



Velvet Secrets

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Category: Urban

Description: Velvet Secrets A place that lived in the space between heartbeats.

Behind a black, unmarked door in a forgotten alley way and the hush of heavy, velvet drapes.

You didn't stumble upon Velvet Secrets—you were summoned.

Drawn in by an ache that you dare not name.

Inside reality unraveled. Mask were mandatory. Names were forbidden. Power was shifted. Strangers shed their reputations like dead skin. There were no rules beyond consent. No limits but your own courage.

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CHAPTER 1

I was standing near the window of my office that looked out at the Atlyn City skyline when I heard the door open and a thud. I glanced back over my shoulders to see that security brought the man that I was set to go see later to me. I chuckled lowly before journeying a short distance from where I was and refilling my glass with some Louis XIII.

“Sin—”

“The audacity it takes to walk into my casino, knowing you owe me money, is almost impressive.” I cut him off as I took the small walk to my desk to have a seat, pointing to the chair in front of it encouraging Gerald to do the same. “It takes a certain kind of man to show up the way that you did, and it makes you bolder to place a bet as if you’re playing with house money.”

“I—I wasn’t trying to be disrespectful?—”

“No I think you were.” I cut in, smirking, drumming my fingers on my desk. “Directly? No. That would take guts,” I continued. “But the moment you sat your ass down at that table knowing that you owed me money? You decided that I was a joke. That I was harmless. That offends me, Gerald.”

“I wasn’t?—”

“It’s like you forgot the game you were playing, or worse, the kind of nigga you were playing with.” I placed my other hand on my desk and leaned forward. “You know

what bothers me the most, Gerald?’

He shook his head. “No. What?”

“That you thought of me and decided that I would let you live with the disrespect,” I answered. “That’s not a mistake that most people really survive twice.”

His eyes stretched wide at the realization of what I was saying to him.

“S-Sin, p-please,” he stammered. “I-I can make it right.” He began to go through the worn bag that he had with him. “Here.” He slid a folder across the table to me.

I eyed him for a beat before grabbing the folder and checking the contents of it. My brows lifted some when I noticed what it was.

“I don’t have the money, but I have that,” he pointed. “A deed. To a building I own. It’s clean. No liens, no mess. It’s worth more than I owe.”

I looked over the other paperwork that was in there and frowned.

“This place is leased out?”

He nodded. “To a woman who runs a lounge or something like that.”

“She know you’re handing her roof off to pay a gambling debt.”

“She doesn’t know anything because she doesn’t own anything. I do. She has a lease. What does it matter who owns the building?” He shrugged.

“It matters because you leased it to her for a lounge.” I glared at him. “I didn’t. If it’s my real estate, I do what I want to do there.”

“We’re set to meet Monday about her lease anyway, so if you don’t renew then you don’t renew. She’ll have to respect that.” He stated as if it were just that easy or as if the shit was okay. I had no idea who the woman was, but I was sure she wasn’t going to be okay with having to get the fuck out because her slumlord sold the spot she was leasing. “Are we good?”

I continued to grill him before closing the folder, keeping it on my side of the table. I was going to accept the building because it was for sure worth more than what he owed, even with interest, but I was severing ties with him because next time there wouldn’t be a next time.

“Sin, are we good, man?” he asked again.

“For now.” I grabbed my glass then waved to my security guards. “You’ll feel it when I change my mind.”

“S-Sin! Wait!” He pleaded when Gronk lifted him from the chair. “Sin, please man.” He cried as he was carried out. “Come on! I gave you the...”

His words trailed off once my door was closed. I didn’t want to hear what he was saying anyway. I was done talking. A nigga wasn’t going to disrespect me by showing up to my place of business like he didn’t owe me money and live to talk about it. I dealt in outcomes and unfortunately for him, his was death. Gronk would handle it because I had to go back down to the floor.

My brother and my homeboy were sliding through with some of the people from my boy’s firm to have some fun so I made some accommodations for them. My brother had just gotten drafted to the Titans, so he wanted to come out and celebrate his accomplishment by blowing some money. My money .

Speaking of...

“Yo?” I answered.

“Where you at nigga? Me and Money just got here.”

“My office. Both of y’all come up.”

“Aight.”

I grabbed the folder and started to look over the contents. He’d already signed the deed and the lease over to me as if he knew I’d accept his offer.

Avani Jade.

I racked my brain trying to see if the name rang any bells but came up empty. I’d never heard of her. The name itself was sexy as hell making me wonder just who this woman was.

“Ky-Sin!” My rambunctious little brother’s voice cut through the silence when he aggressively entered my office, using a name he’d been teasingly calling me since we were kids. “You looking at the future rookie of the year, dawg.”

He was grinning as he walked toward me and I couldn’t stop myself from returning the smile as I stood and pulled him into a brotherly hug.

“From your mouth to God’s ears.”

“You know I’m God’s favorite.” He smirked.

Tyriq was eight years younger than me and had been playing football since he was five. I’d been supporting him since. I never missed any of his games, even the ones that I had to travel to, and I planned to continue that in his professional career. We

were all each other had since losing our grandfather who raised us a few years ago.

“Yeah, I know, kid.”

“Why you holed up in here?” He asked, scanning my desk to see what I was doing.
“We celebrating tonight. Not working.”

“I’m always working.” I replied as I approached Dinero, my childhood best friend who was more like a brother, to dap him up. “What’s up, bro?”

“I can’t call it, bro. Ready to unwind from this hectic ass week I had.”

“Another dub under your belt.” I smirked, referring to the case that he had won.

“Per usual.” Tyriq added as he kicked his feet up on my desk.

I shook my head and knocked them down before making my way to the bar to pour Dinero a drink since my brother didn’t indulge. He took it and I lifted mine to propose a toast. “To success.”

“To success,” he reiterated.

“What’s this?” My nosy ass brother asked. When I looked in his direction he was reading over the deed.

“My business.” I snatched the paper from him.

“Who is Gerald Baines?”

“Tyriq.” I glared at him causing him to lift his hands in mock surrender.

“My bad.”

Turning my attention to Dinero, I handed him the deed and asked, “this legit?”

He sat his glass down and began to scan the document.

“Seems like it. How’d you get it?” I gave him a knowing look. “Are there any encroachments?”

I shook my head. “Naw, but he’s renting the building.”

“You’ll have to get the lease agreement then.”

I turned to my desk and fished it from the folder then handed it to him.

“He gave it to me. Already signed and everything.”

He nodded. “Aight bet, I’ll take this with me and handle everything for you.”

“Appreciate you.” I dapped him up then motioned for my brother to get up. “Come on, let me get you straight.”

He did what I asked and started for the door then asked, “you ain’t staying?”

“Naw, I have something I need to handle.”

I could tell by the look on his face that he was disappointed but all would be well after he saw that I had him set up nice. Plus I’d make it up to him later. Tonight I needed to go see about the new business that I’d inherited.

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CHAPTER 2

Y ou ever had a feeling that someone was watching you?

Not in that cold, prickling way that makes the hairs on your neck stand up, but in a way that makes your pussy purr and your skin hum.

Like someone's gaze knows more about you than it should?

Like it's peeling back your layers, not to expose, but to understand?

I knew that feeling all too well. Velvet Secrets was built on it. People came to my club to be seen. To be admired. To invite curiosity.

But this was different.

There was no heat behind this stare. No hunger. Just presence and intent.

I lifted my glass to my lips as I allowed my eyes to drift over the room.

Who are you?

My gaze skimmed the crowd of usual suspects—familiar faces standing out here and there, but none with their focus on me. I continued to look, not allowing my eyes to linger too long because I was desperate to find the eyes that were watching me.

Until I did.

There you are.

The eyes belonged to a face, an extremely handsome one at first glance, that I'd never seen in here and that alone told me that he wasn't on the guest list.

He couldn't have been.

He wasn't wearing a mask like everyone else in the room, which was required for the night, and anyone that stepped past my threshold knew there were three rules: consent was non-negotiable, mask were mandatory, and I was off limits.

Mixing business with pleasure was a recipe for disaster because this wasn't a place for blurred lines. I'd successfully built something rooted in respect, self-control and safety, and I promised myself at the very start of my business that I would never allow temptation to get in the way of that.

No matter how tempting something, or in this case, someone was.

But still...

He didn't flinch or look away like most men when they were caught staring. He just continued to hold my gaze almost like he was waiting on me to find him.

He sat alone, one arm thrown across the back of the chair next to him, while his other hand nursed a crystal glass that I hadn't seen him take a drink from yet. Like the only thing worth drinking in... was me.

I hadn't ever seen this man a day in my life, but something about the way he watched me and looked at me felt intimate. Familiar in a way that made no sense. It wasn't lust. It wasn't admiration. It was... interest.

I tilted my head to test him, to see if I could get him to react to being caught in the act of staring and when he didn't, my feet began to move in his direction without permission. My steps weren't rushed or rehearsed, just... inevitable it felt like.

Each step was a question that I didn't ask out loud— Who are you? Why me? But for some reason, I felt like he already knew the answers to those questions, I just needed them.

The crowd shifted as I made my way through. Eyes followed me, like they always did when I was making my rounds, but this time I didn't feel their weight. I only felt his.

As I closed the distance between us, I noticed more—how still and self-contained he was. Underneath these velvet drapes most men preened, adjusting their expensive watches and cufflinks, attempting to make themselves visible, but not him. He didn't chase attention, he drew it.

“You watch everyone like this?” I asked when I was sure I was within earshot, trailing one of my hands along the back of the empty chair across from him. “Or am I just a lucky woman?”

And still... he didn't blink. He didn't smile. He just sat there quiet and unreadable.

For some reason, in that very moment I knew I should have walked away—gotten security and had them remove him because he looked like the kind of danger and temptation I should run away from, but I didn't.

I couldn't .

Curiosity always got me in the best kinds of trouble.

I allowed my eyes to drift over him. He was tall, easily over six feet, with a lean

athletic build that didn't just wear confidence—he carried it. His skin was a deep bronze, smooth and warm toned. There was a thin scar curved under the corner of his left brow—subtle, but it made me wonder what kind of life he'd lived to earn it. His jaw was strong, lined perfectly with a full beard, and his mouth—full and well-shaped—curved into a smile that looked like it could ruin your life, or rewrite it at least.

It was his eyes that got me though. Just staring into them had all of my senses in a frenzy. They were rich brown, almond shaped, lined with thick lashes, and the focus in them felt too intimate for a room full of people. It was like he saw past the noise, the music, the rules. He saw me .

He was a distraction. A beautiful fucking distraction . A carved temptation, and should have been off limits, but... I couldn't walk away.

I eased into the chair, crossing one of my legs over the other, purposely slow, in an attempt to deliver a statement— I'm not intimidated . But I was curious, a lot more than I wanted to admit honestly.

“You're not on the guest list.” I stated after moments of silence, and realizing he wasn't going to respond to what I had initially said. “How'd you get in?”

“Does it matter?”

His voice was low and smooth—like velvet being dragged across warm skin.

Lord, who is this man?

From those three words alone my body reacted before my mind could check it—nipples tightening beneath my blazer thighs squeezing tightly, breath hitching just a bit. He didn't have to touch me. His voice alone felt like foreplay.

No temptation, Avani.

I had to gather myself quickly because I couldn't allow myself to get caught up and lose control, especially not to a man that clearly knew what his voice could do judging by the smirk that he was now wearing.

"It does if I let the wrong man in."

His smile spread a bit more—just slightly.

"I'm not the wrong man." He lifted his glass but didn't drink. "And you didn't let me in."

My eyes narrowed. "Then who did?"

"I let myself in."

I laughed a little at his audacity.

"Interesting. And the mask?" I pointed to it sitting on the table. "House rules."

"I'm not the kind of man who hides behind a mask," he replied. "If I want to be seen, I will be."

My brows lifted.

"And tonight that's what you needed?" I asked. "To be seen."

"No." He leaned forward, folding his hands in front of him. "I wanted you to see me."

I froze for a second because I wasn't expecting that response. Again I found myself

staring into his dark, mysterious eyes before I asked, “why are you here...” I paused waiting for his name.

“Sin.” He answered after a few seconds of silence. Only it wasn’t silent. Everything was still going on around us. It just felt like nothing else existed in this moment but us.

“Sin?” I repeated. “That’s your real name?”

“Naw.” He shook his head. “It’s just usually the only part of me that shows up.” He leaned closer into the table—that cocky, sinfully sexy smile in place. “And it usually gets what it wants.”

Heat coursed through my body hearing his name and little explanation behind it because his words were loaded, but I managed to keep my composure.

“Again, Sin , why are you here?”

“I told you—I go where I need to.” He let his words settle before he continued. “And tonight I needed to be sitting here across from you .”

“That’s a pretty line, Sin, but I don’t participate.”

He chuckled, sitting back in his seat, then repeating, “you don’t participate.”

“No. Observation only. It’s the rule.”

Velvet Secrets was mine. Every whisper that danced through the walls, every moan muffled behind velvet drapes, every secret spilled in the dark—it all belonged to me. The scent, the lighting, the carefully chosen shadows; it was my creation, my power, my playground.

And by my golden rule, I never played.

Watching was enough.

Controlling it from behind the scenes was enough.

Until he walked in. A stranger with heat in his eyes and temptation in his smile. For the first time, I toyed with the idea of breaking it.

“The clubs rule or yours?”

“It doesn’t matter. I don’t participate.”

“Then why are you here?”

“Because I own the place.”

There was a glimmer in his eye.

A look.

One that said he might know something that I didn’t.

“Why are you sitting here, beautiful?”

“Curiosity.” I admitted after his clarification.

He nodded slowly. “That’s usually where it starts.”

I angled my head to the side. “You think I’m going to make an exception?”

“I think,” he leaned in closer, careful to maintain eye contact with me, “you already have.”

CHAPTER 3

When I made the initial decision to come here it was simply to observe. When I read Avani's name on the deed I immediately wanted to know who the woman was because her name alone had me intrigued. I knew she was sexy because on the ride over I looked her up on google and social media, but her pictures did her true beauty no justice. She was a bombshell.

I made it my business to admire every inch of her before she even realized that I was watching her and I enjoyed the view even more as she sauntered toward me. Every piece of her was intentional—the tailored blazer with nothing underneath it, the shorts that dared eyes to lower but warned hands not to follow. The way she sat—long, toned legs crossed, like nothing could touch her unless she allowed it. She was for sure the kind of woman men ruined themselves behind trying to possess.

She was lethal.

Her chocolate skin was rich, smooth and expensive. The kind of tone that was unforgettable once you saw it up close. Her full lips rested in a slight curve that hinted at amusement or danger, maybe both. And her eyes... dark and sharp, watching me just as hard as I was watching her—like she didn't trust me but she also couldn't look away.

The blazer she wore framed her perfectly and her breasts sat high—untouched by gravity. No bra, no jewelry, nothing to distract you from the fact that she was the display. She was art, and unlike most, she knew it. She owned it. Her confidence is what made my eyes linger the most. She wasn't a woman that was looking for

attention—she expected it.

“Did you come to watch tonight, Sin?” she finally asked after a few minutes of silence. “Or were you thinking of participating?”

“Depends.” I smirked.

“On what?”

“On who I’m participating with.” I watched her for a second. “Because if it’s not you, I’m not interested.”

“Well, Sin, that’s a shame.” She smirked, turning in her chair as if she was about to get on the move. “Because I’m not available. Golden rule, remember? But don’t worry—there are more than a few people here that would be willing to show you a good time.”

She stood, and I followed suit because I wasn’t quite ready for our exchange to end. I closed a little of the distance between us—careful not to crowd her or have her feeling threatened.

“I’m sure they would, but they’re not the reason I’m here.” I took another small step forward. “And they wouldn’t be the reason I stayed.” I peered down at her before continuing. “You’ve built this world around you and made yourself untouchable, I get that, but please don’t mistake me for someone who’s going to walk away because you’ve built walls. I don’t scare easily and I damn sure don’t follow rules that I didn’t agree to, beautiful.” I lifted her chin with my index finger, brushing the pad of my thumb across her lips and she surprisingly allowed it. “So go ahead and play your untouchable game. It’s cute. But sooner than later, we’re going to collide again. And when we do...” I leaned down; my lips extremely close to hers but I was careful not to kiss her. “You’ll wish you hadn’t made it so easy for me to find a way in.”

I walked away leaving her standing there. The plan was for me to exit but a couple disappearing down behind some curtains caught my attention. In that moment I decided to give myself a tour of her place. What stood out as I journeyed through the club was that the luxury whispered, it didn't scream. It didn't have to. Everything was intentional.

Along the walls of the hallway was curated art—black and white silhouettes, hints of skin, mouths parted in ecstasy. Every picture suggested more than what it revealed.

I passed a private lounge where sheer curtains veiled what looked like plush seating and bodies pressed close together. There were no masks in there like in the lounge area I came from. No one looked hurried. They were there to be seen. To watch. To indulge.

There was a couple near a smoked glass window, their hands roaming each other's bodies, mouths not touching, eyes wide open. Exhibitionism. They were putting on a show for a few on lookers that I'd noticed not too far away.

I continued my tour, making sure to pay close attention to each hallway, every subtle detail, before eventually finding an office.

Her office.

A steel door.

Gold handle.

Etched glass.

Inside a pair of floor lamps with slim black stems and gold domes stood in opposite corners casting a golden glow and giving the room a quiet elegance. I took note of

the sleek, matte black statues of human forms on her desk. Neither had faces, just curves and carved tension in their poses. Art also aligned her walls, similar to what I'd seen throughout the club.

A hand dragging over a bare back.

The curve of a throat, mouth parted in ecstasy.

A single silhouette of a woman with one of her legs slightly lifted and both arms in the air—a physique dangerously similar to hers.

I'd just walked up to a book shelf in the center of the back wall when her sultry voice cut through the silence.

“Do you make a habit out of letting yourself into places that you aren't welcomed?”

“Is that you?” I ignored her question and pointed to the large, framed photo of the physique?

“No.” She lied.

She answered too quickly and unlike all of the other things she'd said tonight, there was no confidence in her words.

“Shame.” I said instead of calling her out on her lies. “Because if it was...”

“Sin...” She eased her body between me and the bookshelf when I reached for one of her books, pulling my hand down. “Why are you in here?”

The particular book didn't have a name on the spine like the rest of them and it was the shortest one of the stack it was resting against. I was already curious about it

because it looked out of place considering that everything in her office was very organized and intentional, but her reaction and attempt to stop me from grabbing it really had me intrigued.

With my eyes still heavily trained on her, I reached for the book again. She allowed it this time, but she continued glaring at me. A soft click followed me pulling the book then the faint groan of a shifting panel.

My head tilted to the side; my curiosity completely piqued. “You’ve been holding out on me.”

“Sin, don’t?—”

“Too late.” I cut her off.

The shelf slid to the side revealing a slim, dark hallway behind it. It was unexpected—hidden within the bones of her office—and it immediately felt different from the rest of the club.

I glanced down at her, smirking. “Is this your panic room? Or am I about to find something much more interesting?”

She didn’t answer me right away and that was enough of an answer for me. Stepping around her, I journeyed the short distance to the end of the dark hall where a red light was peeking from below. I reached for the knob and realized the door was locked, so I glanced back at her.

“Only place in the club that isn’t accessible?”

“The only place that is off limits .” She clarified, as a low, red light filled the space before she made her way to me, her heels clicking on the marble floor.

“Why’s that?”

“Because beyond this point...” She reached for the pad next to me, keying a code into it before pushing the door open. “ You lose all control. When I’m inside, I want to play. We will play. My way .”

I glanced in the room then back to her, smirking, “is that right?”

“It is.”

I stepped inside of the room without waiting for permission allowing my eyes to sweep the space. The lighting was low and red-toned. It wasn’t large but it was decadent—dark woods, deep crimson walls, and a bed that looked more like an altar.

There was a rack of ropes. A cabinet with locked drawers. A wall lined with cuffs, collars, floggers and silk scarves. There were some toys that I recognized and some that made my blood rush.

Turning to her, I asked, “so this is where you bring people when you want to play?”

“It’s where I go when I’m in the mood to... guide things,” she answered.

I started in her direction, bypassing her to close the door before rounding her body, staying close.

“And how does one gain access to this space?”

“You get invited.”

“I didn’t get invited.”

She shook her head. “No. You found your way in.”

“I did.” I reached up and brushed a finger along the collar of her blazer. “Now I want to know what kind of woman builds a room like this—and what she looks like when she’s not pretending to be in charge.” She flinched slightly under my touch with a hint of defiance in her gaze and I smirked. “There she is.”

She opened her mouth to speak, but I cut her off, circling her neck with my hand. My hold was firm but not rough.

“Don’t talk. Not yet.”

I took a moment to watch her eyes, gauging the edge of fear and thrill that danced in them before leaning in, brushing my lips just below her ear.

“You’re going to be the one to unravel in here, not me,” I stated lowly. “You’re going to let me take you apart in the space you built to stay in control. And not because you want me to—because you need me to.”

Her breathing hitched.

“S—”

My grip tightened a little. “I said don’t talk, Avani.”

I gave her an assertive look before loosening my grip and stepping back.

“Strip... but slow.” I instructed. “I want to watch you wrestle with it.”

She hesitated; her eyes still locked onto mine. That cloak of confidence she’d been wearing all night had dissolved and she was now standing in front of me

contemplating what her next move should be.

“That’s it.” I coaxed. “You’re not scared. You’re waiting for me to tell you it’s okay to let go.”

She started moving slowly—fingers trembling as she unfastened each button. She didn’t drop her eyes. She didn’t run. She just gave me what I asked for.

One piece at a time.

“Leave those.” I suggested when she reached for the ties on the heels that strapped up her legs.

Once she was upright, all of her glory on full display, I closed the space between us and gripped her jaw gently.

“You want to play?” I brushed my thumb across her lips again. “Then here’s your new rule...” I paused for a second. “You don’t cum until I say so.”

Finally I leaned in and met her lips. The kiss wasn’t chaotic. It was intentional. Every tilt of my head, every brush of my tongue, was meant to show her something. What it felt like to be wanted.

Her lips parted when I pulled away, her breathing trembling. I didn’t speak right away. Instead I cast my gaze down her body, taking a moment to enjoy every inch of her, then I cupped her jaw again, a little firmer this time.

“Turn around.” I instructed and she obeyed. “Hands on the bench and don’t move.” I pointed to the bench that was a few feet away.

She did as she was told and I could tell by the way she was gripping the edge of the

bench that she was bracing herself for what was next—probably expecting force. Instead my fingertips softly traced the length of her spine and I used my knuckles to trace the swell of her ass. My touches were light and teasing.

“You’re already trembling.” I mumbled as I crouched down behind her. “I haven’t even touched you properly.”

I parted her center slowly with two fingers, just enough to heat her up.

“Mm,” I groaned lowly. “You’re so wet for me already.”

I retracted my fingers and slowly slid them through her folds causing her to gasp and shift.

“I said don’t move.”

Her grip on the bench tightened.

I began to toy with her clit some, drawing soft gasps from her as well as frustrated whimpers.

“Your body wants to give in.” I stated lowly. “But you’re trying to stay in control. Even now.”

I pushed two fingers deep inside of her again but this time I stroked her slowly enjoying the feeling of the wetness and tightness. The moment her walls started contracting I removed my fingers again.

“You’re not running this,” I said. “You don’t get to decide when to finish. You don’t even decide when you start .” I moved around her, crouching in front of her and leaning in. “If you cum before I say, I’ll tie you up and make you wait until you’re

crying for it. You understand?”

“Yes.” She answered breathlessly.

I reached between her legs again, my fingers much more purposeful this time—slick, controlled strokes right over her sensitive spot. More than enough to make her react.

“I said—do you understand?”

“Yes sir,” she breathed.

I smirked. That was unexpected.

But I liked it.

“Good girl.”

Without removing my hand, I moved around her body again and began to really start putting in work. I alternated between circling her clit, pressing inside of her, curling my fingers just right. I made sure to take her to the edge with precision, yet again, reading every single twitch and stifled moan.

She was close.

I felt it.

I hurried to pull away right before she could let go causing her to release a broken sob.

“Oh, no.” I smiled, reaching for a handful of her hair and slowly dragging her up so that I could whisper in her neck. “You don’t get to cum yet, beautiful.” I pulled back

to look into her pleading eyes. “Not until you beg.”

CHAPTER 4

I whimpered when he released me, my body still trembling and my breathing ragged. My thighs were slick from the evidence of his teasing and my body was screaming for a release and he offered me no comfort.

Only control.

When we stepped in the room, I was sure that things were going in my favor, but I was sadly mistaken when he got close enough to sink his claws in me. I was already working overtime to keep my resolve intact while in his presence, but the moment he touched me it melted away like ice cream on a hot, sunny day in the Sahara Desert.

I had rules that were cemented—etched in iron, tested and reinforced over years of carefully guarded control. This space—my space—was where I reigned, where others bent and obeyed.

But Sin...

Sin was different. He was a true dominant—not a man who needed to overpower me, but one that made surrender feel like a choice. Like a privilege. With him, submission wasn't weakness. It was freedom. A release that I hadn't realized I was starving for. And maybe that was the real sin. Not that he'd made me break my own rules—but that I wanted to.

He moved around me slowly, watching me like a hawk, allowing the anticipation to build and letting me know how empty I felt without his hands on me.

“You think I’m being cruel?” he asked calmly. Almost tenderly . “This is mercy, beautiful. You don’t even know what you’re capable of.” He took a seat on the corner of the bed and pointed to the floor in front of him. “Crawl.”

I wanted to protest. I needed to say something. But I couldn’t. My words didn’t exist. They’d obviously been warped into the same multiverse that my resolve had been sent to. And my golden rule.

My hesitation earned me a sharp look.

“You wanted to play,” he stated evenly. “Your words were if we crossed that threshold we will play, right?” I nodded. “Show me how bad you want it, Avani.” He encouraged then repeated, “crawl,” still pointing to the floor.

Slowly I lowered myself until my knees hit the floor. I crawled to him—slow, bare and trembling—a movement of surrender.

Of submission .

When I reached him, he cupped my jaw like he did earlier and tilted my head so that I was looking at him.

“You look even more beautiful when you break.”

He reached down, his fingers sliding between my legs again. I gasped, instinctively rocking my hips into his fingers, but he instantly pulled away.

“Ah, ah, ah. You move without permission again, and I’ll stop touching you all together. Is that what you want?”

“No.” I whispered, dropping my head, but he cupped my chin and made me look at

him.

“No, what?”

“No, sir.”

His smile returned. “That’s better.”

He reached down again, but this time he pulled me into his lap, making sure one of his thighs rested between mine to keep my legs spread. He held me in place with one arm wrapped around my waist while the other hand snaked between us—delivering slow, lazy strokes.

I tossed my head back on his shoulder enjoying the feeling of his hands on my body and his lips on my neck and shoulder as he worked me over.

“Look at you.” He mumbled sexily in my ear. “Shaking. Needy. You’re clenching as if you’ve already cum a time or two.”

“I—shit—please?—”

“You’re not ready yet.” He kissed me softly, still rubbing my aching pussy just enough to keep my body screaming. “You haven’t earned it yet, baby.”

“Wh—Sin... Please” I begged again, squeezing my eyes shut, doing my best to hold out because I didn’t want him to stop.

It was torture.

“When I finally let you cum, it’s going to rip through you.” One of his hands tangled in my hair, giving it a gentle tug as he continued meticulously strumming my pussy.

“You’ll cry for it. Shake for it.” His voice got lower when he said, “you’ll remember who it belongs to.” He gently pinched my clit and kissed my ear, causing me to shiver. “And it’s not yours.” He growled lowly. “It’s mine.”

I was nearly in tears—legs shaking ferociously, mouth parted, breath hitching each time his fingers even hinted at more. Every single nerve in my body was stretched tight with my effort to remain obedient.

But I was just barely holding on.

His lips pressed into my neck again as he parted my legs a little more with his and his fingers dove deeper, going faster. He planted kisses along the length of my neck until he reached my ear where he growled, “beg for it.”

My body tensed even more.

“S—Please.” I begged.

“Mm, say it right.”

“P-please, s-sir.” I stammered. “P-please, let me cum. I—I can’t?—”

“Yes.” His fingers curled just right, hitting the exact spot that I needed him to. “You can cum.” He murmured then kissed my ear. “But only because I said so.”

The teasing ceased after that.

No more games.

Just full, relentless power. His fingers were working me in tight, perfect circles. I started to shatter so fast that I didn’t have time to brace for it. My mouth fell open,

but no words came out. Just a long, shuddering cry as my body went rigid, then I went limp in his arms. He didn't stop though. He continued his assault until I was begging again—but this time for mercy.

“Sin.” I whimpered.

“Shh.” He whispered, hugging me closer, cradling me against his chest. “That’s it.” He coached. “Let it happen.”

“Oh God.” I cried as I released on his hand yet again, burying my face in his neck as I became even more undone.

“You did so good for me.” He caressed the side of my face then kissed my lips. “Held on longer than I thought you would.” He chuckled. “I was sure I’d have you folded up this second round.”

I released a small, soft laugh as I rested against him. My body was still shaking faintly as the last wave of my orgasm coursed through me. I felt him smile into my skin because he was peppering kisses along my collarbone.

“I saw it... that edge.” He clarified. “You wanted to fall so bad... but you waited for me.” He pulled back some to look at me, so that I could see the pride in his eyes. “But this time...” He turned us over on the bed, him hovering over me. “It won’t be so easy.”

“Sin—Uh.” My words turned into a moan when he started to kiss down the center of my body.

“I know you didn’t think I was going to let you rest.” He murmured between kisses. “After the way you just fell apart for me?”

“Uh.” I moaned when his hand firmly wrapped around my throat.”

“Mhm.” His voice hummed against my flesh. “We’re not done. You’re not done.”

“I—I don’t know if I can.” I whimpered.

He pulled back and smirked. “That’s the best part, beautiful. You don’t have to know.” He leaned in and brushed his mouth across my ear then growled, “You just have to do what I say.”

He took one of my hands and pushed it upward to full arm’s length, clasping one of the leather cuffs that was there around my wrist.

“Sin—”

“Comfortable?” He cut me off and asked. I nodded so he did the same with the other cuff. “No more talking, beautiful.”

“But I—” His lips crashed into mine to silence me.

I quickly fell into the rhythm of the kiss and breathed a little erratically when he pulled away then climbed off the bed walking toward the dresser of locked drawers. He scanned the top, likely searching for the key then glanced back at me. I closed my eyes briefly then opened and looked at the small black box located on the edge. He smiled before opening the box and retrieving the master key that unlocked all of the drawers.

He opened each of them until finding what he was looking for then turning and making his way back over to me. He had a ball gag in hand that he carefully positioned in my mouth then fastened it behind my head. Once it was secure he stepped back and allowed his eyes to wash over me, wearing a satisfied smirk.

I watched him undress—bound and gagged—with his gaze heavily trained on mine. My eyes lowered more with each item of clothing that he discarded. Once he was in front of me in all of his glory, his long, thick erection standing at full attention, he reached for a flogger on a nearby wall.

He started low, slowly dragging the tassels along my thigh, up my stomach, then higher—until they gently brushed between my breasts. I gasped at the feeling, arching slightly.

“Mm-mm.” He paused for a second. “Stay still.”

He let the strands drag again, slower this time, circling one of my nipples then the other.

“I don’t need your words.” His voice was low and thick. “Not in here. Not right now.”

He brought the flogger up higher allowing it to trace my throat then back down between my breast and across my stomach. His eyes briefly climbed to mine, almost like he was making sure that I was still watching him. When he was sure that I was, he gave his attention back to the flogger and brushed it lower, over my mound.

“I want to see them...” he tossed it to the side before climbing on the bed between my legs. “I want to see them in the way your body arches...” His hands ran down my thighs before he pushed them back. “In how you buck and struggle because you’re gagged and can’t spit them out...” He blew gently on my pussy before kissing softly. “You’re going to tell me everything...” He kissed again. “Without saying a single word.”

His tongue slowly slid between my folds traveling to my throbbing clit then he took his time sucking and flicking his tongue on it. Naturally I tried moving my hands

because I wanted to put them on his head to keep him in place, but they were restrained. The sound of the cuffs hitting the pole from me straining had his eyes on mine and a sly smile on his face.

“That’s the best part.” He swiped his tongue down my slit, circling my opening before dipping his tongue inside me, swirling his tongue around. The feeling was driving me insane and had me moaning, almost choking on the words that were impossible to escape past the gag. “You can’t touch me.” He vacuumed my swollen clit into his mouth and gently sucked for a little. “You can’t pull me close.” He repeated the motion. “You can’t rush me.”

He swirled his tongue around on my clit, pushing my legs back even further then proceeding to slurp, flicker and eat my pussy with precision. My legs began to quake a little so he pulled back.

“Same rules apply, beautiful.” He grinned, eyeing my pussy as he released one of my thighs to push two fingers deep inside of me while his thumb toyed with my clit. “No cumming until I say so.”

“Mm.” I groaned as my eyes rolled to the back of my head.

He continued stroking me perfectly until I was on the edge again. He withdrew his fingers right before I could release, tormenting me slowly. He replaced his fingers with his tongue, eating my pussy precisely as if it were a sport and he was the MVP before pulling away yet again when I was on the verge of a release.

Tears had literally sprang to my eyes because of the torture. I was sure had I not been gagged I would have been screaming and begging him to allow me to release.

He started to kiss his way up, stopping at my breasts to show each of them some attention before climbing the rest of the way up my body. Reaching behind my head,

he loosened the gag and tossed it to the side before kissing me hungrily and nastily, allowing me to taste the evidence of the assault that his tongue had just put on my pussy.

I felt him reach between us and align himself at my opening. I didn't have time to brace myself before he was pushing deep inside of me. His strokes were slow, deep—relentless. Each of his hands gripping my thighs, holding me wide open as he dove deeper and deeper inside of me.

“Uh—God.” I moaned into his mouth.

His thrusts became purposeful. He made sure to enter me at the perfect angle each time—ensuring that he not only brought me to the edge, he kept me there, to remind me that I wasn't in control. He was.

I felt myself peaking and I wasn't sure that I could hold on any longer. It was impossible. I was completely undone. Unraveled. Helpless. Powerless.

He wrapped one of my legs around his waist then wrapped that same hand around my throat, applying the perfect amount of pressure to add to the ecstasy that was already coursing through my body.

“This body is mine.” I nodded, but he shook his head. “Say it.”

“I—it's yours.” I did as I was told.

“You don't cum until I tell you that you can.” He growled, leaning down, brushing his lips across mine before kissing me hard. “And when you do, you will say my name.”

I would do whatever he wanted me to do. If I hadn't already proved that, I knew the

shaking and quivering of my body had to be evidence of it.

He released my neck, began to drill me faster, deeper, and harder until the cuffs began to strain with every movement of my arms.

“You ready?” he asked, looking into my eyes. “You want to cum?”

“Yes. Please.” I begged.

“Then do it,” he voiced in a low, dangerous whisper. “Cum for me, now .”

I screamed his name in pleasure as my orgasm surged through my body. He was right there with me, groaning as the grip on my thighs tightened and he came right along with me.

He collapsed next to me on the bed moments later, breathing just as heavily as I was. He waited until he got his breathing under control before reaching to uncuff me then kissing me tenderly and slowly.

“You took me so well.” He stated lowly, his eyes dancing all over my face. “You’re not going anywhere tonight.”

CHAPTER 5

“ I need water.” Avani said before detangling her body from mine and easing out of the bed. I watched her through hooded eyes as she padded across the room to the door, her beautiful body glistening with sweat. She slipped out of it, not bothering to cover up and returned quickly with two small bottles of water in her hand.

I accepted the bottle that she got for me and wasted no time gulping the water down, watching her do the same. She discarded both bottles and stayed on the other side of the room, posting up against the dresser as she eyed me.

“I never told you my name.”

I smirked. “I know.”

“How do yo know it then?”

“I do my homework.” I shrugged. “Especially when the subject is this...” My eyes glazed over her perfect frame then slowly drug up to hers. “Distracting.”

“Tonight’s been interesting.” She started toward me. Slowly swaying her hips as she moved in my direction. “ You’re interesting .” She climbed on the bed, mounting me, slowly and gingerly placing her knees on each side of me, allowing her hands to caress my chest. “You’ve managed to infiltrate my private lounge club without a membership. Then My sacred space.” She chuckled. “I had rules. Strict ones. Yet here you are, in my bed, under me, breaking rules that I’d sworn would never be broken.” She leaned down, kissing across my jaw and down my neck. My hands

gravitated to her sides then up her back as I enjoyed the feel of her soft lips on my skin. I felt her reach back and grab both of my hands before bringing them both above my head. And I allowed it . “It’s my turn.”

She reached to the side, grabbing one of the silk scarves that were on the wall right next to the bed and tied my hands to the post above the bed. Again, I allowed it. I was cool with letting her think she was in control. For the moment.

After she secured my hands to the pole above my head, she smiled salaciously then began to pepper kisses all over my face then down to my neck where she paused to suck in a few places, then started her journey lower again.

She made sure her lips touched every part of my torso before she slid down further, wrapping her small, soft hands around my dick. Her eyes remained trained on mine as she kissed along the shaft then dragged her tongue over the trail of kisses.

I hissed lowly when she started to suck softly on the tip and that drew a smile from her. She was enjoying herself. She got up on her knees and began to slowly take more of me into her mouth. She took her time, swirling her tongue around the head before going down even further.

Once she’d taken me all the way into her mouth, she hummed causing my mouth to open slightly and my eyes to close briefly. I fought with myself internally in order to will myself not to moan out loud despite how good it felt. Her mouth was the perfect amount of wet and warm. I couldn’t give her the satisfaction.

She noticed my fight to remain under control so she smiled, pulling my dick from her mouth and using her saliva as lube while she stroked me gently, still sucking the head.

“Damn.” I whispered.

“Mhm.” She hummed again and tightened her fist. “That’s it.” She coached before sucking me into her mouth, sloppily bobbing her head up and down while starting to massage my balls.

She did that for a while longer, and I had to admit she almost had me on the edge, but she took a page out of my book and stopped right before my release, popping my dick out of her mouth and climbing up to mount me.

She slid down slowly making sure to keep her eyes on me. Her hips moved in a slow, grinding rhythm. She was in no rush.

I liked it.

She leaned down, careful not to mess up her flow, grazing her lips across mine before pressing a rough kiss on them then slipping her tongue into my mouth. We stayed like that, her kissing me slowly and nastily, while still rolling her hips with perfect precision.

She abandoned my lips and kissed across my face to my ear where she flickered her tongued beneath it then whispered, “you like this baby?” She kissed my ear. “Am I making you feel good?”

When she sat up and pushed back, I licked my lips at the sight of her rolling her body. I so badly wanted to move prematurely and cup her breasts because the sight of them alone was calling my name.

I inhaled through my nose and clenched my fists when her rhythm picked up just enough to draw me to the edge once again. Teasing me the same way that I had done her.

Again I let her.

Until I didn't.

I waited until her eyes were fixated on me and she was leaning getting ready to say something before I moved. In one quick, dominating motion I snatched my hands from the scarf that had done a poor job of restraining me, grabbed her by the waist and flipped her onto her back before she had the chance to react.

Her back hit the mattress with a soft gasp and I smiled, enjoying the shock on her face. Gathering her hands into one of mine, I pinned them above her head then leaned down to kiss along her jaw.

"Enjoy yourself?" I asked.

She swallowed hard, doing her best to keep her composure. I could tell by the way she was trying to control her breathing.

"M-maybe," she finally choked out, and my smile stretched wider.

I leaned down to, again, brush my lips and tongue across hers. Eventually I parted her lips with my tongue, kissing her deep, rough and full of heat. Then before she could register what was happening, I pulled back just enough to grip her hips and flip her over on her stomach.

I lifted some, pulling her hips with me, making sure her back was arched perfectly.

"Your little performance was cute." I began dragging my fingers along her slippery folds. "I enjoyed it actually, but don't get it twisted, beautiful..." I leaned down to kiss along her spine all the way to her ear where I said, "I run this."

I pushed my fingers deep inside of her as I kissed her ear, shoulders and back. I enjoyed the sounds of her soft whimpers and cries as I forced her near a finish that we

both knew was only an illusion. I was far from finished with her and she was going to pay for the little show she'd just put on.

Just as she reached her peak, I removed my fingers and climbed from behind her with strict instructions. "Don't move."

I walked back to the dresser, retrieving some anal beads before prepping them with the lube that was in the drawer as well, then made my way back to the bed, positioning myself behind her again.

"This should be fun." I held the beads in one hand as I used my free thumb to toy with her puckered asshole. It was already slick from the evidence of the night, but we'd still need the lube to make it a more comfortable experience. I kissed both of her ass cheeks before lining the beads with her hole.

I slowly eased the first bead in, watching her body shiver from the stretch. She gasped and gripped the sheets when I gently pushed the second one in.

"Breathe for me, baby." I coached her, pushing the third one in. There were only five beads before the handle so we were almost there. "Let me in."

Once the final bead was in, I sat back for a moment to enjoy the view.

"Look at you." I smiled to myself and gently caressed her ass. "So full already, but we're just getting started."

I sat back up lining myself with her opening, then without warning, I thrust deep inside of her. She cried out upon entry and began to claw at the sheets. My fingers curled into her hips as I delivered long, deep strokes.

"Sin." She whimpered.

“Mhm.” I smiled, biting my bottom lip as my strokes sped up some.

I reached for a handful of her hair, pulling her back to my front then allowing my free hand to ease between her legs and toy with her clit while I continued to move inside of her.

“No one can do your body the way I’m doing it, Avani.” I growled and she moaned instantly. “No one knows how to pull these sounds from you. How to make you break.”

I temporarily removed my hand from between her legs and took possession of her jaw, forcing her to turn her head so that I could kiss her.

“You’re mine, Avani.” My voice was a little ragged as I spoke against her neck. “Say it.” She moaned, not doing as I told her right away, so my grip on her hair tightened and I repeated, “say it.”

“I’m—uh.” She gasped, digging her nails into my thighs, then she whimpered, “shit.”

I moved her head to the side a little more and bit her neck then kissed the same area.

“Say it, Avani.” I reiterated. “Or you don’t cum.”

“I’m yours,” she cried in a shaky voice. “Sin—I’m yours.”

I groaned lowly, sucking on her neck, drilling her even faster.

“Damn right you are.”

Releasing her jaw, my hand slid down finding her clit again, rubbing soft circles as her body jerked against mine. I felt the end approaching for me, so I released her,

pushing her forward, taking hold of her hips as I drove into her faster and harder until her body was quaking and she was begging.

“Sin—please.” She pleaded in ecstasy. “Please.”

“Mm,” my tongue glided across my lips. “That’s right. Beg for it, baby.”

“I—I can’t.” She cried, quivering even more. “I need to—Oh God.”

“Cum with me, Avani. Cum with me right now.”

And she did.

Her release was just as powerful as mine with her once again screaming my name in pure ecstasy. My own release had me vocalizing a guttural sound that wasn’t just a release—it was a claim. A promise.

Once we’d both settled down I pulled out of her slowly and did the same with the anal beads which was followed by her sexy, soft whimpers.

“Where you want me to put the stuff that we used?”

“You can put them on the dresser.” She answered lazily and pointed. “There are wipes there too so you can clean up.”

“You’re staying here?” I glanced back at her and asked.

“No,” she chuckled lowly, “but I have a shower and clothes here.”

Nodding, I went over to grab my clothes and began to redress.

“Tonight was... fun, to say the least.” She said as she wrapped herself in the cover and watched me dress. “Thank you for keeping me hmm...” She put her finger under her chin as if she was thinking of the right word to use. “Entertained.”

“Fun?” I chuckled, glancing her way as I finished buttoning my shirt. “That’s what you’re calling tonight?”

She lifted a brow, lips twitching in the corners. “It was.”

Taking a step closer, I leaned down, placing my palm beside her head. I didn’t speak right away; I just allowed my eyes to trace the places that I’d left evidence of the night then I gave her my eyes.

“Next time it won’t be.” I brushed my lips across hers. “It’ll be deeper. Slower. Rougher. I’ll take my time.” I traced the tip of my index finger along her collar bone. “And when I’m done, you won’t be able to call it anything but mine.”

“W-what makes you so sure I’ll allow there to be a next time?”

“Allow?” I smiled.

“Sin, this was?—”

“What it was, was the beginning.” I cut in, gently kissing her lips then getting vertical so that I could leave. “I’ll see you again, a lot sooner than you think.”

With that, I was out the door. I wanted to say more, but there was no need to. She would soon find out that my control extended a lot further than the four walls that I’d just picked her apart inside of.

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CHAPTER 6

“ W here are you? I need a drink.” My sister, Averi, said when the call connected. She’d been on a cruise for the last week and was finally back in town.

“You don’t think you drank enough on the cruise, Averi?”

“Um, no.” She answered and I laughed. “Todd got on my nerves the entire time.” She scoffed. “I won’t ever go anywhere with him again.”

“He’s your boyfriend, sis.”

“Only when he’s around.”

“You are so horrible.” I laughed. “I have a meeting in thirty minutes, but maybe we can meet for food after that.”

“And drinks.”

“Yes, girl.” I laughed again. “And drinks.”

“Good. I need you to explain this cryptic ass ‘ I fucked up ’ message you sent me anyway.”

When Sin left my office, the first thing that I did was text my sister and tell her we needed to talk asap. She of course didn’t have service on the water, so she didn’t get it until she got back this afternoon, but I was busy by then preparing for the night and

getting ready to meet my landlord.

“We’ll talk over food.”

“Avani, you know how impatient I am.” She whined. “Just tell me now.”

“I can’t sis.” I chuckled; low key glad that I was at my destination because the last thing I wanted to do was relive the time I spent with Sin. Especially without my toys.

“How long will the meeting be?”

“Quick I’m hoping.” I admitted. “He normally meets me across the street from the building but today we’re meeting at High Rollers.”

“The casino? Why?”

“I don’t know, Av.”

“Don’t call me Av like you weren’t Av first.”

“No one calls me that. It’s what everyone calls you.”

“I blame daddy.” She said and I laughed.

Our father was definitely the one that made the name stick for her. Both of my parents called me Ava instead which I hated equally as much as my sister hated her nickname.

“I agree.”

“Why can’t we just meet at High Rollers? I could go for some craps.”

“Because you always over do it.” I shook my head. “No, Averi.”

“I just told you how this nigga got on my nerves, Ava, and that’s how you’re going to be?”

“Afraid so, lil’ sis.” I giggled. “We can meet at Smoke Screen. You love their lollipop lambchops.”

“Don’t use food to butter me up.” She stated, then added, “that sounds so good though. Is an hour good?”

I nodded as if she could see me. “That’s fine.”

“Perfect. See you then.”

“Bye, sis.”

After hanging up with her, I turned my car off, climbed out then headed inside. High Rollers was nice. Gold accents that trimmed every surface—the railing, card tables, even the uniforms of the nicely dressed staff who were moving about when I entered. There were deep red velvet curtains that framed the private rooms on the sides, polished marble floors, a large Crystal chandelier in the center of the ceiling. Everything just screamed luxury when you walked in.

“Hi.” I smiled when I approached the massive white counter, also trimmed in gold. “I’m Avani Jade. I’m here to see...”

“Oop, I was told you were coming.” The woman said then stood, rounding the counter. “Follow me.” She lead the way down the hall to an elevator. We both waited in silence for it to arrive and when it did, I stepped on but she just reached in and hit the button for the highest floor. “The office for Mr. Sinclair will be directly across the hall from the elevator.” She said before stepping back.

Mr. Who?

I got ready to stop her to let her know that she must've had me mistaken, but the doors were already closing. I decided to just wait until I made it upstairs to see if they could direct me to the right place.

Once I arrived on the top floor and the doors of the elevator split, there was a foggy glass door with golden handles. I stepped off slowly, making my way across the hall, taking note of the golden name plate on it.

Kyriq Sinclair.

I glanced both ways to see if there were any more doors, only to realize that there weren't, so I took a step closer and knocked on it. Seconds later it opened and a large physique filled the frame. He didn't smile. His glare was almost intimidating, but I squared my shoulders and smiled confidently.

"I might be in the wrong place." I began. "I'm here to see?—"

"Come in, Ms. Jade." He stepped aside and waved me in.

My brows furrowed, but I slowly stepped in the room switching places with him as he pulled the door shut. I turned around expecting to see Gerald and to ask him what was going on, but got the shock of my life when I saw...

"Sin?" I questioned, narrowing my eyes. "What the hell is this? What are you doing here and where is Gerald?"

He sat back in his chair, shamelessly allowing his eyes to wash over me.

"Good to see you again, beautiful."

My brows dipped in anger. “Sin, what the fuck?—”

“Now, is that a way to talk to the man that owns your secrets?” He smirked and my nostrils flared in even more anger. “Velvet Secrets that is,” he clarified. “The others are safe with me.”

“What are you talking about?” I snapped. “Where is Gerald?”

“Where Gerald is or isn’t, isn’t important,” he answered.

“What do you mean not important ?” I snapped. “I scheduled this meeting with him .”

“But you’re here with me now.” He smiled. “And after you sign this lease, you’ll be with me for... the time isn’t important.”

My eyes traveled to the document he’d pushed forward.

A lease?

What lease?

What the hell is going on?

Is he saying...

“You—What are you saying Sin?” I took a step closer to peek at the paper.

“I’m saying, baby girl, I own all of your secrets.” He smirked. “The ones you’ve built and the ones we created.”

Stunned.

I was completely stunned hearing the news. He owned my secrets?

Did that mean he knew...

“You knew who I was when you came into my club?” I glared at him. “You knew about this shit the whole time?!”

He nodded. “I did.”

“I asked you!” I spat. “I asked you what you wanted!”

“And I told—well, showed you what I wanted,” he replied. “Were my plans to come in there and find you ? No. But I did so plans changed.”

How could he be so nonchalant about this shit?

Things like this were why I prided myself on not mixing business with pleasure. I had no plans to ever see Sin again. I’d already let my team know that he couldn’t come back because what happened between us was just—I didn’t know what it was, but I knew it couldn’t happen again so I put precautions in place to make sure that didn’t happen, and now he owned the building?

“You did this on purpose.” I shouted, pointing to the paper.

“Did what on purpose?”

“Bought the building.” I snapped. “Or whatever you did to make this happen.”

“I acquired it.”

“You’re disgusting.” I hissed, turning to leave. I made it all the way to the door but paused with my hand on the handle when he started to speak.

“You can go, Avani, I’m not stopping you. Because you’ll carry me with you—in your skin, on your breath... in that quiet moment when no one’s watching. That’s where I’ll be.” I didn’t look back at him, but I did wait for what was next. “This won’t be the last time. You and I both know that.”

The End!!!

For now.

READ THE NEXT PAGE!!!!