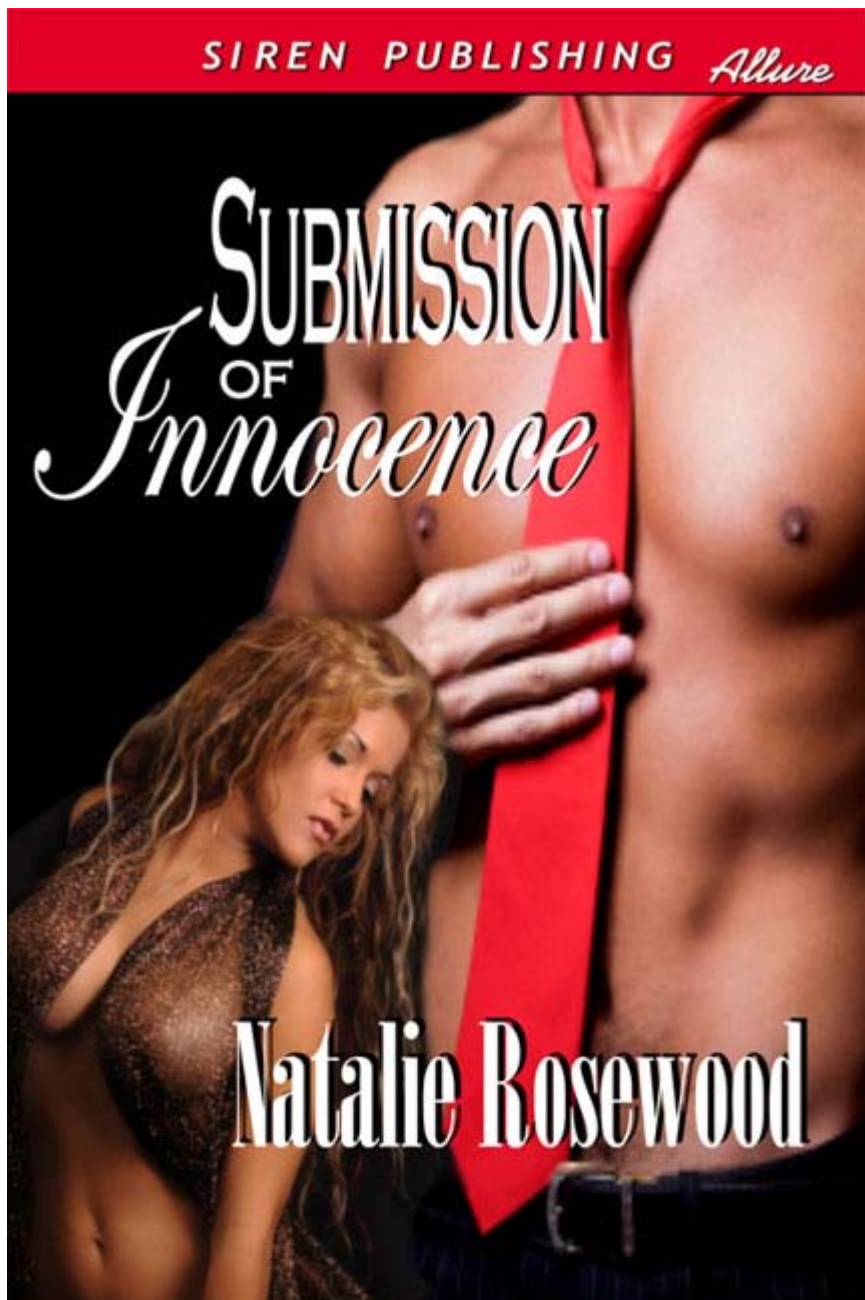


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SUBMISSION
OF
Innocence

Natalie Rosewood



Submission of Innocence

Alexis's bridesmaids are a scandalous combination of fun and crazy, and Alexis realizes they are even wilder than in their college days when her bachelorette party takes a turn into an erotic world where her darkest wishes and deepest desires are awakened.

Jackson Craig, a wealthy businessman, frequently indulges his darker pleasures with women who are bought and paid for. But when he's presented with Alexis, he's taken with not only her beauty but also with her illusion of innocence. That night, Alexis submits herself to him in ways she could have never imagined. Back in her own world, she formulates a plan to break free of the powerful hold he now has on her.

Will Alexis choose to seek Jackson's dark pleasures once again? And if she does, how will she ever return to a life destined for mediocrity?

Genre: BDSM, Contemporary

Length: 28,647 words

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EROTIC ROMANCE



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SUBMISSION OF INNOCENCE

NATALIE ROSEWOOD
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Chapter 1

The day had been long and tiring. Jackson found himself restless for something he couldn't put his finger on. He had called Lily, who had a knack for knowing his game of choice on any given night that he entered into her world of sex games. Lily's Place was a nice little whorehouse that operated out of a series of connected row houses in Philadelphia. By day Lily sold sex toys, and by night, under the cover of a bar, she sold reality sex games that were very expensive. There was nothing she wouldn't do, but that wasn't her charm. Her charm was that she knew things about him that he didn't understand about himself and, without effort, could bring him to a place where life as he knew it no longer existed. After the week he had just been through, he couldn't wait to exist outside of his own reality.

The economy had been shit for the last year or so, and his businesses had taken several hits. He had been forced to lay off a few hundred employees, and that had killed him. Like his father, he took pride in the business and the integrity of his family. He treated his employees like family, or at least he tried to, by being fair and keeping up with inflation. The downturn had forced his hand. He told himself he had no choice, and today, he had put in motion another

layoff, this time only sixty employees, but it might as well have been six hundred.

He knew the company would be okay in time and that his other investments were hanging tough. He wasn't going to be destitute, but his workers who depended on him were going through some rough times. He had all their names. He would check up on each of them. It was the least he could do for their loyalty over the years. If he could rehire them, he would, but in the meantime, he was partnering with an organization that retrained people for different jobs, the type they could make a living at in the current economy, two being the computer and service industries.

From the floor-to-ceiling window of his corner office, he gazed out at the now dwarfed Ben Franklin statue that stood atop City Hall. "Damn," he groaned.

He really needed a drink, a shower, and Lily's Place tonight, and in that order. Grabbing his briefcase, he walked out of his office and headed for the elevator. In the lobby, several females followed his long strides that propelled him from the building in record time. He was a wealthy man, and being what many women considered drop-dead gorgeous was just icing on the cake.

He enjoyed women in his bed that were bought and paid for. They were always eager to fulfill his needs regardless of the difficulty and were not hard to say good-bye to when he tired of them. A winning combination for a man who enjoyed keeping what was his where it belonged, including his heart and his bank account.

At thirty-six years old, he had only been close to getting married once. Crystal Knox had turned out to be the bitch from hell who had professed to love him even as he had banished her from his life forever. The woman had a mean streak a mile wide that she had kept well-hidden until she made the mistake of verbally abusing his mother and his sister, Annie, who had been born with Down Syndrome. He had arrived home unexpectedly in the middle of what he could only describe as a very ugly temper tantrum from what he thought was his

very easy-going bride-to-be. Crystal's beautiful face had been contorted with anger, her finely manicured, long fingernails wagging with precision in his mother's shocked face while she administered a verbal tongue-lashing that would have made a sailor blush.

Annie had spilled red punch all over the front of the dress, and according to Crystal, the designer dress could not be salvaged, and it was too late to order another. She was so furious she had not been able to control her temper or her language. Jackson very quietly told her to leave the house, and when she refused, he had bodily helped her out the front door.

Since then, he had taken his pleasure and enjoyed the women in his life without emotional entanglements, some in the wee hours of the morning and others as companions at charity and business events. He never gave these women more than he wanted or thought they deserved. He also never promised them more than he could deliver, and he kept his word. Some had left him in a huff of disdain while others thought they could change his ways. They were wrong. He was exactly who he professed to be, and that was his strength.

However, lately he found himself wondering what life might be like if he had found the right woman, someone worthy of being the mother of his children. His own mother would be thrilled if he married. She worried about him being alone. He often reminded her that if he had married Crystal, she would have had something to really worry about, and he thanked God every day that had not happened.

The truth was he had never loved Crystal, but then he had not been looking for love. They had met through mutual friends, and there were no red flags to warn him she was not the woman she professed to be. She had convinced him she was strong enough to handle a relationship with a man like him, a man who would provide a secure financial life for his family, without having to be the devoted, loving husband. A man who would be there for his children, but could be away on business for indefinite periods of time, secure in the knowledge that his wife would handle all aspects of home and family.

Since Crystal's fall from grace, there had been no one he would have even remotely considered for a long-term relationship.

His mother and Annie would always be his priorities. He would also continue his father's legacy of keeping their businesses working for the family and for the people who worked for them. Both were worthy goals that gave his life meaning and a reason to get up each day. And when he needed his libido stroked or his darker desires to be fulfilled, there was always Lily's Place where he could satisfy his lust without entanglements. He had the best of all worlds, so why, he sighed, did he feel so damn empty all the time?

Chapter 2

Alexis's three bridesmaids, all college friends, were a wonderful combination of fun and crazy. They could always make her laugh, and their adventures and misadventures had provided some spice to an otherwise dull life. She was the good girl who made the grades in high school, graduated from college, and then actually went out and found a job.

They had all become fast friends when they'd been thrown together in one of the many quad rooms in the mandatory freshman dorm. Shelby and Jennifer had convinced Alexis and Katie to move into an apartment with them at the end of freshman year. Money was not an object, so Alexis and Katie paid what they normally would have for a dorm room, while Shelby and Jennifer's parents picked up the rest.

Alexis easily continued in her role as the dorm mother, the level-headed one that made sure they all made it home in one piece, held their hair back from going into the toilet when they were sick, and made sure the place was clean and that the fridge was full with what they each liked to eat. She figured it was the least she could do for living in the lap of luxury when most of her peers were living in crappy walk-ups that had one tiny bathroom and studio kitchens. She was living in an apartment that was bigger than the home she grew up in. So it was no hardship to keep it looking nice, and besides that, she really liked her roommates. They had become her family, or as she knew in her heart, closer than family.

Shelby had called to say they would be going into Old City Philadelphia for her bachelorette party because it had some of the best

bars and restaurants in the area. They could crash at Shelby's father's condo near Penn's Landing since it was empty. Alexis could not believe how excited she was. She hadn't realized how much she missed her friends until now.

Shelby sent a limo to Alexis's apartment to pick her up and bring her to the condo for a little pre-party celebration. She loved the way it was decorated with white leather sofas and chairs, oriental rugs, and glass accents. However, it was the bottle of champagne resting in ice that caught her eye when she walked in. Shelby popped the cork minutes after her arrival, motioning to Jennifer and Katie to bring in the goblets. Alexis sipped her drink, kicked off her shoes, and sank down into the sofa, long legs stretched out before her, toes pushing into the plush rug.

Jennifer giggled, giving Alexis a sideward glance. "I hope the bubbly mellows you out for the evening ahead. You just never know what the night will bring."

"But one thing I do know," Katie chimed in, "is that we plan on making this a night you'll never forget, one that you might say in days to come helped to make you into the woman we always knew you were."

Alexis sat up a bit straighter and set her drink down on the end table next to the sofa. "I don't need my passport, do I? I mean, we are staying here, in the city, right?"

"Yes, Little Miss Prim and Proper," Jennifer said with a sigh, "we are staying in the city. We aren't whisking you off to some foreign country because we wouldn't want your fiancé to berate us for not making sure you were given the appropriate shots." The slightly sarcastic tone in her voice did not go unnoticed. It was no secret that her bridesmaids were not overly thrilled with the man she was going to marry. Jennifer must have seen the look on her face because she continued more gently, "Hopefully, after this evening, a piece of you will be more enlightened, satisfied, and content."

Alexis saw a smug look being exchanged between the three girls that she knew could only spell trouble.

“What do you all have planned? Should I be worried?” She knew if she had to even mouth those words, her radar was telling her there was something to worry about.

“Come on, Alexis.” Shelby smiled, walking over to give her a hug. “Don’t you trust us to show you a good time?”

Alexis smiled. These three young women were closer to her than her own family. How could she not trust them? *Maybe because I know them so well.*

She decided to overlook her nagging suspicions and what could be misplaced trust, and put herself in their hands. She knew better than to do so, but as usual when she was with them, she had a tendency to throw caution to the wind and allow her inner, more uninhibited self out to play, but always with temperance.

Together they talked, drank more champagne, and then ordered take-out from a cheesesteak place in South Philadelphia. Jennifer had made the suggestion that they eat in because nowhere else would they have a chance to chat without interruption and be themselves without censorship.

They took turns acting the stand-up comic to regale her with old stories that usually ended with one of them losing something that she had found or breaking something she had fixed. But mostly they hailed her as their hero because she had always somehow kept them from disaster with her common sense and quick wit. Unabashed tears of laughter fell down Alexis’s cheeks from the memories that she had not forgotten but had put away on a shelf, separate from her new life.

Before they were ready to leave for the evening, Shelby took Alexis aside and guided her through the double glass doors to the patio that overlooked the river. Looking over the railing, Alexis felt a wonderful peacefulness overtake her. It was like how she would imagine a kid feels when her parents come home after a long trip.

Shelby cleared her throat. “You know how much we love you, don’t you?”

Alexis glanced over at her dear friend, who had put on her serious face. “Yes, of course I do, and I love you guys, too. You’re my family.”

Shelby hugged Alexis to her breast. “I know, and you’re our family, too.”

“Why so serious?” Alexis asked.

“I just want you to know that we always have your best interests at heart. I mean...”

Jennifer slipped through the opening in the sliding glass doors and picked up the conversation where Shelby had drifted off. “She means that we will always want what is best for you, and if there is anything that we can do to help make sure you get it, we will.”

Alexis hugged the two women. “I know that and now I’m really getting nervous about this evening. Are you sure there’s nothing you want to tell me?”

Before the girls could respond, Katie ran out onto the deck. “Don’t leave me out of this group love-in. It’s one for all and all for one!”

Chapter 3

A few bars and a few shots later, the four girls were still feeling the love as they were fending off the many men who vied for their attention. Shelby played the role of protector as she held their admirers at bay with a slight slur in her voice. “Not interested, we’re all lesbians.” The men mostly just shook their heads and laughed.

Around midnight they found themselves at a bar that Jennifer had insisted they visit. The interior resembled a harem with erotic wall hangings and a ceiling draped with yards of multicolored silks that drooped like a tent. A disc jockey dressed in a white turban spun records of eastern and western music with flair.

“You and the boyfriend come here often?” Alexis asked Jennifer, looking around in wonder. “This looks like the kind of place that harbors hidden secrets and dark pasts.”

Jennifer just smiled and shrugged. “We enjoy dark pleasures. Don’t tell me you don’t.”

Alexis laughed. “You mean like dark chocolate? Now that I love.”

“Something like that.” Jennifer smirked as they pushed through the crowd to a glass bar where, before they had time to even order a drink, they were approached by a nice-looking, middle-aged man dressed in a black suit. He nodded at Shelby and, without saying a word, ushered them into the back of the club where he opened a door to a private room. Everything seemed to be on cue. The fact that her friends went with him without question told Alexis that his presence had been planned in advance. Of course, Alexis thought, a private room. Were they actually going to do the old bachelorette party

stripper? She was a little disappointed, but really, what did she expect after all, a trip to the Taj Mahal?

This room was fairly well-lit but continued the Middle Eastern theme with wooden wall hangings and tapestries that depicted a variety of sexual positions. Against the far wall was a wooden closet with the doors open. Hanging inside were four costumes of wispy see-through fabric and sequins that would have been appropriate attire for strippers. The man gestured for each of them to pick one.

“You have got to be kidding.” Alexis put up both hands. “You don’t really think I’m going to wear that?”

“Alexis,” Jennifer said with a sigh, “now you promised to go with the flow, so just put it on like we’re doing.” Jennifer grabbed the purple one and threw the red one at Alexis.

Alexis watched as Jennifer began disrobing with no modesty at all or care that the man that brought them into the room had just barely closed the door behind him. She was so beautiful with her long black hair, tanned skin, pert little boobs, and ultra flat stomach. Alexis had always wished she had been built more like Jennifer. Sighing, she knew she was fighting a losing battle by refusing to change into the outfit, so she turned and began undressing.

“Damn,” Shelby groaned, “I’m so jealous. I didn’t think it was possible for that body of yours to look even more like a porn star’s than it did in college. You lost and gained weight in all the right places. Damn you, Alexis!”

Jennifer and Katie turned to look at Alexis, who was inching her body into the tight bodice of the costume. Jennifer cursed. “Holy shit, Alexis, could your tits be any more voluptuous or your ass more perfect? I hope that man of yours appreciates what he has in every way possible.”

“Oh, yeah, like I have the body of a porn star, more like the Big Dipper.” Alexis shook her head. “Oh, and by the way, his name is Allen. That man of mine, or my fiancé, as you seem to refer to him.” They had always been more than gracious about her body and her

other insecurities. She wished they could be as gracious about her decision to marry Allen.

“I can’t believe you still don’t think you’re beautiful. I’m sure that Allen,” she emphasized his name, “tells you how lovely you are all the time. Maybe that’s your charm. You have the face of an angel, the disposition of Mother Teresa, and the body of Miss January.” Katie laughed.

Ignoring them, she quickly poured herself into the rest of the costume, at least what there was of it. Alexis turned to her friends. “Okay, now what?”

As if listening at the door, the man that had guided them into the private room returned. “Ladies, please follow me.”

They followed him down a dark hallway to a staircase that led to another dimly lit hallway with doors on each side. It was all very mysterious. Alexis trusted her friends, but it was a little too cloak and dagger for her liking. Possibly the girls felt the same way because not one of them had said more than two words since they had left the private dressing room.

Finally, the man stopped in front of a large door that he unlocked with a gold key he retrieved from his pocket. When he pushed it open, Alexis expected to see a half-naked man waiting to gyrate his pelvis for them. Instead she found herself in the middle of a sitting room decorated with furniture and accents that appeared to date back to the late 1800s. Jennifer sat down next to Shelby on a small loveseat. Alexis and Katie sat down on matching high back chairs.

“I’ll take my leave of you now. Lily will be with you shortly.” Without making another sound, the man left through the door they had just entered. The slight click of the lock made Alexis jump. Internally, she was hoping against hope that the girls had not purchased a female stripper. However, at this point, nothing would surprise her or at least so she thought.

“Okay, it’s not like I haven’t been going with the flow, but maybe you should tell me... Who’s Lily?” Alexis looked at each of her friends.

“You’ll see soon enough.” Shelby smiled. “It’s a surprise.”

“I have a feeling that’s an understatement,” Alexis said with a hint of sarcasm.

“I know, it’s a bit much, all this secrecy,” Shelby responded, “but we thought that you needed to gain more experience in the ways of men and women.”

“And,” Katie said, “we knew you wouldn’t come with us if you knew we were taking you to a very exclusive, very high class...”

“Very expensive brothel,” Jennifer finished, looking around like she was getting ready to bar the door if Alexis tried to bolt.

“A brothel,” Alexis repeated almost to herself, stunned by their admission. “Are you insane?” she hissed, her breathing a bit irregular, her heart beating faster. “Tell me this is a joke.” If this were true, she was going to kill them.

“Now calm down. You’re simply going to be allowed to watch. Lily,” Shelby whispered loudly, “is the Madame of this brothel and will be our guide.”

“No way! This time you’ve all gone way too far.” Alexis stood, tripping over herself to get the door. “I can’t stay here and be a part of this perversion.”

“Wait, Alexis. Just wait a minute.” Jennifer jumped up. “You’ll be behind a screen or something, and I know from friends that men and women pay just to be watched. It’s not like you’ll be watching someone without their knowledge. You’ve heard of voyeurism, right? It’s going to be fun. You just have to be quiet, that’s all.”

“Oh my God.” Alexis just hung her head, her hands massaging her temples. “This can’t be real. There’s no way I’m going to stay.”

“Personally, I think you should stay.” An Asian woman wearing a black silk sheath stood in the doorway. Her skin was alabaster, and

her dark raven hair fell to the top of her buttocks. She was the most beautiful woman Alexis had ever seen.

Chapter 4

The woman glided into the room toward Alexis. Her voice was warm, a mixture of honey and English tea. “Your friends brought you here because they love you and want to give you the gift of awareness to help you awaken and understand yourself as a woman. And, as a woman, you should not allow yourself to think that a man alone controls your pleasure. You can create your own pleasure and enhance his, but only if you understand how.”

The woman smiled, showing small white, even teeth. She knew she had a rapt audience as she continued.

“Here we believe in teaching by example. After tonight, you will never make love the same way again.” She looked at each of them, her eyes holding theirs. “My name is Lily, and this is the one place you can watch and learn without fear of reprisal or humiliation, where your darkest wishes, your deepest desires, are always within your grasp. There are no worries here, only pleasure and enlightenment for those who desire it.”

This woman named Lily made it all sound so civilized, so right, so very logical. Her voice was hypnotic. Alexis knew this was wrong, but Lily’s voice had somehow taken away not only her fear but her shame. The other girls were smiling, nodding, and looking at Alexis for confirmation of what they already knew.

Alexis sighed. “I can’t imagine actually watching people having sex. It’s just so wrong, like I’m violating not only their privacy in the most obscene way but also doing something illegal.”

“That would only be true if they didn’t want you to watch,” Lily explained softly. “Those you will be watching desire to have your

eyes on them. They need you to experience what they are experiencing without fear. You are not a trespasser but a traveler on a journey, as they are travelers on their own journey. Together you will both help the other to find not only freedom from your own inhibitions but guidance for the journey ahead.”

Alexis still didn't feel right about it, but it was obvious from the looks she was being given that the girls were totally onboard with Lily's philosophy, and if she were totally truthful, there was something about being here that intrigued her. She closed her eyes, knowing she would go along with them like she always did. Reluctantly, she nodded her assent.

Lily smiled and snapped her fingers. A petite Asian woman with tiny breasts and dressed only in a thick gold necklace entered the room holding a tray of wine glasses that were filled halfway. Lily passed one to each of her guests. “Drink and enjoy. This is the beginning of a memorable evening. I promise.”

The wine was very sweet, and as soon as they were finished, Lily motioned to them to follow her to a connecting room that was very dark. She opened a set of drapes to reveal a well-lit room where a man and two women were lying naked across a large bed behind a wall of glass. The man was on his back. The first woman, who appeared to be in her early twenties, had her mouth wrapped around the man's very large penis. She was jerking him off with her hands and her mouth. The second woman, who appeared much older, possibly in her early fifties but still quite beautiful with long, fire-engine red hair, was positioned behind the young woman so that she could fondle the younger one's very large, silicone-filled breasts while rubbing herself against the other's firm buttocks.

Alexis slid onto the sofa in front of the glass without taking her eyes off the scene being played out in front of her. The man was handsome, possibly somewhere in his forties. His head was propped up by a pillow so he could watch the woman attending to his large penis. He looked Spanish with his dark complexion, black eyes, and

dark hair filtered with strands of gray. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Shelby, Katie, and Jennifer watching, completely mesmerized by the erotic sight before them.

The threesome entwined themselves into several different positions as they pleased one another in various ways. The man's penis was always in the forefront, being tasted or stroked by one or both the women. They pleased the man and each other with their tongues and fingers in ways that Alexis would have never imagined. Finally the man could stand no more, and both women held his penis while his white cum spurted like a geyser for all to see. He fell back against the pillow while the women cleaned him with their mouths, only stopping to exchange cum through their kisses.

Alexis was aware of Lily kneeling behind them as the scene wound down. "Ladies," she said silkily, "are you ready for your next room?"

Chapter 5

Alexis knew she should not want to visit the next room, but she did. The four of them followed Lily. This time there was no glass or drapery. They were seated on pillows in a dark corner of the room. The stage lighting illuminated a bed that was simply a mattress on a steel frame covered in a black silk sheet. Suddenly, a black woman with very short, spiked blonde hair wearing a red silk robe ran into the room and threw herself across the bed facedown. A man wearing a short, blue dressing gown walked into the room behind her. He was stocky with a swarthy complexion and was probably no more than five feet five inches tall. He looked a little scary with his long steel gray hair pulled back into a ponytail. He wasn't a handsome man, but he was sexy in a strange and somewhat chilling way that intrigued Alexis.

He stood over the bed looking down at the woman. "Look at me," he ordered. The woman immediately rolled over onto her back and gave him her full attention, looking upward through her long lashes, her large red lips quivering. He grabbed her legs roughly through the robe and pulled her toward the end of the bed so her legs were dangling. He unbelted the woman's dressing gown and opened it to expose small brown breasts tipped with very dark, very pronounced nipples.

"Show me your cunt," he ordered gruffly.

Without hesitation, her fingers pushed the lips of her vagina back to expose her large puffy clit to the man, her eyes never leaving his. He reached down to repeatedly slap what she offered him, only to then massage the clit he had so recently abused. Alexis could hear the

woman's whimpers rapidly turn to moans of pleasure as she lay writhing on the bed. When he stopped, he gave the woman his fingers to lick, which she did very thoroughly. Next, he pinched both her nipples in unison between his index and forefingers, causing a groan of pleasure to escape from between the woman lips.

"Such a good little slut." He smiled before he pushed two fingers inside her, and then a third. The man removed his fingers and replaced them with his tongue. The woman moaned loudly, crying out obscenities that sounded more like endearments while he appeared to be consuming her, his face totally immersed between her legs.

Alexis caught herself holding her breath when another man, this one younger with short blond hair, walked naked into the room with a wooden paddle the size of ping pong mallet in his hand. The older man removed his head from between the woman's legs, his chin glistening with her juices. He stood up and together with the new arrival looked down at the woman. The younger man forced the woman's legs farther apart before he flicked her clit roughly, pinching it. He then rolled her onto her stomach. With his hand still in place between her legs, he drew her up so that her ass was lifted high and she was now on her knees. The paddle came down hard across the cheeks of her ass with a resounding crack that left a red welt in its wake. Her scream was immediate.

He did it again. Another scream and another came as a result of the spanking until the man stopped. It was then that Alex heard the woman begging him for another. That admission and the sight of the woman's ass being kissed by the older man brought forth an intense quiver of pleasure in Alexis's pussy.

The woman pushed back toward the man with the paddle. Smiling, he whispered endearments ending in "slut" and "fuck toy" while he continued to paddle her without mercy. Ashamed of her body's reaction, Alexis wanted to look away, but she couldn't take her eyes off the threesome's every move.

The man with the paddle threw it down on the bed. He grabbed his cock and began working his fingers up and down the shaft of his enlarged penis. "Suck me, cunt," he ordered.

The woman immediately rolled over as he grabbed the back of her head in his hand to bring her lips forcefully down on his penis. He then pushed her head back and slammed his cock down her throat. "Suck it," she heard him whisper with authority. "Take my cock and throat it, now, my sweet slut."

The woman took more and more of his cock into her mouth, down her throat, struggling to do as she was told. Alexis thought for sure the woman would gag, but before she did, he released her. Her breath came out in gasps. His cock dangled in front of her face. He slapped her across the mouth several times with it. He kept it just out of her tongue's reach.

Alexis was trembling from watching them, her body hot, her nipples hard, and her own vagina soaking wet with her own juices. She glanced over at Shelby, who was touching herself through the costume. The other two girls, eyes glazed, were moaning softly, playing with their nipples and rubbing themselves between their legs.

Violently, the man shoved his cock back into the woman's mouth, fucking her face hard until his cock exploded with cum that dripped from her mouth and down her chin. The older man who had been watching brought his rock hard cock to her mouth where he made his own deposit of cum. Alexis moaned softly, touching herself just as Lily sat down beside her. She slipped her hand down the waistband of Alexis's sheer pants to her wet vagina. Alexis tried to close her legs in protest, but Lily forced Alexis's legs to remain open. Alexis trembled.

"Do not be afraid to enjoy a woman's hand on you. You must open yourself physically and mentally to allow the pleasure you deserve to run through you."

She could hear her friends' moans and turned to see they were each being fondled and stroked intimately by a beautiful naked woman. Shelby groaned as the woman assigned to her pulled down

the sheer pants to expose her wetness for the woman to taste. Embarrassed, Alexis turned away. Nothing was taboo here, and nothing was real. Even though she knew it was wrong, she wanted to experience this world she had been thrust into. *Would it be so terrible if for just one night I let myself feel without analyzing each and every thought?*

Chapter 6

“Do you want me to continue, Alexis?” Lily’s accented voice was soft, warm, and husky. Two of her fingers were deep within Alexis’s vagina, pumping her skillfully. Alexis didn’t answer. Lily withdrew her fingers. “I will not continue unless you say you want me to,” she whispered into Alexis’s ear.

“Yes, I mean, no...” Alexis wanted Lily’s fingers back inside her. “Yes,” she whispered, and then louder, “Yes.”

Lily fingers found their way back inside Alexis’s very wet pussy while she kissed her, their tongues playing tag. Alexis moaned.

Lily smiled, taking her lips from Alexis. “You are mine to use anyway I wish, but always it will be for your pleasure. You know that, don’t you, Alexis?”

Alexis nodded. For the first time in her life, her common sense had been replaced by her carnal senses. It was then that she realized that the lighting had shifted so that the men and the woman in the bed, who they had been watching, were now watching them. She should have been angry that she was now the one being watched, but she wasn’t. She didn’t care that they were seeing her being pleased. Why she didn’t care, she couldn’t fathom.

Lily fondled Alexis’s breasts, her expert fingers massaging and caressing the nipple of each breast until Alexis felt she couldn’t take anymore. “Please Lily,” she gasped.

Lily stopped abruptly and grabbed Alexis’s hand. “Come with me,” she ordered. Alexis glanced at her friends, who were oblivious to her and Lily.

Her voice a bit less firm, she said, “Your friends are being well taken care of, and they are giving my clients a very nice show. I want a more private room for us.”

Alexis followed Lily out of the room like a puppy, not knowing where she was going, only that she wanted this woman to continue to make her feel the incredible sensations she had been feeling. Lily led her down another hallway and then stopped before a room with two large ornate wooden double doors. Lily used a key, one of many on a chain that she wore around her neck, to open the door. Alexis followed her inside. The lights were dim, as was the case in most of the rooms she had seen so far. As her eyes adjusted, she saw there was a bed up against the far wall. And, in the middle of the bed, lying back upon gold satin sheets and propped up by pillows, was a man. He was dressed in black—black shirt, black trousers, and shoes. He smiled when he saw Lily. His smile took her breath away. Handsome men like the one staring back at her made her very nervous. She averted her eyes from his and subconsciously backed up.

Lily pushed Alexis around in front of her and kissed her neck. “You are beautiful, Alexis, one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Your body craves attention, and I wish to give you what you crave.”

Alexis couldn’t speak. She just sighed in acknowledgement. How did Lily know what she craved? She didn’t know herself. She closed her eyes, wishing Lily would continue to touch her.

“Open your eyes, Alexis,” Lily breathed softly into her ear. Alexis opened her eyes. Lily pressed her lips against Alexis’s neck. “Now, I want you to look at the man on the mattress. He wants you, as I want you. However, for tonight, he owns you, Alexis, owns you body and soul, and you will not disappoint him. You will respond to his every need, and you will learn not only how to please him, but more importantly, you will learn to understand your own needs.”

Alexis felt the power of his eyes touch every layer of her exposed skin. They drew her to him, and when she met them, the intensity

within their depths pierced her with his lust. She felt giddy, out of control. She swayed backward into Lily, who pushed her upright with her own body while she reached around Alexis to pull on her already erect nipples. Lily's fingers caressed her flat stomach before they inched lower to slip into the waistband of the costume she still wore. With little effort, the sheer, wispy material was torn from her body to expose the wet swollen mound between her legs. Forcing her legs farther apart, Lily's fingers spread the soft pink lips of Alexis's pussy to expose her puffy pink clit. Alexis moaned softly.

The man on the mattress smiled, and the smooth, deep male voice spoke for the first time. "As usual, Lily, you have not disappointed me." He transferred his gaze back to Alexis. "I can take it from here, thank you."

* * * *

Lily thought she must have heard him wrong, but one look at his face told her otherwise. He was dismissing her like one would a school girl. She was not accustomed to being told to leave without being allowed to play. She had always been an active participant in the beginning of any evening that Jackson requested. She wanted him to use her in the most depraved ways while Alexis watched or vice versa. However, she had no choice but to abide by his wishes. Oh, Alexis, she thought, you have no idea what this man is capable of. How I wish I were you just for tonight.

Jackson was responsible for some of the most intense orgasms she had ever experienced in her life. She was jealous of the other girls that served his needs, and yet she knew without them he would have never returned to her. She also knew it was a distinct possibility that each time he left her establishment she would never see him again. So, when she had received his call after months of not hearing from him, her heart had jumped. She hoped that this time he would want her, only her. However, he had other plans for his evening. He wanted

someone new and different to surprise him. She knew better than to disappoint him.

Lily removed her fingers from between the folds of Alexis's warm skin. However, before she left the room, she walked around to stand in front of the girl, purposely blocking Jackson's view. She leaned in and whispered for Alexis's ears only, "You will want him like you've never wanted a man before, and he will give you what you crave, but that is all he will give you, little one. Don't expect more."

Lily's fingers found one of Alexis's nipples and gave it a cruel twist, causing the girl to whimper softly before she cupped her pussy roughly, her middle finger stabbing Alexis's clit without mercy. Without a backward glance, she left the room.

Chapter 7

Alexis felt herself sway before catching herself from falling. Her nipple and pussy both throbbed from Lily's anger, an anger that she didn't understand. But then again, she didn't understand anything that had happened to her in the last few hours or why she continued to stand naked in front of a man she didn't know instead of running toward the door and escaping.

"Come to me, Alexis," he said with authority.

His face was long with a strong chin, a Grecian nose and piercing blue eyes. He was one of the most handsome men she had ever seen, but more than that, he was sexy. She imagined, for a moment, how it would feel to have his moustache brush her clit while his tongue found her center. How could she even think of denying him? She literally ached to have him between her legs. Alexis couldn't believe her own thoughts. My God, who or what had she become in the span of only a few hours? She felt like she was having an out of body experience as she responded to his command, her body moving of its own violation closer to where he was waiting for her. And yet, she hesitated because some part of her was still sane enough to struggle against the insanity she was embracing.

"Alexis," he said softly but more firmly. "Come to me, now."

A puppet to the voice that pulled her toward him, she lost whatever sense she had left and crawled onto the bed where he waited.

"Take off my shirt, Alexis," he breathed into her hair, lifting himself from the pillows.

Her fingers fumbled with the buttons. He waited patiently. At last her inept fingers had released each button. Eagerly, she pushed the shirt back to reveal his smooth chest with hair around each areola that she couldn't help but kiss.

"My sweet little slut," he groaned, his voice thick with lust.

Empowered from his reaction, she suckled each nipple, moving her lips upward to kiss his neck, pressing her breasts against him as she traversed his body. Groaning, he cursed under his breath before he dug his fingers into her arms, lifting her from him to push her back into the bed, his body covering hers, the roughness of his pants rubbing against her tender skin. One hand slipped behind her head, pulling her hair as he forced her head back farther, his lips inches from her own, while the other hand cupped her pussy.

"Please," she moaned.

"Please what, Alexis?" He watched her, waiting for her response.

Whimpering, she closed her eyes. She knew instinctively what he expected her to say and why.

"You'll get nothing from me, Alexis, nothing, unless you tell me what you want. I'm not a patient man."

The last sentence was said evenly with no warmth, and she had no doubt as to its truth. His fingers tightened in her hair, not painfully, but forcefully.

Her eyes fluttered open. She looked up into his face, his jaw tense, his eyes dark, hard. Nothing could have prepared her for the desire that flew between them, feeding off the other, growing hotter, until she felt there was no separation between them physically or mentally.

Should she be afraid of him? Yes, she should, but her body didn't care. All it knew was that he belonged deep inside of her. She wanted to feel his orgasm.

"Please, I want you...I need you...please..." She hesitated to say the words, but knew that he would take nothing less. "Fuck me." And for some reason, possibly because she didn't know his name, she said, "Sir."

His mouth came down on hers hard, forcing her mouth to open wider. His tongue attacked her softness, the hand in her hair lifting her up from the bed possessively, roughly grinding her into him. She couldn't breathe, but she didn't care. Finally, he pushed her away from him. She fell back on the bed, her mouth swollen and the ache inside of her even more painful.

Lifting himself from her, he rose to his knees to unbuckle his belt and remove it from his pant loops. He held it in front of her, caressing her breasts with the leather, then pulling it tight before he dropped it beside her on the bed. Next, he swung his feet over the side of the bed to kick off his shoes and remove his socks before he stood to drop his pants and underwear, leaving them where they fell. She stared at him. Her eyes devoured his perfection, from his muscled legs and arms to his large, thick penis that she knew was hard for her. His features were so symmetrical and so riveting with his dark hair, blue eyes, warm complexion, and strong jaw line that she wouldn't have been surprised to learn that he was descended from pirates or gypsies, or possibly even Roman gladiators.

Back on the bed, he straddled her lower body, his penis rubbing against the curve of her belly, his eyes enjoying the liquid signs of her lust for him. He kneaded her full breasts with his fingers and worked her hard nipples by twisting and pulling on them, practically lifting her from the bed. She whimpered from the pain, but her pussy dripped its juice as she continued to respond to a form of lovemaking she found foreign but insanely intoxicating.

Finally his head lowered, and his lips began to slowly suck, lick, and gently nip her bruised nipples with his teeth. Her soft moans seemed to intensify his desire. She felt his arms snake around the lower part of her back and then lift her upward from her butt. He ground her wet clit into his cock, forcing even more erotic sensations into her already overstimulated pussy, increasing her need for him.

Moaning, she begged him. "Please...oh my God...please, I need you so. You're killing me," she added, breathless.

“Am I?” he breathed. “Or am I the one dying the most tortuous death of all?” He spoke into her hair before he rolled onto his back, bringing her body down on top of him. She felt his cock pressed against her pussy. It was hot and so hard, and she wanted it inside her desperately. She lifted her butt, but he grabbed her cheeks, pushing her down. “Not yet, my sweet slut.”

His sweet slut. That was a term that should and would have normally angered her. So, why didn't it? Was it because she could hardly formulate a thought, that her brain was mush and her body on fire with a passion so intensely erotic she was like a wild animal seeking to quench the flames with whatever means were available? She didn't care about anything, except him fucking her senseless.

Moving on instinct, she slid down his body as she thought about the two women she had watched in the first room. Copying what they had done, she stroked his cock rhythmically while using her tongue as a chaser. He moaned, propping himself up on one arm, his eyes never leaving the sight of her hands and mouth on his cock.

“Lily was right,” he groaned. “You are not only exceptionally beautiful but quite skilled.”

She lowered her eyes from the intensity of his gaze, feeling happy that she had pleased him while at the same time feeling shy from his words.

* * * *

If he had not known better, he would have sworn she blushed. She played the innocent perfectly, not that he had asked Lily for a woman with those skills. No, he had just said, “Surprise me.”

But obviously, Lily really did know what he wanted better than he did himself because he wanted the innocence of Alexis coupled with her wanton desire and would have fucked her the moment Lily left the room except he wanted to prolong her first performance. The anticipation of filling her body with his own was building to a

crescendo that had the potential to be one hell of an orgasm. He continued to watch her tongue work his cock, her fingers caressing it, jerking it off with expert precision. Just before he was about to come, he lifted her mouth off his cock to drag her beautiful body upward until he brought her down on him, his mouth covering her lips in a kiss that was long and suffocating.

He tore gently at her skin, bringing her against his hardness, until with one final thrust, he had forced himself full inside her, stretching her enough to make her gasp. Taking his lead, she began to ride him. He watched as she arched her back and her long blonde hair touched his legs.

He grabbed her nipples with his fingers and used them to pull her down to him where he took each one into his mouth, biting and twisting it between his teeth only to then draw them into the warmth of his mouth where his tongue tenderly licked the swollen protrusions.

She was magnificent. Her body fit his to perfection, and he wanted her like no other woman he had been with.

Chapter 8

Alexis had never had a man use her body with such wild abandon. The pain and then pleasure that shot through her came so hard and fast it took her breath away. Her eyes flew open to meet his. He held them, not allowing her to look away. His lips gently caressed her nipples with his tongue while his cock continued to fill her, expanding to give her wave after wave of pleasure. Nothing could have prepared her for him or the experience of the all-consuming orgasm that not only shook her to her very core but negated her mind's ability to function on any level that was not carnal.

She couldn't get enough of him as each thrust of his hardness penetrated deeper until she cried out like an animal being torn apart. She was being devoured with every stroke and with every breath he took. The explosion of his pleasure filled her, pounded her body without mercy until she went limp, drained of all energy, as if she had died. She fell into him like a rag doll, resting her body against his.

From beneath her lashes, she saw that he too appeared drained. His face looked boyishly relaxed. His eyes were closed, but his arms were wrapped around her body tightly and didn't release their hold. She wondered if it was always like this for him or had it been different with her?

Time didn't exist until she felt him gently move her body away from his, changing positions to lay her next to him. One arm, however, still held her possessively. All she wanted to do was sleep, and for a few moments, she did, or possibly it was a few hours. She woke to find him stroking her breasts, while his mouth greedily fed upon her nipples. He smiled at her.

“You’re exactly the kind of food I need, Alexis, you know that?”
He kissed her lips.

She smiled and curled into him.

The next time she woke, his very hard cock was deep inside her, fucking her slow, his hands cupping her ass. She wanted to taste him. She begged him to let her taste his cum. He complied and moved to the side of the bed. She crawled from the bed and stood in front of him. His cock was ready for her. She kissed his hair, his forehead, and his lips, lingering there before she knelt between his legs.

Slowly, she licked his cock, at the same time fondling his balls. Her tongue tasted her own juices. She stretched upward and leaned forward to kiss him on the lips. His arms crushed her to him. She never wanted the kiss to end.

Finally he released her, and she dropped back down onto her knees where she opened her mouth and took him as far inside her mouth as she could. He began to push his cock in and out, fucking her mouth with fluid, even strokes. She sucked harder and faster while her fingers caressed his balls and his rock hard shaft that continued to fuck her mouth relentlessly. She wanted his cum in her mouth. She was shocked because she had never wanted to swallow cum before, but right now, she wanted nothing more than to taste his.

She felt his cock expand in her mouth and his body spasm just before his warm liquid ran down her throat, some spilling from her the corner of her mouth. She swallowed as much of it as she could before pulling away. She couldn’t believe she had done that. She had hated the thought of swallowing a man’s cum. Allen’s cum had made her want to vomit the one time she had tried to please him in that way. But this man could have cum buckets and she would have gladly taken every ounce. She licked him clean, and when she was done, he lifted her gently from the floor and laid her back on the bed beside him. With her head resting against his chest and his arm holding her to him, she fell asleep.

The next time she opened her eyes Lily was sitting next to her on the mattress. Alexis's eyes immediately moved to where he had been lying beside her. Her face must have given away her feelings of disappointment.

"He left," Lily answered her unspoken question. "He was very pleased with your performance." She smiled.

"My performance," Alexis whispered, the beginnings of realization hitting her. "He thinks I'm one of your whores."

Lily stared back at her. "Yes, of course he does. But, that's part of your gift. Now you know that you can please a man like him, and believe me, he's not an easy man to please. You will never lack confidence or settle for anything less than what you deserve." Before Alexis could respond, she said, "I have another gift for you."

She held out her hand toward Alexis. In her palm was a silver ring.

"You're giving me an earring?" Alexis asked incredulously.

"Not exactly an earring." Lily laughed. "No, Alexis, I'm giving you a nipple ring."

Could things get any more bizarre? "What is this, some kind of ritual you perform after a whore's first fuck?"

"Alexis, stop talking like that. You and I both know you're not a whore and most certainly not one of my whores. However, your friends wanted you to experience sex without inhibitions because they don't think you had any idea that sex is supposed to be pleasurable." "How dare they tell you that?" Alex jumped to her feet. "Where are my clothes? I want to go home, and they're not my friends. Friends would never do what they did to me last night." Alexis felt degraded and humiliated, and now a nipple ring would just add to it all. How dare they suggest such a thing?

"You have nothing to fear, Alexis," Lily said softly. "Jennifer, Shelby, and Katie all have had their nipple pierced with a ring exactly like this one. Shelby actually picked them out. It doesn't represent humiliation, Alexis. It represents freedom to choose, to know what

beauty there is in embracing that freedom. This ring is about that and about having friends that care enough about you to want the very best for you because they think you deserve it.”

Alexis was not convinced. She was angry, but if she were truthful, she wasn't as mad at the girls as she was at herself for still wanting that man and more so for wishing he was still with her.

“What the hell?” Alexis sighed. “You make everything sound so right even when it's wrong. But, at this point, why not just embrace the insanity? I'm in it up to my eyeballs.”

The procedure was completed quickly. It hurt a little, but not as much as she thought it would. Lily had rubbed her nipple with something to dull the pain.

* * * *

“Close your eyes and rest for a little while longer,” Lily said softly, watching the young woman's eyes drift shut and her breathing become even.

Gazing down upon her, she moved the sheet back to reveal her perfect little pussy and her to-die-for breasts. She immediately felt desire rise that just reconfirmed why Jackson had been so taken with her. He would have stayed longer, probably would have fucked her again, but she told him that the girl wasn't just his whore, and there was another customer waiting for her to service him. She'd lied, but it was for his own good.

She hadn't told Alexis the whole truth either. It wasn't her place to tell her that her bridesmaids were convinced her upcoming marriage was doomed to a lifetime of mediocrity. According to Shelby, Alexis's non-confrontational nature had applied itself very easily to their lazy, selfish ways. They admitted they had taken advantage of her need to please by allowing her to put them first when they all lived together. Now, however, they wanted to give back to her in the one way they felt could change her life for the better. So they

had brought her to Lily's place to be shown that she deserved more than to simply settle for a life with someone who was considerate to a fault, but had no passion.

Alexis's friends had thought she was just going to experience a little girl-on-girl. However, one look at Alexis and something inside her told her that Alexis's innocence would be Jackson's undoing, that he would love fucking this girl, thinking she was a whore even though she didn't act like one. And as usual, his instincts had been right.

Chapter 9

This time when Alexis opened her, yes, she felt different. She looked to her left to find Shelby sleeping next to Katie, who was sleeping with her hand flung across Jennifer's chest. As she watched them sleep, they began to make movements and noises signaling that they were waking up, too.

Alexis sat up straight, taking in her surroundings. They were back in the private room of the club where they had started their adventure the night before. She shook her head. She felt so strange. She looked down and saw that she was dressed in her own clothes from the night before too.

"What the hell?" Shelby growled, rolling over to lean up on her elbows.

"My thoughts exactly." Jennifer smiled.

"I don't know about you guys, but I think I might be bisexual." Katie groaned.

Laughing, Shelby said, "Well, don't tell the boyfriend this was my idea, and one night with the same sex doesn't make you bisexual." She smiled. "Possibly bi-curious."

"Ya think so, Shelby?" Katie threw a pillow at her.

"How about you, Alexis? Did Lily take good care of you?" Shelby grinned. "Was it worth the trip? You know last night doesn't count against you with Allen. It's not something you have to tell him." She stopped for a moment. "But who knows, he might find it a turn-on. Most men do."

Alexis blushed, memories of the night before washing over her in wave after wave of pleasure. Being with Lily was nothing compared

to being with that man. How could she have allowed him do those things to her? But, more importantly, how could she have done the things she did to him?

“Oh my God, she’s blushing,” Shelby roared. “I knew Lily had to be the best, although, mind you all, I’m not complaining. Marigold was nothing if not thorough!”

The girls all giggled except Alexis, who was still in her own nightmare of mortification.

“We better get going, girls.” Katie yawned. “I think it’s time to return to reality even though last night’s fantasy was incredible.”

“I hope you tipped them all well, Shelby,” Jennifer said while running her hands through her hair, trying to get out a few of the tangles.

“Yes, very well,” Shelby answered. “Enough so that if we ever want to do this again, we won’t have any problem coming back.”

Coming back was the last thing on Alexis’s mind. All she could think about now was Allen. Their marriage was in less than three months. How could she face him? Jennifer was right. It was nothing more than a fantasy, a night that only existed in her mind and nowhere else. None of this was real. It was only a dream. It was then that she felt it, the very real silver ring pierced through her right nipple, rubbing against her bra.

“Oh, and by the way, I now have a nipple ring.”

“Oh good, Lily remembered. Bless her.” Shelby laughed. “We wanted you to have it so you would never forget that you deserve more and should never settle for less.”

“Are you very mad at us, Alexis?” asked Jennifer.

Alexis had to think before she spoke. She was angry, but again, more at herself than anyone. If she were honest with herself, anger wasn’t the only emotion she was feeling. She wouldn’t say she was grateful, but she couldn’t deny that last night she had been immersed in a world of feelings she had no idea existed or were even possible to feel. However, they were feelings that made her want something she

couldn't have, and shouldn't want. Just allowing herself to acknowledge she had those feelings caused her treacherous body to tremble slightly with desire.

"I should hate you all, but I don't. And yes, I will never forget last night, ever," Alexis said softly. Then under her breath for her ears only, she whispered to herself, "For the sake of the man I'm supposed to marry, I hope I can."

Allen had never given her any reason to want to stray. He was such a good man, and he was also the son of her boss, Margie, who was the manager of event planning where she had been hired to coordinate all the local events. Margie was an easygoing, sweet Italian lady from South Philadelphia who mothered everyone she knew. She had been thrilled when Alexis and Allen had started dating after meeting at a dinner party that she had arranged. Alexis had suspected Margie was playing matchmaker, but she didn't mind so much. Living alone with few family ties except her girlfriends, who she didn't see that much anymore, had left Alexis feeling very lonely. And now she had a new family that seemed to love her already and a future that looked anything but lonely.

She and Allen loved animals, loved their Phillies baseball team, and knew where to go on Broad Street to eat warm pretzels right out of the oven just before they were loaded onto the delivery truck. Six months after their first date, he asked her to marry him. Alexis found him warm and charming. She liked that he was so grounded and felt he was an excellent choice for her lifelong companion. She had never had high expectations about anything, so they were not high when it came to love. Her own parents seemed to just tolerate one another. She never saw them display any outward affection, even with their only child. If she could be with someone she actually liked, what did love really matter? Allen was cute, considerate, and didn't make a lot of demands. Even in bed, he was easy to please.

So, again, she questioned herself, why had she allowed that man to use her body? But more importantly, why hadn't she wanted him to stop?

Chapter 10

It had been two weeks since the bachelorette party and Alexis's introduction to the madam of a brothel. The bridesmaid dresses were now in alteration with one more fitting in a month. The girls threatened they were taking her back to Lily's when they returned to Philadelphia, but Alexis told them it would be over her dead body.

Unfortunately, that night and that man were all she could think about. She couldn't forget the way he'd felt inside her, how hard he'd made her orgasm and how he had tasted. She thought about him all the time, even when she was with Allen. God help her, especially when she was with Allen. She felt such guilt, that at times, she found it hard to look her husband-to-be in the eye.

She had tried more than once since her night with that man to let Allen enjoy the pleasure of her mouth and throat. She couldn't do it, and each attempt had been a disaster. She felt humiliated and sorry for Allen. He kept telling her it was all right, but in her heart she knew it wasn't all right. She had begged that man to use her mouth for his pleasure.

The worst part was that now she found herself simply tolerating Allen's touch. She faked orgasm quickly, just to excite him into coming so it would be over. When it was over, she felt horrible about herself, but the worst part was that when she was alone, it didn't take her long to imagine that man inside her, kissing her, and then quenching her thirst with his cum.

Allen appeared to have no idea how she felt or that she was faking. But then again, before now, she hadn't known what an orgasm was, so she had thought whatever she felt was enough. She needed to

get her head on straight and stop thinking about him. The man she needed to concentrate on was Allen. He was a good man. He deserved the best from her.

She should have thrown that nipple ring away her first night back from her weekend with the girls. Surprisingly, Allen hadn't said too much about it. He said he was just glad it wasn't a tattoo. The nipple ring was a reminder that she did not need. So why did she still have it?

Chapter 11

Jackson had taken a flight out the next day after his session with Alexis to Los Angeles to meet with the Human Resources Director on the West Coast. Together they had to implement the layoffs and setup training and new job prospects for those employees affected. Over the next week, he brought each one of his employees into his office and told them personally they were being let go. There were tears, but mostly they understood. He wished they had cursed him out. It would have been easier. His days were filled with anxiety and turmoil, and his nights were filled with Alexis. It was like she came to him from the darkness to kiss away his worries and help him forget, even if it was only for a short time, the employees he had terminated and the impact on their families.

Alexis. Her name was lyrical, and her beauty took his breath away. Those green eyes that had turned dark with desire when he had taken her, the long legs that wrapped so easily around his torso, and those magnificent breasts pushed up hard against his chest were what he dreamed about. When he had kissed her, he felt like he had ceased to exist as himself but had melted into her until they were one person. Never had he experienced an orgasm that shook him like the one he experienced with her.

However, he reminded himself each morning, under a cold shower, Alexis was just another whore who was skilled in her profession. Actually, she was more skilled than most because she was still able to portray the innocent, even when she was sucking cum from his cock as fast as he could dispense it.

He could still hear her moans as she tasted every drop of his cum, licking her lips before opening her mouth wide so that he could see the evidence of his orgasm slide down her throat. He had told Lily to surprise him, and she had done exactly that.

He made it a habit not to see the same girl more than once or twice, and if he did see them twice, it was never two times in a row. Not that he was a man against playing favorites. He just didn't want them to think there was anything more to it than a good fuck or whatever the night brought. Lily, herself, was the exception. She was extremely good with men and women, and when he was looking for two women to satisfy him, it was always better to have Lily there as one of the participants. She knew how to get the best out of her girls and was an expert in all aspects of sexual pleasure. Nothing was beyond Lily's expertise.

Yet, when he watched Lily bring Alexis into the room that night, he had known immediately that he wanted her for himself, without any distractions. He still felt the same way. He wanted Alexis again for the night without anyone else in the room. He knew he would be breaking his own rules, but he needed to get this girl out of his system. He was sure that he would most likely become bored with her before the night was over, and then he could end the night with Lily if she were still available. He was scheduled to be back in Philadelphia the following week. When he was out of the shower, he placed a call to Lily.

Chapter 12

Allen rolled over in bed at Alexis's prompting. His snoring was becoming worse. He didn't stay over every night, thank God, or she would have never gotten any sleep.

Jennifer told her that she had once had a boyfriend that snored, and her mother advised her to invest in a wind tunnel fan because having a fan had kept her marriage to Jennifer's father from ending up in divorce court. Alexis was beginning to think she might need to invest in a fan, but she didn't want to hurt Allen's feelings. Allen's feelings were all she thought about lately.

She felt so guilty about him and his mother and his family. She had betrayed all of them when she had allowed herself to be taken by that man. It was completely her fault for doing the things she did without even the slightest resistance. She knew if he had asked her to eat dirt, in the state she was in, she probably would have and told him she loved it.

Work was her only solace. There she could just lose herself in a variety of different events that needed her attention. She didn't want to think about Allen or anyone. All she wanted to do was put on successful events. So when the phone rang the following week, she assumed it was a caterer or venue calling, not Lily.

"Alexis." The warm English-tea-with-honey voice melted into the phone. "How are you?"

Alexis was stunned. She had never thought she would hear that voice again. "How did you get my cell phone number?"

"It was in your pants pocket when I was helping to dress you. I thought it would be good to have it just in case."

The woman was still so logical, so full of confidence. Lily could sell you insider information and make you think it was legal.

“You shouldn’t have called me. I’m not one of your whores, remember?” Alexis spoke into the telephone indignantly. “We have nothing to say now that all the pistons in my brain are firing so to speak. I mean, I don’t know what kind of wine you gave me, but it must have been on the lines of a date rape drug.”

“Alexis,” Lily breathed into the phone. “You know that’s not true. Not for you or your friends. I would never do such a thing, and to be honest, you were very receptive, Alexis, to all advances. In fact, from what I understand, you were quite aggressive and an active participant, not the wallflower you initially led me to believe you were.”

Alexis’s gasp was audible. “How dare you say such a thing to me?”

“How dare I?” Lily asked, a slight smile in her voice. “I dare because it’s true, and I dare because I feel responsible for the deterioration of your relationship with your fiancé. You need to make sense of what happened between you and my client, but mostly you need to figure out if you can still marry Allen.”

“Allen? How do you know about Allen?” Alexis’s voice was close to hysterical. She hurried from behind her desk to shut her office door. She couldn’t chance anyone overhearing this conversation.

“I make it my business to know the people that frequent my establishment, and I know that during these past couple weeks you have not been able to get my client out of your head. You need to see him again, for your sake and for Allen’s.” Lily paused. “Facing him is the only way you can end it. You know I’m right, Alexis.”

Alexis felt tears building behind her lids as the guilt surfaced and Lily’s words rang true. She sighed, her voice low, guttural. “What do you propose? That I act the whore for him again? That I put my relationship with Allen in even more jeopardy?”

“Now, Alexis... I’ve thought about this a great deal, and I’ve come to the conclusion that the only way to exorcise him from your psyche is to take control of the situation by telling him face-to-face you don’t wish to see him again and to be the one to walk away. That will be your chance to put him in his place and to make the right decision for your impending marriage. Not to mention regain your self-respect.”

For a moment there was silence before Lily continued, “I won’t deny he’s a very important client, but your well-being is important to me, too. Your lesson, although well intentioned, and I believe in many ways extremely successful, was never meant to cause you the loss of your fiancé. Come to the bar this Saturday night. Liam will be waiting for you as he was for you and your friends the last time. He’ll bring you to me, and I will bring you to him and then you can take your life back.”

“I’ll just tell him I’m not interested. That I have a boyfriend and I’m getting married and leaving the business. That I’m putting my whoring ways behind me.”

An ugly laugh escaped her. Bile rose up in her throat, and tears welled up in her eyes. She had reacted to him as a woman, not a whore. She wanted him to know that, but an ugly laugh rolled around in her head. She couldn’t tell him that or anything remotely close to the truth without not only evoking his anger but his disgust for who she really was—a bride-to-be cheating on her fiancé. She wasn’t sure how, but she was sure he would have respected her more as a whore than a cheat. He just didn’t seem the type of man to tolerate a woman’s infidelity.

What he thought shouldn’t be important to her. She had to stay focused on trying to salvage her relationship with Allen. She would have never thought it would be Lily’s voice of reason that gave her hope of doing exactly that. Allen deserved better than to marry a woman who couldn’t get another man out of her head. Somehow, as sick as it sounded, Lily was right. If she faced the man and walked

away from him on her own terms, maybe she could get her old life back.

Breaking the silence, Alexis whispered into the phone, “Okay, I’ll be there.”

“We’ll expect you around eleven on Saturday night.”

Alexis hung up the phone and put her head in her hands, messaging her temples. She needed a few minutes to catch her breath and think about what she had just agreed to and what this meant for her and Allen. Her heart was thumping wildly in her chest. The thought of seeing that man again was making her crazy with desire, but it was also making her angry to think how easily she had allowed a man like him to take control of her actions and use her like a whore. She was being given a chance to take that control back, and that’s exactly what she was going to do.

* * * *

Lily turned off her cell phone. She was taking a huge gamble, but Jackson was worth it. If Alexis told him the truth, Lily knew Jackson would be livid, possibly angry enough to shut down her business regardless of his own involvement. He had a self-righteous streak a mile wide. However, she was gambling on Alexis to walk away from him with her dignity in check without revealing the circumstances surrounding their first meeting. It would do Alexis no good to tell him how she came to be with him at Lily’s Place.

She was betting that Alexis would not want to humiliate herself further by telling him the truth. It wouldn’t change the fact that she had enjoyed every minute of cheating on her fiancé with a stranger. An added benefit was that it would be good for Jackson Craig to be served some humble pie. And of course, she thought happily, she would be right there to comfort him and make him forget all about Alexis.

Lily called Jackson to confirm his appointment. She heard a softness enter his tone of voice when he said Alexis's name, and that put her on edge. It wasn't possible that he could be falling for this girl in one night, this dull-witted twit who was to be married in a few months. No, the woman that would capture his heart would be a daring, dynamic risk-taker who could keep up with his dark desires, a woman worthy of man like him, not that milksop of a girl that had given him one good night of sex that far exceeded what she was really capable of delivering. No, Lily convinced herself, she wouldn't believe it. She was convinced that when all was said and done, Jackson was a man that needed a woman like herself—a woman who could easily fit into the role of his whore, his mistress, and his wife. She was a woman who took chances, and when she really wanted something, she usually always got it.

Chapter 13

Alexis told Allen she was going to a bridal show in Center City and would be staying the night as a guest of the convention center bridal registry. She had thought up the lie at the last minute, but it sounded true, and he had no reason not to believe what she told him. Hopefully, Margie, his mother, wouldn't catch on, since she was pretty busy these days with a multitude of high profile conferences that had taken her away from the office a lot in the last few months. Besides, she wasn't the type to question her almost daughter-in-law about being away from her son on a Saturday night.

The days went by far too quickly, and before Alexis could catch her breath from her busy workload, it was Friday night, the night before she was scheduled to see "that man," as she had come to think of him. Lily never did tell her his name, and it was probably for the best not to put a name with the face.

Allen usually stayed over on Friday night, and this week would be no different. She wore her sexiest nightgown and waited for him to finish brushing his teeth before he came to bed. His touch was considerate and very sweet. Foreplay consisted of a few kisses on her mouth and breasts. Her nipples weren't even hard. She waited, hoping for once that feelings of desire would overwhelm her, but they didn't surface. Instead, she laid there waiting for him to mount her and pump her until he finally ejaculated into his condom. She didn't have the strength to fake it, but instead told him she was incredibly tired. He told her he understood. He got up to clean himself and was back in bed for maybe five minutes when he started snoring. Alexis turned

away from him, moving to the very edge of her side of the bed, and cried silently into her pillow.

The next morning she got up early and made Allen his favorite breakfast. He loved eggs sunny-side up with crisp bacon. He was all smiles when he entered the kitchen and gave her a hug.

“You are the best, you know that?”

“Well, you deserve the best,” she responded, trying to smile when all she felt like doing was crying. He did deserve so much better, and after tonight, she would never do anything to put their happiness in jeopardy again.

She spent the day catching up on laundry and errands before she left the apartment. Allen kissed her sweetly on the lips, thinking she was heading to the hotel for the bridal registry. She almost didn't go, but she had made a commitment to herself, and she needed to see it through. She needed to do this. Ever since she could remember, she had never met adversity in her life head on. Instead, she had sidestepped it. She supposed that was a lesson she had learned from her parents.

Regardless of their differences, she had never heard them raise their voices toward one another. She had always been grateful since so many of her friends were the product of divorce. However, now she wondered if their way had been the best way. The last time she had visited they had seemed so separate from each other and her. Even when she had talked about her volunteer work with the Special Olympics, a cause she felt passionate about, they had shown minimal interest. Ever since that night at Lily's Place, she had begun questioning things in her life she would never have thought to question before. She knew her friends had meant well, but they had no idea of the damage they had done.

She took a taxi to her office where she worked on a few events and watched the clock until it was time to go to Lily's and meet up with the man that had turned her world upside down and would now help her put it right again.

The taxi driver expertly weaved in and out traffic from her office on City Line Avenue to Second Street with the skill of a video race car driver. She tipped him and then stood for a moment looking at the neon sign that spelled “Lily’s Lounge and Games” that was nothing more than a cover for Lily’s Place.

Alexis walked into the familiar bar where there was a large crowd dancing and drinking with the music blaring. Tonight it was just a regular disc jockey that was spinning a combination of jazz and soul. She had tied her hair back in a ponytail and wore a pair of faded jeans with a white tailored button-down shirt with her black leather boots. She had worn no makeup, not even lip gloss. She wasn’t doing this to entice the man. She was doing it to rid herself of the man. She almost laughed because it was all pretty surreal. Just being in the bar again was making her feel strange, not quite like herself. She could not lose her resolve.

Liam touched her shoulder, and as expected, she followed the man who never smiled to the back of the bar and through the door to where the private rooms were located. This time there was no stopping and waiting for Lily. They kept walking until she saw Lily ahead of them in the dim hallway.

Lily hugged her. “You look like a woman on a mission. You know what you have to do.” Her eyes met Alexis’s without a smile.

“Yes. I know exactly what I have to do.”

“I’m counting on it,” Lily voiced under her breath.

“Is he here?” Alexis tried to keep her voice even.

“Yes, just up the hall.”

“Well then, let’s do it.” Alexis took a deep breath.

“I can’t be with you when you tell him, Alexis,” Lily told her as they walked together. “He’s requested that you come to him alone.”

“I knew I would have to face him by myself. It’s really the only way.”

Lily stopped in front of a deep mahogany door with a shiny gold handle and door knocker. “Just knock and then go in. Be strong, little

one,” Lily whispered, squeezing Alexis’s hand. “I won’t be far.” Lily walked down the hall and disappeared around the corner.

Alexis stood for a moment, gathered herself, and then knocked on the door, and as Lily had instructed her to do, she opened it and walked into the room, closing the door behind her with a click.

Chapter 14

He was sitting in an armchair near a fireplace filled with logs that burned brightly. She watched him lift his head slowly, as if in a daze or lost in thought, and then put his drink down on the table next to him. Alexis trembled. In the firelight, he appeared even more handsome than she had remembered. He was wearing a soft gray button-down shirt, pressed jeans, and black leather boots. He, too, had dressed down. Why, she screamed inside, did he have to look so damn good?

“Alexis.” He said her name softly. Blue eyes pierced her own, holding them, not allowing her to look away. His voice carried to her, but it was as if he were talking to himself. “You look even more beautiful than I remember.”

He didn’t summon her to him like the last time. Instead, he stood up from the chair and slowly closed the distance between them, without allowing his eyes to ever leave hers. She devoured him through every pore of her being. Realizing she was about to lose her resolve, she closed her eyes quickly. She felt him stop directly in front of her, but he did not reach out to her. She could feel his eyes on her, willing hers to open. Her skin felt strange, taut, like a violin string. She needed to tell him to go fuck himself and then walk out and never see him again. That’s what she needed to do, and the sooner, the better.

She opened her eyes to do exactly that, but before she could open her mouth to speak, his head tilted down in her direction, somewhat hesitantly, as if he were almost afraid to touch her. She was mesmerized by the feel of his lips as they softly brushed hers before

moving to her cheeks, her hair, her ears, her neck and, finally, back again to her lips where his mouth became more insistent, opening hers for his tongue to feel and tease her own.

He yanked her ponytail loose, the band dropping to the floor, allowing her hair to spill out around her shoulders. Both hands slid around her waist and down her hips to grab her buttocks that he deliberately drove forward, forcing her into his hardness.

She gasped upon impact, and so did he. The friction he was creating between them was burning her from the inside out. He pulled back, only to begin unbuttoning her shirt while she just watched through a haze of lust that became more intense with each button that he forced through each buttonhole. He took his time to gently kiss each new area of skin exposed until he saw her nipple ring.

“Something new?”

She didn’t answer, her eyes drifting down to the gift she knew she should have never accepted.

“A token of appreciation from one of your clients?” he asked, an edge creeping into his voice.

She caught her breath. “I guess you could say that, if you think of Lily as a client.”

He took the ring between his lips and tugged on it with his teeth. Alexis enjoyed the erotic sensations he was creating deep in the pit of her stomach.

“Do you want me, Alexis?” His voice sounded sincere, as if her answer were important to him. But how could it be?

She gave the only answer she could. “Yes.”

Ashamed, she knew she wanted him so badly she was willing to throw away her upcoming marriage just to feel his touch. But to him, she was nothing more than a whore to be used for his own pleasure. And why shouldn’t he, she wanted to cry. She was playing the part to perfection. There was no doubt in her mind that she deserved whatever she got from this point forward. He had no idea that she wasn’t one of Lily’s girls.

Funny, everyone always considered her to be the girl that did the right thing. What would they think of her now? Was it simply a part she was playing, or dare she admit that for the first time in her life, she was doing exactly what she wanted

When he lifted her up into his arms, she became pliant, her head drifting to his shoulder, her arms encircling his neck. He hugged her closer, sensing her complete submission, before turning toward the bed that was through an alcove to the right of the fireplace.

He kissed her hair, his lips lingering among its strands before he sat her down gently on the side of the large canopy bed. He tilted her chin upward, his eyes searching hers for possibly her approval. If that was the case, she gladly gave it. With slow, deliberate movements, he first removed her boots and socks so slowly she thought she would scream from the frustration of wanting him so badly. Then, his fingers wound themselves around the button on her jeans that he released with a tug before he unzipped them. Pulling them and her panties roughly out from under her, he pushed them down her legs, kissing her thighs, her knees, and her ankles.

She thought she was going to die from the tension and her need that had made her thighs moist with her own juices. She moaned softly as he laid her back down on the bed. He ripped the lacy bra that barely covered her ample breasts away from her body. Backing away from the bed, the torn piece of material dropping to the floor, he said, his breathing heavy, "God, how could anyone be so beautiful, so desirable? Alexis, I have to have you." He groaned. "I want you now." His eyes were dark and his voice husky.

She arched her back, lifting her breasts higher, urging her hard nipples to point upward in response to his words. Playing with her nipples, she pulled them toward her, lowering her head to lick her own nipples. She reveled in the deep groan of desire she heard escape his lips while he quickly dispensed with his clothing that ended up in a pile beside hers. He was completely naked, his shaft long, hard, thick, and erect. Alexis lifted herself off the bed to come to stand in

front of him, her legs parted, and then, as she had before, without thought, she simply dropped to her knees before him.

She spread her legs open to reveal her completely shaved pussy that dripped for him. She could feel his eyes looking down at her, burning her with his need. She spread her legs wider and cupped her hand around the swollen lips of her desire that belonged totally to him, and began to push her middle finger in between her labia, rubbing her clit. While his eyes continued to torch her flesh with his desire, she pulled her finger away and brought it to her lips.

She looked up at him standing there, tall, dark, muscular, and in total control of her every move. He nodded his approval before she pushed her finger into her mouth to taste her own juices. She watched his cock expand while he stroked it to the same beat she sucked the juices from her finger.

Her eyes begged him as she mouthed the word, "Please." She was ready for him to take her fast and rough, but she was to learn that wasn't his plan.

Lifting her from her knees, he not so gently pushed her back down on the bed. He caressed her inner thighs while spreading them far enough apart to give his fingers free access to manipulate her wetness, stroking her clit methodically. She lifted slightly when he pushed two fingers deep inside her. She moaned, lying back against the bed, biting her lip, practically drawing blood.

And then, to her shock, his fingers were replaced by his mouth. Her eyes flew open to see his head between her legs. She gripped the bed sheets while his tongue caressed her most intimate places with skills she had no idea a man could possess. There was no holding back. Alexis's body strained upwards while whimpers of pure ecstasy escaped her lips.

Totally consumed by the experience, it took Alexis a few minutes to recover enough to return to reality. It wasn't like she didn't know what oral sex was. It was just that she had never experienced the feel of a man's tongue and lips on her like this before. Allen had never

once even attempted to kiss her down there. Did this man have any idea what he was doing to her, that he was ruining her for any other man? And that Allen, dear sweet Allen, could never compete with the likes of him? Nor should he have to, she thought soberly. No, Allen was a man with his own merits, and someday he would find a woman worthy of them. She obviously wasn't that woman.

"Alexis." She heard her name spoken from the very lips that had brought her such indescribable pleasure.

"Yes," she breathed. "That was incredible."

He drew himself up and smiled, his blue eyes dark with lust, the usual arrogance missing from the face she knew would haunt her forever.

"It was for me, too." He grinned boyishly. "You bring out the best in me, Alexis."

It was easy to catch his mood that brought a giggle to her lips when she responded, "And you in me."

She moved farther onto the bed, making room for him, her butt exposed for a moment. He playfully smacked it before he hauled her underneath him, the laughter quickly gone from his eyes, replaced by his need for her.

"I want to feel my cock inside my beautiful, seductive cunt."

He entered her in one single thrust, his muscled arms lifting her to drive his cock deeper and deeper, while she lifted her arms to grab onto the bed rails behind her for support. He pounded her body with his, lifting it from the mattress.

"I want every inch of you inside me, making me yours," she whispered.

The words she spoke were true, but nevertheless, they made her vulnerable to him. If he watched her too closely, he might see that her feelings for him were more than they should be. She quickly closed her eyes, hiding her emotions, hoping he had seen nothing more than her lust for him.

His hand moved her chin upward. “Open your eyes, Alexis,” he demanded. Reluctantly she opened them. “I want you to see what you do to me when I come inside you.” His voice was thick with his need.

Alexis kept her eyes on his face. She wanted nothing more than to see him contort with pleasure and to know that she was responsible.

“Alexis,” he moaned.

Uncontrollable giant spasms shook him. She embraced his body with her own, full with the knowledge that right now she was one with him. She continued to make love to him with her hands and eyes until he collapsed with a sigh on top of her. The rapid beating of his heart pounded against her breast. Gently, she ran her hands through his hair, cooing gentle words under her breath.

Chapter 15

Jackson couldn't remember when he had ever wanted to please a woman the way he wanted to please Alexis. From the moment he had watched her walk into the room, he had acted purely on instinct. Her makeup-less face with those teary green eyes looking at him with such sadness had turned him inside out. Normally he would have let the woman take care of his needs first, but nothing about his reaction to Alexis was normal.

All he could think about was touching her, tasting her, and holding her to him. He wanted to take away her sadness. He knew it was crazy to think a woman like her hadn't experienced every carnal desire in every way possible. But right now he didn't care. Right now all that mattered was that she experienced it with him.

Logically, he also knew that having a man's mouth on her was nothing new for her. And yet, her startled reaction was so real that, when she had come over and over again into his mouth, he felt like he was the first man to give her pleasure in that way.

She could be the most dangerous woman and possibly the most experienced whore he had ever been with, including Lily. No woman, whore or not, had ever made him feel such uncontrollable desire and with so little effort. Even now, the way she was holding him to her, made him want give her things she had no right to expect from him. Pulling away from her, she seemed reluctant to have him leave. There was such innocence about her. If he didn't know better, he would say she actually looked vulnerable lying beneath him with her eyes closed, the translucent skin of her cheeks flushed, and her long blonde curls splayed across the sheet.

His breath caught in his throat as it occurred to him that she looked like an angel, not the whore he had paid to spend the night with him. He wanted more from her, and that he knew without a doubt was not only ludicrous but a flaw in his own character. He could not, no, he would not allow his weakness for this whore to weaken his judgment that she was tearing to shreds with every breath she took.

* * * *

Alexis felt him slip away from her. She didn't like not having him close to her. Opening her eyes, she watched him walk proud and naked toward the bathroom, but before he reached the door, he stopped almost in mid stride. His next words paralyzed her.

"You know," he said over his shoulder, never making eye contact with her, "you're the best fucking whore I've ever been with. I think you might even be better than Lily, and that's saying a lot." A steely quality entered into his voice as he continued, "Oh, and, baby, if you ever need a job reference, I'm your man." With that, he slammed the door.

His words sliced through her heart, bringing pain so severe she doubled over as if he had punched her in the stomach.

"Why do you have to be so cruel?" she whispered to the closed door.

But what would she have him believe? A sob escaped her lips. Wiping away her tears, she strove for control. She didn't want him to know he had made her cry. Besides, he would think it was all an act anyway. All she had to do was make it through this night, and she would never have to see him again. She hated that he made her weak and irrational. It was more than the way he made love, or fucked her, as he would say. Or maybe it wasn't any more than that. She was confused, but mostly, she felt sad and heartbroken.

He walked out of the bathroom with his hair still wet from the shower and a small towel wrapped around his middle. He looked absolutely delicious. Without acknowledging her, he made a beeline for the end table where he finished what was left of his earlier drink in one gulp.

“Good bourbon.” His eyes found hers. “Would you like a drink?”

“Yes, please.” She could use a drink.

“Bourbon okay?”

“Sure.”

She sat up, bringing the sheet along with her to cover her breasts. She watched him pick up the telephone and place an order for breakfast before he made them each a drink. When he had completed his task, he walked over to her.

“Here,” he said, holding the glass in her direction.

Leaning to grab the drink from his hand, the sheet loosened. With a quick tug, he had pulled the silky material away from her breasts, exposing her nipples that, to her embarrassment, had hardened under his perusal.

“Nice tits.” His voice was cold, impersonal. All the warmth she had felt from him such a short time ago was gone. The man admiring her “tits” was now treating her like a common whore.

“Thanks,” Alexis said without emotion, feeling the bourbon burn down her throat.

His hand reached over and twisted first one and the other nipple. “I do like the nipple ring. It becomes a girl like you. It’s probably going to be good for business when you get the guy that wants to put weights on it to see how much pain you can take.”

What was he talking about? She just smiled weakly and drained her glass of bourbon.

He took her glass and, without asking, poured her another drink along with one for himself. “Here.” He handed her another full glass of the warm liquid. “Food should be here shortly. I figured you could use a bite to eat before I have you suck my cock dry.”

“Right,” she whispered before she turned away from him to get up from the bed and walk to the bathroom, totally naked. She had no choice. Plus, she didn’t want him to know how much he had hurt her. After all, she was playing a par as far as he was concerned. She could feel his eyes devouring her, and for a second, she felt empowered. It didn’t last long.

“I’m going to take a shower first,” she informed him before closing the door behind her, but not before she heard him say, “Yes, Lily has trained you well. I expect a clean cunt.”

Leaning against the closed door, she shook from anger and...hurt. She wanted to slap his face and scream profanities. It wasn’t the word itself. It was his tone of voice when he said it, like she meant absolutely nothing to him. He was treating her like he hated her now, when only a few minutes before, she had felt like he was making love to her.

She could see her reflection in the floor-to-ceiling mirror. The woman looking back at her was the very picture of a whore, with her mussed hair and cum glistening slick between her thighs. Her lips were swollen, and she still had the look of having just had sex in her eyes. She wanted to scream. *Just stop it. Don’t think. You’re better off if you don’t think. Just take your shower.*

The water cascaded down her body, mingling with her tears. She couldn’t stop the sobs that shook her body. She was an emotional mess. One minute he had her up so high she thought she was touching heaven, and the next he crashed her down so hard she could feel herself splintering into a thousand pieces. With this man, there was no in between. Turning off the faucet, she tried to gather herself. She knew she was pathetic for still wanting him the way she did, knowing that he couldn’t care less about her. None of it made sense, and yet, here she was, ready to do whatever he wanted. So much for logic and common sense, she thought hopelessly. None of that seemed to matter when she was with him.

Chapter 16

Alex wrapped her body tightly in a white fluffy towel and let her hair hang down her back in wet blonde curls. She opened the bathroom door and walked out to face him with a smile on her face, trying to look carefree and careless for all the good it did her, since he didn't even look up from his plate of food to acknowledge she had walked back in the room.

The aroma of bacon and eggs filled her nostrils immediately. She heard her stomach rumble and growl. She walked quickly to the table that had been set for two and sat down across from him without making eye contact or saying a word. She dug in with gusto into the overflowing plate of food in front of her. She refused to look his way. He had treated her horribly, and she was still smarting from his words. Only after he had put his fork down did he finally break the silence.

"I wasn't sure you would be hungry, but I'm glad I ordered enough food for both of us, since you were obviously famished and I need you to keep up your strength." His voice was light, pleasant, and actually quite civilized.

"I didn't realize it either until I smelled the bacon," she responded in kind, looking over at him for the first time, taking hope that his mood had shifted back to when she had arrived. She should have known better.

"Undo your towel."

"What?"

“Remove your towel, Alexis.” The coldness in his voice froze her heart. However, his next sentence enraged her. “I’m not used to asking a whore like you to do anything more than once.”

“I’m still eating, and what are you going to do if I don’t?” she taunted him, anger in every syllable. “Spank me?” she asked, sarcasm dripping from every word. “Or maybe you’ll just tell Lily that I was a bad girl.” Alexis felt the anger continue to bubble inside her without thought to the consequences. “And then you can watch while she handles what you obviously can’t.”

He catapulted from his chair, a guttural growl escaping from between his clenched teeth, pushing the table and its contents out of his way, utensils, plates, and food flying in every direction. With nothing between them except her towel, he tore it from her body, while at the same time pulling her from the chair. She tried to catch herself from falling but ended up on her knees before him, naked and trembling. He stood looking down at her, his chest heaving in anger, his eyes fierce with a rage that was quickly turning to something else entirely.

“Please,” she whispered, a trickle of fear replacing the anger she had felt moments before.

“Please, did you say?” he breathed, kicking her towel out of his way.

He lifted her by her hard nipples, stretching them. She groaned, rising to her feet quickly to minimize the pain, but to her surprise and chagrin, she felt pleasure, too. Gasping, she cried, “No!”

“You’re mine for now, whore,” his whisper was more of a caress as he continued, “bought and paid for in advance. However,” his voice became hard again, “they never speak to the man paying for them the way you just spoke to me without consequences.”

Letting go of her nipples, he grabbed a chair that had fallen and sat it upright. He sat down and brought her over his lap, her legs dangling, her round firm ass facing him. A resounding slap on her tender cheeks brought a scream of outrage from her lips. “Let me go!”

He held her firmly while his hand delivered another slap across her cheeks, this time even harder. She could feel the heat spread across her cheeks. There was also warmth spreading between her legs that now caused her to squirm against the unyielding hardness of his muscled legs.

“Let you go?” He laughed. “You’re not going anywhere. I’m not done with you yet. You leave when I say you leave.”

Tears filled her eyes. She turned to try and see his face. “I’m not a child. I’m a woman.”

“No,” he agreed, “you’re not a child. You’re a woman whose job it is to please me. So, get on your knees and start doing what you do best.”

She lifted herself from his lap and immediately fell to her knees in front of him, her naked body shivering in anticipation of his next punishment.

He used his foot to spread her legs open, his toe roughly parting her outer labia. “I want your best work tonight, my sweet cunt. Now suck me the way Lily taught you to suck a man’s cock.”

Without waiting for her to even open her mouth, he pushed his cock between her lips and deep into her throat. She didn’t care that he was practically gagging her with the force of his hardness that relentlessly forced itself deeper into her throat. One hand grabbed her hair to twist the strands around his fingers while he brought her head back to open her throat wider. Her eyes widened as his cock pummeled her mouth and her throat until she didn’t think she could bear much more.

He partially pulled out of her mouth, giving her an opportunity to take a breath. “Don’t stop, my sweet little slut, I’m close to coming!”

She greedily sucked him back into her wet warmth while using her hands to jerk his swelling shaft with firm strokes that became faster and faster until she felt the first splash of him against the back of her throat. It felt good. She sucked and licked his cum as it pulsated outward from the tip of his cock. This was the food she had hungered

for. She couldn't get enough of him. He held onto her shoulders for support until he dropped to his knees in front her, shaking, leaning against her.

She wanted to take him into her arms, but she wasn't sure that was what he would want her to do. She knew it was wrong for her to need him like this. But she did. She should want nothing more than to never see him again. And yet, she wanted him more now than ever. So, she continued to kneel, waiting for him to tell her what he wanted her to do next.

When he began to breathe more normally, he stood up and walked away from her toward the bed.

Alexis pulled herself up and went into the bathroom to wash her face and hands. She touched where he had spanked her, feeling the heat of his anger. She knew she had incited that anger with her words. The question was why hadn't she stopped instead of pushing of him to lose control? Was it possible that she had wanted him to use her like this? Ever since that first night at Lily's, when she had watched those men and women pleasure each other with a type of erotic lovemaking that until then had been foreign to her, had she subconsciously wanted to experience it for herself? Lily's Place had awakened a need inside of her she had not known existed and this man filled that need. She was not only exhausted physically but mentally. She was drained from trying to figure out what was happening to her and why she was reacting to this man in ways she would have never thought possible. There were two toothbrushes. She grabbed one. She wasn't sure how he would feel about tasting his own cum from her mouth.

Naked and now exhausted, she climbed into the bed beside him and laid her head down on the pillow next to where he appeared to be sleeping. She felt her eyes close, knowing she should try to stay awake in case he reached for her, but she was so tired.

She was almost asleep when she felt his arms reach for her, drawing her closer to him, his lips kissing the top of her head. Gently

she felt herself being rolled over onto her stomach. She kept her eyes closed, not knowing what to expect. His lips brushed lightly against the cheeks of her buttocks that were still sore from the spanking he had given her. She then felt his weight leave the bed. When he returned, she sighed, content that he had returned to her.

“Oh, my beautiful Alexis,” she heard him whisper, “what am I to do with you?”

Her body jumped slightly as he began to massage her buttocks with a cool, soothing cream. Minutes passed while she enjoyed his fingers that tenderly caressed her. When he stopped, she sighed inwardly. He then pulled her toward him, into his body. She nestled against him. She thought he might take her again, but instead he simply hugged her close to him, as if to comfort her. She felt so at home in his arms. She knew it was her exhausted state of mind playing tricks on her, but for just one moment before she lost consciousness completely, she felt loved.

* * * *

Lily sat in her office observing the monitor in room number five. Jackson would be livid if he knew. She had told him early on in their relationship that she would never spy on him, that she trusted him completely. However, this was different because he was different with this girl. Jackson took his pleasure from giving pain when the experience also brought pleasure. However, he had totally lost control with Alexis, and that wasn't like Jackson. He never lost control. She had known from the way his eyes clung to the girl that she had somehow gotten through to a part of him she herself had tried desperately to find without success. When she had watched his fingers ever so gently rub the reddened cheeks of the girl's ass, she knew without question that he was lost to her.

She was not a vindictive woman, however, she was a very poor loser, and she would be damned if she was going to just hand over the

only man she had wanted in a very long time to Alexis on a silver platter. She had obviously underestimated the girl, a mistake she wouldn't make again.

Chapter 17

“Wake up, Alexis.” Lily’s voice penetrated the fog she was engulfed in. Opening her eyes, she saw Lily’s angry face only inches above her own.

“I said, wake up!”

“Lily?”

“Damn right, it’s Lily, you ungrateful bitch.” Lily’s face was livid with rage.

Awake, Alexis scooted up onto the pillow. “Lily, I’m sorry. It just happened. I can’t explain it.” She sighed with a sob still caught in her throat. “I wish I could, so I would know how to keep it from happening again.”

“Happening again!” she shouted. “You really didn’t think he would want to see you again, did you? I mean, come on, even you can’t be that stupid. And, not only does he not want to see you again, he’s done with me, too, thanks to you. He was one of my best clients.” Lilly walked away and took a pack of cigarettes from her jeans pocket and lit one.

“He doesn’t want to see me again? He said that?” She felt her breath leave her. Had she only imagined the gentleness in his touch before she had slept?

“That’s what he said. Let me see if I can remember his exact words.” Lily looked up into the air, her eyes literally twitching in anger. “He said,” she paused, “I’m done, Lily, done with Alexis and this place. If she’s taught me one thing, it’s that this isn’t working. None of it. You’re a Band-Aid for people like me, and even though I’m still bleeding, I need to heal myself and not rely on whores to lick

my wounds and give me a quick fix that only serves to fuel an addiction I plan to end.” She turned quickly back to where Alexis was still lying on the bed. “Yes, I think that pretty much sums up his last words to me before he walked out the door without so much as a kiss good-bye.”

Alexis closed her eyes and pictured his handsome face from last night when she had first entered the room looking at her with desire. She had felt his anger, but it was his gentle kisses and tender caresses that had led her to believe there was more than just lust between them. How could she have been so stupid to think she was anything more to him than a toy to be discarded when he was through playing with her? Lily’s voice broke through her thoughts.

“I want you out of here, now. Like Jackson, I don’t ever want to see you again.”

Lily yanked open the door and slammed it shut behind her. “Jackson,” Alexis repeated out loud. His name was Jackson.

Chapter 18

“Jackson. Oh, Jackson,” his mother yelled up the staircase.

“Be right there, Mother,” he yelled back.

He had promised to take his mother to church. For him, the Catholic Church, like any church, was simply a way to give people comfort who didn't want to face the prospect of dying without a hereafter. He had found too many reasons not to believe, but he did respect the rights of those who did. He really didn't mind taking her every now and then because he knew it made her happy, and it was a small price to pay on a Sunday morning to see his mother's face light up as she walked into the church hanging on to his arm, with Annie on the other.

This Sunday's sermon started out like so many he had heard over the years, however, this one was hitting a little too close to home. The priest was talking about simplifying one's life by ridding oneself of the excesses, so one could learn how to live with and enjoy a life that was free of the many stresses associated with things and relationships that brought more pain than pleasure. He almost laughed out loud at the priest's choice of words, but of course, he controlled himself for his mother's sake. The priest droned on, the rituals in full swing. He kneeled, sat, and stood like a robot, while he gave in to thoughts of Alexis and the fact that he had become addicted to a woman he paid for sex.

She had caused him to lose control when he was with her, and in her. It was the innocence that she projected through those gloriously sad eyes and lack of sophistication that had initially broken through his defenses. That, combined with her angelic beauty and a body that

could grace the pages of *Playboy*, had, for a moment in time, given him hope of a woman that didn't exist. His indulgence, though short-lived, had given him insight into his own weakness.

The fact that he allowed himself to feel the way he did about Alexis scared and angered him. He hated weakness in himself, and she had made him weak with his need for her. He had wanted to believe there could be more, but when you pay a woman to have sex with you, there's very little chance for anything more than a cold business transaction.

However, his last image of her, sleeping like an angel, naked, his dried cum still visible at the corner of her mouth, had left him anything but cold. Luckily, Lily had come to the rescue and told him that one of Alexis was leaving the area, possibly with one of her favorite clients. Lily said she was never one to stand in the way of a good thing for one of her girls. She hoped that he, Jackson, wouldn't mind.

That was the last time he had visited Lily's place. He knew the only way to take back the control she had taken from him was abstinence. He needed to clear his head and his misguided heart.

It had been six months since he had walked away from her, and he could still see her, feel her, and smell her as if he had just seen her the night before. As much as he had tried, he couldn't stop thinking about her, especially when he was alone, and since his epiphany, he had remained alone. He told himself that his abstinence was his choice, but the fact was, if he were really honest with himself, he was still acting like a drug addict, weak with desire for something that was no good for him.

The organist began to play as the priest walked by their pew with the altar servers to signal that they were now free to leave. Their aisle began to file out of the pew slowly toward the front doors of the church where the priest was waiting to interact with his flock. His mother loved shaking the priest's hand and conversing with him before talking with her friends, who enjoyed doing the same, outside

the church. He knew it would be at least another half hour before he would be able to steer her toward the car and they could be on their way to a nearby restaurant for a late breakfast.

Annie was skipping ahead of them now, stopping only to take the Sunday newsletter handed to her by one of the church volunteers. Jackson smiled. For Annie, it was always simple. Sometimes he envied her carefree existence, and yet, he would have given anything for her to lead the normal life of thirty-year-old woman. Life wasn't fair. Just one more reason he felt religion was a waste of time.

Outside the church, he positioned himself next to a pillar that he could lean against to watch his mother talked animatedly with her friends. Annie stayed close by, twirling in circles. It was then that a woman caught his eye. Her back was to him, but there was something very familiar about her. She was dressed in a medium-length burgundy dress and a short black tailored coat that stopped at her small waist. She was of medium height with shapely legs. Her curly blonde hair was long and tied back into a loose ponytail.

"Alexis!" Annie all but screamed. For a moment, time literally stopped as he waited for the woman he thought he would never see again turn around.

She smiled widely, hugging Annie, who had thrown herself into her arms. "Oh, Annie, it's so good to see you."

"Alexis, you're my friend." Annie laughed.

"Yes, I am." Alexis smiled.

Jackson stood still, not moving. He couldn't take his eyes off her. If it were possible, she was even more beautiful than the last time he had seen her curled up next to him, naked, her body warm against his own. She did, however, look a little thinner, but it only added to her appeal. How, he wondered, did she know his sister, and what was she doing here, at church? This was the last place he would have expected to find her. His confusion mounted as he looked over toward his mother, who had ended her conversation with her friends and was walking toward Annie and Alexis with a big smile on her face. "Oh,

Alexis,” Mrs. Craig said, opening her arms to give her a hug. “What a wonderful surprise! I had no idea we belonged to the same church.”

“It really is a small world,” Alexis said, slipping her arm from Annie’s to receive the older woman’s warm hug.

“You look wonderful, dear. We’ve missed you.”

“Thank you. I’ve missed you, too. I was away for a while, but I’m back, and I hope that we can get together for lunch soon, the three of us.” She smiled, looking at Annie.

“Why wait for lunch when you could go to breakfast with us now?” Jackson’s smooth, deep voice broke into the conversation from behind Alexis.

“What a wonderful idea! I don’t think you’ve met my son, Jackson.” Jackson walked over to stand beside his mother. She slid her arm through her son’s. “And Jackson,” she smiled at her son before turning to Alexis, “this is Alexis. She was Annie’s sponsor during the last Special Olympics.”

Chapter 19

Alexis felt faint. She took a deep breath before facing the male voice that she knew could only belong to one man.

Jackson Craig reached out to take Alexis's hand in his. The touch of his skin was intoxicating. She held herself stiff, trying to show no emotion. He was the picture of sophistication in his dark blue suit that fit him to perfection and did absolutely everything to enhance his already handsome features and muscular body. His voice that had sounded almost friendly was in sharp contrast to the cold steely blue eyes that looked into hers.

"That's so nice of you to invite me for breakfast." She used all her strength to tear her eyes away from Jackson's mesmerizing, cold stare to speak directly to Mrs. Craig. "But I can't impose on you all like this at the last minute. Maybe another time."

"No!" Annie pouted, leaning into Alexis. "You were supposed to visit before, remember? Please, please, Alexis, come to breakfast with us."

"It appears that Annie feels very strongly about you having breakfast with us." He smiled, his eyes still cold, his voice sharp. "I'm sure though, if you don't have the time, it's understandable. Obviously Annie's been waiting to see you for some time and can certainly wait a little longer."

"Jackson! For goodness sakes." Mrs. Craig sounded embarrassed. "We don't want Alexis to feel she has to go with us. And Annie's just fine." She gave her son a quizzical look.

"Please, Alexis, don't you want to eat breakfast with me?" Annie asked, her eyes looking imploringly into Alexis's.

What a bastard he was. Using his sister to get to her, to make her feel like a heel. How could she say no to Annie, who had no idea that her brother was the reason she had left her fiancé, left her job, and left town to live with her friend Jennifer for the past six months? No, Annie was a sweet young woman who didn't need to be made to understand the cruel complexities of life.

"Well, how could I turn down such a lovely invitation?" Alexis tried to laugh, smiling at Annie. She met Jackson's eyes with disdain. "Of course, I'll have breakfast with you."

"Good," Jackson said. "We are a family that's used to getting what we want."

"Now, Jackson," Mrs. Craig said with a laugh, "you make us sound like that family on television, the Sopranos."

Jackson smiled. "Yes, I do remember that you really liked that series, *Mother*, regardless of the church's view and scenes that, from what I've been told, could make your hair curl."

"For goodness sake, Jackson." She shook her head and reached up to ruffle her son's hair to soften the edge in her voice. Turning to Alexis, she laughed. "Although he's always been a bit of a tease, we forgive him since he's such a good son and brother, right, Annie?"

"I love Jackson." Annie beamed, looking over to where her brother stood so stiff and formal.

Mrs. Craig smiled. "Alexis, would you like to follow us in your car, dear?"

"Well, I only live around the corner from here, so I walked over."

"That's perfect, we can all ride together." Mrs. Craig smiled as she and Jackson fell into step behind Annie, who was pulling Alexis's hand, talking to her about everything and anything that came into her childlike mind.

* * * *

Mrs. Craig leaned into her son, who was intently watching his sister and Alexis. “Alexis is such a lovely young woman. She was so good with Annie during the Special Olympics. She has a kindness about her, don’t you feel it?”

Jackson shook his head. “You know, Mother, people aren’t always what they seem. You and Annie are far too trusting.”

“Oh, Jackson, stop being so jaded. What’s gotten into you this morning? Alexis is exactly what she seems and, for your sister’s sake, don’t give her the third degree, like you are prone to do when Annie has a new person come into her life.”

Jackson just smiled at his mother, but inside he was seething. Could his mother really be that bad a judge of character? But how could he really blame her for falling victim to a woman so skilled in making people believe what they wanted to believe? She was an amazing actress. Unfortunately, Annie appeared to adore Alexis, hugging her and hanging onto the woman’s every word. The bottom line was that she didn’t fool him. The last thing he wanted was a paid whore, correction, *his* paid whore, to further endear herself to his family. His job was to protect the people he loved, and he was going to make sure that this breakfast was the last time she would ever see them.

Chapter 20

Breakfast consisted mostly of Annie talking nonstop about swimming and running and how many medals she had won in the last Special Olympics. Alexis watched as Jackson just leaned back in his seat and quietly observed her interaction with his family. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the down turn of his mouth in disapproval when Annie gave her a bear hug in response to a comment she made regarding the young woman's hairstyle that had added length to her round face. Although her nerves were on edge to be in Jackson's company, Alexis enjoyed the warmth of his mother's and sister's conversation. She told them stories of her first Olympics when she and her ward had been late for events and even showed up for the wrong events because she had inadvertently been given one of a set of twins and the schedule she was given and the twin just didn't match. They all laughed at Alexis as she mimicked the angry mother telling her she "would never be allowed to serve again." And, if she did, it would be over her dead body.

However, instead of intimidating her into never volunteering again, she had wanted to prove, even if only to herself, that she was more than capable and that the year before had just been a fluke. She told them that she had thanked her lucky stars that she had been assigned to Annie.

"We had fun!" Annie giggled, leaning her head against Alexis's shoulder.

"Yes, we did have fun, and you were awesome." Alexis smiled, kissing Annie's cheek.

“Well, I hope you’re going to volunteer again this year, Alexis,” Mrs. Craig said hopefully.

“I’m actually looking for a job right now, and depending on my hours and all, I can’t really make any commitments. But I would really like to volunteer again.”

“You’re not still working with your mother-in-law, or soon-to-be mother-in-law?” Mrs. Craig said, sipping the last of her coffee. “I remember you gave me your card. I have it somewhere, I’m sure.”

Alexis really didn’t want to say too much in front of Jackson, however, she couldn’t be rude and not answer Mrs. Craig’s question. “I was engaged, and now I’m not, and....” She hesitated.

“Oh, my dear. I’m so sorry. Say no more. I had no idea. Please forgive me for asking.”

“Oh, no, don’t feel that way. How could you know? The truth is once Allen and I broke up, it was very awkward working for his mother. It made sense to leave.”

“Of course it did, and I am so sorry.” Mrs. Craig put her hand on Alexis’s. “No more talk about that.” She smiled. “I’m sure Annie would love to tell us about the events she wants to participate in this year,” she said looking at her daughter, who perked up immediately.

Alexis couldn’t avoid meeting the icy blue eyes that she could feel boring a whole through her. Now that he knew, she could only imagine what he must think of her. But why should she care? He already thought the worst of her anyway. She looked away quickly from his accusing stare to focus on Annie, who chatted with happiness at being the center of attention.

A half hour later they were piling into a black Mercedes. Jackson was driving, Mrs. Craig in the front next to him, and Annie and Alexis in the backseat, chatting happily.

Mrs. Craig peered out the window and then looked over at her son. “Jackson, I thought you were taking Alexis home first, not us?”

“You know, Mother, I must be on automatic pilot.” He laughed. “But if it’s okay, since we’re almost there, I’ll just drop you and

Annie off first and then I'll take Alexis home." He smiled. Looking into the rearview mirror, he caught Alexis's startled look. "You don't mind, do you, Alexis?"

Of course she minded, and he knew that she would. He had been given a good earful at breakfast, and now he knew more about her than she had ever intended. But once again, she was at his mercy. What choice did she have but to go along with him? It wouldn't be right to upset Annie or Mrs. Craig by refusing him.

"Of course that's fine. I don't mind at all." She kept her voice even and pleasant.

"Good."

She could see the grin that never reached his eyes as he observed her once again in the rearview mirror. She lowered her eyes quickly. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of seeing the feelings she knew she couldn't hide. The prospect of spending time alone with him was something she had once dreamed about, but now she felt only dread for what she knew was to come.

It wasn't long before they pulled into a gated driveway that took them down a winding road surrounded by tall trees on either side. The house that came into view was by anyone's standard a mansion. Massive grounds surrounded the house with woods in the distance. White pillars graced each side of the large double front doors. When the car finally came to a stop, Alexis slid out from the backseat after Annie.

Mrs. Craig left the door open on the passenger side of the car after Jackson helped her from her seat. "Come along, Annie, we have to let Alexis go now."

"Bye, Alexis." Annie hugged Alexis tightly.

"See you again soon." She smiled as Annie released her.

Mrs. Craig gave her a quick hug. "Now, don't you be a stranger. I expect to see you very soon. Here's my card with my cell phone number."

Alexis took the card with a bright smile. Turning, trepidation in each step, she walked slowly back to the car and slid into the front seat as Jackson shut the door behind her. She waved good-bye while forcing a smile for Annie and Mrs. Craig. Jackson walked back around the car to the driver's side, where he buckled his seat belt before restarting the engine. Without a word, he turned the car back down the long driveway, leaving Annie and Mrs. Craig smiling and waving happily behind them.

Chapter 21

Alexis sneaked a look at Jackson from beneath her eyelashes. It seemed every time she saw him he looked even more handsome, more sexy, more everything. The car turned sharply, digging up the gravel from the shoulder of the road before catapulting onto the main highway. Silence. He wouldn't even turn on the radio. His feigned disinterest was killing her. She could hardly sit still in anticipation of the questions and verbal tongue-lashing she was sure he was soon to deliver.

She tried to appear cool and calm, but her whole body was trembling from being so close to him. She hadn't seen him since she had fallen asleep naked next to him almost six months ago, and yet, the sexual hold he had on her was every bit as strong now as it had been then. Ashamed, she felt wetness seep from between her legs into her panties, confirmation as to exactly how out of control she was when she was near him.

She bit her lip hard, almost drawing blood. She needed to distract herself from her unnatural attraction to a man who so obviously saw her as nothing more than sexual fast food to be devoured and then forgotten.

Turning her head, she looked out the window and away from the danger he represented. He was inside of her head and her body, pulling strings without even trying. With a start, she realized that they had turned onto the bypass that was taking them away from the road leading back to the church and instead were heading toward the mountains.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked sharply.

“I thought it would be nice to take a little ride to a place I know where we could have some privacy.”

“We don’t need any more privacy than what we have right now, Jackson,” she breathed, glaring at his profile, her head beginning to pound.

“Oh, but I think we do, Alexis.” He smiled without it reaching those eyes of his that were glued to the road.

“Jackson, please...”

“Please, a word you know quite well, wouldn’t you say, Alexis? Let me see, what did I like best? Hmm...I think ‘please let me suck your cock dry’ or ‘please fuck me now’ were nice. So, what is it, Alexis? Please what?” His voice sounded husky, throaty, his desire for her evident in every syllable.

Her panties were now soaked, her thighs becoming slick with her need for him.

“Please take me home,” she whispered, knowing her traitorous body wanted anything but that to happen.

“Why don’t I think you mean that? Why is it I think that what you really want is to suck my cock like the good little cocksucker that you are? You know your business, I’ll give you that.”

Alexis groaned and closed her eyes. She knew it was useless to argue with him. He was in control, and she was his to do with as he wished. She had been his to do with as he wished since the first moment she had looked into his eyes. If he pulled over to the side of the road this minute and lifted her skirt, tore her panties away, and spread her legs, she would freely give herself to him and be the whore he accused of her being. She would give him whatever he desired, and she knew without a doubt that she would enjoy it.

She opened her eyes to look out the window to see the landscape had changed from towns to nothing but farms and trees. God, how she wanted him and how she wished she didn’t.

They drove for at least an hour without speaking before she heard him use his cell phone to tell his mother not to worry, that something

had come up at work and he wouldn't be home until tomorrow. He ended the call with "Love you, too, Mother."

"You love your mother, and yet you lie to her. Do you do it often?"

"No, actually I don't lie to her at all. I consider this one of those little white lies that's needed to protect her from certain unpleasanties, of which you are one."

She knew she shouldn't let his words get to her, but she was an emotional mess. Before she could stop herself, the words that she knew would seal her fate were unleashed. "That just wouldn't do, would it? You know, for your Mother to find out that her son likes to keep company with whores and especially one in particular." Her lack of forethought continued as her fingers slide up the back of his neck in a caress. "One who not only gave her son a world class cocksucking and swallowed every drop of his cum, but also enjoyed letting him fuck to the tune of thousands of dollars."

Alexis had no idea what Lily charged, but she now imagined, having seen the family home, that he could afford whatever ridiculous amount Lily chose to impose for services rendered. She felt empowered speaking to him like this, even though the vein on the side of his head had started throbbing.

Taking no heed, she continued. "I'm sure your mother would be quite taken aback to know that her doting son was really no more than a common John who had to pay for sex."

"You little bitch," he said through gritted teeth, his knuckles white on the steering wheel.

She couldn't imagine what possessed her, but she undid her seat belt to get closer to him so she could reach down and rub his cock that she felt throb under her palm.

"Should I start now, sir?" she purred. "Or would you prefer I wait until we've reached our destination?"

He made a quick right turn down the next exit ramp. He swerved into a diner with a gravel parking lot that bordered on a stretch of

woods. Smiling, she knew she had gotten to him from the look of pure murder on his face. Antagonizing him further wasn't necessary, nor did she feel it was advisable. She slid back onto her side of the seat and proceeded to buckle up. However, he had other plans.

He stopped the car with a jerk near the trees at the edge of the parking lot, unbuckled his own seat belt and then turned to her. Without saying a word, he grabbed her ponytail, wrapping it around his hand. "Take off the seat belt," he ordered.

"Jackson, is this really necessary?" She tried to keep the panic out of her voice. Had she really thought he was just going to verbally assault her for the way she spoke to him about his mother? She released her seat belt.

For a moment, before he pushed her forward and down to bring her face into his crotch where his hard cock was waiting for her, he simply looked at her, his eyes resting on her full lips and then her eyes. She wanted to say something to salvage a small part of what was left of her dignity, but the moment passed, and with a tug on her hair, he shoved her mouth down hard on his waiting cock that he had pulled from his pants. She began sucking him, throating him to the best of her ability, her lips tasting his pre-cum, something she thought she would never taste again.

She licked him like an ice cream cone while she fondled his balls. Over and over, she let her tongue slide up and down the ridges of his shaft that she moaned into while he watched her every move from beneath his hooded eyes. It excited her to give him a blowjob like this, in the car, in a parking lot. God, did that make her an exhibitionist? She certainly had never thought of herself as one. But then again, she had never thought of herself as a man's whore before either.

His right hand crept between her legs to finger her clit through the leg of her panties. She was so wet. He was feeling her need, and she loved it. She wiggled into his hand, pressing herself against his fingers. She knew he was getting close to orgasm. She felt the swell

of his cock and his body go rigid just before he groaned and the first cords of his cum hit the back of her throat. She never removed her mouth until he pushed her head away.

“Son of a bitch,” he breathed, “you trying to kill me?”

Alexis smiled, thinking to herself that killing him was not on her agenda. She licked her lips, enjoying the taste of him. She felt his eyes on her mouth.

“Now, Alexis.” His voice was slightly deeper. “Now you can milk my cock and clean me.”

Without hesitating, she went back down on his now somewhat limp cock and suckled out whatever cum might be left. Gently she licked him, cleaning him with her tongue. When she had completed her task, she helped him with his pants before moving back to the passenger side of the car where she buckled her seat belt in silence. She should be ashamed of what she had just done, angering him into giving her what she had wanted. She needed him to want her, and if anger had to be the catalyst, so be it for now. She knew it was crazy, but when she was with him she became someone else, or she thought, do I become the woman I really am? How far would she fall, she wondered, to keep him from leaving her again?

Back on the highway, he kept his eyes focused on the road. He seemed much more relaxed and even tried to make some small talk with her about the weather and the music that he had turned on the radio. She answered him in kind, keeping things light, acting as if they were a normal couple on a Sunday drive. An act that was as far from the truth as the circumstances that had brought them together in the first place.

Finally he pulled into a road leading to a gated community where the guard reviewed his identification card before allowing them to enter. She could see a lake in the distance between the trees. They traveled down a road that curved first to the right and then the left without stopping until he made a sharp turn into a blind driveway. The narrow road ended in front of a very large house with a log

facade that gave it a rustic charm. It was beautiful and totally secluded from the world.

“Follow me, Alexis,” Jackson ordered as he swung the car door open and headed up the path to the house. Opening her own door, she did as he said and followed him through the front door that he had left open for her. Inside, she walked quickly through the large foyer, following his footsteps that stopped in a high-ceilinged room painted dark green with knotty pine accents everywhere, including the doors, trim, and furniture. It was gorgeous. There was a huge winding staircase in its center leading to the upper floor. Through one of the bay windows, near the back of the room, she could see a lake front deck that mirrored the length of the room. It was a magnificent home, and it belonged to him.

Chapter 22

Jackson threw his coat and suit jacket down on one of the many sofas littering the room and then began to undo his tie, letting it fall to the floor. Following his lead, she let her own jacket drop to the floor. Trembling, she went to him and turned, moving her hair away from her neck, waiting for him to unzip her dress. She hated herself for being so weak, but why fight what she knew was a losing battle? She wanted him inside her. She had wanted it from the moment she heard his voice at the church. She felt the touch of his fingers move down her back as he opened her dress.

Shrugging her shoulders, she let the dress fall in a pile at her feet, leaving her in only a white bra, half-slip, and panties. He unhooked her bra and then she turned to him, letting it fall from her breasts so he could view their fullness and the strawberry-colored nipples that pointed in his direction. His eyes feasted on her offering as he quickly unbuttoned his shirt, exposing his muscled chest. She leaned into him to kiss his nipples while she pushed his shirt from his body and down his arms. Lowering herself to her knees, she began to unbuckle his belt.

“Not yet,” was all he said. She stopped.

“There’s a full bathroom with a shower down the hall past the staircase, second door on your right. When you’re done, I’ll be here waiting for you.”

She nodded, rising from her knees, and without looking back, followed his directions.

The warm water felt good against her skin. She let her hair hang wet and long down her back as she had the last time they had been

together. In the medicine cabinet, she found a brand new toothbrush still in its box. She used it before she wrapped herself in a towel that she was sure Jackson would take pleasure in pulling from her body. She walked barefoot back to the room where she'd left him. He was sitting on a brown leather sofa, bare-chested but still wearing his pants, with a drink in his hand. He had poured one for her, too. He handed it to her as she came to sit beside him.

"Why did you come back, Alexis?"

"Here, as in this room?" she asked.

"Don't play coy with me, Alexis. It doesn't become you. You know what I mean. Why did you come back to Philadelphia?"

"It's my home. Why? What does it matter?"

"In the long run, I'm sure it doesn't matter at all. However, I am surprised that you chose to return to a place you couldn't wait to leave. Lily told me you had moved, but she didn't say where. She led me to believe it was with a client. Was the man my mother asked you about, the one you call your fiancé, a client?"

"No, he was not. And I left by myself, alone."

"Well, regardless of your reason, you're here now."

Alexis looked down. "I'm here," she whispered, "because you want me to be here."

"What I want, Alexis," he paused, lifting her chin so that she was forced to look at him, "is for you to continue undressing me."

Alexis put down her drink on an end table and then dropped to her knees in front of him. She unzipped his pants and dragged them and his underwear out from under him and down his legs to expose his rock hard cock that she sucked deeply into her mouth while her fingers caressed the shaft. A guttural groan of pleasure burst from his lips. With an even deeper groan, he gently pushed her away from his cock.

He stood up, causing her to fall backwards onto the fluffy white rug behind her.

"Don't move," she heard him growl.

Lying there, looking up at him, she held her breath as he stood above her, while his eyes sucked the life out of her body. “Take off that towel,” he ordered. Doing as she was told, she stripped herself of the towel quickly. Her body shivered from the heat that pierced between her legs, making her moan softly in anticipation. She parted her legs wider, her fingers pressing into herself, opening her inner and outer labia for his pleasure and her own. Her eyes begged him to take her quickly.

“Tell me what you want, Alexis.”

He knew what she wanted, but that was his way, wasn't it?

“Say it, Alexis.” His voice softened, and that was her undoing.

“I want you, Jackson. I want you. Please...” Her voice became stronger. “Please.”

“Tell me what you want me to do.” He bent down beside her, his face now inches from her own. “Tell me exactly what you want me to do.”

One arm slipped behind her back and lifted her toward him, her hard nipples pressing into his chest. His other hand reached behind her head to wrap the silky strands around his hand, pulling her head backward, forcing her breasts to jut outward to become even more prominent.

“Say it,” he ordered, gripping her hair more tightly.

She felt her juices run down her thighs. “I want you inside me. I need you to fuck me,” she cried.

Instantly, his body covered hers, and with one deep thrust, he filled her with himself, giving her what she had asked for. She moaned his name, her body rising to meet his. There was no thought, no understanding of anything except this need that had overtaken every part of her being. It forced her to respond to him like a wild animal, thrusting her body upwards, while her nails left marks down his back as she tried to hold onto him. His mouth devoured hers, his tongue plundering her softness with the same force and rhythm that his cock continued to fuck her pussy. His thumb and forefinger

pinched her hard nipples, while all the time his cock plunged deeper, until she drew herself upward, legs wrapped around his torso and let herself go completely, crying his name again and again. Sweat glistened off her body to mix with his, allowing their bodies to become a natural lubricant for the other.

“Roll over, Alexis,” he whispered into her ear. “There’s still one hole of yours I haven’t taken.”

She opened her eyes with a start. “No, please...don’t stop.”

She felt herself being lifted and then pushed down on her stomach. He was behind her, opening her ass cheeks, slipping his finger into her anus.

“My God, you’re tight. I’ll get you ready, although as one of Lily’s girls, I wouldn’t think you’d need much prepping,”

“I’m not one of Lily’s girls,” she cried.

“Not now, but you were,” he almost snarled, “so you can stop the innocent act.

“Please Jackson, don’t do this to me. I’ve never been with a man like this. Please... I’m not one of Lily’s girls. I’ve never been. Please believe me,” she whimpered, tears ran down her cheeks.

Jackson knew Alexis was a superb actress, but every part of him screamed out that this was no act. He rolled her over onto her back and looked down at her face and saw real fear in her eyes. She mouthed words he couldn’t understand. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and her nose was running. *What in God’s name did I almost do?*

Chapter 23

“Alexis, I’m not going to hurt you.” Jackson lifted her, his arms holding her tightly against his chest, cooing to her like she was a baby. “Shhh, it’s okay. You’re okay. Just relax. Everything’s okay. I’m not going to do anything that you don’t want me to.”

Her body finally calmed against his. He could still hear her muffled sobs against his chest that was wet from her tears. It killed him to think that he could have really hurt her. His lips brushed the top of her head gently before he lifted her face from his chest. He kissed one eyelid and then the other.

“Alexis, I would never do anything that would bring you harm. I just never imagined you had never had anal sex,” he said gently. “I can’t believe Lily would have ever allowed you to be in a situation where you could be raped. I’d like to wring her neck. I don’t understand how she could have neglected you like this.”

“It’s not Lily’s fault,” she said with a hiccup. “It’s my fault for lying to you about who I really am.”

He held her away from him, his eyes never leaving hers. “What are you talking about?”

“I met Lily for the first time the night I met you.”

“What?” Jackson just stared at her. “You’re not one of Lily’s girls?”

Alexis shook her head. “I’m not one of Lily’s girls.”

Jackson pushed her away to lean back against the bottom of the chair while he continued to stare at her with a look of confusion that was quickly replaced by anger. “Get dressed, Alexis, you have some explaining to do. What kind of a game do you think you’re playing?”

He got to his feet and started retrieving his own clothes. “I want the truth about how you came to be with me that night,” he spat.

“I want to tell you. I owe you that. I owe it to both of us.” She began dressing, realizing that this time she might never see him again.

When he was completely dressed, he poured himself another drink and sat down on a sofa. “Talk.”

Staring out through the window toward the lake, she tried to stay calm. She knew this would be her only opportunity to set the record straight, to tell him the truth. Whether he believed her or not, she had to try. Taking a deep breath, she turned back toward him. She sat down next to him without touching him, and started talking.

“My name is Alexis, for real. My last name is Stevens. I’m originally from Radnor, Pennsylvania, the only child of Alice and Franklin Stevens. They had me in their forties. My Dad is a retired accountant, and my Mother was a secretary who decided to stay home when I was born. I went to college, graduated, and got a job as an event planner and was scheduled to be married until...” She paused. “Until I met you.” She took a sip from the drink she had left on the end table.

“Don’t stop now, Alexis. It’s just getting interesting.”

“Right.” She sighed. “When I was in college, I met three girls that became the sisters I never had.”

She talked, and he listened. He didn’t interrupt. Even when she told him that she had left Allen because he, Jackson, was all she could think about, he gave her no indication to what he was feeling. He occasionally took a drink from his now-empty glass, but always, his eyes remained intense, almost clinical in their focus that never left her face.

She stopped for a moment to catch her breath, hoping he would say something. When he didn’t, she continued. “Jackson, I was tricked into going to Lily’s, and I should have never allowed her to do what she did or let you do what you did...but,” she sobbed, “something happened to me that night, and not just physically. It

changed me. “I don’t care anymore whether you hate me or not, I just don’t care,” she lied trying to salvage what little self-respect she had left.

She started to get up, only to have his hand come down hard, trapping her fingers beneath his own to keep her from leaving. She kept her face turned away from him.

She was tired of the lies and tired of wanting something or someone she couldn’t have. Realization hit her. She not only wanted him, she loved him. *Dear God in heaven, help me. I’m in love with him. That explains why I can’t seem to get enough of him, even when I know I should run the other way.* She groaned.

“What do you want from me, Alexis?” The question was point-blank, no emotion, just a question he wanted answered.

“I want my dignity back,” she said, her voice hoarse with emotion, turning toward him as he released her hand. “I want you to know that I never took money to sleep with you, never.”

He turned away from her, looking out toward the lake. When he turned back to look into her eyes, he said, “Then why did you continue to sleep with me? Maybe sleep is the wrong word.” His laugh sounded empty. “So, exactly why did you continue to fuck me when you were engaged to another man who you were fucking, too?” His blue eyes now hard, locked with hers.

“I know it sounds cliché, but the truth is I never felt the way I felt with you with any man, especially Allen, and he was the only man I really had to compare you to. You see, regardless of what I’ve led you to believe, I was never one to sleep around.” She looked deep into his eyes, hoping to see compassion, understanding, anything.

“This whole thing is crazy.”

“I should never have come to you the second time, but I really believed that I was going to tell you good-bye on my terms. However...” She hesitated, looking down at her hands to smooth her dress. “I couldn’t.

“Why?”

“Because when you touched me, the way you made me feel, it was like I couldn’t deny you anything, and I couldn’t deny myself the feel of your lips, your hands, and your body inside of mine.” She continued to sob.

“And yet, you went right back to your fiancé, didn’t you?” The harsh flippancy in his voice gave her a start. “Didn’t you?”

His eyes flashed with an anger that paralyzed and possessed her. Her body responded to his anger, not in fear, but with a desperate need to be taken by him right there. She would gladly spread her legs for him, humiliate and embarrass herself if he would just use her body for his own pleasure one more time. She could learn to be whatever he wanted. Shaking herself mentally, she struggled to find her voice, to answer him as he had ordered.

“I never slept with him again. I went back to my apartment, and I told him that I couldn’t marry him.” Alexis continued, breathless, her words dripping with the fear of losing him forever. “I told him that although I cared for him, I was not in love with him. I asked him to forgive me.”

“And did he forgive you?” Jackson’s voice dropped an octave, so low she had to strain to hear him.

“Yes,” she said softly, “I think he did. In fact, he may have been relieved because although he didn’t tell me he didn’t love me, he didn’t demand an explanation. It was a very amicable parting.”

She sat up a little straighter, not knowing what else to say. She had told him the truth. What more could she do? She tried to read those beautiful eyes that right now were looking at her with something she couldn’t quite fathom. It wasn’t the disgust she had thought she might see there. It was something else.

“Of course, you do know that one phone call to Lily can confirm your truth or lies. However, you made Lily part of the cover-up, so if she denies what you say, you’ll say the reason is obvious.” He laughed a hollow laugh. “You are, if nothing else, a very smart

woman. You've even somehow got my own mother and sister convinced you're an angel."

"Is it that you really don't believe me or that you just don't want to believe me?" Alexis cried out softly, feeling so alone and desolate. The feeling of emptiness that engulfed her took her breath away.

Jackson turned from her and started to get up, when her hand came down on his thigh to stop him. "I can't hold you here." She gulped, trying to keep the tears out of her voice. "My only defense now is that I've told you the truth about almost everything. I was hoping maybe that would be enough. The only part of the truth I haven't told you is that... I love you."

"What is it you want from me?" His voice had a raw, aching quality that, for the first time since she had known him, made him appear vulnerable.

"I want..."

She took a moment before continuing, knowing the next words out of her mouth could be the catalyst for the rest of their lives and that his response could end all hope. She wanted to submit her body and soul to him and then pleasure him in every way possible. She wanted his seed to grow inside her, to give him children. But more than anything, she wanted him to love her.

Instead, she simply said, "I want you to tell me what you want." She ended in a whisper.

Chapter 24

He couldn't take his eyes off her tearstained face and the sadness in those green eyes. She didn't blink or look away from him. He had tried to convince himself that she was nothing more than one of Lily's whores who he could take or leave without giving a second thought. But she was never far from his thoughts. Those eyes that had given him glimpses of the real woman had also given him pause to question himself and her. The first time he had taken her, all he'd wanted was to consume her with his own lust, and then the second time, he'd wanted to prove she meant nothing to him, but in both cases, she had made him want her more. It had never been just sex. He knew it then, and knew it now. And today, his lack of control when he was with her was even more obvious. He would die rather than hurt her.

"I want—" He looked into her eyes. "—what I've wanted from the beginning."

She slowly looked away from him, her eyes downcast. He knew that he alone had put the sadness there with his own selfish pride. Now he desperately wanted to take it away.

"Alexis, please look at me."

Her eyes were brimming with tears, but she did as he asked.

"That first night at Lily's, I wanted you as a man wants a woman he knows is his without question. I had sensed that you were different, but I didn't allow myself to imagine you as anything more than one of Lily's girls. I thought you were playing the role of the innocent, but I know now that the woman I held in my arms that night was real. The truth is I had never experienced that kind of an attraction before. I didn't know how to handle it."

Alexis nodded. “Neither did I. But I was engaged to be married. My attraction to you doesn’t excuse the way I behaved that night.”

His eyes acknowledged the truth of her statement. “That might be. However, what interests me more, Alexis, is why you came back the second time. Did you really want to leave me on your terms? Is that the only reason you came back to me that night?”

“I tried to convince myself that I needed to see you again because it was the only way to take my life back. I thought I wanted to tell you that I never wanted to see you again. But, that was lie.”

“You came back for the same reason I did. Isn’t that right, Alexis?”

“Yes,” she breathed, for the first time feeling hope that maybe he did understand. “I needed you.”

“And I needed you. I know that now. I guess I always knew. I just didn’t want to admit it to myself.”

“And now, Jackson,” Alexis spoke softly, “now that you know who I am, do you still want me?”

“I’ll always want you, Alexis. I love you.”

The tears that she had been holding back spilled down her cheeks but this time they were tears of happiness. She started to speak, but he quickly put his finger to her lips. “Wait, let me finish, please, before you say anything. I need to say this now.” She nodded.

He took a breath. “You see, I began falling for you the first time I saw you standing in front of Lily. You totally mesmerized me with your innocent beauty. And when you came to me and made me forget time and place until I was totally in your power, I panicked. I lost control because I was lost in you. I didn’t want to be, not only because I thought you were one of Lily’s girls, but because in my entire life, I had never lost control the way I did with you that night.

“The second time we were together only solidified my feelings. I wanted to hate you for making me fall in love with you, a woman who saw me as nothing more than a client who was paying for sex. I had thought seeing you a second time would be like it was with most

women, and it would be easy to walk away from you. But it wasn't. A woman like you had no place in my life, but in my heart, I wanted you in every possible way a man could want a woman."

He took a breath and continued, "You made me weak. I would have taken you as the whore Lily had made me think you were as long as you promised to only be with me. I love you that much, Alexis. I just never wanted to admit it because I'm a prideful man, and I didn't think you could love me back."

"Oh, Jackson," Alexis's voice shook, "I thought you hated me, but it all happened so quickly and everything seemed so right, I lost myself in you, too, and..." She brought her hand to his cheek, caressing it. "I fell in love with you." Alexis had never felt such happiness. "My girlfriends told me I deserved more."

"And more is what you will always have." He crushed her to him.

* * * *

She gasped with the force of his lips that held every emotion she knew he had tried so hard to suppress. She reveled in the fact that he loved her. She would be his wife, the mother of his children, his confidant, and she would submit to him in all the ways he wanted and more. She had a feeling that life with Jackson would never be boring. Finally, she had found her soul mate, and she was sure that, this time, her girlfriends would more than approve.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Natalie Rosewood resides in the suburbs of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania with her husband and their two children. She has a great job as an administrator that offers her the flexibility she needs to care for her family and write. Attending a Phillies baseball game or watching it on television is a fun activity that she and her family share. Her days are busy, however, at night and sometimes into the early hours of the morning when the house is quiet; her fantasies unfold into the stories that bring her as much pleasure as the characters she breathes life into.



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