



Fighting for Amelia

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Category: Romance, Action

Description: What's an angel like her doing in the devils playground?

Working at Magnolia brothel combined my two favorite things, making money and sex. I've had some of the most powerful men in the world on their knees for me. My life was perfect, or at least I thought it was. Then Deacon Saint darkened my doorstep with sadness in his eyes and he threw my world off its axis. He has me breaking all my rules. I'm getting attached and I can't let that happen, no matter how he makes me feel. So I do what I always do. Run.

One look at Amelia and I knew she was mine. She has me wanting things I never thought possible for a guy like me. Our connection scares her and has her running. She can run all she wants. It won't stop me from doing everything in my power to bring her back to where she belongs.

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CHAPTER

ONE

Amelia

The cool air blowing through the open window of my bedroom soothes my sweat-laced skin while I watch the handsome Senator MaCaffery adjusting his tie in the mirror hanging above my dresser. He has a satisfied twinkle in his deep sapphire blue eyes and a boyish grin on his lips. The same pair of lips that, just an hour ago, were devouring my ass. If the great state of Mississippi knew the dirty shit their sweet wonderful Senator was into, they sure as fuck wouldn't be backing him for the next President of the United States. I, on the other hand, like the sound of being the President's secret mistress.

He strides over to the bed with ease and, with a steady hand, glides his fingers over the bare curve of my hip. "I'd like to see you again on Sunday, before I leave for the campaign tour. I need one more night with my lucky charm."

The Senator has been a regular of mine for the past four years. He originally came here to shut the doors on Magnolia house. Claiming he wanted to clean up the filth in our city, but, one look at me in my red corset, and Mr. Family Values was singing a new song. In those four years, he went from being on the cusp of losing his seat in the senate, to winning the bid for the next presidential seat.

"That's a sweet way of saying you need time with my pussy," I say flashing him a cheeky grin.

“This pussy...” He cups me in his hand, a single finger circles my clit. “... has brought me a lot of luck.” He brings his finger up to his mouth and licks it clean.

“As much as I would like to think that my pussy is magic, it’s sadly not.” I rise to my knees in front of him and straighten his tie. “This campaign was all you, I just helped clear the fog that was keeping you from believing in yourself. I will remember our time fondly when you become the next President.”

“I may have to have them build you a secret room in the White House,” he says, tucking a lock of my hair behind my ear.

“As tempting as it would be to be the mistress to the great President MaCaffery, my place is here.” His offer is appreciated, but it’s not the first time one of my clients has made a similar offer. These men think I need saving, that a beautiful woman can’t sell her body just for the pure fact that she loves sex, that there has to be something wrong with me. But there isn’t. I grew up in a safe and loving home, with two caring parents who taught me to never settle for the ordinary. A desk job kind of life is not for me. I love sex and I’m damn good at it, so why not get paid for it.

He slides his hand into mine, brings it to his lips, and gently kisses my knuckles. “One of these days I will sway you to my side.”

“Good night Senator.”

He drops my hand and turns for the door. I tilt my head to the side, watching his grade A gorgeous ass walking out my door. I can’t wait for Sunday to come so I can fuck that pretty ass of his again. Senator MaCaffery, what would your constituents think if they knew you liked getting fucked with a strap on? That dirty little secret will live only in my nasty thoughts for the rest of my life.

I lie back on the bed and stretch my arms above my head. If I didn’t have another

client arriving in an hour, I would crash right now after the three-hour marathon the Senator just put me through. The stamina that man has is the reason I run six days a week.

Reluctantly, I roll out of bed, start collecting the toys from our session, and roll them up in the sheet. I've worked at Magnolia for just over four years. Before this, I was working on Wall Street at my father's investment firm, slowly dying of boredom. So, what makes a girl from Hartford, Connecticut go from working as an investment banker to working in a brothel? A very persuasive man by the name of Marcus Deverux, a colleague of my fathers who saw I was wasting my life managing stock portfolios. He believed my particular talents were best suited for the bedroom rather than the boardroom when he witnessed me in action in my office with one of the interns. After one night at the mansion, I was forever hooked on the high.

Behind these walls, some of the most powerful men in the country have kneeled before me. Why would I ever want to leave that?

CHAPTER

TWO

Deacon

"Xander, you are positive this place is discreet? The last thing I need is someone leaking it to the papers that I visited a fucking brothel. I can't believe I let you talk me into doing this," I grumble into the phone receiver, massaging my temples.

"I swear your secret will be safe. I never would have suggested this if I didn't think it wouldn't be. You need this Deac, it's our last resort. I've heard Amelia has the magic touch." My manager, in all his brilliant wisdom, is making me visit Magnolia House, all the way in goddamn Mississippi, to spend the night with some woman, who

apparently has the magic touch in her pussy. I don't think fucking some chick is going to give me back the edge that I have lost. But I'm desperate and I will try anything to win.

I've been the welterweight champion for the past three years. I eat, sleep, and drink boxing. I have since I was in high school. It was the only thing that kept me off the streets and out of jail. I grew up in the projects of Chicago. My mother was a school teacher, and my father was in and out of jail because of his nasty temper. His penchant for selling drugs for most of my childhood landed him permanently behind bars after he beat a guy to death during a drug deal gone wrong.

I, unfortunately, inherited my father's temper and took out my anger on the shitty hand life had dealt me... on anyone who looked at me wrong. After my last fight, the judge was prepared to bypass juvy and throw my ass in jail. Luckily, the cop that arrested me saw something in me and pled his case to the judge to release me into his custody. Eric saved me that day. He taught me how to channel my rage in the ring. He became a father to me and now I'm letting him down.

"I still don't see how me getting pussy is going to help."

"If anything, it will change that sunny disposition of yours. How long has it been since you got your dick wet? Do you remember how to use it?" He laughs.

My eyes roll back in my head. "Fuck you, asshole. Remind me why this girl is worth paying for when I could just nail one of the hundreds of fangirls that throw themselves at me at every fight?"

"Because that is amateur pussy, you need a professional. You pay top dollar for trainers and physical therapists to keep you at your best in the ring, so why not pay for the best in the sex business, especially if it can help get you back up to the top." He still sounds fucking nuts, but at this point, crazy is the only option I have left.

“Just go in there and let Amelia work her magic. If this doesn’t work out, you can use me as your personal punching bag.”

“Can I get that in writing so when the cops pull me off your battered corpse, I can tell them you gave me permission?” I chuckle as the car pulls up to the grand mansion. I hang up with Xander, then climb out of the car before the driver has a chance to open my door. I gruffly tell him to pick me up in two hours. I have to be on a plane to Vegas later for my next fight.

Stepping through the door, I find a line of women standing before a small group of men being examined like a herd of cattle, while a woman, who I am assuming is the madam, explains the rules of the house to the group of men. I watch as each man chooses his lady. “What the fuck am I doing here?” I mutter under my breath. I’m Deacon fucking Saint, and I don’t pay for sex. I turn for the door when a delicate yet firm hand on my shoulder stops me.

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“Leaving us so soon Mr. Saint?” the seductive voice asks. I slowly turn toward the source. My dick roars to life in my pants when I meet her deep brown eyes. Her crimson lips are curled up in the most devastatingly gorgeous smile I have ever seen. “You’re not leaving me for another woman, are you?” She playfully pouts and bats her eyelashes at me.

“You’re Amelia?” I ask, eyeing her up and down. Her body on full display, the black lace bra and thong she is wearing is leaving very little to the imagination. Driving my mind deep into the dark recesses of filth as my focus lingers on her full creamy tits. Imagining my cum painted across them. My mouth waters for a taste of the hard little peaks forming beneath the lace of her bra. Her alabaster skin makes her look sweet and innocent. What's an angel like her doing in the devils playground?

“The one and only.” She slides her hand into mine. “Come on handsome, let’s take this somewhere a little more private,” she suggests as she leads me through the foyer, up the stairs to the bedrooms. As we walk along the long corridor, my eyes are transfixed on the seductive sway of her hips, imagining that perfect ass riding my cock. I plan to fuck her in every way possible before the night is over.

We come to a stop in front of a closed door at the end of the hallway. I can hear faint moans coming from the other rooms. Amelia opens the door and pulls me inside. The room is on the small side. In the middle of the room is a queen-sized bed flanked by two curtained windows. On one side, there is a wooden nightstand with a box of condoms and a bottle of lube sitting next to a lamp. On the far wall, next to a closet, there is a mirror hanging above a dresser, and a bathroom is tucked away on the other side of the bed. This is not what I was expecting. I was half expecting a dark room with a sex swing hanging from the ceiling and whips and chains lining the walls. This

looks like an average bedroom.

CHAPTER

THREE

Amelia

“So, Mr. Saint, what brings you to my door this evening?” I ask, slipping my hands inside his leather jacket. His powerful chest is hard against my palms. I’ve been with my fair share of athletes; their bodies are some of the most finely tuned machines in the world. Even through his clothes, I can tell Deacon’s body is on a level all its own. As his jacket slides off his arms, I notice his shirt can barely contain his thick roped arms and massive broad shoulders. He’s a powerhouse, but his soulful brown eyes exude kindness. A far cry from the intimidation of his body.

“To be honest, this wasn’t my idea. I’ve lost my last three fights, and my manager is so worried that I’ve lost my edge, he set this whole night up for me. He thinks you have some luck changing magic about you. I think this whole thing is ridiculous,” he admits. Honesty, how refreshing.

His eyes are watching my every move as I drape his jacket over the dresser. I’m used to men looking at me, my boobs came in when I was fifteen, but Deacon’s gaze is electrifying.

“I wouldn’t say that I’m magic by any means, but I do possess a knack for helping clear the mind. Something has obviously gotten you off your game. A champion boxer doesn’t start losing overnight. What was going on around the time of your first loss?” I ask. I watched a few YouTube videos of Deacon’s fights before our session. In previous fights, he had such an unwavering confidence. Every punch was precise and powerful, taking his opponent down within the first round. But now there is a

hesitation, like he's questioning every decision.

He sinks down on the edge of the bed, and his gaze drops to his hands. "My trainer passed away last year. Back when I was a kid, he kept me out of jail. He was one of the few people who believed in me. He was more of a father to me than my deadbeat dad. Now that he's gone, I have no one in my corner." The sadness in his voice sends a twinge of pain through my heart.

"I'm so sorry for your loss. I can see how that could make you lose your edge. Saying goodbye to someone who meant so much to you can be hard. If I had to guess, I'm pretty sure your trainer wouldn't want you throwing away everything you worked so hard for. I've seen a few of your fights."

"You've watched my matches?" he interrupts me.

"There is this thing called the Internet. I used that Google box to look you up." That gets him to smile. "It's part of my job to know all about my high paying clients." I settle between his legs and slide my fingers under his chin, bringing his eyes up to mine. "You are one of the best boxers in the world, question is, do you still believe that?" I feel like a therapist right now. I'm supposed to be seducing this guy, but all I want to do is fix him. Take away the pain that is weighing so heavy on his shoulders. "I can fuck you, and numb the pain for a brief moment, but until you let go of the pain you are holding onto, you will never get your head right."

"I get everything you are saying, and I know that is what I have to do, but right now, I just need something, anything, to get my mind off the pain."

"That I can help you with." I reach behind my back and unclasp my bra. The sadness in Deacon's eyes gives way to a dark lust filled gaze as he watches my every move. His nimble fingers help to work my thong off my hips. If it's a distraction he wants, then a distraction he will get.

“Fuck, you’re so damn sexy.” His deep growl makes my clit throb. He buries his face between my legs; his beard tickles my inner thighs. He kicks my legs wider with his foot while his tongue tastes my lips. My head drops back, hand fisted in his jet-black hair. He sucks my clit into his hot mouth, sucking and nibbling on my little bundle of nerves. His thumb pushes inside my wet channel at the same time his index finger pushes inside my tight hole. My body surrenders to him completely, letting him take all control away from me.

“Holy fuck,” I groan, barely able to hold myself up as he works both my holes. One of his strong arms snakes around my waist, holding me up while Deacon eats me out. Between his fingers, tongue, and the delicious burn of his beard, my body is on the verge of exploding. This man eats pussy like a fucking champ.

Just as the orgasm starts to rage through my body, Deacon releases his fingers and throws me down on the bed like I weigh nothing. He reaches behind his head and pulls his shirt off then lifts my hips off the bed, bringing my pussy up to his greedy mouth. His tongue plunges inside me, making me cry out. He’s like a ravenous animal that won’t be satisfied until he’s devoured every last orgasm he can pull from my body. Every release is more intense than the last. My body is shaking as he pulls me over the edge, again and again.

As the last spasm rolls through my body, Deacon lays my hips back down on the bed. My whole body feels like a limp noodle and all he’s done is fuck me with his mouth. My vision comes into focus on his dark hooded eyes as his hands are working open his belt. I pull my lip between my teeth in anticipation as he pulls out his already hard cock. My eyes drink in every thick hard inch. There is nothing small about this man. My pussy is purring for that beast to be buried inside me.

“I think I should be paying you for the privilege of riding that beast of a cock of yours.” I scoot to the edge of the bed, head hanging over the side. I reach a hand out, wrapping it around his thick length, stroking him while my tongue lavishes his balls.

He grunts his appreciation as I suck on his tight sack.

“Open that pretty mouth,” he demands huskily, brushing my hand away.

I do as I’m told and open my mouth for him. He grips the base and traces his tip around my lips before pushing the full length of him inside my mouth until he hits the back of my throat. He tastes so fucking good. I’ve sucked a lot of cock in my time; not one has come close to the taste of Deacon Saint. I could suck him off day and night and still not get enough. I’m so turned on, my clit is pleading for release. My fingers find my aching bud, working it in fast hard circles.

“Is sucking my cock turning you on?” he groans, as I suck him harder.

I moan a yes, pushing three fingers inside me, but my pussy still needs more.

“Then spread those legs and show me how greedy that fucking pussy is for my dick.”

My legs fall open, fingers pounding harder and deeper while my other hand works my clit. My pussy clamps down on my fingers like a steel cage, juices dripping down my hand. I usually need lube to help me get this wet. Deacon and his silver tongue have me so damn horny it’s like a tidal wave in my pussy.

“Your mouth is fucking heaven,” he groans, fucking my face faster. He swats my hands away from my mound, then bends his huge upper body over me. “I need you coming on my tongue while I come in your mouth,” he says, before his hot mouth latches onto my clit. It’s the jolt I need to send me rocking over the edge again.

His body stiffens all around me, cock throbbing and pulsating in my mouth, which prompts me to suck harder while my hand massages his balls. A deep growl vibrates to my core as he comes hard.

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Deacon pulls me off his cock and before I can catch my breath, I'm on my back at the head of the bed, and he's filling me to the hilt. Lips crashing against mine, the taste of Deacon and me mixes together on our tongues. We taste amazing together.

"This isn't going to be sweet or gentle Amelia," he groans. The full force of his thrust pushes me further up the bed.

"Take what you need from me Deacon."

He grips my wrists, forcing my hands above my head, driving deeper and harder. His eyes fall closed and he's lost in his rhythm, he's lost in me. Using my body to take away the pain, this is what he needs to feel in control again.

Deacon pulls out, flips me on my stomach, forcing me up on my knees, and drives himself oh so fucking deep. I brace my hands on the headboard, thrusting my hips in rhythm with his. His hand fists in my hair, using it as a handle while he pounds into me with every ounce of force he has in him. I'm going to feel him between my legs for the next two weeks. His teeth sink into the delicate flesh of my neck. Normally, I don't allow my clients to bite me, but I want Deacon to mark me, own me, make me his.

"Harder," I moan. "Bite me harder," I order. He clamps down on the flesh between my neck and my shoulder. The pleasure-filled pain makes my pussy clench around his cock. Fuck, this is so damn hot. His tongue soothes over the red mark left in his wake. The next nip sends me flying over the edge.

Deacon pulls me into his lap, hips bucking wildly. One hand is at my clit pinching my

buddle of nerves between his fingers,the other hand is cupped at my breast and his hot mouth at my ear coaxes me to come again. His dirty words set me off. Through my daze, I can barely hear him grunting out his own release.

He collapses onto the bed, pulling me on top of him, his hard cock still buried inside me. “How much for the night?” he asks, thrusting in my channel.

I sit up, resting my hand on his chest while I ride him. “If you keep fucking me like that, the rest of the night is on me.” I slyly grin down at him. That was the best fuck I’ve had in years, and no way am I letting this man out from between my legs anytime soon.

He rises with a devious glint in his eyes that makes my stomach flip. His hot mouth sucks on one of my pink nipples. A hand moves around to my ass, his finger teasing at my tight hole. “Then I better make sure you get your money’s worth.”

CHAPTER

FOUR

Amelia

I stridethrough the casino at the Bellagio, past the craps tables and the rows of slots, on my way to watch Deacon’s fight. After he left my bed this morning, I haven’t been able to get him out of my head. Usually when clients leave my room, I never give them a second thought. There is something about Deacon I can’t shake. The sex was phenomenal; the things that man did to my body were out of this world. He left his mark all over my body. I submitted to him last night, I never do that. Control is everything in my line of work. We give clients the illusion of being in control while all along we are pulling the strings. But I could see in Deacon’s eyes that was what he needed. He needed to gain control in his mind again. He’s been haunted with the grief

of losing his friend and trainer, so I let him control me, use my body. God help me, I loved it.

With Deacon still in my head as I left work for home, I drove past my exit, headed straight for the airport, and boarded the first flight to Vegas I could get. The only way I was going to get him out of my head was to see him again. One last fix before we say our final goodbyes. It pains me, the thought of never seeing him or having him in my bed again.

The usher guides me down to my seat, front row center. I called in a favor from one of my regulars who I helped restore the adventure back in his marriage. I take my seat and scan the crowd. There is a group of women, a few rows over, all wearing Saint's Angels t-shirts. I feel a pang of jealousy twist in my stomach, wondering if he's been with any of them or any of these other girls holding signs with his name on them. Jesus, what the fuck is the matter with me, I shouldn't be getting jealous over a man that isn't even mine. I need to get my shit together.

"He's a client that's all," I whisper to myself, but the bitchy little voice in the back of my head is throwing her two damn cents in. If he's just a client, then why did you follow him all the way to Vegas? I know why. He fucked you right, and now you're cock whipped, just admit it. I think it's time I drown this bitch with some booze.

CHAPTER

FIVE

Deacon

I'm sitting in the locker room with my headphones on, and the music blaring in my ears. My head rests on my taped fists, and the images of Amelia dance in my brain. I'm supposed to be clearing my head of all distractions, but all I can focus on is her

and her sinful body.

I left the mansion just as the sun was cutting into the night sky. I didn't get a minute of fucking sleep, but I feel like I have the energy to take on ten opponents at once. I couldn't get enough of Amelia and that tight perfect pussy of hers. Being with Amelia was like an out of body experience. She made me feel like a fucking king. Now I'm hooked and jonesing for another hit. I should have followed my instincts, thrown her over my shoulder, and brought her ass here with me to Vegas. I need her here with me in my corner.

The song playing in my ears ends, signaling it's go time. I slide off my headphones and rise from the bench, setting my iPod on the shelf in my locker. I reach for my gloves from my bag when I find the picture of Eric and me the night I won my first championship. That night was unforgettable. I was the underdoggoing into that fight, but with Eric in my corner, I proved to the world I was a force to be reckoned with. He was so proud of me and how far I had come. If it weren't for him, I would be rotting away in some prison right now.

I never got the chance to say my goodbyes to Eric before he died. I was in New York when I got the call that there had been an accident. Some idiot truck driver fell asleep behind the wheel, swerved to the wrong side of the highway, and hit Eric's Land Rover head on. He was gone before the ambulance arrived.

Holding the picture in my hand, I can hear Amelia's voice in my ear telling me if I don't let go of the pain I will never get my head straight. "Thank you," I say aloud. "Thank you for everything you did for me. You took a chance on me when everyone else was willing to just throw me away." With every word, the weight I'd been carrying begins to lift. The fog in my mind gives way to the light. "I miss you old friend, you may be gone, but I know your spirit will always be in my corner."

I slip the photo back into my bag just as my new trainer, Jackson, walks in. "You

ready boss man?”

My lips curl up in a confident grin. “It’s Diego Gonzales’ day of reckoning.”

The roar of the crowd and the pulse of the music sends adrenaline coursing through my veins. My hands are steady, my head focused. I am as sharp and clear as glass. My eyes are fixated on the ring, the place I feel most at ease. My home.

“WE LOVE YOU SAINT!!” The crowd chants and screams my name. It’s my job to give them the show, the thrill they have all been waiting for.

Jackson holds the ropes open for me. I step into the ring, and the beast that has been hiding for so long roars inside my chest. He’s been hiding in the dark waiting, lurking, ready to feast on his next victim. I shed my robe, tossing it to my crew in the corner. Diego is bouncing around the ring showing off to the crowd. He’s been talking a big game all week, calling me out as a has been and saying that I should just hand over the belt instead of embarrassing myself by going head to head with the great Diego Gonzales. He can run his fucking mouth all he wants; he won’t get a rise out of me. I’ll prove myself where it counts, here in the ring.

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I start to pan the crowd and lock eyes on her. My Amelia. My heart pounds wildly in my chest, and the beast lets out a possessive roar. The crowd disappears and it's just her. A beam of light in a red dress. Even fully clothed she looks like sin. Those long lean legs that looked so damn good spread wide for me last night are crossed, keeping me from seeing that pretty pussy of hers. A growl rumbles from deep in my chest. The need for her burns deep in my bones; it only angers me that I can't have her.

Her eyes pan my entire body. My dick twitches as I watch her warm tongue glide across her lips as her eyes fixate on the bulge in my shorts. She adjusts in her seat. Just my mere presence has her turned on. Our eyes meet again and a smile erupts across her face. I return her smile with a wink.

The announcer comes on the microphone and pulls my attention away from Amelia. I cross the ring, meeting Diego in the center.

"Good luck, old man," he says with a cocky grin. I stay hard and focused. While Diego spent his week as the media string puppet, I spent mine studying his moves. He has a fast right but his left is slow as fuck. He comes out fast and hard in the first few rounds, wearing himself out quickly. If I can bide my time and let him tire himself out, I'll have him on the ropes.

The bell rings and, out of the gate, Diego throws the first punch just as I knew he would. I duck out of the way and land a fist against his rib cage. I can feel Amelia's eyes on me and it makes me feel even more powerful. I'm no longer fighting for myself or for the crowd. Tonight, I'm fighting for her. Romeotakes a few cheap swings, barely inflicting any pain. I retaliate with a clean shot that rocks him. Diego is still dazed, wobbling on his feet, so I take the opening and rain down the hits,

sending him falling to the canvas out cold.

The Ref grabs my arm and lifts it high. The crowd is on its feet, going wild. The only face I focus on is Amelia's, my lucky charm. She's on her feet cheering, screaming my name. I get free from the crowd in the ring, jump over the ropes, and head straight for her. All I let her get out is a muffled hello before I crash my lips against hers. She deepens the kiss, tongue sweeping in my mouth. Her lips are warm, soft, and dangerous.

The possessive beast in me takes over. Grabbing her hand, I drag her through the crowded arena to the locker room. We burst through the door, crashing against the lockers. Our movements wild and hungered. Lips, teeth, limbs, a tangled mess of need ready to explode.

Amelia pins me to the lockers. Her tiny body overpowering me. Her hips grind against the hard ridge of my cock while her tongue traces along the tattoos on my chest. "You were amazing tonight. I knew you could do it," she softly murmurs between licks.

"I couldn't have done it without you," I groan. My hands grope at the firm globes of her ass.

"That was all you out there." She teases her fingers along the V of my hips. "Watching you in the ring got me so wet," she admits. Her hand dives into my shorts. A low hiss escapes my lips as the pads of her fingers dance across my length. I'm hard as fucking steel, my dick desperate to be buried in her tight sweet pussy. "You got me breaking all my rules." Her fingers curl around my cock, stroking me as she talks, "One night with this cock and I'm completely hooked." Her strokes become stronger and greedy, like she owns my cock, and she does. She's the first woman in a long time to get this reaction out of me.

“Show me how much you want my cock, Angel.” With quick hands, she relives me of my shorts. Goddamn, she's just as ravenous for me as I am for her. She grabs me by the shoulders and whirls me around, pushing me down on the bench. Her hands move to the hem of her dress, sliding the red fabric up over her hips, revealing her bare delicious pussy. Her thighs glisten with her sweet juices.

She kicks her heels off and straddles my waist. Running her fingers between her wet folds, she brings her hand up to my lips, pushing them into my mouth. Her taste on my tongue makes the beast inside me growl with need. My hands take purchase of her hips, slamming her down on my thick length, making us both cry out as she stretches around me.

My hands find her zipper, tearing it open with ease. I release her creamy perfect tits. They bounce in rhythm with her hips. Those pink nipples are hard as diamonds and begging for my mouth. She lets out a gasp as I suck one into my mouth and tweak the other between my fingertips.

“Mmmm, Deacon,” she moans, bouncing faster and harder on my lap. Her greedy pussy pulsing and pulling me deeper.

She works a hand between us, fingers working her clit. Her other arm wraps around my shoulders, nails digging into my flesh as she holds me tight against her. Her head drops back as she finds her release. I think the whole hotel knows my name now, her loud screams are echoing through the locker room.

The waves of her orgasm ripple against my cock. I hold her steady while my hips buck hard up into her until my own release sends shock waves through my system. We are so fucking perfect together.

Amelia softly kisses my sweat-laced shoulder up to my neck. “Hi,” she whispers, kissing along my jaw.

“Hi,” I reply, sliding my hands around the back of her thighs and rising from the bench, keeping firmly sheathed inside her warmth. I walk us into the showers. Turning the knob, the warm water rains over us. Setting Amelia back on her feet, she removes the remains of her wet dress from around her waist. A smile tugs at my lips, looking at the trail of bite marks I left all along her body. There is still a perfect imprint of my hand on her hip. All those assholes at that mansion know she's mine.

“So, am I supposed to walk through the casino naked now?” she asks, looking down at the shredded red fabric.

“Sorry about that, I got a little carried away. I have some extra clothes you can use, and I’ll send Veronica, my nutritionist out to get you a new dress,” I reply.

“You don’t have to send her to get me a dress, that’s not her job. I will just wear what you have and grab something on the way back to your room. I knew I should have bought more than one dress when I got here.” Her last statement brings back the question of how and why she is here to the front of my mind.

“What are you doing here Amelia?” I ask, slinging my arm around her waist, needing her close.

“I just happened to be in the neighborhood and thought I would drop by and check out your fight,” she says coyly.

“You just happened to be in Las Vegas on the same night I'm here.” I give her a sideways glance. “Don't play coy with me Amelia. You told me, not ten minutes ago, that you were addicted to my cock.”

She looks up at me through her dark lashes, pulling her lips nervously between her teeth. She’s cute when she's nervous. “I came here because I wanted to see you and make sure you were okay,” she admits. Not gonna lie, that made my ego grow about

ten feet tall. She came here for me.

“So, do you do that for all your clients?” I ask.

“Well, no.” Her voice fades.

“You let me fuck you all night without paying. You flew all the way to Vegas and let me fuck you again without paying, and, by the fact that you are still standing here with me, with the hope of me taking you again shimmering in your eyes... I think you like me, huh Angel? I'm under your skin just like you are embedded in mine.” I press her against the cold tile, sheathing myself in her welcoming warmth. My hips rock slowly against her.

“Look, I'm just here to make sure you are okay and get one last ride on that pretty cock of yours, so get that idea out of your head. After we are done with our shower, you will never see me again.”

I buck hard up into her, warning her that she's not in charge here. “Sorry, Angel, you aren't going anywhere until I say so.”

CHAPTER

SIX

Amelia

It's three in the morning, and I'm lying in Deacon's bed in his penthouse suite. His warm lips are trailing along my neck. His hand is between my thighs, lightly strumming my clit while he lazily fucks me. This night has been a blur of incredibly hot sex since we left the locker room. If Deacon wasn't fucking me, we lay entangled in each other's arms, talking and exploring each other's bodies. He got me talking about my life outside the brothel. I told him about my time in Hartford and New York, and how once I have enough money saved, I want to open my own lingerie shop. I've never told anyone about that. At one point, I let him make love to me. It was sweet and beautiful and so not like me.

He's got me breaking all my rules. I'm opening myself up to him and that's far more intimate than any of the sex we've had. I'm letting myself be vulnerable around him. I'm getting attached and I can't let that happen, no matter how incredible he is or how he makes me feel. This is just a moment of stupid weakness. I'm just acting like this because he has an amazing cock and that is it. Sorry sweets, but you're falling for Mister Good Dick. Shut the fuck up, you stupid voice. I'm not falling for him.

Before my mind can go any further, Deacon rolls me onto my back. He cages me in with his massive frame, resting his elbows on either side of my head. The loving look in his eyes is making butterflies flutter in my stomach. "Come back to Chicago with me."

“You're under the influence of good pussy, you don't mean that.” I brush him off. A small part of me wishes it were true this time around.

“Amelia, I want you to come home with...” I put my fingers over his mouth stopping him.

“Deacon, I've heard this speech before. You want to take me away from this life and make me your own little sex toy.” I push him off me and climb out of bed, wrapping the sheet around me.

“Though having your pussy twenty-four-seven is a bonus, that's not all I want from you.” He follows me out of bed and stands in front of me naked. “Amelia, can't you feel the connection between us? It's like a magnet pulling me to you. That's why the sex is so goddamn phenomenal and why neither of us can get the other out of our heads. I want you to come to Chicago with me, let me take care you, and you can open that shop you've dreamed about,” he pleads his case.

“You can say all the pretty words you want, but it's not going to sway me to uproot my life and move to Chicago, only to have it ripped away from me six months down the line when you get bored with me.”

“How could you think I would get bored with you?”

“Because I see it every day in my business. Husbands, boyfriends, they come to see me because the women in their lives don't interest them anymore. You are surrounded by gorgeous women throwing themselves at you. What assurance do I have that you won't lose interest in me when you find someone new and more exciting?” One of the things about my job that drew me in was the sex without strings. I get the perks of sex without having to get attached. No heartbreaks, no arguments, no disappointment or sadness when the relationship ends. My heart never gets hurt this way.

“I would never toss you aside for one of those groupie whores.” He cups my face in his hands. “You are the only one I saw in that arena. I want you, Amelia.”

I pull away from his grasp. “Well I don't want you. I never should have come here. I let some good dick cloud my mind for a moment. I'm just the whore and you are just a client. A client I hope to never see again,” I say, shattering any hope he has about us living happily ever after. The light in his eyes burns out, and I can hear his heart breaking in his chest. I'm a selfish asshole but I'm saving him the humiliation of bringing home the whore he picked up from the brothel.

He turns abruptly and walks into the closet. When he returns a moment later, he has a couple stacks of cash in his hand. “If I'm just the client then, here, this should cover for services rendered,” he says angrily, reaching for my hand, slapping the stacks in my palm.

His gesture sends a knife ripping through my heart. I let the stacks of bills fall from my hand, and I bolt for the bedroom door before the tears start to fall. Running through the suite, I pick up my shoes and the bag with my new dress. I'm in too much of a rush to get out of here that I don't stop to put it on. I fling the door open and sprint down the hallway for the elevators still wrapped in the sheet. As my finger slams down the call button, Deacon comes running out of his suite toward me. He is four doors away from reaching me when the elevator doors open. I dart inside and press the close button repeatedly. They are just about closed when Deacon appears in the small crack. The pain in his eyes radiates to my soul. He yells, “I love you, Amelia, please don't go.” The doors seal shut and I collapse to the floor sobbing. I broke my rules and let myself get attached, and now my heart is paying the price.

After heading straight to the airport from his hotel, I was lucky enough to catch a flight home. A few hours later, I am back at Magnolia and stepping out of the shower. I cinch the belt of my robe around my waist and step over to the sink, wiping the fog off the mirror. My eyes are still puffy from crying. I haven't been able to stop crying

since I left Vegas. I made the biggest mistake of my life walking out on Deacon. All he wanted to do was love me and take care of me, and I let my fear of letting him in my heart push him away. I'm an empty hollow shell of my former self. I wanted to protect myself from getting hurt and, not only did I destroy myself in the process, I hurt Deacon.

Drying my hair, visions of Deacon's face as the elevator doors closed flash before my eyes. The sadness in his eyes makes the wound in my heart throb. I drop the hair dryer in the sink. My hands drop to the edge of the counter as the tears stream down my cheeks. In anger at myself, my arm sweeps across the counter, sending everything flying across the room. I slump down to the floor, crying into my hands. I'm such a fucking idiot. I think I love him, and I let him slip away before I could see if it was real. No, I know it was real, and now it's gone.

CHAPTER

SEVEN

Deacon

My foot taps anxiously against the floor of the plane, wishing this fucking tin can would fly faster. The atmosphere on the plane is alive with excited energy. My crew is still celebrating our win last night. I should feel like the king of the world right now, but all I feel is sadness. Watching Amelia vanish behind those elevator doors was gut wrenching, especially after the way I treated her. I let my anger get the better of me. She was scared and defensive, and I acted like an asshole instead of easing her fears. I raced down to the lobby to find her, but she was long gone. Leaving me with an empty heart and a ton of regret.

I'm not giving up the fight. Every bone in my body is telling me that we are supposed to be together. She's mine and I will do everything in my power to bring her home.

CHAPTER

EIGHT

Amelia

There is a knock on my door promptly at seven. The Senator is right on time. I managed to scrape myself off the bathroom floor and stitch myself back together. The scotch in my system is numbing the pain for the moment. I just pray I can make it through the next couple of hours before I fall apart again.

I put my best fake confident smile on and open the door. The Senator is standing before me looking dapper in his dark blue suit. The top two buttons on his crisp white shirt are open and his tie is partially stuffed in his coat pocket. He's relaxed and smiling. There is a cocky confidence sparkling in his emerald green eyes. His first day on the campaign must have gone well.

He steps across the threshold; his eyes roam my body. The corner of his mouth quirks in appreciation of the view. Red lace bra and thong with a matching garter. The Senator's favorite. "You look positively ravishing tonight, Miss Amelia."

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“Thank you, Senator.” A bubble of emotion catches in the back of my throat. I choke it back before the tears start fall. Keep it together Amelia. His hand rests on the curve of my hip and it sends a rush of guilt through my body. The well-placed stitching holding me together is beginning to tear, and I realize I can’t go through with this.

Just as I’m about to push him away, Deacon comes bursting through the door, dragging two security guards behind him. He manages to shake them off, and they lunge for him again, but they are no match against Deacon and his fierce left hook. They both end up back in the hallway on the floor wincing in pain. He turns his attention back to me, pushing the Senator out of his way as he stalks over to me. My breath hitches when his hand cups my chin. His touch makes me feel whole again.

“You can’t just barge in here,” the Senator barks.

Deacon lets out a frustrated growl. He pulls out a wad of cash from his wallet and stuffs it in the Senator’s breast pocket. “This should cover what you paid for your session.” He grabs the Senator by the arm and roughly shoves him out the door, slamming the heavy wood in his face. He slowly stalks over to me. His dark hooded eyes send a chill down my spine.

“Deacon, what are you doing here?” I stutter, taking a few steps back.

“I came here for you, Amelia. Since you walked out, I haven’t been able to function without you. There is this huge gaping hole in my chest.” He grabs my hand and places it over his heart. The soft rhythm matches my own.

“Deacon, I...”

He presses his fingers to my lips, stopping me from protesting. “You don’t get to talk right now.” He guides me back toward the wall as he speaks, “I’m sorry for what I said in Vegas. I was being an asshole, but what I’m not sorry for is telling you that I love you and that I want you to come home with me to Chicago. You are my end game, Amelia. I need you in my corner, and I don’t care what delusional ideas you have in that head of yours as to why we won’t work. I want you, and I will take you kicking and screaming out of this fucking house if I have to.”

My back presses against the wall. Deacon’s hand still rests over my mouth. His words are making my head spin. He came back for me. He really loves me and, as much as my heart is going to hate this, I love him too.

“You’re mine, Amelia.” His hand reaches around my back and unclasps my bra, his fingers gliding between my breasts as the fabric falls to the floor. My body instantly melts against his touch. My eyes flutter closed as his thumb brushes over my nipple, working it into a hard peak. “See, even your body knows it belongs to me.”

The emptiness that has plagued me all day is slowly filling with every touch of his hands. I need more. I want to feel his bare flesh against mine, taking me, owning me. I want nothing more than to be his. I can see it so clearly now.

He moves his hand away from my mouth. “Are we going to do this the easy way or the hard way?” he asks with a look of hope in his eyes.

“Where you go, I go,” I say with a confident breath. “Take me home Deacon.”

EPILOGUE ONE

Amelia

“Amelia, baby, get that gorgeous ass out here,” Deacon calls out. So impatient. Oh yeah, Deacon is going to love me in this, I say to myself as I snap the final clasp on my white lace garter to the silk stockings adorning my legs. I scrutinize myself one last time in the mirror. This new line of lingerie I designed is beautiful and feels amazing on my body. My customers are going to go crazy for it.

I opened my lingerie shop six months ago in Chicago. The shop has done far better than I ever could have imagined. My designs have been flying off the racks. This came as no surprise to Deacon. He has been incredibly supportive through this whole process. He’s also been patient with me while I adjust to my new life with him in Chicago. My time at Magnolia will always be a part of who I am, but I realize now that I was just hiding out there. I didn’t know where my life was heading. One of the bright spots that did come from working at the brothel was, of course, Deacon, my Saint. He sees the beauty in my flaws and loves me for all that I am. I don’t need hundreds of men dropping to their knees for me when I have one man who is worth more than a thousand men. He’s the only man worth getting on my knees for. The only man worthy of my heart.

“Okay, ready or not, here I come.” I slide open the curtain to the dressing room and step out, doing a little spin. “This is a part of the bridal collection we are going to start selling. So, what do you think?” I ask, resting my hands on my hips.

The phone in Deacon’s hand falls to the floor. His eyes darken with hunger as he drinks the view in. “I’ve never seen virginal white look so sinful before,” he says with a sexy panty-melting grin.

“You think everything I wear is sinful, Mr. Saint.”

“That’s what happens when the woman wearing it is sexy as fuck.” He stalks across the dressing room, stopping right in front of me. His powerful body towers over me, sending a wave of desire straight to my pussy. “You know what would make this look

even sexier?” His fingers hook inside my thong, ripping it clean off my body. With nimble fingers, he opens the clasp on the front of my bra, letting the palms of his hands glide over my bare breasts as he removes the lace. One hand moves to the top of my thigh, popping open each clasp one by one. He sinks to his knees, lips tasting my inner thigh as he slowly slides one stocking off then moves to my other leg, leaving a trail of hot kisses along my skin.

“Now you’re perfect.” He grins up at me. Leaving me standing there in nothing but my garter, he leans in, kissing my wet pussy lips, tongue swirling around my clit. I can’t believe this is my life. I have the same gorgeous man in my bed every night, loving me, fucking me, treating me like a queen. Every day with Deacon is an adventure. Him eating me out in the middle of my shop is high on the list of incredible adventures. Knowing Deacon, he will have that topped by the end of the night.

“I see my fashion show only made it to one outfit before you had to fuck me,” I giggle between moans.

“You should not be surprised by this babe. My dick is always at the ready to fuck this pretty pussy.” He catches me in his gaze as he flattens his tongue, licking the length of my pussy.

“Then you better whip that bad boy out right the fuck now,” I demand. All his teasing has me horny as fuck.

Deacon sits back on the leather bench in the middle of the room, and unzips his pants, pulling out his already hard cock. My tongue glides across my lips, watching the beads of pre-cum dripping down his shaft. I step between his legs and turn my back to him, wiggling my ass close to his face. He leans in, sinking his teeth into my left cheek, making me squeal. His hands take purchase of my hips, positioning me over his cock. Slowly, I sink down on his thick length until he fills me to the hilt. That first

thrust of his cock is almost my undoing. He envelops me in his arms, and I am home. I started out as Deacon's lucky charm, now he has become mine.

EPILOGUE TWO

Deacon

Six years Later

"I can't believe we made him," Amelia coos, while nursing our son, Romeo. Just a day ago, it was just the two of us and now we have a beautiful baby boy. I'm a father. Six years ago, I never imagined this is how my life would go. A wife and kids were not what I thought I deserved. That was until I met my Amelia. She is the light of my life. My home. We had our fair share of difficulties at the beginning of our relationship. Now we are stronger than ever.

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We got married three years ago. It was a small ceremony in Vegas with just her parents and my crew. It was one of the best days of my life. Two years later, I retired from boxing and opened a training facility. Working with trouble youth. I know Eric would be proud of the work we are doing. Amelia's lingerie business has been booming. She now has stores across the country and a huge online following. Just when we thought our lives couldn't get any better, Amelia surprised me yet again when she told me she was pregnant.

"He's perfect." I bend to kiss the top of his head, then turned and kissed my wife. "You are amazing, angel." My heart is bursting with love for my wife and our son.

"Is it crazy that I already want another one?" She softly giggled. This incredible woman has given me everything I could have ever wanted. I will spend the rest of my life making all her dreams come true. That includes giving her as many babies as she wants. I want our home to be overflowing with love.

"Not crazy at all. I'll give you as many babies as you want, my love." She looks over at me with such love and devotion in her eyes.

"I love you so much, Deacon, my saint."

"I love you too, my love."

The End