



Rough (Savage Kings: Chicago #4)

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Category: Urban

Description: I am a woman who cant help to be attracted to bad boys.

I need him rough around the edges and dirty. Thats easy to find, but more than that, I want him to want me just as much as I want him. Curves and all, I want to feel chosen.

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Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:48 pm

LAREN

I 'd emailed Dr. Cushions multiple times to make sure that she understood what I needed. She was to weed out rotten apples and find me somebody safe to play with. After being single for two years and being afraid to let a man get within six feet of me, my body craved sexual attention. I'd denied myself that kind of relief from another person for too long and my senses were hyper-aware.

I didn't trust myself not to hump the first man I came across with similar interests, so I contacted a professional. Dr. Cushions was the best in the business and though her usual Forte was love, I needed her to find me a play partner that wasn't looking for anything serious. Casual safe hookups were what I required and anything more was off-limits.

I thought the task was damn near impossible, but two weeks later, she was in my inbox, telling me she'd found the perfect match. It made me doubt if her skills were as good as she claimed them to be. Or was she pretending because she knew the task was bigger than her capabilities?

Dr. Cushions verified with me three times that she'd screened this guy and even did a video chat to verify that he understood. He'd passed all the tests with flying colors. And now she wanted us to meet in person to see if she'd found my match. The guy had insisted that we meet at an exclusive VIP club. I'd heard about it, but never been. Dr. Cushions verified the club by sending her people in. The only threat was the no-nonsense bouncer out front. She repeatedly assured me it was safe, but I found it hard to believe her because of my past experience of being stalked by someone I was involved with.

But I was here. Staring up at the big bad bouncer who was looking for my name on his tablet screen filled with lists and wondering if this was the right decision. He was handsome but didn't hold my attention since I was more concerned about the one waiting for me inside.

"You're in the Red Room." He confirmed. "Inside, there will be two escorts waiting to take you back." He nodded toward the door and looked over my shoulder, officially dismissing me.

"Rude," I mumbled as I passed him.

"I'll let Salt know how you feel," he said.

I looked up and his gaze pinned me to the spot that I was in.

"Who is Salt?" I asked, squinting at him.

"You'll find out soon enough."

I sighed, becoming more alarmed about this. Inside, the dimly lit room didn't hold my attention. I was more concerned about the men approaching.

"Right this way." The one on the right said.

I nodded and followed him back to the room he was leading me to. As I passed women, none of them seemed to be enslaved or here against their will. Hoping I wouldn't regret anything. I firmed my shoulders and marched toward my impending doom.

When we arrived at the door, one escort handed me a phone. Confused, I took it and there was a call waiting.

"Hello," I spoke into the cell.

"If you were serious about this, there's no turning back after you come in."

I swallowed, hearing his smooth baritone through the line.

"I am."

"Then enter my beautiful slut. I hate waiting."

I gasped just as the line went silent. I wanted to be offended. Tried to not like the contrast of his dirty and sweet name for me. However, his words settled low in my belly, turning the crude meaning complimentary.

I opened the door and stepped inside, closing it behind me. When I turned around, I inhaled a sharp breath as I was met with the view of a man so damn divine I wondered if I was in the wrong room.

He sat forward on the edge of the bed with his elbows resting on his thighs. Black ink swirled around his upper chest, shoulders, and arms. He wore no shirt and jet-black jeans. His beard appeared soft with tight curls that enticed me to touch it. The man was sinful with his intense gaze and bad boy charm dripping in the air.

"Damn..." He exhaled. "I'm going to enjoy breaking you, beautiful. And when I do, you're going to shine so bright that you'll forget about anything else." He pulled at the hair on his chin and licked his lips.

"Break me?" I flinched, offended by his words.

"Yeah. Into small fucking pieces so that nobody can ever put that version of you back together." He stood and advanced toward me. "Today starts a new beginning. I just

need to figure out what parts of you are worth saving.”

He wasn't my fucking savior. His arrogance was making the room so thick that I couldn't breathe. So was the way that he stalked me. Too much too fast.

“You wanted it rough, right?” He stopped so close to my face that I could smell the sweetness from whatever cherry candy he'd been eating. Twizzlers, maybe?

I nodded.

“Say it.”

“Say... what?” I dared to look up into his eyes, but couldn't. His mouth had my eyes fixated on it, so I couldn't.

“That you need it rough. That you want me to take away your options and force your hand. Say that you'll be my beautiful slut and that when this is over, you'll be a better version of yourself.”

I swallowed again, and the door seemed safer. Exiting through it was the only option that would allow me to go back to how things were before I contacted Dr. Cushions. It also was a death sentence for my bravado and any chance of moving forward.

“I need it rough.” I sighed, not remembering anything else that he said. Instead, I added my twist. “I want to feel owned and treasured in a way that removes the doubts and fears. Rough... It's the ability to follow your most primal needs and when it's over, there are no regrets. Just bliss. But then,” I made sure that I was ready to say what I had to because if he was truly the man he'd claimed to be. He'd knock me on my ass for sure. “Then I need him—you to soothe the vulnerability so it doesn't feel so damn dirty.” I sighed.

“Dirty is the only way to be, though. There won’t be any soothing of what we’ve done. I’m not here to make that go away for you. Instead, I want you to embrace it. Feel that energy and blossom.”

His fingertips skated across the tops of my breasts until they dipped between them in my low-cut dress. Then he moved them up over my chest until his hand snaked around my throat. My breathing was erratic and my chest rose and fell heavier than before. When his hold tightened, I licked my lips in appreciation and a moan slipped free.

“The real question is, how much can you handle?” His hand squeezes and my pulse quickened. Before I could object, his free hand was up my dress and inside my panties. He stroked my clit like he had a right to.

I pushed him away forcefully, and though he took a step back, he didn’t waver. He was back on me, quickly kissing the space beneath my ear.

“Show me what you’ve got.” He said with the side of his face pressed against mine.

My adrenaline spiked, and I fought him off me while his hands caressed my skin. I didn’t fear that he was trying to hurt me. Instead, it felt like a game that I needed to win. When his fingers pressed into my thighs, I moaned deep in my throat. The sharp pain of his nails biting into my skin had my body shaken and ready for more. I wanted to kiss him, convince him with my lips to give me more of what he was doing. But he’d told me to show him what I was capable of. It was time to show him. I shoved him hard, giving me a bit of space, and when he growled at me as he advanced again, I shrieked and my instincts took over. I moved my hand, smacking him across the face, and then I jumped up at him.

His eyes flared, and he caught me. Then he spun me around and the next thing I knew, he pressed me against the bed with my arm anchored in a holding position

behind my back. The other was underneath me, pinned in place. I panted, out of breath, and feeling defeated momentarily. I'd given him a run for his money because he, too, was panting.

"Shit, girl." He pulled my panties over my ass and I closed my eyes to hide the humiliation I was feeling. He hissed before his fingers spread my vaginal lips. "Fuck, you really are a beautiful slut. She's so wet for me. Pretty ... Look at her..." He didn't explore or touch me any more than spreading them so he could get a better view. "You do like it rough, don't you, baby?"

I whimpered because of the combination of the tussle, the way he talked to me, and how exposed he'd made me feel was pulling at my reserve. I'd masturbated before I came so I wasn't humping his leg, but this... sigh...

"Yes, Sir."

"And you've got manners. Let's see what else you're into." He let go of my arm and used both of his hands to spread the cheeks of my butt. His hands held a spot that exposed the puckered hole of my butt, but also how wet I was.

I felt something drip down and over the entire area. Warm at first, then it cooled as it traveled. Again, I felt it, and when I looked over my shoulder, I saw the strands of saliva dripping from his lips. Nasty ... I closed my eyes, and he did it again. But if it was so bad, why was I aroused by it?

He let go, and the wetness lingered, making me feel dirty and used. Something I enjoyed. His hands clapped against my ass, then he massaged through the pain. Five more times of that and I was moving against the bed. He gripped my thighs hard, and I bucked, needing to be filled and fucked.

"You're Lauren, right?" He asked.

“Yes, Sir.”

“I’m Salt. Nice to meet you.” He kissed over the globes of my butt and sucked along each of them.

“Finally?” I asked when I could breathe.

“Yeah, you came in here being somebody that you’re not. Now, you’re lying here being exactly who we both need you to be. You.” Salt trailed his tongue up my spine and nipped the back of my neck, covering me with his body. “Now we can negotiate.”

I moaned and closed my eyes again. Not safe. “I don’t think that’s wise. I’d agree to anything right now.”

“That’s exactly why it’s the best time to do so.” I felt something cold and metal on my thighs before a swift motion from his hand cut away the material. He switched hands and did the same on the other side.

“I could have taken those off,” I whispered.

“What fun would that have been for me?”

I felt the blade along my hip and thigh before he moved up to my side, moving toward my stomach. He wasn’t breaking the skin, but ... I trembled in fear. The excitement wasn’t too far away.

“Good girl.” He said, as his tongue traced the outer shell of my ear.

As I turned my head toward him, I felt surprised at how relaxed I was with Salt while he slid to my right side, uncovering me, but his hand never left my body.

“My girl isn’t afraid to talk to me.” He said while looking into my eyes. “If you truly don’t like something, say that. Communicating with me is a must, even if you’re afraid. How else can we maneuver through this thing?” His fingers went between the crease of my butt and he teased the puckered hole. “Your ass is nice.”

“Thank you. I like your beard. May I touch it?” I asked.

“Yeah...”

I stroked his hair gently at first. Then I made my way to his chin, where I tugged and then massaged it.

“Like that?” He asked.

“Yes, Sir.” The hair was soft and felt good on my fingertips.

“Me, too.” He licked his lips and eyed mine. “Keep it up, though, and I’ll show you how much I like it.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Do you understand the rules?” He lowered his mouth and kissed the palm of my hand.

Sweetness.

Maybe Dr. Cushions had gotten it right after all.

“Yes, Sir. I do.”

“I’ll give you everything you could fucking want as long as you talk to me. Without

communication, I can be a ruthless bastard. You don't want that."

The threat shouldn't have made me gasp in curiosity, especially since I could tell that he didn't mean it in a good way. I loved how he was setting boundaries, though. That's the part that drew me to him. Black and white rules so we could play in between the lines.

"Yes, Sir. I like those rules."

"Good. Anything else you need from me?"

To be fucked. But he knew that.

"No, I think you've set things clear."

"I asked, is there anything else that you need from me?" He lowered his head and let his eyes fall over my exposed lower body.

"Oh!" I giggled. "I thought it was assumed. Yes, please."

"Please, what?" He asked.

"Fuck me." I purred.

"No."

He leaned forward and took my mouth, demanding me to open and surrender to him. I fought a bit, not giving in. However, his tongue delved inside and massaged mine until I met each thrust with my own. He moved on top of me, between my legs, and controlled my body with his. I melted as he pulled desire from the tips of my toes and let it pool at my core.

Salt slowed the fevered kiss until we were barely pecking against one another. My body was roaring from the flames within, and I watched as he stood. I thought he was going to take off his pants so we could get to the good stuff, but he kissed the tops of my thighs and moved away. I sat up on my elbows to see him putting on his shirt, shoes, and then a leather ball cap.

“Ready for me to walk you out?” He asked.

“Are you shitting me?” I exclaimed.

“Uh, no?” He looked confused.

“So you mean you didn’t get me all riled up for you to send me home like some little toy?” I stood up in front of the bed with a loud sigh.

“I told you I wasn’t fucking you.”

“I didn’t know you meant it!” I raised my voice, completely frustrated and pissed off.

“Maybe that’s your issue. I said to communicate. You told me what you wanted, doesn’t mean that you’ll get it when and how you want it. I make those decisions and today ain’t the day. I know what you need and I’m giving you that. Neither of us signed up for a one-night stand. You need to trust me, and it’s the same for me. Show me you can handle my dominance by giving me your submission. Let me earn your body the right way and the rest will fall in line. Don’t mistake things though, you’re mine. Everything about today shows that we’re right for each other. I won’t spoil that with a quick nut and thank you.”

I shook my head and pulled at my locs. What kind of switcheroo did he just pull? He was denying me so that we could fuck later?

“Salt, I—”

He held up his hand, halting my words. He came over to me and stood so close that I could feel him pressed up against the entire length of my body.

“Don’t touch my body sexually. You can bathe it, care for it, and groom it. Don’t give it gratification, though. That’s for me to do.” He handed me a phone. “Put your number in there and send a text to yourself that says ‘Don’t touch what belongs to me.’”

I swallowed, blinked, and slowly took the phone and completed the assignment.

“Good girl. Now, let me walk you out.” He reached around me, grabbed my panties from the bed, and tucked them in his back pocket.

His golden skin made my darker complexion seem like the perfect opposite color. My height made him about a foot taller than me and I was 5’6”. Still, we lined up perfectly. I put my arms around his neck, stood on the tips of my toes, and kissed him. His arms rounded my waist, and he rested them on my ass. He held on to my curves as if they didn’t bother him. Looking at him, I would have assumed he was into pencil-skinny women, not ones with more softness than not. Was it the reason he didn’t want to have sex?

Salt pulled away from my lips. “What was that thought?”

“What?” I said, shaken by the abruptness that he’d pulled away.

“You tensed. Why?” He searched my eyes.

“Do you even like big girls?” I blurted.

Salt snickered. “Big girls...” He shook his head. “If you mean physically, I like my women capable of taking what I give.” He slapped my ass, and I softened against him, licked my lips, and exhaled slowly. “Mature? Yeah, I prefer women over girls. One’s able to receive praise, big girls.”

“Salt, you know what I mean.” I huffed.

“What about ‘mine’ don’t you understand?”

Silence. That was the comeback I had.

“Let’s go.” He took my hand, and we walked out together. He held onto my hand and escorted me to my car. His kiss lingered when he came in for it. It teased, yet promised me that more was to come. “Be good for me.” He said.

I nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

He stepped back, and I started the car. I gave him a lingering look before I pulled off. It wasn’t until I got home that I relaxed. I showered before bed and when I climbed in, the only thing I could think of was Salt.

There was a message waiting for me on my phone. When I checked it to see Salt’s message, he had sent another while I was in the shower.

Salt: Good night, beautiful slut.

Me: Good night, Sir.

I held on to my pillow as if it were him. The last thing I thought about was the way he’d nurtured all the sides of me he’d seen tonight. I just hoped that he wasn’t too good to be true.

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SALT

B aby Mama: Pick up Neriah before they close.

The text sent my nerves on edge as usual. I didn't mind picking up my daughter, but could her mother, Tanya, give me some kind of warning? The last two times that she sent me down to that daycare, the women were vultures. They'd swarmed in so quickly that you'd thought that I was giving away dick by the dozen. I wasn't. When I assured them that Neriah was my child and that I had a woman, they'd disappeared just as quickly. Though, I was sure that one of them said she'd still fuck if I knew how to keep a secret. The girl whom I picked her up from explained that I'd have to get Neriah on time or she was calling child services. She didn't mind if I was a few minutes late when I let her turn up her stank-ass booty as she wiggled around, trying to catch my attention. I'd tolerated it to get my baby, but now she was pissy. Getting there on time was impossible when the time was currently 4:45 p.m. and Neriah needed to be picked up by 5. I didn't bother to text back. I just got in the car and busted my ass to get there.

Thirty minutes later...

I pulled into the lot to see the pickup line gone and the closed sign flipped on the door.

Shit!

As soon as I entered, someone gave me a disapproving look. Here we go.

"Picking up Neriah St. James," I said to the receptionist.

"My boss wants to speak to you. Neriah has been picked up twenty-eight out of thirty-one days late."

Wait.

"Tanya drops her off on the weekends, too?" I asked.

"She does."

I cursed to myself. I usually spent evenings with her and she stayed at my house on the weekends, but with shit on the streets being hectic, I'd slacked on the overnight stays. Not anymore. I'm sure the only reason Tanya kept Neriah when she found out that she was pregnant was that she thought I'd wife her gold-digging ass. I didn't, and she was too damn selfish to give her up to me. Tanya also knew that I worked for the Ekon mafia crime family and held on to it as leverage. She didn't know enough to get herself killed, but she could point fingers my way if she wanted to.

I nodded my understanding, and she stood and disappeared. She came back a few minutes later with a smirk on her face.

"She'll be right out. She's on a call."

I sat down in the chair and waited. It took twenty minutes before her boss opened the door. I heard little footsteps running my way, and I smiled as Neriah rounded the corner.

"Daddy!" she squealed.

I picked her up and rained kisses all over her face. She giggled and held onto my

face.

"Tickles." She said through laughter.

"Salt?" I heard the voice and froze.

"Lauren?" What the hell was she doing here?

"Are you Isiah St. James?" She looked down at her clipboard.

"I am." I raised my eyebrow and waited for her to say something more.

"Can I talk to you outside?" She smiled nervously.

"Sure." I walked out before her and held the door.

She followed and let the door close entirely before she spoke.

"I don't know how to say this." She sighed.

"Just talk."

"Not picking Neriah up on time is a red flag to children's services. I've spoken to Tanya about it already, and she has done nothing to change her habits. If anything, they've gotten worse."

"Okay." I nodded, waiting for the rest. "I pick her up when Tanya can't, so when she texts me at quarter til five to get her, I do what I can," I admitted.

"That's understandable but doesn't change that there will be an investigation. Neriah is three years old and needs constant attention. You guys have to make sure someone

is here by five. Nothing I could do about the investigation because her timestamps were all over the place. When they come to your house, you guys need to have everything together." She sighed before looking at Neriah. "I'd hate to see her suffer over something that can be fixed. From what I understand, Tanya has a long list of complaints."

First time I've heard about this.

"Not my baby girl. I'll talk to Tanya and see if we can work something out. This is getting out of control." And I wasn't about to let her unfit parenting skills be the reason I lost my baby.

"Not to get into your business, but why won't you take her? She seems to have a strong connection with you."

Neriah had her face squished against mine while she watched Lauren talk, arms around my neck.

"She knows what's up. Like I said, I'll handle it." I gave her a look so that she'd drop the topic. I didn't want Neriah to hear anything more.

"Daddy ... I want pizza." Neriah kissed my cheek and then went back to holding my face.

"That's cool because I want wings," I said to her.

"I want wings." She turned my head toward her face to make sure I heard her. I snickered at her bossy behavior.

"You said pizza."

"And wings." She squished my lips, and I chuckled, making her giggle.

"Daddy got lips like a duck."

I moved my lips together and apart and she mocked me before it tickled her silly.

"Well, I'll let you go." Lauren put the polite smile back on.

"Join us. You're off, right?" I suggested.

"Yes, but it's a conflict of interest." She said.

"Maybe, but I won't hold it against you. It's just pizza."

"Salt, I—"

"Mine, right? I can feed you if I want."

Lauren nodded once and turned on her heels. She went inside and grabbed her things and then I drove us to get food. We ate inside and it didn't take long to get seated. I ordered pizza and wings for me and Neriah. Lauren went with salad and wings.

Neriah insisted that the chicken tasted better off my plate, so I cut her pizza into strips and she lived her best life. Lauren and I laughed and joked most of the evening. She even played games with Neriah on the coloring sheet they gave her. They bonded all the way down to falling asleep in the car together. Tanya wasn't home, which benefited me since I didn't want Neriah with her, anyway. But there was the issue of getting Lauren home when she wouldn't wake up.

I drove home and carried Neriah inside to put her to bed. When I returned, Lauren was half awake.

"Now you wake up." I joked.

"It was the car door closing." She mumbled.

"Good to know."

"I guess I was more tired than I thought." She yawned.

"Well, I can get you a car home. With Neriah asleep, I can't take you." I offered.

"Sure." Another yawn surfaced and her eyes drooped close.

"Lauren, how about you come inside, take a nap, and then I'll send you home when you can be more alert?"

"Mhm..." she nodded.

I helped her from the car and upstairs. I didn't bother taking her to the guest room, since I wanted to feel her in my arms. Had wanted to since I met her. Removed her shoes and got her settled in before I took off my own and my shirt. Lying next to her, I pulled her into my arms and exhaled when she wrapped her arms around me. Head on my chest, knee on my thigh, hands holding me back, I was in heaven. I put my arm behind my head, the other around her waist, and I kissed the top of her head.

Yeah ... the good doctor was on to something. Lauren felt good in a lot of ways. If the scale kept tipping in her favor, she'd have a bigger problem on her hands. One laced with diamonds and a tale of forever. When I told Dr. Cushions that I needed a submissive woman to marry, she said she had the perfect remedy. She had met my requirements on many levels, and she felt right from the moment she walked in. There was still a lot to discuss, but for now, things were as they should be. I didn't have to wonder if she was in it for the money or my lifestyle, because she didn't

know who I truly was. She'd see me for who I am before she learned what I was into.

I woke up to Lauren kissing on the side of my neck while she caressed my chest. My dick was rock hard, and she pressed against me, grinding her pussy against my thigh. Somebody needed some attention.

"Before I roll over and grab this condom, is this your way of saying that you're ready for me to get that car for you or are you trying to stay and play?" I didn't bother opening my eyes since it was pitch black in the room. Often it was late when I came home, so I slept in and hated the light shining in. Not that it was anything close to being daylight outside.

"I've been good..." she whispered. "I haven't touched myself and it's been days."

"Are you staying... or going?" I asked again.

"Staying."

"Then take off your clothes. You won't wear a single thing when we're in bed together." I instructed.

"Yes, Sir." She sat up and took off her shirt. The rest of her clothes followed. So when she curled back into me, all I felt was skin and softness.

"Yeah..." I pulled her back in close to me. "Now we can talk business. What were you saying?"

"That I've been good."

"And you want some kind of fucking reward, huh?" I scoffed. "Nah. I don't do those. What else you got?"

Silence.

“Speak up.”

“I ... don’t know.”

“How about you ask for what you want? Not because you deserve it, but because you want it. Need it. Crave it. I’ll satisfy your appetite every time. Give you what you're missing. Remember?”

“I do. Can I have you?” She asked.

“You want dick. To be fucked. That ain’t all there is to me. So say what you want, beautiful slut.”

Lauren squirmed beside me, and I knew I made her uncomfortable. If she wanted everything that she’d said, she’d have to work for it. Own her desires and not shy away from them all the time. Outside this room, she could be the shiest woman on the planet, but when we were doing our thing, she’d have to speak her truth. It was just us in here.

“I want to be fucked, Salt. Hard... relentlessly. I need...” she moaned when my fingers found her dripping pussy and slipped against her folds.

“Keep going.” I pushed.

“I need to feel used. Oooh...”

I teased her plump clit, enjoying the texture of it. Moving slowly, I could feel the slickness of it as well as the grooves.

“What else?”

“Pain...” She gripped the far side of my neck and breathed into the closer one.

“Salt...”

“Yeah?” I let my fingers trail downward, teasing just inside her.

“Please don’t let me wait any longer. The texts from you this week...”

“The ones where I asked if you were being a good girl for me?”

“Yes, and the teasing...”

“Couldn’t have you thinking that I lost interest,” I admitted.

“No,” she sighed. “I didn’t.”

“Big girl shit ... remember?” I fucked her with my fingers and she shivered in my arms.

“Yes, I do...”

“What are you thinking now? Think I mind that you have added curves? Hmm?”

“Noo...” Somehow, it was hard for her to breathe. Maybe it was the depth I’d got my fingers in.

“You sure?”

“Yes!”

“Shh... my daughter is sleeping and you will not wake her up.” I removed my fingers from inside her and smacked her on the ass.

“Yes, Sir. Please...” she begged.

I moved my hand up to her throat and gripped it. “Climb up on top of me.”

She did, but I never moved my hand.

“Unfasten my jeans and move them out of the way. Boxers, too.”

As she did, I let her go to retrieve two condoms from the drawer. When she had me undressed from the waist down, I was putting on the condom. She got back into position and so did I. Hand on her throat.

“Put my dick inside you. Take your time. I want to savor this first time.”

She did, and I closed my eyes as she lowered onto me.

“Yeah. Yeah. Yeah...” I pulled her to me, kissing her mouth when her lips touched mine. I controlled the kiss, how hard she rode me, and the way her body surrendered to me.

She rode me with finesse, rolling her hips to take me deeper, bouncing to create delicious fucking friction, wetting me up to make it sweet enough. I almost forgot the good stuff since she felt so damn right. I bit down on her lip and she winced. Tightening my grip on her neck, she groaned. But how I knew she liked it was that she rode me harder, struggled when she came down, shivering and trying not to come, though it was inevitable.

“Keep that same energy,” I said to her when I broke free from her mouth.

I bit the side of her neck, down her chest, and sucked on her nipples as she bucked against me. Now we were getting somewhere. Her moans grew louder, and I moved my hand from her throat to inside her mouth, fucking it with my fingers. It was then, with the two digits being sucked, my dick deep inside her, and my other hand gripping her ass, that she came the first time. The second time was when I put my fingers inside her anally. But the third...

I'd moved on top of her, fastened her ankles to the headboard, and dropped my shaft into her like she was the last thing I'd ever get into. She felt magnificent and pounding into her from this angle made her squirt onto my stomach. I knew it hurt, cause I felt the pain too, but it was the good kind. The one that clapped back and made you focus on it instead of whatever the hell else existed. Getting back to the sting, the wetness, her heat, her quiver, the squeals she tried to hide into the pillow that I desperately wanted to hear. Her pussy spoke to me, taunted me to hit that same spot again. It was like an earthquake lived in her body and was about to tear that shit down. I thrived inside her. Made shit happen. It was about to get worse because the shaking wouldn't stop and neither was I. She gripped the pillow in a bear hug to her face as she screamed out her orgasm.

"Fuck!" I roared. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!"

I came too, giving her that same body-seizing momentum she'd given me.

I exhaled long and hard as I kept coming inside her.

"What the fuck?" I cursed when it felt like it was never-ending. My leg shook, and I gripped her thighs tight as I tried to hold on. Knocked on my ass, I did the only thing I could do. Moved the fucking pillow from her face and kissed her.

Maybe rewards weren't so bad after all.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:48 pm

LAUREN

Salt became part of my day. Texts and calls to keep the silly grin on my face and rough sex at night. He gave me days to recover, but then he was right back to giving it to me just the way I needed it. I saw him almost every day and talked to him multiple times daily. That'd become my routine for the next few weeks. So when I didn't get a call from him during my lunch today, I realized the issue. My day turned bad quickly because I hadn't heard from him. Not a call or a text, and it'd turned everything upside down.

However, this wasn't a relationship. More of a situation ship—something to tide us both over until we were on to something serious. A state of reaping the benefits of a relationship without the constraints floating around. Even more reason for me not to have a reason to be bugging out.

Today was also the day that the social worker was supposed to go see Neriah at home with her mother. I'd tried to stay away from the case as much as possible because my interest was unbiased. I'd seen how she'd flourished with Salt getting her every day from the center. He'd confessed to me he wanted sole custody of her, but that he knew Tanya would make it difficult. I explained that he needed to give her the fight of her life if that's what he truly wanted.

He'd changed up her room, making it a more permanent place for her to live. The fun stuff, toys, and all were still there. He'd added books and a place for her to study for school when she started. He'd also bought her some learning toys, and he sat with her to teach her things that she should have known already. I'd shown him where she should be academically and where she was. She wasn't too far off the mark, but he

was dedicated to getting her caught up and even to excel. He admitted to not wanting to push her too hard, but if consuming education was her thing, he wanted to give her the option.

What I loved the most was that though we were together, he focused on her until she was asleep. Then he put all his energy into me. He balanced it well, keeping me involved when she was awake, but I also recognized that she came first as it should be. He also didn't make me feel like I was wasting my time by being with him. On the days when either of us had something to do, we did it and met up afterward.

So for me to be sitting here like he'd deprived me of something when I hadn't... Sulking because I hadn't had my daily dose of Salt was ridiculous. Casual. It was important for me to understand that this was supposed to be a no-strings-attached arrangement and I needed to accept that. I could handle things if he wasn't around. Playing the role of an awestruck girl wasn't a role in this movie.

By nightfall, I was worried. I hadn't heard from him all day. When I'd called him, it went straight to voicemail. Breathing through it all, I got some sleep to allow the chips to fall how they may. If this was his way of ending things, so be it.

Easier said than done.

Because I had worried about what'd happened today with Neriah. I'd also wondered if he was okay. It wasn't like him not to communicate, and it made me think that something was wrong.

At three a.m. I woke to my pussy being licked. On the verge of an orgasm, I swore aloud.

"Salt, that better be you." I cursed as he bit the side of my thigh, gripped them tighter, and went back to working me over.

I moaned louder. When I fisted the sheets, I felt his shirt beside me. That man hated clothes, I promise. I lifted it to my nose and inhaled a scent that was all Salt, no chaser.

Not having to worry about being quiet for Neriah, I came loud and long, releasing everything into his mouth. I was still shivering when he got up and entered me. He kissed me stupid while making me take whatever he gave. Hard thrusts. Moans into my mouth. He was beside himself tonight. He flipped me over and made me ride him on all fours as he spanked me and pulled my hair. When I came, he was biting the side of my neck and gripping my waist. His animalist grunts sounded in my ear as he came, too. Rounding off the perfect reunion.

“I missed you, beautiful slut.” He licked the spot he’d bitten and pulled me into his arms.

“Same, Sir. How’d today go?” I asked breathlessly.

“Shit. Wish I knew. I had to go out of town and I guess I left my phone. I just came back. It’s too late to go see Tanya to find out. I’m going first thing in the morning, though.” He kissed my shoulder and licked my lips before he stole another juicy kiss.

“Let me know, please. I’ve been worried all day about you two.”

Salt groaned. “Mhm. As you should. Thank you, baby. I appreciate your concern. I have to admit that I missed the fuck out of you, though. Can’t even deny that at all.”

I exhaled a sigh that came from somewhere deep. Old wounds seemed to heal a little more by his words.

“Me either. I thought that you’d be tired of me after all.”

Salt immediately smack my ass so hard I whined, flinched, and tried to get away. He only held me tighter.

“Won’t apologize for that. You feel how good this is. How could I be tired of it?” He kissed my forehead. Shortly after, I heard him snoring.

I snickered. “Karma,” I whispered to the sleeping man.

He never responded because he was too far gone.

In the morning, we made out—no sex, before he had to leave. He’d also warned me that he’d have to go back out of town and that he’d be gone for about a week. He had an attorney working on helping him get custody, so he was hoping things changed with Neriah soon. Later, we discovered that Tanya lost custody of Neriah. However, he had to wait for the caseworker to call him back to know the reason.

Being out of town for work didn’t matter, since they wouldn’t let him see her, anyway. When he’d called to ask Tanya about the situation, she’d hung up on him and told him to mind his own business. He’d said that she sounded drunk but that it was difficult to tell over the phone. When he got the okay to not only see Neriah but to pick her up five days later, he rushed home. I gave him time to get settled and figure out his next move. But it sucked big time.

I kept myself busy. The crappy part was that I was back to thinking the same thing I had before.

When had this thing with Salt gotten so damn messy? I knew I had feelings for him and his daughter. That wasn’t part of the plan. I was supposed to get in and get out. Somewhere along the way, I’d gotten in. Getting out was going to be problematic. Not because I couldn’t, but because I didn’t want to.

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LAUREN

Another Week Later...

The longer that I stood looking out the window, the stronger the pull was to him. The shirt that barely covered my body irritated my skin, making me hyper-aware of any and everything. Needy. The breeze that should have soothed my skin as it rushed through the window only helped to sensitize it. My hair blew this way and that as my scalp breathed, searching for his fingers. Ones that weren't really there. Flames danced along my body and the heat was too hot to contain, too hot not to extinguish.

Light whimpers more than indicated that I was closer to the edge of sexual insanity. I'd gone six whole nights, seven whole days maxing my body to the breaking point. He'd made me tease myself until I was on the verge of an orgasm as many times a day as he chose. He didn't permit me to come because I was to save that for him. Glancing at my phone only emphasized how easy it could be to just give in. I touched the glass pane and the coolness that I felt pulled the rest of my body against it, begging for that bit of relief. Though the alleviation that I craved was more satisfying, I took what I could get. Fingers trailed across my neck, down to my shoulders and I closed my eyes, wanting my own hands to be his.

Addicting, that's what Salt was, and I needed to fight the habit I'd formed. I wasn't afraid to be his everything, and he wasn't afraid to tell me what he desired. That was toxic, and we both knew it. My thighs squeezed in anticipation when I looked over to the phone that was lit. The message indicator was lit, and I wasn't strong enough to walk away. I opened the message, and it displayed his name in the corner as I read words that sent me to my knees.

Salt: I need you now.

His words removed the air from the room through some sort of imaginary contraption because suddenly it was hard to breathe. There was no way that the single message had caused me to need air desperately, on my knees, shivering for a dose of... HIM. My phone had been the catalyst that set my fingers typing a quick response to the best high I've ever experienced. My phone beeped again, and I dropped my phone. Trembling fingers retrieved it and I stared at the words as my head swam.

Salt: I'm close.

A moan welled up from so deep inside that I felt the vibrations all over when it finally escaped my lips. I sat on the bed rocking, waiting for my next fix.

I heard the car door slam, and I bolted down the steps to meet him. Salt walked in already half undressed, threw his shirt aside, and began unbuckling his belt and pants. We met on the bottom step and the force of our bodies connecting like two magnets surged my arousal into overdrive. Needle in vein—injected with a drug so potent that I could barely stand.

Knowing his own toxicity, he braced me as lust pumped through my veins. Moaning and whimpering for more... I deepened the kiss, not caring about overdosing. Heroin had nothing on him. And to think that he hadn't even given me the good shit yet. Salt set me on the edge of the step somewhere in the middle of the stairwell, staying between my legs. Breaking contact with his lips for the first time, I threw my head back, screaming in ecstasy as he entered me hard and fast. He pulled my hair, keeping my head anchored as he bit into my neck. Drops of the sweetest joy pooled behind closed eyes and then slid down my face. Damn, Salt was masterful.

My hips met his quivering for each thrust, and he didn't disappoint. I cried out over and over, thanking him for enslaving my body against my will. I hated he was the

only person who could make this sole act so perfect and so wrong. My sex accepted him with ease, no questions asked, while my brain told me I was doing this yet once again. Falling deeper into him.

He trailed wet kisses over my chest and growled when he encountered the fabric of my shirt. I pulled it up between us and pulled it over my head. I could see anger spike in him at having to let go of my hair even for a second. Once it was off, Salt gripped my hair harder and tighter. Fuck if it didn't add to the sucking and licking he was doing to send me into an orgasm. That never stopped him.

I quaked and my walls pulled him in deeper and held him in tighter. Another growl from him, through the sucking of my shoulder, made his pelvis pump harder. Thunder echoed through the hall at the storm that he created. I relaxed into the tidal wave of spasms, losing count of the orgasms my body accepted and then released. I wrapped my arms around his neck. He let my hair go and gripped my shoulders with both hands, pounding me so hard that the world went white as lightning struck between us. Salt's hold was so tight that my breathing hallowed, but the act was as intimate as the deepest kiss.

Darkness surrounded me, but I knew where I was in an instant. The wind blew through the room and I stumbled to my feet to the window to reduce the chill. Leaving the window cracked, I made my way to the bathroom to assuage my bladder of its painful cry. Done with that, I stood in the mirror to wash my hands and turned on the light. Red blotches were all over my neck and shoulders. I knew some would leave temporary bruises from the injection of his willpower over me. Like a junkie in true form, shame washed over me at my behavior in the heat of the moment. And I knew I'd do it again. A figure appeared over my shoulder and I stared sin in the face.

That hum started low and worked itself into a frenzy. I turned the water off just as his body connected with mine from behind. He bent me over the sink and was back inside. All thoughts of rehabilitation left as I succumbed. The grip on the sink was

more for my slipping mind while he shot me up with another dose. It's how he kept me coming back for more. Lots of him at once until the next time that I fell prey. When we were both spent, he pulled out of me, letting his seed mark me in the dirtiest of ways, and I loved every moment. Eye contact had never ceased, so when he backed out of the bathroom to leave me to clean up what he left of his spunk, the symbolism wasn't lost on me. When he left in the morning, I felt satisfied, but realized that I still wanted and needed more of him. But that had to end. This thing between us had to stop. It was more than it should be and I think we both knew it.

"This was the last time," I said out loud.

That empty feeling of doubt surfaced, and I hoped like hell that I'd keep the will to survive another withdrawal spell.

"Lord, give me strength."

I swear he was laughing at me because thunder rumbled and the strongest pour of rain washed over the city. Preparing myself for the side effects, I climbed into bed, getting under the blankets to find the sleep that I'd been missing.

SALT

It was funny what money could buy. By finding the right information about the judge, I secured my daughter's safe return and full legal custody. I hadn't swayed his decision about who should retain the guardianship of my daughter. I just made him hasten the process.

Tanya had been drunk when the case worker showed up and they'd immediately taken Neriah from her. I'd also found out that the reason that they had removed her from the last daycare was because there were marks and bruises that Tanya couldn't explain. It made sense why she was weird about me taking Neriah out of her house sometimes. I didn't press charges like I wanted to for some of the shit that she'd pulled. Instead, I was happy that she couldn't do any more harm from the hole that she'd crawled out of.

I'd taken about two weeks of jumping through hoops to get everything together, and now everything was settling back down. I'd planned to take Lauren out to dinner tonight and spend some real time with her. She'd been patient and understanding and though we'd only been seeing each other for a little over two months, I was feeling her. Neriah looked forward to being with her, too.

My trips out of town were to secure a new distributor since we needed more product than our current one could supply. Plus, he was also supplying our enemies, and that was bad for business. The new guy seemed like a better deal, so I'd pitched him to the Ekon brothers and we'd met with him while I was away. With that handled, I needed time to regroup and ground myself. That's what Neriah and Lauren did to me. Helped me regain my sanity.

I picked up my cell and called Lauren to make plans for us tonight. When she answered, she sounded cold and distant. As if something had happened to her, knocking her out of being her usual self.

“Baby, what’s wrong?” I asked her.

“This thing between us was supposed to be temporary, and it’s become bigger than that. We need to slow things down.” She said almost robotically.

“Temporary? No. I was very clear that there was nothing temporary about it. I’m tired of random women throwing themselves at me, expecting me to let them into my life, and they have nothing to offer. That’s what this thing is to me. Not sure what it is to you. But for me, I’m playing for keeps.” I stood up from my dining room table and ran my hand over my head.

“No. That’s not what I wanted. I needed something temporary. I can’t afford another relationship, not like... I’m sorry if the wires were crossed somehow. Salt, I don’t know why they would match me with someone who wanted something that I didn’t. I wouldn’t have played with your feelings that way.”

“So, are you telling me that you don’t feel this thing between us? How when we’re together everything feels right, but then when we’re apart, nothing does? Something must have happened. Talk to me.” I sighed, losing hope for the first time.

Dr. Cushions warned me about this. She explained to me that Lauren was running from her past and that she was trying to escape it by trying something temporary. In all the ways, though, Lauren and I made sense. But even when we didn’t, we still did. Dr. Cushions had even warned me about the drawbacks. That was because Lauren only wanted something casual, she could still walk away from this situation unscathed. It was a risk that I would take. I’d told her that after meeting Lauren for the first time. I knew she was the one, so why weren’t things lining up the way they

needed to? Was I really about to lose her? My original request had been for something temporary, but things had changed. Dr. Cushions didn't think it was a good idea. Maybe she was right.

"I'm not happy. None of that matters!" She yelled into the phone. "We can't keep doing this to one another."

"Doing what, exactly, Lauren? Hmm? Why didn't you say so? That you were unhappy." Confused as fuck, I gripped the chair in front of me, wanting to break it in half. This was supposed to be a conversation about dinner, not a fucking breakup.

"Escaping from our worlds into one another's arms. You'll meet someone else that is right for you. Maybe the same will happen for me, too."

"Lauren—"

"Or maybe this was what we were meant to do. Enriching each other's lives and move on."

"Lauren—" I paced faster as my patience grew shorter.

"Salt, let's just be done. It's over. I'd appreciate it if you got your things, so we can move on as soon as possible."

"Because you decided?" I roared.

"Yes. Because I decided."

"Just like that?" I scoffed angrily.

"Yes. It's for the best."

“Not a problem. Just to be clear, you’re refusing to talk about this?” Communication was the only thing I’d made mandatory in this relationship. She was hell-bent on keeping whatever had brought this on to herself.

“You know everything that you need to.”

“I’ll be to get my things later and I’ll leave your key. You should have told me you weren’t happy. Said something to me so that this abrupt need to end things didn’t blind me. Don’t wait for me by the door, Lauren.” I disconnected the call, picked up the vase that was on the table, and threw it at the wall, shattering it immediately.

“Fuuuuuuuuuuck!” I roared.

I stormed through the house until I got to my bedroom. What I wanted to do was go to her and fuck sense into her, but instead, I got dressed and drove to the gun range, where shooting bullets into a sheet of paper wasn’t satisfactory enough. The owner let me around back where he’d set up an obstacle course to run, shoot, and fire as much as you needed to at moving objects.

That did the trick.

By the time I left, I was sweaty, and my energy dissipated. I still had to get to Lauren’s house to get my shit out. Mostly clothes that I’d taken off while I was there. It should all fit inside a suitcase. I could go for some of that bourbon she’d bought me right about now, too. I’d gotten rid of all the alcohol from here because of Neriah’s caseworkers and the concern about alcohol usage. Though, I loved bourbon, so she’d bought me some for when I was at her place. Looking at the time, I knew I’d better get over there before she got off work. I didn’t think I could handle seeing her right now without wanting to talk sense into her. I showered and dressed, took a suitcase with me, and prepared to make this last trip to her place.

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LAUREN

I heard Salt pull up and every single nerve stood on end. It was time. I'd completely screwed up today and now it was time to pay for it. I kneeled in front of the window in my charcoal gray skirt, knee-high cable knitted socks, and a pale pink button-down shirt. Punishing myself, I faced the large bay window, watching the rain pour down.

The front door opened, then closed, and disappointment replaced my fear. I received instructions not to greet him at the door as I usually did. I'd lost that privilege today. That stinging sensation pierced the back of my eyes as I fought to maintain control over my emotions. That was the reason I'd ended up in this predicament. My darn emotions.

Footsteps moved across the wood floor in the opposite direction from me. Salt climbed the steps heading to the bedroom, and I blinked away a tear that threatened to break free. I heard shuffling, and though I wanted to run to him and let him make everything better, I just couldn't. I shifted my weight. Naturally, I moved to stand but caught myself. That would only make things worse. I wanted to make this as painless as possible.

"You should have told me you weren't happy." His words echoed throughout my mind and I wished I dared to tell him that I'd never been more content in my entire life. But I wasn't that brave, so he'd never know. He couldn't.

Holding on to something so good would likely make it worse when it was time to let go. Either I'd screw it up or he'd grow tired of tending to my needs. It was destined to happen. History always defines the future and we are no different. Was I attached to

him? Absolutely. And I knew because of how well we fit together, he would be the one to destroy me.

I don't know how long I sat watching the rain. No idea how many possibilities ran through my mind. I couldn't guess how many times his face popped into the forefront of my head and I fantasized about nuzzling his hands before I kissed his lips. My knees hurt from staying in this position for as long as I had, but I didn't dare move.

Footsteps descended the steps, heavier than before. Carrying luggage had that effect. I didn't look. Couldn't afford to watch the man that I was falling in love with pack his things and move on with his life. I'd decided for the both of us. He was here doing this because I'd called him and demanded that he do so. He'd kept talking, trying to persuade me to talk things through with him. That hadn't worked. Neither had that deep, commanding tone. There was nothing he could do to make me change my mind. It wasn't up for negotiation.

"Something must have happened. Talk to me," He'd coached from the phone.

I'd remained quiet and let the tears fall silently. There was no need to rehash my reasons for resenting his love. He deserved better than what I could give him, and that's all he needed to know. Except, I'd chosen not to tell him that either. It was time to let go, or at least, that was the line that I kept feeding us both.

"I'm not happy." That was the double-edged blade that made me rock back and forth in disbelief. I knew that was the biggest lie I'd ever told.

"Why didn't you say so?" He wondered aloud.

"Can you come and get your things today?" Skipping his questions was the best move. Avoiding having to lie was better.

“Not a problem. Just to be clear, you’re refusing to talk about this?”

“You know everything that you need to.” I even sounded like a brat to myself.

“Don’t wait for me by the door, Lauren.”

He was angry. I heard it in every clipped word he spoke. He’d made me flinch at his request. I always met him at the door. No matter how angry, upset, sad, or removed, either of us was. It didn’t matter. I couldn’t take it back. That conversation was hours ago, and it still rang loud and clear right now.

I twirled the pendant that hung from my necklace unconsciously. I always did it when I missed him. It felt like I made a connection over the distance that brought me a little closer. My lifeline. He’d bought it for me because it reminded him of me when he saw it.

Salt walked around my house, removing everything that was his, wiping him from my existence. I’d chosen this window because it was out of the way and he’d have to come in search of me to see me. It was the one place in the house where there wasn’t a likely chance of sighting me. Thankfully, it came with a window.

Collecting things from the first floor should be a lot easier. If I’d had the nerve, I’d have put everything together for him so that all he’d need to do was grab them, and then go. Part of me was enjoying his presence, even if it would be the last time that he was here. I could picture his scowl as he moved about. Frustration tensed every muscle in his body. His inked arms flexed as he lifted things. He’d be working his jaw as he ground his teeth. The lack of control driving him nuts. He was always in control. It was kind of his thing. The strong, dominant man who controlled everything around him.

Salt moved into the kitchen, and I knew he was taking his favorite mug and tumbler.

I'd kind of hoped that he'd leave the mug. It was a guilty pleasure of mine to drink warm milk from it when he wasn't around because I hated coffee. I swore I could taste him every time I took a sip. I always cleaned it before he came here so that he was never the wiser.

Salt walked into the den, and while there was nothing in there that belonged to him explicitly, it was where I kept his favorite bourbon. He liked it chilled, so I'd purchased a small refrigerator that I always kept well stocked. He also had to keep alcohol away from Neriah, so he could only drink here. The clink of glass meeting glass told me he was doing exactly as I thought. He was drinking. It wasn't a regular occurrence, always a treat. I had a feeling that this drink was more to calm him. A possible "fuck her" drink. I didn't care if he drank the entire three-hundred-dollar bottle. If it gave him a little peace, I'd purchase him however many he required to make this easiest.

The second and third clinks worried me, though. He was driving, and I couldn't have anything happen to him. I almost rose to prevent any more drinks, but I heard movement again as he left and walked into the living room. Nothing in there belonged to him, but I guess it didn't hurt for him to look.

"God, am I going to miss this room?" he mumbled.

There were a lot of memories. We'd had sex and done scenes in every room in this house, but the living room seemed to be his favorite. Many times, he had cuffed me to the ottoman while he did whatever he liked. He did lots of kinky things to me, like having sex, eating off my back, and spanking me while watching sports. The leather couches were off-limits for my bare ass to sit on and so he'd purchased a huge leather pillow for me to kneel on while I pleased him with my mouth. I could even curl up on it to watch TV. It was purple, my favorite color, and I loved it almost as much as I loved... I'd miss him in that room most. It was where we were the most intimate, and I didn't mean just sex. We always cuddled there and talked about our day. We shared

space in each other's minds. It was our place. Er... it WAS our place.

Footsteps came my way and there was a long pause. I knew he was looking at me. I couldn't find the strength to look his way. There was no way. I knew if I did, the tears would come sure enough. I had to be strong, and he'd caught me in a very vulnerable state. My hair hid my face, but there could only be one reason he'd sought me out. I'd hoped that he would let it be and let me part with it on my terms. I knew why he'd come in search of it. He had purchased it, after all. I was no longer his, and that meant that I'd have to give it back.

Maybe I should have never put it on today because I knew it was doomsday. The day that I walked away from everything. It made me feel safe, and I needed that bit of security. My last connection to him.

My thighs and knees hurt so badly that I was shaking lightly. I deserved it, though. I'd let my guard down too far. Why? I'd allowed myself to need him, dependent on his control, love, and care. He'd made my heart beat for him. Even now, I could feel his pain and wanted to make him better. I wanted him to kiss me after he called me his good girl. I needed to feel his arms around me, securing me in his warmth. A cocoon of him.

Salt walked over and stood directly in front of me. Slowly, he lowered his hand, palm up, and his arm extended toward me. I knew what that meant. It wasn't the first time that he'd done it, but it would be the last. Anger rose so quickly that I almost fell over. I reached behind my head and unfastened the clasp on the back of the necklace that I wore daily. As it came free and the air chilled the once-covered skin, a sob ripped free. My hands trembled as I held each end, frozen in place. This wasn't right. I couldn't do this. Tears poured from my face and I felt every part of me being torn apart. I had to do this. I could. Except, I really couldn't. I didn't want to.

"Lauren..."

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to get a grip, but it only made it worse. Tears pushed through, drenching my face and chest.

“Baby girl...”

Too much!

“No!” I shouted.

Warm hands stroked the sides of my face before getting lost in my hair. Unable to fight him, I nuzzled his hand, relaxing against it. His other hand cupped the other side of my face and, like a glass being held too tightly, I felt the pressure building and I was so close to shattering right here and now.

“You’re so damn stubborn, my beautiful slut,” he whispered.

I opened my mouth to speak, but he covered my lips with his and took control of me easily. I whimpered into his mouth, seeking more of his cure. Succumbing to my needs, I dropped that damn necklace and wrapped my arms around him, needing him closer. I could taste the spicy bourbon on his tongue as he used it to brand me. Making me his all over again.

I pushed at his chest, realizing that this wasn’t going as I planned. He needed to go. His hand fell away from my face and a loud smack echoed throughout the house from his hand connecting with my exposed backside. I yelped, but his kisses drowned out the sound. I tried to stand, to break contact, and another crack landed loud and clear as pain exploded on my ass. It wasn’t sexy and playful like I’d experienced in the past. It was firm and filled with conviction. Punishing. It was helping to tear me apart right here in his hold.

He stood up, pulling me to my feet by my throat, and never breaking this kiss. My

legs weren't steady. In fact, they throbbed in pain from the lack of circulation and being held in one position for so long. I couldn't stand on my own and he somehow knew.

Salt picked me up and walked me into the living room, where he sat me on the ottoman. He pulled his mouth from mine and unbuttoned his pants, removing his belt with a firm tug. I licked my lips nervously. What was he about to do?

He freed his erection and put the belt around the back of my neck. He pulled me until the tip of his cock pressed against my lips. I refused to open my mouth, though the pre-cum coated my lips. His hands fisted the belt tighter, pulling me closer.

"Open your goddamn mouth." He hissed.

I hesitated, and his growl made me look up at him. Big fucking mistake. His eyes challenged me to disobey. I felt his will, and he was seconds from snapping in two. Just when I felt him splintering, I opened my mouth and his shaft rushed inside. I almost gagged on the big bastard, but I relaxed just in time. His raised eyebrow and smirk only conveyed a small amount of how cocky Salt was.

"Milk it," he growled.

I whimpered my response before I set to work. I could handle a final blowjob. It'd be the best one he ever got. I teased him with my tongue, building him up slowly. I held on to his thighs but kept my hands clear of his shaft. The first time I swallowed him, he whistled and moaned so low and deep that it stirred a tremble. His knees almost buckled, and he gripped the belt even tighter.

I'd closed my eyes to focus, but when I opened them, he threw his head back and his hips arched into my mouth. The sight of him so exposed to me was so hot. I squirmed on the ottoman, wanting to get off just by watching him. I lowered my hand between

my spread legs and a loud growl made me freeze just before my fingers connected with my swollen clit.

“You know better.”

A pleading whimper begged him for mercy.

“You ready to talk yet?” Arousal and pent-up frustration laced his words.

When I didn’t respond, he tugged the belt, and I went back to sucking him off. He was so hard that I knew he was getting close. I continued pleasing him until suddenly he let go of one end of the belt and I tumbled backward, quickly catching myself.

“Bend over, Lauren.”

I eyed him suspiciously, and he snapped the belt in his hand. Slowly, I bent over and he flipped my skirt upward and tore the side of my panties, letting them fall away.

“Hold still.”

That was the only warning I got before he used the belt to light up my ass. I wanted to run, scream at him, and tell him he no longer had the right to do this anymore. But who was I fooling? He didn’t ask permission. He took what he wanted, and if this was what he thought I deserved, he wasn’t waiting around for me to grant his wishes.

As each lash struck, I could feel the tension from him being unleashed. Making him feel better calmed me to the point of mumbling stuttering apologies filled with tearful sniffles. I was a mess. He was a mess. And my ass burned from the loss of control he’d suffered today. I don’t know what I said. Can’t tell you anything that I rambled off. I just knew that remorse was the overwhelming feeling that I had.

When his last strike graced both cheeks of my ass, I knew it was meant to be punishing. The bite stung so badly that I wondered if he'd broken skin. I collapsed, a heap of distraught, broken, and now confused mess. His pain was so thick in the air that I could taste its putrid odor.

He stumbled to the couch, where he fell back and stared at the ceiling in complete silence. He ignored my cries, the sniffing and gasps of air that I sought for my lungs. I didn't blame him for this. Maybe there was another way that I could have gone about it. And now we were both trying to figure out which way was up when we could only see down. He was hurting. And I could see that he hurt now more than before.

"Fuck, I'm sorry, baby. I just ... I don't know how I lost control that way." He ran his hand through his hair in frustration.

On shaky legs, I crossed the room to where he sat and straddled his lap. I couldn't let him feel bad about this. It wasn't his fault. I took his hand and let his finger caress the space between my legs and he hissed.

"Fuck, you're wet. Drenched, beautiful baby."

I reached beneath me until I found his still-hard member. I inched him inside of me and he gripped my thighs.

"Shit!" He leaned up, taking my mouth hard.

I rode him with everything I had. The love I felt for him anchored my hips. Passion coated us both, slickening the ride. The groans and moans were declarations of promises we couldn't say out loud. I clawed at him, wanting to claim him as mine. He nibbled and bit, piercing my body, marking me so that no one else could. I was his, and we both knew it. My attempt to keep him away from my battered soul was

futile. It'd only made him more ruthless, and my brokenness was even more drawn to his relentlessness.

"Tell me you love me," he commanded.

I shook my head, no, but I rode him harder. Fiercer.

"Tell me, beautiful slut. You mumbled it before, so be brave and say it now."

I denied him, though my eyes pleaded for him to push me.

"You're not a good fucking girl at all today, are you? First, you lie to me. Then you push me away. You had me convinced that I'd just lost one of the best fucking things that ever happened to me. I was trying to figure out how I'd missed your unhappiness. How I'd been bad for you. What needs didn't I tend to? And the truth is the exact opposite, isn't it? You need this just as much as I do, don't you? It's terrifying to love somebody as much as I love you. And it wasn't until now that I realized that we've never said it. And maybe you don't understand that I need you to need me as much as you do. Because I need you just as much. You're mine, baby girl. And this shit, the bull crap that you started today, it ends now, baby. You hear me? You're god damn mine."

I couldn't stop the tears that started, nor the tightening feeling that was the telltale of a powerful orgasm that I couldn't hold on to.

"Please, Sir. May I? Can I? Will you let me...?"

"Let you what?"

"I want to be yours ... But this thing... It's too much. You'll hurt me. Destroy me."

“And I’ll make it up to you every time. I’ll be right here.”

I shook my head, no, but my heart was already full, waiting for me to say yes. I needed him. And denying that hurt way more than what he could ever do.

“Tell me you love me, sweet girl. Tell me what I need to hear.”

A loud groan erupted from my throat as I held back my affection and the need to come.

“Tell me.” A command. Not a request.

“I ... I...” I moaned louder as he bucked underneath me. I was so close. So close.
“Love you.”

“Again.”

“I ... love... you!”

He jerked underneath me, and I knew he was coming.

“Come for me, baby. Fuck! I love you so much. So damn ... ugh!”

I lost all sensation as I let go. My body rode a high that I’d never felt before. I was still moving and seeking this thrill, but I was no longer in control. I felt as if my body was contorting into three. Sharp pangs danced along my skin as the spasms wrecked me. I screamed out in pain and pleasure until nothing else came out. I passed out somewhere between eureka and an epiphany so outstanding that my mind couldn’t comprehend it.

“Baby...”

I tried to open my eyes, but everything hurt so badly. I yelped but didn't move a muscle.

“Shh ... I'll make it better.”

Slowly, Salt lifted us from the couch and I shivered against him in pain, and because I was freezing. As gingerly as he could, he made his way to the bathtub, where he cleaned us both. He left me to bring a thick bathrobe back to keep me warm once I was out of the tub. He carried me to bed, where he tucked me in tight before disappearing to the kitchen. I knew he'd be back. He'd even reassured me he would be. But the unrealistic fear still surfaced. And when he came back, I was a crying mess again. Fears echoed in my mind, and I couldn't stop the rapid flow of negative thoughts.

He was right here, yet every bad thought was swarming so fast that I couldn't stop them. I couldn't speak. I could only squeeze my eyes closed, yelling inside my head for it all to stop.

“Stop!” He commanded.

All thoughts ceased, and I struggled to breathe.

“I'm right here.”

I nodded. Afraid to speak.

“Lauren, how long have you been experiencing this drop?”

I didn't know. It felt like weeks. I seemed to need him all the time. And the more I did, the more I pushed him away. I felt foolish and psychotic. Nobody should ever need somebody this badly. I hadn't known it was a drop. I just knew the faucet of

horrible emotions never seemed to stop running. How had he known?

“Baby, why didn’t you tell me?”

“I...”

“Don’t lie to me.”

“Okay!” I snapped. It was too much. “I’ve been trying to keep it together. The more that I tried, the crazier I felt. I’m broken, Salt. I can’t handle relationships. Not anymore. I’ve really tried, but it just doesn’t work. Ironically, I end up with stalkers and assholes who don’t know how to treat me. I wanted things to work with you. But I just can’t seem to catch the ground. I keep spiraling deeper into this... this... funk!”

“Baby, it’s not that easy. You’ve got to work on it. Depending on how far you’ve dropped, it’ll take time. We can do it together, but you’ve got to let me in. As far as the ridiculous fuckers before me, I’m not interested in them, just you.”

“No, I...”

“That wasn’t optional, girl.”

I pouted. Bottom lip out. Full grunt and squeal. Arms folded. Scowl across my face. Pouted.

Salt took a chocolate cookie from the plate that he’d placed on the bedside table and took a big bite. He took one of the two glasses of milk and sipped it while he ignored my fit. I gasped in shock. He was snacking without me!

“Ready to stop acting like a brat?”

I wasn't acting like a brat. I was just ... I sighed.

"Yes, Sir."

"And you're ready to let me in?"

I mumbled my response.

"I don't understand that shit. Told you before. My girl isn't afraid to talk to me."

"I just ... what if you grow bored with me?"

"I'm too creative to let that be the case. And trust me ... you're colorful all on your own."

"What if I change? I won't be this youthful forever. And if you keep feeding me snacks at bedtime, I'm going to be huge!"

"You'll always be mine. And I'll love every pound that you gain."

"But what if..."

"Lauren, I appreciate that you're looking for ways for me to tell you that I love you. No matter what scenarios you give me, the outcome will always be the same."

"What's that?"

Salt leaned forward and kissed my pouting lips.

"I love you, my girl. We'll figure out the rest. Just remember to talk to me and we'll find a way."

“Promise?”

Salt sat down his glass and pulled me into his arms. He snaked a hand under my robe and smacked my thigh before kissing me deeply. When he pulled away, he put my necklace back into place around my neck. With a firm tug, he pulled my lips back to his for another kiss.

“I promise.”

And this time, I believed him.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:48 pm

SALT

I asked Lauren to be my date for my boss, Khari's, wedding. She said yes and here we were sitting in the pews watching the oddest thing of all time. Khari and three of his best friends were marrying the same woman, Tina. At the same time, Christopher and Normandi were getting married as well. A lot was happening, and you had to pay attention to who was speaking to who, to know what was going on.

Seeing Normandi and Tina in their dresses had me thinking about the day that Lauren would wear one. I was excited to see what she'd choose and then what she'd wear to our honeymoon. It'd probably be the night that I'd give Neriah a little brother or sister. How she was holding Neriah right now made it worse. I knew she'd be an exceptional mother, attentive, and would teach her everything that she needed to know as a growing girl. Almost on cue, Lauren cuddled Neriah close and slid her hand into mine.

Maybe I didn't need to wait until we were married to give her babies.

After they were pronounced as man and wife, a man came up to me and said that one of the guards needed me for a moment. He pointed at Noah and nodded. He was second in command of Khari's guards and if he needed me, something was up. The man in front of me, I didn't know him, but they could have hired him since there were so many people to keep safe.

I walked over to Noah and he was busy directing people who were standing to prepare for the exit. I moved in close and he nodded his greeting as he spoke to a woman.

“What’s going on?” He asked when she moved out of sight.

“I was told that you needed me.” I said, turning so no one could read my lips.

“Negative. I’m trying to divert these people to the back of the building so we can keep them out of danger. We found a few bombs on the cars and I’ve directed them out of here. I need to buy some more time, so I’m sending people out the back instead.”

“So you don’t need me?” I was confused because it sounded like he did.

“I could use another trusted hand, but I didn’t tell anybody to tell you that. Who was it?”

I looked up to where I sat, but the man wasn’t there. Neither were Lauren and Neriah.

“Noah, have you seen Mia and Jamila?” Jordan asked while looking around.

“No.” We both said at the same time.

“Lauren and Neriah aren’t where I left them either,” I said, checking the rows of people filing out of the building.

“Something’s up,” Jordan said as he glanced around.

“There he is.” I pointed to the side exit toward the front where the man who’d expressed that Noah needed me was moving toward.

Jordan and I moved in that direction, and Noah continued moving the people, but kept watch. He said something into his jacket and Drew appeared, coming from the opposite side. The three of us moved to the exit the guy used and followed it outside

with guns drawn.

Outside, Mia, Jamila, Lauren and Neriah were being shoved into an SUV by another guy while the first one jumped into the driver's seat. Jamila broke free and ran toward us. Jordan broke into a sprint to grab his daughter and began shooting in the guy's direction, trying to grab her. Thinking better of it, the guy slammed the car door and ran to the other side before the car drove off quickly.

Jamila's screams were loud as she ran to her father, devastation clearly written on her face. He picked her up quickly and hid behind the car nearby. He held her to his chest and peered at me with murder in his eyes. I felt the same fucking way as we jumped into the SUV he was next to. All inside, we followed behind the car but lost it on the freeway, too far behind.

"I thought you guys swept the entire hall!" I yelled at Jordan and Drew.

"We did. Added guards, too." Drew hit the steering wheel multiple times with his fists. "Fuck!"

"Uncle Drew, you're scaring me." Jamila began crying.

"I'm sorry, baby. I'm sorry."

We drove for hours trying to find that damn SUV and came up short. I talked to Noah, Christopher, Khari, Soren, Silas, and Atticus, too. We didn't have any leads. We were in the middle of an official war without a fucking clue where they were.

"I have a contact that I'll reach out to and see if he knows anything," Christopher said before he disconnected the call.

Without a choice, we went back to the Ekon estate to make a plan and to figure some

things out. Tired of talking and ready to blow shit up, I was pacing, anxious as hell. Then my phone rang. I looked down and saw that it was Lauren. I answered immediately.

“Baby?”

I heard a lot of whooshing around and then the line went dead.

“What the fuck!?!” I cursed. But I knew better than to call back. “Come on, baby. Call me back.”

The phone rang again, and I answered. This time I listened and said nothing.

“Salt?” Lauren whispered.

“Yes, baby.” I lowered my tone, trying to hear her and everything around her.

“We’re in a warehouse, but I don’t know where. There are a lot of guys with guns.”

“Do you remember how you got there?” I put the phone on speaker and Noah opened a map that we’d been looking at.

“I only remember that there was a coffeehouse off the exit we took. I believe it was exit 23. He took a right and then there were so many turns I lost track.”

“Where’s Neriah?” I asked.

“She’s with me and fine. Just ... I don’t know what they have planned, but they keep saying something is happening in ten hours.” Her end of the phone line went dead, and I swore I saw red everywhere.

“I got her signal. She’s right. There are a lot of warehouses down there where the signal is coming from. But at least now we know the general area. Just gotta pray they don’t move them.” Noah said.

“Yeah,” I stared at the signal on the screen that showed three blocks of warehouses where she could be.

I picked up the phone and called every motherfucker I knew. It was time to raid every one of those fuckers. And when I found the son of a bitch who had her, he was about to find out why they called me Salt.

For real.

To Be Continued

Thank you so much for reading Lauren and Salt’s story. There is more to come from them in the next book in the series called Noah . If you haven’t read Four Warned , you’ll want to bump there first since the story originated there and it’s where the Ekon brothers vs Avery feud begins.

The Xavier brothers (Jordan , Noah , and Drew) trilogy takes place inside Syndicate Towers. Those stories are also part of the Ekon brothers’ world.

Chapter 1,

TINA

“Marco, where are you?” I shouted into the phone.

“They... I fucked up badly, Ti-Ti. And they won’t let me off the hook unless I can pay up.”

I swore under my breath. The last time that he called me with a similar story, the guys he owed needed seventy-five thousand dollars. I didn’t even know that a debt could go that high. My father gave it to me and I was still paying him back. I made good money working, but because nobody knew what I was doing, I had to keep things low-key. Embarrassed, it was difficult for me to say it to myself sometimes.

I switched computer screens and pulled up my bank account. There was fifty-two thousand in my savings and a thousand in my checking. If he needed all of that, I couldn’t save his lying ass until tomorrow. But he’d said that he’d fucked up big. That probably meant that it was more than the last time.

Daddy was struggling in the family business and he was losing respect left and right as other families were growing in the area. If I got the money from him this time, depending on how much it was, I didn’t know if he could recover. It seemed like he owed everybody anymore.

“Two fifty large.” He sputtered. “Ti-Ti, I think they’re going to kill me.” He whispered into the phone. His voice cracked, conveying how terrified he really was.

“If I don’t see you again, I’m sorry that I’m such a fuckup.”

“Please tell me that you mean two hundred and fifty in large bills. Two one-hundred-dollar bills and a fifty.” I slumped down into my chair. Cause if he meant...

“Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, sis. Where in the fuck am I going to get that kind of money?”

“That’s what I want to know. If you couldn’t get it, why’d you wager it?”

“I felt like it was a trap. They want something. I-I can feel it.”

He was stuttering. He knew what they wanted.

“Cut the shit and tell me the truth. They want daddy to disappear, don’t they?”

“If it was that simple, I’d be calling him.”

“But you’re calling me.” What could I have that they possibly wanted? “Who are these guys, anyway?”

“The Ekon brothers are taking over everything down here on the south side.”

“You decided that now was the time to try your luck and test them? Marco, you’re not known for winning. This time wouldn’t be any different.”

“It could’ve been.”

“When will you learn that having luck doesn’t mean winning money? Luck is fool’s gold and you have a lot.”

“They’re coming.” He hissed.

“Text me the address. I’ll bring daddy and see what we can work out. You went too far, Marco.”

“Yeah, I know.” He disconnected the line, and I got dressed—something like this you didn’t say over the phone. I needed to see my daddy in person, hoping he didn’t have a heart attack.

“Say what?!” I shouted at the four men looking my way.

“No offense, old man. We know you’re losing steam around here quicker than most other families. We could have taken you out first.” The taller of the four leaned forward in his seat and looked my way. “We’ll let you work for us. Your only son gets to live and then you’ll give us seventy percent of everything you earn, plus your daughter.”

“You—” I protested, but Marco gave me a sharp look meant to shut me up. I had a voice, and I was going to use it.

“My daughter won’t become a whore!” My father’s anger rose from somewhere deep. He’d been agreeable until that part. “Kill me instead.”

“I can. She’ll still end up married to me, brotherless and fatherless. If we do it this way, you all get to keep breathing. You’ll even come out ahead. We’ll take your princess off your hands, give you a chance to fix your worthless son, and making any money has got to be a profit. Shake on it and keep your dignity.”

“This deal fucks me up the ass. Dignity? That died the moment that Marco took the damn bait.” Daddy turned toward Marco as he spoke.

For the first time, I could see the regret in Marco's eyes before he dropped them to the floor. We were in a pizzeria that my family used to own. He'd lost it a while ago, and now it was where he was negotiating his doom.

"True. She won't become a whore, though. As my wife, she'll become the most powerful woman around. I'd never treat her with disrespect."

Daddy sighed. Defeated, he held out his hand. "Agreed."

Shocked that this was happening, I turned to him, but he never looked my way. Both men shook hands. I felt eyes on me, so I gazed over to see four men gawking at me like hungry vultures, and I was their next meal. He'd said that I'd be his wife. What in the hell was up with the other three?

Four men.

One woman.

And a night of chance...

These bad boys are convinced that taming her is the best revenge.

What will it take for them to tame Tina?

Find out here...

Chapter 1

TYE

A very Ekon needed to die. Those were my boss's words to me a few weeks ago and I haven't been able to forget the conviction in his voice when he said it. Soren was still hurting from when his brother Khari had been shot. It made sense that he wanted the man responsible for the injury to die. I'd been the person to point Soren toward another person who was in on it. Nobody had seen that fool in weeks. He was likely dead.

Avery was a tough man to find, so I'd taken to looking for his men instead. Eventually, they'd lead me to where I needed to be. Avery's front door.

The guy I was following now was Jimmy. I'd seen him pick up money from some boys I knew worked for Avery. I'm not talking corner boys, more like the owners of liquor stores, mom and pop restaurants, and shoe stores. They had to be cleaning money for him or receiving drop-offs from the small timers. Jimmy collected that and fed it through the channels, which made him a good starting point.

Now, he was parking in a lot for Syndicate Towers. I didn't have access to the private areas, but it didn't look like he did either. He went through the front door. When I followed, he took the side elevator. I watched as the numbers outside the elevator reached the top floor and then I climbed into one to follow him up. He was going to Club Curve, a strip club where all the bitches had ass and tits. No disrespect, but they must've snagged every bad bitch in the area to perform here. All shapes and sizes, pretty, too. I couldn't let them distract me from what I needed to do, though.

When I got to the club, the place was jumping as usual. Smoke littered the air, and men and women lined the stage as some girl twirled on a pole like she was striving for a gold medal.

Jimmy...

He was with three other motherfuckas and they were in VIP, throwing money like it was valueless. I sat in a spot near the stage that gave me a direct view of his perpetrating ass. Jimmy didn't have money that he could afford to toss around and lose. He had three children, a wife, two girlfriends, and at least three other girls he was fucking. He needed every one of those dollars raining on the strippers.

The music changed to something slow with a thunderous beat. The lights changed to red, and a girl appeared on the stage with heels so damn high I thought she'd bust her ass. Legs so brown I knew they'd be sweet, moved forward. She made a believer out of me when she walked gracefully in those damn shoes. Black lace pants that failed to cover the red panties she wore underneath. Satin like her bra, her nipples were hard and poked through. Most of her face was covered by a black lace mask. Long, straight black hair hung down to her waist.

She was bad—show-stopping because you were captivated by her sex appeal—bad. Baby was so thick I knew she'd be soft. Her stomach jiggled a little as she moved, but that didn't turn me off. The opposite, actually. Her confidence shot the rest of these girls into non-existence. Every move was dainty, yet sure. A woman who knew how to hold the attention of her audience. She swung around the pole slowly, riding as she moved.

My groin tightened as my dick grew hard. She continued sliding down the pole and then she worked the stage, making everybody watch as she moved. She sat in front of the first guy and made him remove her pants. The second guy pulled off her panties to reveal a thong. The third guy removed those to reveal a g-string. Each time she

moved closer to me, but her eyes never came my way, making me itch for her attention. Even when she moved directly in front of me, she didn't look my way. She danced, facing away, drawing me forward. When she turned around, she dropped in front of me, legs open, and pushed her pussy toward my face.

I could smell how aroused she was. Fresh and sweet, I licked my lips, wanting a taste. That surprised me since I'd never put my mouth on a stripper. Some of them do a lot more than strip for money. I didn't want to take that risk.

"What's your name?" She asked.

"Tye," I said, but my eyes were focused on her body.

"You're sexy as hell, Tye." She giggled before she scooted close enough to the stage that I could lick her pussy if I wanted to.

"You, too," I admitted.

I watched her move her hips, rocking to the music, and putting me in a pussy trance. Her hand slipped between her thighs and she caressed her groin, leading down to that sweet-smelling heat of hers. She pulled away, and I tried to follow her, but the railing that separated us kept me on my side. Her eyes never left mine as she finished her routine. Her hips swayed as she went in for her finale. Then she jumped up on the pole and moved her hips against it as she lowered to the floor.

My eyes were drawn to her body and the way she moved. I wanted to see her face, but it was still covered. It wasn't until she left the stage that I remembered I hadn't tipped her sexy ass. Going to the bouncer, I tried to see over him.

"Can I help you?" The tall bald man asked.

"I forgot to tip the dancer," I admitted.

"Which one?" He folded his arms as if I was lying and he was prepared to catch me in the act.

"The one with the mask."

"Laced Dreams?"

"That would make sense." Pants, mask and g-string.

"You can hand it to me and I'll get it to her. Once she comes backstage, there's no seeing her."

A guy came from behind a curtain with a smile only money could buy and it gave me an idea.

"I want a private dance."

"The night is almost over. She's getting dressed."

"Why don't you ask her if she wants my money before you say no?" I raised my eyebrow at the man. Irritated by the way he looked at me, I was finished talking to him.

He waved over a man, and he came over. He whispered something to him and the man disappeared. We stood there waiting, and I realized I'd completely lost focus. I turned to the corner where Jimmy was to find him gone.

"She said to meet her in room three." The bald man spoke, catching my attention. He nodded to a closed door, and I wondered where the curtain was. "I need either a card

or five in cash."

Five... Judging by his expression and how he assumed I didn't have it, he meant five thousand. I pulled out a card and handed it to him.

"Jock will escort you in." The bald man said after Jock tapped the card on the reader and the transaction went through.

I nodded and followed the short, chubby guy. Inside the room smelled like clean money. I wasn't the first man ever to come in here, but it felt like I'd cut the red tape myself. I sat in the only chair in there and immediately felt like a king on his throne.

The door opened again and two men escorted Laced Dreams inside. They searched me. When everything was good, they left us alone. She went over to the panel on the wall and typed something in before the music began, low and rhythmic.

"Rules ... No kissing. No penetration. No head. No ass slapping. No bruises. No pain. No fucking. No oral."

I chuckled. "Head and oral are the same. Penetration and fucking—"

"Different things mean different things to different people." She cut me off.

"You're right. Why don't you tell me what I can do?" For five thousand, I better get something.

"Touch..." She turned the music up and came over to me, where she straddled my lap. She leaned down close to my ear and blew slowly. "You can touch."

I gripped her thighs, and a moan escaped.

"Easy, Daddy." She purred.

"Then show me something." I put my hands behind my head while she began riding me like I was deep inside her wetness.

She pushed her breasts in my face, giving me a mouth-watering view of her cleavage. She wrapped her arm around my neck and put her heat into my lap, pressed against my dick.

"Shit." I sputtered as she arched her back, giving me a look at her profile.

Nibbling over her breasts and stomach were the thoughts in the front of my mind. She was divine. Then she ground her hips, giving me a clue of what she'd be like if we fucked. Her black lace bra and boy shorts were too many clothes for her to be wearing, with all the thoughts in my head moving around. And when I was seconds from touching her, she stood up and moved to the stage.

Up there, she danced. Not those stripper moves you saw in the movies, but the ones nobody got to see because you saved them for when you were alone. She touched her body like I wasn't there and that her only job was to seduce herself. She caressed her skin, the lace material that covered her breasts, and even the round slope of her ass.

I leaned forward onto my knees, suddenly wishing I had a blunt rolled. Then I remembered the one in my jacket pocket. I fired it up and exhaled the smoke as I watched her. My eyes never left her body as she performed. I took my time to savor the taste of both things. The woman and the blunt seemed to go together. Smooth, intoxicating, mellow, seductive... I yearned for the woman as I sang, smoked and watched, the music merging into the background.

Laced Dreams came close again. She sat on my lap, leaned back on me, and wrapped her arms around my neck. She swirled her hips, pulled my head to her neck, and I

exhaled the smoke from my hit onto her skin.

"You feel good." I spoke the words just beneath her ear. I wrapped my arm around her waist to pull her closer.

"Thank you." Was she blushing?

I let my hand travel the length of exposed skin from her waist, over her breasts, and then up to her neck where I held her by the throat. Laced hissed and then sagged against me.

"Be nice." She murmured before licking her lips.

"I am." I nibbled her ear before letting her go.

She stood and backed away from me.

"You're a dangerous man, Tye." She stripped out of her lingerie nice and slow and left them on the floor as she exited.

I sat in the same spot, watching the door she left through. I had no clue how long we'd been in this room. What I knew was that I was rock hard and the captivating woman that had escaped my clutches was still a faceless temptress that I wanted to see again. One I wanted to fuck my frustrations into.

No woman has ever held my attention the way she has. When she was in my arms, I could feel the connection between us. If it was greater than a physical attraction, I wasn't sure. She was enchanting and the way she became leery of me told me I wasn't alone in feeling the pull. Stripper or not, I wanted her. Dark brown eyes, cute nose and mischievous smile... Laced Dreams hadn't seen the last of me.

When love defies danger, loyalty hangs in the balance in an intoxicating dance.

In the clandestine realm of organized crime, Tye, a revered enforcer for a powerful mafia dynasty, becomes mesmerized by Shantel, an enchanting seductress cloaked in secrecy. Little does Tye know that Shantel is not only the sister of his formidable boss, but also a pivotal pawn in a rival mafia faction's enigmatic scheme to dismantle their empire. As their forbidden connection deepens, Tye is thrust into a perilous labyrinth of loyalty and deceit. In a world veiled in intrigue and uncertainty, they engage in an intricate dance of shadows, clinging to their shared quest for redemption. Their survival teeters on a knife's edge, their unwavering resolve the sole weapon against those who conspire to tear them apart.

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Savage Kings Series, Prequel

ABIGAIL

The room was cool since Domino loved to freeze the entire place to a teeth-chattering temperature. I looked a damn fool when I left daily with a sweater on during the end of the summer. Suave, he leaned back in his office chair, stroking his chin. Something was up. He had not tamed his curly hair as it usually was, and his goatee needed a serious lineup. A quick text to O, his brother, and barber, required him to come to fix the situation. I also made a note to get his laundry from his bedroom. Wearing a wrinkled shirt wasn't allowed. Was that a stain on the collar? LeAming forward, I confirmed it was. His eyebrows furrowed together, bunched in deep concentration.

Domino called me into his office because he had a special project for me. He'd mentioned how important it was that I came immediately, but he sat posed as if time had no place here. Unable to stand the disarray in his appearance, I stood and went to his closet. Inside, I pulled out fresh clothes: a blue and green pinstripe polo shirt, jeans, and blue and green tennis shoes to match. The man had more shoes than me, and I'm a woman who enjoys a new pair of heels often. My shoe closet is bigger than the ones with my clothes. Domino, though, had shoes lining the closet down here and the one inside his bedroom. Every outfit had a pair to match.

I placed the items, minus the shoes, down on top of his desk. High tops on the floor. I leaned in, sniffing him. Clean. The clothes were our only problem.

"Arms up," I instructed.

“What are you doing, Abbey? I called you in here to talk, not to redress me.”

“Except I’ve been sitting here while I lost you to your chaotic thoughts, trying to sort through the issue alone. When you’re ready to include me, you’ll speak.”

Domino gave me that intense stare that he used to get people to do his bidding.

I giggled, not really sure why he was trying it with me. “You don’t scare me, and I still need to get you into clothes that aren’t stained and wrinkled. You look homeless.”

“I don’t.” Domino looked down at himself, noticing the state of his attire for what seemed like the first time. He sighed before standing.

“Talk,” I prompted him while I began unbuttoning his shirt and removing it from his body.

“Paula claims to be pregnant.”

My fingers didn’t miss a beat as I threw his dirty shirt in a pile on the chair. I checked his wife-beater for cleanliness before putting on his clean shirt. He helped when I needed it, and when I looked at his legs and then his face, he unbuttoned his pants.

“Your undies clean?” I asked while turning away from him.

“Yes, mother.”

I laughed at his horrible joke while sending a text back to O, who explained that he was on his way over to cut Domino’s hair and shape him up. I slipped my phone back into my pocket and rocked on my toes.

“Are you going to say anything?”

I heard the zipper being put into place and turned back to him. “No reason for me to.”

I grabbed his pants from the floor, added them to the chair, and then looked at his socks. Definitely not clean. Getting clean ones was a quick in and out of his closet. He was sitting down, and he tossed the socks he’d been wearing. Handing him the clean ones, I put all the dirty pieces into the laundry bag that I was carrying before I sat back down in my seat and gave him my undivided attention.

“She’s up to something. I can feel it. I need you to go to Cincinnati. She’s there at her mother’s house. She swears she’s homesick, but I think it’s a ploy to keep me away from her lying ass. I believe that she’s pregnant, but I don’t think it was an accident.”

“How would she have gotten your sperm then?” I quizzed him. I’d told him more than once that he needed to be the person to dispose of his condoms. Floozies were scandalous, and having a baby by Domino Foxworth, King of California, Savage King of kings, was like winning the lottery.

“I don’t remember slippin’ up, but she had to get that shit from somewhere.” He bent down, folding himself in half as he put on his sneaks and laced them up. “I need you to watch her. Make sure that she doesn’t abort it or give it away for money. She’s not the type of woman who gets pregnant and suddenly becomes caring toward children. If she’s pregnant and it’s mine, the baby will live with me.”

“And if it’s not yours?” I hoped he would not be cruel.

“Let’s figure out the what-ifs if they happen.”

“How long are we talking?” It was time to get down to business. I knew there was a catch somewhere. Where was it?

“She’s six months pregnant.” Domino leaned back in his chair, waiting for my response. He thought I was going to object.

I could see it all over his face. There were three ways I could respond. One, go ballistic about the fact that he was sending me away for three months. Or two, I could respond in kind doing what I was told. The third option was more my style. I was honored he was sending me to handle this. As silly as it might sound, sitting around there all day became melodramatic. There was a reason he was trusting me with this.

Domino was right, though. If Paula was carrying his baby, it would be better off with anybody else but her. She wasn't capable of being a mother. The child would become a bargaining chip that would give her all the financial gains that she wanted.

"When is my flight?" I asked.

There was a tap at the door, and Domino glared at the person disturbing his meeting with me. "It better be damn important." His voice echoed off the walls.

The door creaked open, and O filled the opening, his long dreadlocks draped in front of him. Girls fawned over his handsome face, yet most of the time, he was immune to them. He didn't like the attention, an exact opposite parallel to Saint.

He held a sandwich in his mouth and a duffle in each of his hands. He wobbled into the room and dropped both bags on the floor beside Domino's desk. O took a bite of the sandwich he had and looked at us.

"Am I interrupting something?" His focus shifted to Domino, who was eying him and his presumable behavior. "Bro, you're past due on the grooming."

"Did you call him?" Domino twirled his thumbs as he watched O start unpacking his bags.

"You know I did."

He was agitated, but that wasn't why he had determination in his eyes. "Tomorrow."

Figures. Standing up, I grabbed the laundry bag filled with his poor choices for today inside.

“Then I need to go pack my bag. Details?” I paused just before I exited his office.

“We’ll cover them after dinner.”

The buzz of clippers chimed in, ending the conversation for now. I knew the important parts of the assignment. Make sure that this girl did nothing stupid for the next few months, bring the baby to him, and as always, I needed to stay out of sight while I was there. I could handle that easily.

Savage Kings Series, Prequel

She's a Savage...

Abigail

When the King gives you a mission, you complete it. But sometimes, even the simplest things are easy to screw up. I didn’t expect a partner to accompany me, used to working on my own. Especially not one that would be my roommate, and so damn tempting. Forced proximity keeps us breathing desire- heavy air together, unable to hide from the chemistry. Making a mistake could lead to fatal repercussions affecting more than just my life, but is it preventable?

Aaron

I need to handle all possible legal matters as they surfaced in Cincinnati. Beyond that, the details were scarce. I was assured that once I arrived, the missing pieces would be filled in. In a split second, the dynamics change giving me a taste of a woman I’d considered off-limits. Attraction lowers my guard and distracts us from the assignment. Will we be able to do what we need to, or will we crash and burn?