



Sold to the Fighter

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Dark, Mc

Description: Grace

I've followed the rules my whole life, only to be told I'm not good enough. And when I finally escape my fanatical devil of a father, I stumble into a dark world I never could have imagined—a world where men are offering ludicrous amounts of money for my virginity.

I have no idea how to please a man, but when I meet Theo, I find myself wanting to learn. His voice makes me want to obey his every command, to be good for him. Unlike my father, he makes me feel safe. And unlike my father, he sees me and loves me for who I am. It's hard to believe that the love he's offering is real, but if I can accept it, I know I'll never have to be afraid again...

Theo

As a fighter who's made a fortune in underground rings, I'm used to the darkness. But this place is the worst...where the scum of the earth gather to buy and sell terrified young women. I'm just here to fulfill a promise I made to my father—and then I can go back to my lonely life, where at least I'm in control.

But then she steps onto the stage, and I know I'll never be the same. This wasn't the plan, but I can't let any other man get his hands on her, so I know she's coming home with me.

It isn't long before I'm showing her a side of me I don't share with anyone else. To my shock, she accepts all of me, even the darkest parts. Now I know I'll never let her go...

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Chapter One

Grace

I open my eyes slowly, wondering if the rough, scratchy palm that's creeping up my thigh is just a part of my dream.

It's not.

The touch is clammy, foreign, and wrong, and my stomach twists with nausea before my brain fully catches up and panic slams into me like a freight train.

I let out a scream, jumping to a sitting position and staring wide-eyed at the stocky, bald man beside me, his sunken eyes roaming my body greedily. He reaches for me again, muttering something low and slurred. I scream again, shoving him with all my strength. He stumbles back, cursing, and I don't wait to see if he regains his balance.

I jump to my feet and start to run, and I don't stop running until I'm far away from the homeless shelter.

By the time I finally slow down, my chest is burning, my breaths coming in ragged gulps. I look around, trying to get my bearings. Neon signs glow in the distance, and the sidewalks are crowded with people, some laughing, others rushing past, lost in their own worlds. Even at this time of night, Seattle looks alive, indifferent to me and the nightmare I just escaped.

I wrap my arms around myself, my body trembling in the crisp night air. My stomach

rumbles, reminding me of how long it's been since I last ate.

Two days.

But I'd rather be out here on the streets than go back home. Because home is hell and my father is worse than the devil. It's ironic how he disguises his cruelty with his faith in God. He has a Bible verse for everything while going against everything that Bible stands for.

My stomach clenches. A little hunger and cold is not enough to make me go back to him. Years of physical and emotional abuse has toughened me enough that I know I can endure whatever harshness the world throws at me.

I look around at the cafés and restaurants lining the street, my stomach growling at the delicious smell of coffee. Maybe one of these places would be willing to hire me.

Taking in a deep breath, I head toward a coffee shop that proclaims itself to be open all night. There aren't a lot of people inside, and that makes it so much easier to walk over to the dark-haired woman at the counter.

"Hi. Welcome to Olly's," she says with a cheerful smile. "What can I get you?"

I shake my head, swallowing nervously. "I—uh...was wondering if you needed a part-timer. I could serve and, uh...run errands. I'd do anything, honestly."

"Oh. I'm sorry, but we don't need any new staff right now," she says, her eyes narrowing with pity. "You should try the diner down the block."

I nod, dropping my head to hide the tears swelling in my eyes. "Thank you," I mutter underneath my breath.

I turn to leave, but another voice stops me. “Wait...miss?”

A man I didn’t notice before is rising from a booth in the corner. He’s wearing a nice suit, and carrying a briefcase. I wonder what a businessman is doing out so late at night, but all thought comes to a halt when he says, “I couldn’t help but overhear that you’re looking for work. I’m currently looking for an assistant. It’s just basic office work, some running errands, that sort of thing...so the pay isn’t—”

“I’ll do it,” I cut in quickly. Too quickly. “I-I’ll take anything. Thank you so much.”

He nods and gestures to the door. “Well, my office is right next door. If you’d like we can do a quick interview and get you set up.” His expression is professional and distant, and his manner is brusque, as if he just wants to get this over with, but my body is flooded with gratitude.

“Yes, that sounds great. I-I really appreciate the opportunity,” I murmur, biting down on the inside of my cheek to contain the excitement flushing through me.

I follow him out the door, unable to believe my luck. I’ve been roaming the city for two days, and no one so much as spared me a second glance. Because I lived with a devil for so long, I never believed in angels, but maybe—just maybe—they do exist.

The office building next door is a little run-down, and I feel a small shiver of nerves when the man locks the door behind us after we step inside, but I lift my chin and follow him to his office, where he offers me a chair in front of his desk.

“Tea? Coffee?” he offers, looking at me expectantly.

“Oh! Um, tea would be lovely, thank you.” My limbs ache with exhaustion, and maybe a hot drink will help.

I busy myself with looking around the room as he fixes me a mug of tea, noting the bland, nondescript décor and the lack of any name or signage.

“So, what is it you do exactly?” I ask him as he sits down at his desk across from me and passes me the mug of tea. I take a sip immediately—it’s an odd flavor, but the warmth is exactly what I needed.

He watches me closely for a moment before he says, “Oh, a little bit of this, a little bit of that.” He waves his hand airily and chuckles, but it sounds forced, and his laughter echoes oddly in the nearly empty room.

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I take another sip of tea to calm my nerves.

The man is now running his beady eyes over my body in a way that makes my skin crawl with an uneasy feeling.

“You’re a virgin?” he asks abruptly.

I stare at him in shock, unable to wrap my head around his question. “What?”

“Look, you want the job or not?” he sneers, and I notice an accent that wasn’t there before.

“What does working as an assistant have to do with my virginity?”

“You’re too good to work as an assistant,” he responds. “I’m hooking you up with a good-paying gig. Something much better for a pretty girl like you.”

“I don’t—”

“Fifteen hundred bucks, just for the night,” he cuts in, his big lips tilting upward in a smirk.

I clench my jaw, unsure what to make of the offer. While the money sounds too good to be true, I’m starting to realize that this isn’t a job I want to take. But what choice do I really have?

I glance toward the door nervously. The man casually leans back in his chair, and his

jacket opens a bit to show a gun in its holster at his side. He smirks when he sees me looking at it.

“I ain’t got time, miss. If you don’t wanna—”

“I’ll do it!” I interrupt quickly, clearing my throat as my cheeks flush with heat. I’ll have to go along with him for now, and escape when I can.

“So, you’re a virgin?” he asks again, raising his bushy brows. “That’s a very important requirement for the job.”

“Y-yes,” I squeak, my cheeks burning hotter.

He nods. “Good. Now finish your tea.”

I go to do as he says, but after only one more sip, the room is spinning. I feel faint, as if I’m going to pass out. My mind is just conscious enough to register what’s happening, and I look down at my cup of tea in horror before darkness creeps into the edges of my vision.

When I wake up, I’m in the passenger seat of a car. The man who drugged me is driving, and we’re pulling up to an old stone building in the middle of nowhere. Is this a church?

Well, that’s ironic.

I almost panic, thinking that somehow this man has found my father and has brought me back to him, but then I realize this doesn’t look like any church I’ve ever been to before. Still, I’m wary, because I know better than anyone how religious backdrops can be used to mask horrific actions.

The man comes around the car to open the door and usher me out. My legs are wobbly, and he grabs my arm roughly. “Don’t even think of trying to run,” he hisses in my ear.

Before I can respond, another man joins us by the car. This one looks like a pirate, a scar slashing through the left side of his face. The two men speak in hushed tones for a few minutes, then the man with a scar turns to look at me, his eyes assessing me in a way that send chills shooting up my spine.

“We’ll take her,” the scar-faced man says, nodding at my captor and passing him an envelope from his pocket.

My heart is drumming loudly in my chest now. What have I gotten myself into? I glance at the chapel again, fear pricking my skin.

A loud engine breaks into my thoughts. I look up in time to see a sleek blue Audi pulling into a space in the parking lot. The engine stops, and the driver steps out of the car—and for a moment I forget how terrifying my situation is.

He’s the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen. Dark hair falls casually over his forehead, his face looks like it was sculpted from stone, and his blue eyes glint brightly even in the sparse light that illuminates the walkway up to the door.

For a second, I imagine that he’s here to rescue me. I imagine running over to him and being swept away in his arms like he’s the hero in some movie. I don’t know why I think a stranger will suddenly save the day, but for some strange reason, I feel comforted by his presence.

“Come on, girl,” Scarface snaps irritably. “I don’t got all night.” He jerks roughly on my arm, and I break the brief eye contact I held with the mystery man.

In a flood of shame, I realize that no one is here to save me. I'm on my own. I follow Scarface into the chapel, past the sanctuary, and down a long set of stairs. I imagine what my father would think if he saw me now. I can practically hear his voice in my head, sneering that this is what I deserve for "leaving the path of righteousness."

I find myself wondering if I've managed to escape one devil just to be sold to another.

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Chapter Two

Theo

Fuck this.

What in the hell is going on at this chapel out in the middle of nowhere?

I have to try hard to control my breathing as I watch the two figures in front of me enter the building. Though I can only see their silhouettes, it's obvious that the girl doesn't want to be here. The sight of that man's grip on her arm makes me clench my jaw.

I should have forced Damien to come with me. I reread his last message on my burner phone:

I don't want you to be blindsided. Just so you know, the auction isn't about goods, but girls.

I bunch my fist against my thigh. It doesn't sound any less vile than the last time I read it.

I might have to punch someone out before the night is over. There's no one to restrain me, so I have to get myself under control. I think about the cheering crowds as I enter the fighting ring, the calm and calculated persona I wear like a cloak as I size up my opponent, and the cool-headed Dom who controls the pleasure of his sub.

As I remember who I am, my rage calms and I am once again the cold bastard that many people know me to be. I know I can fit into this world, at least long enough to find the person I came here to find.

Fighting in the underground since I was a teenager has opened my eyes to a lot of shady dealings that I've grown used to. Now, at thirty-eight, I don't see things in black or white, but in different shades of gray, ash, and any color in between.

"Welcome to the chapel," the guard at the entrance greets in a monotonous voice. "Your ticket please."

I show him the ticket, then gesture at the entrance. "I have an appointment with Richard Pierce. Is he in there?"

There's an unmistakable edge in my tone, and the guard visibly straightens. "Not yet," he answers. "But you can go in for the show while you wait for him."

"The show," I drawl frostily, arching a brow. Fuck.

The guard swallows. "Please go in."

I walk through the small alcove and then follow a corridor to a flight of stairs until finally I'm entering a large hall with a wide, elevated stage. The dimly lit room has plush seating in place, each with a small desk-like compartment attached. I'm not surprised to find the space occupied by other guests, but I don't bother to exchange pleasantries. Instead, I head to the back and settle into an empty seat in a dark corner, keeping my gaze on the entrance so I'll know the moment Richard arrives.

Distaste curls inside me at the thought of the old man. He was my father's friend and business partner when he was alive. They opened a club together and made steady money, paying off the loan they owed the bank.

When we lost my mom to a car accident, Dad was understandably distraught. He couldn't cope or supervise the club like before. Richard took the opportunity to make deals with major drug dealers in the city.

By the time my father became aware, the club was already well-known for dealing drugs. Dad was so furious that he threatened to alert the cops if Richard didn't stop dealing. Richard ended up finding a new space for his own club where he continued his shady dealings, taking almost all of their customers with him while he asked my father to pay him back for his share of the bar.

The bar ran down after that, and my father couldn't pay off his debt. He gave in to his grief and his shame, and he became an alcoholic.

I had just turned eighteen when this all happened, and since I was big for my age, I started attending underground fights with my friends. Aside from the fact that the money was good, I needed a way to channel all my rage and anger.

I got beat up in my first two fights, but I learned and started to use my body to my advantage. Fighting felt good—I could let go of all my pent-up emotions.

I lost my dad a year later. He drank himself to death.

Though I knew it wasn't completely fair, I wanted to blame Richard for my father's decision to take solace in alcohol. My father didn't want to be connected to Richard in any way, which only pushed him deeper into the bottle. I vowed to pay off his debts and ease his mind, but he died before I could fulfill that vow.

So, here I am, waiting for Richard Pierce. I'll pay him off, and my father's soul can finally rest.

I take another look at my surroundings. I'm not surprised that Richard is a regular at

this place; he was well on his way to being a pathetic fucker when he fucked my dad over.

“Gentlemen. Welcome,” the auctioneer says, taking my attention off the patrons. “Welcome to another week of our auction here at the chapel. Tonight I bring you an array of untouched and delectable goods, and I’ll be back in a minute to unveil them one after the other. Sit tight!”

Motherfucker.

I hate him already. As I stare at his smug face, the need to punch him flares inside me, but I push it back. I’d rather be anywhere but here. But I’m willing to sit through this vile auction just so I can complete my vow to my father. I don’t know what that says about me, but I gave up on walking the straight and narrow the moment I took out my first opponent in a fight.

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Every fight leaves a mark on the soul, chipping away at the goodness of a person. It has taken unbreakable will and determination for me to hold on to that hidden part of me that keeps me sane and upright in this world of greed and darkness.

Yet, I can't deny the coldness inside me. I've honed my fighting skills to perfection. I know the right places to hit to end a person's life. The knowledge doesn't faze me, but instead gives me an edge.

The auctioneer walks back onto the stage at the one-minute mark with a slick smile. The hall goes silent and the light dims, drawing attention to the bright stage.

"Alright. Starting off the auction, I present item number one!"

A scantily clad young woman stumbles onto the stage, her heels clattering haphazardly. Her fear is evident as she trembles and holds her sides. It's obvious she's trying to cover as much skin as she can. I look around to see men with wide eyes filled with sick excitement, and anger rises within me.

The bidding passes in a haze as I sweep my gaze around the room, taking in the numerous armed guards that line all of the exits. There's nothing I can do to help these girls, so I just...wait.

"One million, going once...going twice...sold!"

The woman exclaims in terror and I watch as her buyer walks up to the stage and drags her back to his seat where she is made to give him a lap dance while other men leer at her. Sick fucks.

The same thing happens with three more girls, and by this time I'm livid. Cold rage burns deep inside me, and I keep asking myself if being here is worth it.

"And now number five! This one is special. A bridge between innocence and sin. An innocent siren."

The girl walks onto the stage, and I stop breathing. For a second that feels like forever, my heart pounds loudly in my chest, and she's all I see. It's as if a deep part of me, the untwisted part, recognizes a kindred soul.

Fuck! This is not happening.

My hand trembles at the intensity of my emotions and I tighten it until my nails bite deep into my flesh. I've never been this affected by the opposite sex. Ever. But something about her calls to me.

There's a confidence to the way she walks, even though I can tell she's afraid, and it reels me in. Other girls gave in to their misery, but this young woman seems strangely collected. The need to protect her grips me hard. I can't help it. My gaze travels over her honey-colored skin and my blood rushes straight to my cock.

"Oh fuck," I mutter, rearranging my stiff length in my trousers.

This isn't part of the plan. Not those sexy moss-green eyes, the red-painted bow lips, the dark tresses draping over her shapely hourglass body covered in red lingerie that leaves little to the imagination.

There's an innocence about her, a fragility that calls to me. I want her, but I want to keep her safe. Hell, I need her, but I can't have her.

I have to restrain myself. What kind of man would I be if I give in like the assholes

I'm sitting in this room with?

I see the fear in her piercing green eyes—the way they scamper over the crowd of men in front of her.

A white-hot rage blinds me. It's potent and consuming, heating up my insides. I don't want any of their dirty hands on her.

“The bid starts at one hundred thousand.” There's a sick delight in the announcer's voice that fuels my rage.

Bastard.

I settle deeper in my seat. Outwardly I'm indifferent, but inside, I'm at war with myself.

She's far too young for me...

Yet, am I just going to sit back and let one of these fuckers take her home?

“Two hundred thousand!”

“Five hundred thousand!”

I grind my jaw hard. The thought of any of these men touching her makes me want to punch someone to death. The need to possess her scares me, and that surprises me.

Nothing scares me.

But one look at her and I just want to protect her from the world. And from myself.

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And fuck her hard...

Damn! I can't have her.

“Oh. A juicy deal to seal it up—this one is a virgin and the buyer will get a private show immediately following the sale. So bid high!” the auctioneer announces, throwing the room into a frenzy.

Excitement cuts through the air, and I watch those innocent eyes go wide at the announcement. My cock weeps as I imagine her moving sinuously over me, and I can't help the thought that crosses my mind. Can I outbid them all to get a private show, and then let her go? No, that sounds like a...badidea.

If I win this bid, I'm not sure I trust my self to let her go afterward.

“One million dollars,” someone calls.

“Two million,” says another.

“Four million.” It seems the prospect of getting a private show from a virgin has them bidding higher.

“Ten million dollars,” a man with silver hair and a potbelly says in an overconfident tone.

“Ten million going once...”

Who am I kidding? She's mine. No one else can have her.

I press the buzzer. "Twenty million!" I call out with an air of finality.

There's a shocked silence and I feel eyes on me, but my gaze is fixed on my beautiful girl. My siren. She calls to a deep part of me, and it responds. I'm no longer in control. I see her fear, her resignation, and her determination in those beautiful eyes.

I want to see them heavy and clouded with desire, her lips swollen from my kisses. My cock grows harder at the thought, and I feel even more like a bastard.

"Well, twenty million it is. Going once...going twice, and...sold!" the auctioneer declares.

A guard escorts my prize off the stage.

"Someone will lead the lucky buyer to another room for the private show. Let's get on with the next merchandise. Number six..."

As the auction goes on, a guard appears beside me. "Sir, please come with me," he says.

I rise and fall into step behind him, and he leads me into another room. It's dark and cozy, dimly illuminated with blue lights. The walls are lined with red linens and on one side is a wide red couch that feels as soft as it looks. I settle into the seat, making sure my posture is nonchalant and relaxed. I don't want to take the chance of scaring her.

Anticipation dances inside me as I wait. I'm starting to get irritated and concerned at the same time. Is something wrong? Are they hurting her? My anger spikes with every question and thought. And just as I resolve to get up and find some answers, the door

opens with a snick. The curtain parts, and she walks in, looking like a goddess.

Chapter Three

Grace

I'm a nervous mess.

All my bravado and fake confidence withered the moment the guard escorted me off the stage. Everything has been a blur since I found out what this place really is, and I haven't had time to catch my breath.

And now I've been sold to the highest bidder and I have to please him. I stand in place and stare at the wide and relaxed frame of the man sitting on the couch before me. Even under the blue lights, I can see the sharp planes of his face, and the dark hair that teases at his finely carved brows.

He's the Audi driver from the parking lot. The man I foolishly dreamed would save me. And now he's bought me at an auction—purchased my virginity.

My heart skips a beat at the realization.

I stiffen my body, betraying no emotion. I don't know what to make of this situation, but I can't afford to appear weak. I've learned from my dad that people sense your fear and use it against you, to control you.

And right now I need my wits about me. I can only trust myself and do my best to survive.

I watch the handsome stranger. He seems agitated, angry.

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Have I already done something to make him angry?

I know from my father the danger of taking one wrong step around a man who's used to being in control.

But then this man meets my eyes, and I get the feeling that this man is different. There's something...kind about him.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he says softly, his voice deep. "I'm going to help you, keep you safe. We'll get out of here, but we need to stay in here for a bit longer, make them think you're giving me a show."

I frown, confused. "So, you don't want me to...please you?"

His jaw tightens and I see his hands grip into fists, like he's barely holding on to control. "I want you to feel safe," he says. "And I don't want you to please me just because you're following their orders."

The vitriol in his voice makes me realize that his anger isn't directed at me, but at my captors. All of a sudden I'm flooded with gratitude and the desire to please this man.

How does one please a man?

"And if I want to please you...to say thank you?" I ask hesitantly. His bright eyes darken immediately, and I hear him inhale sharply. "How would I do that?"

I walk closer, until I'm just a few steps away from him. My breath catches at his

intense stare. I should be scared of him, but I find myself drawn to him.

He slowly sits up straight, and I'm shocked as I take in the true size of his body, clad in a black suit and well-tailored pants.

"Don't be scared, sweetheart," he says in a soft tone, then gestures at me. "Come here," he orders.

His voice is deep and mesmerizing, and I can't help but obey. His command is like a magnet that pulls at me, blowing my fear and uncertainty out the window.

"What's your name?" he asks gently, not taking his gaze off me.

"It's...Grace," I say, in a whisper.

His eyes soften at my response, and I'm taken aback by it. "I'm Theo Kane," he says. "How old are you, Grace?"

"Nineteen," I answer softly, and I stiffen slightly at his growl of approval, watching his eyes flare with desire.

Slow music starts to play in the room. It's seductive and sensual, gliding over my skin and sinking into my very core. I know it's my cue to dance, but I start to fidget, nervous under his heated stare.

"It's alright, sweetheart. You're safe here with me. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. Take your time, and I'll be here whenever you're ready," he reassures gently, putting me at ease.

My gaze stays locked with his, and I draw enough courage to let go of my inhibitions. I close my eyes and let go, giving in to the music and allowing my body to move.

Dancing is my guilty pleasure, my way of escaping my troubles. When I'm dancing, nothing else matters.

I slowly open my eyes, and they meet Theo's hungry ones. He's dangerously captivating with his back straight and his legs spread wide. My nipples tingle and gradually pebble under his intense gaze, and the feeling sends streaks of pleasure to my core.

I don't understand what's going on. Why do I suddenly want to move closer to him and feel his touch?

He stretches his hand out to me, and I instinctively place mine in his, allowing him to tug me into the space between his legs. This close, I can see the color of his eyes. They're cobalt blue, framed with dark lashes, and I shiver slightly at the penetrating stare.

"Are you scared of me?" he asks gently as his fingers glide slowly over mine.

I find myself nodding in response.

"Don't be, sweetheart. I won't ever hurt you," he assures.

Given the circumstances that led me to this point, I shouldn't trust a word he says. But for some reason, he makes me feel safe.

"Have you ever done this before? Been with a man?" he asks.

"No," I whisper, ducking my head. I don't want to see the disappointment in his eyes.

A calloused hand cups my cheeks and lifts my face. "It's not hard to please me, sweetheart. I love what you were doing earlier. Just touch me a little more." He

slowly glides his hands down to my neck, then grazes my breasts and slowly spans my waist, leaving a trail of current in his wake.

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My breath trembles as I slowly do as he says. I slide my hand from his neck down to his chest, dancing and gliding over him the only way I know how. The darkening of his gaze spurs me on, feeding the raging fire of pleasure that builds inside me while his hands stroke over my exposed skin. Teasing.

Every touch, every glide, heightens my desire until my whole body is tight and hot. A soft moan leaves my lips as his thumb grazes a hard nipple, and I tremble, almost halting my movements.

I can't take my eyes off him. It's both scary and exhilarating how much I'm enjoying this. I drink in his possessive stare, marveling at how he struggles to hold on to his control. My gaze goes to his hard shaft, clearly straining against his pants, and my sex tightens in response. I can't deny the high I feel, knowing that I make him hard.

As if on cue, he grabs my waist and slowly lifts me to straddle him. "Grind yourself on me," he orders.

There's something about his tone that makes me want to do everything he says. So, I grind on him, pressing my wet sex over his hard shaft through our clothes. I move with the slow beat of the song, not taking my gaze from his. He slides his hands down my body and grabs my ass cheeks, pressing me down on his cock. Soft whimpers escape my lips at the contact, and I wrap my arms around his neck, sinking my fingers into his hair.

With every movement of my hips, an ache grows inside me, spreading heat and need. My whimpers turn into moans as Theo pushes into me from below.

“Fuck, yes. That’s it, sweetheart,” he rasps. His hot breath fans the sensitive skin of my earlobe and neck, and I grow even wetter.

The need to let go becomes urgent. My body is a hot and achy mess as I writhe against him, undulating and trembling. My hands tighten in his hair and he speeds up, creating friction until I’m at the peak. Then he grinds hard and deep on the same spot and I spill over.

“Oh God!” I moan, and I press my face into his neck, trembling hard.

As I gradually ease back to a normal state, my chest heaves softly and I flush as I remember the way I moved wantonly on him. What would my father say if he saw me shamelessly hanging off a stranger? The thought fills me with shame.

Theo gently tugs my hair, pulling my head back until I’m staring into his cobalt-blue eyes. “Don’t be ashamed, sweetheart,” he says, as if reading my mind. “You did nothing wrong.”

“Thank you,” I reply softly, blushing under his warm and tender stare.

“How did you get here?” he asks me, a steely undertone entering his voice.

His unwavering stare gives me the confidence I need as I answer him. “I...I ran away from home...”

I tell him about the close call at the shelter, about the man who offered me a job, the drugged tea he gave me. “The next thing I know, I’m on a stage being auctioned off to strangers,” I finish softly.

“I’m sorry you had to go through all that, sweetheart,” he says soothingly.

Then he frowns. I want to smooth the folded skin between his brows, but instead my fingers convulse at his nape. “Why did you run away from home?” he asks.

Memories flash through my mind—my father’s shouts, his fist raised in anger. I instantly shut it down. “I don’t want to talk about it. Not now,” I say softly. I don’t want to dampen my mood with negative thoughts and emotions.

“It’s alright,” he assures, then continues, “I’ll make sure nothing like this ever happens to you again, but just in case—no more trusting strangers,” he chides me softly, cupping my cheek with his hand.

“What about you? Given the circumstances, I shouldn’t trust you either,” I say, feeling a little more confident in his arms.

Theo smirks and leans in to nip at my lower lip. “I’m the only exception. And I promise that I’ll never hurt you.”

His gaze is intense and steady on mine, pulling me deeper. And in that moment, I know he’ll never waver from that promise.

Chapter Four

Theo

The ride home is filled with sexual tension. My stiff cock aches as I remember the sound of Grace’s moans. She’s fucking exquisite. Her innocence paired with that innate confidence of hers turns me on like crazy, and the need to sate my hunger is growing inside me. I’m slowly losing my grip on the discipline I’ve cultivated over the years.

I pull into the garage of my mansion and step out of the car to open the passenger

door, and my heart tightens at the sight of her. She looks so small beside me, and the need to protect her is fierce. We walk hand in hand until I'm pulling her into the living room with me. As soon as the door closes, I tug her into my arms, pushing off my suit jacket and giving in to the need that has been riding me hard since we left the chapel.

“Fuck, sweetheart. I need you,” I rasp hoarsely. Her moss-green eyes flare in response.

It's the cue I need to lean down and slowly trail my tongue over her upper lip, nipping softly. I gently lap on the bite, chasing away the burn, and then I close my lips on hers, swallowing her answering moan. I want to kiss her hard and deep, but at the same time, I don't want to overwhelm her with the intensity of my want. She is so precious, and I want to take things slow with her.

Even if it kills me...

I groan softly into her mouth, deepening the kiss. Grace's lips are tentative on mine as her hands reach up to clutch my shoulders. The movement is hesitant and almost teasing. I slowly take over, delving my fingers into her lush dark hair and gripping tight as I sweep my tongue into the heat of her mouth. Goose bumps burst out of my skin at the contact, and her soft moan spurs me on. I tangle my tongue with hers, sucking on her lip at the same time. Sensation courses through me, shooting straight to my cock.

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“Sweetheart,” I say as I break the kiss, slowly pulling away and breathing heavily. “I’m trying to hold on to my last shred of will. I don’t want to overwhelm you.”

“It’s alright. I don’t mind.” She ducks her head, her cheeks turning a bright pink.

I can’t help but smile at her sudden shyness. It’s endearing to see that the bold, sensual dancer can also be sweet and shy. “Are you sure, sweetheart?” I ask as I cup her cheeks and tilt her head up, looking into her beautiful eyes.

She nods shyly. “I can’t explain it, but I...I want you.”

I know it took a lot for her to admit that she wants me; still, I’m hesitant to give in to the desire simmering inside me. I feel a need to dominate her and bring her to climax over and over. But one look at her soft gaze, swollen pink lips, and tempting eyes, and I’m rendered helpless.

I slam my mouth over hers, and this time the kiss is hard and deep as I stake my claim.

And yet, I still feel the need to hold back a little bit. I don’t know if she can handle all of me.

I lift her in my arms, urging her legs around my waist while I continue to savor her lips. They are soft and sweet, sending a burning current through my veins with every nip and suck.

With every step up the stairs, my cock brushes against her damp slit, teasing out soft

moans that vibrate in her throat, adding to my torture. My cock grows stiffer with every contact, and I swallow my groan of pleasure. I turn the knob and push open the door to my suite with my back.

I head straight for the bedroom, where I gently put her on her feet. I break our kiss and slowly trail my lips down to her cleavage, breathing in her heady, fragrant scent. Slowly, I push her onto her back in the center of the bed and slowly pull down the straps of her lacy bra, exposing her rosy nipples to my gaze.

A loud groan escapes my lips. “Beautiful,” I rasp softly as I watch the slow rise and fall of her chest.

I lean over the soft, inviting flesh and blow softly over her pink areolas. She jerks, and I watch her nipples form into tight buds as I graze my finger over each one, dragging soft whimpers from her lips. The rapturous expression on her face is the encouragement I need, and I lean down to trace my tongue around her right nipple, watching it grow even tighter before my gaze. I do the same to the other nipple, marveling in her moan in response.

“Theo,” she growls softly, and I chuckle against her tight nub, fanning hot air over the sensitive bud and reveling in her sharp jerk.

“What do you want, sweetheart?” I rasp softly over her skin, then look up to see those moss-green eyes clouded with desire.

“I want you to s-suck my nipples,” she says shyly.

“And I will gladly oblige, sweetheart.” I close my lips over a hard nipple.

“Oh!” Grace moans, arching into my mouth.

Her fingers slide to the back of my neck and sink into my hair, sending shivers down my spine. My cock is an aching mess, releasing droplets of pre-cum inside my boxers. I can't wait to drive into her and wring every moan and scream of pleasure from her lips. With that thought, I slowly rotate my tongue over the nub, sucking it deep while I roll the other between my fingers. Grace's loud moans wash over me as I nip and suck, switching between both nipples.

Her hands tighten in my hair, sending bites of pleasure to my aching shaft. I slowly release her nipples and place tiny bites down her stomach, soothing every ache with my lips. I push down the lacy panties and thong, revealing her glistening slit.

I inhale sharply as my stiff shaft tightens painfully, and I look up at her. "Fuck, I can't wait to make love to you." My voice is tight with need.

Her answering moan rings out in the quiet room, but I notice her shaky exhale. "What's wrong, sweetheart?" I ask, straightening.

"It's nothing. I'm just scared," she whispers.

My heart clenches, and I slowly lower my body over hers, making sure to withhold my weight. "Why are you scared, baby?" I whisper as I place my forehead on hers, our breaths mingling.

"I've never done this before." She swallows nervously.

Fuck! I should have known.

I close my eyes, willing my raging desire and hard-on to the back burner. Everything about this woman screams innocence, and I can't believe that I let desire cloud my mind.

I place a gentle kiss on her lips. “It’s alright, sweetheart. We’ll go slow until you’re ready.” I kiss her forehead before lifting off of her. “You should rest for the night.”

Chapter Five

Grace

“You should rest for the night.”

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The words reverberate through my head as Theo presses another kiss onto my forehead and lifts off my body. My heart clenches at the loss of warmth, and tears well at the back of my eyes.

Why did I say I was scared?

I know in the deepest part of my heart that he wouldn't hurt me, but my fear was instinctive, stemming from my inexperience. I didn't want him to be disappointed in me, but now I just feel...unwanted.

I slowly rise up as he straightens, the ache in my core momentarily forgotten.

"Don't you want me?" I blurt out, my heart constricting in pain.

My father always treated me like I wasn't good enough, and even told me so, over and over again. Then Theo truly saw me, and wanted me just as I am. Or so I thought.

Maybe he doesn't...

But his forehead creases in concern at my words, and he rushes to reassure me. "Sweetheart, I want you so much that I'm holding on by a thread. I just don't want to rush things. I want you to be ready."

"I'm ready," I say, my voice soft in the quiet room.

There's no point denying how I feel for him. I thought I had felt the full extent of my emotion when I had a stupid high school crush on Doug in sophomore year, but with

Theo, what I feel is unimaginable and all-encompassing. And there's no one in the world I'd rather lose my virginity to than him.

Theo growls softly, drawing my attention back to him. He slowly looks over my exposed skin, his gaze darkening, and I shiver slightly, goose bumps trailing over my skin. "Are you sure, baby? There's no going back," he says hoarsely, his voice deeper than usual.

My breath catches, and I nod. "Yes, I'm sure."

He moves back and sits on the white couch opposite the bed, widening his legs. "Off the bed," he commands in that deep, velvety tone that sinks into my pores.

My simmering desire roars back to life as I crawl out of the bed. I stand before him, drunk in his hungry gaze.

"Undress." The command is hoarse but gentle.

My sex spasms, and I slowly tug at the lingerie, pulling it off my body piece by piece until I'm naked.

"You're so fucking gorgeous," he rasps, then orders softly, "Dance for me, baby."

Heat floods my cheeks, but my body instantly submits to the command in his tone. I start to sway to an imaginary beat, moving my body as sinuously as I can. Theo opens his legs wider and my gaze goes to his crotch. The hard shaft straining against his pants excites me, and I begin to dance even more sensuously, trailing my fingers over my exposed skin.

I can't take my eyes off him. The need to please him drives me, stoking the fire of desire in my gut. It grows hotter as he slowly unbuttons his black silk shirt and peels

it off his muscled body, throwing it to the side. My insides clench as I imagine trailing my hands over those muscles and licking him all over. I should be shocked at my bold thoughts, but apparently when I'm in this state, all my inhibitions blow away.

"Come here, sweetheart," he says.

It's as if he's a male siren calling to his mate. I dance toward him slowly, moving my hips and gliding my hands to the beat in my mind until I'm on his lap just like in the auction house. His cobalt-blue eyes ensnare mine, and my breath catches as I gaze into them. I trail my hands over his smooth skin, the hard ridges of his chest and arms, gyrating slowly on him.

Need growing, I run my fingers convulsively over his body until I encircle his neck with my arms and start to earnestly grind into him. I want to relieve the burning ache. Need consumes my mind, burning hotter with every stroke. I moan low in my throat, breathing erratically as the ache peaks.

Just a little bit more...

My fingers convulse, digging into the nape of his neck as I strain against him.

"Not yet," Theo declares, stopping my movements with a hand on my waist.

I let out a moan of disappointment, frowning down at him. But he smiles and leans in to tug and nip at my lower lip, sucking it gently into his mouth. It sends a sharp bite of current down to my core, and I shamelessly moan aloud.

"I want you to come on my lips before I fuck you hard," he whispers against my mouth.

His words send delicious sensations coursing through me, adding to my maddening desire. I moan into his lips, giving in to his possessive kiss. His lips are unyielding against mine as he stands from the couch and effortlessly carries me to the huge bed without breaking the kiss. I moan into his mouth and he glides his tongue over mine, stroking the sensitive flesh. He slowly pulls away and trails his lips down my sensitive skin, lavishing attention on my hard nipples on the way. I tremble under his coarse hands and heated tongue, moaning and whimpering.

“Theo,” I moan in complaint.

“Soon, sweetheart,” he rasps.

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He kisses a path down to my entrance, parting the wet and swollen folds with his fingers. My fingers fist at the back of his head, and my thighs quiver on both sides of him. He teases at my hard clit, trailing a finger over it. I whimper and jerk, my whole body vibrating in anticipation.

He slowly strokes his finger around my clit, teasing and stoking my desire until I'm mindless with need, quivering and moaning. Then without warning, he dives between my legs, closing his heated mouth over my engorged clit and sucking hard.

"Theo!" I scream, quivering and detonating into his mouth.

My body trembles with aftershocks at every lick of his tongue, and I moan softly as he gives a slow lick and climbs off the bed. I watch him tug off his pants and underwear in one go, inhaling softly at the sight of his hard cock.

"Don't be scared, sweetheart," he says as he draws closer.

"I'm not scared," I reply, smiling softly at him.

"Good," he whispers and leans over me, trailing kisses up my calves.

Slow licks of heat follow his trail, warming up my body from inside out. He parts my folds and laves the hardening nub, prompting me to quiver. "Oh," I moan softly, reaching out to grip his shoulders. I didn't think I could feel an even greater need flood my bloodstream, after my last orgasm.

A new, deeper ache blooms in my gut as he sucks hard on my clit. Then he slowly

slips a finger inside my tight channel, drawing a whimper of need out of me. His slow strokes send delicious shivers to my core, building my desire.

I gyrate under him, gripping his shoulders tighter as he adds another finger, gliding smoothly into my sopping wet sex. It's so tight and full that my belly quivers as I imagine his cock filling me up.

Theo slowly removes his hands and kisses his way up my body until he's draped over me. Then, he urges my legs up and around his waist, nestling his hard cock against my wet pussy and slowly stroking against it. My legs tighten around him in response, and my hands caress his body with a mind of their own.

"I need your eyes, sweetheart," he grits out, and I open them instantly, staring into his dark gaze. He slowly pushes inside me, inch by inch, and then he penetrates me in one go.

"Oh God!" I groan, feeling a sharp bite, but it only stokes the raging flame roaring beneath my skin.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asks in concern, and my heart melts.

I nod, feeling tears at the back of my eyes. Ever since I lost my mom, I've never felt so...cared for. My gaze stays on his as he slowly moves inside me. It's exhilarating and exciting to see the emotions flit in his eyes, the sheer control in his strength.

His strokes increase in tempo, sliding over the sensitive flesh inside me. I moan loudly, clutching him tighter as the blooming ache heightens. My need is like a volcano threatening to combust and melt everything in its path. His thrusts become harder and deeper, rendering me mindless with want. Every deep stroke fuels the raging beast. Our eyes remain locked, and our breaths mingle until I don't know where one stops and the other begins. Before long, an intense ache builds inside me,

growing until I'm quivering and combusting hard in his arms.

"Theo!" I clamp hard on his cock as I climax, dragging him over the edge.

"Fuck!" he grunts, jerking and triggering mini orgasms inside me.

I tremble softly in his arms as he shifts us so we're on our sides and hugs me close. We stare at each other, silently basking in the moment. Still, I can't help but notice the tension simmering beneath his skin and his shaft that's still inside me, hardening once again.

"Did I please you?" I ask, unable to hide my feelings.

He pushes softly inside me, triggering a myriad of sensations, then leans down to kiss my lips. "So much that I can't get enough," he answers, gently caressing my back.

I frown up at him. "Why do I feel like you're holding back from me?"

He sighs. "Sweetheart, you're too pure for all of me. What I feel for you is not simple. It's consuming, and I don't ever want to let you go, or give you any reason to want to walk away."

He takes over my mouth in a kiss. It's sweet and soft as he glides his lips over mine, turning me inside out. I slip my tongue over his, savoring the warmth and delicious sensations coursing through me until I'm achy and trembling with want.

I slowly release his lips and look up at him, breathing hard. "I can take all of you. I want all that you are, and I promise not to run off," I say softly. I don't know where the words come from, but as they spill from my lips, I realize that I mean them.

His eyes darken, and he asks in a voice filled with need, "Are you sure?"

“I’m sure.”

Theo slowly withdraws his hard shaft, eliciting a soft moan from my lips. He lifts me out of bed and grabs a sweatshirt from the closet, sliding it over my head, then slips on his pants and leads me out of the suite. We walk hand in hand down the long hallway, then turn into another wing of the huge mansion.

I knew that Theo was filthy rich the moment his car stopped in front of this huge mansion with wide, lush gardens and a huge, rushing fountain. But now I wonder what he does for a living. So I ask him.

“I fight for a living, sweetheart. It’s a dangerous and driven sport that has put food on the table since I was a teenager with nowhere to go.”

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My heart clenches at his words, and I want to ask him what he means, but I know the time isn't right. Instead, I look up, taking in his strong features—the smooth, hard edge of his cheek and jaw, his laser-focused gaze and soft lips. Other than his big, muscled body, he doesn't look like a trained fighter.

Still, the new information should make me scared and instead I feel even more safe.

“We're here,” he announces as he stops us in front of a dark brown door. Anticipation blooms inside me as he turns the knob and pushes it open. The room is dark and smells of spice and lemon.

I walk in ahead of Theo, then gape when he flips on the light switch.

In the center is a bed, covered with a red sheet, with cuffs of different lengths and sizes chained to the frame. Beside it are rows of shelves filled with sex toys, whips, paddles and other things I've never seen before. I gape in shock, my heart thudding hard against the walls of my chest. I've never seen anything like this before. Nervous excitement builds inside me as I start to imagine the kinds of things that go on in this room.

Then, my gaze moves to the other end of the room and I see a wooden frame built like an X, with another plank attached horizontally to the base. Silver steel cuffs dangle from the arms of the cross, and my core clenches hard as I imagine myself attached to it, under Theo's mercy.

“Welcome to my world, sweetheart,” he drawls behind me in that deep, mesmerizing voice that makes me want to obey.

Chapter Six

Theo

I can't explain the myriad of feelings coursing through me as I watch Grace look around my kink room. It's exciting to show her another side of me, but also terrifying. She told me she wanted to be exposed to all of me, yet fear clenches my gut as I worry that I might be pushing her too far, too fast.

Ever since I met her, I've felt more emotions than I have in a long time. She has become so important to me in such a short time. Every facet of her that I unveil only draws me closer to her. She fits every part of me and makes me want to be a better person.

Will she see me differently after this?

I'm normally not in the least bit insecure, but a part of me might just crumble if the warmth in her eyes changes to disgust or even worse—fear.

“Grace?” I ask tentatively.

She turns, and my breath catches in my throat. In the depths of her gorgeous green eyes is a tantalizing mixture of nervous curiosity, excitement, and an unabashed lust that sends blood rushing to my cock. Damn. She somehow manages to surprise me at every turn.

I walk to stand before her, leaving no space between us as I slide my arms around her waist. “Do you like this room, baby?” I ask, searching her eyes, my cock twitching at the adorable blush spreading across her cheeks.

She ducks her head, shyly looking up at me from under her lids. “I think I like it, but I

have lots of questions. I've never seen anything like this before," she says softly.

"Would you like me to demonstrate for you, sweetheart?" I ask, my cock tightening in anticipation.

I watch her sharply inhale and squeeze her legs together as she nods, her cheeks a bright pink. I smile down at her, happy to know that my siren has a naughty side to her. I just wish she wasn't always ashamed about that side of her. I know it has to do with her background, the home she had to run away from.

Soon, I'll ask her about it, but right now, I need to bring her utmost pleasure.

I slide my hands from her waist and slip my right hand into hers, gently pulling her to the nearest shelves. "All these toys are designed to give pleasure. Some give a bite of pain, but I promise you'll derive pleasure from them too."

"I trust you, Theo," she whispers, and my heart clenches as I stare into her trusting gaze.

I lean down and gently cover her mouth with mine, unable to resist her soft and inviting flesh. I nibble at the corner of her lower lip and slowly lap at it, soothing the bite and reveling in her answering moan. My left hand circles loosely around her neck and I take my time to savor each lip before delving into her mouth and swallowing her moan of pleasure. Before I get in too deep, I slowly release her, breathing hard.

I take in her swollen lips and clouded gaze and my cock grows unbearably hard. "You need a safe word, if we're going to do this."

"A safe word?"

The tightness in my gut dissipates at the excitement in her voice. I feel better about showing her the kink room now that I know how eager she is. I doubt she even knows how excited she sounds, and I don't intend to let her know until I figure out why she finds her healthy sexual appetite to be shameful.

“Every submissive has their limits. There are hard limits and soft limits. But I'm no sadist—I don't enjoy inflicting pain on my sub, so I don't cross the soft limits. And for someone like you who has no idea what her limit is, you need a safe word—a word you say when you've reached your breaking point. Once you say it, I stop whatever it is I'm doing,” I explain.

“Oh...” she says softly. “Can my safe word be...tea?”

“Of course, sweetheart. But why tea?”

“It reminds me of my stupidity...when I followed that man to his office and accepted the drugged tea he offered me.” Her eyes cloud over with self-blame.

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My chest tightens at the discomfort in her gaze. I wish I could find that fucker and teach him a lesson, but knowing how those people work, he might have moved to a new location by now to prevent being caught.

I reach out to cup her face. “You’re not stupid, sweetheart,” I say vehemently. “You’re just trusting, and there’s nothing wrong with that. Don’t let that asshole get to you. With me, no one can ever take advantage of you again. I won’t allow it. I’ll always protect you.”

“Thank you,” she whispers.

I slide my hands down from her cheeks to her waist, grazing her nipples in the process and reveling in her wide stare and sharp inhale.

“You’re welcome, sweetheart. And now that we’ve established your safe word, I can’t wait to show you another side of me.” I watch her shiver slightly at my words. My voice takes on a deeper tone as I move back and issue a gentle command. “Get undressed.”

My hard shaft pokes against my zipper as she slowly pulls off my sweatshirt. I don’t think she knows how sexy the action is, the way she peels it off her body. She lets it fall to the floor while staring at me, completely trusting.

At my mercy...

“In here, you’ll address me assir. Do you understand?” I say.

Grace's eyes dilate in response, and she replies, "Yes, sir."

Her voice comes out breathy and raspy, sharpening my desire. Fuck, she's a natural.

"Come with me," I order.

I lead her to the queen-sized bed in the middle of the huge room. "Lie on the bed, baby," I say, and she silently complies, not taking her gaze off me.

"In this room, you surrender yourself to me. Know that I'll always put you and your pleasure above all else. Don't think about anything. Just let go." I pick up one of the padded cuffs with a fairly long chain and attach it to her right wrist.

"Okay, sir," she breathes out, and my cock strains harder in response.

"Good girl." I gently stroke her breasts in reward, then go around to attach the cuffs to her other wrist and legs until she's spread-eagle on the bed. Her dark tresses are like a flowing river around her, and I feast my eyes on her glistening pussy. Her breath hitches under my stare, and I watch her nipples pebble into hard points.

"I'm going to blindfold you now. Would you like that?" I ask.

"Yes, sir."

I walk back to the shelves and pull out a red silk cloth, then return to her side and tie it over her eyes. It's just as I imagined, a beautiful contrast to her tan skin.

I climb off the bed, teasing her sensitive areas with my fingers and tongue along the way, drawing out soft moans. I stand back and watch her breathing change with every second. "You'll realize that your senses are heightened with your eyes blindfolded. Pleasure will become more intense," I explain as I walk toward the shelves again,

picking up the toys I want to use on her.

It's her first time, and I want it to be a memorable one. I pick up a whip with soft, leathery tails, a feather to tickle her with, and a vibrator. I arrange the toys on the table beside the bed, waiting a bit to heighten the tension in the room and build anticipation. Grace softly tugs at her legs, trying to rub off the ache between them.

Once I become satisfied with the heightened tension, I pick up the feather and place it in the sensitive arch of her neck. I glide it softly over the skin, sliding it down her neck to her tight nipples. She lets out a soft hiss, her breath hitching in her throat.

"I should clamp your nipples," I murmur, my blood roaring at the image. "Imagine tiny bites of pain that send streaks of pleasure to your pussy with every tug. Do you want that?" I twirl the feather gently around her nipples.

Grace arches her back, tugging softly at her restraints. "Yes, sir," she moans.

"Hmm. Maybe next time, sweetheart," I say, my voice echoing darkly in the quiet room. I don't want to introduce her to everything all at once, but I'm glad she's so willing to explore.

I continue to slide the feather down her stomach, watching the muscles of her abdomen quiver in response, then down her thighs, teasing the edge of her pussy. Soft moans ring out in the room as she undulates in the bed, grinding her hips in the air. When I lightly graze her entrance with the feather, she jerks, moaning low in her throat.

"Not yet, sweetheart. You can't come until I say so," I say, my voice guttural with my barely leashed need to drive into her. "You trust me with your pleasure, yes?"

"Yes, s-sir," she answers hoarsely.

Satisfied with sensitizing her skin, I return the feather and pick up the leathery whip, flipping it expertly in the air. And just like the feather, I flick it over her chest, tapping softly and eliciting soft whimpers. The leathery tails bite into her soft flesh, creating beautiful red marks with each contact, sharpening my desire.

Grace moans loudly, echoing in the room as I move the whip down to her sex. She tugs harder on her restraints, gyrating and arching her hips up, begging for more contact between her legs. I reach for the vibrator and switch it on, then place it directly on her clit.

“Oh God!” Grace jackknifes, arching her hips.

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I continue to flick the whip across her sensitive flesh, and at the same time, I move the whirring vibrator over the same spot, mounting pleasure over the pleasurable ache of the whip. Her cries grow louder as she trembles and tugs hard at the cuffs. I discard the whip and slide the vibrator back and forth over clit.

She grows even wetter, her moans skyrocketing as she grinds into it, her body tight with tension. "Please, sir. L-let me come," she begs.

"Not yet," I growl.

She looks exquisite with her reddening skin and trembling body, and I fight the need to fuck her deep and hard. My cock weeps at every moan and whimper, chipping at my control. But her pleasure comes before all else. Her response pleases me, and for now it's enough.

She bunches the sheets beneath her fists, trying to hold back her orgasm. "I can't. I c-can't. Please, sir, let me c-come," she says in a trembling voice, twisting her head around.

I press the vibrator hard on her engorged clit. "Come. Now, sweetheart," I order in a low growl, satisfied with her level of restraint.

She shouts, bucking wildly against the vibrator as she lets go.

I increase the power and watch her come over and over until she's a trembling, mindless mess, babbling and pleading. "Please, sir. This is too much. I c-can't...oh!" She jerks hard as another orgasm seizes her body.

I leave the vibrator on her drenched sex and quickly yank off my pants, freeing my hard cock. I open the restraints on her ankles and move the vibrator away, kneeling between her thighs. I reach out to remove the blindfold, wanting to look into her eyes as I enter her. Then I lift her hips, arrange her legs over my shoulders, and line up my stiff dick against her pussy lips, slamming home in the same breath.

“Fuck!” I grunt as her walls clamp hard around me and she comes again in a loud wail.

I move, thrusting deep and hard. I should be gentler with her, but my hard-won restraint has shattered.

“Look at me,” I command, grunting in satisfaction at her quick response.

Her moss-green eyes reel me in and I revel in the warmth I see in them. I drive into her, deeper and harder, hitting the same spot over and over. The urge to let go is a blaze of heat inside me, consuming everything in its path except my need to possess and protect this woman.

“Theo!” she screams hoarsely, bucking hard, her walls tightening around my dick like a vise.

It doesn’t take long for me to go over the edge. I grunt harshly as I come hard and long inside her, spraying jets of cum with every shallow thrust. My breath comes out in ragged pants and my heart thuds hard. Slowly, I withdraw my spent dick and gently uncuff her wrists, slowly massaging them.

I press soft kisses to her closed lids, her forehead, and then her lips. “Grace, are you okay?” I ask softly, and I’m immediately ensnared in her drowsy gaze.

“Yes. I’m more than okay,” she assures me, smiling sleepily.

“Will you do this again?” I ask curiously, grinning at her answering nod.

She yawns aloud, closing her eyes, and my heart softens at the sight. “Sleep, sweetheart. I’ll be here when you wake up,” I whisper, pressing another kiss to her soft pink lips.

I watch her breathing turn even as she succumbs to sleep, feeling an immense gratitude for her unexpected presence in my life. She is a burning light that illuminates the dark patches in my soul.

She fits with me.

The thought remains in my heart as I get off the bed, gently lift her up, and carry her back to the bedroom.

Chapter Seven

Grace

“Hmm...”

I moan softly as I slowly come awake. My body aches in the most pleasurable way, and I gingerly stretch my legs. Images of last night rush back into my mind, and I can’t help the small smile that tugs at my lips.

While I’d always imagined what sex might be like, I knew I’d never be able to gain any kind of experience while living in the home of my twisted fanatic of a father. And since I was closely monitored with no friends, there was no way to learn about sex and how deeply pleasurable and versatile it can be.

I slowly blink my eyes open, and my gaze clashes with a pair of striking cobalt-blue

eyes. My immediate shock transforms into a shy blush once I see the absolute tenderness in them.

“Good morning,” Theo murmurs huskily, sending pleasurable shivers down my spine. He leans over slightly, his lips gently grazing mine. “Sleep well, baby?”

I nod, unable to manage a word past the tightness in my throat. My heart is beating so fast, butterflies fluttering around nervously in my stomach.

God, I'm already in so deep...

I sigh softly, taking in his fully covered body and freshly cleaned hair. He is smartly dressed in a black suit similar to the one he wore last night. "Are you going somewhere?" I ask, my heart clenching painfully at the thought of not being around him.

He reaches down to tuck a wayward curl behind my ear, then places his left hand on the other side of me, caging me in the searing heat of his body. "I'm attending a friend's funeral. Warren Flint." Pain flitters over his gaze before he masks it with a small smile. "We were friends as kids until my parents moved out of the neighborhood. I lost contact with him until I attended an art showcase a few years back and he was the artist. After that we reconnected," he explains somberly.

I reach out to stroke his brows with my fingers. I can't help it. I don't like to see him unhappy. And the fact that this hard-ass man can be vulnerable with me is humbling. "I'm sorry about your friend," I whisper.

"It's alright, sweetheart."

"What happened to him?" I ask.

"He committed suicide," he says. "Though, I find that odd." His brows crease slightly in a frown.

"Why?"

“The last time I saw him at a function, he was planning his retirement exhibition. He was also excited to meet his daughter, because she’d been away for college and would be graduating soon. He seemed happy about his upcoming retirement and spending time with his daughter. So, how can someone like that, who has something to live for, kill himself?”

My heart constricts at the blatant confusion in his gaze. His friend’s death does sound truly odd. Still, no one can ever know what was going through his mind to take such a step. I ask, “What can I do to make you feel better?”

Theo smiles, and in that moment, the sadness in his eyes is replaced with a heart-tugging gentleness. “Having you here, in my arms and in my home, is all I need to feel better. I know it hasn’t been long, but I only have to think about you and my heart eases. You’re quickly becoming my sole reason for happiness.”

My breath hitches at the rawness in those endlessly beautiful eyes of his. No one has ever made me feel so wanted, so important...

I smile up at him. “It makes me happy to know that there’s someone who wants me in their home and in their life. I’ve never felt that way before,” I say softly, thinking of my father and the hurt he caused me.

“You deserve it,” Theo declares softly, leaning down to kiss my lips again. “I have to go, sweetheart. I’ll be back soon.” He caresses my cheek, then rises up and heads out of the room.

After Theo leaves, I let myself savor the warmth of his kisses and his words. I haven’t felt this happy in a long time. My chest feels like it might suddenly combust from joy.

Do I deserve to be this happy? Do I really?

I think back to the times during my childhood when I found joy or excitement in anything, only for my father to cut it short or take it away. My father denied me most things that might cause pleasure, as some kind of self-discipline, a way to keep me “holy.” But Theo makes me feel like I might actually deserve to be happy, to be taken care of, to feel pleasure...

For the past two days, I’ve tried not to acknowledge the little voice of fear in the back of my mind, but it seems louder now, harder to ignore...

What if my father comes looking for me?

I roll out of bed, pushing the thought out of my head. I don’t want his image in my head right now. Instead, my mind drifts back to Theo, and the pain in his eyes when he talked about his late friend. The need to ease his pain tugs at my heart, and suddenly an idea strikes in my mind, stemming from my experience in the kink room. My cheeks heat up as I remember everything that transpired in that room last night.

Unsurprisingly, my sex clenches at the memory of the soft tickling feather heightening my desire, the soft leathery whips that created deep, blooming ache in my core with every tap and flick, the vibrator that caused explosions of sensations... And not to forget the blindfold and the restraints, heightening my desire to an extreme I’ve never felt before.

I certainly wouldn’t mind playing in that room again, especially knowing that Theo needs the release.

With that thought, I head into the bathroom, and my mouth almost falls open at the opulence of it. White, glossy tiles decorate the wall with gold accents, giving a splash of color from the faucets to the mirror frames. I admire the wide space as I fill up the bathtub with warm water. When the tub is filled up, I quickly sink into the soothing warmth.

A relaxing twenty minutes later, I walk out of the bathroom, the scent of lavender trailing after me. I rummage through his closet and pull out a silk green shirt and slip it on, the end hitting mid-thighs. I button it up, leaving about three buttons open at the chest, teasing out my cleavage. It's not like the red lingerie I wore at the auction house, but it's something.

I twirl slowly, feeling sexy and excited for what's to come, and then I head out of the room, gliding my hands over the art pieces in the hallway. I go down the stairs, nervous and excited as I imagine Theo's reaction to my outfit. I have to admit that it's extremely bold for me to dress provocatively and wait up for him, but he has made me more confident and comfortable in my skin.

In the living area, I settle into one of the plush black couches, trying to imagine what else Theo has up his sleeves in the bondage room. So far, I've enjoyed everything he's done to me. My core clenches as I remember the intense pleasure and the number of climaxes I had while at his mercy. My breath hitches as the hot and cold feeling washes over me, tightening my nipples.

Suddenly, I remember his words about using nipple clamps on me next time. My insides quiver in anticipation.

Maybe he'll use the clamps on me tonight...

Just then, the doorbell rings. I break out in a big smile even as my heart thuds violently against my rib cage. I squeeze my thighs together in anticipation, feeling myself already growing damp between my legs.

Theo!

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I hurry over to the door, hastily pulling it open without a second thought. My smile freezes on my face at the sight of the person on the other side.

“F-father,” I stutter, my eyes opening wide with shock.

The shock on my father’s face mirrors mine. Or maybe it’s worse. He looks like he’s about to pass out. His usually pale skin grows paler in the resounding silence.

“What in God’s name are you wearing!” he finally explodes, his cheeks turning red in anger.

I squeak loudly, glancing down at my exposed cleavage and the length of the silk shirt, as if I didn’t know I had it on. I look up to find something sinister growing behind his dark gaze.

I gasp, my body instantly springing into action. I spin around quickly and run into the coat room, grabbing one of Theo’s jackets off the rack and yanking it over the shirt. I come back out clenching its edges tightly around my fists.

My father huffs, jabbing his finger in my direction. “You foolish girl! Is this why you left home?” He gestures at my body. “To whore yourself out and prostitute around like a harlot?”

I stare at him in shock, unable to reconcile the fact that he’s really here. I had thought about the possibility of him showing up earlier, but nothing prepared me for his presence in Theo’s house.

“How did you find me?” I blurt.

He pauses his jerky pacing movements. “You think you can hide from me, you Jezebel?” he spits out. “You can run, but you can never go far, girl. I’ll find you wherever you are. This time it’s a private investigator, next time it’ll be a warrant for your arrest.”

His mouth twists bitterly with anger and hatred. “I should have known that you’ve always wanted to sell yourself cheap to men. Just like your stupid mother, you’re always dressing in ways that don’t please God. You just want to be a cunt passed around from one man to another. Or dance like the spawn of the devil that you are,” he rants.

I flinch with every word, pulling into myself. My father has always had way with his words, turning and twisting them until they make sense to only him.

But for the first time, his words don’t sting so bad. Thinking about it now, I realize that I’ve only been with Theo for a short while, and I’ve already experienced what it’s like to be wanted for myself and nothing else.

I have always searched for a missing piece within, thinking there was something wrong inside of me. Something that made my dad such a hateful person, but now I’m starting to see that’s the problem.

“Now, get up there and find some decent clothes to wear because you’re coming with me,” he grinds out.

I watch him impassively even as my heart thuds in fear. My father can be unpredictable, but I’ve changed too. I’m not the same daughter he knew. “I’m going nowhere with you. I’m happy where I am,” I respond calmly.

“You’re coming with me, or by God, I will strike you. The lord made a man the head of a family and made his word the law. So you will listen to me, you filthy spawn. Get your slutty, whoring self into a good dress or you’ll feel my wrath,” he shouts, jabbing his finger at me with every word.

Inside, I’m a trembling mess, but I refuse to show him how he’s affecting me.

“No,” I say in a low tone.

“I will beat the devil out of you, girl,” he threatens.

And before I can react, his right hand is flying toward my face. I fall back against the wall, reeling from the impact of his slap, but another quickly follows. I cry out in pain, grabbing my cheeks as I fall to my knees.

Hot tears seep out of my eyes as white-hot pain radiates through my face. A loud ringing noise slowly fills my head, drowning out every other sound including my father’s obnoxious voice. I can see his moving mouth, but I can’t hear a word as I watch him unbuckle his belt.

I can’t escape quickly enough, still rooted to the floor from the shock and pain. I lower my head, waiting for the strike of the belt, preparing myself for the searing pain...but nothing comes.

Instead, an unmistakable voice cuts across the room. Deathly quiet. “What the hell is going on here?”

Chapter Eight

Theo

The scene before me is one I don't think I will ever forget as long as I live. Grace is trembling and cowering on the marble floor while a fucking stranger has a belt in the air, about to whip her with it.

What in the fucking hell?

I leave my girl at home for a few hours and this is what I come back to? Rage grows bubbling hot like lava inside me.

I have not had a great day. Watching my childhood friend being lowered into the ground and seeing his young daughter distraught was enough of a shit show. My only solace as I walked away from the funeral home was that I knew Grace would be waiting for me at home. That thought kept me in a good mood, until now.

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I walk around the man, keeping my expression straight. “Tell me why you have your fucking belt in your hand, trying to whip my woman,” I grit out, trying my best to hold down the urge to slam a punch into his face.

His face twists with a sneer as he lowers his hand. “Yourwoman? What right do you have to call her yours?” he snaps.

My fists bunch at his words. I move closer to Grace, taking in her posture, then I look back at the asshole. “Who the fuck are you, and what the hell are you doing in my house?” I ask.

The man snickers, and all I want to do is beat him to a pulp. Still, I wait.

“Abel Atkins,” he says, like I’m supposed to know who the fuck he is. He must see my expression, because his mouth curls bitterly. “The father of the whore sitting at your feet. I’m here to take her back home with me.”

My vision blurs as a dark rage overshadows my senses.

No one calls my girl a whore.

I growl low in my throat, taking a threatening step toward the bastard. I’m suddenly stopped by a gentle grip to my ankle. I glance down, my gaze clashing with Grace’s pleading eyes.

“Please...” she whispers, tears spilling down her beautiful face.

I grit my jaw hard as I see the red print on her face. I push down the urge to break all of her father's limbs. "Grace is going nowhere with you. She's mine, and I intend to protect her as long as I live," I say with a raised brow.

The words come to me as easy as breathing. I don't have to think about it. It's something I've known since I've met her. Her father scoffs at my words. "Words from the devil himself. The creator of all evil. You're going to burn and perish in hell. Both of you," he spits.

"You know what? I've had enough. I want you off my property right now, or I'll call the cops," I threaten.

His eyes widen slightly before his face takes on a sick look of delight. "You want to call the cops on me? Have you forgotten who you are and what you do for a living, Theo Kane?"

His smile widens. "Yes, I know about you. An underground fighter, popular for leaving his opponents brutally injured or dead. I've done my research, and I know what you do is illegal. Why don't you call the cops, let's see who'll be in trouble?"

His voice lowers as his eyes turn crazed with fanaticism. "But God is on your side, you see—if you let my daughter come with me, then I can stay quiet about your unclean activities. As men we have to cover for one another, don't we?"

At his distasteful words, my heart goes out to Grace. I've only spent a few minutes with her father and I want to rough him up. I can't imagine living years under his thumb and still turning out as angelic and graceful as she has. The more I watch Abel talk, the more recognizable he becomes to me. I never forget a face, and I've been trying to place his from the moment I set eyes on him.

It suddenly comes to me.

“You know, come to think of it,” I start in a soft but steely tone, “you remind me of a particular rowdy man in the underground. Flashy, always throwing money around. It’s you, isn’t it? I don’t know why I didn’t recognize your face immediately, seeing as you’re well-known among the women, for assault. You cover your tracks with money, but you sure are on your way to hell with the rest of us.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he says, but I can see the smugness in his eyes faltering.

My smile turns cold. “I’m throwing your threat back at you. How about I call the cops and let’s see who gets locked up? A man who flaunts his money, dealing drugs and assaulting women, or a popular fighter who’s known for his contributions to the city. No one cares about how I make a living, nor do I care about my reputation. You, on the other hand, have a reputation to uphold, or would you rather I leak your clandestine and unclean activities to your church?”

“Y-you have no evidence,” Abel stutters, his eyes darting around.

“Why don’t you try me?”

After a few seconds of weighing his options, he says, “This is not the end. The lord will surely punish you for your transgressions.”

In one quick step, I grab him by his lapel, pulling him close until our noses are inches apart. “Not before he strikes you down, asshole.”

I snap my hand back and punch him square in the face, smiling in satisfaction at the stream of blood that trickles from his nose. “That’s for hitting Grace in the face,” I say harshly. “The next time I get a whiff of you around this place or you as much as breathe the same air as Grace, I’ll ruin you,” I vow, then push him away from me.

“You won’t get away with this,” Abel threatens before slinking out of the house.

I slam the door behind him, not giving him or his words a second thought. Instead, I bend to pick Grace up, and her arms immediately circle my neck.

“Are you okay?” I ask softly as I head toward the staircase.

She nods softly. “Why did you punch him?” she asks.

“He deserved it, sweetheart. He put his hands on you. The only reason I let him go without more damage is because you don’t want him hurt.” I walk down the hallway to my bedroom, open the door and enter, pushing it closed with my leg. I place her gingerly at the center of the bed and I go into the bathroom to soak a towel in warm water. As I return, I climb in beside her and slowly dab the warm towel against her red cheek.

“Does it hurt?” I ask gently.

“Not anymore.”

We stare at each other in silence until she shyly drops her gaze.

“Has he always been that way?” I ask quietly.

Grace sighs. “Yes. Not as far back as I can remember, but I guess things kinda progressed over the years. He’s always been a religious person who gradually became a fanatic. When my mother was alive, she shielded me from him, so I didn’t know the extent of his cruelty.”

She lifts her gaze to mine and my chest tightens at the echoes of pain in her gorgeous green eyes. “He took everything away from me...my confidence, my self-worth. Sometimes, I wonder if he’s right and I’m unworthy of love.”

“No, baby, he’s wrong.” I gently cup her face in my palm, keeping my eyes locked on hers, hoping she feels my sincerity. “I love you.”

Grace’s eyes grow as huge as saucers. She opens her mouth and closes it again, swallowing nervously as a deep blush spreads across her features.

I chuckle, leaning forward to kiss her forehead. “You don’t need to say anything right away, sweetheart,” I say, smiling into her eyes. “We have forever to go.”

She chuckles even as a teardrop slips from her eyes. Then she surprises me by

throwing her arms around my neck and pressing her body against mine in a tight hug. I wrap my arms around her, my heart swelling with an indescribable warmth.

So this is love? It sure is an incredible feeling.

“Thank you,” she whispers against my neck. “For everything.”

We remain silent for a long time, just soaking in the feeling of our bodies against each other and the unspoken emotions swirling between us.

“Can I ask you a question?” Grace asks, finally pulling away from the hug.

I nod at her with a small smile. “Yes, baby. Anything.”

“Fighting...” She hesitates. “Isn’t it dangerous?”

“It is.”

“Why do you still do it then? You have enough to retire now.”

“Are you scared for me, baby?” I ask, slowly running my thumb down her cheek to her plump lower lip...

“Yes,” she murmurs breathlessly, her cheeks rosy, her eyes never leaving mine. The thought of her lips around my cock suddenly steals my breath.

Fuck.

“You should be scared for my opponents, baby. You heard your dad—I either leave them dead or maimed.”

“That doesn’t make you invincible,” she mutters grumpily, a small frown marring her beautiful face. “It only means you’re in danger of being dead or wounded every time you’re in the ring.”

I swallow my smile. She looks so cute worrying about me that I don’t have the heart to tell her that the “ring” is really more like a slab with thick ropes surrounding it than an actual professional fighting space.

I pick up her small hands, bunch them into fists, and press kisses on them. “Wanna try punching me?” I ask, directing her fists to my cheeks, then my stomach.

Grace gapes. “What are you doing?”

“Come on, try. I have a feeling you punch like a girl.”

She laughs. “That’s because I’m a girl, silly.”

“So you agree your punch is weak?” I tease.

“That’s not true!”

“Prove me wrong then.”

She hesitates, a small smile playing on her lips, then she bunches up her hand and rams her fist into my gut.

“Ah!” I exhale, pretending to grab my stomach.

“Oh God!” she gasps, her eyes growing wide with alarm. “I—I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to punch so hard.”

I snicker, then burst into a full-blown laughter as I watch the play of emotion on Grace’s beautiful face. Her lips twitch and she punches me playfully in the same spot. “It’s not funny,” she says, grinning widely at me.

I sit up and pull her into the space between my legs, her back against my chest. I drop my head to the crook of her neck, wrapping my arms around her waist. Then I close my eyes, letting her soft, flowery scent calm the storm rising in my soul.

“At first, fighting was a means of survival,” I say quietly, tightening my arms around her waist, anchoring myself. “Then it became a means of release. I had so many pent-up emotions, so much frustration eating me up from the inside. I was angry at the world for being so shitty, at my dad for giving up, at myself... Fighting was the only thing that kept me sane.”

She twists her neck to look at my face, her gaze soft and searching. “You’ve been fighting for a long time, Theo. Do you still feel...angry?”

“Not since I met you.”

A radiant smile spreads across her features. She turns around in my arms and gently presses her lips on mine in a chaste kiss. She starts to pull away, but I hold her in place and deepen the kiss, pushing my tongue past her lips into the welcoming warmth of her mouth. When we pull apart, we’re both breathing hard. I smile into her glazed eyes and then drop my gaze, letting my eyes roam over the luscious swell of her breasts before looking back up at her inquiringly.

“You were sad about your friend, and I wanted to do something to make you feel better. So, I tried to dress up for you,” she explains shyly.

“Well, we can’t let all that preparation go to waste, now can we?”

Chapter Nine

Grace

The bright morning rays shine over my closed eyes, pulling me from my deep sleep. As consciousness seeps in, memories of yesterday play through my mind. My father’s arrival and Theo’s confession of love. My heart soars in my chest, knowing that this big, hard man softens for me.

I love him too. I have from the moment he asked for my name. Yesterday, I was so shocked I couldn’t utter a word in response, because never in my wildest imagination did I think a man like Theo would love someone like me. But he meant it—I could see it in his eyes, feel it in his touch...

Last night, at the height of climax, when he’d whispered into my ear again that he loves me, I wanted to say it back. But something had held me back, a force bigger than me. The appearance of my father has shaken me more than I thought. Now, even

though I know what's real, I can't shake the feeling that I'm unworthy of Theo. Or his love...

I know I shouldn't feel this way, but I can't help it. Somewhere in the back of my head, I can still hear my father's voice, telling me how undeserving I am.

I turn to my side and slowly open my eyes, tired of my internal debate. I meet Theo's tender gaze and my heart lurches in my chest. Ever since he made his feelings known, he has become softer and more open about it.

"Good morning," I say, smiling at him.

"Morning, baby," he replies, his eyes roaming over my face and body with a raw, visceral need.

"Why are you staring at me like you want eat me up?" I tease softly, grinning at his wagging brows.

"That's because I want to eat you up, sweetheart," he murmurs in a rumbling tone, then leans in to nip at my lower lip before soothing it with a lick.

He pulls me closer and tangles his hands around the curls of my hair, then slams his lips onto mine. The quiet strength in his movements makes known the intensity of his want. He deepens the kiss, tangling our tongues and sending bolts of pleasure into me with every stroke. I moan into his mouth, reaching out to press my hand into his hard chest as the kiss goes on and on, rendering me helpless to the sensations washing through me.

Theo slowly breaks the kiss, then trails his lips down to the sensitive arch of my neck, triggering my nerves. I shiver gently, moaning softly as my hands move of their own accord, trailing across his hard and sculpted flesh.

He stops and raises his head. “We need to do something about your hands, don’t we,” he says in his deep voice, triggering quivers in my sex as I imagine being restrained.

He climbs off the bed and heads for the closet. Seconds later, he walks out with a black tie. My breath hitches and goose bumps spread across my skin as he slowly crawls back onto the bed. He pulls my hands over my head and loops the tie expertly around my wrists. The act causes my back to arch, pushing out my breasts.

“Keep your hands above your head,” he orders, and my pussy floods in response.

“Yes, sir,” I moan, trembling softly under his darkening gaze.

“Hmm. Good girl. I have a present for you,” he growls, then climbs off the bed again.

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This time, he makes a beeline to a chest attached to the bed frame and pulls open the drawer to bring out a silver chain with some sort of clip attached to both ends.

“What’s that?” I ask breathlessly as he climbs back into bed.

“It’s a nipple clamp.”

My nipples tighten at his words and I squeeze my legs together to relieve the ache in my core.

“I see you love the idea,” Theo murmurs, then leans down to suck a tight nipple into his mouth.

I jerk softly, arching my back into his stroking tongue. My bound hands instinctively go behind his head, urging him to suck harder. A soft mewl escapes my lips as he releases my nipple with a plop. “Keep your hands above head, sweetheart, or I’ll stop,” he orders.

“Y-yes sir,” I stutter breathily, returning my arms back over my head just in time to clutch the sheets as he slowly laps at my right nipple, then switches to the other. Bolts of current shoot through my veins with every lick of his tongue until I’m a twisting mass of flesh. My moans ring loud in the room and my sex floods with every suck, until I can feel moisture pooling in my slit.

Then he stops and clamps both nipples carefully. Biting ache shoots directly to my core, fueling my need. Theo slowly licks down my cleavage to my parted thighs, nipping and soothing along the way. He presses down on my stomach, rendering me

unable to move, then parts my folds, blowing warm air onto my engorged clit. A soft mewl escapes my lips and I gently buck, searching for release.

“P-please, sir,” I beg as he continues his torturous act of licking around my swollen nub.

He slowly licks his way to my clit, lightly grazing it with his tongue and sending bolts of sensations to my aching flesh. I clutch the sheets harder in my fists, trembling and moaning for release. Then he sucks my clit harder and reaches up to tug on the chain between the clamps. The dual sensations of pain and pleasure send me careening off the edge, and I scream his name. “Theo!”

My body quivers and jerks hard with the intensity of my climax, flooding me with heat. Theo suddenly covers his body with mine and thrusts gently into my slick entrance, sliding over sensitive flesh and nerves and triggering a mini orgasm. Loud whimpers leave my lips as he turns our joined bodies to the side, lifts my left leg over his shoulders, and moves steadily inside me. Aftershocks rack my body and I clamp hard around his hard dick. His soft groan washes over me in response and he pumps deeper and harder, hitting that bundle of nerves over and over again.

“Look at me,” he orders gutturally.

I open my eyes to meet his dark ones, feeling close to another climax. My bound arms hook around his neck, gripping hard as my breath escapes my lips feverishly.

“Don’t come yet,” he commands, stroking deeper and harder on the same spot, rendering me a mindless, moaning mess.

I shake my head, pleading with my eyes. “I c-can’t. I n-need. P-please,” I beg and babble.

“Not yet, sweetheart,” he grits out, slamming harder on the same spot.

My moans turn into screams as the ache in my core reaches the highest peak. “Theo, please!”

“Come. Now!” he growls, pulling at my clamps and then quickly releasing my nipples.

Heat arches down my spine, mixing with bite of pain. It pushes me over the edge, blanking my mind, and I open my mouth in a wordless cry. Loud grunts of pleasure fill my ear as my tight channel clutches hard on his dick, triggering his release. I tremble hard with every shallow pump of his dick until I start to think clearly again. Theo gently arranges my left thigh back in place and unties my wrists, massaging them.

“Oh God,” I whisper as he draws me into his arms. I’m still trembling from the mind-blowing orgasm. He takes my lips in a slow kiss, basking in the warmth of our mouths, and then slowly breaks it.

“That was perfect, sweetheart,” he murmurs and kisses my chin. “You were so good for me.”

His approval washes over me in a calming wave, and I smile up at him.

“Let’s clean up,” he says, then slips out of bed.

I watch his hard, naked butt flex with every step as he goes into the bathroom. The sound of water reaches my ears, then he comes out with a soaked white towel and slowly wipes between my thighs.

“Get up, baby. I have something to show you,” he says to me as he disposes of the

towel.

“Right now?” I ask as I sit up.

He goes into the closet and comes out wearing blue shorts and holding a black polo shirt.

“Yes, now,” he replies with a grin as I slide to the edge of the bed.

He pulls the shirt over my head, and I slip my arms into the sleeves. I stand and pull it down until the end falls to my thighs. “Perfect,” Theo murmurs before taking my lips in a soft, sweet kiss that makes me sigh.

What’s not to love about him?

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As I open my lips to declare my feelings, he grabs my hand and tugs me out of the room. “Let’s go.”

A few steps down the bright hallway and I look up at him. “What do you want to show me?” I ask, my stomach jittery with anxiety.

He grins down at me and says, “You’ll see.”

We walk hand in hand down the stairs and out of the mansion. I look around in puzzlement, wondering what Theo is so eager for me to see. I take in the well-groomed grounds and beautifully trimmed gardens. “Your home is beautiful,” I say softly.

Theo tugs playfully at my arms. “Our home, sweetheart. Our home,” he says. My heart melts at his words, and I feel the extent of his love for me at the simple admission.

Another building appears at the back of the mansion, and I push back my confession for the second time. The bungalow is on the smaller side but nevertheless a beautiful sight. It looks like a mini cottage, with flowers planted around it and a wide terrace attached to the side.

“This is it,” Theo says as we stop outside the door.

I look up at him in surprise. “What’s this place?”

“It’s your new dancing studio, sweetheart. You mentioned last night that your dream

is to dance freely. Here, you can dance to your heart's content," he says, opening the door and pulling me inside, gesturing around the bright open space. "It doesn't look like a lot yet, but I'll have it equipped and furnished to your taste."

I gape at him in shock. Is this happening?

Gratitude and happiness wells up inside me, and a wide smile blooms across my face. The dream I thought I'd never reach has just been given to me on a platter by the man I love.

"Oh my God. I love you. I love you so much!" I shout and throw my arms around him, clutching him tight.

He picks me up and wraps his arms around me. "I love you too, sweetheart," he says, kissing me before spinning us around.

Joyous laughter spills from my lips, mingling with his deep, rumbling chuckle.

Epilogue

Theo

Four years later...

"Daddy, tell me another stowie," Luna Kane, my two-year-old daughter says with a cute gap-tooth smile.

My heart melts at the sight, but I try to hold on to my last shred of sternness. "But I've just told you a story. We agreed to one bedtime story a night, remember?" I say with an arched brow that dissolves into a smile at her childlike frown.

“Pwease, Daddy,” she begs with a pout.

I instantly soften, taking a seat beside her bed for the second time. “Okay, princess,” I say, heaving a fake sigh. I reach out to ruffle her soft black curls, just like her mother’s. “You’re so naughty,” I say, flicking softly at her nose.

She giggles, and at the same time scrunches her nose at my fake theatrics, warming my heart. I’m glad Grace isn’t around to tease me about how Luna has me tightly wrapped around her little finger. I say I’m the stern parent, but I’m actually the one who gives in the most to her whims.

“What story do you want to hear, honey?” I ask.

“I want to hear ’bout the dancing pwincess,” she says.

I smile down at her. I’ve told her this story as frequently as she asks for it, yet she still gets that curious look on her face as if she’s hearing it for the first time.

I clear my throat and start, “Once upon a time, there was a princess who loved dancing so much that her mother got her a dancing instructor. After that, she became so good at dancing that people would come to watch as she twirled and twirled and twirled. One day, an evil man threatened to send her away if she didn’t stop dancing...”

“I don’t like the evil man, Daddy,” Luna interrupts with a waving fist.

I grin down at her, sweeping her curls back. “I don’t like him either, baby. But I have to finish the story.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

“Well, the princess ran away from the evil man, and on her way she met a handsome prince. The prince promised to protect her from the evil man, and so he did. The evil man perished and the prince and princess lived happily ever after.”

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“Yay!” Luna declares, smiling impishly.

“Now, go to sleep, princess,” I say, arranging her pink coverlet around her shoulders.

“But I don’t wanna sleep,” she protests, then yawns silently.

“Don’t worry, I’ll sing you a lullaby that will send you right off to dreamland,” I whisper.

She closes eyes and I start to sing her favorite lullaby as softly as I can, my voice rumbling in the quiet room. My hands caress her hair and occasionally pat her head, until Luna slowly dozes off. I continue to smooth her hair, watching the rise and fall of her chest with a tender smile.

She is the miniature of her mother, with her dark curls, green eyes, and bright smile, stealing a piece of my heart the moment she came into the world. I never thought I would one day be a father, but now I’m living the dream. Gratitude wells up inside me as I remember the first time I met Grace.

Ever since then, my life has turned out better than I imagined. After being alone for so long, I lived for each day without thinking about what came next. The only thing I looked forward to was the next fight. But Grace makes my life worth living.

She and Luna have become my sole reason for breathing. They make me happy and fulfilled. Before Grace, I fought to fill the void inside me, fighting demons that plagued me night and day. Now, I’ve retired from underground fighting, no longer trapped in the past and blaming my father for how my life turned out.

Grace made me realize that we can choose to let go of the past or wallow in it. If she can survive her abusive father after years of living with him, then I can forgive mine too. In my bid to let go of the past, I also finally settled my father's debt to Richard Pierce.

Now, as I stare down at my sleeping little girl, I feel whole.

Seeing that Luna is fast asleep, I lean down to press a soft kiss to her forehead, caressing her hair one last time. "Goodnight, princess," I whisper. Grabbing the baby monitor to carry with me, I quietly head out of the room in search of her mother.

My cock twitches at the thought of Grace. Lately we haven't had time to make love because of Luna's teething problems. But, with my princess fast asleep, I can't wait to wring as many orgasms as I can from my sexy siren. I exit the house, heading to the dancing studio. Grace told me earlier that she'd be preparing a new dance for her teenage students participating in a national dance competition. I might even watch her dance for a while before we head back to the house.

The thought causes my dick to grow harder as I imagine her body in a sexy dancing outfit. But as I get to the studio, the lights are off. I frown slightly. I know she can only be back in the mansion, but I wonder why she didn't let me know when she came in. I head back in the direction I came, lengthening my strides.

In no time, I'm walking up the stairs and heading down the hallway.

"Grace," I call as I open the door to our suite, listening for a response. I walk deeper into the room to find it empty, heightening my confusion.

Where could she be?

I start to check all the suites in the ground floor, including the library, theater, and

gym. And still, no sign of my wife. Suddenly, a thought niggles at the back of my mind, and I head back up the stairs, taking my time. For some reason, I feel certain I know where she is now.

Finally, I'm entering the kink room. I close the door behind me, slowly taking in the scene in front of me. My wife is on her knees in a submission pose. Her back is straight and poised, her knees pulled tightly together with her palms facing up, resting on her thighs. It's both reverent and trusting.

My cock jerks as I take in her outfit. It's red lingerie, similar to what she was wearing the very first time I saw her on that stage. Her nipples are visible through the sheer fabric, lace only barely covers her pussy, and beneath that is a red garter, circling her thighs. Heat rushes down my spine. Ever since she gave birth to Luna, she has grown thicker and curvier, her hourglass shape driving me wild with lust.

"Stand," I order sharply.

I know she enjoys my sharp bark of command, and I watch her breathing change as she quickly obeys. "You had me looking all over for you. It took me ages to find you. What should I do with you?" I ask in a soft, terse tone, getting into the scene.

"I should be punished, sir," she answers breathlessly.

I wait a beat, staring at her subservient stance, building anticipation, and then I head toward the rows of shelves containing sex toys, my bare feet soundless on the polished floors. I pick up a small egg-like vibrator with a remote attached to it by a long, thin cable, then return to stand before her.

"Your hands behind your back, sweetheart. No touching," I command.

When she complies, I bend and slide my right hand between her thighs, widening her

legs. My finger grazes the damp fabric covering her slick sex and I inhale sharply, my gut tightening with need. I pull the scrap of lace aside and slowly slip my fingers between her slippery folds, circling her clit until she's moaning aloud. Then I slide two fingers inside her wet pussy, groaning low in my throat as her walls close around them.

I stroke once, then twice before removing my fingers. I insert the small vibrator, switching it on to a low vibrating frequency. She jerks slightly and moans at the intrusion, gripping her hands tightly.

"You're not allowed to come until I give the order. That's your punishment," I say in a low tone. Then I order sharply, "Come with me." I head to the huge bed, Grace walking closely behind me.

I sit at the edge and unbutton my jeans, pulling down the zipper to free my stiff cock. "Kneel and suck my cock clean," I command.

"Y-yes, sir," she answers, her eyes dilating in response.

She closes her lips around my cock head, prompting me to swallow a groan of pleasure. I pick up the remote, turning on the vibrating egg to the highest frequency, and I watch her body jerk softly in reaction. She moans deep in her throat, sending vibrations down my cock as she slides her tongue around it.

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Pleasure builds inside me as I watch her blissful face and quivering body. I reach for her hair, gripping it just as her hand circles the base of my length. The warmth of her soft skin stroking my cock fuels my desire as she bobs her head on my hard shaft. Her whole body trembles from the intensity of her need to climax, causing her to suck me deeper into her mouth until my dick hits the back of her throat.

As her need to orgasm climbs higher, she slowly grinds her hips, bucking softly on the carpeted floor and moaning against my cock. I take pity on her and turn down the frequency of the vibrating egg, easing her need to come and giving in to the growing sensations building in my balls with every suck. I continue to change the vibrating frequency of the egg from high to low at intervals until she's writhing and moaning loudly against my shaft, and I'm thrusting into her mouth.

Heat grows inside me, hot and wild, fueling my raging desire. "Suck me harder," I growl, my voice harsh with potent need.

Grace looks up at me, her moss-green eyes pleading and simmering with potent desire, and I take pity on her. I've always been unable to say no when she looks at me that way.

"Come now," I say firmly, while turning up the vibrator to the highest frequency. "As many times as you can."

"Hmmp!" She jerks hard as she climaxes, sucking me deeper until she gags.

I can't help it—my orgasm spills out and I grunt loudly, gripping her hair as I jet my cum into her mouth. She sucks hard, swallowing it all down until I'm spent. My

breath comes out in ragged pants, mingling with loud whimpers and moans as another orgasm ripples through her entire body. As I watch her quivering body and cloudy gaze, my semi-hard cock grows harder.

“Please, sir,” she begs, trembling. Then she reaches out to clutch my knee as another bout of pleasure racks her body.

Swiftly, I rearrange my cock in my jeans, trying to halt the growing need to fuck her hard into the floor. Instead, I watch her writhe and quiver at the mounting pleasure inside her.

“Look at me,” I command. I love to look at her face as she comes. It’s a glorious sight.

She complies just in time for her body to seize and jerk as another climax spills out of her. “Argh!” she screams, her voice echoing in the room.

As she trembles and grinds her hips, her low moans grow until I’m sure she’s gearing up for another orgasm. I pick up the remote beside me and switch off the vibrator, then slowly pull it out of her soaking wet pussy, eliciting a soft whimper from her lips. I sit beside her on the bed, enfolding her in my arms.

“Did I please you, sir?” Grace purrs softly.

I smile down at her, pressing a soft kiss to her nose. “Very much, love. You were very good for me. Good enough to deserve your gift, I think.”

Her eyes widen theatrically. “A gift?” she rasps, her voice having gone hoarse from her orgasms.

I rise to retrieve a small box from across the room, and return to where Grace sits on

the bed, skin flushed and strands of hair in disarray around her face. Gorgeous.

I open the box with a flourish to display the gift—a luxurious golden collar, studded with an array of small diamonds.

She gasps, and I revel in the clear delight on her face.

“You like it?” I ask her, knowing the answer.

“I love it, sir. May I please wear it now?”

I chuckle as I fasten it around her slender neck. “Yes. And you’ll wear it every time we play.” I lean back to admire the sight of her, the sparkling band against her smooth skin. “It means you’re mine.”

Her eyes glow with love.

“Who do you belong to?” I ask her.

“I belong to you, sir.”

“Who controls your pleasure, and gives you everything you need?”

“You do, sir.”

“So, you’ll take everything I give you?” She nods. “And you’re ready for my cock?” Another emphatic nod and the hint of a grin.

“Yes sir,” she replies.

“Good girl.”

I rise from the bed and bend to lift her in my arms and carry her toward the wooden cross. She slips her arms around my neck and rests her head on my shoulders, her breathing coming out in soft gasps, teasing at my skin.

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I place her in front of the wooden structure with anticipation brimming inside me.

“Your back to the cross,” I order in my Dom voice.

I slowly undress her, a little sorry to see the lingerie go, but loving the sight of her wearing nothing but my collar. Once she’s naked, I slide my gaze over her tan flesh and sopping wet pussy, my cock straining against my jeans with the need to penetrate her. Instead, I cuff her wrists and ankles to the wood, my cock growing harder at the image she creates, diamonds glinting at her throat. I move back to inspect my work and let out a groan of satisfaction at her widened stance of surrender and the eager excitement in her eyes.

My gaze travels down to her slick sex, and I can’t resist the urge to kneel before her and take a swipe. She jerks softly, already sensitive from her previous climaxes. I look up to find her dark eyes on me, and I slowly lick the juices on her engorged clit, delighting in the widening of her eyes, panting breath, and the slight jerk of her hips.

Knowing she can only stay in place while I wrangle moans of pleasure from her lips sends desire shooting down to my stiff cock. I slowly close my mouth over her clit and nip slightly, only to ease the ache with soothing licks, reveling in her whimpers. Then I suck hard on the swollen nub, allowing her soft moans to wash over me as she quivers and buckles her hips. I slide two fingers into her hot, slick channel, stroking deep.

She moans, grinding into my mouth as she comes and I swallow down her juices.

I rise to my feet and lean in to take her lips in mine, sharing and savoring her taste.

Satisfied, I walk toward the shelves to pick up a soft leather paddle, lube, and an anal plug. Then I head to the ice box and place some ice cubes in the cup beside it.

I head back to Grace, taking in the blatant excitement in her eyes as she watches me arrange the sex toys and ice on the platform beside the cross. I pour some lube on my right hand and rub it around her rim. Then I gently slip a finger inside the tight hole, the lubricant making it easy. I extract my finger from her ass, adding more lube, and this time I squeeze in two fingers and stroke gently. Soon as she starts to grind against my hand, and I remove my fingers and slowly insert the small anal plug.

“How does it feel?” I ask, reaching out to stroke her pussy.

“It burns a bit, but I feel full, sir,” she replies.

“Good girl.”

I go back to the platform and pick up the leather paddle and an ice cube. Then I slowly walk back, watching for a while as her breathing spikes in anticipation and the ice slowly melts. She lets out a soft moan as I gradually trace the ice around her right nipple, and I watch as it peaks before my gaze. I move to the other nipple and do the same, teasing out soft whimpers until the ice melts and liquid trails down her quivering stomach.

Then, I gently slap the paddle against her tight nipples, her loud moan of pleasure spurring me on. Her flesh turns a bright pink before my eyes with every snap of my hands. She writhes against the wood, grinding her hips as I gradually move down to her thighs, taking care not to touch her wet sex. Her loud whimpers climb higher, turning into moans as she pleads.

“Please, sir,” she begs softly.

“Please what, love?” I ask as I reach out for more ice cubes, tracing one over her

reddened flesh.

“I-I need you to fuck me, sir,” she says in a trembling voice.

“You what?” I growl, slapping the leathery paddle directly on her clit.

“I want your cock, sir!” she shouts hoarsely as she orgasms hard.

I discard the paddle, place the other ice cube in my mouth, then push down my jeans and enter her in one deep stroke. Her lips open in a wordless cry as her walls clamp hard on my cock.

“Look at me as I give you exactly what you need. Watch me fuck you to oblivion,” I growl harshly.

Grace opens her eyes, and the dark pleasure in them sparks the raging inferno of desire searing up my insides. The ice has melted, but I lean down to suck her nipples into my cold mouth, eliciting loud whimpers from her lips. I alternate between her nipples and at the same time reach down to twist the plug in her asshole, adding to the sensations coursing through her.

I push my cock deeper, hitting her spot with every thrust. The ache inside me builds, and I increase the speed of my thrusts. The growing ache inside me reaches a peak, drawing my balls tight.

I close my lips over hers, swallowing her moans and kissing her hard and deep. Our tongues tangle like writhing bodies, setting my body alight. I reach down to pull out the plug as I slam deeper into her.

Grace breaks the kiss, screaming long and loud, squeezing me hard as she goes off the edge yet again.

“Fuck!” I shout, jerking hard and shooting my cum deep inside her.

Sweat rolls down my temples as I thrust shallowly, and my breath comes out in short bursts. I wait until her tremors subside, and then I slowly withdraw my spent cock.

I release the cuffs around her wrists and ankles, hugging her close, and then I lift her trembling body in my arms, peppering her face with kisses. “That was perfect, love. You’re such a good girl for me. You took my cock so well, baby. Are you okay, sweetheart?” I ask softly as I carry her away from the cross and to the bed.

She yawns tiredly, then grins up at me. “I’m perfect.”

I sit at the edge of the bed, gently massaging her wrists and ankles, ensuring blood circulation. “I love you,” I whisper, unclasping the collar and returning it to its velvet box where it will await our next session. Smiling down at her, I take her lips in mine and drink in her warmth and heat.

Once I release her lips, she smiles up at me and responds, “I love you too.”

I scoop her into my arms and carry her through the halls of our home, both of us naked but too exhausted to bother with clothes. In our bedroom, we slide under the covers and curl up together, her back to my front. I wrap my arm around her, stroking the soft skin of her hips, her stomach, her breasts, and I press soft kisses to her hair as she drifts off to sleep.

I don’t know how I got so lucky as to be able to call this woman mine, but I know I’m never letting her go.

~The End