



# Mafia Crown Pieces (Mafia Crown #1)

**Author:** *Shay Stone*

**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** "Holy shit!" The gun slipped from Jenna's grasp, landing with a metallic clatter in a pool of blood. This can't be happening. She blinked down at her trembling, blood-splattered hands, whispering, "Please don't be dead."

All she wanted was a job.

But one ill-fated interview with New York's most powerful mob boss has left her marked for death and on the run.

Now, Jenna is caught in a brutal world where money and power rule and survival demands more than just strength—it requires submission to dangerous men who never take no for an answer.

Desperately fleeing both mafia assassins and the law, Jenna's world is further upended when she crosses paths with two dark, enigmatic figures. Each man exudes a promise of safety wrapped in secrets, desire tainted by danger.

As she's drawn deeper into this seductive underworld, every step she takes only tightens the noose, pulling her closer to a deadly showdown that could grant her freedom—or seal her fate.

In a game where loyalty is tested and lives hang in the balance, Jenna must embrace the darkness she fears and become something far deadlier than the monsters hunting her. For the underworld is filled with monsters, and they don't run.

They rise.

**Total Pages (Source):** 6

## A Deadly Interview

“Holy shit!” The gun slipped from Jenna’s hand, clattering to the floor, its metallic warmth lingering on her skin. Her pulse thundered in her ears as she blinked, trying to clear the shock from her vision.

This couldn’t be real.

This couldn’t be happening.

“No,” she muttered, shaking her head as if to wake from a nightmare. Her eyes dropped to her hands, smeared with the man’s blood. “No, no, no,” she repeated, tears hot and unstoppable coursing down her cheeks. “Please, don’t be dead,” she begged, more a desperate prayer than a plea.

Through the veil of her blood-stained fingers, she saw him sprawled awkwardly on the polished marble, a crimson pool spreading around him. Horror rooted her to

the spot as the deep red liquid seeped into the tile grooves, staining the pristine white grout. It snaked its way toward the office door—a slow, dreadful journey.

“Shit.”

She jolted into action, her body moving on instinct. Her skirt clung awkwardly to her waist, a remnant of the assault she had endured moments before. Grabbing the patterned pillows from the couch, her mind raced, frantically searching for a solution. She had to stop the blood from reaching the door. The guards outside wouldn’t

hesitate to kill her if they saw it. Panic fueled her movements as she shoved the pillows against the bottom of the door, her heart pounding with fear.

She straightened, her gaze fixed on the blood-smeared pillows, her fingerprints glaring back at her in accusatory streaks. The man's body lay still, a grotesque centerpiece in this macabre tableau. What had started as an ordinary day had spiraled into an unending nightmare.

If she had known this interview would plunge her into such darkness, she would never have said yes.

Just that morning, at five, she had been browsing through the newly updated job listings in New York—a morning habit of late—searching for something in her field of expertise.

Since graduating from Yale five years ago, Jenna had been jumping from one bookkeeping job to the next. But she was a qualified accountant with a bachelor's degree to her name, and despite her lack of experience, she

knew her worth—top of her class and a speed queen at problem-solving.

Her phone lit up with a notification for a job match that had just been uploaded. She jumped on it, sitting upright in bed and reading the job description over and over.

It was an accountant position in central New York with requirements that matched her résumé to a T.

The salary was ridiculously high, and the perks left her mouth hanging open in shock. Without thinking beyond her nose, she applied, filling out the silly survey and answering odd questions about her body type, relationship status, and so on. Jenna uploaded a requested photo of herself and sent it in.

She guessed it was because they were a visual company. Having been a no-time-for-life-or-food student at Yale, her figure was visually pleasing enough—or so she hoped.

Two hours later, while sitting in rush-hour traffic, her phone rang. It was a job offer from Crown Banks, asking if she was available for an interview. She had said yes before asking any questions and quickly messaged her current crappy job to let them know she would be late.

However, looking at the dead man before her now, she wished with all her soul that she had said no.

Jenna wasn't sure how long she had stood there in denial, watching the dark pool of blood spreading around

the man, holding her breath and waiting to see if his chest moved—something, anything to show he was alive.

Nothing happened.

There was too much blood; she knew it. The handsome creep was dead.

Very dead.

And she was the reason.

Jenna turned to grab the door handle to flee, her high heels hooking on the pillows stuffed around it.

“Shit,” she heaved, stepping back. She had almost opened the damn door again!  
“Think, dammit,” Jenna whispered to herself, panicking.

Right outside the solid oak door stood six bodyguards belonging to Mr. Crown. If she opened that door, she would be as dead as he was. Jenna turned again, looking around the large, modern office, trying to stop herself from hyperventilating.

How the hell was she going to get out?

They were on the tenth floor, and two of the walls were covered with floor-to-ceiling, non-opening windows. Her back was against the only door, and to her left lay death and the red couch she so badly wanted to set on fire.

Jenna had been walked through a scanner upon entering Crown Bank—one of the safest and largest bank chains in the world. Once cleared of anything remotely resembling a weapon, she was led to an elevator at the back that took her to the tenth floor, where Mr. Crown was conducting the interviews himself for the position.

In the elevator, she adjusted her skin-tight black skirt, which touched just above her knees, and looked in the wall mirror to ensure her black lace, v-neckline blouse sat right, pulling it down a smidgen more to show off her God-gifted cleavage. Jenna ran both hands through her long, straight brown hair and smacked her lips, checking that her makeup was on point.

Exiting the elevator, she was greeted by Mr. Crown's rude assistant, who told her to wait.

She waited for what felt like the longest five minutes of her life among six buff-suited men, four of whom swept her up and down with their eyes as if she were a snack for the taking. Each one stared at her cleavage more than her face. Why the hell had she even fluffed herself up? The looks were making her feel dirty, and she wanted to pull the blouse back up.

Flustered and feeling vulnerable in the awkward silence, she let out a small breath of

relief when the large oak door finally opened. The assistant beckoned her in before stepping out of the CEO's office, giving her another once-over.

Ignoring it all, she stepped in, closed the door, and met Mr. Crown—a gorgeous, tall, and well-muscled man in a deep blue suit that certainly cost more than her combined monthly bills.

He looked to be in his early fifties, with black, perfectly groomed hair streaked with bits of gray, rich whiskey-colored eyes, and a perfectly chiseled face framed by a strong jaw and a light shadow of a beard.

She gulped silently as he smiled, stepping out from behind his desk and leading them to a red Chesterfield couch against the wall. They sat there, and conversation came easily. Relaxing a bit, she answered his questions while he scrolled through her résumé on a handheld tablet. Jenna couldn't believe that such a powerful, rich, and sexy-as-fuck example of how all men should look could be so nice to her.

His voice, deep and velvety, wrapped around her like a warm blanket, but she couldn't ignore the unease prickling at the edges of her mind. Most rich, beautiful people were true fucking assholes who thought they owned the world.

She risked a glance at his ring finger—bare, not even a tan line.

Too good to be true, her instincts warned.

In the blink of an eye, his hand was on her leg, fingers confidently sliding up her thigh. Jenna jerked, slapping his hand away.

“I'm sorry, but I'm not that kind of woman,” she stammered, shock and anger mingling in her voice as she shifted away from him on the couch.

“My deepest apologies,” Mr. Crown said, his expression contrite. “I got the wrong reading from you. Shall we start afresh? Forget what just happened?” He set the tablet down, his smile almost convincing in its sincerity.

Her ears burned with embarrassment, and doubt gnawed at her. Had she sent the wrong signal by showing a bit more cleavage?

Jenna wanted this job desperately. It was the culmination of years of hard work and dedication. She took a deep breath, nodded, and forced a smile, determined to move past the moment and focus on what truly mattered.

“Yes, please.” Jenna cleared her throat, placing her trembling hands on her lap. “So, you were asking about my family?” She forced a smile, willing the heat in her cheeks to subside.

“Yes, are you married? Kids? This job is demanding and requires irregular hours.” Mr. Crown’s smile was almost predatory.

“No kids and no men in my life. I’m not ready to settle yet, so flexible hours are no challenge,” Jenna replied, trying to inject confidence into her voice.

“Flexible, huh?” His eyebrow arched in a way that might have been sexy under different circumstances. His hand moved, catching a stray hair that had fallen over her shoulder.

Jenna leaned back, trying to escape his touch, but his hand slid down, grazing her breast through her blouse. He paused deliberately before trailing a finger down her exposed cleavage.

Her breath hitched. She raised her hand to smack him away, words of protest forming on her lips. But Mr. Crown was faster. He caught her wrist, his grip like iron, pinning

her hand above her head against the wall.

Rising to his feet, he slipped one leg between her knees and leaned over her.

Jenna tried to sink deeper into the couch.

“What are you doing?” Jenna squealed, panic flooding her as the situation spun out of control. She used her free hand to try to pry her left hand loose, but his strength was overwhelming. His other hand slid under her skirt, creeping up her inner thigh.

“No, stop!” she shouted, squirming and trying to close her legs and pull away. But he was immovable, his body a wall. She grabbed his arm, desperate to pull it away, but his muscles were like steel, her efforts futile.

“Stop!” Jenna’s voice rang out, desperation lacing every syllable. She wiggled and fought, but his grip was unyielding.

“Why should I stop?” His smile was a mockery, a cruel twist of his lips as he leaned in, aiming to capture her mouth. Jenna turned her head, avoiding his kiss, but his hand pressed firmly between her legs, sending a jolt of horror—and unwanted desire—through her.

“This could be the best interview you ever had,” he whispered against her neck, his lips grazing her skin.

Jenna shoved at him with her free hand, but it was like pushing against a brick wall. His palm rubbed her through the thin lace of her thong, and to her terror, his fingers slipped the fabric aside, tracing the intimate contours of her body.

“Help!” she screamed, pulling at his arm, managing to shift it slightly. But when she tried to push his face away, his strength overwhelmed her, and his fingers found their



way inside her.

“Scream as much as you like; no one will come,” he chuckled, pulling his hand out to lick his fingers, his gaze dark and triumphant. “Except maybe you.” His wink was a dagger to her soul, his devilish smile burning itself into her mind.

“No, no, no, stop, please. I’ll do anything,” she pleaded, the words tasting bitter on her tongue.

His hand returned, forcing her legs apart. He chuckled as he slid two fingers into her, “You sure about that?” His fingers, slick and invasive, thrust into her again, a smirk playing on his lips.

“Help!” she cried once more, her voice breaking.

“Carry on screaming; it does nothing but excite me,” he smiled wickedly. “My men wouldn’t help the Pope if he were the one calling for help. Only I control them.” His teeth caught his lower lip as he leaned in, his palm pressing down on her clit while his fingers delved deeper.

Tears streamed down Jenna’s face as a traitorous moan slipped from her lips. The sensation was intoxicating, maddening. He was too damn sexy, his scent like forbidden desire, but he didn’t understand the word “no.”

She didn’t want this. She didn’t want to be violated. But her body’s response was a betrayal, each touch igniting a fire she couldn’t extinguish, it felt so fucking good.

“Don’t do this,” she gritted out, a mix of pleasure and anguish in her voice as he curled his fingers up inside her, hitting the perfect spot while applying pressure from the top.

She felt herself growing wetter, her body's arousal a cruel contradiction to her mind's desperate plea to escape.

"Your body is saying otherwise," he murmured, his voice dripping with lust, while pumping his fingers in and out faster, harder, flexing deep inside her. "Fuck, but you feel so damn good."

Jenna's legs gripped around his knee as she felt an instant orgasmic build-up, her nails sinking deep into his arm.

"Stop, please, please," she begged through panted moans, but before she could utter another word, her whole body tensed, exploding with heat as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Mr. Crown seized the moment, capturing her mouth with his—demanding, consuming.

He didn't relent, his fingers curling inside her, pushing her further into unwanted ecstasy. Her protests were muffled against his mouth, useless against the relentless rhythm he set. He added a third finger into her slit, his thumb circling her clit with expert precision.

"Holy shit!" Jenna moaned aloud, arching into a pleasurable second orgasm.

He kissed her again, his dominance absolute.

Before she could recover, he maneuvered her legs around him, twisting her until she lay back on the couch, her skirt bunched up around her waist. She watched in horror as he unzipped his pants.

"No," Jenna gasped, the reality of what was about to happen sinking in. She tried to rise, to fight back, but her legs were weak, uncooperative.

“You say that a lot,” he smirked, leaning over her, his weight pinning her down. His hand moved again to her soaked nub, rubbing it with cruel expertise. She felt him position himself, the cold dread mixing with the lingering heat of her forced pleasure.

Desperation consumed her, overtaking all her senses. She kicked, screamed, thrashed with all the strength she had left, her fists beating against his chest and sides.

Her hand brushed against something hard in his suit jacket. She reached for it, praying it would be enough to stop him.

Mr. Crown’s eyes widened as he felt her grasp the object. He froze, grabbing her hand to pull it away, the brief moment of surprise giving her a sliver of hope.

They wrestled in silence, a desperate dance of shoves and pulls. Jenna’s strength waned, her body weakening by the powerful, unwanted orgasm he had forced upon her.

Every movement felt like wading through quicksand, fatigue gripping her muscles with relentless force. But as her fingers fumbled, they found a loop.

A sudden, silent pop shattered the tension.

A gun. His gun.

Jenna blinked, forcing herself back to reality. She stumbled to his desk, each step heavy with shock and disbelief. Her fingers trembled as she picked up the phone, dialing nine-one-one with a sense of surreal detachment.

“Nine-one-one, what’s your emergency?” The operator’s voice was crisp and professional.

Her legs felt like they might give out as she stared at Mr. Crown's lifeless body.  
"Hello? Anyone there?"

"I—I killed him," she whispered, the admission tearing through her. The hot sting of tears welled up, spilling over. "I didn't mean to. I didn't, I... I just wanted him to stop." Her voice broke, the words barely audible.

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:57 am*

### The Escape

“What is your location, ma’am? Are you hurt?” The 911 operator’s voice echoed in Jenna’s ear.

She pulled the phone away, her mind reeling, the fragile thread of reason breaking through the terror. The police couldn’t help her. Killing him had been an accident—a mistake born of fear and desperation—and she had no way of knowing what the system would do to her.

As it was, she could never afford a lawyer, and Mr. Crown owned all the Crown Banks. His lawyer would probably be the best of the best.

The point was that she had seen people go to prison for less—a lot less.

Jenna hung up, staring blankly around the room,

her breath coming in shallow gasps. Panic clawed at her insides—she had to think. The movies made escaping through air vents look easy, but those were lies. There was only one way out—the same door she had come in.

Her body trembled uncontrollably, tears streaming down her face. She couldn’t afford to fall apart.

Her gaze drifted to his desk, where his laptop displayed a reminder for a meeting with International Affairs at ten a.m. Papers were strewn across the surface, along with a phone and a framed photo of him with a woman and three children.

His family. She hadn't noticed a wedding ring on his finger, but the photo made it clear—he wasn't just a man. He was a father, a husband.

Her eyes moved back to his lifeless form. She half-expected him to move, for his chest to rise and fall, but he remained unnervingly still.

“Focus, Jenna!” she hissed at herself, forcing her mind back to the present.

She had to get out. Nothing on the desk would help. Her gaze shifted to a glass table on her right, where a crystal decanter of whiskey sat alongside tumblers and a box of tissues.

“That's it,” she whispered, rushing over.

Her hands shook as she poured a shot and downed it in one gulp. The burn of the alcohol steadied her just enough to pour another. Grabbing a handful of tissues, she soaked them in whiskey and began wiping the drying blood from her hands and limbs. Holding her breath, she

cleaned the sensitive areas between her legs, adjusting her soaked thong.

After several moments, Jenna inspected herself and wiped away the final blood spots she could see, leaving the glass of whiskey now a dark brown. Rushing to her discarded handbag, she pulled out her makeup set and flipped open the mirror, refusing to dwell on how pale she looked. Black streaks of eyeliner ran down her cheeks, forming dark rings under her eyes, and her lips were a disaster of their own.

It took several more minutes before she could finally look in the small mirror and believe the lie of cool, calm, and collected staring back at her.

Taking a deep breath, she ran a hand through her hair, refusing to look back at the

body. Tiptoeing around the blood, she retrieved the gun she had used to shoot him.

The last thing she needed was to leave behind the murder weapon. Jenna dropped it into her bag, along with the tablet displaying her résumé from the couch. The only thing she couldn't fix was her smeared, bloody fingerprints on the pillows barring the door.

"International affairs," she whispered, swallowing the fear threatening to consume her. Now was not the time for panic. She took a few deep breaths, steadied herself, and walked toward the door, smoothing her blouse one last time.

Gently scooting the pillows aside, she stepped carefully over the blood and rested her hand on the door handle. With a final deep breath, she looked down at herself, willing her trembling hand to be still.

Jenna had taken drama in school, aspiring to be an actress when she was younger. Her dreams had obviously changed, but now she hoped those classes would help her pull off this act.

"International affairs," she whispered again. With a small, trembling hand, she pulled the door open just enough to confidently step out, shutting it firmly behind her.

All eyes locked on her, and she forced a smile, swallowing a scream. The assistant scanned her up and down with a jealous sneer, and Jenna now understood her rudeness.

Mr. Crown had been handsome as hell, and this little bitch clearly knew what happened behind closed doors, obviously wanting to be the only object of his desire.

"You took longer than usual," the assistant sneered.

“Well, Mr. Crown had many questions.” Jenna smirked, wiping the corner of her mouth to imply oral sex, cringing inside. The assistant’s eyes darkened as she rose to her feet with a huff.

“Well then, good day to you,” she sneered, walking past Jenna toward Mr. Crown’s door.

“Oh, um, Mr. Crown said not to bother him,” Jenna blurted, panic evident in her tone. All the guards focused on her, hanging on every word. Jenna took a deep breath, forcing a smile as she felt herself paling.

“Why not?” the assistant demanded, stopping short of his door.

“He said he had a meeting with international affairs at ten a.m. and needed to be left alone to prepare. He asked that you please call on him again at one p.m. for lunch.”

Thank fuck his laptop had still been on.

“Fine,” the assistant sighed dramatically, walking back to her desk to answer a ringing phone.

Jenna couldn’t move; the lie had come so easily, and now her nerves were shot, cementing her in place.

The assistant looked up from her phone and the notes she was jotting down, frowning. “Hold on a sec,” she spoke into the receiver. “Were you hired to start immediately? If so, go down to floor three for Human Resources. If not, leave.” She snapped her fingers at one of the guards and pointed at Jenna before returning to her phone call.

A guard slipped his hand around Jenna’s upper arm, and she jumped, suppressing a



yelp.

“This way, Miss,” he said, towering over her, his gaze drifting from her face to her cleavage as he led her into the elevator.

To her dismay, he joined her on the ride down. She looked away into the mirror beside her, recalling how she had smacked her lips and adjusted her top, thinking her only concern for the day was landing this job.

Tears started to cloud her vision as the silent but powerful pop of the gun echoed through her mind on repeat. Thank goodness the weapon had a silencer, or she might have been cold on the floor next to Mr. Crown. She

gripped her handbag, holding the gun and tablet tightly, terrified by the thought.

“Don’t go talking shit now, you hear?”

Jenna jumped, looking back at the guard standing next to her. “Huh?” She was shocked that Mr. Crown’s guards even spoke.

“Don’t speak about your time with the boss to anyone,” he whispered again.

Jenna began to hyperventilate as her mind ran through a million scenarios. Oh shit! Did he know she killed him? Was this her end?

“Many women, fine like yourself, enter, fuck him, and leave claiming rape or abuse just because he has money,” he continued, unaware of her panic.

“Fuck him? I didn’t fuck him!” Jenna objected.

“Whatever you say.” He smirked down at her with a knowing look. “Your moans

were loud and clear.” He winked, his gaze dropping to her chest again.

“So was my cry for help!” she snapped, turning to face him, anger fueling her.

“Your cries for help turned to cries of pleasure,” he chuckled. “Look, I don’t care if you want to deny fucking him or not. I’m just warning you not to report it.” He waved it off as they reached the bottom floor.

“Why?” Jenna asked, hearing the warning in his voice.

“Because he takes things personally and will ruin your name, life, and any job you try to apply for. One fuck

is not worth a lifetime of misery, is it?”

“What?” She blinked in confusion. Why was he working for such a man? Why warn her?

The elevator doors opened, and people piled in. The guard grabbed her arm again, escorting her out and toward a side service door, clicking his tongue with frustration.

“Listen, you little hussy, I’m only trying to save you. You opened your legs for the wrong man. Go against him, and he will kill you,” he snapped, letting go of her arm before giving her a once-over. “I’ve seen it with countless women. I suggest you spread your legs somewhere else and forget my boss.”

He smiled, a lustful look in his brown eyes. “I could help you. It’s not as if you would remember. You smell drunk and ready for me.”

He stepped closer and slipped a business card from his pocket. “Keep this.” The card’s logo—a Japanese construction company she recognized instantly—caught her

eye. The name ‘Damien’ was printed in bold letters. Without another word, he shoved it into her bag and stepped back, a twisted grin on his lips.

Jenna stepped away from him, her hands going straight to her skirt, ensuring it was still by her knees. It was true—she smelled like a bar and shame—but he had just made her feel far worse, like a common slut for hire. Tears threatened her eyes again as she caught him staring at her breasts, heaving with emotion.

“Fuck off,” Jenna managed to hiss, turning on her heel to leave, cringing at the laugh behind her.

Without looking back, she power-walked through the security side door, dimly aware that he had just helped her escape without going through the scanners, and stepped out onto the busy street.

Taking large, gulping breaths to stave off the onslaught of tears, she checked her watch. It was nine fifteen a.m., and she was done.

Done with this day.

Done with life.

Calling a cab, she hopped in the back, and forty-five minutes later, she locked her front door and stood in her quiet apartment, feeling numb.

Getting home had been a blur. Standing in the lounge, everything suddenly felt like a distant dream, her brain tricking her into believing that perhaps it was.

Slowly pulling her handbag off her shoulder, she opened it with a shaking hand, praying there was nothing in there. Praying her mind had created one hell of a sick, caffeine-deprived dream.

But there it was: the gun and the tablet.

Jenna dropped to the ground as all the emotions she had been holding back crushed her. Placing a hand over her mouth, she broke down in uncontrollable tears. Her life was over.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:57 am*

### Meltdown

Jenna woke with a jolt as a car backfired down the street. She sat up gingerly, wiping her burning eyes and taking in her surroundings. She had fallen asleep on the carpet in the lounge during a fit of tears, and her eyes felt like sandpaper as she glanced toward the window. It was already dark, with the moon in full bloom.

Getting up, she untwisted her skin-tight skirt and froze.

Everything flooded back to her.

The assault, the tablet, the gun, the blood, and a gorgeous, brutal dead man. In a panic, she grabbed her TV remote and switched it on, flipping straight to the news channels. Jenna held her breath as she scanned each one, but none mentioned a bank, her, or murder.

She frowned, looking down at her handbag, the gun's handle just peeking out.

"I don't understand," she whispered, walking to the window and peeking out. No cop cars were parked on the street either.

She was no fool. The cops would be all over Mr. Crown's office by now, and they would find her DNA. There was no doubt—she had to run, change her name, change who she was. A tear ran down her cheek at the thought of it all—the gun going off, the blood, and the memories circling her thoughts.

How had this happened to her?

Jenna jumped, muffling a scream as her cell phone vibrated on the coffee table behind her. She turned to see who it was, hugging herself tightly as she edged closer. She knew the name lighting up her screen—it was Haley, her best friend.

She reached for the phone, then stopped, letting it ring through to voicemail. She didn't know what to say and feared that even opening her mouth might result in more damage. Sighing with relief when it finally stopped ringing, she picked it up and looked at the notifications. Jenna had a total of seventeen missed calls, most of which were from her shitty job.

The phone lit up again with Haley.

“Hello,” Jenna said, clearing her throat as she answered the call. She really did need to talk to someone, and perhaps Haley was the best option. After all, what were best friends for? Swallowing the tears threatening to spill, her mind raced to the FBI movies she had seen, where they tracked phone calls and listened in. What if they already knew?

“Jenna?” came Haley's voice, half-lost in the loud background noise. “Are you okay?”

“Hey, doll, yeah, I'm okay,” Jenna said, clearing her throat again and blinking back tears.

“Then where the hell are you?”

“Huh?” Jenna frowned, the noise in the background drowning Haley out. “Where are you?”

“At Smoking Ace on 5th. Did you forget?” Haley laughed. “If you forgot, I swear I'll get a cab and come kick your ass!” came Haley's playful threat.

“Haley, I...” Jenna began. She had forgotten. With everything that had happened, she had completely forgotten their plans to meet for drinks.

“Don’t you dare cancel on me! The talent tonight is too good. You can’t miss this,” Haley threatened again. Talent was Haley’s way of saying there were good-looking men out and about, and they had both been out of the dating game so long they were hoping to catch some looks their way—or at least a few numbers from some cute guys.

Jenna closed her eyes. She didn’t want to go out. She didn’t want to do anything except curl up in a ball and die.

“Jen? Babe, are you okay?” Haley asked.

“Can we reschedule for another night?” Jenna asked so quickly she barely heard herself.

“No, I am not having you flake out on me again.

Get your cute butt in a shower and down here pronto! The mystery guy is also here—yum! Love you!” Haley said before hanging up.

Jenna sighed, looking down at her phone and its many messages. She didn’t have the strength to go through them all, let alone meet up with Haley. Tears welled up as she realized this might be the last time she’d see her best friend. Perhaps it was a good idea to go—to see her friend and say goodbye face-to-face. By morning, she would need to flee, leaving behind everything she knew and loved.

In the solitude of her shower, Jenna wept, the water cascading over her in torrents, mingling with unseen tears. She scrubbed furiously, as though trying to erase not just the traces of crimson, but the haunting memory of Mr. Crown’s blood and assault that

clung to her soul. Though not a drop marred her skin, she felt as if she were drenched in it, stained irreversibly.

After what felt like an eternity under the relentless stream, her skin was raw from the abrasion of her desperate cleansing.

Dressing herself in a scarlet off-shoulder cocktail dress—a cruel mimicry of the hue she longed to banish—she slipped into matching heels, each step a reminder of the weight of her burden.

Summoning a cab with trembling fingers, Jenna paused only to send a hollow message to Haley, a feeble attempt to convey an impression of normalcy. “On my way,” it read before she closed her burning eyes in the

back seat.

Stepping out of the cab, Jenna paid and rushed inside, terrified she was somehow being followed, her mind running through a million what-ifs. Heading to the front left where the lockers and coat racks were, she paid and locked her heavy handbag inside, slipping the key card into her bra.

Entering the main section of Smoking Ace was an unparalleled experience; it exuded an air of sophistication intertwined with a captivating steampunk aesthetic. Towering above, the lofty ceiling cradled majestic chandeliers whose glow danced upon the supple black leather booths encircling the room.

At the heart of it all lay the pièce de résistance: a glass dance floor, the very essence of the venue’s allure. Stepping onto its transparent surface was akin to crossing into an alternate reality. Beneath one’s feet lay a mosaic of screens, each projecting a distinct vista onto the ground. Here, one could find themselves immersed in the lush embrace of the Amazon Forest one night, only to be whisked away to the enchanting



streets of Paris the next, dancing under the Eiffel Tower.

Amidst this ever-shifting tableau, Haley moved with a fluidity that mirrored the pulsating rhythm of the room, her hips swaying in perfect harmony with the music.

Jenna strode confidently toward the elongated bar with a quiet determination. She ordered a double shot of spiced rum, tossing it back with practiced ease before signaling for another.

“Whoa there, beautiful. You know there are less harmful ways of getting drunk,” a voice interrupted, its tone laced with concern.

Ignoring the unsolicited advice, Jenna downed the next shot, her gaze shifting to the man seated beside her.

“Let me buy you something less damaging to your liver.” He winked, taking a step closer to her.

Jenna looked up from the gray suit and white shirt to a friendly face. He wasn’t her type, but his features were pleasing—big brown eyes, dark brown hair, and a boyish charm.

“Name’s Larry.” He stuck out his hand to greet her.

Jenna accepted his hand, unsure for the first time in her life whether to give a fake name or not, so she just smiled.

“Bad day?” he inquired, his touch gentle as he covered her hand with his own, his gaze probing hers.

Jenna felt a knot tighten in her throat, the mention of her horrific day threatening to

unravel the facade she had meticulously crafted. She fought to maintain her composed smile, berating herself for any hints of vulnerability.

She had believed she was masterfully concealing her inner turmoil, even sparing a moment for a final touch-up in the cab to ensure her outward appearance betrayed nothing of her inner chaos. So why, then, did he see through her? Did he possess some hidden insight? Jenna's brow furrowed at the insinuation, her mind spinning with paranoid conjectures.

With a conscious effort, she suppressed the rising tide of irrational fear, chiding herself. Her paranoia was beginning to verge on psychotic.

Arms wrapped around her, and a familiar, pleasing scent touched her nose.

"Finally, I was about to call the police!" Haley said, spinning Jenna around for a proper hug.

"No, why?" Jenna stiffened in her arms as panic gripped her.

But Haley didn't notice as she looked up to see the man leaning on the bar near them.

"Who is your handsome friend?" Haley smiled, pulling away from the hug.

"This is Larry," Jenna introduced, her gaze jumping between her friend and the man beside her. She noted with satisfaction how Larry's eyes lit up at the sight of Haley. Good, she thought, turning back to the bar to order another drink. Let them entertain themselves for a while.

"Another double rum shot, and then I think I'll have a Cosmo," she ordered, glancing back at her friend, who was now engrossed in conversation with Larry.

The sound of their laughter reached her ears, and she couldn't help but smile. She always admired Haley's carefree spirit; with her straight blonde hair grazing her shoulders, bright blue eyes, and a complexion kissed by the sun, she was the epitome of effortless beauty.

Tonight, Haley was adorned in a green sequin mini dress, exuding confidence and charm as she playfully rested a hand on Larry's chest, giggling at another one of his jokes.

Jenna turned back to the bar, accepting her shot with silent resolve—anything to numb the edges of reality enough to endure the night ahead. Bringing the glass to her lips, she tossed it back, the fiery liquid burning a path down her throat, momentarily distracting her from the whirlwind of crippling thoughts.

Her gaze wandered, and there he was. The enigmatic figure she had glimpsed countless times before at Smoking Ace, always shrouded in an aura of mystery. Surrounded by a throng of admirers, he remained an elusive presence, forever confined to the VIP booths beyond reach.

Jenna and Haley had often speculated about his identity, concocting fantasies of him being a famed singer or celebrity. Yet, their attempts to uncover his secrets had yielded nothing. Google searches proved fruitless, and inquiries at the bar were met with stony silence.

Now, for the first time, their eyes met across the bar. Jenna held his gaze as her next drink arrived, her body betraying her usual poise. Typically, she would have flirted or smiled, raising her glass in playful camaraderie. But tonight was different; an icy chill ran down her spine as she locked eyes with the mysterious stranger, and for once, she was rendered motionless.

Perhaps it was a mere projection, but she felt a shared sense of desolation in his gaze,

a silent acknowledgment of the unrest lurking beneath the surface. Despite the pulsating energy of the venue, his eyes conveyed a silent plea to be anywhere but here—a sentiment she couldn't help but echo.

As he retreated to his secluded territory, Jenna released a breath she hadn't realized she was holding, inhaling deeply to steady herself. The world around her faded into insignificance as she grappled with the inexplicable connection she had felt with the stranger across the bar, his gaze lingering on hers until he disappeared into the shadowy depths of his VIP booth.

Holy hell, if attraction was deadly, he was the Grim Reaper.

“Jen, come dance!” Haley demanded, hooking her arm and pulling her to the dance floor. Against her will, Jenna was dragged along with Larry to the floor and quickly introduced to four of Larry's male friends who were already dancing.

Haley grabbed Larry by the waist, pulling him closer as they began to move to the rhythm. Jenna managed a weak smile, excusing herself from the group under the pretense of needing a refill. Dancing felt like an insurmountable task; drowning the ache in her chest with another drink seemed far more appealing.

“Don't leave just yet, pretty thing,” one of Larry's friends—John or Joe or whatever the fool's name was—said as he pulled her back, her butt firmly against his groin as he held her hips, swaying awkwardly to the music.

Jenna closed her eyes, attempting to suppress the rage simmering within her. She didn't want any of this.

All she craved was to drown her sorrows in alcohol and be left in peace.

“Maybe later,” she replied curtly, pulling away from the persistent stranger's grasp.

She turned her gaze toward Haley and Larry, only to find them lost in each other's embrace on the dance floor, oblivious to her plight.

"What's your name?" the same creep's voice persisted, his arms encircling her as his hand wandered inappropriately.

"I am not interested!" Jenna hissed, her patience wearing thin.

With a swift movement, she stamped her high heel onto his foot, eliciting a yelp as he released his grip on her.

Seizing the opportunity, Jenna spun on her heel and fled the suffocating atmosphere of the dance floor. Racing up the stairs to the rooftop, she gulped in the cool night air, desperately trying to regain her composure.

Why were men so insistent and handsy?

As Jenna burst through the door to the roof terrace, the haunting image of Mr. Crown surged to the forefront of her mind. Panic seized her, tightening its grip around her chest, making it impossible to draw in a proper breath.

Hyperventilating, she staggered toward the railing, her vision swimming with unshed tears.

The memory of the blood, the gun, the assault—it was all too overwhelming. Each gasp for air felt denied. Each attempt to calm her racing heart only seemed to escalate the panic.

Clutching the railing for support, Jenna's hands trembled violently. She felt as though the weight of the world was pressing down upon her, suffocating her with its relentless grip.

“Hey, hey. Clear your mind. Deep breath in, hold for two,” a rich and sultry voice instructed, steadying her. “Close your eyes, and focus on just that.”

“I can’t, I can’t, I just...” Jenna said between short bursts of breath, hot tears running down her face. She couldn’t deal with life, couldn’t deal with the blood on her hands, the death she would never be able to run from.

Fuck. Her life was over.

They would find her; she would be killed!

She couldn’t be here!

“You can, and you will. Listen to me. You are your own worst enemy right now. Breathing normally is controlled by only you.”

The strong voice broke through her haze, catching her as she fell to her knees. Her vision blurred, her heart raced a thousand miles an hour, and her lungs burned, crying for air.

“Breathe. Hold for two. Listen to me.”

Strong arms pulled her onto his lap, holding her against his chest.

“It’s okay. You’re safe, I promise you. Nothing and no one will touch you. Just please, breathe,” the same persistent voice pleaded, stroking her hair and begging her to cooperate.

Jenna didn’t know who he was or where he had come from. She didn’t even care how many people saw her meltdown on the rooftop. The only certainty amidst all of this was the inexplicable trust Jenna felt toward this stranger—no, this guardian angel

aiding her, allowing her to soak his shirt with her tears.

There was an undeniable sense of safety in his presence, a reassuring aura that enveloped her. Lost in the moment, she returned his embrace, surrendering to the overwhelming flood of emotions. She cried into his chest, unreservedly letting go of everything she had been holding back.

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### Mystery Man

Jenna sniffed, finally sitting up as the strong arms holding her released their warm, comforting grip.

“I am so, so sorry about your shirt,” Jenna sniffed again, patting his wet black button-up. She looked up to see the man whose lap she had landed in and froze.

“Fuck the shirt, you’re breathing like a human again.” The man winked down at her.

Jenna’s mouth fell open in shock. It was him—the mystery man, the gorgeous, dark, rich, and incredibly handsome VIP booth man!

“It’s you!” Jenna blurted abruptly, awkwardly climbing out of his lap.

He stood after her, a small frown crossing his face.

“I’m sorry. I mean, hi,” Jenna said, sniffing and

wiping her face. “Thank you.” She accepted the handkerchief he pulled from his suit pocket.

“It’s a pleasure,” he said, watching her.

Jenna wiped her face, cringing at the black-smeared makeup staining the crisp white handkerchief. She probably looked like the walking dead.



“You don’t even need the makeup,” he said, as if reading her thoughts.

Jenna gazed up at him as he gave her a small smile. She smiled back, blushing.

“Here you go, sir.”

Jenna paused, lowering the handkerchief, and glanced toward one of his security guards, who handed him a glass. Spinning around, she noticed they were surrounded by his men, their backs all facing outward for privacy. Every couch and chair on the rooftop stood empty.

Had he told everyone to leave?

“Drink this,” he insisted, handing her the glass.

“What is it?” she asked hesitantly, accepting it.

“Sugar water,” he said, his gaze fixed on her.

Jenna looked down at the glass, grateful for the kind gesture. “I’m okay though, thank you.”

“No, you’re not. Drink. It’s not poison.”

“I didn’t think it was, but now that you mention it...” Jenna paused, a small smile playing on her lips.

“I wouldn’t kill you with poison,” he smirked.

Jenna’s eyes widened. The way he said it made it sound deadly, his eyes hardening ever so slightly as if he knew all about killing. Who was this man exactly?

“Why, because poison is a woman’s weapon?”

“No, because I don’t believe in killing women.”

He smiled, but it didn’t reach his eyes. “Come,” he beckoned, walking toward the railing overlooking the city lights.

Together, they stood there, looking out and listening to the many sounds of the city. Jenna sipped her water, glancing behind her at the guards still stationed around them.

“They are necessary for my line of work, but they will not harm you.”

“What do you do?” Jenna asked, finishing the sugar water and placing the glass on a nearby table.

“Wouldn’t you love to know,” he said, looking at her.

She caught sight of his eyes again as they stared at each other. She had never been this close to the mystery man and decided it had been a waste of her life thus far.

The man was breathtaking—thick brown hair on top with perfectly shaved sides, dark and rich forest-green eyes flecked with gold beneath sexy hooded lids, and a face created by the gods, for the gods. He wore an all-black designer suit that fit him perfectly, accented with expensive solid gold cufflinks.

But under the suit, she could see the outline of a rock-hard body, muscles carved to perfection. No wonder his guards had to constantly push women back. He was beyond attractive up close, and his lips—they just begged to be kissed. She noticed a faint scar marking his top lip and curling up over his left nostril. She had to will herself not to reach out and touch it.

“See something you like?” came his deep voice.

Jenna blinked, realizing she had been staring at him.

“Shit, no, sorry.” Jenna giggled, looking away as a deep blush spread across her cheeks. She had just been caught drooling over him.

“Don’t be,” he chuckled. “What’s your name?”

“Jasmine,” Jenna said before she could think it through.

Jasmine? Really? She wasn’t a Disney princess, but it would have to do.

“Jasmine, want to talk about it?” His face turned serious, and if she could fantasize, he actually looked slightly concerned.

“Oh, no, I’ll be okay. Just boy trouble,” she lied again.

“Yeah, sure, and I’m a figment of your imagination,” he snorted, standing up from the railing. “Your tears are for something deeper, not something as petty as a man breaking your heart.”

“How would you know?”

“Your eyes. They tell a deeper story,” he leaned in slowly, studying her. “If it helps, I also had a rather depressing day.” He sighed, looking out over the city, the weight on his shoulders palpable.

Also shoot someone? Jenna thought.

“But my shirt will hold your secrets,” he smirked, lightening the mood as he took off

his blazer. “Fetch me another,” he commanded one of his men, placing his blazer over the railing.

Jenna watched in fascination as he undid his wet button-up shirt, silently gulping when he pulled it off, exposing the rock-hard body she had known would be under there.

“Do you, uhm...” Jenna stumbled over her words, trying to look away. The man was beyond attractive. “Do you often rescue girls in distress?”

“No, never,” he said, walking toward her.

“So, I was just lucky?” Jenna was hypnotized by the way his hips moved, his perfect V-line disappearing into his black suit pants.

“So, you do actually like what you see,” he confirmed, stopping in front of her and hooking a finger under her chin to raise her eyes to his.

“Can’t blame a girl,” she blushed, looking away. It must have been the moonlight playing tricks on her; the man was unnaturally good-looking.

“I don’t,” he said, his gaze never wavering. “The vision before me is just as pleasing.” He winked down at her.

She bit her lip, feeling the heat radiating off his smooth muscles, his scent intoxicating.

“I’m a mess,” Jenna whispered, looking up into his guarded eyes. She felt so exposed—her makeup was all but gone, her hair a tangle, and she was sure she looked like hell.

“What a beautiful mess you are,” he whispered, so close that she could feel his breath on her skin. He gently rubbed his thumb over her bottom lip. Jenna could see his chest rising and falling slightly faster than normal, matching her own. She looked up into his eyes, seeing the fire burning in them.

“You’re staring again,” came his husky voice. “I am no fool. I know you are hurt, and I will not touch you until you ask me to.” He whispered, pulling his hand away and fisting it at his side, resisting the urge to touch her again.

Jenna was about to step forward and kiss him. The look in his dark eyes was so inviting, a challenge daring her to accept, offering a world of more. She was really about to, when the roof door burst open and the two guards closest to it put their hands on their hip guns.

In that split second, Jenna panicked. Could it be the police? Had they found her? The man had almost made her forget her awful day.

But laughter followed, and Jenna sighed in relief as a group of men and their dates stumbled through, clearly intoxicated.

“The rooftop is reserved for a private event tonight,” one of the guards interjected firmly, his tone brooking no argument.

“Says who?” a drunken voice slurred from one of the girls. “This is the perfect make-out spot, Mr. Guard.”

“Haley?” Jenna called softly, sidestepping the half-

naked man to confirm the voice she had heard.

And there she stood, leaning on Larry, her giggles echoing in the night air.

“Jen. Jen?” Haley slurred, pushing away from Larry and swaying slightly as she approached Jenna. She wrapped Jenna in a lopsided hug before peering past her. “Who are you making out with up here?” Haley teased, oblivious as she hung onto Jenna.

“No one, just getting some fresh air,” Jenna replied awkwardly, trying to keep Haley from making a scene.

“Ooh, who’s the shirtless hunk?” Haley asked loudly, ignoring Jenna’s attempts to deflect attention.

Jenna winced as she was pulled around to face the half-naked man, who now wore a dark gray button-up shirt handed to him by one of the guards.

“Mystery man!” Haley gasped theatrically. “Hey, mystery man! Were you making out with my friend?” she called out, her voice carrying across the rooftop.

“Haley!” Jenna protested, trying to grab her friend’s arm, but three guards stepped forward, blocking her path. Glancing past them, Jenna found the mystery man looking at her with a smirk that sent a thrill down her spine.

“Haley!” Larry called out, appearing beside Jenna.

“Go stop her,” Jenna urged him, blushing furiously as the mystery man began to walk away toward the roof door. She glanced from him to Larry, then grabbed Haley before looking back at the man, who had paused near her.

“I think it’s time for roles to reverse. Perhaps you need to rescue your friend from them,” he suggested with a charming smile, his gaze moving from her eyes to her lips before returning up.

He reached out, brushing his knuckles gently against her cheek. Jenna closed her eyes, savoring the touch and the scent of him that enveloped her.

“Good night, gorgeous, Princess Jasmine,” he murmured. “Perhaps we will meet again.”

Jenna’s cheeks burned in embarrassment at having given him the silly false name. She realized she didn’t even know his real name.

But it was too late—he was already walking away, and Haley had suddenly wrapped herself around Jenna again like a sloth.

“Here, let me help,” Larry offered, trying to pry Haley off.

“No, I’ll take her home. She’s had too much to drink,” Jenna insisted, focusing on her friend and the chaotic scene around them.

“No, I haven’t,” Haley giggled, squeezing Jenna. “And I’m not going home! The night is still young!” she sang loudly, letting go and swaying her hips. “Hun, you still haven’t answered me. Who is the mystery man? Is he a good kisser?” she asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Hey! What about me?” Larry said, wrapping his arms around Haley’s waist and pulling her in for a greedy kiss.

Haley wrapped her arms around him, kissing back.

Jenna turned toward the roof door, now open, but the mystery man was gone. The roof was slowly filling with couples looking for some private time, and she feared she had lost hers with whoever her dark angel had been.

“Come, let’s go dancing!” Haley gripped Jenna’s arm, pulling her toward the door.

“I think we need to go home and talk,” Jenna said, trying to get Haley to listen. She really needed to say goodbye.

“Not a chance! It’s only ten p.m.!” Haley slurred, swaying as she pulled her along. “Come on, Jen! Don’t be a spoilsport!”

“Hun, we really need to speak first,” Jenna insisted.

“One dance!” Haley waved her hand dramatically, almost stomping in demand.

“Guess we’re dancing first, then some stargazing,”

Larry said with a wink at Jenna as the group headed toward the door.

Sighing, Jenna followed. She kept reminding herself that this was the last time she would see Haley for a long time before going into hiding. Perhaps letting loose on the dance floor with her best friend wouldn’t be so bad after all.

An hour later, Jenna floated on a cloud of tipsiness, the shots Larry and his friends had bought finally working their magic.

Across the room, she caught sight of the mystery man in his booth, surrounded by his usual entourage.

While everyone else drank and chatted, his intense gaze was fixed on her, sending a rush of heat through her veins. Each sip emboldened her, urging her to stride over and ask for a dance—or at least his name.

Downing another shot, Jenna tore her eyes away from his magnetic stare, thankful



that Larry's overly touchy friend had departed earlier with a claimed foot injury. She breathed a sigh of relief, glad to have dodged his unwelcome advances, and followed her friends back to the dance floor.

Tonight, she craved connection on her terms, wanting to choose who to let in and when. Even if it was just for tonight—a fleeting moment of feeling cherished before she inevitably fled.

The dance floor transformed beneath the shifting lights, morphing into an ethereal realm of outer space. Galaxies and twinkling stars swirled around them, casting a dreamlike glow. Jenna reveled in this surreal atmosphere, feeling almost invisible amidst the shimmering spectacle.

A beloved song reverberated through the venue, its beats prompting Jenna and Haley to go their separate ways, their hips swaying and hands raised high as they sang along, the music engulfing all other sounds.

Larry enveloped Haley in his arms, gripping her tightly as they locked lips and began grinding next to Jenna. Smiling to herself, Jenna closed her eyes, surrendering to the music's rhythm, losing herself in its pulsating embrace.

Moments later, hands gently settled on Jenna's hips, awaiting her response. With a sigh, she accepted the unspoken invitation, testing the stranger behind her. He drew nearer, matching her movements flawlessly as they swayed together.

His hands slid up her dress, finding their hold on her waist, guiding her with a practiced touch. One hand traced from her waist, up her side, and under her arm to her elbow, guiding her hand to the back of his neck. His chin nestled against her neck, the other hand securing her middle. As the tempo intensified, they moved as one.

Jenna grinned with delight, exhilarated by their effortless synchronization.

For once, she didn't need to adjust her pace or stumble to keep up. This man anticipated her every move, dancing in perfect harmony with her. It was exhilarating, sending waves of pleasure through her as she bit her lower lip, feeling his undeniable arousal pressing against her lower back. She was just as turned on, tipsy, and, with the music, felt perfectly happy.

This was like sex on the dance floor—the kind of chemistry she had only seen in those sexy dance scenes in movies, but had always thought was impossible to find in real life.

As the songs changed and grew more intense, Jenna began to lose her breath. The strong, muscled man

behind her was beginning to sweat along with her, his lips gliding gently along her neck. He never took more, never moved his hands anywhere inappropriately, yet she almost begged him to.

Then a song came on that made Jenna almost scream with curiosity. His large hand gripped her dress, grinding with her in a way that sent electric shocks through her body. She had been avoiding turning around, fearful of the disappointment that might await her.

No man could move like this, be all muscle, and definitely be this gifted below the belt—well, from what she felt—and still be good-looking.

But the anticipation was too much. Letting go of him, she turned to face him, but the room was too dark, the lights still off.

He pulled her into him firmly, their legs intertwining as he draped her arms over his

shoulders, trailing his fingers down her exposed arms, then down her back, holding her hips.

The man rested his forehead against hers. Jenna looked up, trying to see him, but the tiny stars reflecting on them kept shifting, obscuring his features. Yet, she could see the fire in his eyes—a fire that made her stomach explode with butterflies.

His breath was hot against her skin, and she could feel the tension between them mounting. His hands moved with deliberate slowness, exploring the curves of her body with a possessive grip. Her heart pounded at his

touch as his fingers brushed the hem of her dress, teasingly lifting it ever so slightly. Each movement sent waves of desire coursing through her.

“You are the fucking sexiest woman I have ever met,” he whispered into her ear, his lips brushing against her earlobe, his hot breath trailing down her neck.

“You make me want to do things to you that would shame the gods,” came his low growl, this time accompanied by his lips and tongue teasing her ear.

Jenna gasped at the intensity of the moment; she had never been more turned on in her life. Fuck how he looked—she wanted him to show her exactly how he would shame the gods.

They moved against each other in the darkness, both breathless, holding onto one another. Their lips hovered a mere breath away, their bodies bending and moving as one.

Then, just like that, she leaned in, her lips brushing against his.

Their lips met with a hunger that had been building all night. His kiss was fierce,

consuming her entirely, his tongue exploring her mouth with a sensual urgency. She responded with equal fervor, her hands roaming over his back, feeling the rippling muscles beneath his shirt.

### Curtained Booth

The man tensed for the briefest of seconds before pulling her hips tightly against him, sliding his hands up her back to hold her neck. He kissed her back, taking control, claiming her mouth with such raw passion that she couldn't help but moan.

His movements never faltered; he kept dancing with her, each step synchronized, making the moment even more breathtakingly sexy.

Their kissing intensified. His hold on her jaw tightened while his other hand slid down her back, gripping her butt cheek and pulling her in closer, grinding his still rock-hard member against her belly button.

He kissed her so deeply she forgot how to breathe. His mouth rocked her world, his tongue hunting for hers,

fucking her mouth with such urgency that she could die right then and there a happy woman.

Pulling away from the kiss, he rested his forehead against hers again, and through the darkness, she caught the most gorgeous smile on his full lips, dimples framing his cheeks.

“Do you want me?” he chuckled darkly, releasing her and standing still.

Holy shit, yes—more than anything. But words were not her friend at that moment. Her knees were weak, her lips still tingled, and her body burned where his hands had

just been.

“Oh, I’ll get an answer out of you,” he whispered confidently, stepping away and extending his hand.

She looked at it, then back at him, still consumed by the darkness. The only visible parts were his powerful hand and the very tempting silhouette that she couldn’t resist wanting.

Zigzagging through the dancing crowd, they made their way past the booths to one with curtains she hadn’t even known existed. Stepping into the wrap-around booth and table, Jenna turned to see the tall, strong shadow of the man closing the white curtains before turning back to her.

“I can’t really see you.” Jenna giggled. The millions of tiny stars reflected on the thin white curtains fell just short of reaching through, leaving them to rely on very little light, their shadows, and their senses.

“You won’t need to. Just feel me,” came his deep, tantalizing voice.

Sliding both hands around her middle, he backed her up to the table, lifting her onto it. Leaning forward,

he claimed her mouth again.

Jenna melted, the kiss more devastating than the first. Moaning softly, she surrendered as he consumed her. His hands gripped her ass as she began to lose control. Wanting him was all she could process.

With one hand in her hair, he pushed her back onto the table, pulling away from her lips. His other hand cupped her cheek, his thumb sliding over her wet bottom lip.

“Kissing you is dangerous.” He chuckled, leaning in again. Breathlessly, he pulled on her lower lip, nibbling it gently before releasing it and diving back in for an earth-shattering kiss.

She barely registered his hands sliding beneath her dress, tugging her thong down in one smooth motion. He pulled her bottom lip again, letting go with a deep groan that only heightened her desire for him.

“Just so you know, I don’t get on my knees for anybody,” he murmured.

Before Jenna could catch her breath, his hot mouth was already between her legs. A gasp escaped her lips as he kissed her bare skin, trailing a flat, firm lick all the way up her slick folds. She bit down on her lip to stifle the moan, her body trembling as one of his strong hands slid under her dress, grazing her stomach, while the other parted her wet heat.

His tongue found her clit, teasing and lapping at it with maddening skill. A shiver shot through her—not from the cold, but from the wicked pleasure he delivered. His thumb soon took over, rubbing in slow, wet circles, while his tongue traveled lower, slipping inside her, swirling and stroking until her body tensed beneath his touch.

“Oh, my soul,” Jenna gasped as his tongue worked her with sinful mastery. His thumb circled her clit in perfect rhythm, intensifying the delicious pressure building inside her. Moans spilled from her lips, uncaring who could hear.

His tongue thrust in and out of her, each flick sending waves of pleasure coursing through her body. She was so close, teetering on the edge of release, her body trembling—And then he stopped.

Her eyes flew open in shock, but before she could protest, he leaned over her, his mouth capturing hers in a deep, possessive kiss.

“Not yet,” he whispered against her lips, his hands gliding up her thighs. “I need you to last a bit longer.”

“But I was so close,” she breathed, a laugh escaping as she tried to catch her breath.

His lips claimed hers again, his tongue sliding against hers with fierce hunger, leaving her dizzy and aching for more. When he pulled back, his gaze was dark

and full of intent, his lips brushing hers once more.

“Oh, I know, princess. That was just the warm-up. You’re about to scream,” he promised, his voice a dark, sensual growl.

“Scream, huh?” Jenna teased, her voice shaky but defiant as she looked up at the shadowy figure hovering above her. “I doubt you’re that good.” She managed without a slur.

His chuckle was low and dangerous, the kind that sent a shiver through her entire body. “I’m a fucking god,” he said, the dark edge of his voice promising exactly what she feared—and craved.

Without hesitation, he was back between her legs, his hands parting her slick folds with possessive care. His tongue found her clit, swirling around it as he worked her over with exquisite skill.

When he added two thick fingers inside her, pulsing in perfect rhythm, Jenna moaned, her body already at his mercy. His mouth devoured her clit like it was the most decadent thing he’d ever tasted, and she writhed beneath him, overwhelmed by his relentless attention.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Jenna gasped as a wet finger slipped into her ass, sending a jolt of



new sensation crashing over her.

His powerful hand pumped into her, fingers curling to hit every sensitive spot inside her while the finger at her back door matched his rhythm. His mouth stayed locked on her clit, sucking, licking, twirling his tongue, dragging her deeper into bliss.

Her mind went blank, her body his playground, and every flick of his tongue brought her closer to the edge of madness.

Each stroke, each flick of his tongue was devastating. She tried to resist, to hold on to some shred of control, but his mastery over her body was absolute.

True to his words, she gripped his thick hair, pulling him closer, desperate for more. Her body arched as an overwhelming orgasm crashed through her, wringing every ounce of pleasure from her trembling frame. Her moans filled the room as she came for what felt like an eternity, her body wracked with blissful spasms.

He pulled back gently, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand before leaning over her, his lips finding her neck. He kissed her slowly, tenderly, letting her catch her breath as his mouth trailed up her throat to her chin before claiming her lips again.

This kiss was different—soft, almost languid, like he had all the time in the world to savor her.

“Do you want me?” he whispered between kisses, his lips moving down her collarbone to the swell of her cleavage.

Jenna bit her lip, desire flooding her senses, her body aching for more. She wanted to say yes—hell, she craved him—but her stubbornness wouldn’t let her give in so easily.

“Oh, so that’s how you want to play?” he chuckled, pulling her up to her unsteady feet.

“Play what?” Jenna teased, her voice carrying a wicked smile despite her racing pulse.

“I’ll get my answer,” he murmured, pulling her into his arms and capturing her mouth again with raw, fierce passion.

He spun her around, pushing her down onto the table, his hands lifting her dress as he held her by the neck, spreading her legs with his knee. His breath was ragged, his need evident as he undid his belt with one hand, the other keeping her pinned in place.

“You’re fucking beautiful, you know that?” he growled, pressing his hardened length against her wet entrance, teasing her.

The music thumped in the background, but all Jenna could focus on was the feel of him against her, the anticipation winding tighter inside her, by the saints she was so drunk and so ready for him.

He slipped his hand away, using his cock to tease her instead, rubbing it against her slick entrance, circling her clit with a light touch.

The soft moan that escaped her lips made him smile—a wicked, knowing smile. He bit down on his lip, the temptation to bury himself deep inside her nearly overwhelming. But he clenched his jaw, forcing control. This was going to last. Her pleasure had to come first.

Slowly, he dragged his cock along her wet folds again, teasing her, stopping just as the tip slipped inside her warmth. Jenna’s breath hitched, and he repeated the motion,

the exquisite torment of the sensation making her tremble.

His control was fracturing, but he wanted her desperate and broken for him.

With one hard thrust, he filled her completely, her body arching as a loud moan tore from her throat. He withdrew immediately, pulling out just as she clenched around him, her body craving more.

Leaning forward, he gripped her hair, pulling her head back as he whispered in her ear, “Do you want me?”

He plunged back inside her, pulling out again, his jaw tight as he fought for control. The tension in his voice was raw.

Jenna’s legs shook beneath her, her heart raced, every inch of her body aching with need.

“This is torture,” she moaned, her voice ragged as he continued to fill her so perfectly, only to leave her empty again.

“Then ask for it,” he growled, his hand slipping around her throat, the silent demand undeniable.

She whimpered, on the verge of begging. He slid into her one more time, his length filling her completely, then pulling out. Jenna gasped, her resolve breaking.

“Yes,” she finally caved, her voice breathless and raw. “I want you—I want you so, so fucking bad.”

His hand instantly tightened in her hair as he yanked her back against him, thrusting deep inside, driving himself to the hilt. She gasped, her body overwhelmed by the

fullness of him, the depth she hadn't even realized she could take. He was massive, and the sensation was pure ecstasy.

Wrapping his arm around her waist, he lifted her off the table and onto her feet, pulling her back against his chest. His hand slipped under her dress, cupping her breast, while her head lolled back against his shoulder.

He thrust into her with relentless need, his pace punishing, and Jenna nearly shattered under the intensity. The pleasure was unbearable, overwhelming, pushing her to the brink of oblivion.

Each stroke felt like it might be her undoing. She couldn't catch her breath, couldn't think beyond the feel of him inside her, claiming her.

Grabbing her chin, he turned her face toward his, holding her jaw as he captured her lips in another searing kiss. Jenna moaned against his mouth, his relentless stamina leaving her breathless. Every thrust drove her closer to the edge, her body stretched and filled by his intensity, the pressure building too fast for her to handle.

His grip loosened on her jaw, his hand trailing down her body, finding her exposed clit with skilled fingers. Before she could protest, he slammed deep into her, circling her clit with deliberate pressure.

Jenna convulsed beneath him, her body giving in as she shut her eyes and let the orgasm rip through her like a storm.

She collapsed forward, moaning against the table, her elbows digging into the wood as she gritted her teeth through the pleasure.

He leaned over, kissing the back of her neck, his hands sliding up her spine while he continued to drive into her, fucking her with unrelenting power.

With a final thrust, he pulled out, his strength lifting her easily as he turned her onto her back.

“You’re not done yet, princess,” placing her leg over his shoulder and wrapping the other around his waist.

Jenna gasped, laughing through the pleasure as he positioned himself and slid into her again—deeper, harder, faster. His hand found her clit once more, applying just enough pressure to make her body tremble.

“Almost... hold on,” he groaned, feeling her tighten around him as another orgasm loomed. “Fuck, don’t close up on me yet,” he hissed, his own release dangerously close.

Jenna's body clenched, her walls squeezing him as pleasure flooded her senses.

“I can’t, I’m going to—” she gasped, her voice breaking as the pleasure overwhelmed her, his thick cock driving her insane.

His only response was a husky laugh as he released the pressure on her clit, flicking it softly to prolong her torment.

Her vision darkened, and as her legs quivered around him, he leaned forward, wrapping her legs around his waist.

His mouth claimed hers with fierce hunger, her body tensing as she shattered completely. She came harder than she ever had, her moans muffled by his kiss, her nails sinking into his shoulders as wave after wave of ecstasy crashed through her.

“Fuck,” he growled, the sound raw and primal.

His tempo didn't falter, each thrust deeper than the last, until he finally jerked out of her with a strained grunt. His hands gripped his cock as he released into them, his body trembling with the force of his climax.

She lay there, breathless and delectably sore, unable to do anything but watch the rock-hard man groan, holding onto the table as he pumped his release into his powerful hand. She bit her lip, loving the show.

He reached for serviettes at the other end of the table, cleaning himself off before walking back over to her and pulling her up to sit on the edge of the table.

"You," he said, tucking her hair behind her ears, "are beyond amazing."

He kissed her forehead gently, pulling her into his embrace.

"And so damn sexy," he added, a breathless smile in his voice.

Jenna giggled. "I am honestly speechless," she said, trailing her hands up and down his back. Her body was shaking, her legs like jelly.

"The best sex I've had in years," she laughed in his embrace. "And I don't even know your name. Oh, fuck."

She pulled back, covering her face in shame. "You must think I'm a total slut."

"Hey, no, not at all," he said, gently pulling her hands away from her face. "If anything, you're the best fuck on two legs. I've seen you here a few times, watched you dance countless more, and tonight... fuck me." He chuckled, running a hand through his hair. "Well, let's just say, I really hope we can do this again."

His words made the butterflies in her stomach beat their surely-tired wings again.

He had watched her? When? How long?

“Why have you never come to say hello before?”

“Because you’re always with a friend or chatting up some loser at the bar. I knew if I wanted you, I needed to be patient. I just never expected tonight, of all nights.”

He sighed, turning away to retrieve his blazer as if remembering something. Jenna hopped off the wet table to clean herself up as well.

“Tonight? Why? What’s wrong?” Jenna asked, reality slamming back into her. She remembered everything she had been through and wondered how this man had made her forget—or was it the high level of alcohol in her system?

“Just had a day from hell. Things went very wrong. I... I actually came here to drink myself into a coma, and then you happened,” he said, turning to face her.

Running his knuckles gently over her cheek, he added, “And suddenly everything seemed less urgent. All the pain in my life disappeared when I kissed you.”

Jenna’s lips parted slightly in shock. Her kisses took away his pain? Fuck, then she would kiss him again.

She leaned forward, lifting up onto her tiptoes to kiss him. “Then let me keep your demons at bay,” she said against his lips.

They wrapped around each other, kissing gently, slowly, as though they had all the time in the world, until

he pulled back, looking down at her.

Jenna was obsessed. This man was the only one who could set her instantly on fire. Everything about him drove her beyond wild with need.

“You are something else, princess,” he murmured.

“What’s your name?”

“Huxley,” he said, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

“Nice to officially meet you. I am...” Jenna jumped, cut off by someone outside the curtain clearing their throat.

His grip tightened protectively on her as a voice called, “Boss, we have to go.”

Jenna looked at the shadows positioned around the booth, and her heart sank at the realization.

“One minute,” Huxley shot at the curtain before turning back to Jenna. “I know who you are, Jasmine. I’ll see you soon.”

Releasing her, he pulled the curtains back and accepted a ringing phone from his guards. “What?” he called into the phone, his whole demeanor shifting.

But Jenna forgot all that as a light from somewhere reflected off his face, and for the first time, she could finally make out the mystery man’s features.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:57 am*

### Run Away

Jenna watched Huxley leave, biting her bottom lip. The man walked with purpose, a strong stride that exuded authority. She stepped forward on shaky legs, pulling the curtain aside as the bar lights reflected over him.

He moved as though he knew others would step out of his way. Despite the guards flanking him, there was no denying that Huxley was one hell of a mystery—an alpha, a top dog.

Still breathless, exhausted, and so deliciously satisfied, Jenna weaved her way through the masses to the front of the bar. She handed in her key card and retrieved her handbag and cell phone to call Haley.

“Hey Jen, couldn’t find you think you went home? I’m going back to Larry’s place, chat with you in the morning! Love u!”

Jenna read the message and smiled, relieved. She had no energy left to drag her friend off the dance floor and into a cab.

A few minutes later, she flagged one down and slipped into the back seat, exhaling deeply. What an amazing night. Her body still tingled from his touch, her mind still buzzed from the drinks. She gave the driver her address and leaned back, closing her eyes, replaying the night’s events in her head.

Huxley had ruined other men for her in the most intoxicating way. She craved a repeat.

“Uhm, ma’am?”

The voice of the cab driver jolted Jenna awake.

“Yes? Are we here?” she asked, sitting up and leaning forward with fright.

“Not exactly,” the cab driver replied with uncertainty, his gaze flicking nervously to the commotion ahead.

Jenna stared forward, her heart sinking at the sight of flashing lights. Her apartment building was surrounded by police cars, their lights flickering ominously. Residents and onlookers gathered around, murmuring amongst themselves.

Her heart began to race, her mind reeling.

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Please continue following [lokepub](#); the other chapters will be updated soon.