



Indebted

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it off Emily" It sounded of authority and despite my attempts to rebel I removed the clothing, dropping the fabric next to my feet. Smashing my eyes together forcing back the tears in their cages.

I wanted to go home, check on my mother, take a hot bath, curl up in my favorite chair and read a novel. If possible send a text or two to Alley and José my two dearest friends not this.

Was he like Jethro?

He didn't seem concern that I wasn't no longer blessed with C cups.

"Look at me Emily"

I open my eyes tears poured out like a flood, his eyes lingering on the scars covering my chest where my breast had once been.

"You are beautiful little one and if anyone says otherwise I will deal with them severely" clamping his manicured fingers together in a tight ball.

"Um. Okay" surprised by his reaction licking my lips.

I could do with a drink, something strong like scotch or vodka.

Yes either one will do.

He crouch elegantly to face me at eye level. I could only stare as he touches my scars,

my lips quivering.

Jethro was disappointed and shock when I told him about the malignant growth that had been found in my right breast, a rare case for a woman under thirty.

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He was even more disappointed when I told him that I had to lose my breast before the cancerous cells spread to the rest of my body.

I was looking towards him for love, support and comfort but he disappeared leaving me just when I needed him most.

I flinched under his gentle touch.

"Does it hurt?" trailing his finger across the rough edges, my stomach clenching linking my fingers together on my lap.

I nodded wildly

"I don't want you to be afraid of me Emily" grabbing my wrist pulling me closer crushing our bodies together, my eyes dropping to his lips.

Oh god I wanted a kiss, he smelled sinfully good.

"You will address me as Master, Master Nickolai or Sir which ever you prefer."

Is this a joke?

I couldn't tell and it scared the hell out of me.

"Later today we will discuss your limits as well as mine over dinner"

Limits

"What should you say little one" his dark pinning me in place, waiting.

"Yes Sir" it was a shot in the dark, I hope it was the right thing to say.

"Excellent I see you catch on quickly. "

Tracing my parched lips with his finger, gasping my hair back sharply. He tugged it back kissing me his lips rather soft. I groan as his tongue push its way pass my lips into my mouth, my hands gripping his shoulders for support, chest to chest.

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I wanted him but I hated him

Just how much?

Twenty five million

He kissed me slowly his tongue covering ever inch of my mouth, when he pulled away I was breathless, we both were.

He stood handing me my blouse, suddenly I wasn't feeling so self-conscious about my appearance biting my lips wanting another kiss.

It's time to leave little one, my driver will be here any moment, he will take you home."

"Oh" trying to hide my disappointment gaping at my feet.

"I have an urgent conference meeting for eight which is less than three hours from now" running his hands through his hair. He looked exhausted, sexy.

"Don't worry about things here I will get someone to clean up, let's go baby" grabbing my arm helping me up.

"If I give you the twenty five million will you go away and leave me and my mother alone"

Had it soon come out my mouth, I regretted every word said.

He chuckled" No, you want to know why"

When I didn't reply he continued.

"Today is the first of May. As of today the amount went up double the interest"

"How" I whispered because that was all I could manage at the moment, a ghostly smile covered his lips and eyes.

"You should have read the contract Emily. After three months if the debt is not settled the interest is double the original sum"

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Holy shit

So from today I owe him

Thirty five million dollars

Holy shit

"So if you weren't able to pay the fix sum which was ten, yesterday you didn't have twenty five, how on earth will you be able to give me thirty five million dollars. I doubt you are worth that much in bed, a couple of thousands but not millions."

My jaw drop at his lack of humility slapping him full across the face, his dark eyes flaring with anger.

"I will get the money even if I have to fuck for every dime" I gnarled

"And who you going to fuck with?" he smiles but it doesn't reach his eyes.

"That's none of your business. I have plenty of men in mind and you are not one of them" I snap.

He grip my arm twisting it painfully bringing me to my knees.

"If you want to be treated like a Tampa rat then so be it. Forget about dinner and forget about us getting married. I will just fuck you until I have had my fill."

"No" I said breathlessly "Please"

Panic filled me I didn't want to be treated like trash. Me and my big mouth.

Silence our breathing the only thing shattering the quietness of the bar, my arm and knees aching.

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A car horn blurred out front it was his driver.

"Go" releasing me" I will see you this evening"

I ran out the bar, my heart pounding not looking back once thankfully I didn't stumble. I was free, free from his penetrating gaze and hurtful words been said back and forth. We were not married as yet but we already had our first major fight.

I close my eyes taking a deep breath calming my nerves and thoughts trying to steady my heart before slipping into the back of the awaiting vehicle, a sleek suv, closing my eyes feeling foolish and embarrassed by my out burst.

The roads were clear as I made my way home. I spoke not a word to his driver my thoughts immersed with that of Nickolai. A shiver ran though my lithesome frame my stomach rumbling with hunger as I thought about our kiss. Okay Emily he is conceit, bossy but a great kisser, brooding.

How could my father make such a deal with a sadist and not give me the heads up before he died, it was the least he could have done since he never did anything else for me.

I breath a sign of relief as the car pulled up in front my house. Concisely I thank him exiting the vehicle limping, running up a short flight of stairs opening the door. Tires screeching behind me stung my ears his driver was gone.

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"we celebrate" teased José as he removed a fresh tray of chocolate chip cookies from the oven.

I wasn't a bit surprised by my best friend's unequivocal comment at my inauspicious circumstance. Jose always found a reason to drink, umm I mean celebrate though matter how exiguous.

I rolled my eyes at him as he past me sulking at the breakfast bar, palms prop under my chin, wearing my pink pajamas. He looked sexy in his white shirt, red aporn, his long slender arms stretching for a plate on the top shelf.

José had come over almost immediately when I had phone him and told him I needed a shoulder to cry on, that things had gotten much worse between Mr Casarro and I.

"So what is he like?" placing the cookies and a glass of milk before me.

I struggled to answer, I didn't know what to say, nibbling a chocolate chip. My mother resting comfortably under the watchful eyes of Mrs Kent her private nurse.

"Let's just say I would be gald if I don't see him again"

"I could loan you two he might accept that"

I huff "He wants all"

Thirty five million

My home is worth a cool million nothing more. Even if I give him everything I own it still wouldn't be enough. I would still will be indebted.

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I abhor that ugly word

Indebted

"Jeez Emily I am sorry" patting my shoulder, pulling a teakwood chair, taking a seat and a sip of wine.

"How is Alley? Have you spoken to her?" keen on changing the subject.

"Nope she still is not answering her phone "

I frown Alley is strong, charismatic, unyielding, beautiful and doesn't cry easily like I would yet she broke down within minutes of their first meeting. This made me even more fearful of Mr Dark and Dangerous.

Men like Carsarro dated and bedded many women, he broke hearts never looking back. He was sophisticated, smooth with dark lustrous eye.

My destiny already written from the moment my dad shook hands with the devil and on the day of his death that was the last day of my freedom.

"So you are going to marry him" stuffing a cookie in his mouth.

I would marry you if you weren't my dearest friend admiring his lean built and grey eyes. Jose is absolutely gorgeous on any given day of his life. I have always fantasize about us been in a relationship but I could never cross that threshold, he meant too much to me as a friend.

"Nope I don't want to marry him but I don't mind going to bed with him, I bet he is awesome " with all his limits, safeword, sexy Dom self. Plus he wasn't fazed by my missing boobs.

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"Emily you are a strong, courageous, sexy woman. I could see why he wants to marry you."

I wrinkled my nose at him in need of something stronger than milk but drinking hours before our meeting is a bad idea. It would leave me with my guard down making me vulnerable draining my glass.

My thoughts wondering on what I should wear for our first date, my belly fluttering yet at the same time I close my eyes struggling to clamp down a flare of annoyance by the whole situation.

With a shaky inhalation I stood up dusting the crumbs off my pants.

"José would you mind helping me find something to wear?"

Moments later

"Dark or colorful" holding up two dresses in front of me. Jose looked amazingly serious sitting cross leg on my bed.

"You don't have to go out with that jerk Emily. Give me sometime and I would see what I could do"

"It's only dinner. But how much time do you really need?"

If anyone can help me it's Jose, he owns a small computer software company. I could stall him ensnare him in a sexual web until Jose comes up with the money. I have

seen Alley manipulate the opposite sex hundreds of times. How hard can this be?

"That's a lot of money Emily I need time a month or two"

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My mouth twisting ruefully "Thanks love"

"So what happened after he kiss you"

I could sense a hint of jealousy in his tone. Alley was right we were spending to much time together since Jethro and I broke up but Jose has been a beacon of hope, a shoulder to cry on and when I was lean on money he would help me out with the bills.

I shrugged "Nothing"

I gived him only bits and pieces of the story leaving out dom, bdsm, safewords and limits still not understanding any of it.

"Nothing?"

"I ran out" leaving him and my hand bag behind. He could have taken all the money in the cash register for all I care, taking out a necklace from my jewelry box it will complement my outfit nicely.

The rest of the day passed in a blur. I check on my mother twice, wanting to update her about the situation but at the same time I didn't want to disturb her, the pain much easier for her to bare today.

Karen was suffering due to her lack of concern about her health. Despite my urgent pleads to have a pap smear test done, she brushed me off always promising to have it done tomorrow and the next day, living her life as if there was no tomorrow since

Raymond passed away. I just it was just her way of dealing with the grief, now here she was wasting away her body riddled in pain.

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When Jose left I was edgy and filled with restless energy. I could still feel the pull of him touching my lips and chest. I was flawed damaged yet he saw through my imperfection, my disfigurement and it scared the hell out of me.

"Enough" I scolded myself tendering to my daily duties until my hour of cataclysm.

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black sporty Audi was parked in front my home at quarter to seven. Nickolai was leaning on the bonnet, legs cross arms folded wearing a simple white shirt and black slacks but there wasn't anything simple about him, the sight of him was like running into a lamp post.

I jerk to a halt heaving for air, his dark eyes stood out against his complexion, his hair like salt and pepper. He watched me intently as I walked down the stairs holding the hem of my dress so I wouldn't trip over the fabric.

"You look amazing Emily, I can't wait to see what's beneath" my breath caught at the thought of him seeing me in the nude, this pushed more than a few of my hot buttons.

"Nice car" I murmured clamping down wayward thoughts while he opens the door and I climb in buckling up, staring at his biceps and ass as he moved around the car with easy and slips his svelte frame elegantly besides me buckling up.

The engines purrs nicely rolling down the top with a flicker of a switch, black eyes peering surrounding us.

"This is our song little one" smiling moving away from the curb.

My gaze absorbing the man seated next to me who was even more striking than last night. I have never seen eyes and hair so dark before. His accent sounded posh yet rogue at the same time.

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The traffic is light as I lean back enjoying the cool crisp air. Nickolai glances at me from the corner of his eye lingering on my chest and my ridiculously expensive padded bra with nothing underneath.

My breath hitches as he reaches across and places his hand on my knee squeezing gently, my hand clenching the door handle. My breath stopped as a disconcerting pleasure moved through me squeezing my thighs.

"I hope you stop defying me Emily, as your future husband and dom I will not tolerate it." The vibration of his voice causes me to ache and tremble all over clenching my thighs tighter.

"I will defy you all I want" shoving away his hand.

"Please don't do that again" he snapped returning his hand.

My eyes widened drinking him in, I have been around powerful attractive men all my life. My stepfather, José and Jethro but they lack something that Nickolai Carsarro had in abundance.

The ability to make my hair stand on end, everything about him spoke of trickery and guile.

I hated his power over me.

"Are you hungry? Because I am famished" turning the car into a small parking lot quite skillfully with just one hand.

"I am quite famished as well" which was the truth, I had not eaten anything except Jose's delicious cookies.

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His mouth quirks up either amused or relieved.

The restaurant is small and intimate with a rustic look. The waitress guided us to a table in the back away from the other patrons. Birds resting in there suspended cages, potted plants filled every corner while instrumental music hum in the background.

I tired not to fidget in the chair, my body unexpectedly heated, the intensity of his gaze searing. I felt his entire focus on me his face impassive.

Straightening my posture I studied the meun. Wow everything here was high priced running my fingers through my wavy black hair. Loose waves falling over my bare shoulders cascading down my back.

"Emily you look quite fantastic."

I was about to answer when a waitress came over to take our drinks order. She turned a rosy tint when she sees Nickolai, her eyes focus on him through long red bangs.

"You are Nickolai Carsarro, one of the most wealthiest bachelors in the world, top ten or so in the people magazine" her voice coming across in a rush her behavior unprofessional.

"Yes" he remarked, never making eye contact.

My mouth drops open, my breath race. If he is so damn rich why the hell he is nagging me for thirty five million dollars, when he could do the most charitable thing and forget the debt, this fueled my anger more.

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A small smile graced his lips "Bottle of pinot grigio and we will both be having the chefs special this evening" handing her back the menus.

I purse my lips "You could have least let me order my own meal what if I don't like the chefs special"

His eyes narrowed shaking his head

"You will enjoy the dish I guarantee you that. Besides been a stakeholder the chef is a personal friend of mine and he knows what I like"

"Oh" arrogant, rich bastard.

"How was your day?" cocking his head to one side.

"Busy"

"With whom" he asked tightly

"That's none of your business" I hiss "but if you must insist, I was with José my best friend since highschool"

"The computer greek" his jaw clenching, eyes burning. I blink as my irritation rose beyond calming points.

"I don't like sharing Emily, please remember that" his tone edging with a warning.

"You are not getting anything so there is no reason to worry about that Mr Carsarro"
a trickle of fear blustering down my neck.

"I have a remedy for your sharp tongue Emily, the prefect cane"

I lean back keeping my chin up. Bastard can't intimidate me, nerves and hunger
attacking my stomach.

"How many have there been?"

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"How many have there been what?" his tone derailing me just like his sudden stupidity.

"Women. How many women have you been with?"

"Five and all willing" the intensity of dark eyes returned as the waitress arrived with our food and drinks fluttering her long eyelashes before walking back to the kitchen. She seem willing to get in his pants while I was not.

Five is an alright number for a man in his position taking a quick sip of wine.

"If you have so many on your list why do you need me" taking another sip.

"Because you are different and I need different in my life" his voice wary, he frowns trying to contain himself but from what.

"And how long have you been a Dom?"

"Since the age of twenty eight " he shrugs placing the food in his mouth.

Silence

"I love sex Emily there is no denying that and I need a wife to supply my needs."

My brain froze stunned by his admission.

"I can still feel you, taste you. It's been a long day walking around with a hard on

through out my meetings. You have the advantage, state your limits which doesn't include you wiggling your way out of marriage"

My brain scrambles limits.

"Answer me or I will take you over my knee and I don't care who is watching"

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My heart pounding

What appropriate response could I give to a husband I didn't want, who happens to be a freaky sadist.

"What do you want me to say. The only advice I can give you is call one of your lovers and fuck them senseless for all I care or better yet the waitress she seems willing"

"Emily be serious or else" he warned

I ignored him cutting into my steak it is quite divine.

He leaned over the table kissing me by surprise. He moved fast I never saw it coming, his mouth warm and flavored by our drinks. His tongue dip into my mouth and I groan dropping my fork. Shock by my reaction I pulled away gasping.

"I own few clubs in Tampa we should go clubbing some time maybe this weekend"

My head spun I nodded widely

"Are you crazy, this will never work I need more than sex. Please give me time to repay you?"

"How do you know it wouldn't work if you haven't given it a try' signalling the waitress for more cutlery.

He wets his lips gazing at me, my body temperature on the rise as if his lips had actually touched my skin.

" I need to be inside you Emily giving you what both of us need, whether you want to admit it or not"

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"Maybe maybe not" I scoffed draining my glass beckoning him to pour another.

I need to get drunk or at least pass out before he made anymore advances. Nickolai can be so over whelming, so domaint. That title suits him well watching him clean his plate while I am unable to take another bite.

"Eat up Emily before your food gets cold"

"I am not really hungry" stabbing at my salad.

"Eat" his tone quiet yet stern.

I swallowed a few bites trying not to throw up. Is this what our marriage will be like?

"What about limits?" trying to deter him.

"I will figure it out as we go along" his eyes burning with lust.

"Are you seeing any one out of the five?"

"No they are in the past where they should be and you Emily are my future."

I put down my knife and fork, I couldn't eat anymore I was really stuff.

"Is that all you are going to eat?"

I nodded pouring myself another glass, his gaze narrowing, fingers steepling.

"Drunk or not Emily I am going to fuck you hard, driving that drunk stupor out of you"

My hand trembling spilling the wine on the table. He took the bottle cleaning up the mess with a napkin, motioning the waitress for the check.

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He stands holding his hand out for mine his palms warm and my heart froze as he slipped a diamond ring on my finger, the diamonds glittering in the light.

"You are mine Emily now and for ever" kissing the back of my hand.

I stumbled but he drew me close, his cologne intoxicating more than the wine, my body went limp in his arms, the ring heavy on my manicured finger.

He threw a few crisp hundred dollar bills on the table far more than the cost of our meal, the waitress will be most please with her tip.

With heavy shakiness he led me out the restaurant while I gaze back wishing I had taken another drink.

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are quiet on the drive back to my home in Bay Laurel both lost in our own thoughts.

My throat tightening, tears prickled my eyes but I willed them not to fall, eyeing Nickolai coldly, I felt like if I was falling my head dizzy. I loved reading romance novels historical, contemporary about couples in love getting married. I had imagined my wedding filled with excitement and love silly dreams of a woman no longer bless with C cups.

My mind wondering on Jose wishing my phone would ring with good news, glaring at him and his imposing silence.

"When are we getting married Nickolai?

"July 1st" never taking his eyes off the road.

I gripped the door handle so tightly my knuckles were turning white but I didn't feel the pain my body had grown numb.

"That's two months from now" I choke, so soon.

I suck in a deep breath as he pulls into the driveway its half past ten Ms Kent left the living room light on. She was expecting my return while I wasn't expecting this admiring the platinum diamond ring, the modern design breathtaking and brilliant.

If I had known my life would change so dramatically I might have planned a little better. A one way trip to the caribbean never looking back but what would have happened to my mother. Her meager pension couldn't cover the bills, private health

care and her ex husband's debt.

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He switches off the engine gazing at me his expression lustful. I stared down at my hands knotting my fingers.

Was he really expecting sex?

He reaches for my hand slowly pulling it to his mouth, tenderly kissing the back.

"Are you not going to invite me in?"

My heart leaps to my mouth and onto the floor.

"Um-Um" faltering.

God help me please wrenching back my hand, nibbling my nails.

A ghost of a smile softening his sinful mouth, causing a shiver to move through me followed by a heated ache between my legs.

His eyes, his gaze darkened, his voice lowers intimately "unless you would rather go to my place."

"No" I whispered trying to breath air in air out.

Opening the car door I stumbled lightly. Okay Emily get a grip it's not like if you haven't slept with a man before.

What's so different now?

Everything

Marriage, an unwanted husband, debts

I crawled up the steps ever so slowly his presence behind me unsettling, fumbling through my handbag to retrieve my house keys, my body tense as his hand settle firmly on the small of my back walking in besides me.

"Do you want something to drink?" blinking at him my heart rate matching my fluttering lashes.

He nodded "I want only you" pulling me into his arms, his chest rock hard and warm. He is breathing harder than usual, his face flushed with lust and I have stopped breathing altogether.

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Heart thumping I want to run as he followed me up stairs never taking his eyes off me. Walking down the carpeted corridor my hand pausing on the door knob rattling it with my shaking hand, my mother's room right next to mine.

Christ Emily get a grip so what if she hears, you are going to be his wife two months from now anyway.

I scoff inwardly walking in.

The room is clean and cool, I had changed my bedding, drapes, scrub my bathtub until it shone brightly. The door lock clicking into place I turn to face him as he removes his watch and shirt placing them on the single chair close to the door.

"Are you on any birth control Emily?" my hands clasp firmly at my side clenching the fabric.

?Air in, air out breath, Emily breath.

"YYes of course"

"I will prove I am clean and you will do the same then I am going to come in you" tossing two condoms on the bed.

My legs shivering as he moved closer, the moment thickening between us.

My god he is beautiful despite the few faded scars on his chest, his soft dark hairs making it unnoticeable but I had nothing to cover my scars.

"Are you prepared?" closing the gap between us.

I shook my head wildly mapping the hair over my face.

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Who could ever be prepared for a moment like this?

I know nothing about him and he scares me but he is a man and I am a woman. Isn't this what we suppose to do, have mind blowing sex?

"Could we not wait until the honeymoon?"

He shook his head eyes blazing as he removed the blanket of hair covering my eyes tilting my chin up. Wow he was tall.

"No Emily let's get this off" unzipping my dress pooling it at my feet.

"Do you have any idea as to how much I want you, need you Emily" he whispers.

His whispering cultured and smooth stroking my cheek with his thumb, removing my bra with the other. My breath hitches finally, air stifling air caught in my chest.

My muscles clenching standing before him in my lacy red panties.

"You are absolutely beautiful don't ever feel shame or awkward around me" leaning in kissing me slowly savouring my mouth, then my jaw, my chin and the corners of my mouth. He eases me toward the bed and I am panting.

Kneeling before me he pulls off my panties with his teeth, my body shook as a cool breeze fanned my naked body.

A hand moving between my legs, I spread them wider shamelessly. My core dripping

wet, my body so aroused and feverish, a fingertip trailing my sacred leg.

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"You are wet for me Emily" he murmurs covering my core with his warm palm squeezing lightly.

He pushes me unto the bed, my eyes closed against the unbearable thought of been spread out naked before him.

The sound of his pants rustling around his feet prickled my sensitive ears letting me know that he was naked before his body touch mines nestling himself between my legs.

"How long has it been?" nudging my nose with his gazing into my eyes.

I swallowed hard" a year"

"Hmm" nibbling at the shell of my ear my hands gripping the bed sheet. I was going to explode before he entered me.

"Tell me how you does pleasure yourself" biting my ear.

I groan then I froze

"I don't" I never did.

"We will have to work on that" tearing the condom foil, his length pretty impressive.

I felt him all of him as he entered stretching, filling me completely. Then he pulled out thrusting gently back into me.

"This is vanilla sex Emily " my back bowed as I clenched greedily around him.

Oh this vanilla is nice.

"You are so tight little one so greedy" teasing me again.

The man had talent I could give him that, planting soft kisses on my chest. He was confident skilled and he took what he wanted from me.

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My sanity, my freedom.

My hips grinding against his, my bed squeaking noisily as the pace increased.

"Jesus Nickolai" pulling the sheets off the bed.

Nickolai is breathing hard too gripping the pillow under my head, his head buried in my neck. His breath warm I have never been so turned on in my life, the hairs of his chest grazing my scars.

"You are mines Emily please know this" his voice husky searing pleasure through me, my blood roaring.

"Give to me Emily come with me" he ordered "now" pounding in me.

We both climaxed with a thready cry, he bit my neck sucking the vein throbbing beneath until it turned red. He left his mark his seal for others to see. My grip white knuckled an the sides of my hip maybe next time I may touch him.

He rose his head beads of perspiration gathering on his forehead, our eyes locked, I absorbing his masculine triumph that flared in his dark eyes. In that moment he owned me and I would do anything he wanted and he knew it, oh so he thought.

To me this was just sex, this ring meant nothing and so will our marriage clenching my fist. He slipped out my swollen and sensitive core kissing my neck moving down ever so tenderly.

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"Please no more" I begged I couldn't take no more.

He arched his brow, his amazing lips hovering over my navel "Tried already and we have now gotten started."

I lick my lips, I was boneless, breathless all I could manage was a nod.

He raised his body over mine, his eyes pinning me in place "Know this Emily I am taking the day off tomorrow and I intend on using it wisely living in you until you can't walk."

With that he rolled off stretching out besides me leaving me stunned. Removing his condom, he wrapped it in the foil tossing it in the bin, pulling me on top of him with such ease, his shaft growing beneath me.

"Go and sleep little one he's just happy and would he be even happier in the next five hours twenty minutes" turning off the light.

5am

Light fills the room, I had not slept a wink listening to the cadence of his heart beat, the mild rise and fall of his built chest, his strong protective arms around my slim waist.

The fact that we were both naked made me feel somewhat abashed, my face burning red even more at the thought of him living in me until I couldn't walk. I played it over like a bad turning fork. Tears welled I shouldn't cry it's not like if he hasn't treated me like a lady thus far crushing them back in their cages.

I am meek and he is controlling me with no ropes, chains or curses. He had won without a curse, a shout, a yell. I was under a horrible spell but despite my lack of skill I wasn't ready to go down without a fight. Marriage is a life time commitment one I didn't want to share with him or anyone else but here am I getting married in less than two months.

I raise my head examining his lovely face the scar across his cheek made him look dangerous when he is relaxed in sleep. His mouth slightly parted, his dark hair a mess, I gaze a while before rolling off only to be pulled back on top his dark eyes opening sheepishly. I could feel his warm skin against mine, the dusting of his chest hairs tickling my chest.

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"So you are ready for me to fuck you again" my mouth drops open at the brusque of his words. I shake my head

"I was just going downstairs to prepare breakfast for my husband to be" lies all lies.

He raised his eyebrows unconvinced, his hand moving down the small of my back, over my hip and between my thighs.

"I want to take you from behind roll over Emily" his voice exhilarating but still, I could feel his erection pressing against my stomach.

"Emily" my name rolling heavily off his tongue, his face hardens and I risk my pride which is surprisingly hard to do.

"Lessen the debt for each time you have sex with me before our wedding Nickolai" maybe then I could accumulate the money if it is of a smaller amount.

He flips me over on my back, his hand pressing my wrist in the mattress on either side of my head, his face stony, anger flaring brightly within the dark depths of his eyes.

"You should be saying my body is yours Nickolai to do as you please, show me how to submit, I want to submit to you, teach me how to be the perfect wife, lover and companion."

I swallowed hard ten slow glurps before my heart beats again

"But if you wish to be treated like a common whore Emily just say so"

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He wasted no time with foreplay slamming himself into me. I felt full, tears taking me hostage me, and my damn big mouth.

He pulls out thrusting again, this is not sex it's punishment and it hurts.

"This is how I treat whores. Do you like it Emily?"

"No " I mumble "Please stop"

What's my damn safe word?

Violet

"Violet Nickolai" I sob as he picked up the pace, plunging harder, deeper almost violent. I am sore, his hand stopping the circulation of blood to my wrist.

"Safe word I am revoking your use of the safe word, you only deserve this." his voice mocking, his pace increasing he seems to grow bigger, longer inside me. Was such a thing even possible?

White spots blur my vision I was going to pass out nodding my head.

"Please Sir stop. I am your fiancée and soon to be your wife, my body belongs to you now please violet"

He pulls out rolling off of me his body tight stretched, I guess he wasn't enjoying his barbaric behaviour no more than I did.

"Go make us some breakfast Emily"

He didn't have to tell me twice dragging the duvet off the bed, wrapping it around me, padding quickly down the corridor. Ms Kent hasn't awoken as yet I should check on my mother but I can't face her not right now leaning against the kitchen wall. I try to breath, my core thumping with pain and with a hint of pleasure.

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Angry, mortified, exhausted and disgraced. Disgraced by my statement, mortified by the way he handled me. It's my own damn fault of course, Nickolai Casarro is out of my league more than that he is dangerous, the hardness in his eyes and his violent thrust.

Pulling open the refrigerator I grabbed the carton of eggs, bacon and whole wheat bread suddenly aware that he was behind me.

"Sit let me make you breakfast" his voice low and sensual taking the items from my hand.

I wanted to protest but what's the use he would win in the end. Grabbing a chair I took a seat leaning my elbows on the kitchen bar, mesmerized by his competence around the kitchen, my kitchen.

"Sorry" I whisper looking down at my hands.

"Hey" he summons I look up a frown flits across his face.

"Surely it should be I saying that little one" whisking the eggs lightly in a glass bowl before putting the bacon on the grill.

I notice he wore nothing but his slacks my mouth drying as he causally walks over from the stove and kisses me on my lips. I groan surprising myself gaping at his broad shoulders, slim waist and rippling muscles as he walks back tending to the bacons.

"Extra crispy please" pursing my lips

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He laughs pouring the egg mix in a pan, I relax a bit enjoying the mood.

"Do you have any change of clothes?" jolted by my statement, not like if I wanted him to stay.

"Yes I always have a change of clothing stash away in the trunk of my car."

"Oh" pausing a moment before I continued "Do you always make it a habit of sleeping out"

"No Emily only with you. After breakfast we should take a bath together"

Once again he knocks me off balance, my cheeks heating

"Ok" my blood racing around my body.

Within fifteen minutes breakfast was ready, place mats set as he place the food before me. Scrambled eggs, bacon and toast taking a sit next to me.

"Tea" lifting the tea pot

"Yes thanks" watching him pour the tea so elegantly in my tea cup. I savoury the smell of freshly brew tea before taking a sip.

"I have a fund raiser ball, a yearly event that I attend to, I wish for you to accompany me to this event" popping a piece of toast in his mouth.

"I don't know I have nothing to wear" hoping he would change his mind.

He glares at me as if I have offended him" As your husband I will take care of all your needs" he says strongly I think he is not only referring to the financial aspect of the relationship.

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"I already owe you so much Nickolai" smiling tentatively at him, wishing he would forget the debt but then what leverage will he have over me once the debt is forgotten.

"Emily trust me I can afford it" his eyes gleaming wickedly.

My appetite vanishes but I force myself to eat, to breath. Why wouldn't he just go away?

"Have you ever had oral sex Emily?" my mouth drops open and I swallow at the same time at his frankness, my heart spikes I have never met someone so raw so open beside Alley and Jose but they are my friends.

"Yes once" lowering my voice

"With whom?" he asked nibbling at his bacon

"None of your business, my past has nothing to do with you" I hiss

"Oh" his lips hint a smile, a wicked evil smile.

"What?"

"Nothing drink up before you tea gets cold"

Silence that he continues "I know everything about you Emily. Age, height, the balance in your bank account, all the men you have slept with. You deserve much

better than the jerks you have been sleeping with."

"Like you?" I snap wondering how he acquired such information, the two only people that really know me inside out is Alley and Jose and they are not friends of his.

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"Yes like me" tucking a loose strand behind my ear, one eyebrow raised stabbing me to silence pulling off the duvet.

Naked and totally vulnerable I sat before him, I move my hand covering my lower region. It was best I eat and say very little at this point, he was in control for the moment. He removed my hand his eyes focus on my sex sipping his tea.

"I like how you keep it clean shaven just the way I like it" smirking. I wanted to slap it clean off his face but I wasn't the violent type.

"How did you get those scars?" changing the subject.

He looks surprise it crosses his face then he wipes it away just as quickly shaking his head "It's a long story one I don't wish to discuss ."

Fair enough next question.

"So why do you want want to marry me?" He could have any woman he wanted why me?

"Family reasons, my father wants a grandson, a heir to the Casarro empire. He would rather an arranged marriage but I perfer a woman who I can at least tolerate one of my own choosing" draining his cup his thoughts drifting.

Okay still confused.

"Have you told them about me?" dropping my eyes I wasn't really keen on meeting

his parents.

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"Yes they are excited to meet you especially my mother, she will be arriving soon to help you with the wedding preparations. Now hurry up let's go upstairs"

My heart sank looking at my ring and back at him plastering a fake smile on my heart shape face, I will need to wear this like an armour to mask my true feelings.

After breakfast I stood at the sink washing the dishes. I closed my eyes as my mind recollects the events of last night and this morning but it's hard to concentrate with him watching my every move sitting on the bar stool, his face supported by his strong hands.

His stubbly cheek and sharp widows peak left my knees weak.

"You seem energetic. Did you sleep well last night?"

"Nope" which was truth I had not slept a wink.

"Well I did for some reason" frowning "Again I am sorry about this morning, I know you must be quite sore so we will just stick to oral sex for today."

I choke, holding my chest as I reach for a glass from the cabinet filling it with water, drinking it down greedily.

"What time are you going to work?"

"Around nine why?"

He is standing behind me I could feel his presence, I could smell his distinctive odour.

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"Take the day off with me you can go tomorrow."

I frown does he intend on spending another night. Rinsing out the glass my thoughts, my stomach in turmoil. He turns me to face him.

"It's time we take a bath"

"Okay" I would rather have a shower alone but its not about what I want anymore. I was about to say something lame when my cellphone rang, it was Alley.

"Hi" wondering over to the back door away from him.

"Why didn't you call, text me Emily?"

"I am sorry I have been taken over by events" unwanted events caused by an unwanted man.

"You're okay?"

"YYYes I am fine and you?" clearing my throat.

"I am okay. Did you?" she is fishing for the right words to say and for information.
"See him since?" her voice shaky.

"Alley I don't want to talk about this over the phone. We could meet for lunch"
Nickolai glances at me, arms folded across his chest daring me to make any plans.

I swallowed " We could meet tomorrow. How does that sound?"

"Why not today? Is there someone with you?"

"No"

"Liar. You did break your celibacy?"

I roll my eyes

"Who is he, was he gentle, is he guy from the bar?"

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"Alley please" unable to hide my exasperation. What's up with all these twenty twenty questions?

"Emily don't hold out on me. We are friends, best friends. Does Josh know?"

"I will call you later" hanging up.

It's going to be difficult to shake her. She can be so persistent when she wants to know something. She may be a little hurt when I tell her she seem to like the guy, she will freak. I need a plan but what? Walking back over to Nickolai resting my phone on the bar.

"Was that your friend Alley?" his tone harsh for some unknown reason.

I nodded walking pass him fully aware that I was in the nude. What if Ms Kent walks in and sees me like this?

He pulls me into his arms suddenly kissing my forehead. "You should stop telling Alley all of your deepest darkest secrets."

My eyes snap to his "Why?"

"Many reasons for one she is fucking my brother Umberto. She tells him everything that you have told her in confidence and in return he tells me. They both suit each other since they both can't keep their fucking mouths shut."

My jaw drop

"Liar. Alley may be a lot of things but she" unable to finish. José has always told me that she had a motor mouth, she couldn't keep a secret.

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"I know about you and Jethro Emily. How he broke your heart, left you for another when he found out you had breast cancer."

That bitch she is so dead.

"Why did she run out of your office in tears?"

"I threaten to tell my brother about her. She came onto me strongly in the your office mainly because she didn't know who I am but I knew who she was. Umberto has not stop boasting about her to our parents since they meet three months ago."

Poor guy Alley just isn't the settling type. A gold digging slut but not wifey material.

"I don't want to get in between the bond that you have with Alley. Just the less she knows about our business the better."

Trailing my lips, my heart leaps and pools of unwanted desire gathered down low inside my core. What if he's telling the truth, tears swell my eyes. I could never trust her again.

He drew me closer wrapping his arms tightly around me

"Baby I am sorry but my life is constantly in the spotlight and as my wife you to will also be in that same spot light whether you want it or not. I just want you to be careful around the company you keep that's all" planting a kiss in my hair.

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Nickolai fills the tub with warm water pouring in my bath oil. It foams the water filling the room with the aroma of strawberries and jasmine. Nickolai gazes at me with eyes blazing of lust while I cling to the door post too afraid to step further.

He removed his pants holding out his hand for me, wide eyed I took his hand as he guides me into the tub, the water deliciously warm against my already heated skin.

"Look at me" he orders and I do pinching my nose while I gasp for that much needed air.

The water at the base of my belly, in the daylight he could see all of me, every scar, every flaw that I had hidden over the past year. I hang my head, he lifts my face with his index finger.

"Emily you are very beautiful please don't be ashamed, it's a real joy to be here with you" splashing water playfully at me.

His eyes soft and warm his words seem sincere sitting next to me. He pulls me against his chest, I gasp in surprise his nose in my hair inhaling deeply.

"You smell good"

He reaches for my body wash on the shelf and squirts it into his hand creating a soft foam rubbing my neck and back.

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"You are mine Emily"

I groan as long fingers rub my shoulders, arms and under my arm pits, I am so glad I always shave. He glides his hand over my flat chest but he doesn't linger my body tense as he glides his hand between my legs, his erection growing pressing on my back pushing a finger in.

"Take it baby" he whispers in my ear, grazing his teeth against my earlobe. I clenched tightly stiffening my legs as he pushed it in past the knuckles, my walls clamping around the invasion. He removes his finger leaving me whimpering for more.

"Wash me now baby" turning me to face him.

I was shocked to find his shaft in his hand, he is stroking it gently turning me on. I stand up suddenly ashamed of my thoughts but he pulls me down again, the water splashing on the tiled floor.

"Behave Emily we are both adults not kids"

I stared at it in amazement, it's so big I glance up at him.

"Do I have to beg?"

"Yes" because I had no intention of washing him, much less sucking him.

He laughs "I knew from the first moment your father had shown me your photograph I knew you would be trouble, a challenge and I like that" squirting some soap on his

shaft head.

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I couldn't pull away he looked so sexy moving his hand up and down, his fingers unable to form a full circle, no way I could take that in my mouth. His eyes serious and dark his body tense, he was going to explode and I wanted to taste him before he did. I shoved his hand away gripping it between my palm, his vein throbbing violently beneath.

Squirming in need I close my eyes taking him in my mouth and down my throat. The spell he had cast over me had grown stronger. My breathing ragged, a low moan escapes from deep in his throat, he was please despite my lack of skill.

Nickolai grabbed my hair as I moved my head up and down, his eyes closed, my lips around him sucking hard.

"Oh god Emily" his eyes flew open, his ass bouncing in the tub.

"Oh god baby that feels good, I am going to come" he murmurs.

I suck harder as he cries out filling my throat with a salty smooth liquid. Pulling away with a pop, I lick the corner of my lips gloating as he pulls himself together wondering if he could take another blow.

He pulls me on top of him suddenly, his erection surprisingly hard.

"Emily that was really good and this would be even better" straddling me on to him, slamming himself into my wet hole, I squeal as he fills me.

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"You are so tight" his words threading with a hint of delicious agony that set me on fire.

I took all of him inside me, his fingers squeezing my thighs below the water.

"Slow please" but I had no mercy I didn't care about his plea.

Somewhere I lost my mind, pressing my mouth against his, riding him the water moving roughly around us.

"It feels so good " I sob digging his shoulder blade" You feel ah..good oh god" bouncing up and down.

Nickolai commanded my rhythm bucking and moving me to the movement of his hips.

"Fuck" pounding his hips at me.

We shook as our orgasm tore us apart, his face softening with unexpected vulnerability. Cupping his face I held him comforting while he brushed my hair away from my face. At that moment I felt a bond like I have never felt with anyone. I smiled feeling dazed high confused and very much afraid.

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My life had changed so drastically within the last forty eight hours.

One moment I was Emily Côte cancer survivor patient with a bright future, the next a Carsarro whore fleeing from Tampa leaving everything and everyone behind including my engagement ring. I didn't take it with me just in case I get tempted to pawn it. It might be traced and that's a chance I wasn't willing to take.

I had no other alternative but to run to flee from the madness descending upon me. To a small town called Monticello a four hour drive from Tampa.

Monticello has a population of just over three thousand residents, he wouldn't find me I had slipped away unnoticed. Twenty more miles according to google, the closer I got the more my nerves rattled me.

What the hell am I doing, who the hell does this, run away from their life leaving a sick mother behind. I did with no regrets.

After Nickolai left I moved my mother to a private nursing home, paid my bills six months in advance, left Jose in charge of the bar and had given Ms Kent a two months paid vacation until I returned. If I ever planned on coming back my existence just an illusion.

I changed my number cut my hair shoulder length and dyed it auburn. I even changed my name so I wasn't no longer Emily Côte but Alena Scott thanks to José who helped me acquire my fake ID within hours. My sudden departure would not have been possible without his help.

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I was headed to a small one bedroom cottage that belonged to my grandmother. Yawning I tried to keep my eyes open. I needed sleep, I couldn't function I needed to escape Nickolai if I intended on keeping my sanity in tact. I was already on the verge of toppling over.

I turn right on a dark road barely wide enough for two vehicles rolling down the windows with a flip of a switch enjoying the cold night air passing a wooden sign "Welcome to Monticello" leaving dust in my wake.

I was driving fast way over the speeding limit pass the bank, a post office and grocery store.

Rituals a small coffee shop this is where I will be working in the next three days considering that I am broke after spending my life savings on my dramatic move. I had never had a job in my life. The bar was handed down to me in my father's will that and a ten million debt to date it's thirty five million and counting.

Isn't that not reasons enough to make a quick get away.

My phone vibrated on the dashboard it was Alley, José had given her my new number I ignored it. Since I found out what she has been doing behind my back I haven't spoken to her since I don't know what to tell her our friendship tarnish.

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Pulling the car in the front white picket fence I walked up the stairs to the small porch my legs stiff with pain I hope I remembered to pack my painkillers.

I opened the door the living room and kitchen were joined in one, the flooring made of hard wood, the walls bright yellow the colour had given me an instant migraine. The small kitchen was furnish with only the bare necessities it was nothing like my home in Tampa, the counter dark gray and dusty. The bathroom painted in olive green minus a tub and hot water. The bedroom had a small window, the view was blocked by pine trees. There was a gold cast iron bed in the middle of the room, the walls painted in a soft gray. I loved it for some strange reason.

I unloaded the car a single suitcase and four brown paper bags containing a few grocery items. Placing the bags on the counter I dragged my suit behind me as I made my way to the bedroom. I needed sleep just a little nap before I head down to the general store. I needed to get a few items pillows, blankets cleaning supplies.

It's been twelve hours since I had vanished I wondered about his reaction when he got to my house and found that I wasn't there. What went through his mind when he dialed my cellphone but got no reply.

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I am sure he is livid luckily he couldn't find my mother I had admitted her under a false name and paid cash covering her stay for approximately six months over stocking her with all her personal items pampers, painkillers, medication, milk, juice, cereal the works and I had asked José to check on her from time to time just to keep me up-to-date with medical condition. Curling up on the hard mattress I sneeze excessively until I fell asleep.

I didn't sleep well last night besides sneezing my ass off the room was cold and somewhat damp. My thoughts drifted mostly to Nickolai until it turned into a nightmare. Even at four hundred miles maybe more (I pray to god not less) he still invades my thoughts. I pulled my cream sweater closer as the light filled my tiny room.

Getting up I brushed my teeth and took a quick shower pulling my hair in a loose ponytail. I pulled on a pair of jeans and another sweater and made breakfast coffee, it wasn't nothing much just a cheese sandwich before I headed to town.

I drove slowly through streets of Monticello trying not to draw attention to myself past Miller's diner parking the car in front of Tex general store. There I brought a local paper, bleach, fabric freshener, pine soil, liquid soap and j cloths. It was almost eleven and I had not started any of my chores, cleaning my number one priority overloading my honda civic.

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As soon as I got back home I began a general cleaning. Scrubbing, mopping disinfecting late into the evening my knees aching from spending time on all fours. My heart stop beating dropping to my feet as someone knocked on the door. I panicked looking around nobody knows my location not even José, who could it be?

Pulling myself together I opened the door relieved yet annoyed.

"Hi I am Laura I live next door across the road" I shook her hand forcing myself not to slam the door in her face.

"Nice to meet you Alena" a fake yet convincing smile plastered on my face. I wanted to be left alone to wallow in my thoughts and financial problems.

"Wow it looks like you have got a lot of work to do moving into a new house and all"

I rolled my eyes but she didn't see me she was too busy being a nosy neighbour her eyes glimpsing inside over my shoulder.

"I will be fine" I assured her

"I have a friend who does construction if you want his number"

"No thanks Laura I should be finish by tonight"

"Well I won't keep you" I was glad she said that closing the door before she walked off the porch.

It was five o'clock when I had finish the cottage looked no different but it was clean and smelled of citrus maybe tomorrow I would apply some paint and brighten up the walls.

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I was hungry and wondered if they had delivery service when some one knocked on the door. I was munching on a handful of nuts when the door creak open and once again my heart dropped to my feet when he walked in.

The sex god himself Nickolai.

Shit I had forgotten to close the door. He looked sexy in his royal blue suit holding a pizza and six pack of beers.

"Relax I thought you might be hungry" his shinny black shoes crepitating the board with each slow movement.

I held my breath wanting to bolt as he glanced around my tiny home.

"Nice to bad you won't be staying and after all that cleaning."

"Get out, leave me alone Nickolai before I scream" wondering if Laura or any of my neighbors would hear.

"How did you find me?"

"As I said I know everything about you Emily" walking around me resting the pizza and beer on the fake marble counter. He stood tall in front of me pressing his fingers painfully on my chin forcing me to face him.

"Naughty girl. Did you really expect to get away and what have you done with your hair?"

"I don't need to answer to you leave me alone please" tears stung my eyes as I tried to look away.

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"Answer me" he snapped and I spat how dare he talk to me like that.

His dark eyes blaze with anger as he wipe my mucus off his face with the back of his hand. The glint from his gold cuff links drew my attention but only for a moment just before he slap me full across my face.

I squealed holding my face wanting to gouge his eyes out, scar his cheek, kick him in the balls but each action had consequences and pain so I remained silent still.

"Emily I have done all I can to make you feel comfortable, to make you happy given the circumstances but please don't ever mistaken indulgence or weakness." pulling my head back sharply.

"Or would you rather I call you Alena Scott" wrapping my hair around his fist I closed my eyes tightly against the blows that never came drawing me closer to him his masculine scent drowning me in a sea of lust.

"We all have demons inside us some quiescent others loose. I doubt very much that you could take my beast head on should he be awoken."

My eyes widened gulping, my mouth dry, my heart racing with each passing second. My blissful freedom was less than twenty four hours. I wanted to run to scream but most of all to scream.

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Scream for help, scream for mercy, scream for peace for this bastard to leave me alone and for my traitorous body to be in harmony with my mind and heart.

How else can I expect to defeat him.

My fist clench so hard at my side that they shook as a jade of lust swept across his face.

"Is it such a bad thing to spend the rest of your life with me, as my wife and my companion Emily?"

"Yes" I sob "Yes" but deep inside I know it was a lie but still.

"Well live with it. You belong to me and if you try that stunt again"

He pulled aside his coat revealing a 9mm glock hand gun strapped securely to his waist as he release his hold on my silky strands.

My heart quickened as I step back colliding with the counter.

"Well you will just have to kill mme."

"Okay kneel I have wasted enough time on you"

My eyes snapped to his, would he really kill me? Should I call his bluff or stand down?

Think Emily think huffing at the unfairness.

"Kneel" pulling out his gun cocking it.

Sweet baby Jesus help me please.

"Have you killed anyone before Nickolai?"

He nodded and I gasp. I was right he was more dangerous than any man I have ever known.

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"Will you really kill me?"

"If you leave me no choice Emily"

Okay this was going nowhere. I wanted to cry out in frustration.

Then a shot rings out. The next thing I know I felt a hot white pain at the side of my unscarred leg just below my knee. I scream but it was muffled by his rough hand. Frozen in shock it takes me a moment to get my head together as he removed his hand.

"You shot me" gazing down at my wounded leg.

"Merely a flesh wound not time I will aim for your head."

I stiffen to afraid to be concerned with pain. The fucker really shot me. Silence all you could hear is the beating of my heart and his swallow breathing. I am paralyzed with fear as someone knocks on the door.

"Are you okay Alena. I heard a gun shot should I call the police? "

He cocks his head looking at me gun pointed to the door.

"If she comes in here I will kill her and will be on your conscience"

I glup

"No no I am okay it was the television" hoping to convince her with my unsteady voice.

"Didn't the night we share mean anything to you?" I muttered knowing she was still outside.

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"It meant something to me but apparently nothing to you because you ran leaving your ring behind."

"Alena" Laura knocked again. "If you need anything you know where I live" walking away her flip flops slapping against the board as she walked off the porch.

I stumbled lightly feeling warm blood trickling down my jeans clad leg, my blood. We stared for moments neither speaking his gun resting along side his right leg finger still on the trigger. I trail his lips with my finger tip hoping to calm but he slap my hand away.

"Don't fuck with me Emily I am not the kind of person to be toyed with." raising his gun pointing it to my face.

"What about your public image, your family?"

"Emily I have billions maybe more, the best defense team, a few judges and politicians in my back pocket. I will never see the inside of a jail cell while your corpse rotten in a swallow grave that will be dug by my hands if you try and fuck with me and my intelligence."

I drop my gaze unable to look anymore tears thickened my throat wishing my father was alive so I could kill him with my bare hands. He closed the gap between us pushing his chest against mine.

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"Play nice Emily not only for your sake" gazing down at my wounded leg then back at me. "But for all those around you that you hold dearest. I will only allow this one indiscretion. Please don't ever push me again, ever" his body heat tingle against mine and for some sick reason I wanted him more than before. He returned his gun straightening his back cracking stiff bones.

"Let's go" wrenching my arm with one hand balancing the pizza and beer with the other.

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Hands shaking I wrapped my arm around his shoulder as he carried me outside to the awaiting car bearing most of my body weight. Lowering my head I slid in the back seat pushing tangled hair out of my face looking away as he relax himself next to me.

I wanted to move away to keep distance between us but it would look weak. His hand reached to touch my cheek I sucked in a deep breath as he ran his thumb along my jaw before dropping his hand. My skin flared from his touch my heart raced uncontrollably.

I turned to face him eyes searing into mines but I didn't know what to say so I remained mute and still.

"Take off your jeans Emily" a command an order.

I did what he asked slipping it off my waist biting my bottom lip as the pain lance strongly through my skinny leg. He leaned forward taking out a first aid kit from beneath the seat attending to my wound. Many emotions ran through my head the most definite lust but I stayed mute since I wasn't a eloquent person pretending to be somewhere else but it was hard with long fingers wrap around my knee dressing the wound.

"Where are you taking me?" finally my voice weak and hoarse.

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"Back to my place"

One eyebrow raised "Oh" fighting the urge to lick my lips.

Didn't this man just shot me?

Should I not hate the very sight of him maybe tomorrow but not tonight. It was either him or my battery operated vibrator which I left back at the cottage.

"Have you ever been tied up before Emily?" his hand pressing against my thigh a shiver started in my core my face heating.

"Like men making women their slaves?"

His chuckle deep and rich "Not exactly. I will never look upon you as my slave but always as my equal but when it comes to sex I am the dominant and you are the submissive. I will like to dress you up in black fish net stockings or red skin tight latex."

"Is that your fantasy?"

My core creamed soaking my kickers as he nodded I was both fascinated and shock.

Emily didn't he just shoot you my subconscious screamed but I ignored her.

Amusement glint in his dark eyes "Do you have a fantasy Emily?"

I nodded looking away at the darkness covering the country road. He tilted my head around to face him cocking his head to one side.

"What little one?"

"Seeing you in black leather pants and your head buried between my thighs" As soon as it came out I looked away to ashamed to face him.

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He chuckled "Okay I will see to it that my future wife fantasy is fulfilled. I didn't walk with my black leather pants but I could fulfill the other part" sliding to his knees.

I gasp flushing with embarrassment and desire a rapid series of images flashed through my mind. I wobbled in my knickers my knees weakened while my subconscious looked upon me with scorn and disgust. Reaching out I pushed him back easing myself further away straightening my back. I sat there gasping and wet fully aware that his driver is only inches away.

"Ignore him and focus on what I am about to do to you little one"

I scrambled further up the seat twisting fiercely at the waist.

"What are you doing? Stop it Nickolai" I whisper my eyes darting forward hoping the driver doesn't turn around.

"No Emily tonight I am your master and you will address me as such nothing else will do."

"Master" as he pulling my knickers down to my ankles slipping them off my synapse frying instantly numbing the pain of my wound.

"You are so beautiful Emily"

I muffled a groan as his tongue touched my tightening core with a strong suck. My hands grip his silk dark hair pulling pushing unsure about what action to take.

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"I love your body" he whisper licking my bud "I can't get enough"

"You haven't had much of it" grinding my tiny hips in his face. I lick my dry lips so crazily as he drove his slick flesh inside me pushing.

Oh my this feels good.

The physical pleasure pushed me over the edge muffling another moan with my free hand the hold on his head grew tighter. I thrashed wildly as he suck my bud in a slow rhythmic motion until I came. I bit on my bottom lip hard my body shivering. With three fingers he opened me

"No oh god no more" I definitely knew he heard that one- the driver that is, releasing Nickolai's hair.

"One more little one" he whispered hoarsely

"I can't master" loving how it rolled around my tongue, his mouth glistening with my juices making him more seductive.

"You will" blowing hot air on my sensitive bud, my skin tingling and burning with lust.

He licked the tender spot continuing where he left off the slow rhythmic suction with soft lips and experience tongue a heat of delight rolled through me as he suck and fingered. I whimpered coming again my second orgasm just as frightening as the first.

He slid next to me adjusting his apperance handing me back my underwear I held on to it unable to move. He licked the corners of his mouth pulling me closer to him.

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"I love to watch you come if I had a condom I would take you right here right now" I gaze down at his slacks that bulged with his thick erection.

I didn't remember much I couldn't my mind just snap consumed with lust.

"I need this" I whisper squeezing his bulge. His body tense as he fought a groan as I squeeze harder.

Nickolai my master gripped my thighs slidding his hand upwards"Your core is so sweet but you have been bad I should let you beg before I give it to you"

"I will beg now if you want" unbuckling his pants

"What about you leg?" pointing at the white bandage.

I shurg more taken a back by the ach between my thigh. I was burning up and only Nickolai could out this fire a fire he had created.

His hand cupped my buttocks squeezing"I am breaking all my rules with you little one" a car headlight piercing though the tinted window, we were almost in Tampa my cheeks heating as I pulled out his erection.

He slapped my hand away tucking him back in his black boxers leaving me feeling somewhat embarrass.

"I will fuck you when we get home. I want to spread you out and lick you until you beg me to get inside you"

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I huff folding my arms pulling away like a spoil brat. Nickolai had my emotions all twisted caught in his whirl wind of desire wantonness fervor. He teased me by taking it out stroking it playfully.

"Please master" clasping my hands together greedy for this thick long shaft suspended between his legs.

"No little one stop been so greedy" stroking his meat up and down. Damn just watching it was getting me over heated, tears stung my eyes.

I blink pressing my thighs together, whoa time to stop watching and making a fool of myself but I couldn't pull away remembering the last time it was inside me. Was he punishing me for running well getting shot was payment enough. My bud throbbing I made a grab for it but he moved away.

"Emily you naughty girl" I couldn't tell if the driver was listening to our conversation or if he was laughing at me the vehicle much to dark to notice and frankly I didn't care a hint of amusement in Nickolai eyes.

Two could play this game let him have his fun for now his thighs tightening under his slacks he leaned his head gazing at me stroking faster, he was about to come. Suddenly he stop slipping it back in it's cage.

"You can have what you desire when we get home besides we have other things to discuss like our wedding?"

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Ahhh god lord not that again

"I was looking at coco brown and gold decorations or blue, pink and white. What do you think baby?"

"Are we not hiring a wedding planning?" Cocoa brown and gold yuck slipping on my panties and jeans with much difficulty.

"One of the best from Spain. She should be arriving in two weeks time" I gaze out side momentarily

Since meeting Nickolai I'd felt like if I had fallen down a rabbit hole into a facinating and seductive world where no rules apply, it was both scary yet exciting but mostly scary. Now I am going to have this same feeling every single day when we say I do.

His cell phone buzz loudly piercing the silence sighing heavily sadly he answers it on the third ring.

"Mother"

My eyebrows raised leaning in a bit but I could barely make out what's been said on the other end.

"That's none of your business mother but yes she is here"

"Sorry" he wines and apologizes before hanging up.

"Change of plans Emily, my parents are in the country and they wish to meet you"

Pulling out my old flip phone from my back pocket, ten o'clock it was pretty late for a meeting and my attire. I put my head in my hands wanting to scream.

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Nickolai caresses my shoulder "I would drop you home and make up a plausible excuse as to why you couldn't make it. Besides you would need your rest for your first day at Jacob and Millers."

My head snap up "What"

"Its nothing much just an entry level position"

"At one of the best advertising agencies in Tampa. How did you?"

"Jacob is an old friend of mines I pulled a few strings and got your application on top the pile of other interested applicants."

I press my face in my legs rocking from side to side in happiness.

Okay I had to admitt it I was definitiely into him I may even begin to love one day in the distant future but been a wife.

I had not looked so far ahead in my furture. After been diagnosed with cancer living and getting through this frightening stage of my life has been my main concern.

My mother loved my dad and when he asked her to marry him she jumped at it no questions asked even though he was broke and wasn't bless with a sizeable bank account but love was a requisite for my mother that and sex but when she became pregnant he walked out on her three months pregnant leaving her to fend for herself in a barely finish apartment.

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"I take it that you are please"

I nodded hugging him wondering what to wear frowning a bit. I will call Alley and see if she has anything in my size, perhaps she can come over style my hair.

"Thanks Nickolai" pulling away.

"I am not looking for a happily ever after Emily I don't believe in fairytales but what I feel for you is real and I am afraid as much as you. My father is not all he is crack up to be, he is evil in more ways than you could even imagine and my mother a drunk the less we see of them the better." his voice soft closing his eyes.

"I am nothing like my father yes I enjoy been a dom, bondage, whips, wax play but I will never lose control and hurt you in anyway, I will always let you use your safe word I will never take away your right to use it. Expect for that one time."

I remained mute leaving him to open up there was so much about him that I must know before I walk down the isle with him.

"Have you really kill some one before Nickolai?"

"Only in self defence Emily I am not a murderer like him. I am sorry about losing my temper but you must never run away from me again. Do you understand?"

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I nodded fondling his subbly cheek.

He leaned in on my touch"Emily please don't look upon me as a monster I see him every day in the mirror but look upon as a man fighting for what I need more than food or sunlight, which is you. When I saw your picture, when I saw you I had started to live, this fuck up fairytale may have a happy ending if you give me what I need"

"Which is?" my hand frozen on his cheek my voice barely above a whisper.

"Your submission, your flesh, your blood, your heart, your soul all of you Emily. You are strong, and fierce sexually untame and I like that."

I drop my hands blinking rapidly concentrate Cote as he ran his finger across my lower lip.

"Do you always get what you want?"

His eyes widen and I realized I've surprise him"Yes" he says.

I looked away momentarily

Gotta give him points for honesty.

Lost and confused a bit I look at him"I will tell you my limits what I like and then you would do whatever you want"

Nickolai is looking at me baffled"Excuse me"

"You don't seem like the kind of guy that takes advice from anyone"

"You are wrong Emily I consider your opinions"

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I look away twisted in knots this man wants to hurt me but that's not the problem, the problem is I will like it and him with his psychopathic domiant behaviour.

"Emily" he says gently "look at me"

I look

"I didn't mean to frighten you but this is how I feel"

"I don't want you to think that you are in control because of my feelings towards you thats not how I work. I have to admit also that I wanted to beat the living daylights out of you when I didn't find you at home so be thankful that I only grazed you with my bullet"

I squeezed my eyes remaining aphasic

"It's been four days since my life have changed maybe longer and I am in pain for wanting things you are yet to understand"

My eyes flew open the heat coming off him palpable. I need to roll down the window, the car suddenly stifling. My heart fills with sadness at the thought of what he might be going though but I need to do some research so I could get a better understanding of what I am getting into. I could probably talk to Jose he may understand this BDSM life style.

"I understand Nickolai and I am going to do some research"

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"Okay" he leans back loosening his tie

"You should it's a lot to take in but my advice is to research the extreme side of it, the dark aspects because I don't do mild"

My jaw drops I press my fingertips on my temple feeling dizzy I want to respond but I have lost the power of speech something that happens rather often around him.

"Where to sir?"

"Ms Cote residence then you will drop me off at my hotel suite before you retire for the night"

"Yes sir"

He pulls out his iphone and starts typing something

"What are you doing?"

"Making a note" he says

"About what, the next time you going to fuck me" shaking my head

"I will make a note of that too, how tomorrow evening sounds"

Again I am speechless

His mouth twitching in amusement "Seriously I am making a note to get you a computer and a new phone. You should receive the items in the morning when my driver comes to pick you up" his fingers moving gracefully over the keyboard.

"I don't want you driving in your condition besides that you don't have your car. I will get one of my people to go and collect your stuff it should be here by tomorrow evening"

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By now I should find my voice I open my mouth nothing just air hot air.

"Do you have an email address Emily?"

"Why?" my voice not my own and I am not really here with him.

"So we could chat and I could answer any questions you may have"

""

I breath a sign of alleviation as the car pulled up to the curb in front my home. I have never been more excited to see my two storey victorian home the entire structure mostly made of wood with a wrap around porch.

"Well it has been an interesting day Nickolai" lightly touching the bandage underneath my jeans.

"It surely was Emily" kissing my delicately on the cheek.

My insides quivering from his incomplex touch. I had to pinch myself from asking him to come in for a while. I smiled trying to keep my cool opening the door slidding out closing the door behind me. I walked uneasily up the steps only to remember that I didn't have my keys but I turned the knob anyway surprise to find it open.

Waving goodbye I walked inside closing the door behind me only then did he leave.

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Source Creation Date: June 29, 2025, 1:44 am

"Emily I am surprise to see you. What happened?" rumble Jose walking out my kitchen dress in his boxers, Anita Barker wailing from my stereo system.

"Nothing. Who is here with you?" folding my arms.

Jose knows I hate it when he brings any of his women to my place. There is an open bottle of wine on the counter and two empty glasses one of which was half filled of white wine.

"Diana"

Diana casting through the list of sexual partners in my mind Diana doesn't ring a bell.

"Whose Diana?" ready to throw them both out yet curious to know who Diana was.

He rolled his eyes folding his arms trying to intimidate me.

"Diana is a temporary receptionist filling in for Laurel until she returns from maternity leave. She is funny and cute I can't wait for you to meet her"

"Isn't there rules about fucking your employees?"

He nodded his sexy head walking back to the kitchen.

"So why don't you carry her back to your place?"

He poured himself some wine in the empty goblet placing it to his head drinking it

down in one shot.

"Will you like a drink?" pouring himself another glass.

"No thanks just answer me"

"Well the funny thing is I don't have a place. After you left I gave up my apartment and moved what little I could here. The remainder of my things should arrive in the morning.

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I almost swoon Jose my best friend, occasionally dipsomaniac and man whore was going to be living with me. I grabbed the bottle from off the counter putting it to my head.

"Easy Emily this is expensive stuff two thousand a bottle" wrenching it out my hand.

Wow two thousand dollar bottle of wine, that was some date.

"You can't stay" wiping the my mouth with the back of my hand.

"So you throwing me out?" sounding alarm

"No" rubbernecking him. I could never do that.

"You said you wasn't coming back"

That's true I wasn't

"Why are you here anyway?" placing the wine on the counter.

"Nickolai" strolling out the kitchen turning suddenly

"Where is Diana?"

"Upstairs in the guest room sleeping after some amazing sex" grabbing his crotch playfully.

I twitter my head turning on my heels walking off when he yank me by the arm, I bit my lip in pain.

"Are you mad? I would leave if you want me too?"

"No I am not mad I'm just tired. I have a big day tomorrow at Jacob and Millers, I got the job."

Jose released my hand jumping up and down in high spirits. I sincerely wish I could join him but my leg oh gosh it was killing me. Perhaps I should call a doctor or at least change the bandage, painkillers.

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"Jose stop please" stumbling to my hands and knees.

My stepfather had thought me how to read guys pretty well which was how I know Nickolai was trouble and my predictions wasn't wrong.

"Emily" Jose rush to my aid helping me up."Are you okay love"

"Nickolai shot me"

"What! He did what! Where is he?"

"Calm down Jose it is just a flesh wound" his body languishing with anger but what can he do against a man like Nickolai who carried around a licensed lethal weapon.

"But he has no right. I am going to call the police"

"Jose no okay I am fine just need help up the stairs please"

"Emily he went to far and I won't let him get away with this. I have a close friend in the police department Sgt Riggs, we could have him taken into custody before dawn" helping me up the stairs one step at a time.

"Jose just don't leave it alone I don't want him behind bars"

"Why"

"Why what?" as we climbed another almost to the top.

"Why you don't want the bastard arrested? Are you in love with him Emily?"

"Maybe" pulling away as we reached the top.

"Are you serious?"

"Maybe"

"So the wedding is still on" following me to my bedroom door and inside.

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"Maybe" wrinkling my nose.

He threw his arm around my shoulder easily as he was five inches taller. I shoved everything out of my mind focusing on the large box in the middle of my room.

"What are those?"

"Some really expensive office wear and glamour threads. The box was already in your room when I got here."

I knew immediately who they were from.

"I guess they are from your bazillionaire gun slinging husband to be"

I nodded strolling over to the box taken a back. Everything was designer wear and dripping with wealth. Matching heels, panties, bra, shades and handbags sighing.

"At least he has taste"

I gesture my head to over whelmed to speak, even miles away out of sight he still could leave me speechless.

7:30am

I pushed opened my front door my composure unflappable as I walked slowly down the staircase to the awaiting vehicle, the tint much to dark to know if he was seated inside. I felt like a new woman, in my charcoal Phillip Lim pants suit, my Angnes

shades and handbag, victoria secrets lingerie caressing my body, my hair combed in a figure eight thanks to José, my insides pack with painkillers.

I was beginning to think that I have put too much emphasis in my appearance when the car door opened my heart stopped right then but to my dismay it wasn't Nickolai but another man he held the door open for me smiling warmly.

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He had the same dark eyes and dark wavy hair. Was this Umberto? They resemble greatly except he was a bit shorter. The outline of a gun visible under his vest.

"Thanks" sliding into the back seat nervously, a sliver Mac pro laptop and Samsung S7 cellphone nestled on the seat next to me. I guess these are my things resting them on my lap wanting to put as much distance as I can between me and the armed stranger.

I gaze out the window at the perfect blue sky stretched across the horizon wishing I was over weight, ugly and old really old with wrinkles probably then he wouldn't marry me nobody would.

"There is no reason to fear me Emily."

I jumped at the sound of my name rolling off his lips. I had never seen eyes so dark before, except when I look at Nickolai but he was different. I always get lost in those dark pools, drowning gasping for air. These probably strike fear in the heart of his victims right before he kills them.

"I am not afraid of you, just cautious" sticking my chin out.

"How ironic. You are cautious around my presence but you are marrying my brother" he remarked bitterly.

"Umberto"

He laughed mildly cutting me off. The same deep, sinister rich laughter like Nickolai

the only difference it wasn't alluring and sexy just frightening.