



All In

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Category: Romance, Billionaire Romance

Description: Memphis Foster thought his troubles were over. He's got a beautiful, feisty submissive at his side and he's ready to get back to normal. But this adventure is far from over and the commitment he's made to Rylee is about to be tested in a way no one saw coming. Betrayal, lies, and another legal battle are just some of the things threatening to force them to fold instead of going all in.

The No Limit duet has a guaranteed HEA with an HFN at the end of book one.

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Memphis held Rylee against him as they drove to the outskirts of Vegas. It wouldn't be long before they were home, and he was ready to spend some uninterrupted time solidifying their connection. After he made sure security was on her and he figured out who the hell sent that text. He turned to Rylee and cupped her face. Staring into her eyes, he leaned down and brushed a tender kiss to her lips.

"I love you," he murmured.

"I love you too," she said, her voice shaking just a little. "Is everything going to be OK?"

Memphis grimaced. It was far from OK, but at least he wasn't facing prison time.

"There are still some things to sort out and I need to figure out just how much damage Andrew did, but I'm not going anywhere. We will be putting some security on you until we find out if the text is a prank or something more serious. We don't have to stay at the villa unless you just want to. I'm officially done with house arrest."

Rylee laid her head on his shoulder. "I kind of like it there. Could be because that's the only place you've ever fucked me. But I like it."

He grinned and kissed the top of her head. "Believe me, Ace, I plan on fucking you in

a lot more places in the future. And doing a few other things with you too.”

He could almost feel the heat on her cheeks as she blushed at his dirty words.

“Are you mine, Ace?”

“Yes, Sir,” she murmured.

“Good girl. I need to drop you off at the house and take care of a few things.”

She sat up. “I could have stayed at the Sapphire and played poker. That place is full of security.”

Memphis gently rubbed her shoulder. “Maybe I want you naked and waiting for me at home,” he said.

She looked at him suspiciously. “That’s not it. What is it?”

He sighed. She was a pro at reading people. It would always be difficult to keep anything from her. Not that he wanted to keep things from her. He did want to protect her though.

“It’s true, I am worried about your safety. Yes, the casino has security, but they are tasked with keeping thousands of people safe. My people only have one person to look after, and that’s you. They can do that job better if you’re not in a sea of drunken idiots. But the other big issue is I don’t want you bombarded by the press. They’re looking for me. For us, really, and I don’t want you dealing with that. You should probably call and warn your family while you’re at it.”

She furrowed her brow. “What would the press want with my family?”

He blew out another breath. “It seems Andrew leaked some names to the press. Families that were affected by his business dealings. We’re trying to figure out what all information got leaked, but we don’t know just yet. The press is hungry for whatever information they can find, so they’re bound to want to interview anyone they can. I don’t want them hounding you if I can help it. Especially not when we don’t know who is harassing you.”

Rylee groaned. “My mother eats up attention. It’s why she gets scammed so easily.”

She started to pull out her phone, but Memphis stopped her. “Stay here with me in this moment. You can call her when we get home.”

She nodded and leaned against him again, closing her eyes.

A moment later, she bolted up and held her hand out. “Shit. Give me my phone. I forgot about Carla. What time is it?”

He chuckled. “It’s only one. I’ll make sure she gets picked up and checked into her room. After I’m done with the things I need to do, I’ll pick her up and bring her to the house. Or you can send a car for her if you want to see her sooner. Now relax and don’t think about anything but the way I’m going to fuck you when we get home.”

It took nearly half an hour to get outside of Vegas where the villa they were staying in was located. Once inside, Memphis picked Rylee up and carried her to his bedroom... their bedroom. She wouldn’t be sleeping down the hall anymore. Not now that they’d worked things out.

He set her down and stripped off his jacket, tossing it on a nearby chair.

“Strip,” he ordered curtly as his fingers worked the top button on his dress shirt free.

She wasted no time obeying him, her clothes quickly becoming a pile on the floor near the bed.

“This has to be quick, but I need you, lover. Let’s go together,” he murmured as he backed her against the bed and pulled off his shirt.

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When she was laying splayed out and naked on the mattress, he ditched the rest of his clothes and reached for a condom. He laid it on the bed next to them and cupped her pussy in his thick palm. She was already wet.

His intention was to work her into a frenzy and slide into her, but she reached down and pulled his hand away.

“Please,” she begged. “I need you too. I’m ready. Please, Memphis, I just want you inside me.”

He cupped her again and gave her one stroke from entrance to clitoris before picking up the condom.

Once he was sheathed, he settled his cock at her opening and pushed forward. She accepted him with ease, her cunt gripping him like a glove.

He let out a groan. “Agh, baby. You feel perfect,” he murmured as he settled into a rhythm.

She slid her hand between their bodies and found her clit and began rubbing in small circles.

“I love you,” she whimpered as she worked herself to the peak of pleasure.

“Don’t come, Ace. Not until I say. And I love you too,” Memphis said between thrusts.

He fucked her fast and hard, and she fingered her swollen button until they were both on the brink.

“God, Memphis, please,” she cried as her finger slowed to a halt between them.

“Keep rubbing that clit, little girl. I didn’t tell you to stop,” he bit out, doing his best to hold back just a little longer.

She whimpered again, but her finger resumed the furious circles against her clit.

“Please,” she begged again. “It’s too much.”

“Go,” he ordered as he felt himself teetering on the edge.

Together they fell, their orgasms mixing along with their moans of pleasure.

“Jesus, Rylee,” he said as he eased out of her and laid on the bed beside her. “I can’t believe I get to experience that with you forever.”

She hummed and curled into him as she shuddered from the aftershocks of her orgasm.

“Forever might not last that long if you keep fucking me like that,” she murmured against his chest. “You’re gonna kill me.”

He let out a chuckle. “It would be a pleasurable way to go, though.”

Giggling, she smacked him, and he pressed a kiss to her crown. Across the room, his phone rang from his jacket pocket and he groaned. It was probably Jeremy, his lawyer.

“I’m sorry, baby. I really have to answer that.”

She sat up slowly as he eased away from her and sprinted for the phone.

“What?” he barked into the phone.

“Andrew is out on bail and asking to meet with you,” Jeremy said.

“Jesus, that was fast. I can meet him at the Sapphire in forty-five minutes.”

“Not at the villa?”

“No,” Memphis said. He didn’t say it out loud, but he didn’t want his former best friend in the space he’d created with Rylee. It was theirs and Andrew wouldn’t tarnish it with his presence. Not after what he’d done.

“Whatever you say, Memphis. Where at the Sapphire?”

“I’ll call Hunter and see if he’ll loan me a conference room or an office. I’ll text you.”

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He ended the call and turned to find Rylee slipping on a dress.

“Excuse me?” he said, his tone low and menacing. “Did you forget the rules?”

She paused with one arm in the dress and the other out. “Oh. I didn’t know we were still following those.”

He frowned. “Are you my submissive?”

“I would like to be your girlfriend,” she said, still half wearing the dress.

Memphis gave her a half smile. They clearly still had some things to talk about.

“Oh, Ace. Don’t you know, you can be both? Get the dress off before I get the hairbrush back out.”

The dress slid to the floor again, and he crossed the room to her. “The rules still apply, lover. Though you can wear clothes downstairs because security will be down there. If you want to renegotiate when I get home, we can.”

He settled his hands on her naked hips and pulled her to him for a kiss.

“OK. We can talk later, then,” she murmured.

“Good girl. I’m sorry I have to leave you like this. Stay here unless it’s an emergency. I’ll make sure your friend gets here.”

She nodded and with one more kiss, he turned and walked out hating that he was leaving a beautiful naked submissive in favor of confronting Andrew.

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Rylee sat on the edge of the bed holding her cellphone. She'd been sitting in that exact spot for forty-five minutes and hadn't yet worked up the courage to make the phone call she'd been dreading. Carla had gotten safely to her hotel and said she wanted a nap, so they were going to do dinner later.

She stared at the pile of clothes she and Memphis had stripped off, and a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. She'd come to Vegas for a weekend job and a poker tournament and had somehow fallen in love. Her mom would question her judgment, and Rylee didn't blame her. Kathleen Colton was not known for her own good judgment though, so Rylee didn't think she had much room to talk.

With a sigh, she tapped her mom's name and hit the green phone icon. Might as well get this over with.

"Rylee?" her mom answered.

"Hi, Mom," Rylee said, clearing her throat. Why was she nervous talking to her mom?

"What is it?"

She blew out a breath. "It's nothing, Mom. I'm just calling to check in and let you know I might not be coming home for a few months."

“Months? I thought you were only going to stay in Vegas for a few weeks.”

“I was. But I met someone and we’re going to spend some time together. We might even get married.”

Her mother was silent. Never a good sign.

“Mom?” Rylee asked after several long seconds.

“I’m here, honey. I just. Are you sure? How long have you known this man?”

“How do you know it’s a man?” Her voice took on an edge that only her mother could bring out in her.

“So, you’re a lesbian now?”

She sighed. “No, Mom. I’m not a lesbian. I’ve known him a couple of weeks. But I’m in love.”

“Oh, Rylee. Don’t be ridiculous. Come home. I can pay for your ticket.”

Rylee snorted. She’d been bailing her mom out of financial jams since she graduated from college.

“Honestly, Rylee. You’re so impulsive. Why are you like this?”

“Says the woman who put half her life savings into a venture that turned out to be a scam. Can you just be happy for me, Mom? He has offices in Arizona, even has a house there. I’ll bring him home soon.”

“So, he’s rich?”

She could practically hear the opportunism in her mother's voice.

"Listen. I just wanted to let you know I'm not coming home for a while. But I'm here if you need me."

"What's his name?"

"I'll tell you later. I don't want you running background checks on my boyfriend. Just let me be happy and in love for a little while before you start grilling me."

"I just want what's best for you, sweetheart."

She sighed. "I know, Mom. I should get off here. He'll probably be home soon." That was a lie. It would probably be another few hours before he got home. But she was done talking with her mother right now.

"Wait," her mom said as she was about to end the call. "Promise me you won't have a wedding without me."

Rylee groaned. "I promise." It wasn't a promise she was sure she could keep because if Memphis walked in and told her he wanted to get married tonight she would do it, but her mom didn't need to know that.

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She ended the call and flopped back on the mattress, unsure of what to do next. The house seemed eerily quiet without Memphis and his attorney moving around.

Tightening the belt on her robe, she stood and made her way downstairs to find something to eat. When she'd made a sandwich, she sat in the den and flipped through channels on the TV. "Ah fuck," she muttered when she hit a local news program. There was footage of Memphis carrying her out of the Pink Sapphire. He just had to be dramatic, didn't he? If this footage made it to Arizona where Memphis's headquarters were, there was no way her mother wouldn't know who she was seeing before midnight.

She sent a text to Memphis.

Looks like we made the evening news

She stared at the screen for several seconds, hoping for an immediate response. When she didn't see dancing dots, she set the phone aside and focused on the TV. She'd switched it to a World Series of Poker tournament. Though she'd been on the circuit for a few years now, she hadn't made it on to too many televised events. The only reason she wanted that was because it meant she was winning and making a splash. She was good at what she did, even considered herself top tier, but there hadn't been enough opportunities to play with the elites she was watching on screen now. Someday, her name would be on the list of WSoP winners. She was sure of it.

Rylee checked her phone after she finished her sandwich, but there was still no response from Memphis. Feeling caged in, she jogged up the stairs and discarded her robe, exchanging it for jeans and a sweater. After lacing up her shoes, she went

outside intent on exploring the grounds behind the house. Some fresh air would hopefully help.

Her phone buzzed as she walked, and she glanced at the screen hoping for a message from Memphis. It was her mom calling instead. She rolled her eyes but answered the call.

“Rylee, your aunt Vicky says you’re on the news with Memphis Foster. He was carrying you out of the hotel. Is this the man you’re seeing?”

She sighed. “Damn it, Mom. Aunt Vicky needs to mind her business.”

“Language, Rylee, honestly. Are you going to answer me?”

“For fuck’s sake,” Rylee muttered under her breath. She cleared her throat. “Yes, Mom. I’m seeing Memphis Foster.”

“He’s a criminal, Rylee. He was mixed up in the scam that almost bankrupted me. How could you?”

“Jesus, you’re dramatic. He wasn’t mixed up in it. In fact, he’s the one who got you your money back so you should be thanking him.”

“I just don’t know what to say. How did you even meet him?”

“I got hired to teach him and some of his friends how to play poker. We just hit it off.”

“And now you’re going to marry him?”

Rylee leaned against a tree and lifted her head toward the sky, praying for patience. “I

want to. If he asks. But he hasn't yet, so calm the fuck down." It was petty of her to throw the f-bomb in but sometimes she couldn't help herself. Her mother was the one who could get under her skin faster than anyone.

"Listen, Mom, I need to go. We'll talk again soon. Tell Aunt Vicky to stop meddling."

"I'm worried about you, Rylee. You don't just marry someone you met a week ago."

"So, we'll get married in a year after we've lived together for a while. For now, we're going to spend the next three weeks at his house in Vegas having a lot of sex. Now I really have to go."

She jabbed at the screen to end the call but not before she heard her mother's offended gasp. It made her grin.

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Memphis walked into the conference room at the Pink Sapphire and dropped into a chair. Andrew was ten minutes away, so that's how long he had to calm himself down enough not to punch the bastard in the face. He'd trusted Andrew as his right hand in the business for years, and he'd almost ruined everything.

Of course, had things gone the way Andrew wanted them to, Memphis would be on the fast track to prison while Andrew took his place at the head of the company.

While he waited, he looked at his phone and saw a message from Rylee. He sent a note to his assistant asking him to look into the news coverage surrounding him and Rylee and make sure they didn't need to do damage control. He didn't respond to Rylee because he needed to focus on his anger right now and she softened him. It was a good thing, and he intended to spend the rest of his life availing himself of her softness, but today he needed to focus on fixing the problems he clearly had in his company.

There was a knock on the door, and he called for Andrew and Jeremy to enter.

Andrew looked disheveled, his shirt was wrinkled and unbuttoned at the top. A tie was stuffed haphazardly in his jacket pocket instead of being knotted around his neck. His hair looked like it hadn't seen a comb yet today and he sported a five o'clock shadow where he usually looked clean shaved.

Memphis waved a hand at the empty chairs around the table.

“Have a seat.”

Andrew cleared his throat and shook his head. “I’m good with standing.”

Memphis steepled his fingers together. “And I’m not. You nearly sent me to prison with a straight face. You’ll sit your ass down and listen to me.”

Andrew’s shoulders slumped, and he pulled a chair away from the table. Jeremy plopped his briefcase on the table and sat.

“You have ten minutes to tell me everything I need to know before I start ripping into every corner of your life to find out what else you’ve been hiding from me. If I’m satisfied with what you tell me, we’ll cut all ties and I’ll never think of you again. You fuck with me and I’ll spend the rest of my life making yours a living hell.”

Jeremy leaned toward Memphis. “Maybe you should go a little easy on the threats there, Memphis. We still have to go to court and the potential Arizona charges haven’t been taken off the table yet.”

Memphis held up a hand to silence him. “No. I won’t stay quiet. He either tells me everything I need to know, or we go scorched earth and find what we need the hard way.”

Jeremy shook his head but leaned back in the chair and faced Andrew.

“Mr. Foster would like to know if there are any other nasty surprises waiting for us when we do a full audit of company records.”

Andrew dropped his head. “No. The Miller group was the only deal I went behind

your back on. I swear.”

“You didn’t just go behind my back. You fucking forged my signature. Are there any other employees I need to fire? Who helped you? I want names. All of them.”

He eyed his former best friend, looking for signs that he was holding back or lying. It occurred to him he should have let Rylee sit in on this meeting. He was good at reading people, but she was better.

Something shifted in Andrew’s face and he sat up a little straighter. “You know what? I think I should wait until my attorney gets here to talk to you anymore.”

Memphis sighed. “I really hoped you wouldn’t be this way, Andrew. We were friends. The very best. And you fucked me over. I think you at least owe me an explanation.”

Andrew shook his head. “I wasn’t trying to fuck you over. I was trying to help you get out of your own way. If you had gotten on board instead of letting your conscience get in the way, neither of us would be facing jail time.”

Memphis narrowed his eyes and scowled. “Seriously? My conscience is what’s keeping me out of prison. Do you understand how many people you hurt? You and I, we’re the one percent. We have a responsibility to not fucking screw people just because we can. There are too many bastards at the top of the food chain, and you know I’m not one of them. I never thought you were.”

“The only way to stay at the top is to be a bastard. You’ve even said that yourself.”

“Yeah, to other people in the industry, when it’s warranted, not to innocent middle-class citizens who rely on the people who manage their money to not fuck them.”

He stood, unable to face the man anymore. “I need to leave. This was a mistake.”

Andrew jumped up. “Wait. Can you check on Kimberly for me? She isn’t answering my calls.”

Memphis shook his head in disgust. “I wouldn’t either if I were her. But I’ll check on her.”

“Come on, Jeremy. Let’s go.”

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He opened the conference room door. “You can guarantee I’ll be going through everything you touched. I hope to God there’s nothing else hiding because if there is it’s going straight to the prosecutor.”

Memphis sat in the back of an SUV with Jeremy with his fists clenched.

“Do you know where Kimberly is staying?” he asked as they rode down the strip.

“After the news broke about Andrew, she moved to a new hotel until she could figure out what to do. I think the press were hounding her.”

Memphis unclenched a fist and scratched at his beard. It was due for a trim.

“Make sure she’s safe. Bring her to the house if you need to.” He closed his eyes. “Actually, let me make sure that’s OK with Rylee first.”

Jeremy gave him a knowing smile. “You really think she’s the one?”

Memphis nodded. “Not just think. I know. In fact, I want to start putting things in place to marry her. Set her up a bank account, move some assets into her name. Just integrate her into my life.”

Jeremy whistled. “You want a prenup?”

Memphis shook his head. “Absolutely not.”

Jeremy gave him a pat on the shoulder. “I won’t push for now, but I’m not going to

give up that easily. I don't care how perfect she is. My job is to protect you. A prenup does that."

Memphis knew the attorney was just doing his job, so he didn't growl. Instead, he pulled out his phone and sent a text to Rylee.

I want you naked and kneeling on the bed when I get home. I'll give you a ten-minute warning.

The lawyer's phone rang, and Memphis listened as he talked.

"Thanks, Jamie. We'll head there now."

"Kimberly moved to the Elysium. She wants to see us."

Memphis frowned and looked at his own phone.

"Why didn't she call me?"

Jeremy shrugged. "Woman just found out her fiancé is probably going to prison for ten years. She's probably not thinking clearly. Let's go check on her and then you can get back to your woman. You're practically vibrating."

Memphis nodded his agreement, and Jeremy leaned forward to tell the driver where to go. Five minutes later, they were pulling up to the entrance of the exclusive resort. Everything in Vegas was over the top, but Hunter Novak's resorts took luxury to a whole new level.

They made their way to a VIP elevator where a staff member was waiting to let them on. Someone had warned them they were coming. Key cards were required to even enter the elevator corridor.

They rode to the twenty-fifth floor and were escorted to room 2573.

Kimberly opened the door, and it was obvious she'd been crying. Memphis pulled her into a hug.

"I'm so sorry, Kim. What do you need?" Part of him wanted to grill her. See just how much she knew about Andrew's criminal behavior, but one look at her told Memphis she was just as surprised as he was.

"I don't know. They froze a bunch of my assets. Andy and I had already put most of our stuff into joint accounts with both our names on it. The only reason I can even survive is one credit card I hadn't consolidated yet."

Memphis whistled. It hadn't even been twelve hours since Andrew's arrest. They moved fast.

Kimberly stepped further into the hotel suite. "Come in. Come in. I'm sure you have things you need to ask me. Just know I don't have any answers, but I'll do the best I can."

Memphis gave a solemn nod as they followed her in, letting the door shut behind them.

"I'll set you up with some emergency funds to cover anything you need. Are you going back to Arizona right away?"

Kimberly shook her head. "I don't know. Honestly. I broke off the wedding and I just want to put all this behind me, but there are vendors to call and cancel and some of them I still have to pay. God, Memphis. What the fuck was he thinking? We didn't need any more money."

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Memphis let the woman ramble as she paced the room.

When she fell quiet, Jeremy cleared his throat. “I hate to ask, but do you have anything of his here that we can look at to try to get some answers? He wouldn’t talk to us.”

Kimberly shook her head. “I think maybe he has a tablet in that suitcase. You can look.”

Memphis grabbed the bag she pointed to and opened it.

“This is company property, but I still need your consent to take it,” he said, holding up a sleek tablet in a black leather case.

Kimberly waved. “Yes, please. Take it. I’m at the point that I want to just burn his shit. But I’m a woman of society and good breeding, so that isn’t allowed. I’ve got six months to grieve before my family will expect me to move on and marry someone else.”

It was a part of high society that Memphis never understood.

“Andrew is supposed to be a man of good breeding,” he said with a shrug. “If you want to light some things on fire come to the house later. I’m sure we can arrange something.”

Jeremy plugged his ears. “I cannot be privy to your discussion of destruction of property,” he said.

That made Kimberly giggle.

“Seriously, though. If you need a place to lie low, let me know. I’ll talk to Rylee about you staying at the house or I can put you up in one of my other properties.”

Kimberly gave him a kind smile. “I’m glad you found someone, Memphis. Really.”

He kicked himself for bringing up Rylee when the woman in front of him was in the process of canceling her wedding. It was a jackass move.

“We should get going if we’re going to look into this before lawyers and investigators start demanding I hand it over. I’ll call you about dinner at the house.”

They were back in the SUV five minutes later. Memphis had already had enough of this day. He was ready to drop his attorney off and head back to the house to spend some time with Rylee. Then he remembered he needed to pick up her best friend. He didn’t want to be resentful of Rylee’s friends, but he wanted her all to himself for a few more weeks.

When the SUV pulled up the long driveway of the villa, he jumped out as soon as they reached the front door, having told Carla he wanted to spend a few minutes alone with Rylee before she came downstairs. He took his jacket off in the entry and jogged up the stairs. His excitement over quality time with Rylee was curbed when he opened the bedroom door and found it empty.

“Rylee?” he called as he backed out and went down the hall to the room she’d slept in her first few nights here. It was empty too. Had she left? Maybe his declarations of love had been too much. He checked the pool house and patio next but didn’t spot her. As he was about to go back in the house and start making phone calls, he spotted the security guard he’d left at the house standing near the grove of trees that had been planted by landscapers. It was designed to look like a forest in the middle of a desert.

Something he'd thought was a nice touch when he took over the villa from Hunter. He jogged over.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Miss Colton asked for some privacy while she took a walk, so I'm standing here. She's not far ahead of me."

Memphis scowled but didn't yell at the man the way he wanted to. He glanced at his phone. The screen showed full bars. She would have gotten his messages. Was she deliberately disobeying him? Perhaps it was the perfect opportunity to remind her of their arrangement.

"You can head back to the house and make sure Carla is settled," Memphis told the guard. "I'll take it from here."

The guard gave a curt nod, and Memphis leaned against a tree as he contemplated just how to approach Rylee. Whatever he decided, it was going to end with a sore ass for her and an orgasm for both of them. He eyed a bush with particularly long branches and grinned as a plan began to form.

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Rylee sat on a large rock and scrolled through the news article on her phones. Her mother had text it to her just before Memphis told her he was on his way home.

While the state prosecutor in Nevada dropped charges against Memphis Foster, in favor of charging Andrew Jenkins, prosecutors in Arizona have given no indication who they plan to charge—if anyone. State police say the investigation is still open and have declined to comment.

Memphis had made it sound like the state of Arizona wasn't going to prosecute him and that all his legal troubles were behind him.

She glanced at the time in the upper left corner of her screen. Memphis was probably home and looking for her, but she couldn't bring herself to face him right now. She had too many questions and was likely to lash out. That was the last thing she wanted. The love she felt for Memphis Foster was real, and she wanted to proceed with caution.

She blew out a breath and stood, trying to decide if she wanted to walk further into the landscaped grove or turn and head back to the house.

“Going somewhere, Ace?”

Rylee jumped at the sound of Memphis's voice. “Fuck,” she muttered as she slowly

turned to face him.

He stalked toward her, fierceness blazing in his eyes.

“The only reason I can think of for you not to be where I told you to be is because something is wrong,” he said, steel in his tone. “Is something wrong, Ace?”

“Maybe I just wanted you to fuck me outside,” she said, trying to avoid telling him what was on her mind.

Her distraction attempts must have worked, because when Memphis reached her, he backed her against a nearby tree, his hand circling her throat as her body connected with the rough bark.

“And what makes you think I was going to fuck you?” he asked, his mouth pressed to her ear.

Her pussy clenched as his breath danced along her sensitive skin. She reached between them and cupped his groin. “Pretty sure that’s my answer,” she breathed.

He shook his head and gave a low laugh. “In case you were wondering, our agreement still stands, Rylee. So, whatever this little show of defiance is can stop now.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pocket knife. For a split second, she felt a tingle of fear race through her, but it was quickly replaced with another wave of arousal as she stared into his blazing eyes.

“You have until I get back to get your clothes off or I’ll cut them off,” he said, dropping his hand from her throat.

He didn't wait for her to acknowledge his command, just turned, and stalked further into greenery. Not knowing how long he was going to be gone, she made quick work of her clothes, though there was a part of her that wanted him to manhandle her and cut them off like he'd threatened. Something told her she was already going to pay for her defiance with her ass. There was no sense making it worse. Or better? Rylee wasn't sure which.

When she was naked except for her shoes, she stood awkwardly waiting to find out her fate.

"Now we're going to fulfill one of my fantasies," Memphis said as he stepped back into the clearing. Rylee bit her lip and crossed her legs to quell the intense arousal when she saw what he was holding.

"Next time I'll make you cut them yourself and there will be extra punishment if you fuck it up," he said as he waved one of the three wispy branches he'd cut and stripped from some bush or tree.

"It's a good thing you followed my instructions," he murmured as he approached her and dropped the wispy branches on the rock she'd been sitting on.

"What exactly is your fantasy?" she whispered as he came to stand in front of her.

His hands came to rest on her hips, and he pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Do you understand how fucking hot you are naked?"

"Especially in these sexy shoes, right?" she asked, wiggling her sneaker clad foot.

He reached behind her and smacked her ass. "It definitely works for me. Now turn around. You're going to get a switching. Please tell me it's your first one."

Rylee laughed nervously. “It’s my first one. My parents were never big on corporal punishment.”

Memphis grinned. “I do enjoy being your first at things.”

He waited for her to turn around until he gave her more instructions. “Hands on the tree, ass out. Remember your safeword.”

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“Yes, Sir,” she murmured, pressing her palms into the trunk of the tree.

His palm connected with her ass where it met her thigh and she yelped. “Spread your legs. If I tell you to bend over, I should get a nice view.”

Her pussy tingled at his words and she widened her stance. He rewarded her with a gentle smack against her wet folds before he dragged a finger across her clit.

“If you hadn’t disobeyed me, I might be burying myself in you already. Instead, I’m going to thrash you and then fuck you.”

“So sad, Sir,” she said, sarcasm dripping from her tone.

He chuckled. “You must really want me to light your ass up. I was only going to give you ten. I just cut three in case one breaks. Now I’m going to whip you until you safeword or I break all three.”

She shuddered. Maybe she should have just gone inside when he told her he was ten minutes away. But she’d made her choice, so she gripped the tree harder and prepared herself for the burn of the switch to land across her skin.

She heard his steps crunching against the ground as he went to retrieve the switches. When he was standing behind her again, she longed for his hands to be on her again. He placed one palm on the small of her back. Not exactly what she had in mind.

His hand left her, and she heard the first switch whistle through the air. It landed across her backside with a quiet pop and left a stinging stripe behind. It wasn’t quite

the intense pain she was expecting, but the little piece of nature had a bite to it that would build as he struck her more.

“Now that’s delightful,” he murmured as he stepped forward to drag a finger across the stinging stripe.

She whimpered when his hand drifted between her thighs. “Is this turning you on, baby?” he asked.

She gave an emphatic nod and whispered, “Yes, Sir,” as the slickness at her core grew.

“I think we’ll try to get through this as quickly as we can. I’m ready to fuck you.”

He stepped away from her again and the whistle of the switch followed immediately. It took six strokes to break the first one and her ass was on fire by the time he was done, but so was the desire she felt.

Memphis traced a finger down her spine as he picked up the second switch. He popped it into the air, making her jump. It didn’t make contact with her skin though. It was just a test swing. When it did land against her ass, it criss-crossed the other stripes he laid, and she fought the urge to jump up and rub her sore behind. The endorphin rush this punishment was giving her made it worth staying in place.

Not only was there the chance of getting caught by security or a grounds keeper, but there was something about being corrected by the man who controlled her that sent her arousal through the roof. On the one hand, she wanted to please him and earn his praise, but the steely tone he took with her when he was scolding sent her heart fluttering just as much as hearing the words, “Good girl.”

She yelped when he struck her inner thigh. That did send her dancing, and he clucked

his tongue.

“Naughty girl. Put your legs together. You’ve earned one across your thighs.”

The next stripe landed on the back of her thighs and the fire it left behind was enough to cool some of the flame between her legs. But his next words just flared it right back up.

“Step out of position again and the next one goes on your clit. I’ll make you hold yourself apart so I can aim in just the right spot.”

“Jesus Christ,” she muttered. “That should not be hot.”

His laugh was low and wicked. “But it is. You’re doing good. Spread your legs again.”

She did as he ordered and bit the inside of her cheek to keep from squealing when the next swat landed.

That broke the second switch, and she knew it was almost over. He would be inside her soon.

The third switch seemed sturdier, and Rylee prayed it broke as quickly as the other two but didn’t hold her breath. It would be just like him to save the one that would last the longest for last.

He laid three quick stripes to her backside then surprised her by snapping it himself and tossing it aside. Memphis had never gone back on something he promised to do to her.

“I need to fuck you now. Stand up.”

She expected him to take her from behind, but he clearly had other ideas, so she eased herself off the tree and raised up to a standing position.

When he turned her around, his pants were already unzipped, and he pulled her in for a harsh kiss.

He tugged a condom from his pocket and sheathed his hard cock with it after freeing it from his boxers. In one fluid motion, he had her lifted when her legs wrapped around him. She slid over his cock with ease, and he backed her against the tree. “Christ, you feel good. This is going to be quick. I don’t want to leave your friend waiting for too long.”

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Fuck she'd forgotten about Carla. Again.

Her shocked gasp turned to a moan as her back dug into the tree and his cock slammed into her again. He fucked her hard and fast against the tree, and she clung to him as she felt the climax building. She was going to come in a matter of seconds.

"Can I come?" she begged, remembering the rule before she fucked up.

His beard dragged across her neck as he kissed her skin roughly. "Come," he bit out. She felt him tense and knew he would be right behind her.

When they'd come down from their orgasms, he gently lowered her to the ground and discreetly pulled off the condom and tied it in a knot. Wrapping it in a handkerchief, he tucked it in his pocket while she scrambled for her clothes.

"I haven't been able to trace the text yet, but we're going to bring in an expert tonight," Memphis said as he draped an arm around her.

Rylee had nearly forgotten about the sinister text she'd received but thinking of it now sent a shiver down her spine.

Memphis pressed a kiss to her temple. "Sorry, Ace. Wasn't trying to scare you. Let's go spend some time with Carla."

Rylee grinned. "I've missed her."

Together they walked out of the grove of trees and headed toward the house. Rylee

was sore but energized and excited about spending time with her friend. The only thing putting a damper on her mood was the sinister text and who might have sent it.

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“Oh, that poor girl,” Carla said as she sat on the couch next to Rylee drinking wine. “Well, absolutely we should get her over here for dinner. Or we could take her out for a night on the strip that she won’t remember and while we’re at it, we can help her forget her sleazy ex.”

Rylee tensed at that suggestion. Memphis definitely wouldn’t be OK with partying on the strip right now. But Carla didn’t know about the threatening text.

“Maybe we should go for a quiet night here. We can drink and talk shit, but Kimberly is from a high society family from what I understand. If she gets drunk on the strip, we’ll have tabloids following us.”

Carla waved her hand. “Please. It’s the strip. Tourists are everywhere. We can hide in plain sight.”

“I’ll have to talk to Memphis, but I’m sure he’ll say no.”

Carla lifted an eyebrow. “I know you said you’re doing the Dom/sub thing with him but asking for permission to go out is a little much isn’t it? Makes it seem more like he’s your daddy than your Dom.”

Rylee shuddered. “Do not call him my daddy. That is definitely not my kink.” She drew in a deep breath. “It’s not just the Dom/sub thing. I got a scary text from an

unknown number threatening me. I think he would feel better if I stay here. Or go places with him and a team of security.”

Carla whistled. “OK. That makes more sense.” She shoved Rylee in the shoulder. “Why wouldn’t you just say that. And speaking of your man, where is he?”

He’d gone into his office to make some phone calls with a promise to return as soon as he could to take them for dinner. Before he’d left, he asked about the possibility of having Kimberly join them.

“He’s working. I’m sure he’ll be done soon.” Rylee shifted on the couch and winced. Sex against a tree had seemed like a great idea at the time, but now her back was all scratched up. Though she had to admit she enjoyed the memories that flooded her every time she moved. He’d been harsh, dominant, even crude. And she’d loved every fucking minute of it.

The subject of her thoughts strode into the room, looking exhausted and somehow powerful at the same time. His intense eyes bored into her and she could tell he was imagining stripping her clothing from her again. What was it about that stare? She instantly felt her arousal and if Carla hadn’t been there, she would have begged him to take her right there in the livingroom.

"Have you ladies decided what's for dinner?" he asked as he dropped onto the couch next to Rylee and kissed her cheek. She nuzzled into him, enjoying the feel of his beard against her skin.

"I wanted to get Kimberly drunk and find her a male escort on the strip, but Rylee said no."

Memphis nuzzled her neck and sent a shudder through her. "Rylee's a good girl," he murmured in her ear. The husky, sensual tone of his voice nearly made her whimper.

"I'll send a car for Kimberly if you really want to have a girls' night. I would feel better if you do it here though. No male escorts either. Or female for that matter," he said with a wink. "We need to keep our circle tight for a few more days." He cleared his throat and stood, shoving his hand in his pocket. "Rylee, can I talk to you for a sec?"

She stood and followed him into the kitchen.

"You seem nervous. What's going on?" Rylee asked as he leaned against the counter and crossed and uncrossed his ankles.

He scratched at his beard. "I need to go back to Arizona. But I just got a call I've been waiting on. Your tournament has been rescheduled. You should be getting an email or a phone call soon. How would you feel about staying here for that. I'll come join you when I'm done in Arizona or you can come to me if I'm not done by the time your tournament is over."

Rylee stared at him. "What did you do to get my tournament rescheduled?"

He smiled. "I just pulled some strings and got it moved to a new venue. It's still being sponsored by Caesar's Palace, but they've agreed to a convention center venue in another property with their branding everywhere."

Rylee smiled. "That was sweet of you, but you didn't have to do that."

He looked away and shifted from side to side. "Look. I'm a bastard. I love you and I want you all to myself. If I had my way, I would have you naked and waiting for me at home always. But I know that's unreasonable and just a fantasy. I guess I'm just trying to show you that a life with me won't be that for you."

"But you'll still own me, right?"

He grinned and locked his gaze on hers again. "Yes, Ace. You're mine. And you won't forget it. I'll send you to tournaments with a plug in your ass and my collar around your neck if I need to just to remind you you're mine. But I want you to thrive and be happy."

Rylee threw her arms around him and kissed him hard. "I love you, Memphis. I don't know how I got so lucky, but I'm glad I did."

He smiled and pulled her to him. "I love you, Rylee. Now let's figure out dinner and getting our friends drunk," he said with a wink.

Rylee giggled and watched as he pulled out his phone and called to have a car pick up Kimberly. The way he threw orders around would be unnerving to some, but for Rylee it just made her panties wet. Watching him wield his considerable power over his business, and over her was the ultimate aphrodisiac, and she hoped to experience it for a long time.

Next, Memphis called and ordered dinner from yet another high-end Vegas restaurant. He'd offered to take them out with security, but Rylee knew Carla and she would not be able to resist trying to drag them to a night club or some other Vegas place. They could stay in tonight.

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"When do you need to go back to Arizona?" she asked when he finished his calls.

"I should really leave tonight, but I'll wait until morning."

She nodded. "OK. I hate that."

Her phone buzzed, and she pulled it out. Sure enough, it was an email letting her know the poker tournament was back on and would begin in two days. It would be a smaller tournament because some had to pull out due to the cancellation of the original date. Hopefully, that would work in Rylee's favor. Of course, Memphis assured her she didn't need to worry about money, but she would still play poker. It was her first love. And she wanted to be the best on the circuit someday.

The thought of Memphis joining her for high profile tournaments, using him as arm candy, sent a little thrill through her. He might own her, but that wasn't going to stop her from objectifying the fuck out of him whenever she got the chance. Memphis Foster was a perfect specimen of a human being and should be admired by as many people as possible.

"What's that look for?" he asked as he wrapped his arms around her.

She shook her head. "Just thinking about how delicious you look. It should be a crime, really." She winced when the words were out of her mouth.

"Sorry. Probably shouldn't be calling you a criminal right now."

He chuckled and pressed a kiss to her forehead. "It's OK now that we're pretty sure

I'm not going to jail any time soon."

She started to ask what he meant by pretty sure when Carla came in.

"OK you two. I know you're all swoony and madly in love, but it's rude to just leave me sitting out there all alone."

Memphis grinned and gave Rylee's ass a squeeze.

"I apologize for monopolizing her time, Carla. You can have her back now."

"Gee, thanks," Rylee said with a smirk. "How much longer until dinner?"

"Kimberly will be here within the hour, and the food should be there shortly after that."

Carla made a beeline for the wine fridge and pulled out another bottle.

Rylee made a face. "If I'm going to play in two days, I should probably keep the wine to a minimum tonight."

It was Carla's turn to make a face. "That is unacceptable. But I guess I'll let it slide."

Rylee snorted and leaned against Memphis who kissed the top of her head. "I need to get back to working the phones, lover. I may be out of the woods criminally, but I have a lot of business messes to clean up. I'll join you for dinner."

He gave her a hard kiss and turned and left the room, heading for the stairs and his office.

"God, how did you get so damn lucky, woman?" Carla asked as she stared after him.

“Does he have a brother? Any friends?”

Rylee frowned. She had no idea if he had siblings. And the only friends she knew of were the ones she met her first day in Vegas.

“You don’t know, do you?” Carla said as she filled her glass and slid the bottle to Rylee.

She shook her head. “I’ve met a few of his friends, but we haven’t talked much about his family.”

Carla hopped up on the barstool and pointed at Rylee’s laptop. “Look him up. I’m sure you can find something about him. He’s a billionaire. There’s bound to be a Forbes profile on him or something.”

Rylee shook her head. “That feels sleazy. I’ll just ask him when we talk.”

Carla shrugged and took a sip of her wine. “Suit yourself.”

Forty-five minutes later, Kimberly arrived along with the food from another high-end Vegas restaurant.

“Thank you so much for letting me come,” Kimberly said as they watched the restaurant staff that accompanied the food unpack it. Rylee found it odd that it was more than just a delivery driver. Kimberly seemed unaffected by it.

“It’s no trouble. You’ve had a rough few days,” Rylee said, eyeing the bottle of wine on the counter. Small talk wasn’t her thing, and she felt uncomfortable in the situation. She glanced at the stairs. What was taking Memphis so long?

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Finally, she heard his door open, and he appeared at the top of the stairs. She nearly swallowed her tongue. He'd changed out of the suit he'd been wearing and now wore tight dark jeans and a t-shirt that stretched across his broad muscles. "Jesus Christ," she muttered as she watched him walk down the stairs. He greeted Kimberly, but he only had eyes for Rylee.

When he reached her, he pulled her in for a kiss and murmured in her ear, "I can practically feel you undressing me, Ace. Do I need to make excuses for us to disappear?"

She giggled against him. "Maybe later. I'm starving."

He chuckled and turned his attention to the other women. "I hope you're OK with my dinner selection."

Kimberly nodded. "I've always enjoyed Chef Carlyle's food."

Carla just stared at the spread on the table. "It looks amazing. Can't wait to try it," she said, a touch of her southern drawl coming through. It was a sign that she was well on her way to being tipsy.

The foursome sat at the dining room table, and drank wine, and ate delicious food while talking about everything but Andrew and the criminal activity that landed everyone where they were. They talked about poker, life in Vegas, and whether Rylee would move back to Arizona now that she was with Memphis.

Rylee shifted uncomfortably when the topic came up.

“What is it, Ace?” Memphis asked, sliding his hand along her knee while they ate.

“I left home for a reason and I always swore I would never live there again.”

Memphis nodded. “Good thing you own a house in Vegas. I have offices here. There’s nothing stopping us from staying.”

Rylee blew out a breath. “Thank God. I was worried that would be a fight.”

“I’m curious about all the reasons you left home, but I’ve been in Phoenix long enough. It’s good to change things up sometimes.”

Rylee nodded and stabbed at a bite of food. Later, Carla and Kimberly tried to convince Rylee to take shots, but she shook her head. “Wine is enough for me.”

The two intoxicated women giggled and made pouty faces at her and Memphis wrapped his arms around her.

“Actually, I was thinking of stealing Rylee from you for a little while. You have free rein down here. Just stay away from the upstairs if you don’t want to hear Rylee screaming.

Carla made a fake gagging noise but hooked arms with Kimberly and the two made their way to the living room. Memphis turned Rylee in his arms and said, “I’ve got one more short call to make. You have ten minutes to be naked and kneeling the way you were supposed to be when I got home today.

Rylee nodded and Memphis fisted a hand into her hair.

“Try again, sub.”

She sucked in a breath as her pussy clenched and her nipples pebbled beneath her shirt. His gaze bored into her.

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

“Better. Now go.”

She swallowed hard and scurried up the stairs to the bedroom she shared with Memphis.

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Memphis stepped into the bedroom ten minutes later and paused just inside the door. He could hear Carla and Kimberly laughing downstairs, but the noise faded into the background as soon as his eyes landed on Rylee kneeling naked on their bed.

And it was their bed. He'd come to think of it that way even in the short time they'd been staying in this house. He would buy her whatever kind of house she wanted to live in, but he secretly hoped she'd want to stay here with him. Uprooting his headquarters from Phoenix to Vegas would be a headache, but he would do it for this woman.

He closed the door and leaned against it just staring at her, trying to decide where he wanted to take her. It was rude to abandon their company for too long, but his need for her outweighed his desire to be a polite host.

Still saying nothing, he crossed the room and stood at the foot of the bed, his eyes never leaving hers.

"Do you know how hot you look right now?"

She swallowed and gave him a shy smile. "Do you have any brothers?"

Memphis furrowed his brow. "Excuse me?"

She clapped a hand over her mouth and giggled. "Sorry. It just came out. I realized I'm madly in love with you, but there's so much I don't know."

He smiled and tucked a hand beneath her chin, gently stroking her cheek with his thumb. "I'll tell you anything you want to know, Ace. Not right now though. Right now, I need your cunt wrapped around me."

He reached for the button on his jeans and slid the zipper down after undoing it.

"Turn around and get ready for me to take you from behind," he said pressing a kiss to her forehead.

She scrambled to do as he said.

His breath caught when her back was to him. "Jesus, Rylee. Did I do that to you?"

Her back was angry and scratched up. There were still signs of the switches he'd used on her ass. That he didn't mind. It had been intentional and hot.

"Technically the tree did it, Sir," Rylee said, though it barely came out a whisper.

He laid a hand on her hip. "I'm sorry, lover. Let me go get something to put on it for you."

"No," she cried. "Please wait. I need you inside of me."

He hesitated only a moment before snagging a condom and lowering his jeans and boxers. With one swift motion, he entered her, grasping her hips, and pulling her to him even as he pushed forward.

She cried out and pushed herself against him as he tried to pull out. "Just let me feel

you for a minute, please?” she murmured.

He obliged and gently stroked her side, watching as a tremor rolled through her.

“That’s enough waiting,” he growled after a minute. “I need to fuck you now.”

He withdrew and slammed into her again quickly falling into a steady rhythm. He gripped her so hard, he knew he was going to leave marks, but he was past being able to care about that and if he was honest with himself, seeing his marks on her made his dick even harder.

“Finger your clit,” he said through gritted teeth. “I want to feel your pussy trembling.”

She reached beneath her, and he jolted when the tips of her fingers grazed him as she found her clit. Never had a woman’s touch undone him the way Rylee’s did. He fucked her faster and harder, needing to make her feel him. Wanting to know that when he left her in bed tomorrow morning, she would wake up and still ache from his cock punishing her tight pussy.

“I’m close, Sir,” she whimpered as he grabbed a fistful of her hair and tightened his grip.

“Good girl, you can come. I’ll go with you,” he said, sucking in a deep breath. His balls tightened, and he did his best to hold himself back until he felt her fall. Her strangled cry of pleasure pushed him off the ledge and let his head fall back as he emptied himself inside her.

They collapsed on the bed together as they both still trembled, and he kissed her shoulders before easing away from her and rolling onto his back. She surprised him by straddling him and leaning down to kiss him hard.

“You don’t kiss me enough when you fuck me,” she breathed when she pulled away.

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He brushed her hair away from her face and watched as it fell again. “I’ll have to keep that in mind, lover,” he murmured.

“Are you sure you have to leave?” she said after a long pause.

He grimaced. “I wish I didn’t, but it’s important. Especially if we’re going to live here in Vegas.”

She nodded and snuggled closer to him.

“I suppose we should stop being rude to our guests,” he said a few minutes later as he stood and pulled her with him. “Come with me.”

He led her to the bathroom where he gently washed her back in the shower and rinsed the sex from both of them. Outside the shower, he stood her in front of the mirror and rummaged under the bathroom counter until he found the first aid kit with antibiotic ointment. Rylee looked away from the mirror as he tended to the scratches on her back. He lifted his clean hand and moved her head, so she was watching again.

“Watch me, Rylee. Watch and know that I’ll always take care of you. Even when I’m not with you, just know I’m taking care of you.”

She bit her lip and gave him a tentative nod. He pressed a kiss to her shoulder and straightened when he was done with her back.

As they were dressing, he checked his phone and frowned at the missed calls. “Would you mind terribly if I make a couple more calls? I promise not to leave you alone the

rest of the night.”

Rylee gave him a bright smile. “That’s fine. Just come rescue me soon or Carla is going to have me doing shots and standing on the kitchen table.”

Memphis laughed. “As much as I would love to see that, I’m sure you can stand your ground until I get there.”

He gave her a tender kiss and patted her ass as they left the bedroom. She went downstairs to find the giggling women, and he retreated to his office where he picked up Andrew’s tablet and began to go through it again while he waited for Jeremy to call him back.

The things he’d already found earlier in the day had prompted him to decide to head back to Arizona and start cleaning house in his company. There were a number of people he was going to fire and even more who were going to be put on notice that their jobs were in danger if they didn’t cooperate with his internal investigation.

His phone buzzed again, and he answered on the first ring.

“You really have to get your head out of the clouds and focus on important things, Memphis,” Jeremy said, sounding surlier than usual.

“Well hello to you too, Jeremy. What are you talking about?”

“The girl, Memphis. She’s throwing you off your game and if you’re not careful, she’s going to ruin everything.”

He furrowed his brow. “What does that even mean?”

“I’ve been trying to call you for an hour.”

“Jesus, Jeremy, calm down. I’m here now. I took a break. I’ve been at this all damn day. What is so urgent?”

“The Arizona district attorney is considering filing charges against more than just Andrew. They’ve got their eye on you and two other people on your executive team.”

Memphis closed his eyes. “Is it safe for me to go back tomorrow?”

“Safe? It’s damn well recommended. You need to be there to fight this thing off. And you need to leave Rylee behind.”

“I’m starting to think you don’t like my girlfriend, Jeremy?”

“Girlfriend? You barely know her and you’re asking me to transfer assets into her name and change your will for her. It’s a little concerning, man.”

“It’s a good thing I’m not paying you for your concern about my love life. Rylee is going to be my wife. I won’t hear anything else from you about this. Just do what I need you to do, please. I’ll be on the plane by six in the morning. I trust you’re coming with me?”

Jeremy sighed. “Yes. I’m coming with you. Just because I don’t agree with your choices doesn’t mean I’m abandoning you or that I’m not going to do what you’re asking. Just know that I’m doing it under protest.”

Memphis laughed. “So noted. Was the DA the only thing you called to talk about?”

Jeremy cleared his throat. “No. Everett Miller is making some noise. I told you threatening him and trying to make restitution wasn’t a great idea.”

“But he didn’t have to do anything other than make a phone call and tell the families

they were getting their money back. I didn't even make him pay for it. The company is footing that bill."

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“I know that, Memphis, but the word is he’s got lawyers preparing to sue your company for breach of contract.”

Memphis leaned back in his chair and raked a hand through his hair. “Jesus. Even when he’s facing charges and potentially going to prison, he’s still trying to cause trouble for me? It’s an easy lawsuit to beat, though, right?”

Jeremy laughed. “Yes. But it’s going to tie you up for a few months.”

Memphis chuckled. “That’s what I’m paying you and your firm for, so I don’t have to be tied up.”

The sound of breaking glass had Memphis leaping from his chair. “Jeremy, I have to call you back.”

He raced down the stairs while preparing to dial his security out front. When he came into the kitchen, he found Kimberly on the floor with tears in her eyes as she tried to clean up broken glass. His heart rate dropped as he realized there hadn’t been an intruder. Rylee came out of the pantry with a broom.

“Here Kim, I’ve got this. Go in the living room.”

The woman stood and teetered. Memphis lunged to catch her.

“Careful. I’m pretty sure she’s one wrong move away from vomiting all over the place,” Carla said as she came in carrying a towel from somewhere.

Kimberly burst into full blown sobs as Memphis helped her to the couch.

“Shhhh. It’s OK, Kimberly. Just let it out,” he said, gingerly patting her head.

“Sorry,” she said after a hiccup a minute or two later. “Just had a much too little drink. A little much too to drink. Damn it,” she slurred. “You know what I mean.”

Memphis chuckled. “I do know what you mean. I’m going to get you some water and help you to a bed. You can crash here tonight.”

“Why did he have to ruin me like this, Memphis? It’s not fair.”

The tears started to fall again, and he sighed. “I don’t know, Kim. I really wish I could explain it. But drunk is not the time to try to figure it out. Cry if you have to but let’s just try to get you to bed.”

After getting her a glass of water and standing watch while she drank it, he hefted her into his arms and carried her to one of the guest bedrooms. As he closed her door and went in search of Rylee and Carla, he prayed the Arizona DA would change his mind about criminal charges against him. The thought of putting Rylee through that made his stomach churn.

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Rylee stirred at the sound of Memphis crawling out of bed. She cracked one eye open and admired his backside as he stepped into the bathroom. When she heard the shower kick on, she rolled out of bed herself and went to join him.

He hummed when she stepped into the shower and wrapped her arms around his waist.

“Sorry, lover. I was hoping not to wake you until I was leaving.”

She pressed kisses to his slick chest and let the water fall over her. “It’s fine. I’m glad for a little more time with you. It’s crazy how much I’m going to miss you.”

He held her tight and kissed her tenderly. “I’m going to miss you, Ace. But I’ll be back soon. It will be good to have me out of your hair while you’re playing.”

She sighed. Not so sure she believed him. Though their short time together had been chaotic, she’d come to think of him as her good luck charm. “Any idea how long you’ll be gone?” she asked as he reached for the shower gel and squirted some into his palm. He turned her away from him and lathered the gel on her back. The ointment he’d put on had worked its magic and the scratches no longer stung.

“I should only be a few days this time. I’ll need to go for longer to get everything moved over here, but we can talk about that once I’m back.” His soapy hands roamed

her body, cupping and kneading her breasts, trailing down her abdomen, and back to her bottom. She relaxed into his touch.

“That sounds good. I might try to convince Carla to stay a few extra days then.”

Memphis kissed her crown. “I forgot to mention, I’m taking Kimberly home with me so she can start cleaning up the mess Andrew made. I feel bad for her.”

Rylee sighed as his hand cupped her pussy. “I hope she’s not too hungover today. She was drinking pretty heavy last night.”

Memphis turned her again, so she faced him and cupped her face in his hands, lowering his lips to hers. “Let’s not talk about her anymore. I need to fuck you one last time before I leave.” He turned off the shower after rinsing them both off and grabbed towels, tossing one to her so they could quickly dry off.

“I’ll even give you a choice this time,” he said as he dropped the towel next to the shower and closed the gap between them. “Do you want it fast or slow?” he asked as he dipped his head for another kiss.

She groaned as he awakened her arousal once more. “Fast, hard. Take me. I want to feel you when you’re gone,” she said with a groan.

With that, he pulled her toward the vanity and pushed her against it. “Bend over then,” he said as he yanked the counter drawer open and took out a condom. She bent and rested herself against the counter while he rolled the latex up his shaft. When he was ready, he grabbed a fist full of her hair and shoved himself inside of her causing her to cry out from the force of his thrust and the grip on her hair.

“Watch,” he growled when her head tried to dip, and her eyes drifted closed.

His hand landed hard on her ass and she yelped, staring at herself in the mirror. She stared at his god-like form thrusting in and out of her, his piercing eyes seemed to slam into her just as hard as his cock. His gaze didn't make her uncomfortable though. It was like he was seeing into the deepest parts of her, and she wanted him to shine a light on it all.

It wasn't long before she felt herself on the edge of an orgasm, and she was ready to go over the brink with him. But he stopped her with a glare. "Don't you dare, Ace. You don't have permission."

It was then that she realized that's why he'd given her a choice in how he took her. Either way, he wasn't planning to let her come. Bastard. Gorgeous, intense, bastard.

She bit her lip as he thrust into her once more, and she felt him tense as he reached his own climax. When he pulled free of her, he turned her around and kissed her harshly.

"You'll come again when I say. It might be when I get back or I might call you on the phone and make you play with that beautiful pussy until you scream."

She whimpered when his hand found her clit and stroked back and forth a few times. He was determined to torture her.

He pressed a kiss to her neck. "Just think of all the fun we can have on the phone," he said as he pulled away and headed for his closet to pull on some clothes.

Five minutes later he was dressed and standing with her at the bedroom door. He hugged her tight and kissed her deep. "Be a good girl and I'll call you tonight," he whispered as he opened the door and stepped into the hallway. Rylee eyed the bed when he was gone. It was early and she could easily climb back into bed and sleep for a few more hours. But Carla wouldn't be up for a few more hours herself, so now was

the perfect time to work out and go through some mental training exercises to get her back in the poker playing mindset she would need to be in for the tournament.

After a short run on the treadmill, she sat at the coffee table with a deck of cards and began laying them out and running through probabilities and other statistics in her head. Halfway through her routine, she flipped the TV on to a news station. Working with background noise could be useful.

But doing that just made her think of one of her first few times with Memphis when he tried to make her come while the news was blaring. A smile curled on her lips as she stared at the cards laid out in front of her. With a shake of her head, she reached for the remote to turn it off. As she was about to hit the power button, that gorgeous face she'd enjoyed staring at this morning appeared on the screen.

She turned the volume up and set the remote aside.

“Memphis Foster and his company might have thought they were out of hot water yesterday when the state of Nevada dropped charges against him and refiled them against Andrew Jenkins. But today he may just be right back in it. Everett Miller of Miller Holdings is filing suit for breach of contract and CNN sources say the Arizona DA has not ruled out criminal charges against Foster or other members of his team.”

Rylee stared slack jawed at the television. He hadn't told her there was still a possibility of charges in Arizona. Why would he keep that from her? Her face warmed as anger seeped through her. She picked up her phone and tried to call him, but he didn't answer. Huffing, she tossed the phone aside and scooped up her cards to shuffle them and lay out a hand once more.

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“What did those poor cards do to you?” Carla said from behind the couch sometime later. Rylee jumped and dropped the half deck she’d been holding.

“Sorry. I’m just irritated at the news and Memphis. I didn’t wake you, did I?”

Carla laughed. “No. My raging headache did. Any idea where we can get some hangover food?”

Rylee pointed to the kitchen. “Pretty sure it’s fully stocked.”

Carla wrinkled her nose. “But that means having to cook. Can’t we go to the Strip and get something greasy?”

Rylee shook her head. “I don’t know. I’m mad at Memphis right now, but he really does have reason to be concerned for my safety.” She stood and made her way to the foyer where she knew there was a small security office. She poked her head in the door and sure enough, a man in a black suit was sitting in front of a laptop.

“Can I help you, Miss Colton?”

Rylee gave him a timid smile. “If Carla and I want to go into town and grab something to eat what’s the protocol? I want to be safe, but I’m not OK with just staying locked up here.”

The man smiled. “I understand, Miss Colton. Mr. Foster instructed me and my team to escort you anywhere you want to go. Just let us know when you’re ready.”

Rylee grinned. “Thank you...” she trailed off, not knowing his name.

“Aaron, ma’am.”

“Thank you, Aaron. I suspect we’ll be ready in less than half an hour.”

He gave her a thumbs up and Rylee backed out of the small office and went in search of Carla.

“OK. It’s all clear. We can go into town. What do you want to eat?”

Carla clapped her hands. “Oh good. I have no idea. Just something greasy. Maybe a buffet with mimosas.”

Rylee rolled her eyes.

“What?” Carla asked. “You’ve never tried a little hair of the dog?”

Rylee just shook her head. “A few too many times in college. Or don’t you remember?”

Carla giggled. “There’s not much from college that I do remember.”

8

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“You don’t seem to be having fun,” Carla said. They were sitting in a lounge at Elysium, another of Hunter’s casinos sipping on cocktails until their table was ready for lunch.

“I’m having fun. Just a lot on my mind. I’m worried about Memphis but also worried he misled me.”

Carla frowned. “Guy seems completely smitten with you. He would be an idiot to lie to you.”

Rylee gave a nervous laugh and swirled the ice in her glass. “I don’t think he lied exactly. Just didn’t give me the full picture.”

Carla leaned over and picked up Rylee’s phone. “Call him. Ask him about it,” she said, handing her the device. “You know you want to.”

Rylee sighed. She did want to, and she’d never been shy about confronting the people around her when she felt like it was called for. But Memphis was different, and she didn’t want to ruin things by jumping to conclusions. “Maybe after food,” she said, sliding the phone away. “He said he would call me tonight, anyway. I know he’s dealing with a lot right now.”

Carla just shrugged. “Suit yourself.”

“Miss Colton, your table is ready,” a man in slacks and a black shirt said as he approached them.

Rylee smiled and stood. “Let’s go eat ridiculously expensive food and talk about something else for a little while.”

When they got to the table, there was already a bottle of wine with a note propped up next to it. Carla snatched the small card before Rylee had a chance.

“Oh, he’s smooth,” she said, handing it to Rylee after reading it.

Ace, enjoy your meal and a glass of wine. Talk soon.

She frowned. “How did he even know we were coming here?”

Carla laughed. “You really think the hotties who drove us here don’t report to him?”

Of course. The security detail who was hovering nearby would have let Memphis know they were taking her to the strip. She sighed. “I just don’t know what to think about that. He’s a little intense sometimes.”

Carla sat in a chair and waited for Rylee to do the same. “He’s extremely successful and runs an empire. That requires intensity.”

She was right, and she enjoyed his intensity in the bedroom and even watching him in work mode, but when it came to her and her safety, the intensity was going to smother her if she didn’t talk to him.

Carla poured them both a glass of wine and Rylee smiled. Before putting the phone away, she tapped out a text to Memphis.

Thanks for the wine but shouldn't you be working instead of spying on me?

His response came before she could set the phone down.

I'm good at multi-tasking, Ace. Enjoy the food. Chef there is amazing

With a shake of her head, she set the phone down and picked up the wine glass.

"To good food, good sex, and good luck at your tournament," Carla said, clinking her glass with Rylee's.

"I'll drink to that."

The girls talked and laughed over a meal that was exquisite, and Carla finished off the bottle of wine before dessert. Rylee went to pay the bill with the card Memphis had insisted she take, but the server just smiled and said, "The meal is courtesy of Mr. Novak. Says to tell you thanks for spending time in the high roller room."

Rylee frowned. Rich people were weird.

"Tell him thank you," she said, standing to leave.

"Can we go be cheap tourists now?" Rylee said as they walked out into the casino.

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Carla hooked her arm through Rylee's. "Let's do it. I think it's cute how money makes you uncomfortable when you sometimes sit at tables full of it for a living."

"Not the kind of money that Memphis and Hunter have."

They walked up and down the strip, taking pictures and laughing for the rest of the day, and Rylee did her best to put Memphis and his possible criminal charges out of her mind. How could she talk to him about it without sounding like she was accusing him of lying? Then again, if he was going to mislead her that way, maybe they shouldn't be together. That thought put a knot in her stomach. She'd come to think of Memphis as a part of her, and she couldn't fathom going back to a world that he wasn't in.

"Call him," Carla said as they sat at a slot machine she'd insisted they had to play. Rylee hated slot machines.

She sighed. Her friend was right. There was no way she was going to be able to focus on her tournament tomorrow if she didn't get this off her chest.

"OK. I'll be right back."

Carla waved her away "Yeah, yeah. I'll be right here winning big money."

Rylee laughed and rolled her eyes as she looked for a quiet corner to make a phone call in.

Memphis answered in the first ring.

“Is everything OK, Ace?” he asked.

His voice flowed over her, relaxing her as if she were sinking into a hot bath, and she blew out a breath. “I think so,” she murmured. “I just wanted to ask you some questions.”

“You sound odd. Are you sure you’re OK?”

She blew out a breath. “Just missing you. I saw something on the news this morning that worried me. Are you sure everything is OK?”

“There’s a hallway to the left about a hundred feet in front of you. Go down it until you reach the fourth door on the right. It will be unlocked when you get there.”

Rylee looked around and spotted her security detail. “Damn it, Memphis,” she muttered as she headed for the hallway.

“Excuse me?” he said, his voice carrying a steely bite.

“I just don’t like the idea that you’re spying on me. Especially when you should still be focused on staying out of jail,” she said as she approached the door in question. The keypad on the handle lit up green and she pushed her way inside.

“Don’t listen to the news, Rylee. Listen to me.”

“Why didn’t you tell me the Arizona DA was still considering charges? That’s major, Memphis. I don’t like it when you hide things from me. If we’re going to get married, that doesn’t work for me.”

Memphis was quiet for a minute. “You’re right. I’m sorry. But I’m handling it. I was hoping to have it all resolved before you heard any of the rumors.”

“That’s fucked up. Don’t do it again,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said with a hint of a drawl.

“Gross. Don’t call me that.”

“Are you still wet for me, Ace?” he asked, his voice taking on a husky undertone.

“Don’t try to distract me right now. I want to be mad at you and I think I’m allowed.”

He hummed. “You are. But you’re still my sub and I expect you to answer my questions even when you’re mad. Is your pussy wet for me?”

The body part in question clenched at his words and she blew out a breath. “Yes, Sir,” she finally admitted.

“Good girl. See that wasn’t so hard.”

She heard the door click and jerked her head toward it.

“The door is locked. Sit in a chair and lift your skirt. You’re going to come for me, Ace.”

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She sat without thinking and lifted her skirt. “Wait. This is Hunter’s hotel. How are you doing this? Is he spying on me too?”

Memphis laughed. “Nope. but it is nice to have friends in high places. Now do as you’re told so I don’t have to punish you.”

“I did,” she whispered.

“Still mad at me, Ace?”

“Kind of,” she said.

“Rub your clit over your panties.”

Her hand drifted between her legs and she did as he asked.

“That’s a good girl,” he said when she whimpered. “Keep going until I tell you to stop.”

She caressed herself through the thin layer of cotton that covered her and let out a soft sigh. He’d left her so needy that morning, and though she’d buried it with anger at him, it quickly bloomed again and rose to the surface. She was soon soaked, and she knew it wouldn’t take long for her to reach the orgasm he’d denied her before he left.

“Now slide your panties down and put two fingers inside yourself.”

She bit her lip and squirmed to get her panties down while she held the phone with

her shoulder.

When she plunged two fingers into her soaked entrance, she had to stop herself from crying out. She was in a random office in a casino for god's sake.

"Don't hold back, Ace. I want to hear you," he commanded.

She let out a whimper as she finger fucked herself.

"Put the phone down and put me on speaker."

She left her fingers in place and set the phone down, tapping the speaker phone option with her free hand.

"Now, bring yourself to the edge and beg me to let you come. And you better beg like you mean it or I won't let you."

"Yes, Sir," she said with a moan as she worked her fingers in and out and used her other hand to stimulate her clit.

"Imagine those are my hands," he said.

It wasn't hard. The memory of the way his hands felt on her body was burned into her mind.

"God. I need to come. Please let me," she whimpered when she was tottering on the edge.

"No."

Fuck. She dialed back the pressure on her clit because she didn't want to disobey

him, but she stayed on the brink.

“Please, Sir. I want to come,” she begged, desperation filling her voice.

“That’s better but no,” he said.

“Agh. I don’t know if I can hold it back. Please let me come, Sir.”

“You can hold it back, Ace. You know why? Because that pussy belongs to me and I told you to hold it back. Isn’t that right?”

She pulled her fingers away from her clit. “Yes Sir, that’s right. I’m yours. Please may I come?”

“Do it. And don’t you dare hold back,” he said.

She rubbed her clit in frantic circles, letting her head fall back against the chair. “Fuck,” she cried as the orgasm shook her. Her moans and whimpers seemed to echo in the empty room, but at the moment she didn’t care. She was riding the high of the orgasm combined with his dominance and the way it felt to obey him.

He gave a low chuckle. “That’s a good girl. I’m proud of you. I hate to leave you this way, but I do have a meeting to get back to. Take a minute to recover. No one will bother you.”

She gave a little noise of understanding as she came down from riding the wave of pleasure.

“And Ace? Take your panties off and throw them in the trash. I think you can spend the day without them.”

“Yes, Sir,” she said, her voice catching as she spoke. She kicked off the panties and bent to pick them up as she listened to him breathing on the phone.

“I love you so much, Ace. I’m sorry for worrying you.”

“I love you too,” she whispered before the call dropped. On her way out the door, she dropped her panties in the small trash can and squirmed at the little thrill it gave her.

9

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“God damn it why can’t these people find something else to write about?” Memphis snarled as he tossed the tablet an assistant had handed him onto his desk.

It was the fourth ‘article’ he’d read today. The press had snapped photos of him with Kimberly, Carla, and Rylee, and everyone wanted to know which woman he was dating. There were rumors that he was sleeping with all of them and that he’d stolen his best friend’s fiancée among other things. And to top it off, everyone was wondering when the DA in Phoenix would decide if he was filing charges.

The door to his office opened and Jeremy stepped through. “I think you need to call in a favor with the governor. You two are pals right?”

Memphis stared at his lawyer. “We used to be. I’m sure I’m political poison to him now. A good number of his constituents were harmed by the scam. It won’t look good if he’s doing favors for one of the men who let it happen.”

Jeremy dropped into a chair and propped his feet on Memphis’ desk. “If you don’t do something, you’re going to be facing a trial all over again.”

“I’m doing everything I can. Starting with cleaning house. There’s no way Andrew was the only one in on this inside my company.”

Jeremy nodded. “And just what does cleaning house look like?”

“The entire executive office is taking polygraphs, and anyone who has questionable results has to go through a personal interview with me.”

“What are you offering to get people to talk? I know you’re not going to allow anyone who was involved to keep working here.”

Jeremy was right, Memphis would never keep anyone who betrayed him on board.

His phone buzzed, and he picked it up hoping for a message from Rylee.

Instead, it was a message from her security detail with a video attached. He pressed play and frowned at the screen. She was walking arm in arm down the strip with Carla, and they were both carrying large drinks and were clearly drunk.

He pressed call and waited for the security team to answer.

“Is there a reason for the video?” he asked when they did.

“Yes, Sir. We can’t talk her and Carla to get into a car instead of walking down the strip. We feel it would be safest if they let us drive them where they want to go. But they’ve both consumed a lot of alcohol.”

“Put Miss Colton on the phone, please.” He put his hand over the phone while he waited for the man to hand the phone to Rylee.

“Can I get the room please?” Jeremy and his assistant stepped out.

“What do you want?” Rylee said, irritation in her voice.

“And to think I let you come just a few hours ago,” he chided. “Get your ass in the car, Rylee.”

“You’re not my father. I like walking.”

He clenched his fist. “I’m not, but you do belong to me and you will obey. It’s not safe for you to be walking up and down the strip right now. There are too many unknowns for your security to keep you safe that way. So, I’ll say it again, get your ass in the car.”

“And what happens if I don’t?”

So, she wanted to test him. He could handle that.

“You don’t want to find out. What’s gotten into you, Rylee?”

“I don’t like the things the tabloids say about you. Did you know you’re fucking three women?”

He closed his eyes. Of course, she’d seen the same stories he had.

“Ace,” he said slowly. “You know none of that is true, right? You’re the only woman I’m fucking. You’re also the only woman I’ll put over my knee so please get in a car with your security team. And I’m not going to tell you to stop drinking, but I will remind you that you have a tournament in the morning, and I know how hard it hits you when you lose.”

“Oh, that was a low blow, Foster,” she said quietly.

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He chuckled. "OK. I won't deny that. Are you OK?"

She huffed. "Not really. I'm still a little mad at you. I let Carla talk me into drinking too much. And I fucking miss you and I don't like it."

He chuckled. "I miss you too, Ace."

He heard a car door slam and the ambient noise around Rylee changed. He let his shoulders relax as he heard a second door slam and Carla said something he couldn't quite make out.

"There, I'm in the damn car," Rylee said petulantly.

"Good girl. I love you, baby. We'll be together again soon. I need to get back to work. Please listen to your detail, Ace. It gives me peace of mind."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sorry for being a pain," she said, sounding slightly more sober. "I love you too."

He smiled. It had never occurred to him before Rylee that he might crave hearing those words from a woman. Rylee had changed a lot of things though.

"Jeremy, I know you're lurking outside the door. You can come back in now," he said into the speaker on his desk.

The door opened half a second later and Jeremy stepped in.

“I think we should talk about a plan of action in case the worst happens, and charges are filed.”

Memphis sat behind his desk and crossed his arms. “I had a plan when charges were filed. Andrew was going to run things. We see how well that turned out.”

Jeremy leaned forward, unbuttoning his suit as he did.

“I know, but you still need a plan. You trusted Andrew. You’re feeling burned. Bring in an outside trustee to handle things in your absence. You can also have your legal council find someone for you.”

Memphis scratched at his beard and scowled. “Why is this so important right now?”

Jeremy shrugged. “I’m just looking out for you the best I know how. You’re my best client.”

Memphis eyed him skeptically. Jeremy had been his attorney for a long time, but he was still distrustful of the legal profession as a whole.

“I’ll think about it. For now, let’s talk about Rylee. How do I make sure she’s protected and taken care of if something happens?”

Jeremy’s demeanor shifted and Memphis glared. “Is there something you want to say? It’s clear you have an issue with her.”

“I don’t know her, and that’s my problem. Neither do you.”

“I know her plenty, and we have the rest of our lives to get to know each other. So, what are my options?”

Jeremy laid out a number of financial options for Memphis while he took notes and made lists for Rylee to look over. He had no idea how Rylee was going to react to him wanting to take care of her this way, but he would make sure she accepted it in the end.

“I’ll talk to her and see what appeals to her most. If she refuses to discuss it, I’ll just pick something. I aim to be married to her within a month.”

Jeremy just shook his head and gave him a sad look. “I want to be happy for you, man. But you’re being reckless, and I can’t support it. But you’re paying for my services, so I’ll give them to you.”

Memphis stood and walked to the window. Phoenix wasn’t the most beautiful city in the world, but it had been good to him. He was ready to start his life with Rylee though, and he had a lot of work to do to move his headquarters.

“Where are we on the paperwork to relocate me to Vegas?” he asked as he propped an arm up on the window and rested his head against it. “I would like to have the house on the market and be out of Phoenix in the next six weeks max.”

“House on the market won’t be a problem. Business stuff may require a few more trips back, but you already have offices in Vegas, so most of it will just be about transferring day-to-day operations. Of course, you could always leave those here and let someone else be in charge.”

Memphis turned and stared at Jeremy. “Seriously? It was not paying close enough attention to the day-to-day operations of the company that landed me in this mess to begin with. No, I’ve already told you I’m tightening my circle not expanding it.”

Jeremy held up both hands. “Hey. I’m just laying out the options. You want to tighten your circle and micromanage your team be my guest, but you’re going to put yourself

in an early grave if you don't prioritize a little differently."

Memphis knew the lawyer was right, and he wanted to make a life with Rylee that was more than just his company. The best way to do that was to make sure his business circle was tight until this blew over and he could rebuild his reputation.

"I appreciate your concern and all your hard work. I'm not just thinking with my dick here. I swear it. Please work with me on this, Jeremy. Let's get a plan together that doesn't involve leaving the day-to-day operations in Phoenix. That doesn't work for me. I'll take a number of executive staff with me who are willing to relocate, and others can work remotely from the Phoenix office. Get HR and other appropriate departments involved as soon as polygraphs are finished."

Jeremy nodded. "It will take a lot of time to get through all the polygraphs. You have to let your people schedule them."

Memphis dropped into his chair and picked up his phone. He needed to deal with Rylee. She was angry with him and she had a right to be. But he'd hoped their little session on the phone at lunch time would have calmed her anger a little more. Something had happened to flair it back up but having that conversation with her while she was drunk didn't seem fair. Instead of calling her, he messaged her security detail to make sure she was safe. She was, so he turned his attention back to his work. He would talk to Rylee tonight before she went to sleep.

10

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Rylee drained a bottle of water as the SUV pulled in to the parking garage at the convention center where the tournament was taking place. Like an idiot, she'd let irritation with Memphis cloud her judgement and Carla had gotten her more than a little drunk on the strip yesterday.

Now she was facing a tournament with a hangover. Though thanks to Memphis, it wasn't as bad as it could have been. When she'd finally arrived home last night, a nurse with an IV of vitamins and fluids had been waiting for her along with a note from Memphis telling her not to argue.

"Miss Colton, I see a crowd at the entrance and there could be reporters among them. Stay close please and let us get you through it."

Rylee nodded as she tossed the empty bottle onto the seat beside her.

One member of the security team stepped out and opened her door while the other waited at the back of the vehicle. She knew for a fact there was another SUV of men behind them, but she wasn't sure if they would follow her in or not.

As they approached the entrance, three people who were clearly reporters emerged from the crowd.

"Miss Colton, is it true Memphis Foster paid to have the poker tournament moved so

you could play in it while he took his Mistress back to Arizona?"

She rolled her eyes and did her best not to smack the mini recorder out of the reporter's hand.

"Miss Colton has no comment," one of the men beside her said as he pushed past the reporters and led her into the stream of tourists pouring into the building.

"How the fuck did they know which entrance I was going to use?"

"They likely have people at each of the main entrances ma'am," the nameless man on her right said.

Once they were fully inside the lobby of the convention center, she took a deep breath. She could do this. It was just like any other tournament. She'd done this dozens of times.

After checking in, she found a chair in a corner and put in her earbuds. Her mind was working overtime, but she managed to get through a round of deep breathing exercises before she opened her eyes again and looked around the room. There were a number of people missing from this tournament that she viewed as the heavy competition, so that should make it easy to get to the final table. As Rylee sat examining the other competitors roaming the room and socializing, someone dropped into the empty chair next to her.

"Hey, Colton. Rumor has it you're leaving the circuit to marry a rich guy."

She frowned at Jeff Harris, a player she'd faced at the final table a number of times over the years. "Where the hell did you hear that?"

Jeff shrugged. "Just telling you what the gossip is. Apparently, your mystery man

paid to make sure this tournament happened so you could play in it before the wedding and it's going to be your last one."

Standing, she pulled out a pair of sunglasses and slipped them on.

"Don't believe the gossip, Jeff. There were rumors about you and me a couple years ago that weren't true, or don't you remember."

Jeff shrugged. "Maybe they weren't true, but I wish they were."

Rylee tried to keep her expression neutral as she grabbed her bag and backed away.

"Good luck today, Jeff. Maybe we'll meet at the end."

As she walked away from Jeff, her stomach felt as if it were tied in knots. She tried to blame it on the alcohol from the night before, but knew it was from nerves.

When it was time to take her place at the first table, she did her best to put Memphis, Andrew, and everything else out of her mind. All that mattered were the cards on the table in front of her. But it wasn't that easy. After fumbling three hands in a row, she knew the day wasn't going to go as planned.

After a break, she was able to get her head in the game and focus. By lunch, the tournament was down to five tables from the original fifteen that it started with.

Rylee pushed away from the table for her lunch break and was immediately flanked by two of the security team she knew had been lurking nearby.

"What would you like to do for lunch, Miss Colton?"

Rylee looked at her phone intent on checking the time. But there was a missed call

from Memphis.

"Excuse me," she said to the men before stepping toward a back corner of the room as she lifted the phone to her ear.

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"Rylee?" A foreign voice met her, and she wrinkled her brow.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"It's Jeremy, Memphis' lawyer. Sorry to confuse you. I'm calling to see if I can messenger over some paperwork to have you look over."

Rylee fingered out some tangles in her ponytail. "I suppose that's fine. I'm kind of in the middle of a tournament. Can it wait until I get home?"

"The messenger is ten minutes away. I know you're at lunch."

Rylee sighed. "Fine. I'll look it over while I eat. What's this about?"

Jeremy chuckled. "Just comes with the territory of dating a rich guy. Gotta make sure you're not a gold digger."

Rylee felt her face heat with anger. But before she could say anything he continued. "Not that I think you are. That was a bad joke. The paperwork is just stuff to get you onto Memphis' financials. It's all very dry, but I'm here to answer any questions you have."

Rylee blew out a breath and tried to stifle her anger. "OK. I'll look at it when I can, but I don't have long for lunch."

Less than ten minutes later, her security was accepting a thick envelope from a messenger while she got settled at a table in the convention center food court.

As she ate her salad, she flipped through the first few pages and tried not to let her eyes glaze over. If these were documents Memphis needed her to sign, she wanted to understand them. After all, the documents he had her sign previously turned out to be more than what she realized, and she'd inadvertently become the owner of a house.

Most of it seemed to be about giving her access to Memphis' bank accounts and issuing her credit cards attached to those accounts.

Not that she wanted his money, but she had a feeling Memphis would insist. The next form was an asset disclosure form. Memphis had already filled in one section of it, and the other was hers to fill out. That would be easy. She owned a car, and that was about it.

Figuring she could deal with that later, she flipped through the rest of the forms as she shoved the salad aside and reached for the package of cookies she'd bought.

Her hand hovered over the plastic wrapped treats as her eyes scanned the document. It was a preliminary draft of a potential prenuptial agreement.

"Jesus Christ," she muttered, forgetting the cookies. He hadn't even proposed yet, and he wanted her to sign a damn prenup? Or was this his way of asking her to marry him? If it was, they were going to have words. She might not be mushy and gushy, but she damn well deserved a better proposal than being served a prenup.

She pulled out her phone to call him but stopped when her stomach turned to knots again. Her face grew warm, and she felt shaky for a moment. Then her stomach lurched. Fuck, she was going to throw up. Her eyes darted around the food court, looking for a restroom sign. When she spotted it, she jumped up and made a dash for the door to the women's room.

She barely made it to a stall before the contents of her stomach came up. Apparently,

Memphis' hangover cure hadn't worked as well as she'd hoped. When she was sure her stomach was empty, she flushed the toilet and went to the bathroom sink to wash her face. Her hands trembled as she waved them under the automatic soap dispenser, but she managed to finish the task.

Her security detail was waiting just outside the bathroom when she opened the door. One had gathered her bag and paperwork and the other was tapping on his phone screen. A minute later, he held it to his ear.

"Yes, Sir. She's right here."

He handed Rylee the phone.

"Hello," she said hesitantly.

"Ace? Are you OK?"

"You tell me," she said, her voice sullen.

"Your detail said you looked sick. Tell me what's wrong. Is it just the hangover?"

Rylee pressed a hand to her forehead. It was still slightly damp from washing it.

"Probably. I don't know. It was weird. Can we talk later? I got your paperwork. We can discuss it tonight or something. I just want to get through this tournament."

"What paperwork?" Memphis asked.

Rylee scrunched her forehead. "Jeremy sent it. Said it was stuff I needed to fill out to get hooked in to your financials. Not that I need or want your money."

Memphis sounded relieved when he said, "Oh yeah. That. I just asked him to give you access to the banks and get credit in your name plus a few other things. If you need me to explain anything, I can."

So, he wasn't even going to mention the prenup? Rylee had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from smarting off. She couldn't go back to the table furious, or she would play reckless poker.

"Sounds good," she said through clenched teeth. "I should get back."

"OK. I love you. Go home and sleep when you're done. We'll talk soon."

"OK," she said, quickly ending the call. The phone lit up with his name on the screen as she handed it back to the bodyguard.

"Just tell him I went back into the tournament if he wants to talk to me," she said before turning to stalk into the competition space and find her next table assignment.

As she stacked her chips and waited for the cards to be dealt, she couldn't help but wonder if it was really such a good idea to go all in with Memphis Foster.

11

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Memphis bounced his leg up and down on the barstool in his Phoenix kitchen as he listened to the phone ring. He'd been trying to call Rylee since her security detail told him they were heading home for the day. The tournament was still going on, which meant Rylee hadn't made it to the final table and the bodyguards made it sound like she was upset.

But she wasn't answering. Had something happened he didn't know about? Thoughts that she was second guessing their relationship flitted through his mind and it made him anxious. He'd grown to need Rylee in the short time he'd known her. That unnerved him in some respects, but it didn't change the fact that he needed her.

He called the head of her security one more time.

"You're certain she's safe at the house?" he asked when the man answered.

"Yes, Mr. Foster. She ordered dinner about an hour ago and it just arrived."

He blew out a breath and glanced at the clock. He could be on a flight and there in under two hours. If she would just answer the phone and talk to him, it would help him decide what to do.

"Can you take her the phone?"

There was silence as the man on the other end went to find Rylee. He heard muffled voices, but it wasn't Rylee who came back to the phone.

"She says she's too tired to talk right now, Mr. Foster."

He let out a low growl and drummed his fingers on the counter top.

"OK. Thank you."

When he ended the call, he stood and walked to his bedroom, scrolling through his contacts as he went.

"Have the plane ready in half an hour. I'm going to Vegas."

"Yes, Mr. Foster," his assistant said.

He didn't wait for a car to come pick him up. Choosing instead to drive one of his many cars to the private airfield where his jet would be waiting with a pilot.

Something was wrong, and he was determined to get to the bottom of it.

He slid behind the wheel of a sport scar and dropped the phone into the connector that immediately paired it with the car's Bluetooth system.

"Jeremy, I'm heading back to Vegas for the night. I'll be at the office in time for my first interview with the executive team."

"Everything OK?"

"I'm not sure. She was upset last time I talked to her and now she isn't taking my calls."

“OK man. hope everything works out.”

He ended the call and focused on getting to the airfield.

An hour after takeoff, he was landing in Las Vegas where a car was waiting to take him to Rylee. His shoulders were tense as he rode in the back of the black town car, and he tried her cell once again. “Damn it, Rylee,” he muttered as it went to voicemail.

When they approached the villa a half hour later, he’d practiced a speech for if she tried to break up with him. Though the dominant side of him wanted to tie her to the bed and fuck her until she saw reason.

As he climbed the stairs to the front door, he unbuttoned his shirt sleeves and rolled them up.

He’d already ditched his tie and jacket on the plane.

When he stepped inside, he greeted the security guard sitting in the small surveillance room to the side of the foyer and then went in search of Rylee.

The dining room showed evidence of the dinner she’d eaten, and a stack of papers lay on the island in the kitchen. He glanced through them and saw that it was the paperwork Jeremy had sent her. Was there something in there that had upset her?

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Instead of thumbing through the entire stack, he continued his search for Rylee. He could ask her about it when he found her.

First, he checked their room and found it empty, though he spotted a pile of her clothes on the floor near the bathroom.

Then he went down the hall and eased open the door to her old room. Sure enough, she was curled up on the bed in just a t-shirt. Her eyes were closed, but he could see she'd been crying when she fell asleep.

"Damn it," he murmured as he slipped into the room and stripped off his shirt and slacks, so he was just in his t-shirt and boxers.

He eased into bed with her and pulled her against him.

She startled and tried to get away.

"Shhh... it's just me, Ace."

Her shoulders relaxed, and she rolled in his arms to face him.

"Hi," she murmured. "What are you doing here?"

"You wouldn't answer my calls," he said, brushing the hair from her face.

"What did I do, lover?"

Rylee closed her eyes and shook her head. "I don't want to talk about it right now."

She sat up and rolled off the bed. Memphis followed.

"Come on, Ace. Don't shut me out. How are we supposed to have a relationship if we do that to each other? Isn't that what caused you to think about leaving? Because I didn't tell you everything?"

Rylee finger combed her hair and looked around the room as if trying to avoid his gaze.

"Do I need to play the Dom card and make you talk?"

She glared at him and opened the door, stepping into the hallway.

She was halfway down the stairs by the time Memphis caught up to her.

He didn't demand to know where she was going, just followed her.

When she reached the landing, she veered into the kitchen and picked up the stack of papers.

"You want to talk about keeping things from me? Why the fuck didn't you tell me about this before you had it drafted for me to sign?"

"The bank information?" Memphis asked, reaching for the stack.

"No. Damn it, quit playing dumb. You haven't even proposed yet and you already want me to sign things that have to do with if we get divorced?"

Clearly, he was missing something, so he took the stack of papers and flipped through

them. When he saw the last document, he knew what had her upset.

“God damn it. I’m going to kill Jeremy.”

Rylee furrowed her brow. “What do you mean?”

“Lover, I did not want you to sign a prenup. In fact, I explicitly told Jeremy not to draft one.”

He read through the document. It was a proposal, but it was drafted so it sounded as if the proposal were coming from Rylee and not Memphis. He knew exactly what Jeremy’s intention was, and he was livid.

“You sure do have a lot of people putting your name on paperwork you didn’t mean for them to,” Rylee muttered.

That made him laugh, though he wasn’t amused by the situation at all.

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“Rylee, is this what has you so mad at me?”

Rylee nodded. “That and I’m just under a lot of pressure because of the reporters and the crazy news stories about you. I didn’t expect it to be this bad.”

Her voice shook and he set the papers aside to pull her in for a hug. Mere seconds after she laid her head on his shoulder, she jerked back and wrenched out of his arms to lunge for the kitchen trashcan where she threw up. Memphis did his best to comfort her and hold her hair as she heaved over the can.

“How embarrassing,” she whimpered when she finally stopped.

He led her to a chair and made her sit before he pulled several paper towels off a roll and wet them in the sink so he could wash her face. Then he handed her a glass of water.

“I know I drank a lot with Carla last night, but this is getting ridiculous,” she said after drinking half the glass.

“What do you mean?” Memphis asked.

“It’s just the third time I’ve thrown up today. I didn’t really feel that hungover when I arrived at the tournament this morning.”

Memphis frowned. “I’ll have a doctor come check you out in the morning. Could it be bad food?”

Rylee shrugged. “I don’t know.”

Memphis was crouched in front of Rylee’s chair between her knees. “Baby, I’m sorry about everything. You can tear up the prenup. I’ll be having a word with Jeremy in the morning.”

Rylee nodded. “I did awful at the tournament. I just couldn’t focus.”

He sighed and rested his head on her knees. “I’m sure that’s my fault too.”

Her fingers tangled in his hair and he closed his eyes. “It’s not your fault. Everything is a mess. Maybe we’re trying to focus on too many things at once.”

He lifted his head and captured her hand. “What do you mean?”

“I love you, but maybe we should hold off on things like incorporating me into your finances or getting married. You have a lot on your plate.”

He scowled but pressed a kiss to her palm. “Hopefully, I won’t have a lot on my plate for too much longer. Let’s get you upstairs. You need to rest.”

“I was resting until someone snuck into my bedroom.”

He pulled her into a standing position and smacked her on the ass. “And why were you in that room and not our bed?”

Rylee laid her head on his shoulder and rocked it back and forth. “I don’t know. I just had so much on my mind and I could smell you in there, so I tried my old room. But I could smell you in there too. You’re hard to not think about, Foster.”

He slipped a hand in her hair and tugged. “I aim to make sure you’re never not

thinking about me, Ace.”

He pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead and stepped away, holding out his hand. “Come on. Let’s take a shower, and I’m sure you want to brush your teeth.”

In the bathroom upstairs, he stripped them both out of their clothes and then turned the water on in the shower while Rylee brushed her teeth at the sink. She stepped into the hot spray when she was done, and he leaned against the spacious shower wall to watch her. Her eyes drifted shut, and she raked her fingers through her hair as it became soaked in the water. Then, she took him by surprise by moving out of the spray and dropping to her knees in front of him. She reached for his cock and squeezed at the base.

He put his hand over hers and tilted her chin up with the other one. “You’re sick, Ace. You don’t have to do this.”

Rylee grinned. “I’m sick and I think I need a shot, doc.” When he just stared at her with concern, she leaned in and kissed the head of his dick.

“I’m fine, Sir. Let me have you. I want to.”

He gave a terse nod and let go of her hand. When her lips wrapped around him, he was instantly hard, and he jerked in her mouth. Her movements were slow as she eased down his length and back up to the tip as if testing her gag reflex.

Memphis let his head fall back against the shower wall. A groan bubbled free when his cock touched the back of her throat and he placed a hand on the back of her head.

After several slow languid trips up and down him, her lips left him with a little pop, and she bit her lip as she looked up at him.

"What is it, Ace?" he asked, cupping her jaw.

"Will you..." she paused and tried to look away, but he guided her head back, so she faced him.

"Spit it out, sub," he said, suspecting what she wanted.

She pulled her bottom lip farther between her teeth, then said. "Will you... will you fuck my mouth?"

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Rylee looked up at Memphis and waited for his response to her request. She'd been feeling off and out of sorts all day, but as soon as Memphis climbed into bed with her, peace had blanketed her. Now she wanted to reaffirm their dynamic and wipe away any doubts about her decision to dive in feet first with him.

“You sure you’re OK with that? I was enjoying what you were doing.”

Of course, he'd just watched her puke in a kitchen trash can. He might be hesitant to slam his dick into her mouth. The thought made her giggle, and he quirked an eyebrow up.

“I didn’t think I said anything funny.”

She shook her head. “You didn’t and I’m sure. Please, Sir. If you don’t want to do that, then take me to bed and fuck me there. I just want to be yours for a little while.”

His thumb caressed her jaw, and she nuzzled her cheek into his palm.

“Open your mouth,” he said darkly.

She parted her lips and watched as he fisted his cock. When it touched her mouth, she stretched her lips around it and waited for him to slide deeper.

But he held her hair with one hand kept his cock hovering with just the tip sitting on her tongue.

When her eyes met his again, he pushed her head forward until she took him fully into her mouth.

He controlled the blow job, moving her head up and down his cock. And it wasn't rough, no slamming full force down her throat causing her to gag. No tears running down her cheeks as she choked on his cock. Nothing like she imagined when she asked him to take over. But it was still exactly what she needed. And that thought did send a tear rolling down her cheek as she hollowed her cheeks and took him deeper.

After several minutes, he pulled her away from him and helped her stand. They embraced under the flow of warm water and he kissed her deeply.

"Let's go to bed, Ace," he murmured against her lips. He reached behind her and turned off the spray before opening the shower door and grabbing towels from the nearby shelf. When they had dried off, he scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bedroom where he laid her on the bed.

"Don't move," he ordered.

She watched with anticipation as he walked to the head of the bed and reached behind it. To her surprise he pulled up a soft restraint that was attached to the mattress.

Then he lifted her arm above her head and gently wrapped the cuff around her wrist. He repeated the process on the other side and tugged on the straps until she couldn't move her arms.

When he was done, he bent and crushed his lips to hers. Without the use of her hands, all she could do was focus on the kiss. His mouth moved to her neck, causing her to

arch on the bed. She bent her knees and pressed her toes into the mattress as his mouth explored her neck and shoulders, nipping and kissing as he went.

She felt her nipples tighten as he trailed down her chest, and he hovered for a brief second before pulling one taut bud into his mouth.

She cried out as a flood of arousal pooled between her thighs and she let them fall open on the bed. She was ready to have him inside her. But he continued to focus his attention on the upper half of her body, despite the fact that her pussy begged for his touch.

When he finally crawled onto the bed and settled between her thighs, she watched with impatience as he rolled on a condom and pressed himself against her opening.

She bucked against him, attempting to draw him inside her, but he shook his head and pulled his cock away from her.

“Please,” she whimpered, needing to feel him as deeply as possible.

“Patience, lover. I’ll give you what you need,” he said in a crooning tone as he dragged the head of his erection along her slickness. Her hips jerked again, and she pulled against her restraints when he grazed her engorged clit.

He chuckled and repeated the motion one more time before he thrust inside her. She took him completely, her need allowing him to glide in with ease. His face contorted as he withdrew and pushed in again. She watched as the muscles in his arms strained from pushing against the mattress on either side of her.

She wanted to run her hand along his muscles and jerked on her restraints again. He reached up and stilled her arms as he slammed into her.

When she was still the way he wanted her to be, he moved into a punishing rhythm, fucking her hard and fast. Just the way she liked it with him. Gentle and sweet could be fun, but her connection with Memphis wasn't gentle. Not at its core. It was intense, and she liked it that way.

Her pussy clenched around him as he fucked her, and she arched into him, meeting him thrust for thrust. It wasn't long before she was on the brink of an orgasm just from the friction of their movements. When she was teetering, she pleaded with him, "Can I come, Sir?"

He gave a terse shake of his head, his rhythm remaining unchanged. "Hold it," he bit out when her face contorted. "Don't you dare. I'm not done with your cunt yet."

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His words nearly undid her, and she bit the inside of her cheek to keep from falling over the cliff. “Please,” she begged, needing to feel him come too.

“Just a little longer,” he said between grunts.

His cock dragged in and out of her as he thrust his hips furiously. The sounds of their bodies coming together echoed in the large bedroom, and Rylee thought it sounded like music. She felt him tense inside her and knew it wouldn’t be long. He gave three more harsh thrusts and reached for one of her nipples.

“Now,” he said, his jaw clenched.

As she felt her pussy begin to quiver, he pinched her nipple harshly and she let out a startled cry of pain that quickly morphed to pleasure as the orgasm washed over her. It rolled through her system in multiple waves, and she could feel his cock jerking inside her as he gave in to his own release.

He was breathing heavily as he eased down on her and buried his face in her neck. She sucked in gulping breaths of her own as they lay together in a heap. Not moving his head, he reached above her and undid the restraints, freeing her arms.

She brought them down and dragged her fingers up and down his sweat soaked back, pressing kisses to his hair.

“I love you,” he murmured when he finally lifted his head.

“I love you,” she said. “And I’m glad you came back.”

Memphis smiled as he rolled off her. “Me too, Ace. How do you feel about coming to Phoenix with me in the morning?”

Rylee shrugged. “I could do that. I need to smooth things over with my mom, anyway. She’s not thrilled with me right now.”

“What about Carla?” he asked as he stepped into the bathroom.

“She’ll either find something to do or go home.”

Memphis came back to the bed and laid next to her. “She could come with us if she wants to.”

Rylee shrugged. “It’s up to her. I’m sure she has to go back to work soon.”

Memphis kissed her. “OK. It’s up to you. I need to be back in Phoenix by nine, so we’ll have to get up early to get back and get you settled somewhere in time.”

Rylee rolled closer to him and laid her head against his chest. “I’ll call Carla in a little while.”

“Speaking of calls. I clearly need to have a talk with Jeremy, and it could get ugly. I should step into my office.”

Rylee pressed a hand into his shoulder when he started to sit up. “Wait. Can you confront him tomorrow? I’d like to be there.”

Memphis nudged her away from him and sat up. “Why? You don’t need to be there for that? I intend to get to the bottom of whatever is going on. I don’t understand why he’s explicitly going against my orders. He’ll tell me it’s because it’s his job to look out for me, but he’s never done anything like this before.”

Rylee sat and picked up a pillow, hugging it to her. “That’s exactly why I want to be there. You know I’m good at reading people. Maybe I can pick up on something you wouldn’t.”

Memphis cocked his head to one side. “I don’t love the idea, but I also see the good in it. It gives me another idea too. I’m interviewing staff after they’ve been polygraphed. If I have you in another room watching and listening on a secure feed would you be able to read people or do you need to be in the same room?”

Rylee wrinkled her forehead. “Those are so easy to beat, Memphis.”

He laughed. “For you and certain types of people, perhaps. But Janet from accounting isn’t going to have the expert knowledge needed to affect the results of a lie detector, Ace.”

Rylee shrugged. “You would be surprised at just how resourceful people are.”

Memphis tugged the pillow away from her and tossed it aside. “Believe me, I’m well aware. Now, if you’re telling me I should wait until tomorrow to confront Jeremy, then come here and let me hold you. You’ve had a long day. We should get some sleep.”

Rylee nodded and snuggled closer to him. Her mind began to wander in a million different directions as his arms engulfed her. As happy as she was that he didn’t want her to sign a prenup before he’d even proposed, she couldn’t help but feel like leaving Vegas was going to change the tenor of their relationship and it would be difficult to achieve such a cozy existence when they left. She counted the days since she’d landed in Vegas. It was a small number, and it brought a smile to her face.

Until she thought about the exact dates.

“Fuck,” she said, bolting upright. “Where’s my phone?”

Memphis sat up, looking confused.

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“What is it? What’s wrong?”

“What’s the date?” she asked, a lump forming in her throat.

“The fifteenth, why?”

She did the mental math and jumped out of bed. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Ace, calm down and tell me what the problem is.”

She blew out a breath. “I was supposed to start my period four days ago.”

He stared at her as if he didn’t understand.

She buried her face in her hands and groaned. “Memphis, I could be pregnant.”

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Memphis felt a range of emotions as he processed what Rylee was saying. Pregnant? Was that even possible? They hadn’t been together for that long. Surely it was impossible.

At the same time, the thought of making a baby with Rylee made his heart swell. It was just something he’d expected to do years down the road. Not weeks after he met her.

He blew out a breath. Overreacting right now could damage their relationship. Not

responding the right way could give her the wrong impression. What the fuck was he supposed to say?

“OK. So, we’ll get you a test tomorrow and see what that says.”

Rylee was shaking her head. “The irrational emotions. The throwing up. It makes sense. But the timing doesn’t seem right either.” She paced.

“Ace, stop. Come here. There’s nothing to do right now. And if you are pregnant, we’ll deal with it then.”

He sounded calm, but deep down he was fucking terrified. And excited. And a number of other emotions he couldn’t quite define.

“Easy for you to say,” she muttered as she dropped back down on the bed. “You’re not the one who might have a bun in the oven.”

He laughed. “No, but I might be the one who put the bun there.”

Then he had a thought he didn’t want to think about but needed to. “It would be my bun, right?”

Rylee rolled to face him. “Yes. Definitely yes. If there’s a bun, you’re definitely the baker. God, this is a fucked-up metaphor and it’s making me hungry.”

She squeezed her eyes shut as if trying to block out the thoughts. He rested a hand on her shoulder and squeezed. “We’ll figure this out. If you’re hungry, I’ll feed you. But if you’re not let’s try to get some sleep.”

They agreed to turn out the lights and try to sleep. For Memphis it was a fitful sleep, but Rylee seemed to sleep peacefully. He woke her at six to get ready for the flight.

On the way to the airfield, he asked the driver to stop at a drug store.

“Do you want me to go in and get it?” he asked.

Rylee looked horrified. “God no. What if someone recognizes you?”

He chewed on his lip. “Good point. Todd, will you go in and purchase two pregnancy tests. Just get the most expensive ones. That usually means it’s the best, right?”

He honestly had no idea. There was no reason for him to know these things.

Todd surprised him by saying, “Actually, most doctor’s offices use the cheap ones.”

Memphis blew out a breath. “OK. Get one of each that they have then.”

Rylee smacked him. “Memphis, this is embarrassing. I’m perfectly capable of going in myself.”

Memphis shook his head. “No. You’ve been in the press too. That would be just as bad as someone recognizing me.”

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She stuck her lip out in an irritated pout but nodded and sat back against the seat.

Todd hopped out of the car without another word and went into the drugstore.

When he returned, he handed the bag to Rylee who turned a bright shade of red. “I’m so sorry he made you do that,” she muttered as she snatched the bag.

Todd grinned. “It’s fine, Miss Colton. It’s not the strangest thing a client has asked me to do, and I’ve got four kids at home. I’ve bought plenty of tests for my wife.”

That seemed to put Rylee at ease as Todd started the engine and drove them the rest of the way to the airport. On the plane, Rylee tucked the bag under a seat and curled up in one of the large seats, reclining it for a nap. He wanted to make her go take one of the tests, but he had a feeling that was something men weren’t supposed to do, so he left her alone.

Instead, he focused on what he was going to say to Jeremy when he confronted him. He had half a mind to fire him and find a new attorney, but he’d been working with Jeremy for almost as long as he’d been partners with Andrew, and he didn’t like the idea of losing two long-time friends in such a short time. But if Jeremy didn’t have a satisfactory explanation for his actions, Memphis was going to have to rethink that.

They were only in the air for just over an hour before they were touching down in Phoenix.

Memphis held Rylee’s hand as they walked from the plane to the waiting car. Inside, Memphis turned to her.

“Do you want to come straight to the office with me or go to my place and sleep some more? I can have you sit in on some of my afternoon interviews.”

Rylee shook her head. “I’m fine. I just want to be there when you talk to Jeremy.”

“What about the tests?” he asked, resisting the urge to order her to take one. It seemed unwise to order a woman to pee on a stick. Even if she was his submissive.

She shook her head. “Later. I don’t want to think about that right now. Let me focus on something I can actually have an effect on. We’ll worry about whether you knocked me up later.”

He bit back a chuckle and kissed her temple. “OK. We’ll do it your way for now,” he said.

The drive to his office was long due to traffic, and they barely made it in time for his first meeting. Jeremy was showing up at ten when he had a break between employee interviews, and he planned to confront him then.

The first interview was uneventful, and Rylee thought the woman was being honest when she said she’d had no idea what Andrew was up to. Memphis had the same reaction, so he crossed the executive off his list and waited for Jeremy to arrive.

13

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Memphis sat in the conference room waiting for Jeremy to arrive while Rylee sat in a room on another floor watching and listening via a secure feed.

He had a folder in front of him and tapped his fingers on the top of it as he waited. The door opened and his assistant poked her head.

“He’s here, sir.”

“I’m ready. Thank you,” he said tersely.

Jeremy stepped in, looking bewildered. “What’s up with the needing an appointment to see you in a god damn conference room?” he asked, shoving his hands into his pockets.

Memphis motioned for him to sit across the table from him. “Come in, Jeremy. I’ve got a few questions.”

When the other man was sitting, Memphis flipped open the folder and pulled off the top page. He slid it across to Jeremy and waited for him to read it.

“Oh, come on, Memphis. You can’t seriously be pissed at me over this.”

“I can’t? You did the exact opposite of what I asked you to do. And to make matters

worse, you lied to Rylee about what was in some of these documents.”

Jeremy rolled his eyes. “It’s not like she’s illiterate. She can see what’s in them for herself.”

Memphis clenched his fists. “I don’t know what you have against my girlfriend, but if you make me choose between the two of you, you’re not going to come out on top. Not by a longshot. And especially not if you can’t give me a damn good reason for disregarding my requests. Because from where I’m sitting, it looks like you intended to coerce her into signing these papers and then convince me it was her idea.”

Jeremy was shaking his head. “No. No. No. That’s not it at all. I brought her a proposal for a prenup. Yes. But it was just to see if she was open to the idea. If it didn’t immediately offend her, I figured it would make you more likely to consider it.”

Memphis shook his head. This wasn’t going the way he’d hoped. Jeremy was holding something back.

“That explains the prenup, but that doesn’t explain the other documents you asked her to sign without fully explaining them to her. You were trying to make her responsible for all of my debt? I need an answer and right now I’m not convinced you can give me one that’s good enough to keep me from throwing you out of here and making some phone calls to have you disbarred.”

Jeremy stood and fisted his hands into his hair, tugging and letting out a growl of frustration at the same time. “She’s fucking ruining everything I’ve been working for.”

Memphis’ eyebrows knitted together as he watched the man pace the room like a caged lion.

“I’ve been looking out for you for almost a decade and when I’m finally about to get what I deserve, she shows up and fucks it all up.”

Memphis stood and leaned over the table. “You better sit the fuck down and explain. My fuse is incredibly short right now, Jeremy.”

Jeremy gave him a wild look and stalked toward the door. “I’m out. I’ll send you my final bill.”

Memphis beat him to the door and leaned against it, his arms folded across his chest as he stared the lawyer down.

“You’re not going anywhere until you explain yourself.”

Jeremy laughed. “Ask Andrew. Step aside. You can’t keep me here.”

Now Memphis was really confused. “Andrew? What the fuck does Andrew have to do with my relationship with Rylee?”

Jeremy shook his head. “It doesn’t matter now. Are you going to get the fuck out of my way, or do I need to call the cops and the media?”

Memphis was on Jeremy in a flash, his hand at his throat. He slammed him against the door and got in his face. “And tell them what? It’s clear that you’re involved with the mess Andrew caused. I intend to get to the bottom of it.”

“Well now I’ll tell them you assaulted me,” Jeremy croaked out.

Memphis moved his hand and stepped back as he realized how close he’d come to injuring the man.

He held up his hands. “You know what. Just go. And leave your badge with security. You won’t be welcome back here.”

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Jeremy looked at him and sniffed in disgust. “You’ve been letting the place go to hell, anyway.”

He jerked open the door and stormed out. Memphis dropped into one of the chairs and buried his face in his hands. How had he not seen where his attorney’s allegiances were at. They clearly hadn’t been with Memphis.

A few minutes later, the door opened, and he smelled Rylee before he opened his eyes and saw her. He liked that her scent was recognizable to him and that it brought him comfort.

She sat in his lap and buried and wrapped her arms around him. “I’m sorry that happened. How do I help?”

Memphis sighed and lifted his face for a kiss. It was a tender kiss, but it soothed him, and he buried his face in her chest for a moment before he spoke again.

“I have a lot of work to do. Even though he was my attorney with his own private firm, I was his biggest client, and we were friends. In a lot of ways, he was my right hand when Andrew was occupied with other things. He had a lot of access. Access I never thought twice about giving him. I’m realizing that was a grave mistake. It will be impossible to know if he’s done any real damage until I do complete audit of the company.”

Rylee closed her eyes and pressed her forehead to his. “And that probably means you need to stay in Phoenix for a while.”

He grimaced. "It would make things easier for sure. But I can fly back and forth. It's only an hour. I know people in Los Angeles with commutes twice that long."

Rylee shook her head. "That's really not necessary. Stay, do what you need to do. I took a test. I'm not pregnant. I'll be able to stay on the poker circuit until you finish taking care of your business, and then we can figure out where we're going to live. It doesn't even have to be in Vegas."

Memphis felt his stomach twist into knots at the thought of not coming home to her at night. And a tiny part of him was disappointed that she wasn't pregnant even though he knew they weren't ready for that yet.

He glanced at his phone on the table and noted the date. "We still have time left on your bet payment, Ace. You're staying in Vegas and I'm coming home to you at night for at least that long. If we get to the end of that and you still want to hit the circuit, I won't stop you, but you're going to do it with my ring on your finger."

She slipped off his lap and stood. "You're insane, but you're right and I do honor my bets."

Rylee's phone rang before he could respond, and she picked it up to answer it. "What's up, Carla?" she said.

Memphis could hear an irritated voice on the other end, and Rylee's face was wrinkled with confusion.

"Hang on, you're not making any sense. Memphis is right here, and I've been with him most of the day. He did no such thing."

She put her hand over the phone and spoke to Memphis. "You didn't call and have the hotel kick Carla out, did you?"

Memphis narrowed his gaze and shook his head. “I did not. But I know who did. My assistant was busy with other things. I had Jeremy set up the reservation for her. I suspect he called and canceled it. Give me a minute.”

He dialed Hunter’s personal number.

“I’m about to walk into a meeting. What’s going on?”

“I fired my attorney today and I need your people to know he doesn’t speak for me anymore.”

Hunter let out a short laugh. “I was very confused when he called me, but he’s always had the power to speak for you, so I didn’t question it.”

“He called you personally to kick Carla out of her hotel room?”

“What? I have no idea who Carla is or why she would be kicked out of her hotel room. No. He called to say you and Rylee weren’t going to need the house in Vegas anymore, and he was faxing over the paperwork to revert the title back to me.”

Memphis growled. “Don’t sign that paperwork. Or if you already did, just tear it up. I haven’t exactly figured out what his endgame is, but I’m working on it.”

“Consider it handled. I’ll get the word out to my people that he’s no longer one of your people. Want me to be a real asshole and get him blacklisted in Vegas? He has a lot of clients who come here and cause trouble. It would make his life harder.”

Memphis grinned. Hunter Novak spoiled his friends and the people he cared about, but he was ruthless when it came to business. He’d always appreciated that about him.

“I’ll leave that up to you. But I sure as hell plan to make sure he gets disbarred and maybe even arrested if I find out he had anything to do with my legal troubles.”

Hunter whistled. “Wouldn’t that be something? I should get into this meeting, let me know if you need anything else.”

“Yeah, make sure Carla in suite 23-407 at the Pink Sapphire isn’t actually kicked out. It’s on my bill.”

“Done. Let’s talk soon.”

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Rylee ended her call with Carla after assuring her that her suite was hers until her flight home tomorrow.

“What’s going on, Memphis?” she said when she turned back to him. “Could Jeremy be the one who sent me that text?”

Memphis blew out a breath. “I’m not sure, but now I can’t rule it out. Phoenix isn’t your favorite place, I get that. But can I need you to stay with me until I get to the bottom of this.”

Rylee wanted to argue. The idea of being forced to stay in a city she pretty much hated was irritating, but she also wasn’t keen on the idea of leaving Memphis here to figure everything out on his own and it would be easier for him to do that if she were here and safe. So, she agreed. “Vegas will still be there.”

“Good girl,” he murmured as he pulled her into his arms.

“I have some more meetings. Do you want to watch them, or should I have a security team take you to my house?”

“I’ll stay,” she said, laying her head against him. “I would prefer to stay close to you right now.”

He kissed her crown. “Go on back downstairs to the surveillance room, then. We’ll do lunch together and you can give me your opinions on the interviews, and by then I

promise to have a better game plan.”

She reached up on her tiptoes and kissed his cheek. “I’ll see you soon.”

Three hours later, Rylee was fairly certain none of the people Memphis had interviewed were working against him. There was always the chance she was wrong, but so far, he hadn’t talked to anyone who made her think they were lying. Now, he was in a meeting somewhere else that she couldn’t see, so she was scrolling through her social media to pass the time.

Someone saying her name brought her out of her dazed scrolling.

“Miss Colton, Mr. Foster would like you to meet him in the parking garage for lunch. There’s a security guard on his way to walk you down.”

The voice was coming from the speaker phone that sat on a nearby table. She didn’t know how to respond, so she just stood and stepped into the hall, giving the surveillance room guard a little wave. Sure enough, a man in a suit was heading her way.

“Miss Colton?” he asked.

“That’s me,” she said with a smile.

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Memphis loosened his tie and pulled it free from the collar as he stepped into the hall. Slipping it into his pocket, he walked to his assistant's office.

"Did Rylee go to the car?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, as far as I know."

He gave her a curt nod and backed out of the room. "I might not be back today, but I'll let you know."

He headed for the elevator to get to the parking garage. As he waited for the doors to slide open, his phone rang, and Hunter's name flashed across the screen.

"This is Memphis," he said as he tapped the button to call the elevator again.

"The house stuff is taken care of and my people know not to deal with Jeremy anymore."

"Excellent." The elevator doors slid open, and Memphis stepped in.

"What were you so worried about Carla's suite for when she was checking out anyway?"

Memphis pressed the parking garage button on the elevator. “What do you mean? She was planning to stay in Vegas for a couple more days.”

Hunter laughed. “I have no idea but when I went to make sure everything was handled, my staff told me she checked out a couple of hours ago.”

Memphis didn’t have time to worry about what Rylee’s friend was or wasn’t doing in Vegas, but something didn’t seem right. He pressed his thumb and forefinger against his eyes as the elevator rode to the garage.

“Thanks for the heads up. I’ll ask Rylee about it at lunch. And thanks for handling the house paperwork. Sorry to be a pain in the ass.”

Hunter said goodbye as the elevator stopped and Memphis stepped into the garage expecting Rylee to be there. But she wasn’t there, and neither was the SUV he’d expected to be waiting for them. Maybe she was sick again and they stopped at a bathroom.

He called up to the surveillance center to make sure she’d actually left.

“Yes, sir, Mr. Foster. She left about ten minutes ago.”

He frowned and dialed her number. There was no answer. Panic and worry set in, and he dialed Carla’s phone. Still no answer.

He jogged down to the exit of the garage where he knew an attendant would be working. The young man seemed surprised and flustered to see Memphis.

“Mr. Foster. Is everything OK?” he asked when he recovered from his shock.

Memphis shook his head. “Have you seen my SUV leave in the last ten minutes?” he

asked.

The man looked down at a screen in the booth and tapped a couple of keys before flipping it so Memphis could see. “Is that one of yours?” he asked.

Memphis nodded as his heart raced and his stomach twisted. You’re ruining everything. The words echoed in his mind and he realized Rylee’s text wasn’t the only placed he’d heard them. Jeremy had voiced that sentiment about her. What did the attorney think she was ruining? He was more convinced than ever that Jeremy was behind this.

He started to call the police but thought better of it. Arrogant as it sounded, he had access to better resources than the local police. Instead, he started with a phone call to Lance Moss, a friend and occasional business partner.

“Memphis, I’m still working on that tablet you sent me,” the man said when he answered.

“Unfortunately, I need some help with another thing, and I need it faster than the police can help me.”

“Uh Oh, that doesn’t sound good. I’m all ears.”

Memphis waved the attendant out of the booth and sat in his seat.

“First, can you check and see if a Carla Rossi got on a flight out of Las Vegas sometime in the last three hours?”

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He could hear Lance typing. "Sure enough, she got on a private jet from one of your subsidiaries as a matter of fact."

Memphis closed his eyes. He hadn't shut down Jeremy's access fast enough.

"OK. Now I need you to track a number for me and tell me if it's in anyway attached to my attorney." He spelled Jeremy's full name and waited for Lance to respond.

"OK that one might take me a little longer to dig through, but I'll run the search in the background. What else you got?"

Memphis' hands trembled as he thought about Rylee being in danger. "I need you to track the GPS on one of my SUVs."

He tapped on the keys with trembling hands until he pulled up the company vehicle database and found the SUV that had pulled out of the garage just moments earlier.

"What is all this about?" Lance said after Memphis gave him the VIN on the car.

Memphis stood and exited the booth so the attendant could return to work.

"It's honestly such a long story. But I'm afraid my girl has been taken against her will by someone trying to get to me. I don't know what Carla has to do with it all just yet, but my gut says she's in trouble too."

He pulled out a set of keys and walked to one of his personal cars. When he was inside, he rested his head against the steering wheel while he waited for Lance to give

him something.

“Found the SUV. It looks like it’s sitting in traffic. But I think your gut was right about Carla. I hacked into the system’s GPS history, and it looks like it was at the airfield where the private jet landed a little while ago.”

“Fuck,” Memphis bit out. “I have so many god damned questions and not enough time to answer them.”

“Do you think it’s connected to Andrew?” Lance asked.

“I honestly don’t know. I feel like I’m being blindsided from every angle and I don’t even know how to begin to untangle it.”

Lance hummed as his fingers continued to race across his keys.

“You should talk to Garrett. He had a lot of internal issues and the outside company he hired to do a company-wide audit did a really good job from what I understand.”

“After we find Rylee,” Memphis said.

“I’m working on pinpointing her phone now.”

They were both quiet while Lance worked and two minutes later, he said, “Bingo. She’s in the same spot as the SUV. That’s definitely her. How do you want to handle this?”

Memphis dragged a hand through his hair and started the car. "Send the coordinates to me I’m going to get her.”

Lance whistled. “I think that’s a bad idea, man. You should let the police handle this.

You just barely escaped jail once already. Don't do anything stupid."

Memphis raced toward the garage exit and the attendant raised the gate without question.

"You can call the police if you want, but if I get there first, I'm going to pull her out of there and if Jeremy is in the car, I'm going to fucking throw him into traffic."

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"You should never have agreed to his stupid fucking bet," Jeremy ranted as the SUV rolled through the streets of Phoenix.

Rylee knew something wasn't right as soon as they got the parking garage and Memphis wasn't there. The knot of fear in her stomach had grown larger when she was greeted by Jeremy and Carla in the SUV. Carla's face was streaked with tears as she sat in the backseat shaking.

Rylee wrapped an arm around her as the SUV pulled out of the parking garage and listened to Jeremy rage about how she was fucking up everything he'd worked for in the last decade. He was sounding unhinged and that didn't bode well especially since she happened to know the man driving was armed. She could only assume he was working with Jeremy.

"What exactly did I ruin?" she asked, trying to keep her voice even despite the fear that had her insides shaking.

"You gave him something else to focus on. Something else to be excited about. I was this close to putting him and Andrew in prison and then I could take over the Foster empire."

“What is Carla doing here?”

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“My plans are falling apart. I’m just cleaning up loose ends.”

That couldn’t mean good things for them.

“Memphis could still go to prison. That’s what they say on the news.”

Jeremy scoffed. “No. That’s just what they’re speculating. The DA hasn’t made a statement because they have zero intention of charging him.” He slammed his fist into the dash.

“It wasn’t supposed to go this way, damn it. The trip to Vegas was supposed to get him out of the way long enough to put my final plans in motion and bring him back under house arrest but then he had to go and meet you and it just ruined it all.”

Rylee squeezed Carla’s hand as her friend let out a terrified sob.

“Shh. Carla, it’s going to be OK. Memphis will find us. He’s got more resources than most.”

Carla’s chin trembled as she nodded.

“I don’t understand why you’re so angry with me, Jeremy.”

He reached into the floorboard of the front and tossed a bag at her. She groaned. It was her bag of pregnancy tests. “He knocked you up, didn’t he?”

Carla’s mouth fell open and Rylee just closed her eyes.

“So what if he did? What does that have to do with you?”

“If I know Memphis, he’ll make sure you and the spawn get control of the company even if he goes to jail. It was supposed to be mine.”

There was no way she could tell him she wasn’t pregnant. If he realized he’d jumped off the deep end for no reason, it might set him off even more.

She shifted in her seat and felt around in her pocket for her phone as she tried to think of ways to keep him talking.

“You sent me that text before you realized I might be pregnant,” she said. “So how was I ruining things then?”

“I told you, you should never have taken that bet. If you hadn’t, he would have come home to Phoenix for his house arrest.”

Rylee frowned. “But he was in Vegas for Andrew’s wedding. That’s why he wanted to stay. It had nothing to do with me.”

Jeremy laughed. “No. Memphis does a lot of kind things for his friends. He only does stupid shit like buy houses on a whim for pussy.”

Rylee winced and tried to tell herself Jeremy didn’t know what he was talking about. Memphis loved her.

“So, what did Andrew and the Miller Holding scam have to do with all of this?”

Jeremy whipped around flashed a gun at her. Guess the guard wasn’t the only one armed.

“Enough questions. We’ll be there soon.”

“Where is there?” she asked.

“You’re going to go on a trip to Mexico with your good friend Carla because you just couldn’t handle all the awful rumors about Memphis cheating on you with so many women. And if the police find your bodies, they’ll just assume you killed each other after you found out he was fucking your bestie.”

Rylee felt like she was going to be sick. She looked out the window trying to decide if she could get Carla to follow her lead and roll out of the car at the next light. Unlikely. The doors were locked and if they were smart, they would have the child safety on so she couldn’t open them from the inside.

Of course, she didn’t know how smart it was to turn on Memphis Foster. She’d watched from afar as he slammed Jeremy against the wall and threatened him. He had the ability to be scary as hell.

“We’re almost to our first stop,” the driver said.

Jeremy sat back in his seat and didn’t say anything else.

Instead of trying to get him to talk, she turned her attention to Carla again.

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“Are you OK? Did he hurt you?”

Carla squeezed her hand. “He didn’t hurt me. He tricked me. I got a call from someone I thought was in Memphis’ office saying you wanted company because he had to focus on work and couldn’t give you very much attention. They offered to put me on a private jet and fly me in. Of course, I said yes but when I landed these two assholes were waiting on me.”

Rylee nodded. “Have they given you any clue what their endgame is?”

Carla pointed at Jeremy. “That one is batshit crazy. I think the driver is just here for whatever he’s being paid.”

Rylee had to agree with her assessment of Jeremy, but he still had to have some kind of reason for doing all this aside from being mentally unstable right?

As they pulled onto a side street, a siren sounded behind them. After a few seconds, it became obvious that an officer was trying to pull them over. Thank fuck, Rylee thought.

“What should I do?” the driver asked as he rolled down the street.

“Maybe you ran a light back there. Just pull over,” he finally said after a beat.

The driver eased over and parked on the side of the road. She watched out of a sideview mirror as the officer walked toward them. As he approached, another car came to a screeching halt behind the squad car. Rylee’s heart skipped a beat when

Memphis jumped out. The officer drew his weapon and for a split-second Rylee was afraid he meant to aim it at Memphis. Instead, he trained it on the SUV as he approached the driver's side where the window was already down.

"Step out of the car please," the officer said before speaking into his radio to ask for immediate backup.

Jeremy flashed a confused look and asked if there was a problem, but he wasn't having it.

"I said, step out of the car now."

"He has a gun," Rylee yelled as two more police cars approached.

Beside her, Carla made a gagging sound and when Rylee looked at her, she was bent over puking into the floorboard.

There was a burst of commotion as four officers surrounded the car with guns drawn demanding that Jeremy and the driver step out. Rylee was worried it was going to be a standoff as she gently rubbed Carla's back and watched Memphis fight the urge to rip Jeremy out of the car. But after a minute that felt like it lasted hours, Jeremy's shoulders sagged in defeat and he pushed open his door along with the driver. The men were both cuffed, and officers opened the back doors to help Rylee and Carla out.

When they were both standing on the side of the road, Carla threw her arms around Rylee and squeezed her tight then she jumped back. "Oh God. I'm sorry. I'm probably getting vomit on you."

Rylee giggled at the absurdity of the moment. "How long have you been sick?" she asked.

“Since yesterday. At first I thought it was a hangover, but now I’m thinking I must have picked up a stomach bug or we ate bad food.”

Rylee gave a little shake of her head. “You don’t even know how happy I am to hear that. I’ve been sick too and for a minute I thought I was pregnant.”

A hand came to rest on her shoulder, and she turned to find Memphis standing there.

He pulled her into his arms, and she fell apart.

“You ever scare the hell out of me like that again I’m blistering your ass, Ace,” he said, his voice husky with emotion.

She nodded against him as she let her tears fall into his shirt and he stroked her hair.

Her breakdown could only last a minute because the police were ready to ask her questions. Rylee had a lot of questions of her own that were going to have to wait. But she was safe, Carla was safe, Memphis was safe. That was the important thing.

It was several hours before she was able to be alone with Memphis again.

Carla was in a guest bedroom in his Phoenix mansion, and the two of them were snuggled in his bed where he’d just fucked her.

“So, is he just mentally unstable or did he have an actual plan to take over your company by sending you to prison?”

Memphis kissed her softly. “I suspect it’s a mixture of both. I’ve got a friend, Lance, who is going over all my tech for me and I reached out to Everett Miller again. He really did think he could get away with his scam without getting caught. Jeremy just figured out what he was doing and while he advised me against the deal, he was in

Andrew's ear talking him into going behind my back. Kimberly called because she remembered thinking it was odd that my attorney was coming over for late night drinks in the weeks leading up to everything going south. That's not the kind of relationship Andrew ever had with Jeremy in the past."

Rylee snuggled closer and traced her finger down his bare chest.

"So, are we in the clear now? Or is there still a chance you'll go to prison?"

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Memphis caught her wandering finger in his hand and brought it to his lips.

“I’m in the clear. Lance has already been able to uncover the evidence I need to prove that Jeremy and Andrew acted without my knowledge. I’ll still be financially responsible for the wrong that was done to people like your mom, but we’re already over eight percent of the way through repaying everyone.”

Rylee sat up. “So, you paid Mom back, not Everett Miller?”

Memphis gave her a sheepish smile. “Something like that.”

Rylee felt her blood boiling, not at Memphis, but at Miller. “And what about that scumbag’s lawsuit against you?”

Memphis reached for her arm and tugged her back down next to him. “I suspect it will be dropped any minute now, but if he doesn’t drop it, it’s a frivolous lawsuit and it will get thrown out.”

“Why would he drop it?” She shuddered as his hand trailed her naked hips.

“Let’s just say we were able to come to an agreement and Miller Holdings is about to be part of the Foster group and Mr. Miller is going to quietly retire. And before you ask, we’re not blackmailing him, we’re just helping him escape prison by telling us the truth about his dealings with Jeremy and Andrew.”

Rylee shrugged. “I can’t say I would care if you were blackmailing him, but I’m glad you’re not. Pretty sure I’ve had enough of you nearly going to prison.”

“Just promise you haven’t had enough of me, Ace.”

She gave him a one shouldered shrug. “Nah. Not yet anyway.”

He rolled until he was on top of her. “Oh yeah? You want to try that again?” He pinched her nipple until she squealed and tried to squirm away from him.

“I’ll never get enough of you,” she breathed when the pain transformed into pleasure that pooled in her pussy. “Never. I’m all in with you, Sir.”

His mouth covered hers in a searing kiss.

“We’re all in together, Ace. But in this game, we both win.”

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