nearly every second of it. Despite my initial nervousness, having him watch me masturbate was one of the hottest things I've ever done. I still can't believe I went along with it. *Or how much it turned me on.*

There is movement coming from the other room, followed by the low murmur of voices; it is punctuated by the man's impatient response, all of which I cannot understand. Sinking lower into the tub, I tune out my surroundings and

focus on what just occurred between the man and me.

How it had felt to touch him, to have him watch me, taste me, touch me, fuck me. How it had felt when he came inside of me. I push aside the fact that he wasn't wearing a condom and all those life altering repercussions. Instead, I focus on his body collapsing against mine with spent pleasure, and the knowledge that I had done that to him. There's an odd power in knowing I did that to him. That he enjoyed sex as much as I did. He's not a man to say things he doesn't mean, so when he says he thought it was amazing I have to believe him.

I wonder if he would take me with him, help me escape. Or at least come back to see me.

Suddenly the doorknob turns and begins to swing open. I wrap my knees against my chest, shielding my naked body. The man's angry voice sounds and the intruder backs out quickly. I release the breath I hadn't known I'd been holding in.

The shiver that runs through me has nothing to do with the cold and everything to do with the men outside the bathroom door.

Straining my ears, I can hear the others depart the room and the man's heavy footsteps striding toward the bathroom.

"It's just me," he says loudly, knocking once before pushing the door open.

Looking up as he enters, I see his face is set into a scowl. His eyebrows are scrunched up into a thick angry line. His fists tighten around the towels he is holding.

"Relax, they're gone," he says in a low growl, which has me pushing back further into the corner of the tub. I no longer fear this man physically, but my whole body is a live wire of nerves. I can't help but be set on edge by the angry and annoyed vibe he is projecting.

I watch as he turns toward the vanity and begins pulling open the draws and rifling through them, clearly looking for something.

"What are you looking for?" I find myself asking.

"A fucking hairbrush," he mutters tersely.

Letting myself relax under the effects of the hot water, I reach up and touch

the mess that is my hair. Although clean thanks to my frequent showers, it's a mass of unruly tangles.

"I could use one," I tell him, trying to finger comb it as best as possible.

"This cheap plastic comb will have to do."

The man walks toward the tub with a folded towel and the comb in his hand. He turns off the water, then surprises me by putting the towel down on the floor by the edge and kneeling down onto it.

"Turn around," he states firmly, holding up the comb.

"Thank you, I can do it." I reach out to grab the comb from his hand. I may not have a super sensitive head, but I don't want him angrily pulling and tugging through my snarls.

"I'll do it," he says again. "Just turn around and relax."

"Fine." I huff, knowing I won't win an argument with this man. Turning my body so my hair is over the side of the tub, I brace myself.

The man gathers my hair in his large hands and splits it into two equal sections. Taking one section, he starts at the bottom and begins to comb through it expertly.

"How'd you learn to do this?" I ask incredulously.

"I used to have long hair."

Surprised, I quickly twist my body to face him. "Really?"

"It was a long time ago," he says with a grin. "I was an unkempt college student."

Placing his hand on the crown of my head, he redirects me back into position.

"Why did you cut it?" I can't help but be intrigued, wondering what he looked like with long, dark, and no doubt wavy hair.

The man hesitates before answering. "Someone suggested that it would be better if I looked more corporate."

"Sounds like something my dad would say," I scoff; my dad hadn't liked it when I dyed my hair purple in junior high school.

The man continues to gently comb my hair, lulling me into a peacefully relaxed state.

“How’s your cunt feeling?” he asks, breaking the silence as he continues his methodical combing of my hair.

“Umm ... ” I mutter, inexplicably embarrassed, considering all that we had shared.

He leans forward and slips one of his hands into the water, running it down my stomach and gently cupping my pussy. I quickly grab his wrist, attempting to restrain him.

“Sir.”

“Is the hot water helping any?”

“Yes,” I answer truthfully.

“Good.” He kisses my neck, sending an unwanted shock of pleasure through my body. He lazily pets me for several moments before removing his hand and continuing to comb through my tangles.

Once he’s satisfied with the state of my hair, he stands and shakes out the towel he was kneeling on. Waiting.

I slowly unfold myself and stand up in the tub.

“Let’s get you dried off.” The man steps forward and wraps the towel tightly around my body. Taking my arm, he helps me step out of the tub before grabbing another towel and beginning to run it roughly along my shoulders, warming me.

“Was there any lotion?”

“What?”

“Lotion.”

If it weren’t for the humidity, I would be a scratching, flaky mess already.

“But you’re clean, why would you put lotion on now?” the man asks, genuinely confused.

“So my skin doesn’t dry out.”

“I saw some in the top drawer,” he says, pointing toward the vanity before adding, “I’m going to make sure the bed is ready.”

Before I can say anything in reply, the man has left the bathroom, and I can hear him moving around the bedroom.

I quickly find the lotion, a cheap generic hotel brand, and begin lathering my arms and legs with it.

“Time for bed,” he says, walking back into the bathroom.

“Sir.”

How could I possibly tell him that I don’t want to have sex again? I have no doubt he’d honor my request, but then he might leave. And I’d be back locked up in the stuffy closet again, alone.

Alone and waiting for the next unknown man to pay for me. The truth I don’t dare admit to myself is, I like this man. He may be gruff and demanding, but he is also considerate, intelligent, and has a hidden kindness that I have been lucky enough to see on several occasions. “Sir,” I begin again, taking a shuddering breath and whispering, “I’m still sore.”

“My poor princess,” the man says, fisting the hair at the back of my head and imprisoning me while he leans in and gives me a surprisingly gentle kiss. “You’ll feel better in the morning.”

“In the morning?” I ask confused, slightly dazed.

“Yes, let’s go to bed.” He takes my hand, and we walk quickly into the bedroom. But not before he picks up his watch and clothing on the way out, tucking them under his arm and gripping my hand with his free one.

The bed has been completely stripped and remade, the covers turned down as if waiting for us to get in. I notice the remnants of our dinner have been removed, and the man’s jacket is now draped neatly over one of the chairs.

Stopping at the side of the bed, the man pulls off the towel from around my body and guides me toward the edge of the bed, patting my ass lightly and saying, “Get in.”

Quickly, I scurry under the covers and pull them up underneath my chin.

The man neatly adds his clothes to mine before he walks over to the light switch and flicks it off, shrouding us in almost darkness. I shiver and grip the blankets tightly as he moves to shut the curtains on the window.

“Please don’t,” I whisper in a panic, not wanting to be in the complete darkness. “Can we leave them open?”

He looks over at me, his brow furrowed as his hand releases the curtain. “Whatever you want, Princess.”

Walking around the other side of the bed, he places his watch on the bedside

table before dropping his towel and crawling in next to me, *naked*.

I roll over onto my side, facing him, and pull the blankets up over my shoulder, clutching them tightly in front of me.

“God, this mattress is horrible,” he groans, laying down and pulling the blankets up over his waist, leaving his chest bare. “How can they possibly expect people to sleep?”

“I don’t think they expect you to sleep,” I say quietly. The man chuckles beside me and rolls onto his side facing me. He inches toward the middle of the bed, and I instinctively scoot backward, away from him.

“If you move over any more, you’ll fall off the bed,” he warns, reaching out an arm and drawing me back into the middle of the bed with him.

I freeze as we come nose to nose; his eyes are crinkled with humor and are hiding behind the most annoyingly long dark eyelashes I’ve ever seen.

“Do you snore?” the man asks, settling his arm more comfortably around my waist and closing his eyes.

“Yes,” I find myself lying as I control the urge to snuggle closer to the man’s chest.

Closing my eyes, it doesn’t take long for me to be lulled to sleep by the warmth and security of this man’s presence.

The night air is cool on my face. I shiver as we walk down the cobblestone sidewalks, my heels clicking with every step. There are others with me, people I know, my friends from high school. But I can’t see their faces in the darkness. Low lit street lamps light the way as we continue to walk further into the darkness. There’s a balloon of excitement inside of me that grows bigger with each step. I can hear my laughter ringing in the air.

Suddenly the pulsing lights of the club are surrounding me, filling me with unnatural energy. There is movement everywhere. And the sound of music reverberates in my chest. I feel euphoric as my senses are overwhelmed, and all I can do is give into the sensations. Falling into a rhythm, I move along with the other bodies as we become one writhing organism.

A sudden silence and a blast of cold air hits me. I’m outside again. A concrete wall a mass in front of me. Turning to the left, I start walking toward

the lights of the street. I was told to come this way. Why, I am unsure.

A hand grabs me from behind and covers my mouth, while another arm bands across my chest, holding me prisoner. I twist, thrash, and struggle to break free.

“No!” I can hear my own muffled cry, and I continue to kick and twist my body as hard as I can.

“Lily, stop.” I hear the man’s voice from far off in the distance as my attacker continues to drag me back further into the darkness—away from the light.

“Wake up,” the man’s hard voice snaps angrily. My attacker freezes, and suddenly I’m opening my eyes.

My heart is racing, and I have an instinct to fight against his firm grasp. His hard, naked, body surrounds me and I can’t escape, pinned down onto the bed. He is covering me like a weighted blanket, while the bedding has fallen off from where we had been tucked in. Coming back to reality, I blink up into the shadows of the man’s concerned face—his dark eyebrows furrowed into a thick line.

“I’ve got you,” he says with a low growl.

I am safe from everyone save him. I grab onto his arms and melt into his warmth—clinging to the only solid thing I have felt for longer than I can remember, wedging myself under his body and further into his arms. This man is real, and he is here. Although the voice in my head whispers, *For now.*

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No,” I whisper, wrapping an arm around his narrow waist as a shiver runs through my body. “Just a nightmare.”

“Tell me what happened, Princess.” His low voice rumbles against me as he gently strokes my hair and holds me tightly.

“It was nothing,” I mutter.

“It didn’t seem like nothing to me,” he replies, pulling back only far enough to kiss my forehead before tucking me back safely into his arms. “Was it about the kidnapping?”

I nod my head against his chest, still shaking as the remnants of the dream

slowly dissipate. Taking a deep breath, I attempt to cleanse myself from the feelings, the memories. All I want to do is forget what happened, to live in the present. Enjoy this man for as long as possible.

FINN

Pulling my body slightly back away from Lily, I lean over her and run my hand slowly through her re-tangled mass of hair while I formulate my plan. I need her to tell me what happened, and I now have a tactical advantage—her defenses are down. Lily trusts me, and I need to capitalize on that while I have the chance.

“What were you doing when they grabbed you?” I ask, gentling my voice but keeping it firm. I will have my answers.

“We were at a club in Paris, and I went out a side door,” she says slowly, her breath stuttering slightly while her gaze is fixed unseeingly on my chest. I run my hand along her back. Her body loosens as she relaxes. “She told me to meet her there.”

“Who’s she?”

“Janice. A friend from school.”

“She told you to go out that door?” I ask, wanting to confirm the details. Even the smallest bit of information could help in discovering what really happened to Lily the night the kidnappers took her and will be useful in piecing together the events that led her here to this fucking nightmare.

“Yes.”

“Where were you?”

“Some club, I don’t remember which one, She wanted to go there,” Lily says, before surprising me and starting to giggle softly. “They sprayed foam.”

“I didn’t realize that was still a thing,” I chuckle.

“It’s not,” she says, finally looking up at me with an amused expression.

“How’d you two become friends?” I move my hand up her back and massage her neck lightly, feeling the warm, soft skin beneath my fingers.

“We met at the library,” she answers, suppressing a moan as I gently work the knot at the base of her skull.

“Did you have classes together?”

“No.”

The hairs on the back of my neck rise wondering whom this Janice really is, if that’s even her real name. It seems very suspicious that a new friend would suddenly appear in Lily’s life just in time to have her kidnapped.

“I hope she’s okay,” she whispers.

“I bet she is,” I mutter darkly.

Whoever masterminded the kidnapping knew to wait until the traditional two-week Easter holiday when they could ensure she was traveling abroad. This gave them ample time before anyone would raise the alarm at her disappearance.

Once Lily falls back to sleep, I’ll call my assistant Trevor again and give him the information I’ve been able to gather. This should help speed the investigation along. The sooner I discover who the fucker is, the sooner I can make them pay for what they’ve done to my Lily. They’ve traumatized her, and that won’t go unpunished.

“Close your eyes,” I tell her, pulling the covers up higher over our shoulders and tucking her in more tightly. “Go back to sleep.”

Gliding my hand along her back, I pull her in closer. Reaching her shoulders, I gently massage them, and it’s not long before I feel the tension release from her body as she quickly falls back asleep, snuggled against my chest—right where she belongs.

Instead of getting up to call Trevor right away, I simply watch Lily sleep. Why anyone would want to hurt this sweet, intelligent, gorgeous woman is unfathomable. I don’t care who they are; they will fucking pay for what they’ve put her through. I’m seriously considering wringing Peter’s neck and severing all ties with him after this. It may not be good business, but for once I don’t fucking

care. He better have a good excuse for not rescuing Lily the moment he discovered she'd been taken. Although, there is no excuse he could give that could possibly be good enough.

Taking a deep breath, I slowly extract myself from the bed, careful not to disturb Lily. I make sure to pull the blankets up over her, so she doesn't catch a chill in my absence. Pressing a kiss to her forehead, I close my eyes and breathe in her sweet, clean scent. There's something fucking intoxicating about my princess.

Turning around, I reach for the phone and call Trevor again at the hotel. Last time I called, while Lily was in the bathroom, he had no news for me. This time he better fucking have some information.

"Peter has been texting me again, sir, demanding to know why you aren't answering him and what is going on," he tells me.

"Have you responded?"

"Only to ensure him you are handling the situation."

"Good," I growl. Peter doesn't deserve to know what is going on. "Do you have any information for me?"

"Some," he says hesitantly. "With the time difference, it's been difficult to reach people."

"I don't want excuses," I clip. "I want results."

"I went on a hunch and checked Miss MacKay's social media accounts," he tells me. "And they all show she has been having a wonderful Easter Holiday in Paris, and then again back in London."

"So no one suspects anything?"

"I doubt it, sir. There aren't just photographs of places she's reported to have been, but more than one selfie all geo-tagged at those locations."

"Fuck," I mutter.

"Yes, it would appear someone has gone through a lot of trouble to keep Miss MacKay's disappearance a secret."

"Yes." I then have a sudden thought. "Text Peter and get her mobile number from him, Daniels will need it to do a trace. I want to see if she's been supposedly sending any messages. Someone must be posing as her to her parents

and university.”

“Yes, of course,” he says, and I can tell he’s reaching for his phone as he mutters, “Why didn’t I think of that?”

“Well, I have some information for you.”

“You do?” he asks excitedly.

“They kidnapped Lily from outside of a club, I don’t know which one. But it did foam during that evening.”

“That’s still a thing?” he scoffs.

“Apparently,” I answer amused. “She was there with a new friend of hers who goes by the name Janice. They met in the library on campus, but they don’t have any courses together.”

“So are you thinking this Janice might be in on the kidnapping?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be sure to pass the information along to Daniels.”

“Good.”

“Your sister texted me and was wondering what your itinerary is.”

“Text Riley back, and tell her I’ll call tomorrow.”

I hear Lily whimpering again in her sleep.

“Be ready to leave when we get back, and Lily will need some clothes,” I tell him. Not waiting for a reply I hang up and quickly make my way back to the bed. Gently, I pull Lily back into my arms, tucking her under my body once again.

“I’ve got you, Princess,” I tell her, running my hand along her side. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Her breathing relaxes, and I kiss her forehead gently. Pulling back, I stare into her now open eyes.

“Sir?”

“I’m right here,” I tell her, giving her a small smile.

Her tiny hand reaches up and gently touches my cheek. I turn my head and kiss her palm. Her lips twitch into a small smile.

LILY

I awake to the feeling of warmth and safety, tucked under the man's body, with his warm eyes shining down at me in the dim light. For some reason, I can't help but reach up and cup his cheek with my palm. It's rough with stubble, feeling like my favorite emery board. I scratch his cheek lightly with my nails and find myself smiling when he turns his head and presses a kiss into my palm.

The touch of his warm lips against my skin sends a pleasant tingle through me. I find myself gliding my hand along his neck and pulling his mouth toward mine. I lick my lips in anticipation before I press them against his full warm mouth.

This kiss is different than the others the man and I have shared. I'm in full control. He's letting me set the pace—I am kissing him. After a few moments, he pulls out of the kiss and rests our foreheads together.

"Princess," he whispers, rubbing his nose against mine affectionately.

"Please, sir," I answer back, not really sure what I mean, or entirely want I want—except to get lost in this man, wanting to fall back into his warmth and the pleasure I know can be found there. I don't want to slip back into my nightmares or think about anything else except the feelings he creates within me.

Rolling me completely onto my back, the man hovers over me.

He trails light, barely-there kisses down my face that have me squirming and sighing with pleasure—laving, nipping, and sucking on the skin above my

collarbone, no doubt leaving his mark.

“Sir,” I cry out in shock as he suddenly flips onto his back, somehow taking me with him. I’m now sprawled awkwardly on top of his hard body, looking down into his twinkling golden eyes.

Gliding his hands down my body, I gasp as he grips the tops of my thighs and pulls them apart. I now have his hard body between my legs. My heart is racing as I push against his hard chest to a sitting position. I’m naked, straddling an equally naked man.

He’s grinning up at me as his warm hands grip my hips gently. The circling caresses against my skin his thumbs are making have me rocking against his body.

“Sir?” I ask, unsure of what to do next.

Even in my naughtiest fantasies, I never really imagined what it would be like to have a man laid out beneath me and letting me take control. Not that I believe I am ever truly in control when it comes to this man. But at this moment he is allowing me to pretend—to explore.

“Touch me, Princess. Do whatever you want.” His voice rings with a gentle sincerity.

Slowly, I move my palms across his chest, feeling the solid—real—warmth beneath them. This man is my momentary reality. All I want to do is kiss him again.

So I give into the urge.

Leaning forward, I press a kiss against his throat. It gives me a thrill to feel his pulse pounding beneath. Next, I kiss the man’s jaw, flicking my tongue against his stubble. The hands resting on my hips flex, but he makes no move to take over.

“Hi,” I whisper, suddenly shy when we’re nose to nose.

“Hiya,” he replies. His copper eyes are twinkling in the darkness, and his lips are twitched up slightly into a grin.

I lean down and take his full lips with my own, marveling at how soft they are, how much I love the taste as I run my tongue along their seam. He opens up, and I flick my tongue against his. The man shivers against me, and he moans.

While his hands never move from their resting spot on my hips, his fingertips twitch and dig into my flesh.

My hands on his chest find his nipples through the smattering of coarse dark hair. The man moans appreciatively as I begin to tease and touch him, instinctively touching him the way I enjoy being touched.

Leaning down, I kiss and suck on the warm salty skin of his neck. A thrill of pleasure courses through me as I feel his moans of pleasure against my lips. I scoot down his body slowly, leaving a trail of kisses. The man doesn't make any move to stop me or take over. I freeze for a second when I feel his hardness beneath me, which wasn't there before.

"Fuck, Princess," he groans out as I take one of his nipples between my lips and suck it to the roof of my mouth. His hands move up my body and tangle in my hair.

Lifting myself onto my knees, I slowly continue to move down his body, following the trail of hair from his navel down to his thick cock.

"Fuck," he mutters as I gently grasp him in my hand, feeling his weight and girth.

Leaning forward, I take a tentative lick of the mushroomed head, not knowing what I'm doing or even if I really want to try and suck this man off. It's not an act I have enjoyed. But I find, for this man, I'm willing to try.

"Not tonight, Princess," he says, interrupting my thoughts by fisting my hair tightly—stilling my movements.

"You don't want me to?"

"I think my cock is making it pretty clear it wants nothing more than to be in that sexy mouth of yours. But I'm tabling its decision until later."

Doing an impressive ab-curl, he reaches down and takes hold of my arms, dragging me back up his body so we are once again face-to-face.

"Who are you?" I wonder aloud. *Who is this man of confusing contradictions?*

A shadow of some unknown emotion flits across the man's face before he quickly clears it into his seemingly normal stoic demeanor.

"I'm a man who needs to get some sleep."

“But what about ... ?” I ask vaguely, gesturing toward his erect cock.

Ignoring my question the man flips us so I’m once again safely tucked against his body. Then he pulls up the covers and tucks us back underneath.

“No more nightmares, Princess” he commands tersely before placing a confusingly sweet kiss on my forehead.

I’m left reeling. *Who is this man?*

LILY

“**H**ow are you feeling this morning, Princess?” a groggy voice asks from behind as the arm draped across my middle tightens slightly.

I jump, and it takes me a moment to wake enough to be aware of my surroundings. I quickly realize I’m still stuck in the same nightmare I have been living in for the past few weeks. I don’t want to admit to myself that waking up next to the man who bought me last night isn’t an entirely unpleasant experience. Maybe if I try hard enough I can convince myself I only like him because he has been the first person to be kind to me since my abduction. *Not because he makes me feel both safe and cared for.*

One minute he’s unrelenting and demanding, then the next he’s gentle and full of normal conversation as if we were getting to know each other. Almost as if last night was some strange one-night stand.

“Princess?”

Closing my eyes again, I answer sleepily, “I’m okay.” Which every man should know is code for I’m miserable, angry, unhappy, annoyed, or a combination of all those feelings, but I don’t want to talk to you about it.

“Just okay?” he asks, clearly not knowing the true meaning of the phrase. “I think we can do better than that.”

The man’s arm around my middle reaches up so his hand can cup my breast, while his fingers lazily begin to caress the rapidly hardening nipple. Instinctively

I push myself back into his arms, seeking to get as close as I can to the pleasurable feeling he's sparking throughout my body.

I freeze suddenly when my ass brushes against his thick morning erection. It surprises me, catching me off guard, though I don't know why. Even though I know it happens, having never woken up next to a man I didn't expect it.

A tongue flicks the skin at the back of my neck, sending a shiver through me. Several gentle sucking kisses that leave me groaning in frustration follow. I don't want to desire this man. I should hate him. But my body, *my pussy*, has turned traitor. It tingles with so much need for this man's attention that I don't fight him when he wraps the arm he's laying on under my body. Reaching around, he teases my nipples with barely-there caresses. His other hand slides lazily down my body. I find myself rolling further back into him, encouraging his exploration. The tips of his fingers finally reach the top of my pussy. He stops and teases the skin there, sparking goosebumps throughout my body.

I groan. "Sir."

"What do you want, Princess?" he teases, continuing to play with my body.

"Touch me," I find myself snapping in frustration. I grab his wrist and attempt to pull his hand down further, shifting to spread my legs apart.

The answering slap to my pussy has me gasping for breath and creaming with need.

"I'm in charge. I say when and how my perfect little cunt gets played with," he growls in my ear, nipping the lobe roughly. Gone is the man who in the middle of the night let me take charge and explore his body. This man is the one who first walked into the room last night.

"You asked," I growl back, no longer truly afraid of him.

"Be careful," he warns. "Or I won't let you come and will just fuck you for my own pleasure."

"I'm sorry," I whine pitifully, the need within me to come becoming almost unbearable. I hate myself just a little bit more at that moment.

The hand on my breast squeezes my nipple almost painfully between his thumb and forefinger, and I grab onto his arm attempting to anchor myself in reality as the pleasure continues to build.

The hand cupping my pussy moves, rubbing me in torturous slowness. I gasp in relief as two thick fingers force their way unrelentingly into my wetness—filling and stretching me. I begin to ache in a different, just as needful way. The man uses his thumb to rub my clit in slow circles as he curls his fingers inside of me.

“Should I let you come before I fuck you?” His voice is clearer now, the fog of sleep having dissipated.

“Please,” I answer. One of my hands traitorously reaches back and grabs his backside, squeezing it encouragingly, while the other is caressing the arm of the hand which is touching my pussy so pleurably.

“Since you asked so nicely,” the man states before he begins vigorously rubbing my clit with his thumb at the same time he’s pumping his fingers in and out of my sopping wet channel. The hand at my breast continues its twin assault adding to the onslaught.

It doesn’t take long before my muscles contract in pleasure around his fingers, and I gasp for breath. He continues his assault until the last of the orgasm has left my body. I lean back against him, breathing hard and completely sated. Damn him—the man knows exactly how to make my body come alive.

“My turn.” He rolls me under him and onto my back. I’m still shaking from the pleasure I’d received when, without warning, he thrusts his hardness fully into me. I gasp, grabbing onto his shoulders as my legs automatically raise and wrap themselves around his back. I look up at him; his eyes are sparkling with desire and his dark hair is tousled, sticking up every which way, softening the look of his hard exterior, making him seem almost—cute, instead of the powerful, demanding, yet irresistible man I met only hours ago.

“This is the perfect way to start the day,” he grunts almost to himself as he begins moving, his rhythm demanding and unrelenting. “Fucking a hot, tight, soaking wet cunt, that’s all yours.”

For the second time already this morning, I begin to feel the tell-tale tingles of an orgasm rising through my body. My hands reach down and grab his naked backside, encouraging his movements.

“Sir,” I plead, wanting—*needing*—to come again.

His lips find mine, taking them roughly and leaving me breathless when he pulls back and looks into my eyes.

“Touch yourself,” he orders, shifting his weight onto one arm so he can reach back with the other and grab my hand, pulling it away from where it was gripping him. “I want to feel your cunt squeezing my cock as I fuck you.”

I slid my hand between our bodies and find my swollen clit.

“That’s it, Princess,” he encourages me as I slide my fingers through the parted folds where we’re joined.

His movements are rougher now as he slams into my body, pushing me into the bed, its metal frame hitting the wall in the rhythm he’s creating. I copy the rhythm with my own movements as I bring myself closer and closer to orgasm.

“Come,” he demands, pulling my hand away and replacing it with his own calloused fingers. His touch sends me over the edge, and I buck against him as I fall over. I feel my inner walls contracting painfully around his hardness as I bring him further inside. His body tightens suddenly, and he lets go with a rush of wet warmth filling me. He continues his movements, getting every last ounce of pleasure out of the experience.

I briefly wonder if he’s like that in life, in business.

With a last thrust, he plants himself deep within me, branding me again on the inside. Filling and stretching me to my limits—*beyond them*—I feel sated and ache from his roughness.

His breath is thick and warm against my neck where his head landed after his release.

“I could fuck your cunt forever, Princess,” he states breathlessly, kissing my neck before turning my face toward his and gently touching my lips with his own.

It’s as if he’s another person suddenly—tender, gentle, and almost sweet as he lazily kisses me. I find myself responding, craving this side of him.

Slowly he pulls away and leaves a kiss on the tip of my nose and forehead before he shifts to move off of me—out of me.

I gasp and wince in pain as he pulls his now flaccid cock from my body. Instinctively, I pull my legs together and curl into the fetal position.

The man leans over me and kisses my temple before he rolls me back onto my back. Kneeling on the bed next to me, his hands grab my thighs, and he attempts to wrench them apart. For the first time, I struggle against his hold, twisting and turning.

“Please,” I beg, not knowing what he’s about to do next.

“Stop,” he snaps, hitting the side of my ass with a cracking smack that has me freezing. “I only want to assess the damage.”

Looking up at him through blurry, tear-filled eyes, I nod my head in understanding.

“Be a good girl,” he admonishes patronizingly. “Put your feet on the bed and spread your legs.”

Against my better judgment, I find myself following his instructions. He rewards me with a gentle kiss. “Good girl.”

I squirm uncomfortably as he inspects my pussy, his fingers spreading my folds as he bends to get a closer look. I wince as he pushes the tip of his finger inside. He growls and mutters something under his breath I can’t make out.

Concluding his inspection, he leans over to kiss me, stating, “I’d kiss it better, but I have no desire to taste my own cum, and your cunt is covered with it. *Inside and out.*”

My mind is completely jumbled. I don’t know what to think, or how to feel. From the very beginning, his actions have confused me. I don’t want to like him, but then he shows me a side of himself I can’t help but feel drawn to.

Kissing me again gently, I barely register that one of his hands has moved down my body until his finger comes into contact with my clit. I jerk away, ending the kiss and placing my hands on his shoulders attempting to push him away. “Don’t, it really hurts,” I tell him firmly for the first time since we met.

“I know, Princess,” he says softly, nuzzling our noses together in a confusing sign of affection. “I’m only going to tease your clit. You deserve another orgasm.”

The man then proceeds to slowly kiss me, his lips moving against my mouth in the same rhythm his fingers are gently dancing against my clit. It doesn’t take long before my arms are wrapping themselves around his shoulders, pulling him

in closer as I moan with pleasure. Breaking the kiss, I gasp for breath as I come, my hips bucking against his never-ceasing touch.

“I’ve never had anyone as responsive as you.” He smiles down, seemingly satisfied with what he’s just done, but I don’t know whether to take his statement as a compliment or not.

I make no reply.

The man glides his hand up my body and cups my breast, squeezing it and thumbing my nipple. His mouth descends, replacing his thumb, drawing it into his mouth and sparking sensations throughout my body. I find my hands have migrated into his hair, unconsciously encouraging him to continue. He lets go with a sucking pop, looking up at me and states breathlessly, “You have amazing breasts, I can’t keep my hands—*my mouth*—off of them.”

“Thank you,” I reply stupidly, giving him a shy smile, shaking my head in an attempt to lift the fog he keeps putting me under with his very touch.

“No. Thank you, Princess.” He smiles down at me, finally pulling himself fully away. I roll on my side and grab my pillow as I watch him get off the bed. I find that I enjoy the view of his naked and toned body, the narrowness of his waist, the firmness of his backside, the broad cock dangling between his legs, and his strong thighs. I can’t help but stare at the man’s gorgeous body.

He turns back to me and, smiling, he smacks my backside lightly, ordering, “Get up. We’re taking a quick shower.”

“Okay,” I say softly, sitting up. I take hold of the hand he’s extended my way, and let him lead me into the bathroom.

The entire time I’ve been with this man, I have tried hard not to think about our time ending and what that would mean for me. Yes, he’s been demanding and forceful, but he’s also been considerate, kind, and oddly gentle. Since this whole dark nightmare started, he has been the only sliver of light—*of hope*.

I find myself wondering again if I asked would he take me with him? Would he help me escape? And if so, do I really want to put myself at his mercy?

FINN

“**I**n you go,” I tell her, gently patting her gorgeous ass. Lily steps into the steaming shower and sighs audibly as the hot water hits her body. Hopefully relaxing her.

I step in behind her and, palming her shapely hips, move her over from where she’s hogging the spray.

“This feels so good,” she mutters to herself. I chuckle at her sighs of pleasure. This woman is not only amazingly responsive, but also wonderfully easy to please.

Perfect.

“All right, let’s get you cleaned up.” I take hold of the handheld sprayer and direct the water at her dripping cunt. Lily jumps back in shock and quickly snatches the sprayer out of my hand.

“I can do it myself,” she snaps, momentarily surprising me by intentionally directing the sprayer into my face.

I quickly recover and grab the sprayer back, grinning.

“Behave yourself,” I admonish, shaking my head, immensely enjoying the obvious trust she has in me. I plan on building on that trust, on our relationship, once we leave. Lily may not realize this yet, but I have no plans to let her go. *She’s mine.*

Grabbing the small washcloth I had brought into the shower with us, I wet and soap it up.

“Now spread your legs so I can see what I’m doing. I expect my women to keep their cunts clean.”

“Why?” Lily asks as she complies and widens her stance.

“I want to be able to eat you out whenever I fucking want to,” I answer truthfully, squatting down behind her and running the warm soapy washcloth along the inside of her thighs.

Not all men enjoy giving oral sex, but I find a woman is never more vulnerable than when you have your mouth on their cunt. When you’re sucking, licking, and nibbling on their sensitive flesh. I will admit, some women don’t taste as good as others. Body chemistry and diet all factor into it. *I could eat my princess forever.*

I feel Lily relax under my ministrations. Gently parting the folds of her cunt and wiping them with the cloth, I make sure she’s thoroughly cleaned.

Standing up, I brush her long hair aside and kiss the back of her neck. “You’re all clean and good enough to eat.”

“I’m starving,” she admits softly.

“Don’t worry, Princess, I’ll feed you,” I promise her, stepping underneath the spray to quickly rinse off. Lily’s eyes bore into my body as she stands there adorably half-asleep and relaxed with pleasure. All I want to do is toss her into bed and fall back asleep with her curled up safe in my arms.

Once we make it back to the hotel, I’ll order us both a large breakfast. While she relaxes and has her fill, I’ll come up with a plan for getting her out of the country.

Pounding on the bedroom door shakes me back into reality, and renewed anger courses through me. I throw open the glass door of the shower, making it rattle in the frame. I quickly grab a towel and wrap it around my waist, before stomping back into the bedroom.

“What’s going on?” I hear Lily’s nervous voice and rapid footsteps as she follows.

The loud pounding on the door continues, followed by a heavily accented voice calling out, “Mr., time up, you go now. Car outside take you to hotel.”

I throw open the door, and one of the house’s footmen jumps back, startled.

“My time is up when I say it is,” I growl before slamming the door closed in the little man’s face.

“What’s going on?” Lily asks again, her voice cracking with obvious fright. She runs over and grabs my wrist, gripping it tightly. “Please don’t leave me here,” she begs with tears glistening in her eyes.

Wrapping my free hand around the back of her neck, I pull her roughly forward, touching our foreheads together. I can feel her anxious breath coming out in pants on my face. Anger at her fear swells through me.

LILY

“Don’t worry, Princess. There’s no fucking way I’m leaving here without you.” His voice is firm and resolute. All I can do is nod my head in understanding. I’m finally able to expel the breath I hadn’t known I was holding. “Now get dressed.”

I look around to find my discarded bra, skirt, corset, and torn thong, a lost cause, folded neatly on the table. I pick up the skirt only to have it torn from my hand. The man hands me his discarded boxers and dress shirt. “Put these on.”

“Thank you.”

Thinking about the man going commando underneath his tailored dress pants, I can’t help but grin as I step into his boxers.

“Don’t worry, Trevor will have proper clothing for you when we get to the hotel.”

I nod my head, wondering who the hell Trevor is and how he would know to have clothing for me. Nervously, I begin to wonder again who this man is and if he was involved in my kidnapping.

Taking his shirt, I do up all the buttons, roll up the sleeves, and tuck the tails into the boxers, rolling the waistband to make them stay on. I pull out the shirt slightly, and I try to make myself look somewhat put together. At least I don’t feel too naked. I grab my strappy sandaled heels that are on the floor by the table, and sitting on the chair, quickly put them on. My wet hair is a hopeless mess. I quickly towel dry it and attempt to comb it with my fingers, before

twisting it into a long ponytail.

I look over to see the man dressed, wearing his t-shirt under his suit jacket. His blood-red tie dangles out from the breast pocket. He is tearing the room apart looking for who knows what. Turning over lamps, looking underneath tables, and standing on chairs to look in air vents.

“How are we going to leave?” I wonder out loud; how he will possibly take me with him.

“Through the fucking front door. Now come.” I quickly move toward him, unsure of how I should feel. Should I be excited to be escaping this nightmare I’d somehow found myself in? Or was I entering into another?

When I’m within touching distance, he grabs hold of my arm and wrenches the door open with his other hand. The footman is still standing there. The man pushes past him, pulling me along, and I’m awkwardly forced to follow his long strides.

“You can’t take her,” the footman sputters from behind, chasing after us.

“Yes, I can,” the man states resolutely, not even bothering to stop and address the little man directly.

We are soon making our way down the grand staircase and into the lobby. There we are met by the overseer and are forced to stop.

“Sir, I am sorry, but you cannot take her. I get you more experienced girl, you like better. On the house.” The overseer tries to placate the man, and I take a deep breath, fearful of what his response will be.

“No,” he states, and I relax as he pulls me closer to his side.

“Sir, I have very important client coming. I keep her here for him as special favor. I only let you have her because he wanted her used before he arrived.”

As the overseer unwittingly answers the question that has been circling my mind all night, I feel much more confident leaving with this man finally knowing for sure that he was no way involved in my kidnapping.

“My other clients do not want to fuck girls like her, they get them free at home. He come soon for her, so now you must go,” the overseer continues.

“Who is your client?” The man growls out his question.

The lobby is beginning to fill with other men, girls, and the hired muscle of

the house. The ones who laughed as they beat me. I shudder at the sight of them and inch my way closer toward the man.

“What’s going on?” the man’s pudgy friend asks loudly in French, stepping forward as he disentangles himself from one of the women.

“She is not here by choice. So I’m taking her home,” my man responds in the same language, and the other scowls angrily, nodding his head slightly in understanding.

“Who?” he demands loudly of the overseer, returning to English.

“Sir, I can’t tell you,” the overseer replies haughtily.

I gasp in fright as the overseer reaches behind his back and takes out a gun from the waistband of his pants and points it at the man, saying, “Step away from girl and leave. Driver take you to hotel, you not welcome back.”

“No,” the man says lazily, taking one large step forward and disarming the overseer by executing a move straight out of a Jason Bourne film, where suddenly he’s now holding the gun. I’m not even sure if Matt Damon could have performed such a perfect move. The rest of the room collectively gasps, while I exhale the breath I’ve been holding.

Suddenly the house’s muscle all pull out their weapons. It’s now my turn to gasp in fright as they point them at us. I stand there stupidly, wanting to do something but completely at a loss as to what.

The man moves his hand to the back of my neck and whispers in my ear, “Trust me.” No sooner than his words have registered, I feel the gun pressed against my temple.

“Oh God, please don’t,” I cry out in shock, and my knees begin to weaken. I shake with fright.

“Who is your client?” the man asks the overseer coolly, his grip tightening on the back of my neck almost painfully, but all I can feel is the cold metal of the gun against my skin.

“Sir, I can’t tell you,” the overseer repeats, growing impatient.

“The girl won’t be any use to him dead, will she?” the man taunts, unrelenting in his faceoff with the room, which has begun to fill with nervous whispers.

Standing there with false bravado, the overseer answers him saying, “Mayer. James Mayer.”

I gasp in horror at recognition of the name. Suddenly my vision becomes blurry with the shock. I almost miss seeing the man taking a step forward and backhanding the overseer with the butt of the gun, knocking him unconscious to the ground.

“We’re leaving,” he states firmly to the room at large.

I am barely aware of the shouting both in English and Mandarin that follow the man’s pronouncement. Several of the women rush forward toward the overseer, and the man’s pudgy French-speaking friend steps around from behind us and hisses loudly, “Go,” before he turns back toward the crowd and enters the confusion.

The man grabs my arm, and no one makes a move to stop us as we back our way out of the already open door. *To freedom?*

I stumble on my heels as we quickly make our way down the cracking cement driveway, under the locked gate, and into the bustling street beyond. The man pauses momentarily to look right and then left before deciding we should head to the left. With his hand still firmly around my arm, he pulls me quickly down the block. I go blindly, in a daze and unaware of my surroundings. I barely register the clang as the man tosses the gun into a trash bin as we pass. We are several blocks away when we hear shouting behind us. I don’t have to look to know that the muscle from the house has finally decided to pursue us—most likely after the overseer regained consciousness. They are followers and aren’t the type that thinks for themselves. They do what they are told to do, nothing more.

“Fuck,” I hear him mutter as we quicken our pace. If it weren’t for the man’s hold of my arm, practically dragging me along, I would’ve fallen over attempting to run in these useless pair of shoes.

Although the streets are fairly crowded, we don’t exactly blend into the population. The man is a head taller than most, and they’ll quickly be able to pick us out in a crowd.

“You should’ve kept the gun,” I argue as we hear them quickly approaching

on foot.

“I’d rather not get arrested on a weapons charge,” he mutters angrily. “I have no desire to see the inside of a Hong Kong prison.”

“It’d be better than going back there,” I reply as he steers us toward the edge of the sidewalk, and I realize there’s a bus pulling up just ahead.

Turning my head slightly, I also see a black car quickly weaving through traffic and coming toward us.

“Get on.” He pushes me in front of him up the stairs and into the already crowded bus. He wraps his arm around me and pulls me further inside, no doubt attempting to hide us in the crush of commuters.

Once the bus has begun moving through the busy streets, the man turns my body to face his. There are anxious whispers all around us as he fists the back of my hair and tilts my head back and asks angrily, “Why would your stepfather have you kidnapped and brought to a Hong Kong brothel?”

I gasp, my eyes wide at the knowledge that he knows exactly who I am. That he’s known the entire time we were together! “You know who I am?”

“Yes, now answer the question, Lily,” he shakes my head with unnecessary roughness.

“How the fuck should I know? I didn’t fucking ask to be kidnapped,” I snap back angrily as I smack his chest with my fists. “Did you know I was there?”

“No,” he snaps. “If I had, I would have fucking come and gotten you sooner. Trust me, I’ll be having words with Peter about that. Now answer the fucking question.”

“Peter knew?” I squeak out as the feelings of betrayal wrap around my chest in a tight band. Peter is, was, my favorite cousin and the closest thing I have to a sibling.

Tears are now freely running down my face. I barely register the stinging smack to my ass through the tightening of my chest. My heart seizes as feelings of betrayal and helplessness begin to set in. The question *why* keeps circling around in my thoughts. The word getting louder and louder in my head as the seconds slowly tick by.

I can’t fathom an explanation as to why James would do such a thing. The

man had been my father's best friend and business partner, who'd seemed to fall in love with my mother over the years of helping her cope with my father's sudden death. He's always supported me in my choice of advertising as a career over business, despite my mother's hope I'd eventually fill my father's shoes at *MacKay International*. James had also been the one to encourage me to spend the semester abroad.

I shiver with disgust as what the overseer implied begins to register, what James had planned to do with me. He's always been so kind and never gives me any unwanted or creepy attention. Unlike some of my parent's other business acquaintances, his eyes never roam my body, and he doesn't take an opportunity to touch me.

I'm bumped and jostled on the crowded bus as it sways zigzag through the city. Up until now, I've never had a panic attack in my life. But my chest continues to tighten as reality finally settles in. Before I know it, I'm shaking and gasping for breath.

"Breathe," the man's gentle voice says in my ear. One hand moves along my back in a soothing, steady rhythm, and the other gently forces me to rest my head against his hard chest. My arms automatically wrap themselves around him, anchoring myself to the present. I can hear the faint rush of traffic and the whispers of the other commuters surrounding us.

"Take a deep breath in, Princess," his voice directs me calmly. "Now let it out slowly. That's a good girl. Now another, take a deep breath in, and slowly exhale."

The man soon has me breathing easier again, and the tightness in my chest recedes slightly.

"Why?" My voice cracks as I attempt in vain to hold back the tears.

"I don't know, Princess. But don't worry, I won't let that fucking bastard get anywhere near you. I promise, Lily, Mayer will pay for what he's done," the man states emphatically, wrapping me up tighter in his arms and resting his cheek on the top of my head.

I feel safe. A mirthless laugh escapes me at the very idea of being safe with this man, of trusting his word that he'd protect me.

“Who are you?” I demand, pushing back against his chest to look up at him, having come to the startling realization that I don’t even know this man’s name, a man who’s seen, touched, and tasted my entire body. A man who I willingly had sex with—who I enjoy being with.

I can feel the stares of the other commuters who are enjoying their morning entertainment. The man turns his head and scowls at them, and I watch as his thick eyebrows form an ominous dark line. They quickly look away.

Turning back, he looks at me with his warm golden eyes and his mouth turns up in an amused smile before he answers, “Xavier Finch.”

“Xavier Finch,” I parrot back, instantly recognizing the name of Peter’s best friend, Finn. A man I have heard spoken of over the years, but don’t remember ever meeting in person. “As in *Finch Distributing*?”

“Yes.” And for the first time, I see a genuine smile brightening his face, making him even more handsome.

The bus lurches and I fall into Finn’s chest. He wraps his arms around me tightly once again. “Don’t worry; I’ve got you.”



The story continues in the exciting second novel in the series, begin reading now...

Claiming Lily

~ Finn ~

Mid-April – Hong Kong

MY ANGER at our fucked-up situation and the crowded bus has me feeling both jittery and suffocated. Grounding myself, I tighten my hold on Lily and rest my cheek on the top of her head. “I promise, Lily, Mayer will pay for what he’s done.”

“Who are you?” Lily pushes out of my embrace and smacks my chest, demanding an answer.

We have regained the attention of those around us, and I turn my head to scowl at them. They quickly look away.

Smiling, I turn back toward Lily, amused that despite how intimate we’ve been since last night, she still doesn’t know my name. “Xavier Finch.”

“Xavier Finch,” Lily parrots back, and I see recognition dawning on her beautiful face. Despite the fact we haven’t seen each other since she was a teenager, she knows who I am—her cousin Peter’s best friend and business partner. “As in Finch Distributing?”

“Yes,” I tell her brightly, enjoying her shocked expression as she realizes who I am and how I am connected to her.

The bus lurches, and Lily falls forward into my chest. Her thin arms wrap around my waist as she anchors herself to my body.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got you,” I say, tightening my hold on her. I’m never fucking letting go.

My princess is relying on me to keep my shit together and to get us out of the fucked-up situation we’ve found ourselves in. Last night I had begrudgingly met with a new business contact, Robert Ban, at his favorite exclusive brothel, Executive Hospitality Limited, here in Hong Kong. Our meeting started with constructive negotiations, and I felt good about the prospects of us doing business together. That all turned to fucking shit when we entered the large lounge where the entertainment was. It was there I found Lily, barely dressed and serving drinks to the other men, all while avoiding being molested.

After an unforgettable night getting to know one another—in every way possible—we successfully walked out of the brothel she had been held captive in for almost three weeks. Not before an armed confrontation with the asshole manager and his muscle, who runs the place. *Thank fuck for my Krav Maga training.* The manager informed us that James fucking Mayer, Lily’s fucking stepfather, was the one who had her kidnapped in the first place. It was clear his plan had been to have her for himself and profit from whoring her out. Thank fuck I got her out before his planned arrival.

The blaring of horns turns Lily's and my attention toward the windows. I crane my head to see outside and notice an all-too-familiar black SUV swerving through traffic and trying to get closer to the bus.

Fuck.

"We need to get off at the next stop." With my arms still wrapped around Lily, I push our way closer to the door.

"What?"

"They're following the bus," I tell her, attempting to infuse my voice with calmness. The last thing I need is for her to start having a fucking panic attack.

"What the fuck are we going to do?" Lily demands, looking around frantically.

"We are going to get out with the crowd, walk a few blocks in the opposite direction, and jump into a cab."

Hopefully, the men from the brothel won't be able to turn around and catch up with us before we have a chance to grab a cab. The bus is slowing down when I realize we cannot go back to the hotel I'm staying at. Last night, the brothel sent a driver to pick me up there, so it's the first place they'll come looking for me—for us. *Fuck.*

Exiting the bus along with the other passengers, I grab Lily's hand, then steer us in the opposite direction. We walk quickly on the inside of the sidewalk, against the buildings to keep us as far away from the street as possible. There is an intersection ahead, the perfect place to wave down a cab. Stopping at the crosswalk, I step in front of Lily and wave down a cab that is driving toward us.

Scuttling into the cab, Lily throws herself into the seat and I follow. Once the door slams closed behind me, she starts giggling softly. I watch as the tension leaves her body. I can't help but smile back at her.

"We made it." She pants softly, reaching out her hand to grab my arm, initiating contact.

I spent the whole of last night seducing her, and it looks like my efforts have paid off. It may seem a small and insignificant touch, but I know what it means. It means when not faced with imminent danger, she still wants me.

"Of course we did," I state confidently, matching her grin with my own.

There's no need to freak her out and tell her how nervous I was when I saw the SUVs behind us.

"Where you go?" the middle-aged cabby asks aggressively from the front, ruining the moment.

I scowl at him and rattle off the name of a hotel. Then I take out my wallet and peel back several bills before asking to borrow his cell phone. Money always helps in these situations. I make a point of always having cash on hand.

After some negotiation, extortion on the cabby's part, and several more bills are added, he hands back his cellphone. Last night, I had begrudgingly left mine at the hotel. The brothel doesn't allow patrons to bring in electronic devices, and I didn't want it confiscated at the door.

"Who are you calling?"

"I'm texting my assistant, Trevor," I say. He is waiting for us at my original hotel and will need to meet us at our new location.

I cross my fingers that the text will go through. Calling him is not an option, as I doubt the cabby has an international calling plan.

"You have his number memorized?" Lily asks incredulously as I open the message app and, after locating the English keyboard, begin typing.

Finn: This is Finn. Borrowed a phone. I have Lily. Need to change locations.

"I give it out all the time to people. It's his work phone," I tell her. There have been plenty of times when I needed to give someone, usually a woman, a phone number but don't want them to have access to my private phone.

"How many women have you given it to?" she asks perceptively, smiling widely at me.

I shake my head at her and take hold of her hand. She raises my hand and bites my finger playfully. Shaking off her hold, I grab the back of her neck and pull her into a rough kiss. She comes willingly, grabbing onto my T-shirt and moaning into my mouth.

The phone vibrates in my hand. I quickly pull out of the kiss to read it. Lily giggles, releases her hold on me, and leans back to relax.

Trevor: Where r u headed?

Finn: Where Peter stays. Landmark Mandarin Oriental. We need a reservation. Meet us there.

Trevor: Ok. All packed & ready to go. Have clothes for Lily.

I smile at how efficient the man is.

Lily cuddles up next to me. She links our arms, rests her head on my shoulder, and reads the messages as they pop up on the screen. I kiss her forehead gently.

Finn: Any messages from Peter?

The fucker has a lot to answer for!

Trevor: Peter texted “Meet me in Paris”

Lily’s body shivers against mine. “Fuck Peter. I don’t want to go back to Paris,” she states, her voice laced with understandable fear.

If I had been drugged and kidnapped off the streets of Paris, I wouldn’t be in a hurry to return either.

“Shh, don’t worry, princess,” I tell her in a low voice, resting my head against hers and placing my free hand on her leg to squeeze it lightly.

Trevor: Would you like me to reply?

Finn: No. He can wait.

“You need to tell him I’m safe!” Lily exclaims, shaking my arm. “He’ll be crazy with worry.”

“Don’t worry, he knows you’re with me.” I stroke her leg soothingly, but it continues to vibrate with nervous energy.

Finn: We’ll be there shortly.

I close the message and delete it entirely from the app. Although I doubt the cabby can speak much English, let alone read it, I still do not want my private conversation easily viewable on his phone. Afterward, I turn my full attention to my princess.

“Oh my God, I need to text my mom,” Lily says frantically, grabbing for the phone. “She won’t believe I’m all right until she hears from me.”

“We can’t, princess. Not yet.”

“Why the fuck not?” Lily demands with a fiery angry scowl, which has my cock inconveniently growing hard.

I thought she was sexy last night: quiet, nervous, shy. Virginal.

I was fucking wrong!

“Because,” I growl, fisting the back of her hair. Gripping it tightly, I gain her attention. “Because no one thinks you’re missing.”

“What?” Lily says through a nervous breath.

“I had Trevor look into your disappearance last night and called him back while you were sleeping. He said according to all your social media accounts, you had a great time in Paris and are now back at school.”

“But how?” Her voice cracks slightly, and her grip on my arm tightens.

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CLAIMING LILY

The billionaire rescued her, but will she let him claim her?

The Rescued College Student

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Despite the danger and trauma, I have found safety with Finn. After one night together, he wants to claim me as his own. Am I willing to let him own me completely?

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A WHITE HOT CHRISTMAS

ABOUT RENE WEBB

Rene Webb, a former Catholic schoolgirl and child of the '80's, is a recovering soap opera addict who grew up watching General Hospital. She became weary with the relentless drama and sought out stories with happy endings that lasted. Now, Rene is an erotic romance author, where there is always a happily-ever-after!

Authors such as Jane Austen, Kristen Ashley, Cherise Sinclair, Sierra Cartwright, Donna Fletcher, and Laura Kaye have inspired her. They all create strong female characters, swoon-worthy men, and stories that leave their readers with the hope that you, too, will find your own H.E.A.!

A graduate of The George Washington University in Washington DC, '05, with a BA in History. Rene went on to get her Masters in Film Studies, '09, from Chapman University, Orange, CA.

When Rene's characters aren't talking to her, she enjoys reading, seeing movies, going to museums, playing tabletop games and spending time with her friends and family.

Rene lives in Northern Virginia.

Website: www.renewebb.com