Sex Kitten

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A girl struggles with an addiction to sex.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/IceBreaker

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Sex Kitten : Chapter 1

Author's Note: Hello lovers! This is my new erotica story. Sorry it's so short and sorry the sex scene is so short. ButEnjoy. And comment plz

Chapter 1: The way I am

I picked up my black lace panties from the floor. I slipped them up my legs and sighed. I looked in the mirror that was against the wall and saw my ex-boyfriend looking back at me in the image. He was lying naked in the bed. Even though he's moved on from me, we still had sex on different occasions. I grabbed my bra and placed it on my body and then grabbed my tank top. "You coming back?" Adam asked. I turned to him and leaned against the dresser. "I don't know. Would you want me to?"

He shrugged and covered himself up with the white sheet. "I don't think I can keep playing this game with you."

"What game?" I asked.

"This game where you come over and fuck me and then leave." He said grabbing a cigarette from the night stand.

"You know why. You don't want me back. So I really don't know what you expect." I said slipping my jean shorts on.

"Maybe if you can keep your panties onâ ¦.we wouldn't be going through this."

"You know what my problem is. It's hard okay?" I slipped my flip flops on.

"I don't understand how it's hard not to have sex. I've been trying to understand but I really can't."

"I wouldn't expect you to understand." Adam sighed and ran his hand over his face.

"What is it like? When you want toâ ¦â ¦." I bit my lip. "It's likeâ ¦.you have this urge. An urge to just let loose andâ ¦."

"Spread your legs?" He asked.

"Fuck you." I said walking towards the door. He grabbed my arm and made me turn to face him. "I want us to be together again. I want that more than anything. But it's not going to work if you let every guy in the neighborhood into yourpants. It hurts me. Hell, it kills me when you let that happen."

"I told you that I can't control it." I said.

Adam sighed and leaned his forehead against mine. "Try for me." He whispered. I breathed out of my nose and nodded. But the sad thing is that me and him both knew that I wasn't going to try.

He backed away from me and I slipped out of the door. I ran my fingers through my raven black hair as the sun hit my face. I began walking towards my house. My name is Angie Harrison. I'm twenty one years old.

Everywhere I went, people stared. It wasn't because of my beauty. It wasn't just because of my skanky clothes. It was because I've been around. I will admit to the fact that I've been passed around the neighborhood of Pierce Avenue. I've blown guys. Let them touch me and kissed me. I couldn't help it. It may sound like a pathetic excuse but it was truly something I couldn't control. I've always had the urge toâ¦have sex. And it was only because of what happened to me when I was fifth teen years old.

The night of my fifthteenth birthday, I was raped by my step brother. It was the most painful thing that has ever happened to me and it was a memory that I hope I never had to go through again. But since that night, I felt like if my step brother could touch me, then any other guy who wanted to could touch me. And so that's what happened. I've became the high school slut. And I've gotten put down and talked about a lot. I have lost all the friends I had. I became nothing but this girl who would spread her legs for just anyone.

But Adam became my boyfriend even though he knew about the 'status' I had. And I have repeatedly cheated on him numerous of times. Even with his brother. I have done nothing but tried to stay faithful. I have always wanted to be faithful but I can't be. And that kills me because I truly love Adam and I know he loves me back.

As I made it to my house, I saw Kenneth leaning against the wall by my front door. He was smoking a cigarette. He blew out the smoke as I walked by him. "What do you want?" I asked as I placed the key in the hole.

"You." He answered following me into my house. I sighed. Kenneth is Adam's best friend. Well ex best friend. Me, Kenneth and Adam had gone to school together. I gave Kenneth a blow job while I was still going out with Adam. And Adam and Kenneth were 'popular'. I wasn't so Kenneth felt the 'status' I had would ruin their popularity. But Adam didn't care. He stayed with me anyway. Kenneth told Adam to choose between him and me. And Adam chose me. And since then, he and Kenneth have hated each other.

"There is really no point of you being here. I'm not doing anything with you. Especially because of how you humiliated me in high school." I said. Kenneth shut the door and his blue eyes stayed on mine. He ran his fingers through his dirty blonde hair and he sighed. "I seriously doubt if what happened in high school is going to stop you from doing what you want to do. We both know that nothing has changed since high school. You'd fuck anything." He walked until he was standing face to face with me. "It's going to always be that way, Angie." He breathed. I glared at him as his arm wrapped around my waist.

"I bet you stay wet 24/7." He said smiling. I looked away from him down to the floor. His index finger slowly trailed down my lips. "You would really do this to Adam? Try to have sex with me althoughâ¦"

"You aren't with him anymore. Am I right?" He asked.

I didn't meet his eyes. He had me pressed against the wall now. "I'm guessing you just couldn't keep your legs closed and eventually, he just got sick of being treated like a pile of shit."

"You need to leave." I said. He shook his head. "As soon as I unbutton my pants, you won't be able to resist." He said.

"Watch me." I said folding my arms. He smiled and reached down to unbutton his pants. His eyes didn't leave mine. When his pants were unbuttoned, I felt my pussy getting hot. I whimpered and tried to step away from him. He kept me in place. He smiled and looked at my shorts and then back to me. "We both know what you want." I finally met his eyes staring into them almost getting high. Against my will, I pulled my shirt over my head ready to cry in the process. I didn't want this but I couldn't help it. I had to do this.

He immediately had me bent over the back of the couch. He unbuttoned my shorts from the front and pulled them down. I gasped at how quickly he was moving. My panties were suddenly down to my ankles and my legs were spread. I could hear him pulling down his pants and boxers. He grabbed my hips and he slowly pushed his erect member inside of my pussy. I gasped and my hands gripped the back of the couch. "Does he ever fuck you like this?" He asked in my ear while pushing deep inside of me eliciting a moan from my mouth.

"Answer me." He whispered. I began panting as he brought my hips back to meet his thrust. "Oh fuck!" I screamed as I threw my head back and closed my eyes. I couldn't help how good it felt and how I never wanted it to end. My body was getting the attention it wanted so badly. He ran his fingers through my hair and pulled it back. His right hand rubbed my clit in circles. I whimpered and almost fell. I could hardly stand because of all the pleasure my body was receiving. "Oh! Oh! Harder." I begged. He took his hand away from my clit and grabbed onto my hips again and began thrusting harder and faster in me making me cry out. He grunted and kissed my ear as he kept going but I felt myself about to cum. I reached behind and grabbed his hair and moaned. "You're mine." He whispered in my ear. He panted hard and let out a low growl as I felt his warm cum fill me. Within seconds after his release, I cried out and fell over the back of the couch. I was panting hard and I closed my eyes. I felt relieved and excitement flooded through my body. Every second of every day, my body yearns to be fucked. And it never calms down. Sex is the only topic in my head when I wake up. It's all I think about. It's all I dream about. It's what I do.

Chapter 2: Someone like me

Chapter 2: Someone like me

Kenneth grabbed my hair and moaned loudly before releasing in my mouth. I swallowed all the cum when he pulled out. He was breathing heavily as he plopped down onto my bed and sighed. I wiped my mouth off and stayed on my knees on the floor. "He's going to be calling in a few seconds and going to be wanting to come over." I said.

"I don't understand. Are you and Adam together or not?"

"I don't know. He said he still wants me but he doesn't want to share me with the neighborhood."

"Well that's going to be a problem. Since youâ¦."

"I know! Can you please stop reminding me? You're irking my fucking nerves." I got onto my feet. He got up and grabbed his boxers and slid them on. "Truthfully," He said while pulling on his shirt next. "You should find someone who will accept you for you."

"No guy is going to want a girl whoâ¦..has anâ¦â¦addiction."

"It's better than being addicted to drugs or alcohol. I meanâ¦..Sex won't kill you."

"That is not true. Say if I can't control myself and end up sleeping with some random truck driver and he has AIDS. What then?" I asked.

Kenneth slipped on his jeans. "Then that's on you. Wanting to get fucked every few seconds isn't â¦â¦a *bad* thing. Some girls just want more. What you need to do is find someone who will accept you rather you have this problem or not." He buckled his belt and looked into the mirror as he ran his fingers through his hair.

"When did you get so touchy feely?" I asked. He gave a small smile. "In a way. In a weirdâ¦..crazy wayâ¦..I care about you." He gave me a quick kiss on the lips. Grabbed his jacket and left.

I took a shower and laid in my bed. But almost immediately, as soon as I closed my eyes and tried to take a short nap, the feeling was back. I sighed in frustration. There was a hot tingling feeling happening to my pussy and I couldn't stop myself. I placed two fingers inside of me and moaned loudly. And even though fucking myself felt so good and almost immediately had me to an orgasm, I knew it was going to be a weak orgasm and I needed something stronger. Only if Kenneth was still here. I pumped my fingers in and out of me and used my other hand to toy with my left breast. I spreaded my legs wider. "Oh my god." I moaned with my eyes closed.

Seconds before I was about to cum, someone knocked on my door and I stopped and froze for a second. "Fuck." I whispered as I immediately got up. I grabbed some red lace panties and a white robe and went to the front door. I looked out of the window to see Adam. I opened the door and he had my necklace in his hand. "You left it over my house." He explained. I nodded and grabbed it from him. "Thanks." I said barely audible. He bit his lip and I stared at him. He looked into my eyes and narrowed his.

His face turned into understanding and uninvitingly, he came in the house and immediately pushed me against the door and kissed me hard. His hands gripped my ass and he pushed me into his growing erection. I wanted this. I needed this because I literally felt likeâ¦â¦I was going toâ¦â¦die if I don't get this. That's how

intense this fucking feeling is. I unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants. But He grabbed my hands and stopped me. I looked up at him in confusion. "What are you doing?" I asked. It sounded more like a whine though.

He breathed deeply. "Try to control it." He said. I shook my head already on the verge of tears. He nodded and brushed his fingertips against my cheek. "You can do it." He said. I shake my head.

"Please, Adam. I have toâ¦..I need you toâ¦â¦" I tried to unbutton his pants again. He kept my hands in place. "Attempt." He breathed.

I pushed him away with all the strength I had. "I can't!" I cried. He sighed and hit the wall. "Stop being so damn dramatic, Angie. You're not even fucking trying."

"I can't believe you. You told me in high school that you loved me no matter what 'addiction' I had."

"That was before you started fucking my friends and my family. The whole damn world has been inside of you." He said with an angry glare.

"Ohâ¦.I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I have had a horrible experience at age 15 and that it changed my life forever. I apologize for not being your perfect fucking girlfriend." I said sarcastically.

"My god. All I'm saying is that it's wrong for you to let any and everybody have their way with you. No one can see beauty in a girl like that."

"I try. All I've been doing for the past what six years was try. But It's become harder and harder and I still can't control it." I said.

"I want to help you." He said. I shook my head. He couldn't help me. No one could.

"You can't." I whispered.

He was quiet for a moment as he leaned against the wall. "So that's it? As long as you have this 'problem' we can't be together?"

"You know I want to so bad. Butâ¦..it just won't work." I said shrugging. Adam nodded and sighed while looking out of the window. If I wasn't mistaken, I think I saw a tear slip down his cheek but he quickly wiped it away. "Okay. Wellâ¦.thenâ¦.bye." He opened the door and slammed it shut. I ran my fingers through my hair sat down on my couch. I wasâ¦â¦I didn't know what I was. A slut? A whore? I might as well become a prostitute. I like being fucked so much, I might as well get paid for it.

But unfortunately, sometimes the one way I can ignore the 'feeling' I get throughout the day is by shopping. Nothing special. I don't have money for designer clothes or nothing. I just go by random stores check out the prices. There are two things I love more than fucking. That's clothes and jewelry. I walked into a store called *If.* Retarded name but they had cute clothes. Most of them were blue, silver and black. Their Jewelry was gorgeous. I bought a couple of t shirts and some shorts. As I walked out of the store, I bumped into a man in a black and red suit. He dropped his IPhone on the sidewalk. I didn't apologize as he picked it up from the ground. "Why don't start watching where you're going?" He asked looking me dead in my eyes. His eyes were light brown and full of anger which was a turn on. "I know you saw me walking out of the store, why don't you watch where *you're* going, idiot?"

"Don't talk to me like that." He said. Rage was filling his features which made me want him more. I like it when whoever I'm having sex with is mad and they become rough with me.

"I'm grown. I can talk to you any way I want to." I said. He rolled his eyes. "Grown? Yeah right. You look about sixteen."

"I'm twenty one for your information, idiot."

"Whoa. Idiot. Why don't you come back with another comeback besides idiot?" He asked.

"Fine. Asshole, dick, cocksucking ass licker. Happy now?" I asked. He narrowed his eyes at me.

"You're an annoying little cunt, you know that?" He asked. I gave him the finger as I walked off. I don't even know why I stayed talking with him for as long as I did. He was annoying although I wouldn't mind him fucking me. He was amazingly hot.

I went to a restaurant and ordered a salad with chicken strips and Italian dressing on the side. I had lemonade as a beverage and I was actually enjoying the time alone for once. I sighed and relaxed back in the booth I was in. When I turned my head, that same fucker who I was arguing with earlier walked into the restaurant. When he saw me, he stuck up his middle finger and walked to the bar. I scowled at him.

For dessert or whatever, I ordered a piece of Apple pie. I took one bite and I was in heaven. When I was half done with the pie, I looked up to see that annoying bastard looking at me. But he quickly turned his head away. I rolled my eyes and got out my phone to see if I had any messages. When I saw none, I placed my phone down and continued my pie.

I suddenly saw the man sitting across from me. I stopped eating, sat back in my seat and looked at him. "What do you want?" I asked. He had a smirk on his face. "Are we really not speaking the obvious?" He asked. My eyebrows pulled together. "What do you mean?" I asked.

He shrugged. "The second we first looked at each other, we both knew that we wanted toâ ¦â ¦to fuck each other." He said. I narrowed my eyes.

"What in the hell makes you think I want to be fucked by you of all people?" I asked. He rolled his eyes.

"Is that really a question you're asking? Just look at me."

"I don't date cocky bastards." I assured him while taking another bite of my pie.

He let out a small laugh and then hislight browneyes locked on mine. "I didn't say date, I said fuck." I bit my lip and looked down at my plate. I felt the tingling hot feeling and I sighed. I wasn't going to give in. I didn't know this guy.

"I don't go out and just fuck random guys." The lie was plainly on my face. The man grinned. "I bet." He said leaning back in his seat.

"Can you leave? You're kind of pissing me off if you must know."

"Well technically, I don't give two fucks rather I'm pissing you off or not."

"So, what? Are you going to stalk me until you get what you want?"

"Don't act like the urge is one sided."

"It is though." I said. The man scoffed. "I'm sure."

"I have on red lace panties and you will never, ever get to see them." I said seductively teasing him. He looked angry for a second but composed himself. "I will eventually." He breathed.

"No, no you won't. I mean, you were being rude to me earlier and I do recall seeing you flipping me off when you walked by me. Unless it was just my imagination."

"Yeah, I know that I'm a little harsh sometimes. But it's not like I can control it. There are a lot of things I can't control." He said looking down into his lap as if he was focused really hard on something.

"Well what do you know? We have something in common."

His head snapped up. "What can't you control?" He asked sounding slightly desperate to know.

I bit my lip and looked down to focus on the shorts I had on.

"Nothing. Forget I said anything about it."

"No. Tell me." He said.

"Forget about it." I said forcefully.

He let out a low sigh. "I'm Aaron." He finally said after thirty seconds of silence.

I let out a low sigh also. "Angie." I said. A small smile appeared on his face. He nodded. "Angie, do you want to go back to my apartment?" He asked. I shook my head. "As a matter of fact, no. I'm trying this new thing where I don't sleep with every guy I see." I said.

"How's it working out?" He asked. I glared at him. My lower area was begging for attention. I closed my eyes for a second and tried to push the feeling away but it was growing so intense, that I couldn't ignore it any longer.

"We can go to your apartment." I finally said. My legs were moving up and down in eagerness. Aaron smiled. I asked for the check and the waitress brought it over to me. I paid for the food with my card and we left. He brought me to his apartment. It was huge and filled with white furniture. I bit my lip as I looked around. "What do you do?" I asked. He pressed me against the wall and looked down at me. "Is that really important?" He breathed.

I shook my head and he immediately crushed his lips hard against mine. His hands were on my ass and he squeezed it and bit my lip hard. I placed my hand on his erection through his pants and kissed him as hard as I could.

He slightly pulled away from me and led me to his bedroom where he started to take off my clothes and leaving quick urgent kisses on my neck. He pushed me hard against the wall and began kissing me again. His hands cupped my pussy and I moaned into his mouth. He forced my jeans down to my ankles and then my panties. He slipped a finger inside of me and felt how wet I was. He smiled, satisfied and unbuttoned his shirt and took it off. He had no hair on his chest but it was muscular. I stepped out of my shoes, jeans and panties and stood there with just a shirt on. No bra. It's overrated. Wellâ ¦.in my opinion.

I pulled the shirt over my head and my hair dropped back down to the middle of my back. He grabbed me and pushed me onto the white king sized bed. His eyes were full of lust. He unbuckled the gold belt to his pants and pulled them down revealing a huge bulge in his boxers. I smiled at the fact that his dick will be inside of me soon. He pulled his boxers down and stepped out of them. His eyes roamed over my body and he smiled and got onto the bed with me. He got on top of me and kissed me on my lips and my neck.

I moaned when he entered me and he crushed his lips against mine again and held my hands down on the bed. But I liked it. I liked him being in control. I was basically trapped on the bed. As he started moving in and out, I felt nothing but pleasure rising over my whole body. Not just my pussy but everything was satisfied. Every last part of my body made me feel like I was flying. The bed was rocking back and forth with each thrust he gave my body. And I couldn't help but moan and cry in response. This is the best fucking I've had in a long time. He bit my lip again and I moaned. Every touch he gave me brought me closer and closer to an orgasm. His dick filled me up and made me cry out with every thrust. This felt different than with other guys. I couldn't explain it. I cried out and dug my nails into his back and my chin rose up and I closed my eyes as I came. He cried out his release and buried his head in the crook of my neck.

We were both breathing hard. When I opened my eyes, I felt relief and all the stress I felt inside of my body now disappeared. Yesâ ¦.I get stressed because of this 'condition' I have. Not the funnest thing to have. It's just crazy because I get stressed from having this condition, yet, I love to act on it.

Aaron got off of me and sighed as he laid down beside onto the bed looking up at the ceiling. I let out a soft breath as I sat up. That was a good fuck. Nowâ ¦I should be off. Get up. I told myself. I got up and started putting my panties back on. "Where are you going?" He asked. Damnit. Did I have to explain this to every guy I sleep with? I turned to him. "Uhhhâ ¦..home. This was a one time thing, Aaron."

"You don't want to stay for a drink or something?" He asked.

I cocked my head to the side. "Why do you want me to stay so bad?" I asked. He sighed. "Wellâ ¦..Iâ ¦.have sex with a lot of girls and normally afterwards, they try to make any excuse to stay here with me. And out of all of them, you're the only one that wants to leave afterwards."

"Well I'm not looking for a relationship." I said.

"Why not?" He asked.

"I'm not a monogamous type of chick. I have had relationships before. Wellâ ¦.one that just ended recently. I can't be in a relationship because with what I have, I'll just end up breaking someone's heart and I just can't bear to do that ever again." I said. My mind immediately flashed to Adam's face when I first told him months ago that I've cheated on him with over eight guys. He wasn't angry. Rage didn't fill his eyes. He looked heartbroken and that look made my stomach turn in an uncomfortable way.

"What do you have?" He asked looking interested. I picked up my shirt and slipped it back onto my body. "I'mâ ¦â ¦I'm a sex addict." I said. I slowly looked at him ready to feel humiliated. He looked kind of fascinated.

"How Ironic. I'm a sex addict too." He admitted. My eyes grew wide as he said it. I felt alone in this town. I'm the girl that other girls hear about and make fun of. I'm the girl who gets passed around like a carton of fucking Chinese food. I'm the girl that people look at and insult in their mind. I was alone since I was fifth teen. "You are?" I asked. He nodded and his eyebrows pulled together. "I never met another one before." Another one before. As if we were Aliens from a different planet.

"Me neither." I said. He stood up and walked over to me. "How long have youâ ¦.."

"Since I was fifth teen." I said. He bit his lip and cocked his head to the side. "I've had my addiction since I was eighteen." I slipped my jeans on and looked at him. "Do people judge you? When they see you in public?"

"I've been called a man whore. Man slut if you will but I just tell any and everyone who doesn't appreciate me, to fuck off. Simple as that." He said. I nodded. That was smart. People didn't know what I struggle with so they can't judge me. They think I have so much sex for fun. This shit isn't fun. Well it is on several occasions butâ ¦.it's also nerve-racking.

You're trying to pay for your groceries when really; you want to fuck the fifty year old cashier guy who has yellow teeth. You're playing in a soccer game and when a guy steals the ball from you, you want to slap him in the face and then fuck him right there in the grass in front ofâ ¦everyone. That was how I was. How I am.

"Wellâ ¦.Aaron, it was nice to meet you." I slipped my shoes on. He looked a little unsure about something. "Will I see you again?" He asked.

I shrugged. "I'll be around town." I reminded him. He smiled and nodded. I walked backwards out of the bedroom and then walked forward as I made it to the living room and out the door.

Chapter 3: A Label

Chapter 3: A Label

I heard my room door slowly open. A little light from the hallway shined in. I slowly opened my eyes. A blurry figure appeared and shut the door. All I was seeing at this point was darkness. My breathing hitched. I suddenly felt a hand on my mouth stopping my approaching screams and felt the cold hit my legs as my covers were ripped off of me. He was on top of me and I tried to scream. Scream for my mother. But even if she did hear me, she was so wrapped up in letting my step dad and his son do whatever they want, she wouldn't care. My door creaked open again and my stepdad was standing in the doorway looking at the scene. Light poured in the room and I saw the person on top of me was my step brother, Jesse. I tried to push him off but he pinned my hands down. I looked at my step dad trying to ask him for help but he just closed the door and I cried out his name loudly.

Jesse's hands caressed my body and I then felt something hot and thick on my thigh. I knew what it was. "Mom!" I cried.

"Shh." Jesse whispered and forced his tongue in my mouth. He moved my shorts down my legs and I cried for my mom again. I felt him slipping my panties down my legs next and I instantly became scared and continued fighting him. "Stop!" I yelled. I felt his hand come in contact with my cheek and it left a stinging feeling and I cried harder.

He lifted my shirt up next and his hand caressed my breasts. He forced his lips back on mine again and something quickly entered me and made me scream out in pain. I felt something painfully rip inside of me. Jesse placed his hand over my mouth to muffle my screams. And I felt more pain as he started thrusting in and out of me. "No! No! Stop it! Get off of me!" I cried trying to push him off. He grabbed my throat and squeezed while his thrusts got harder. I felt like dying. I wanted to die. I wanted him to kill me right now. "Yeah, you like that baby?" He moaned.

"Kill me." I whispered. He either didn't hear it or he didn't care. His lips went back down to mine and this time, I let him. I stopped fighting him. I just laid there thinkingâ¦â¦â¦this is who I am. I'm a slut for letting this happen. I'm nothing.

I woke up panting hard. My forehead was sweaty. I couldn't believe I had this dream. Nightmare. I never wanted to relive it. But yet I just had a nightmare about every last detail. I felt something wet. I felt around on my bed. I was sitting in a huge wet spot. Really? Really? I can't fucking believe this. It was that bad that it made me pee on myself. I looked over at the clock. It was almost five in the morning. I got up and out of my bed. I took off my panties and shirt I had on and took my sheets and comforter off my bed. Placed them in the washer. Then I scrubbed and flipped my mattress and got more sheets. I took a quick shower and laid back down in my bed. The dream was still pierced in my mind and even though at fifth teen, I didn't want it, I wanted it now. A damn shame.

I reached over and grabbed my phone. I got the number of that Aaron guy that I slept with the other day. I dialed his number and listened to it ring. It rang four times before someone picked up

"Who the hell is this?" He asked angrily. I smiled. "I don't know." I responded. There was a short pause.

"Angie?" He asked.

"We only met once, how can you tell my voice?" I asked.

"Well I couldn't get it out of my head for the last two days so it's still fresh in my mind."

"Oh. I need a favor." I said.

"And what's that?" He asked. His voice became slightly seductive and it did turn me on.

"What other favor would a sex addict need?" I asked. I heard Aaron chuckle.

"Oh. *That* kind of favor." He laughed again.

"Then again, it's almost five. Maybe we could wait until day time?"

"No, actually, I think I need a release also. This is the first night in years where I'm in my bed alone."

"No prostitutes or strippers?"

"Not tonight." He answered. I bit my lip.

"Tell me where you live and I'll be there ASAP."

"I think it's a shame that you're willing to get up five in the morning just to fuck someone."

"You know you'd do the same."

"True." I said admittedly.

"So where do you live?" He asked. I heard some water running on the other line.

"182 Canal drive. The white and brown house."

"Alright, I'll be there soon."

"Okay. Hurry because, I really need to be.."

"I know you do. I'm coming. Give me ten minutes."

"Okay." I said and then hung up.

I just waited. While waiting, I used my index finger to rub my clit back and forth. I was already wet from just hearing Aaron's voice. When I was close to an orgasm, it took everything inside of me to stop myself from just letting it happen. And it pissed me off that I stopped myself but my anger evaporated when I heard the door. I got up and slipped my robe on. I went to the door and opened it. Aaron was wearing a black jacket with a black shirt and jeans.

"You could have just worn your pajama pants. You didn't have to get dressed."

"Well these were the jeans I was wearing earlier so I figured why dirty up some pajama pants?"

"You weren't wearing any when you went to sleep?"

"I don't wear anything when I go to sleep." He said with lust in his eyes. So hot.

"Neither do I." I said.

"Mmh, do you have on anything under the robe you're wearing?" He asked looking dead into my eyes.

"I don't know. Why don't you see?" I asked. He smiled. I stepped out of the way as he walked in and I closed the door. I leaned against the wall and he turned to me and grabbed onto the strings that tie the robe together and he unknotted them. He pulled them apart and smiled when he saw I was completely naked underneath. He placed a finger inside of me. I moaned and closed my eyes.

"Completely wet. I'm not surprised." He took his finger out of me and placed it in his mouth. It turned me on and I kissed him hard. He kissed me back just as hard and picked me up. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he carried me to my bedroom. He gently dropped me onto my bed and began to kiss my neck and then my breasts, down to my stomach, and finally the lips of my pussy. I moaned out. I couldn't take it anymore. He blew on my clit softly and His tongue repeatedly played around with it. "Aaronâ ¦.please," I said breathless. "Please fuck me." I said.

He smiled deviously. "I'm not done playing with you yet."

The feeling was becoming overpowering. I closed my eyes and tried to control. "Aaronâ ¦..I thinkâ ¦.something's wrong."

"What are you talking about?" He asked. I gripped onto his jacket and pulled him down to kiss me. I wrapped my legs around him to keep him in place.

He stared down at me and pulled back slightly. What was he doing? I fucking needed him right now. "Be mine." He whispered. I shook my head. I already told him I don't do the whole girlfriend thing.

"I can't." I whispered. He got off of me and a pain shuddered deep in my pussy. I whimpered and sat up on my elbows.

"I don't mean be my girlfriend. I want you to be my sex slave."

I stayed quiet for a second. I didn't quite understand what he meant. Be his sex slave? Serving him whenever he wanted me to?

"What does that mean exactly? Like the rules and restrictions?" I asked. Aaron smiled and looked slightly shocked by my question. "You'd be my sex slave?" He asked. I bit my lip and thought about it for a second. I'd be getting banged and as long as that happens, I'd want it bad.

"Yes. " I answered. He studied me for a second. "After this, we'll talk more about it." He said as he made me lay back down. He lips trailed to my neck and he suddenly pushed inside of me and I gasped and gripped his hair.
"I'm going to dominate you." He growled while thrusting in and out of me.

"I'm going to teach you to fucking obey me." He whispered against my lips. "Yes." I breathed back feeling like I was about to explode with pleasure.

My nails dug into his back and I could feel myself about to cum already. I tried to hold it off a little longer because this felt beyond amazing and I feel like I was going to faint from the extreme pleasure he was giving me. But I needed to cum and I can tell I am about to orgasm hard.

He grabbed my hands and pinned me to the bed while kissing me hard and thrusting harder. I knew he was about to cum. He bit at my neck while he did one hard thrust and I busted into a million pieces and cried out as I came. He whispered my name in my ear as I felt his cum fill me up. His breaths were fast and hard and mine were the same. I closed my eyes and let out a breath and opened them and looked at Aaron. His head was laying on my chest. I didn't exactly want him to move. It wasn't physically uncomfortable. Just emotionally because this tells me that maybe he cares. He could have easily rolled to the side of the bed when he pulled out of me. Maybe I was being stupid. Just let him sleep. My inner voice said. And I did. And soon, I fell asleep also.

Chapter 4: First night on the job

Author's Note: So...as you guys know, i've been reading fifty shades of grey and i've become obsessed. i decided this is a fanfiction of that so enjoy oh and also...i never wrote a story dealing with BDSM. so cut me a break lol

Chapter 4: First night on the job

When I woke up the next morning, I could still feel Aaron's head on my chest. I yawned and Aaron picked up his head and his light brown eyes looked into mine. He slowly got off of me and got beside me and sighed. I slowly looked to him.

I thought about last night. Was he serious about me being his sex slave? I probably should have thought this through before I agreed.

He sat up and smiled lightly. "Do you know what submissive is, Angie?" I nodded. Aaron stared at me with a look of satisfaction on his face.

"Are you willing to submit to me? Not only take the pleasure but the pain also?" He asked. Was I able to? I think so. I just don't know what I'm getting myself into.

"I think so."

"You *think* so, Angie?" He asked. I nodded.

"Then obviously you're not ready for it if you only think so."

"I am ready." Aaron smirked. "Taking a challenge aren't we?" He asked. I nodded. It seemed kinky and fun. I'm willing to give it a try.

"When do I start?" I asked.

Aaron's eyes brightened.

"Tonight. I'll pick you up at eight and I'll take you back to my place. If you're not too busy."

"Nope. I'm not going to be busy. Any request?" I asked.

Aaron smiled. "Wear something that's easy to get out of." He said and I blushed. Wow. I haven't blushed since Adam first asked me out.

"Okay." I said. Aaron got up and started putting his clothes back on. I watched as he got dress and I was immediately desperate for him. But I knew I would have to wait and be patient. Did I seriously just agree to this?

As he slipped his jacket on, he walked over to me and planted a kiss on my lips. He smiled. "Until tonight." He whispered against my lips.

He pulled away and walked out of the bedroom and soon I can hear the sound of my door opening and then closing.

I immediately thought of Adam. Why? Why at a time like this? Why would I think of Adam while a guy is leaving my apartment? A guy that wants me to be hisâ ¦..submissive sex slave. Can I do this? Will I feel guilty?

I don't think so because Adam made it clear to me that we're over.

I got up and put some random clothes on and went into the kitchen. I opened the refrigerator andâ ¦.bare. Fuck. All I had in there was a box of pancake mix. Got to go shopping today.

I took a shower and got dressed in a skirt and tank top and put my hair into two pony tails. A little childish I now but I liked my hair like this. Adam used to like this.

I grabbed my purse and stepped outside. The closest market was unfortunately the one that Adam and Kenneth worked at. Ex best friends who hated each other all because of me.

This will be awkward.

The store was cool and air conditioned. Thank god. I hated the California heat sometimes. Of course everyone eyed me as usual. The known slut. Angie Harrison.

But I tried my best to ignore the accusing stares and childish whispering around me. I grabbed a shopping cart. Since I don't have a car, I can only pick up a few things.

I slowly walked through the aisles and started looking for the items I need. Kenneth was in the aisle I was in, stacking up some bottles of syrup on the shelves and he glanced at me. I rolled my eyes at him and he shook his head. "You're here to see Adam?"

"What makes you think that? I need food so I'm shopping thank you very much."

Kenny gave me a weird look. "Shopping? Really? Thought you'd be off fucking somewhere."

"And I thought that by now you'd have a girl, car and a good job but I see nothing." I said. Kenneth said nothing as he walked away from me. Yep. This is what happens. I fuck a guy then me and the guy goes on as if nothing happened.

I reached up and grabbed a bottle of ketchup and then went in the next aisle for the sugar. But I stopped when a pair of dark brown eyes and long blonde hair faced me a few feet away. My old best friend,

Ashley stood there staring at me. I almost broke down in tears. I haven't seen or talk to her in so many years.

And that's my fault.

"Ashley." I whispered. I can tell that mentally she was cussing me out.

"Don't ever talk to me." She turned around but I went after her.

"We're best friends, Ashley. Please."

"Please what, Angie? You fucked my fiancÃ©e. We are not friends." She said and it cut me deep inside.

"I'm so sorry, Ashley." I whispered.

She shook her head and turned away.

I sighed. I felt really bad for what I did to her. I didn't mean to. I didn't want to. I will find some way to make it up to Ashley. She deserves it.

When I buy everything I need, I go over to the cashier and I try to avoid Adam's section but I have no choice. Everywhere else is crowded.

I start putting my stuff up and Adam takes not one look at me. He just price my stuff and looks down as says what the total cost is. I give him the money and he gives me back my change and bags up my stuff without looking at me. I grab my bags and leave.

Yeahâ ¦.that was awkward.

I kind of fucked up my relationship with everyone. I didn't mean to hurt these people on purpose. I love these people.

I have to find some way to fix itâ ¦â ¦.one day. But right now, I have to get back home and make something to eat.

I walked out of the store and walked home. I made myself some pancakes and bacon. Excitement suddenly filled my body as I remind myself that I'm going to be with Aaron tonight. I'm going to be his *sex slave*.

When it's around eight, I hear a knock at my door. I'm so excited. I wore something easy to get out of. A short white strapless dress. I opened the door and Aaron is looking at me and an immediate smile appears on his face.

"Hi." I said in a small voice.

Aaron reached out his hand and I took it. He led me outside to a black Lamborghini. My dad taught me a lot about cars. Jesus it was beautiful.

He opened the door for me and I slid in. The car smelled like his cologne. Aaron slipped in after me and I became confused. Who's going to drive this car? I looked to the front to see a man sitting in the driver's side. "Hello, Miss Angie." He said. I smiled.

"Helloâ ¦â ¦..sir." I said. Aaron chuckled. "His name is Alfred." He whispered.

"Hello, Mr. Alfred." I whispered. He nodded once and started driving down the road. I looked over to

Aaron and he's watching me as if he was expecting something from me.

"I care now. What do you do?" I asked.

"I work on wall street. CEO."

He said.

That explains the car and the driver.

"You sure you're ready for this?" He asked. I was more than ready.

"You think I can't handle it?" I asked. Aaron smirked.

"I think you can handle a lot of things, Miss Harrison." He said. How the hell did he know my last name?

"I know people that know people." He said.

"Stalker." I muttered. Aaron smirked.

"We'll talk about the rules when we get to my place. What do you do?"

"Wellâ ¦.no one will really hire me. Since I have thatâ ¦..problem. It'll ruin their business if one of the employees is sleeping with everyone working there."

"I don't feel that being a sex addict is a problem really. It's justâ ¦.a way of life, Angie." He said. Maybe he was right. People didn't know what I went through nor why I am the way I am.

"Do you take birth control pills? I don't exactly recall ever using a condom with you."

"I got the shot." I said. Aaron nodded and looked forward.

The car soon stopped and Aaron got out of the car and then came to my side and opened the door for me.

Aaron grabbed my hand and helped me out of the car and closed it. Alfred drove off and I looked to Aaron and he looked back down at me. I can see the excitement in his face. He opened the doors for us and I walked in first and he followed me in.

The cherry wood elevator doors closed and I looked at him. I was internally begging for him to kiss me. Hard. I kept my eyes on his brown ones. Please kiss me because I'm so fucking horny right now.

Aaron kept smirking. The doors opened and he led me through a small hallway with double doors.

He opened the doors and I slowly walked in. Place still as beautiful and neat as last time.

"Go straight to my bedroom. I have to get some items." He said. I nod as I walk into his bedroom. I sit and I wait for him.

When he comes back, he has a candle and a lighter. What is about to happen?

"Angela Harrison."

My eyes widen. How did he know my government name? Ohâ ¦who fucking cares?

Aaron pulled his jacket off and looked at me. Excitement was going through his beautiful face.

"So....I'm going to go through this all."

"Do I have to likeâ ¦.sign a contract?" I asked. Aaron smirked and shook his head.

Ok. Good.

"Angie, rule number one is that you tell no one of our Dominant/submissive relationship." I nodded.

"Rule number two, you are to obey me without hesitation. Any hesitation or disobedience will result in punishment." That just made a hot sensation come from my most intimate part of my body. I nod.

"You fuck no one else, Angie. You hear me? No one. I don't care how much you crave it. I'm the only person you're fucking. Understand? Can you make that commitment?" He asked looking me in my eyes. God, I hope so.

"I think I can." I replied. Aaron tilted his head for a second giving me a look.

I sigh. "I know I can do this."

Aaron smiled lightly. "You can get out of this anytime you want to, Angie. I can't nor am I going to force you to stay in this." He said reassuring me.

"What are the punishments?" I asked. If they are too dangerous, I'm out of this.

"I'll decide on the punishments, Angie. But none life risking or any that will make you bleed or leave marks on your skin. Okay?" He asked.

I nod. For some reason, I trusted Aaron. This shit was happening way too fast but a part of me wanted this. I desired for it.

"Next thing is that you wear what I want you to when you're here. I will just want you in your panties."

Fuck, I'm getting wet. I nod.

"Last thing is that whenever I call you, I want you here. Or me over your house. You stop whatever you're doing to come over my house or let me into your house. Understood?"

I nod. I just want him to touch me. I fucking need it. Come on. Touch me.

I stare up at him waiting for him to say something else. "Stand up, Angie." He whispers softly. I obey and he looks at my body and then looks back to my face. He steps closer to me and his left hand slowly lifts my dress over my thighs. He stares into my eyes while doing this. He lifts it over my head and takes it off. My hair falls back down onto my back. "Angie, you address me as Sir. Do I make myself clear?"

I nodded. "Yes." He's so sexy when he takes control.

He glared at me. "Yes sir." I corrected myself and a smile appeared on his face. He slowly circled me until he was behind me and unhooked my bra. It fell to the floor and I closed my eyes. I could feel a finger slowly trailing down my back and then it disappeared.

Aaron walked in front of me with a sexy smile on his face. He grabbed the tie from around his neck.

"We're using this." He whispered.

Hell yes.

"Go lay on the bed." He ordered. I did what he said and laid on the bed. I was in desperate need of him. Of this. I never have been so damn wet before this moment. And it was agonizing waiting for him to put himself in me.

Aaron comes over to the side of the bed and takes the tie. He wraps it around my wrists and to the headboard. Then he pulls to make sure I can't get free. And I can't. Damn he's good at that.

He goes to stand at the edge of the bed and smiles. He knows what I want. What I need and at this moment, he knows he's making me suffer.

"Angela, you will get involved with no one else." He said, his smile slowly vanishing. I nod. That may be hard. What if he's busy and I'm desperate forâ ¦you know. What then?

He goes over to his black dresser and picks up the lighter and flicks it on while looking at me. I bite my lip trying to hold myself together.

Aaron looks to the left and sees the bedroom door still open. He closes and locks it and then dims the lights. Then his light brown eyes go to mine

He lights the candle and then put the lighter down. He then comes over to me and places his fingers beneath my panties and pulls them down. He smiles when he sees the wetness. "Desperate and needy." He clicked his tongue and sighed softly. "You'll have to learn how to be patient."

It's hard to be patient when you're use to having sex when and wherever you want to for the past six years.

He takes his shirt off and looks down at me. I'm more than in awe with his perfect figure. I want to reach up and touch him but the tie is keeping me from doing so. He gets off the bed and takes the candle off of the dresser and brings it over to me.

"Isn't that dangerous?" My voice sounded small and weak.

"So am I and yet, you've agreed to be submissive." He had a point.

"Think you can take it?" He asked tilting the candle. Shit, I don't know. But I remember he tells me that hesitation results in punishment so I nod.

He tilted the candle and the candle wax slowly spilled on me. I gasped. Fuck. It burns. It fucking burns.

I close my eyes and it stops. The burning feeling slowly fades away and I open my eyes back.

"I'm surprised you didn't scream. My other ten submissives did." He had more?

"It stopped hurting after fifth teen seconds." I said. He smiled and poured more onto my stomach. I close my eyes again taking the pain. This felt more like a punishment until the wax slowly cools and turns solid. That's when it feels good. Ah...a mixture of pain and pleasure. I moan as the wax slowly dries and look up at him.

He has a wicked smile on his face. He sticks two fingers inside of my wet hole and I gasp and pushed down trying to make his fingers go in more. And as he pumps them in and out, he pours more wax on me. And that had me screaming. In painâ ¦..and pleasure. He slowly takes his finger out and places it in his mouth. Fuck. Now I really need a release.

"Good job, Angie." He whispers and then blow out the candle.

"We won't do anything hardcore since this is your first night. And you also look desperate."

I nod. He had no idea.

"I've been desperate to fuck you also, ever since I knocked on your door." He said. He got off the bed again and unbuttoned his pants and let them fall to the floor. Oh god. No boxers or anything on like the other night. He smiles as he sees my reaction. He knows for a fact that he's driving me crazy.

He crawls over me and places a kiss on my lips and lifts my leg to his waist as he sinks deep inside me. I cry out enjoying the feeling. Oh my god.

Aaron pauses for a second and pulls out of me. I look at him confused and then plunges himself deep inside me again whispering my name.

I whisper his name back already feeling my release. He pulls out all the way and slams back in me with an intense impact. I never felt anything like this. I'm unable to get free but I like it. It just makes everything sexier.

His panting is hard and heavy matching mine. We're staring directly in each other's eyes. It felt moreâ ¦.I don't know. He slows down his pace. "It feels so good being inside of you, Angie." He whispers. I moan as a response.

The muscles clench deep inside me. Aaron leans down and kisses me and stays steady as he comes in me. I release just as hard around him crying out his name as I do. He keeps his eyes on mine and a small smile appears on his face. Instead of kissing me like I want him to, he slides out of me and gets off of the bed. He grabs his jeans and slides them on and then come over to the side of the bed and unties the tie.

Once my wrists are free. They're aching only slightly. I look up at Aaron and his head is tilted as he looks back down at me. "You can sleep here tonight." He said softly.

"You sure? You seem like you don't normally let anyone in your bed."

"I don't normally. But you look tired so you can stay hereâ ¦.if you want."

I nod. "I do." I whisper. Aaron smiles slightly and looks down for a second. "I'll...umâ ¦I'll let you rest. I'll be in the living room if you need me." He said. I nod as he pulls the covers over me. He looks down at me for a second before giving me a gorgeous smile and then leaving out of the room.

Chapter 5: Not used to this

Chapter 5: Not used to this

I woke up surprisingly energized. This very rarely happens. I look around the apartment. Ah. I know where I am. I sit up and wipe my eyes and then yawn. When I open them, Aaron walks into the room with his pants hanging off his hips in a sexy way. You can see the sweat covering his muscular upper body. I just wanted to fucking lick it off. "Sorry I left you in here alone. I'm not exactly used to sleeping with anyone." I raised my eyebrow and he smiled.

"Sleeping next to someone." He corrected himself.

"It's fine. I didn't notice. Your bed is very comfortable."

"Yeah, I know. I was working out. I'm about to take a shower. Want to join me?" He asked. A smile appeared on my face. I nodded and he grabbed my hand and led me into the bathroom. He shut the door and then turned on the water.

His light brown eyes then looked to mine. "Undress me." He said smirking.

I got down on my knees and unbuttoned his pants and slowly pulled them down and then looked up at him. He steps out of his pants and then I slowly pull his boxers down. I was now face to face with his member and I look up at him. He helps me to my feet and motions with his head to the shower. I step into the water and he steps in after me. He closes the shower curtain.

He brings his hand to my face. "You're so sexy, Angie."

"You're just now realizing that?" I asked.

He smirks and shakes his head.

"Don't like compliments?"

"Hardly, sir." I answered. Aaron kisses me and then pulls back. "We're not in Dominant and submissive mode, baby. You don't have to call me sir right now."

"What about tonight?" I asked. A smile comes on his face. "No."

"No?"

"I have to train you to only fuck with me, Angie. I'm going to see if you can handle it."

My eyes grew wide. Fuck.

"I can'tâ ¦.I can't handle it." I said. Aaron placed his fingers through my hair. "We'll see about that, Miss Harrison. Thing is, if you fail and go out to fuck someone else, I will punish you." He said matter-of-factly.

"That's not fair." I said. He smiles.

"Life isn't fair, baby. Accept that and move on."

I hit his back and he turned to me and smiled. He pressed hard against me and I felt his erection. I gasped as he brought my leg up to his waist. "Torture not having me inside you, isn't it?"

"Yes it is. Please."

He smiled and then turned to give me the soap. I sighed and grabbed it and rubbed it over my body. Aaron watched me as I did and I can see lust burning in his eyes. I continued to wash mainly between my legs to make him even harder than he already was.

"Don't think I don't know what you're doing." He said smirking.

"What am I doing?" I asked innocently.

"You're making me want you, Angie."

"I'm waiting for you to come get me." I said challenging him. He smiles.

"Nice try. But its starting now." He takes the soap from me and rubs it on himself. I let the water rinse me off and Aaron put the soap on a rack and let the water do the same to him. When we were done, he gave me a towel and got a towel for himself and wrapped it around his waist.

We both went back to his bedroom and I sat on the bed. Need coming to me again. I look up at him mentally begging for him to fuck me.

Please. Please.

He leans against the dresser smiling. "I need it just as bad as you do. Trust me. Butâ ¦this is a part of training. If I fuck you right now, then I wouldn't ever be able to tame you to be just mine."

"Can we please just start after a few minutes from now please, Aaron?" I asked.

Aaron smiles and shakes his head. "You've got to learn to control the urge, Angie. In the future, how do you expect to be in a relationship with someone if you fuck everything you see?"

I shake my head and run my fingers though my hair. "I don't give a shit about any relationships right now. All I wantâ ¦.I want you to fuck me." I said. Jesus. I was so horny. I couldn't even explain it.

"No." He said simply.

I sigh and close my eyes trying to get my head together. I open my eyes and look straight at him as I lay back and open my towel.

He stares at me and then closes his eyes. "Don't, Angie."

I slide my hand down my body slowly staring at him and then I stop at the lips of pussy and keep my eyes on him.

He walks over to me, positions himself on top of me and sink deep into me. I gasp and grab his shoulders. He moans with me and moves out slowly and back in. Oh fuck.

"Faster." I whisper and he obliges. He thrusts harder driving me over the edge. I wrap my legs around him holding him closely.

He kisses me softly and stroke hard against my hips. "Cum." He whispers.

No I want to feel this a little longer. I hold it in although its so damn hard.

"Cum, Angie." He whispers.

I shake my head but instead of holding it in like I wanted to, I explode around him crying out his name as I did. He followed right after me panting hard. I reached up and ran my fingers through his hair. I don't know why I did it, I just wanted to.

His breathing slows as he looks down at me. "You're getting punished tomorrow night for making me do that." He said.

"You seemed to like it." I said smiling at him.

"I did. Very much. I loved the release but it was wrong. I am supposed to be teaching you to resist."

"Looks like you're having problems with that too." I said. He smiles.

"I got it under control, Angie. You don't." He gets off of me and then goes to his drawer.

I sit up and looked down at my clothes from yesterday."

"Here." He throws me a shirt. It's huge of course. I put it on and look around in the bathroom for a rubber band.

When I find one, I bawl the shirt up in the back and tie the rubber band around it.

Then Aaron gives me a pair of his boxers which I also tie up.

When Aaron looks at me, his eyes grow wide. "You're not making this any easier for me."

I smirk. "What are you talking about?"

"Don't try to act innocent."

I smile and sit back on his bed.

I watch him as he puts on his dark red boxers and black pants and then black socks. Hmm. He must like the color black.

"What's your last name? I fucked you about four times now and I still don't know."

"Clarke." He answered.

"Aaron Clarke." I said testing it out. He turns and smiles at me.

"Middle name?" I ask.

He shook his head. "Oh no. I'm not telling you that."

I laugh. "What do guys have against that? Revealing their middle name."

"Because a lot of them are embarrassing. Like mine."

"Can't be worse than mine." I said lying back on his pillows.

He smirks. "Oh I know, Jay." He muttered. My eyes grew wide. Damn him.

"You stalk me don't you? Somehow you manage to pull up every piece of information there is about me."

"It was hardly managing. I looked up your twitter and Facebook page andâ ¦.other things. I find information about all my submissives."

"Because you want to or is that one of your rules?"

"I have very little rules but yes, its one of them." He puts on a white t shirt and look to me.

"We're not doing anything tonight, Angie. Night one of the resistance. I'm going to take you home and if you fuck someoneâ ¦.I will know. And I'll punish you and it will hurt."

"But I can't reâ ¦"

"Do you try to?"

"Always." I answer.

Aaron walks over to me and leans over so our faces are inches apart. "If you fuck someone else, I will punish you and won't let you fuck anyone. Including myself."

"You're seriously going to cut me off from something I can't control?"

"You chose to get involved with me. You chose to be mine. Which is what you are." He brushed his lips against mine and I closed my eyes.

"Don't make me punish you, Angie. As much as it'll turn me on, I don't want to be disappointed at you. Can you be a good girl for me?" He asked.

I opened my eyes and nod.

He nods back and goes into the bathroom.

So he stalks me. Somehow, I feel more flattered than irritated about that.

Me and Aaron soon left his apartment and got into the car. I greeted Alfred and he nodded once at me and drove me home.

I had my clothes in a bag and looked to Aaron.

"What about your clothes?" I asked referring to the ones I was wearing. Aaron smirked.

"Keep them. Reminds you of who you belong to."

I blush and he kisses my cheek before I get out the car.

Guess it's going to stay there until I get in my house.

When I got in, I put my clothes in my hamper and sat down on my bed. Goddamn I just got tired. I can't believe he's really keeping me fromâ ¦.

Don't think about it. Don't think about it, Angie. It's just one day. You've went without it for a day beforeâ ¦â ¦.I think.

My cell phone beeps and I look over at it. I forgot I left that there.

I get up and grab it.

Unknown messenger.

I open the message and frown.

Re: Keep your legs closed

Angie, I'm serious about what I said. I have about two people watching your house, so they're monitoring where you go and who you let inâ ¦.literally.

I sighed. Really? He is a fucking stalker. I shook my head and texted back.

Re: Legs can be as open and wide as they want to be.

Don't try to control me. I may be yours but I'm still my own person, Clarke.

I press "send" and sat my phone down. I inhale the scent of his shirt on my body. It feels comfortable and I just lie down and try to focus on something other than the obvious.

My phone beeps again and I get up and grab it and then lay back down.

I open the message.

Re: Using last names are we?

Well, Harrison, remember you said that. Tomorrow, you'll be begging me to stop.

You'll be writhing underneath me. I can guarantee that.

He's making me horny and I start to wonder if it's intentional.

I close my eyes and breathe out. There's the feeling. The urge and it's so powerful. I feel like exploding right now.

Right fucking now.

Instead of doing what I so desperately need, I decide to text back.

Re: Intentionally

You're intentionally making me wet. Stop it!!! Unless you want to lose a slave.

I press send and look up as someone knocks on my door. I stand up with my phone in my hands and go to my door. I look out the window and it Kenneth. I roll my eyes and unlock, then open the door.

"Adam is going insane." He said as he walked in the house. My phone beeps again as I close the door.

I glance at it before looking back at Kenneth.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"He's over my house. He's fucking depressed thanks to his slutty ex-girlfriend."

I lean against the door and fold my arms. What do you want me to do?" I ask. My phone beeps again and I ignore it.

"Go talk to him. He's crying, Angie. Show a little sensitivity."

"I love him, Kenneth. I love himâ¦but I can't justâ¦..he can't accept me and I can't control it. Iâ¦" I step towards him and he steps back and shakes his head. "I won't hurt him anymore."

"I hate hurting him but he doesn't want to be with me."

"Like hell he doesn't. Look, there is a party coming up on the fifthteenth. Pleaseâ¦.please go and just talk to him."

"I was at the store yesterday and he didn't say a word to me."

"Angieâ¦.please. Go to the party and talk to him."

"What kind of party?"

"Black and White party held at the Hatton Hotel."

"I didn't get an invite and I doubt that I ever will." My phone buzzes again and I sighed.

Kenneth looks at my phone and then to me. "You have someone else that quick, don't you?"

"He didn't want me and I had to move on."

"He does want you, stupid."

"One, I'm not stupid. Two, if he wants me, he can come talk to me and lastly, get out."

"You're a selfish bitch you know that?"

"Yeah. Dually noted. Bye bye." I moved from the door and Kenneth opened the door and then slammed it shut making me jump.

The phone beeps again and I quickly attend to the messages.

I go to the last one.

Re: Punished

Tommy and Frank told me they saw a gentlemen enter and exit your house. No need to explain yourself. You're getting your punishment tomorrow night for sure. Be prepared.

I sigh. Fuck. I forgot there were people watching my house. I hardly knew the guy and he had people watching me.

I text back.

Re: That gentlemen

That gentleman was a friend of my ex-boyfriend. He just came to tell me that my ex wanted to talk to me.

I press send and almost immediately got a response back.

Re: Planning on quitting?

Want to quit and go back to him?

I texted back.

Re: What do you think?

No. I'm rather satisfied with where I am now.

Do I still get punished even though I obviously didn't break a rule?

I hit send.

He texted back insta ntly.

Re: Tempted.

I'm about tempted to, Angie. I want to see how much you can take. But you have to actually do something to earn it.

Some part of me wanted to know what it feels like.

I actually want to ask for it. Oh what the hell am I doing? I agreed to this shit and now I have a whole lot of kinky ideas going through my mindâ ¦..thanks to him.

Re: Asking is out of the question?

What if I ask you to punish me?

I sent the message and seconds later, he responded back.

Re: Don't.

I'm on my way to a meeting, Angie.

Don't make me hard.

And no, asking is not out of the question. I'll punish you if that's what you want tomorrow night.

And I cannot wait.

Chapter 6: My lust burns deep for him

Chapter 6: My lust burns deep for him

I've texted Adam about the last time we saw each other. He text me that he apologizes. I always feel guilty even after I apologize to him because I know for a fact; I'm going to end up cheating on him again.

Adam deserves better than that.

My phone beeped and I picked it up.

I smiled when I saw I had a message from Aaron.

Re: Holding up

How are you holding up?

I rolled my eyes. He knew I couldn't stand this. He knew that it was killing me. I was getting frustrated but I kept myself composed and sighed as I texted back.

Re: Hate you

I hate you right now because you know I'm not holding up good at all.

I press send and my phone immediately beeps again.

Re: On my way

I'm on my way to your house. I would say we can stay there but you want to be punished and all of my "Punishing tools" are at my house. Wear something easy to get out of.

I put my phone away and got in the shower

I was thinking about that party on the fifthteenth. Maybe I should go talk to Adam. Every time I apologize to him, I feel like its not good enough and it never is.

It would be hard to forgive someone after they cheated on you so many times.

When I got out of the shower, I put on a little skirt and a little tank top.

My phone made a beeping noise and I checked it.

Re: Outside

Come.

That's all I get? "Come" I roll my eyes as I grab my keys and my cell phone and walk out of the house. We're about to get in Dom/sub mode, so I have to call him "Sir" now.

Aaron opened the car door and came around to my side to open my door for me.

He said nothing as he then got into car.

Alfred started to drive and I slowly looked over to Aaron who was already looking back at me.

I slowly looked down and I saw his arousal through his pants. I bit my lip as I looked back into his eyes and a smirk was now on his face.

Oh, you gorgeous bastard.

"You seem to spend a lot of time, texting at work."

"I know. Somehow, texting you is more entertaining than working."

"Am I really that big of a distraction?"

"Yes."

"Sorry."

"Don't be. I like it."

Fuck. He's making me blush.

Alfred dropped us off and parked the car in the garage that matched the size of my house. He grabbed my hand and led me up a small set of stairs, through a hallway and to a door.

"I want to show you something."

I nodded feeling oddly nervous.

He opens the door and the room is completely dark. "What am I seeing?" I asked.

The door closes and it's now extremely pitch dark. What the hell?

I could feel soft hands on my waist. "Just relax." He whispers in my ear.

He grabs my hand and slowly leads me away. I reach out to feel something. I feel him and a wall.

"Slowly turn around." I did what he said. Only I wasn't sure if I was facing the right way.

"Do you trust me?" He asked.

"Yes." I answered. Aaron was quiet for a second.

"Yes what?" He asked.

"Yes sir." I whispered.

I can feel Aaron's lips on mine and he quickly pulled away and I listened as his footsteps walked away from me.

I heard the noise of a chain and it got louder and louder as his footsteps approached.

The sound stopped and I can feel him lifting my tank top from my body.

I let out a low sigh. Why was I so nervous?

I felt him lift up my skirt and he slid my panties down. "I like the skirt. I think I want you to keep it on." He said. His voice had my body aching for him.

"Hold your arms above your head, Angie." I slowly obeyed and I felt something metal clasp around both of my arms. Wasn't too loose or too tight.

"Does it hurt, baby?" He asked.

"No, sir." I answered.

"Good." I heard his footsteps disappear again. The sound of a drawer opening and closing.

He walked near me once again and I can sense him behind me.

"So you want to be punished?" He asked moving my hair from one side to the other.

"Yes sir." I responded.

He suddenly slapped my ass with something that felt likeâ ¦..leather? It stung but the feeling definitely turned me on.

"Again?" He asked.

"Again sir." I whispered. Aaron does it again making me groan. My arousal was dripping down my thighs. I was begging for a release in my head.

"Again?"

"Yes sir." I responded. He rubbed my butt before slapping it hard again causing me to groan louder.

"You like that?" He whispered in my ear.

"Yes sir." I replied. His hand slipped in between my thighs. "Wet as usual." He said in a low voice.

"Eventually, I'll have to teach you to hold in your orgasm and only come when I say so."

Was that even possible? I felt like I was about to explode right now.

"I would punish you more but you seriously made me want you, just from feeling how wet you are." I heard him unzip his pants and he rubbed his finger over my sex and then put his erection against me.

He tangles his fingers in my hair and pulls my head back as his teeth tugs my ear lobe. My breathing picks up.

Aaron lets go of me and I make a moan of protest. But then, I could feel his cock softly rubbing against my wet clit.

He is killing me and he knows he is. My breathing picks up once again.

Aaron was now standing in front of me as he grabs both of my legs and shoves his cock in me.

"Aaron!" I cry. Damnit, I'm supposed to call him sir. Aaron stays still.

"What did you call me?" He asked in a low smooth voice. I say nothing. I wish I could see his face so I can see if he's mad or not. His voice sounds fine but at the same time, it says that he's angry that I broke a rule.

"Sir." I corrected myself.

I felt his lips brush against mine. "Don't do that again." He whispered. I nodded immediately although I knew he couldn't see it.

He starting slamming in and out of me really fast, bringing my hips forward every time he thrusted into me.

"Ahhh!" I screamed out.

The cuffs or whatever was binding my wrists were cutting into my skin but I didn't care at this moment. This felt so good.

And something about us not seeing each other added to the excitement.

"Oh! Yes! Fuck!" I moaned.

All that can be heard was his fast breathing, my moans and the sound of a chain moving back and forth really fastâ ¦.and the sound of our bodies connecting with each other's.

I felt Aaron tug on my bottom lip and then his tongue invades my mouth. He moaned while thrusting forward slowly.

I needed a release so bad.

My phone rings from my purse but Aaron doesn't stop and truthfully, I don't want him to. Soon, my muscles deep in my stomach clench and I'm calling his name repeatedly and he stills as he climaxes the same time I climax around him while crying out my release and he does the same.

He kisses me again much harder than before while still holding my legs up to his waist. My phone rings again and we both ignore it.

Both of us are silent but I can tell we're looking at each other regardless of the darkness.

After a while, I break the silence.

"Are you going to let me answer my phone?"

"No." He answers.

Fair enough. He wants to be the center of attention when I'm around him.

"Ready to be uncuffed?" He asked.

"Yes sir." I answered.

Aaron let go of me and I could hear him shifting around the room and I felt the cuffs being uncuffed.

I rubbed my wrists and looked around for Aaron.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"Right here." He whispered in my ear.

He grabbed my hand and then paused for a second. He bent down for a second and I felt my clothes in my other hand.

"Follow me."

I did what he said and I ended up bumping into a wall. I laughed to stop from feeling embarrassment and Aaron laughed with me.

"I'm sorry. I led you the wrong way. Come over here."

He pulled my arm again and I followed him until he let go of my hand.

He opened the door and the lights in the hallway made me squint my eyes.

"Shower." He said immediately as he leads me through the hallway and into the bathroom that's in his bedroom.

I still only have on my little skirt.

I peel it off and turn on the shower as Aaron discards his clothes

I step in and Aaron steps in with me, both of us silent, staring at each other.

After a while, I became anxious to ask. "Are we still in Dom/Sub mode?"

He hesitated for a second as if he was unsure but eventually, he shook his head no.

We both lean on opposite ends of the shower still staring at each other. I don't know why but that's just what was happening.

"Any questions about what just happened?" He asked smirking.

"Why did you keep the lights off?" I asked.

"To add more excitement."

Well it was definitely exciting.

"It was extra exciting."

"I'm glad you felt so. Anything else?" He asked. He looked like he wanted me to ask a specific question.

"Yeah, when you said how you're going to teach me to hold in my orgasm and only come when you say so. Are you seriously going to be able to teach me that?"

He smiles. That's the question he wanted me to ask. "Yes. I've taught it to all my other subs. It is possible."

Hmmm. Interesting.

He hands me the soap and I lather myself up while he puts shampoo in my hair and rub it in throughout my hair. It felt really good. I felt like we've been doing this for years. Like a daily routine.

He lathers himself up and I put shampoo in his hair and watched as the water rinsed it out and all the soap and water slowly ran down his body. I looked up into his eyes and looked back down at me. His lips found mine and I wrapped my arms around my neck holding him tightly to me.

Aaron wrapped his arms around me and sighed as he kissed me. Do doms and subs do this?

Aaron slowly released me at the same time I released him.

He turned the water off and I stepped out with him right behind me.

He handed me a dark red tile and put one around his waist as we walked out of the bathroom.

I pulled the covers from his bed back and got in and then pulled them over me.

Aaron stared at me. A smile playing on his lips.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing. You're just very pretty, Angie." He looked embarrassed for a second.

"Right back at you, Aaron."

He chuckled. "Thank you."

"Did you let all the others sleep in your bed?"

He shook his head.

"No, the others had their own room."

"So why do you let me?" I asked.

He hesitated for a second. "I don't know. It just seems like you'll be more comfortable in here."

I was.

I was suddenly tired also. I closed my eyes for a second. When I opened them, Aaron was about to leave out the room.

"Aaron?"

He turned to look at me.

"Can you lay down with me until I fall asleep?" I asked.

He looked at me rather amused.

"Scared to be by yourself?"

"I'm not twelve."

He smiles. "Why do you want me to lay next to you?"

"I just do okay? I let you chain me up. You owe me."

He hesitated for a second but then smiled and came over and pulled the covers back.

"You don't have to likeâ ¦.hold me or anything. I just want you next to me." I admitted. Aaron pulls me over to him anyway.

"I kind of want to." He whispered in my ear.

I let him hold me and his body feels nice and warm.

I have to admit that I liked Aaron. Maybe more than I thought I would.

But this still felt wrong. Some part of me still feels attached to Adam. Maybe that's who was calling me. I thought about getting up and checking my phone but then my eyes close and before I know it, I'm asleep.

The next morning when I woke up, Aaron is still holding me. I turn slightly to look at his face.

His eyes are closed. Is it really possible for someone to look so sexyâ ¦.all the time? Even in their sleep?

I bite my lip as I run my finger along his jaw line.

He mumbles something I can't understand and then his eyes slowly open.

"Sorry." I mutter.

He smiles warmly and places his hand on my cheek. "It's okay. I was about to wake up anyway."

He sits up and rubs his eyes.

"I was supposed to stay here until you fell asleep but I guess I fell asleep also."

"I'm glad you stayed." I admitted. He looks at me confused for a second. Like I spoke some language he didn't understand.

"What?" I asked.

He shakes his head. "Nothing." He gets up and runs his fingers through his hair and glances at me.

"Hungry?" He asks."

I nod.

"Follow me."

"Wait, you're not going to put any clothes on? You're just going to walk around in a towel?" I asked. Not that I minded so much.

"It's my house, Angie. I can wear what I want or nothing at all." He walked out of the room and I wrapped the sheets around me as I got up too and followed him.

When I followed him, we stopped in a room with a table filled with food. Omelets ,pancakes, bacon and sausage. "You made this?" I asked.

He smirked. "No. I was sleep beside you. My maid made it."

"I never see her."

"It's not really a lot of work to be done here so she makes breakfast, lunch, dinner, cleans a little and then leaves. Her name is Jane, if you ever run into her."

I sit down and he sits down across from me.

I grab a plate from the corner of the table and sit in front of me. I grab a fork and start to pick food and sit it on my plate.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Anything." He answered staring at me.

"Do youâ ¦.I mean, do I get to be your subâ ¦.you knowâ ¦.during the day?" I asked.

He smiles and nods. "Yes. I just have to work mostly during the day so very rarely do I go into Dom mode during this time. I barely have time today to do it."

"So after this, are you going to take me home?" I asked.

Aaron leans forward. "Do you *want* to go home?"

I shake my head.

"Then no. I'll let you stay while I'm at work."

"And you trust me?"

"I trust no one. I just believe you won't do anything stupid or unnecessary."

"In other words, you trust me." I said.

Aaron chuckled. "Fine. I trust that you fuck with anything you know you shouldn't fuck with."

It's bad for me to fuck around with you but I'm doing it.

"Okay. Any rooms you want me to stay out of?" I asked.

He thought for a second. "The room I took you to last night."

"Any particular reason why?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Is there another reason why you kept the lights off last night?"

He shook his head again.

"Okay. When you come home, can we go back there?" I asked.

He smiles and nods. "Want anything specific?"

"I like whatever you come up with."

He grins mischievously. "Good because I have plans."

Chapter 7: The room

Author's Note: Longest chapter i've ever written for a story. sorry guys. i got carried away in the sex scene. Hopefully you all enjoy. Aaron is starting to remind me of Tristan but hey, maybe that's on purpose because as i put in "its not love", this story was written by Jenna. And maybe the characters are based off of her and Tristan. Anyway, i hope you all like. I'll try updated Foreverr soon.

Chapter 7: The room

"Soâ ¦.you sure you absolutely trust me?" I asked.

Aaron nods as he buttons his pants.

"I'm positive."

My phone rings again and he frowns and look from my phone to me.

I'm pretty sure I have a guilty look on my face.

"That's Adam." I whispered.

He looked back at my phone narrowing his eyes.

"What do you two talk about?" He asked.

Why? None of your business.

"Why?"

"Curiosity." He answered.

"Talking about this party on the fifteenth." I said.

Aaron stiffens and looks to me.

"You're going with him?"

"Not with him. Going there to talk to him."

"But not as a date right?" He asked.

I shook my head and he smiles.

"Be my date." He leans against the dresser measuring my reaction.

"I thought you don't date. You just fuck."

"That's true but, I'm not quite interested in all the other girls that want me to be their date so I'm asking you."

"Not sure that I'm sophisticated enough." I said.

He smirks.
"And that's what I like about you."

God, why does he have to go to work right now?

I just wanted him to throw me on the bed and fuck meâ ¦..hard.

"What if I embarrass you?" I asked.

"I'll punish you once we get back here. But then again, you'll probably want that. I'll just not have sex with you. That's punishment enough." He said smiling to himself. He was forming a plan in his head.

"It'll be punishing you too. You're an addict also. Don't you forget."

"Like I said before, Angie. I can control it better than you can."

I stand up and grab his tie and pulled him towards me.

"I don't think you can." I whisper.

He smiles. "Are you challenging me, Angela?"

"Maybe." I answered.

Aaron smiles.

"Distracting me, Angie. That's not a good thing."

"You said you liked it."

"Mhh hmm. Just because I said I liked it doesn't mean its right."

"I'm not right for you and you're not right for me, so what the hell are we doing together?"

"Because. The both of us like to fuck each other."

"Oh yeah. That *is* the reason."

He chuckles and then kisses me softly.

"I have to go. Help yourself to anything but that room. And I put a lock on it so you can't sneak in."

He kisses me again as he walks out of the room.

I get up and follow him.

Ah, there's the maid. She's has short black hair and she's short than me. She looked mixed with Chinese.

She smiles at me and I smile back to her.

Aaron comes back over to me. He hands me a key.

"Keep this by your side. You can go out wherever you want. But I want you back here by the time I get off of work."

"Which isâ¦?"

"Seven." He answered.

"And what if I'm not here?" I asked.

"You'll want to be here. Trust me." He gave me another kiss. This one lasted longer than before.

Jane was paying us no attention. She didn't seem to give a fuck.

I kissed him back hard and he smiled when he pulled away. "See you at seven."

I nodded as he winked at me and left out with Alfred.

I look to Jane and she looks back at me. "Are you hungry miss?" She asked.

I shook my head.

"No thank you, Jane. And by the way, you can call me Angie."

"If you need anything, I'll be right here for you."

"Thank you a lot." I walked back into his bedroom and grabbed my phone.

Five missed calls from Adam.

Fuck.

I would feel wrong for calling him while I'm in Aaron's house so I don't. But I do know someone I *do* want to talk to. Someone I need to talk to.

I dial Ashley's number.

When she picks up, she has joy in her voice.

"Ashley?" I asked.

The line goes silent.

"Ashley. You there?"

"Yeahâ¦.I'm here."

"I have to talk to you. Please can we talk? I'm sorry about that night. I swear to you that I'm sorry. I didn't want to do it. You know I wouldn't do it on purpose."

"What? So I found my fiancÃ©e accidently fucking you on my couch?"

"No. Iâ ¦.I need to talk to you. Can we please meet somewhere? To get coffee or something?

"Why is our friendship so important to you all of a sudden?"

"It's was always important to me. Can we meet at Starbucks or someplace like that? My treat."

After a long pause, I heard her sigh. "Sure. Ten minutes." Then she hung up. Finally.

I get up to take a shower and then put back on my clothes.

I do my hair and I'm out the door.

I walk to Starbucks and I actually smile when I see Ashley but she doesn't smile back.

She looks more annoyed than anything.

"Hey."

She slowly walks into the restaurant leaving me there looking stupid.

Eventually, I follow in and she orders a vanilla latte while I order a cappuccino.

As we sat down, we were covered by an awkward silence.

Until I decide to break that silence.

"I'm glad you showed up. I didn't really expect you to."

"Yeah wellâ ¦a lot of people do a lot of unexpected things, Angie. What do you want?"

"I want to be your friend again."

She scoffed and laughed. "You're kidding me right? Angie, we can never go back to how we were before."

"What I did was so terribly shitty, Ashley. But I felt like you blamed me completely. You didn't blame him at all."

"Because I expected better out of you. We've known each other since fourth or fifth grade. You broke my trust. If I let you back into my life, how do I know you won't do some more terrible shit to me?"

"You don't know. I need you to learn to trust me again, Ashley."

"That's going to be very hard to do."

"Please just tryâ ¦â ¦..for me." I asked.

Ashley looks out of the window and sighs softly.

I lost all of my friends because of my addiction and I hated it. I just want peoples respect back.

"I'll try but you can't meet my new boyfriend."

"That's fine. I don't want to."

Ashley smiles a little. "Are you okay?"

"What do you mean?"

"I meanâ ¦.you know. Your excessiveâ ¦"

"Oh yeah. I'm keeping it in place."

"How?" She asked.

I shrug.

"This guyâ ¦he makes me keep it in place. He has the same problem. So we just kind of got together and nowâ ¦we'reâ ¦..really involved with each other."

Ashley nods.

"Hmm. Weird. I always pictured you'd stay with Adam all your life."

"Yep. You and me both." I mutter.

"So this new guy, is he likeâ ¦.your boyfriend?"

I shake my head. Aaron wasn't that exactly.

How was I supposed to say, 'No, he's not my boyfriend but I'm his sex slave I let him fuck meâ ¦.hard.'

"Um, s-something like that." I answer.

"Is he hot?"

If only she knew.

I nod and a smile comes to my lips.

"I actually did kind of miss you, Angie. It's been a while. Are you going to that white and black party?"

I sighed.

Why does everyone know about this party but me?

Aaron asked me to be his date but I'll be there to talk to Adam.

"Yeah, I'll be there. You?"

Ashley shook her head. "I would but I wasn't invited."

"Neither was I but I'll force my way in anyway. Aaron will let me in."

"Aaron. He has an invitation?"

I nod.

My phone suddenly beeps and I look down at it.

It's a message from Aaron.

I look back to Angie and she's staring at me expectantly.

"Ah, that's the mysterious not-quite boyfriend?" She asked. I nodded.

Re: Tonight

Couple of hours away. I'm thinking of you.

Oh, of course you are.

Re: Tonight

Think of your work now and the whips and chains later.

I send the message and look to Ashley.

"You do realize you're grinning like an idiot right?" Ashley asked.

I look at her put my phone away. "Sorry. Soâ ¦I'm officially forgiven?"

"Of course." She gives me a warm smile.

I let out a relieved sigh. "Thank god." My phone beeps again and I ignore it.

"So. Why are you and Adam over?" She asked.

Oh god. Here we go. "I cheated on him."

"Figures."

"I thought you said I was forgiven."

She nodded. "You are. I just said figures. But you still *do* love Adam right?"

"I always will." I answered.

After we were done, we walked around outside and my phone beeped.

"One second." I whispered.

Ashley nodded as we kept walking.

"Hello?"

"What are you doing?" Aaron asked.

"I'm out walking around with my best friend."

"Thought you didn't have any."

I roll my eyes.

"I obviously do."

"You can take her to my house if you want. The both of you don't have to stay outside."

"Okay. I'll see you in a few hours."

"I'll see you."

We both hung up at the same time and I looked to Ashley who had her eyebrows raised.

"He said we can both go back to his house. It's amazing. Let's go."

Ashley follows me and stares in awe once we get into his apartment. "What does he do for living?" She couldn't keep the shock out of her voice as she looks around.

"He walks on wall street. CEO of something. I forgot what he told me butâ ¦.I mean just look at his house. Everything is so neat and clean."

"How long have you been seeing him?" She asked.

I shrugged. "About two weeks." I answer.

"Jesus. He must buy you a lot."

I shake my head.

"No. I never ask him to buy me anything. We just talk and fuck and that's it."

Ashley narrows her eyes at me. "Sounds like you want more though."

"What?"

"Sounds like you want more than that. Your voice broke a little, Angie."

I sigh softly. "Heâ ¦..doesn't want more. I mean, he's a sex addict, he would rather just fuck girls than justâ ¦â ¦date them."

"You're a sex addict and you seem to have yourself under control right now."

She was right. I'd normally be desperate for it.

It would invade every thought that I had but I didn't need it right now.

I wanted it but I didn't actually *need* it.

Me and Ashley sat on the couch, as Jane made us some sandwiches and we ate them while talking.

Time passed fast.

Soon, I heard the door open and shut and I looked over as Aaron came into the room.

I bit my lip as I looked at him. I wanted to just jump on him.

Ashley looks over and her eyes widen. I knew he would have the same effect on her he had on me.

I giggled silently to myself.

He holds out his hand. "Aaron Clarke." She slowly shakes his hand.

"I-I know you. You were in the paper. Richest bachelor in New York."

He smiles. "Guilty." He shows a dazzling smile and she looks like she's about to come undone.

She slowly gets up. "I should leave and let the both of youâ ¦you knowâ ¦.do what you two do."

"I can have my driver drop you off, Ashley."

She nods and Alfred comes into the room. "Take her home. She'll give you the directions." Aaron says authoritative.

Alfred nods as he walks out of the room.

"Goodbye, Angie. I'll call you later. Goodbye, Mr. Clarke."

Aaron nods once to her.

"Oh my god." She mouths before she walks out of the room. I laugh and Aaron looks to me.

He sits beside me and I stare at him.

"How was work?" I ask.

"Difficult."

"Anything bad happen?" I asked.

He shook his head. "All I could think about was you. It was very distracting."

"What do you think about when you think about me?" I ask.

He gives me a look. "Oh, I think you know."

I grin as he grins back at me. "Shall we?" He asked.

"We shall." I answered.

He slowly rises and takes me with him.

I get excited automatically. We're going back to *"The Room"*.

We silently go through the hallway and stop in front of the door.

He looks at me with a smile on his face. "I'll turn the lights on this time." He says.

"Okay." I whisper.

He digs into the pocket of his jacket and takes a set of keys out. He pushes it into the lock and the door opens. He exhales as he slowly walks in and I walk in behind him.

When the light flicks on, I am frozen where I stand.

On the farther right wall, There is a huge bed with black satin sheets covering it.

The wall to the right of the wall with the bed on it, has a dark wooden board with straps bound to it and next to it is cabinets and a cherry wooden dresser.

And next to that was a long black couch.

On the wall nearest to me held handcuffs. Ten pairs. Some were furry, some were plain and others had leather.

There were whips and riding crops and floggers hanging a few feet from me.

Now I see why he turned the lights off the first time.

Yeah, this would have freaked me out at first butâ ¦.there was something dark and seductive about everything.

The room smelled likeâ ¦.pineapples?

I looked to Aaron who looked embarrassed for a second.

"Think you're ready for all of this?" He asked.

I bite my lip and I try to resist the urge to smile.

Fuck.

I feel that powerful urge to justâ ¦â ¦fuck.

Aaron sees the expression on my face and he locks the door and then walks to my side and then stands in front of me.

"Are you ready for all of it?" He asked again.

I slowly nodded.

He smiles and kisses me and then pulls away. "Take all of your clothes off." He says as he sits on the couch and watches me.

I slowly pull my skirt down and then take off my tank top and bra.

I let them all drop to the floor and then I look to him and he's watching me with a fascinating interest.

"Why do you look nervous? You love this moment."

"I know. I'm still nervous."

"Tonight, we're using the riding crop, and the handcuffs, and the chain with leather cuffs that we used last night. Okay?" He asked in a smooth voice like this was an everyday casual conversation. I nod desperate for him to just fuck me. And fuck me hard.

Aaron looks at the wall filled with all of the cuffs and crops then he looks to me. "Grab a set of cuffs."

He whispered.

I slowly walk over and grab the cuffs with black fur and hand them to him.

He twirls them around in his fingers and look to me. "Nice choice."

Aaron gets up and walks behind me.

"Hands behind your back."

I moved both my hands behind my back and he bound my wrists together with the handcuffs.

He grabbed the small short chain between the two cuffs and pushed me forward

towards the couch.

He makes me stop a foot back from the couch. "Get on your knees." He whispers in my ear.

I'm fucking melting. I do as he says and look up at him.

He stands in front of me looking down at me and smiles warmly at me.

His hand slowly caresses one side of my face and then he takes his hands away to go to the button of his pants.

I watch him pull them down and release his member and I come undone. It's fully erect and he's waiting for me.

"Angie?" He said.

"Yesâ ¦sir?" I look up to him.

He smiles.

He leans down to kiss me hard and pushes his tongue in my mouth. Our tongues fight together.

I'm getting beyond excited.

My wetness is spread everywhere, all up and down my inner thighs to my knees.

He places his hand between my inner thighs and rubs my clit. I whimper and kiss him harder. All too soon, he pulls away, takes his finger away and places it in my mouth.

It heightens this desperate feeling I'm already overwhelmed by.

He kisses me again while latching onto a handful of my hair and tugging it gently.

When he pulls away, he looks down at me and runs his fingers through my hair.

I lean forward and slide my mouth over his erect member and a gentle moan slips out of his mouth.

He pushes his member deeper into my mouth hissing my name between his teeth.

I gently scrape my teeth against him and close my eyes as I lose myself.

Aaron pulls my hair back and forth as I work on his length and his moaning gets louder. I want to make him cum more than anything. I *wanted* to satisfy him.

This is what being his sex slave or submissive was about.

Wanting to satisfy him. Submitting to him.

He keeps my head still as I felt his warm release pour into my mouth and I swallow it down and look up at him.

He smiles, leans down and kisses me gently. "Good girl." He whispered.

I stare up at him as he gets up and places his member back into his pants.

"Stand up, baby." He breathed.

I got up to my feet and he walked behind me and I could hear him place the key in the lock of the handcuffs and he uncuffed me.

I watched him hang them back up and then he looked to me.

"Follow me." He walked to the wall that had the board on it with the straps.

"You're comfortable with being on it?" He asked.

I studied it for a second and then nodded as I looked at him.

He grabs his hand and intertwines his fingers in mine as he brings me over to the board.

He turns me around and I look up at him.

He kisses me while backing me against the board and he straps me in while still fondling my tongue with his.

My hands were bound above my head and he strapped my ankles in at the bottom.

Touch me. Touch me.

This is killing me.

Oh fuckâ ¦.the urge is back. Shit.

I feel like ripping out of this thing and just having my way with him on the goddamn floor.

Aaron smirks as if he can read my thoughts and he smiles at me adoringly and bites his lip as he studies me.

He walks away and goes to one of the cabinets and takes something out.

As he walks closer, I can see it's a leather mouth gag with a silicone ball in the center.

He kisses me, biting down on my lip and grinding against my pussy and then kisses me deeper before putting the mouth gag on me.

I kept my eyes on his and he slowly smiles at me.

He walks away again and pulls open the dresser and he pulls something else out. Something long. He glances at me with a mischievous grin on his face before he closes it and slowly walks closer to me.

As he gets closer to me once again, I see that it's a riding crop.

He slips his shoes off and takes off his jacket and throws it on the bed and unbuttons his black shirt.

Oh! His fucking muscles. I want him now.

"I have to teach you to resist."

"By teasing me?" I asked with the ball still in my mouth.

So it sounded like: Mymeezinmee?

He seems to understand what I say because he nods.

"Yes. By teasing you. I have confidence in you. Notice how since you've been with me, you haven't had the urge to go around and fuck the whole town. Right?"

I nodded.

"Because what would happen?" He asked.

I didn't answer.

He flicked the crop against my left nipple and a gasp escaped out of my mouth.

"What would happen?" He asked again.

You will punish me. "ooiunishee."

Aaron nods again.

Did his others make the same responses because he can oddly understand my words.

"That's right. I will. And lucky for you, you haven't given me a reason to punish you, Angie.

However, I'd like to punish you," He walked over closer so his lips were to my ear. "Just to hear you scream." He whispered.

I was melting at his words.

Please touch me.

He places the tip of the crop to the valley between my breasts and then slowly let it trails down to my pussy. Once it gets there, he moves it back and forth against my sensitive clit.

I moan and bite down hard on the silicone ball in my mouth.

"Do you think you can handle five hits?" He asked.

I nod and sigh softly.

He smiles and run the crop down my skin. Down to my quivering legs.

"Where do you want them?" He asked.

I didn't answer.

He brings the crop between my breasts. "Here?" He asks.

I shake my head.

He trails it down further to my stomach. "Here?" He asked.

I shake my head again.

Lower. "oaah."

He moved it lower down to my clit. "That's going to hurt, baby. You sure you want this?"

I nod.

Aaron bites his lip and stares into my eyes and then down to my waiting clit.

Some sudden kinky part of me is desperate to feel this kind of pain and pleasure.

I close my eyes and there's a sudden sharp flick on my clit.

I let out a groan of pain but then moan and nod.

"Again?" He asks.

I nod and close my eyes again and he whips the riding crop against my sensitive flesh and I scream out and whimper.

It hurts more this time yetâ ¦I didn't want him to stop.

I was confused by this feeling.

"Again?" He asks and I shake my head.

"Hmm. Three more. Where do they go?" He asks.

I think for a second and I start saying indistinctive words that even I don't understand.

"Mmhmm mm." I muttered.

Aaron raises his eyebrows. His places the tip of the riding crop across my left nipple and smiles. "You sure?"

I nod breathlessly.

He takes it back and flicks me hard against the nipple.

Oh fuck that hurts.

Small whimpers escape my lips and I bit hard on the ball again.

Then he flicks my right nipple harder and I'm squirming from pain and whimpering louder.

It's delicious torture and I can't take it.

"One more. Where should it go?" He asks.

I think for a second, still feeling the stinging after shock from the last hit.

"Mhmm hmit." I mumbled.

Aaron put the crop back to my clit. "Ready?"

I nod.

He flicks the crop hard against my clit and I scream out over the ball.

Aaron drops the crop and walks over to me while I'm still whimpering and squirming.

He holds my chin with his hand as he stares into my eyes. "You're so fucking beautiful, Angie."

He lets go of my chin and unstrap the straps from my ankles and then my wrists.

He places his fingers through my hair and I gasp as he pulls the gag off and kisses me aggressively.

I moan in his mouth and his hand slide back and forth on my swollen clit.

I run my fingers through his soft hair as he deepens the kiss and stick a finger inside me.

"You've been a good girl. I think I'll give you what you want now. Go over to the bed."

I did what he said and sat on the silk sheets.

He grabbed a long chain over to the bed.

It was hanging down from the ceiling with two cuffs hanging on the end of it.

"Remember this?" He asked smiling.

I nodded and smiled shyly.

I recall last night when I was bound and him fucking me hard.

He slides the chain over above the bed. "Arms up." He ordered.

I did as he said and he cuffed my hands together once again.

Aaron slid his shirt off and then unbuttoned his pants and then pulled them down and slid his boxers down.

Unbelievable.

Another erectionâ ¦right here in front of me.

He got onto the bed behind me.

"Sit on my lap facing away from me." He demanded.

I lifted myself up and sat on his lap. I grinded against him and closed my eyes.

He placed his hands on both my thighs and spreaded them apart beside his. He grabbed the gag and put it back on me.

After that I lifted myself up and slowly eased myself down on his member.

I bit down harder on the ball as he filled me up.

"Use the cuffs to bring yourself back up." He whispered in my ear.

I pulled myself up and then back down.

"Oh, Angie," He breathed in my ear. "I need you to go faster, baby." He placed both of his hands on my waist and pulled me up and slammed me down repeatedly.

I began crying loudly over the ball and threw my head back.

He's been teasing me and has me so aroused, I can feel my orgasm already. Starting from my stomach and starting to erupt everywhere.

Aaron continues slamming me down hard panting and moaning as he does.

I pull at the chains again internally begging for a release.

Aaron suddenly pinched my clit hard and I was there.

Moaning loudly over the ball, I break into a million pieces of the most amazing orgasm I've ever had in my life.

Aaron pulls my hair back and nips at my neck and moans as his warm release shoots inside of me.

I let out a sigh of relief and close my eyes.

My head is laid back on his shoulder. My wrists still bound.

The silicone ball still in my mouth.

If I was twelve year old, I would have never imagined myself in this situation right now.

Aaron's warm breath tickles my neck.

He kisses my neck once more and then my shoulder.

"idioouud?"

Aaron unlatches the mouth gag. And throws it on the bed.

"What was that?"

"I said did I do good?" I asked.

He kisses my cheek. "You did great. We have a lot more things to do. Question is do you think you can handle them?"

"That sounds like a challenge, Clarke."

"It is."

"I can handle all of it."

"Without using a safe word?"

"Without using a safe word."

"Okay. We'll see."

Chapter 8: Another night of Aaron Clarke

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Aaron watched me as I climbed into his bed with him and laid down.

I looked back at him.

Okay. Maybe I'm kind of falling for him.

Butâ ¦I really don't want that to happen.

I fell for Adam and look what happened.

I couldn't bear it if I hurt Aaron also. But since I've became his little toy, I haven't had as big as an urge to go out and fuck the whole town senseless like I did before.

So Aaron was like rehab.

The thought of leaving Aaron was suddenly depressing. Why?

I like the sex. Love the sex. Unbelievable.

And I like being around Aaron but Adam is still in my mind.

I don't know what to do.

I always get bored and tired with love triangles in stories and movies and shit and now I'm stuck right in the middle.

"What are you thinking about?" Aaron asked.

I shook my head. "Nothing."

"So, I have a question for you, Angie."

"And I might have an answer."

Aaron pursed his lips. "You never considered a center for the erâ ¦.problem?"

"Well have *you*?" I asked.

He nodded. "Back when I didn't think I could live with it."

"I haven't. I felt like I was just scarredâ ¦.for life."

"It's not a curse, Angie. You're looking at it differently."

"You're not embarrassed about being a sex addict. You embrace it." I said.

"That's all you can do when there are no other options."

Aaron was just a "Just living life as long as I can" kind of guy and some part of me liked that.

I knew he loved control. Control over his lifeâ ¦.and his submissives.

"You ever had a "switch" day with your other slaves?" I asked.

"Switch" day?" He asked bewildered. I nodded and sat back against his pillows. "Yeah. A day where you let one of your subs be in control."

Aaron looked at me thoughtfully.

"No. Are you saying you want a switch day?"

"Maybe." I answered. Hmmm. Could be interesting.

"Too bad, Miss Harrison because the Dominant, must remain as the dominant at all times."

He smiled smugly and I rolled my eyes.

"I need a job." I whispered.

"Want me to get you one?" he asked. I looked over to him. Can he do everything? Was he a superhero?

"No. I need to do this on my own. "

"You said no one would hire you because of your problem. I can help you."

"I'm sure you can, richest man in New York."

He smirks as I lie down and shut my eyes.

"I want to do it alone. It will make me very angry if you help me out. Just let me do this by myself."

"Fine." He shut the light of and we both drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up before Aaron did and I asked Ashley to pick me up before he woke up.

"So I told my brother that me and you were back talking again."

"Anthony? Oh god. He use to feel me up." I said wrinkling my nose in disgust. I remember little Anthony alright. He was as perverted as they come. And he was only twelve at the time.

"You should come over for dinner tonight. All of us including your boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend."

"So what is he?" Ashley asked.

My Dominant.

My master.

My sex god.

My Dominant Master who is a sex god.

"A friend." I answered.

"If that's the case, can I date him?"

Oh fuck!

"No!!" I said a little too aggressively.

Ashley smiled. "Ah, so someone is quiteâ ¦.protective over this "friend." She said.

"We just don't date other people." I said shrugging.

Me and Ashley went over my house and she stayed in the living room watching TV while I showered.

When I was done, I began looking on my laptop for job offerings.

"Maybe you can be a maid." Ashley said.

"Shush, I'm trying to concentrate."

My phone beeped and I looked over at it.

Ah. From Aaron

Re: Out of nowhere

Why'd you leave?

Because I have a life outside of fucking you as you once said to me.

Re: Living life.

Hanging with my bestie, have a life outside of fucking you.

I pressed send and put my phone down.

"I think I know where you can work." Ashley said.

Oh. Now she tells me. "Where?"

"Two words. Bowling Alley."

"Bowling alley?"

"Bowling alley." She confirmed with a nod.

Hey, it's better than nothing.

"Alright, when do I start?" I asked.

"You'll have to meet the boss, Jared first." She said. I nodded. Finally.

A job where no one knows of my reputation.

"When can I meet him? I'd like to stop spending the money my aunt sends me every month." My phone beeps and I ignore it.

"Later today actually, I wouldn't see a problem with us going today. Right now actually."

"Alright. Let me just get my glasses and we can go out."

I got up, and grabbed my phone as my favorite song, You and I, came on as a ringtone.

Grabbing my sunglasses, I answered my phone.

"You left." He said stating the obvious.

"I did. Going to punish me for it?" I asked. I couldn't keep the smile off my face.

He sighs over the phone. "What are you doing?" He changes the subject quickly.

"About to go meet some guy. Ashley offered me a job at the bowling alley."

"Bowling Alley?

"Bowling Alley." I answered.

"Coming over tonight?" He asked in a low seductive voice that made the muscles in my stomach clench.

I shake my head.

"You come to me tonight." I said.

"Miss Harrison, playing that game are we?"

"We are."

"It'll be hard to get my toys over there to you."

"All I want is the gag and handcuffs." I said.

"And a blindfold." He added. I bit my lip. Even the sound of his voice is making me wet. Shit.

"Okay." I whisper.

"See you at ten." He hangs up and I'm standing there still wishing he was on the phone.

Ashley comes in. "Hey, you all right?"

I slowly nod. Yes. Except that I'm completely wet right now. "Let's go." I place the sunglasses on and we head out of the door.

"So is the boss a guy or girl?"

"Guy. Jared. I told you that."

Oh yeah. Slipped my mind.

When we got into the parking lot, Ashley parked the car and sighed. "He's a complete pervert sometimes but he's really cool. My sister's ex-boyfriend."

"Alright." I said as we got out of the car.

The bowling alley was small with glass windows. A lot of activity was going on.

Ashley opened the door and I followed her inside. Loud teen music and constant talking and the sound of the bowling balls hitting the floor and rolling filled my ears. It was oddly cold in here.

"Jared!" Ashley called a blond hair blue eyed guy turned to look at us. He smiled widely while coming from behind the counter. "Ashley. Hey. Looking pretty as usual."

Ashley smiled. "I'm taken." She said in a sing songy tone. He looks to me. "And her?" He asked grinning at me.

"Partially taken." Ashley answered.

"Partially?" Jared asked raising his eyebrow.

"Long story. Anyway, Angie here needs a job and I know you're not half as mean as you make yourself out to be." She says batting her eyelashes.

Jared smiles at me. "She got it."

Really? That fast? "Ummâ¦thank you. I really appreciate that." I said.

He shrugs. "Sure. Why not? It won't take money away and it won't hurt anything."

Ashley smiles. "Thank you, Jared. You really are a sweetheart."

"Don't I know it." He smiles and walks away to another part of the alley. I look to Ashley and hug her. "You're awesome."

"I know. You know what you're doing right?"

"Yeah, me and my mom use to go to bowling alleys back when she gave a shit about me."

Ashley frowned.

"Remember when we were eight and my mom took us to cedar point?"

I smile at the memory. " Of course. Your mom rocked. Where is she?"

"On her honeymoon." Ashley answered. My jaw dropped.

"Husband number what?" I asked.

"Number ten."

Jesus. Ashley's mom always had a different husband that it was almost scary but it never seemed to bother Ashley too much.

Working in the bowling Alley wasn't boring at all. It was actually kind of fun.

Either that or I just haven't worked in a while.

When we were done, Ashley began getting her stuff together and Jared came over to me. "Did really good for a first day. Keep it up."

"Thanks." I said and he smiles a warm smile and then looked to Ashley who neared us.

"Thanks again for the job. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Nine on the dot." He said. I nodded once and me and Ashley were out of the door.

On our way there, she leaned in. "I think he likes you."

"He does not and even if he did, it's pointless."

Ashley opens her car door and I get in also. "Because you and Mr. hottest richest bachelor in new york are fucking constantly."

"I enjoy it."

"So you going to see him tonight?" She asks as she starts up the car.

"Coming over later."

"Have fun with that." She drops me off at my house and we say our goodbyes as I get out of the car.

I walk into my house and go to my room and take off my shoes, and my shorts. Someone's knocking on my door as I pull my pajama pants on. I go to the door and open it after unlocking it.

Aaron is standing causally with a smirk on his face and a bottle of champagne in his hands and a bag in the other.

"Can I come in?" He asks. I nod and he watches me as he enters my house and I close the door.

He sets the bottle and the bag down and looks at me. I jump into his arms and wrap my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. I choke out a moan as he pushes me up against the wall kissing me hard. Our

tongues violently twisting around in each other's mouths.

Yesâ ¦I needed this all day.

"Fuck me." I begged against his lips. He smiles his five star smile and slowly releases me. "I have everything. The gag, the handcuffs and," He reached into his pocket bringing out a black silk looking cloth.

"The blindfold." I whispered breathlessly. He nodded while sending me a wicked smile. "Yes," He reaches into his pocket to pull out his phone. "And I found a song that seems to fit this all."

"Really?"

He nods while pressing buttons on his phone. Then suddenly, *S&M* by *Rihanna* came on.

I roll my eyes.

He smiles.

"It does seem to fit perfectly." I said.

"I like it." He turns it off and places his phone on the table and look to me. "Come on." His light brown eyes stare into mine. This dark look covering his eyes. Oh shit.

I follow him into my bedroom and he shuts the door and watches me as he pulls his jacket off and places it on top of the dresser.

He takes the handcuffs out of the bag, then the gag and drops the bag onto the floor.

"I want to cuff you to the bed." He says. I nod as he walks to me, takes my shirt off and throws it onto the floor.

He goes behind me and unsnaps my bra. The straps fall down to my arms and the bra falls onto the floor. Aaron kisses my shoulder and then moves my hair to one side as he kisses the back of my neck.

"Turn around to me." He ordered. I did as he said and looked up at him. The dark look was still in his eyes.

He unbuttons my shorts, unzips them and pulls them down and I step out of them.

He gets on his knees and pulls down my panties and I stare down at him and he smiles up at me and gets back up. Get on the bed right now." He ordered and I go and lie down on my back and wait for his next order.

He is now standing beside the bed staring down at me. "Sit up." He takes the blindfold and wraps it around my eyes and ties it.

"Lay back, Angie." He demanded. I lay back as he told me. Everything was pitch black.

"Arms up above your head."

I put my arms up and I felt them being cuffed. This is exciting me beyond anything.

I can hear him taking his clothes off. I just need him inside of me. It's extremely important that I have this. That fucking feeling deep in my stomach just begging for a release.

"Open your mouth." He demanded and I felt him straddle me. I did as he said, confused and as I opened my mouth, and I felt that cold champagne pour into my mouth and slip down my throat leaving a deep burning feeling in my throat.

It stopped and then I felt it being poured down my stomach. I gasped as I felt his tongue against my stomach, licking it off.

I felt a little being poured in my belly button. I moaned as I felt his tongue caressing it and licking up.

I suddenly feel it being pouredâ ¦.down there. I gasped as he began lapping it up from my clit. Oh my god. Oh fuck.

He lifted my legs over his shoulders while fondling my clit with his tongue. Jesus. I'm about to cum so hard.

He's pushing me over the edge. Way over the edge. Then his tongue suddenly disappears and I moan in protest.

"Remember what I said about teasing. Don't you, baby?"

"Yes sir." Yeah I doâ ¦.oh no. He doesn't understand that I'll go into hysteria if I don't get a release.

And it won't be pretty.

I feel him nipping on my inner thighs giving me that feeling that hurts but feels so good.

"Aaronâ ¦please."

He stopped and looked to me. "What did you call me?" He asked. Oh fuck. I mean "sir".

"I said sir." I whispered.

"You did not say sir. I think this calls for a punishment." He soundedâ ¦..excited.

He gets up and I feel the cuffs coming off of me.

"What are you doing?" I asked. Aaron stayed quiet as he unlocked the other cuff. "Get on your hands and knees." He demanded.

Bewildered, I did as he said and I suddenly felt something against my lips. "Open your mouth." He said in a low seductive tone.

I did as he said and I knew it was the silicone mouth gag. He latched it on and brushed his lips against my jawline.

"Ten hits." He breathed.

Oh yes. I want to feel something.

It's quiet for a minute and I felt his hand hitting me on my butt. I gasped lightly. This is really arousing me.

I feel his hand caressing me gently on my hips and between my thighs and another smack. I moan through the ball. "uhcmi"

"Fuck you?" Aaron asked in a warm voice that made me want to explode.

I nodded and he pulled my hair back and put his lips to my ear. "I don't think so." He whispered.

Fuck!!

He let go of my hair and he repeatedly began hitting me hard. It hurts but heat spreads throughout me at the same time. I can't take it.

On the last hit, he hit me on my clit and that did it. I moaned as I came and Aaron was completely silent.

"Did you just come?" He asked. Uh oh.

"Yes sir." I whispered.

Aaron hit me extremely hard against my ass before plunging hard inside me. I cried out. "Do notâ ¦cum." He demanded between clenched teeth.

That's going to be hard. I'm so fucking wet now I can't take it.

There so much power in every thrust. I'm grabbing onto the bar on the edge of the bed while crying out his name. It's unbelievable. What I'm feeling is unbelievable.

He's panting fast and I know he has to be close. I need him to be close because I am. And I don't want to disappoint him.

He suddenly stops and grabs my hair and pulls it back so once again, his lips are at my ear. "I want you to cum on the count of three. Hold it in until I count to three. Understand?" He asked.

I nodded frantically.

"If you don't, I'm going to spank the shit out of you." I nod again. A part of me wants that but I want another orgasm more. He lets go of me and my hands are holding me up once again. He began thrusting in me again and I'm holding in my orgasm that's seconds away.

"One." Aaron began counting. He's purposely doing it slow. My stomach muscles are clenching.

"Two." He grunted. His panting picking up.

"Oh fuck, Aaron please!" I blurt out over the gag.

"Three." And I instantly let go feeling it spread throughout my body. It makes me weak yet satisfied me to no end.

Aaron's panting slowed and his hands were still on my hips. Both of us were tired. I could tell he was. My god. Why was that orgasm so damn good?

I push against him and he groans again and holds my hips still to stop me.

He unlatches the gag and it falls below me onto the bed and he unties the blindfold and the light is dimmed in my room so it doesn't mess with my eyes.

Aaron slowly pulls out and pulls me into his arms and kisses me. It wasâ ¦.sudden. But I liked it. Maybe it was drinking the champagne off of my body that made him do this. I can taste it on his tongue.

"Where did this come from?" I asked.

"I don't know." He says pulling the covers over us.

I put my leg over his and I stare up into his eyes. He's looking back down at me.

"Can I ask you something?" I asked.

He nods.

And I watch him closely. "Why don't you like relationships?" I asked.

The question was unexpected. He looks shocked. "I justâ ¦I don't know. They're notâ ¦.me."

"So the chances of me and you areâ ¦.."

"None." He answers.

Why does it feel like my heart just dropped?

I don't like him that way. Do I? Fuck, I do.

This was not a relationship. It was only supposed to be sex. Only sex. I'm supposed to be a slave. That's my job. I please him.

And here I am, begging him internally to be my boyfriend. But he just told me to my face, he doesn't have those kinds of feelings for me or anyone else. His life is about money, business, and sex.

And all of a sudden, I just want more.

I'll take what I can get.

It seems that me and Aaron haven't known each other for long. And we haven't at all. But he got to me.

I just like his calmness. That fucking smile. He can be sweet when he wants. His sexiness. His control.

"But you know," he continued, "If I'd choose to be with anybody, it'll most likely be you. You know that."

His words made me feel warm. I nod and bite my lip and Aaron leans down and kisses me. His lips very lush and soft.

I'm going to just stay as his submissive and hopefully, my feelings for him can lighten up and I fall out of love with him.

Chapter 9: Makes me see clearly

Author's Note: Hello guys, I started school today and that means my writing will be limited but I'll try to update whenever I can. Also, this novel will end soon. I think three chapters left after this. Also (last thing) This conversation consist of a long ass phone call. sorry about that.

Chapter 9: He makes me see clearly

The next morning, I opened my eyes and I looked around and I saw Aaron pacing around the room half naked on the phone.

"It can't wait?" He asked to somebody.

I sat up and ran my fingers through my hair.

"Fuck, okay. Nine." He said then he snapped the phone shut and slammed it on the dresser making me jump.

He slowly turned to me.

"What?" I asked.

"I have to go to Chicago to meet these guys."

Oh no.

"Umâ¦Okay." I whispered. He saw that I'm upset and he got on the bed with me.

"You'll be fine without me for two days."

He kissed me for a second and smiled. "I know you'll be fine."

"Only *you* make me not want toâ¦."

"I knowâ¦but you eventually have to learn to control that on your own."

I looked around and just remembered. "Fuck. I have to get to work."

"I'll drop you off."

He replied before getting his clothes back on.

"So I won't see you until what? Thursday?" I asked.

He looked a little disappointed. I suppose he'll have plenty of other girls to fuck. But he said I couldn't fuck anybody else.

But will *he*?

I took a quick shower, and got dressed in some jeans and a t shirt and my back flats.

We walked out of the house together, like this was a daily routine and I had this weird urge to just kiss him and beg him not to leave me but I ignored it.

Alfred was waiting for us as we both got into the car. "Hi, Alfred."

"Miss Harrison." He nodded once.

"Alfred, take us to the Bowling Alley." Aaron said. And he placed his hand on my knee.

Alfred nodded once and turned the car around.

I looked to Aaron who was staring back at me. "What?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Nothing." He answered.

"Will you make it back in time for that black and white party? You know I can't get in without you."

"I'll be back in time." He said matter-of fact then he put his fingers through mine and I internally smiled. Where was this coming from?

It made me feel a warm feeling in my belly. Oh god.

We arrived to the alley and I looked to him. "Bye." I whispered. Aaron leaned over and brushed his lips against mine and then my jawline. "You're mine." He whispered and then parted my lips with his and began devouring my mouth. And for a second, I forgot that Alfred was in the car and I tensed up. Aaron pulled back with a smirk on his face. "I'll see you on Thursday." He said with a smooth voice. Damn him. He's good.

I glanced to Alfred. "Goodbye, Alfred."

"Goodbye miss Harrison." He nodded once and I glanced back to Aaron who kept his eyes on me. I had to quickly get out of the car before I jumped on Aaron and had my way with him in that car.

The car sped off and I stood there watching like an idiot.

"Hello." Said a low voice and I looked back to see the boss, Jared. He smiled.

"I woke up late. I'm sorry. Please don't fire me."

Jared looked to his watch that was on his wrist and frowned. "It's nine o clock sharp right now." He said then moved his arm towards me to show me.

Oh.

"Oh."

Jared studies my body and smiles in my face. "Come on in."

"Soâ ¦you're not the boss boss."

"I am. My dad owns this place and he made me the boss." He said as we walked towards the place.

Ah. Okay.

When I got inside, Ashley was already inside behind the counter and I joined her.

During our break, we went to the restaurant next door.

"I'm so glad you're eating a burger, you're looking thin." I said.

Ashley used a napkin to wipe around her mouth and then smiled. "You're thin too."

"I know. No matter how much or less I eat, I seem to stay the same size."

Ashley shrugged. "Soâ ¦I want to talk about Mr. Clarke."

Oh god.

"What about him?" I asked.

"So why aren't you two together?"

I shrugged. He didn't give me a real reason. "I told you. He's a sex addict. We're not meant for relationships. Take it from someone who knows."

"You were happy with Adam, Angie. I can tell."

"Yeah. But I also broke his heart. And I'll be responsible for that pain forever."

Ashley watched me carefully.

"You're becomingâ ¦.responsible." She smiled.

"I still have my problem. I don't think I can be responsible if I have this urge to justâ ¦I don't knowâ ¦fuck a tree or something."

Ashley nodded while sipping from her straw. "I know what will cheer you up, my boyfriend is a friend of a friend and he got us both invited to that annual ball on the fifteenth. Plus, my sister started on our dresses."

Oh. I use to fall in love with the clothes, Ashley's sister, Kayla use to make.

"That did cheer me up."

Ashley chuckled.

After the break, I went back to work and afterwards I went home.

I checked my phone and I haven't had any messages from Aaron.

I was kind of worried and a little disappointed.

Oh no. Sitting on my couch, I had that tingling urge crawling up my leg and going to my favorite place. A strong tingling feeling.

My phone began ringing and I look to the caller ID. Ah. Aaron.

"Hey."

"Hey, you okay?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" I asked.

"I want to talk. Talk about it. This."

"Okay." I laid my head on the arm of the couch and sighed softly.

"I want to know how it started. I'm not good at personal conversations but I want to know about your past."

"Are you sure?" I asked. Can he handle my past?

"I'm sure." He answered.

I shook my head and took a deep breath.

"When I was fifteen, my step brother raped me."

I stayed quiet for a second and so did Aaron.

"Still there?" I asked.

"Yes." He sucked in a breath.

"That night changed my entire life and I never told anyone about it. Well no one but Adam but other than that, no one else knew. I tried telling my mother but she ignored me when her new husband entered her life along with his son."

"Did your stepdad know?" He asked in a low voice.

"He walked right in the middle of it. Then he walked back out."

"What's his name, Angie?" He asked.

Why? Was he going to find him?

"He's dead," I said. "He had cancer. It was in remission when he met my mom."

"And your stepbrother? His name."

"Why?"

"Just tell me his name, Angie."

"You're not going to put him in prison are you?"

"He deserves it."

"It was six years ago. Plus I don't even have evidence."

Aaron sighed and relaxed.

"What happened after that night?"

His voice relaxed.

"He kept coming back every night after that night. And some sick part of me started to like it. More than I should. And he noticed I started to like it and that's when he stopped.

But I just became so fascinated with the whole thing that I remember repeatedly begging for it.

It became my every thought and if I couldn't get it from my stepbrother, I tried to encourage it on my stepdad who accepted."

"How many times did he fuck you?" Aaron asked.

"Seven or eight. I don't know an exact number."

"And then?" He asked encouraging me to go on.

"My mom found out, kicked me out, I began living with my aunty in North Dakota and there is where I began sleeping with everyone. It was a habit that I just couldn't break. And I became depressed when people made fun of me for spreading my legs everywhere I went."

"So you then moved here where you finished high school and your reputation bloomed fully by then." He finished.

"Yeah. Exactly."

"And how did you handle everyone talking about you?"

"It killed me inside for a little but then I became use to it and just laughed it off."

"I admire you for laughing it off. A lot of people can't handle shit like that." Aaron said. I nodded. It felt good talking about this. Especially talking to someone I have deep feelings for.

"Tell me about you." I said.

Aaron sighed. "When I was young, I was very angry. I had a huge anger problem and shit was just terrible for me. I was a loner. I was fucked up. Just like every other guy.

Besides the anger problem and my hormones running out of control, I was fucking up in school.

I never knew why I was so angry.

Until one day, when my mother's friend showed specialâ ¦.attention towards me."

"She had sex with you?"

"Yes. Her and a lot of other girls. It was a way to get my anger out."

"So sex is likeâ ¦.anger management and it became so addicting so you can keep your anger down." I guessed.

Aaron stayed quiet for a second. "Exactly." He whispered.

I nodded. That made sense.

"Wow."

"Yeah, wow." He said in monotone.

"I'm actually glad we had this talk, Aaron."

"Me too. You do know that we're not just fucking. You can come to me about anything anytime you want."

"Thank you. Is that the only reason you called?"

"No. I justâ ¦.wanted to hear your voice."

I smile and shut my eyes. I want him to be in love with me.

"It's good to hear you. Aren't I keeping you up though? Business trip."

"My work is doneâ ¦.for now. I'd rather talk to you."

"About?"

"Sex."

"Of course." My Dominant is like a horny teenage boy.

"Taking everything a notch higher." He said softly.

That immediately got me excited. Oh fuck. I shut my eyes tight and kept my legs together while breathing in and out slowly.

"What do you mean?" I asked almost inaudibly.

"Have you ever had anal sex?" He asked.

Oh. That tingly feeling inside me.

"Once. It was hurting though."

"I'll make it not hurt."

"How?" I asked.

"Don't worry about how. Just know that after I get back, that's we're going to be focused on."

That sounds promising.

"Okay." I whispered.

I kept my eyes shut. "I wish you were here, Aaron."

"Why?" He asked, his voice getting dark and seductive.

"You know why."

"What are you wearing?" He began chuckling. And I know it was only because of the first cheesy line that people always use during phone sex and I began laughing with him.

"No. I'm serious. What *are* you wearing?" He asked. His voice snapping right back to dark and seductive.

How does he just snap back like that?

"Jeans and a tank top." I answered.

"Unbutton your jeans." He ordered getting in dominant mode. Damn, he can even do it good over the phone.

I kept the phone to my ear as I unbuttoned my pants and pulled them all the way down and off.

"They're off, sir." I whispered.

"Good girl. I want you to reach inside your panties and start rubbing your clitâ ¦very slowly."

I slip my hand into panties and relax as I did exactly what he said.

A moan slipped out of my mouth and I heard Aaron panting. Is he? Yeah I think so.

"Now slip a finger inside of you, baby."

Moving down just a little further, I let my finger sink inside me and I whispered Aaron's name while slipping in two more fingers.

I began moving them back and forward and climbing higher and higher to an orgasm. Already. Again? Lately I've been having the quickest orgasms.

I can hear Aaron panting over the phone and it turns me on so much because I know exactly what he's doing.

"I want to hear you when you come." He whispers.

As I climb higher and higher, I cry out as I release around my fingers.

And at the same time, I hear Aaron's choked out cry as he releases.

My eyes are still closed and I'm breathing slowly waiting for him to say something.

His breathing was slowing down and he stayed silent.

"This was a very nice talk." I said.

"Yes. I agree." He answered. I smiled.

"Goodnight." I whispered.

"Goodnight, Angela." He whispered and then the phone went dead.

I was now all hot and bothered and Aaron was not going to be here until the fourteenth.

I just hope that I can stayâ ¦.okay for that long.

Chapter 10: Not good

Sorry for the bold, the computer is acting weird.

Chapter 10: Not good

I felt much closer to Aaron since that phone call. Tomorrow he'll be back and we'll be going to the party together. I was looking forward to it. Especially because what I know is going to happen afterwards.

Sexting use to be boring to me but it's much moreâ ¦advanced with Aaron.

It was night time and me and Ashley were still at the bowling alley almost about to close up.

Jared handed me a beer.

"You're the best boss in the world." I said twisting the cap off.

"So I've been told." He grinned as he twisted the cap off of his beer bottle.

"So how long have you and this guyâ ¦been together?" He asked.

Conversation turn. Hello.

"Not long at all. Way too short of time for me to be in love with him."

"Wow. Love?" He asked. I nodded.

It was love. I just knew it.

"You sound like you're not use to hearing that word."

"I'm not. Lately I've been around girls who just want to fuck and fuck and fuck. Not that I have a problem with that butâ ¦it gets boring."

"So would you hire a girl who would fuck and fuck and fuck?" I asked.

Jared nodded and sat his beer bottle on the counter.

"I don't judge people. Some people can't control it. As long as you know how to do your job correctly, you can do whatever."

Awesome.

No time like the present. "Wellâ ¦I have a reputation." I whispered.

Jared stared into my eyes and cocked his head to the side. "What kind of reputation?"

"I'm a sex addict." I admitted.

Jared's eyebrows rose. "Wowâ ¦..really?"

I nodded and Jared placed his fist against his cheek as he rested his elbow on the counter.

"Since I was fifteen. Long story."

"Shit. I don't know what to say to that."

"Just thought you should know in case you hear anything. The whole town talks about me."

"Soâ ¦what happens when you're you knowâ ¦?"

"Well I just get this odd urge to justâ ¦.jump on the first guy I see and it's just so damn powerful that I can't control it. But since I started seeing Aaron, every one of those urges has been only directed towards him."

"Rehab. I see."

I nodded. "Exactly."

"So since you've been with him, you haven't been trying toâ ¦sleep with anyone else?" He stepped closer to me and I shook my head. "There's no need. I've fucked him every night since I met him."

"So you're happy with him?"

I nodded.

Ashley came in from the back just as the last people were leaving. "Ready to go?"

I nodded and went to the back too grab my jacket.

My phone rung from inside and I immediately smiled and then answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hey, where are you?"

"About to leave work."

"Ashley taking you home?"

"Yes."

"Would you be mad if I got you a car?" He asked.

"Why would you do that?"

"Because you need one. What kind do you want?"

"This is not an everyday conversation."

"Yes it is. What kind of car?"

"I don't want a car. Well I do but I'll get one for myself."

"Too late. I'm about to buy you one."

"Don't do that. Aren't you working?"

"Just got out of a meeting. And I just bought another company. I'll be home around eight tomorrow."

"How many companies do you own?"

"More than you can handle."

"If I can handle you, I can handle anything."

I could hear him smile on the other line. "Good point."

I keep the phone to my ear as I slip my jacket on and walk back out.

Jared watches me as I continue my conversation.

He smiles politely and winks at me. I don't know what to do so I wink back.

Ashley takes me outside and into her car.

I'm still on the phone as she drops me off.

And it's when I'm alone when the conversation gets heated.

After coming more than two times, we stay on the phone.

"Had the urge lately?"

I shook my head. "No. Just been getting through work, talking to Ashley.

Sexting with you. That's all."

"So everything's been fine without me?"

"Yeah, but I mean...I do really miss you."

"I miss you too, Angie."

Hearing that put a really warm feeling deep in my heart.

We both stay quiet over the phone.

"Have you ever been in a relationship before?" I asked.

"No."

"Why?"

"I don't talk about why. I just don't like it."

"Staying committed to one person?"

"I can't promise to be faithful. That's why. With how I feel, and all the women who surround me, I don't see how any guy could be faithful."

"Some guys actually put forth effort. Would you?"

"If it was with someone I truly care about then yes."

"Yet you never had a relationship before."

"Never found anyone worth it."

"Think you'll ever find the one?"

"No. I don't know."

I yawned and sighed softly.

"Tired?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Go to sleep."

"No. I want to stay and talk to you some more."

"Why?"

You know why.

"I just do."

"You need to get rested for tomorrow night."

"Why?"

"Two nights without you. I'm going to pick you up and fuck youâ ¦.hard."

Hard.

His voice was arousing me.

"I'm sleepy."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Aaron."

We both hung up at the same time.

Laying in my bed, I couldn't help but think about him. Is this really enough for me? Very rarely do I actually want to start a relationship with someone I'm sleeping with unless it's Adam.

Other than him, it was no one else I cared for.

Then Aaron Clarke had to come into my life.

Sexy, rich, smart and kinky, and fun.

And maybe that's what I fell in love with.

Can I really live with being his sex slave and nothing more?

I want more.

I don't know why I felt this nor where this feeling came from but I felt it and I'm in love.

Waking up the next morning, I felt really weird. Just kind ofâ ¦..off. I took a shower, got dressed and called Ashley.

She came to pick me up and we both went to work.

Loud teenagers came in and it always annoys me. They're always drunk and loud and irritating but it always takes me back to high school.

A blonde boy came up to the counter and smiled at me. "Hi beautiful."

"Don't call me that. What can I get you?"

"Soft pretzel and a large coke."

I got him his stuff and put them on the counter. "Six dollars." I said.

The guy grinned and reached into his pocket and put dollar bills and a condom packet on the counter and I looked at him and he kept that goofy ass grin on his face.

I picked it up. "Too little." And flicked it back at him. He frowned, grabbed his stuff and left.

Jared came over to me smiling. "That wasâ ¦awkward."

"Very."

"Hey. Would you like to go out for a drink or two?" He asked.

"Oh I-" Ashley walked by holding her stomach. She looked to Jared. Her eyes drowsy and red. "Can I go home early? I threw up twice."

"Shit. Will you be okay?" Jared asked. She nodded wiping the tears from her eyes. Then she looked to me.

"I'll be fine."

"You sure?"

"Promise."

She smiled and grabbed her purse and left.

The day dragged by and the place became dead completely.

"Honestly? In the bathroom of your school?" Jared asked laughing.

I shrugged innocently. "He was a hot teacher and there were no cameras around so I just went for it."

The place was closed but we just decided to stay for a little while. It was fun talking to Jared.

"You go."

"Okay. Pool. Sister's best friend."

"How old were you?"

"Fourteen, she was sixteen not a big deal."

I laughed and chugged the rest of my beer down and placed it down on the counter. "Oh man. Sex was just really big for me back then when I was in my teen years."

"The whole no strings attached thing was just really big. I stopped for a while thinking I'm ready to settle down but I'm not. I just love to fuck."

"You sound like Aaron."

"Where is he?"

"Chicago. A little business trip."

Jared nodded while walking close to me until he was standing really close to me.

Oh no.

That feeling was coming. I closed my eyes.

"Angie? You okay?"

I shook head and lightly pushed him away. He grabbed my arms and I opened my eyes. His face was inches from mine.

He slowly leaned in and kissed me.

What is happening?

What was I doing?

Jared placed his hand through my hair pulling me more into the kiss and pressing himself against me.

Without thinking, I leaned more into the kiss not letting him go. I need him to fuck me. Right now.

I take his jacket off and drop it to the floor while he lifts up my shirt.

The door slams open making the both of us jump.

Aaron came in the room giving the both of us a death glare. Oh fuck. What have I done?

"Aaronâ ¦"

"Don't." He glared at me and I feltâ ¦.defeated.

He slowly walked over to Jared and sent him a small smile before raising his fist and punching him in the face. Jared fell down hard and then Aaron slowly looked to me. "I can't believe you." He shook his head and walked out of the place.

Jared was trying to get up from the floor and I helped him up before running outside to Aaron.

Just as he was about to get in the car, he stopped and looked to me.

"You didn't have to do that." I said.

Aaron slammed the car door shut and walked over to me. "Did I or did I not tell you the rules, Angie?"

"I made a mistake. I told you I can't control it."

"It's fine, Angie. You just proved to me that I can't trust you."

"How do I know that you weren't out doing the same with some other girl while you're away?"

"Because you were all I can think about when I was away."

"It's a part of who I am, Aaron. I can't control it."

"Neither can I but I keep it in line because it's a part of the rules."

"Fuck your rules."

Aaron looked shocked at what I was saying.

"Fuck my rules?"

"Yes. I'm done. I want to quit. You can't change who I am, Aaron."

"I'm not trying to."

"Oh yes you are. We may have the same problemâ ¦but we're not compatible."

"So we're done."

I slowly nodded.

"Then say it." He whispered still glaring at me.

"I, Angela Harrison, hereby release myself as your submissive."

My voice cracked as I said the words.

"So that's it? It's over."

"It's over."

Aaron nodded. "I thought so."

I ran my fingers through my hair. "I hurt you, and I knew it was going to happen if I got too close to you. Which is why us being apart is a good thing."

"Get in the car, I'm taking you home." He dismissed my words.

"I rather walk."

"Get in the fucking car, Angela."

I stared at him.

"If you get in this car, we'll never have to see each other again afterwards." He promised.

But there was something in his eyes. Pain?

"We'll see each other at the party tomorrow."

"We don't have to talk to each other. You stay on one side and I'll stay on the other. Now please get in the car."

After a few seconds, I walked to his car and got in. He got in on the other side. "To Angela's house, Alfred." Aaron said and then stared out of the window.

We stayed quiet that whole car ride. There was nothing left to say.

When Alfred pulled up to my house he gave me an apologetic smile. He knows.

"Goodbye Alfred."

He nodded. "It was nice to meet you, Miss Harrison."

I glanced at Aaron who stared at me. "Goodbye Aaron."

He didn't respond.

I got out of the car and closed the door shut.

I went up to my house and opened the door and closed it and leaned against it.

What the fuck was I thinking?

What was I doing? Why did I do that knowing that Aaron will be coming back tonight?

Why did I do it at all?

Chapter 11: I just embarassed myself

Chapter 11: I just embarrased myself

"I love how your hair is so light and long." Ashley said curling the edges.

"Thanks for doing this."

"Angie, I know you're upset because of the break up but-"

"Me and Aaron were never together. It was a stupid no strings attached thing. It was a mistake to even start."

"I can't believe you still tried to fuck Jared."

"He came on to me. I didn't mean to do that. It wasâ ¦.an accident."

"Angie, I'm your best friend and everything but it can't always be an *accident*."

"But it is."

"So you and Aaron Clarke areâ ¦â ¦done?"

I nodded. "Yeah. We're done. It's for the best anyway. Us togetherâ ¦.we just weren't compatible."

"But I don't understand. The both of you are sex addicts. How did it not work?"

"I love him, Ashley. I would do anything for him. But the second he leaves and walks out of the door even for a second, who knows who I'll be under? I want a relationship with him and he doesn't. And we also can't trust each other."

"So you're not going to even talk to him at the party?"

"No." I answered.

"Like you can stay away from the one you love." Ashley sighed.

I closed my eyes and sighed. "Almost done?"

"Yes."

"Hey, you never told me about what happened yesterday."

Ashley paused. "Wellâ ¦..I thinkâ ¦I might be pregnant."

I turned to her and smiled. "That's amazing."

"I hope so. I'm going to see the doctor soon."

I was happy for her. There was a time where I too wish I could start a family.

But that's all over.

Once Ashley was done with my hair, I slipped in my long black corset lace dress and put in blue sapphire teardrop earrings and blue heels.

My dress had a slit going up and stopping up further than my mid-thigh and I had black clips pinning my hair up and some pieces stayed down.

And I had a blue sapphire necklace around my neck.

This was not the same Angie in high school.

This woman was much more sophisticated and grown up.

We left my house around nine. Damn. It was a long ass way there.

I felt nervous.

I was about to should up to party where almost everyone knows my reputation and my ex-boyfriend will be there and my ex dominant will be there.

Oh! I hate my fucking life.

The building was huge and lit up with gold Christmas lights.

Trees had beautiful lights going all around them and it honestly looked like a red carpet premiere. I am too immature to be in a place like this.

Ashley parked the car for the valet to get and he winked at the both of before grinning and hopping into the car.

Me and Ashley both rolled our eyes and walked up to a pretty blonde woman who smiled at us. "Names?"

"Ashley Jackson and Angela Harrison."

The woman grabbed a book from off a small table and searched though it and smiled as she looked back to the both of us. "Go right in."

Me and Ashley walked in. ***And I thought the outside was beautiful.***

I wasn't use to parties like this. Where everyone is calm and talking quietly among themselves with soft music in the background.

Ashley suddenly squealed. I looked at her. "My baby!" She ran over to a tall man with dark skin, brown eyes and a very white and wide smile.

I smiled as I walked over with her. "Hi."

I held my hand out and Ashley smiled. "Darren, this is my best friend. Angela Harrison."

"Nice to meet you." He smiled and we shook hands.

"Wellâ ¦.go find Adam." She said.

I nodded. Right. Adam. I looked around. This is impossible. There had to be hundreds of people here talking about whatever.

A hand grabbed me and I turned around. Kenneth stared down at me and then his eyes flicked forwards as he pointed with his finger in the north direction.

There Adam was in a black suit with a white button down shirt underneath his jacket and a black bow tie.

I looked up to Kenneth who slowly let go of me.

"Thank you."

He nodded once and stepped away from me.

I slowly walked over to Adam whose eyes grew wide the second he saw me. "Hey."

"Wow. You look great."

"Thanks. You do too, Adam."

I looked down at my shoes.

"I just really want to-" Adam shakes his head. "No. I know what you're going to say. It's okay."

"No it's not. I feel so shitty. Every time I apologized to you I always feel like it was never enough."

"It wasn't. Butâ ¦..youâ ¦you were right. I didn't understand your addiction and I was an asshole. A huge asshole. I'm sorry."

"It's fine. I'm just now learning that I'm notâ ¦compatible with anybody."

"I'm sure you are."

I shook my head. "No. I'm not. Not even with someone who is exactly like me. And that's fine."

"You deserve to be happy, Angie. You fucked up a lot. Butâ ¦you're only human and plus you're young. You make mistakes and that's okay. It justâ ¦.wasn't meant to be."

"You're a good man, Adam. Don't ever forget that."

Adam smiled. "You're everything to me, Angie. Always have been." He leaned forward to kiss my cheek and he smiled warmly at me.

He sighed and slowly walked away from me.

As I looked watched him walk away, something else caught my attention.

Aaron was on the other side of the room staring at me in this weird dark way. And I actually felt electricity between the both of us.

Aaron had on black pants, black shirt and jacket with a dark red tie. His hair tousled in a sexy way just like it always is after we were done having sex and I quickly broke the eye contact between us.

Kenneth was talking to Darren and Ashley and I went over to them and joined into their conversation.

"I rememberâ ¦when you were the mean ass cheer leader." Kenneth smiled.

Ashley laughed. "I had to be."

Wine was flowing everywhere and I before I knew it, I was on my third glass.

"You look beautiful." Said a warm voice and I immediately turned around.

Aaron was staring down at me in that seductive way.

"I thought we agreed. You stay on your side and I'll stay on mine. Let's keep it that way."

I began walking away from him. I love him but it just won't work. We won't work.

A slow song came on and everyone suddenly grabbed a random person and started dancing with them. Great.

Aaron grabbed my hand and turned me around to him.

He pulled me close to his body and stared down at me. His eyes hypnotizing mine. "I never had to chase any of my submissives." He said softly.

"I'm not your submissive anymore, Aaron."

"We need to talk."

"Noâ ¦no we don't because you're going to do that thing."

"What thing?" He raised his eyebrow.

"That thing where you dazzle me back to your place, rip my clothes off, and fuck me unbelievably good and I don't want that because we still have problems at hand."

"Let's talk about them."

"No. I don't want to." He spun me gracefully and wrapped me back into his arms.

Our faces inches from each other.

"Do not kiss me." I whispered.

Aaron smiled and spun me again. "You're a difficult woman. You know that?"

"Which is why I can't be your fucking slave anymore."

"This is why I like you so much."

My heart quickened at this statement but ignored it. We were hardly dancing anymore.

We just stared at each other not saying a word.

The song soon ended and Aaron slowly released me.

"This is the last time we ever see each other." I said as if I'm just now realizing it.

"I want us to talk about it."

"What the fuck is there to talk about?"

"Besides the obvious, why don't you want to be my submissive anymore?"

"This is not the time or place to talk about being your sexy little slave girl." I said. Aaron smirked and it made my heart melt. I shook my head. "You know what I need?" I asked seductively.

Aaron smiled and stepped closer to me.

"I need to get drunk. Excuse me." I walked away from him and grabbed the waiter guy by his arm. He turned to me and I grabbed two wine glasses from off the gold platter. "Thank you."

I downed them all in a couple of gulps.

Damn, I felt good. More lively.

It's a shame that wine can get me drunk.

I danced when more songs came on and the night began getting really really fuzzy.

I couldn't find Adam, Ashley, Darren or Kenneth. Or even Aaron but at the same time, I really didn't want to see him.

But with all the alcohol in my system, I felt really good at the moment, I stumbled over my dress a few times but people helped me out.

I soon spotted Adam and he looked confused as he saw me stumbling over to him.

"Damn. How much wine did you have?"

"Not enough." I slurred.

Adam sighed and grabbed my arm but I snatched it away from him. "Leeeave meâ ¦alone."

Adam stepped back and I continued on my way.

I then spotted a stage. Oh yeah!! I get to express how I feel to the world. Yay!! I practically run up on the stage and grab the microphone which makes a loud screeching noise.

"HIIII EVERYBODY!!" I scream.

Everybody turns to look at me.

I spot Aaron and he's staring at me. His eyes wide and alert.

"I AM IN LOVE!!!!" I sing.

I point to Aaron. "WITH THAT FUCKER RIGHT THERE!" Aaron's jaw drops and everyone turns to look at him. He smiles it off and suddenly disappears.

I smile. Good. Now he knows. "And he knows how to FUCK! He straps me to BOARDS! And the gagsâ ¦.so sexy! His cock is so bi-" Before I can say another word, I'm being dragged off the stage by no one other than Aaron. He drags me through the crowd and I look to see where he's taking me. Ohâ ¦the men's room?

He forces the door open, forces me inside, walks in behind me, closes and then locks the door.

I'm leaning against the counter staring at him as he glares at me.

Aaron runs his fingers through his hair. "Are you out of your fucking mind, Angie?"

"What? Upset that everyone knows about you and your whole S&M problem?"

"You just embarrassed yourself out there, Angie and you don't even give a fuck."

"You're right. I don't."

"You're in love with me?" He asked. The anger died down a little.

Wow. Conversation change.

"Yeah but you don't give a shit, you said there were no chances of me and you, remember?"

Aaron sent me a death glare. "That's why you broke up with me?"

"We weren't together."

"Then that's why you released yourself as my submissive?"

I nodded and shut my eyes. The room was about to spin.

"Come on, we'll go back to my hotel."

"Hotel?" I slurred.

"It was a long drive. I'm staying at a hotel until tomorrow morning." He reached for my hand and grabbed it and opened the door.

Alfred was standing in the doorway staring at Aaron.

"Tell Ashley that I'm taking Angela with me."

Alfred nodded. "Yes sir." And disappeared into the crowd.

Aaron then pulled me out into the crowd, to the foyer and out of the double doors.

Chapter 12: And the feelings come out

Author's Note: Hello booksie members...writing sex kitten has been fun and even frustrating but this is the last chapter. After I'm done writing "the second time around" I'm going to start on part 2 of a rock star's heart. And I also decided to turn that short story "a night with a vampire" into a vampire erotica novel. I have the plot down and i'm so excited!! Also.... as for "Foreverr" I'm not into it like i was before. I rather just tell you all what happened. Let me know if I should or not. Oh...and i decided not to give this story an epilogue. I don't know how Aaron and Angie's future will be.

Chapter 12: And the feelings come out

I stumbled into the car and Aaron got in the other side.

Alfred then got in and began driving away from the party. Aaron stared out of the window shaking his head every few seconds as if he's ashamed. But I don't give a fuck. He can be ashamed if he wants to.

What was I even doing here?

I should just go home.

This party was supposed to be the last time we'd ever see each other. And now I'm going with him at his hotel.

Oh this night is about to be shitty.

Alfred pulled up to the hotel and Aaron finally looks at me.

"Come on." His voice is a lot softer than before.

I got out of the car, as did he and Alfred.

Aaron leads us to an elevator and then we get up to the highest floor and into the short hallway and to double doors.

He uses a card to let us in and I follow him inside of the room. He closes and locks the door and gesture for me to follow him into the bedroom which was huge.

Aaron takes his jacket off and throws onto a brown loveseat and then turn to look at me.

I'm standing against the wall watching him.

"You have no idea how much you just pissed me off, Angie."

"Well you pissed me off too."

"What exactly did I do to piss you off? I should be pissed at you for what you did last night."

"You know I can't control it. Aaron I've told you that."

"All that shit about caring about me that I knew you felt and you just turn around and try to fuck that guy?"

"I didn't want to. It just happened."

"It just happened." He mocked me and then sat on the bed.

"So what is it that you want, Angela? What are you truly mad at?"

I looked down at my heels and sighed. "That night, you said there were no chance of me and you."

"And you're in love with me."

"Yes, I'm in love with you."

"And you're mad because I don't do relationships."

"Yes."

Let me ask you something. Even if I said "Angie, be my girlfriend", why should I trust you? If I have to go on a trip, how do I know you're not going to fuck the first guy you see?"

"You can trust me."

"After last night, you expect me to trust you." He shakes his head and go up to the huge window that shows a huge beautiful view down below.

"I don't know why I'm even here if you can't trust me."

"No. You know why you're here."

"No I don't."

"Do you love me?"

Yes! I said it three times now. Yes. Where was he going with this?

"Yes."

"The day we met, after I fucked you, you saidâ ¦what?"

I shrugged. How the hell was I supposed to remember?

"You said you don't do the whole girlfriend boyfriend thing. And now here you are saying you're in love with me and you're mad because I said we can't be together."

"I know it's frustrating-"

"It's beyond fucking frustrating, Angie."

I wanted to burst into tears. I covered my face in my hands and tried to calm myself down.

"So I'll just walk out without you with my heart broken and you bringing me back to your hotel wasâ ¦pointless."

I took my hands away and looked to him.

He leaned against the window staring at me.

"You're not in love with me, Aaron. What the fuck is the point?"

Aaron looked bewildered.

"Who said that I wasn't in love with you?"

"You did."

"When?" He asked. His face was half covered by the darkness of the room.

"You said there were no chance of me and you."

"You agreed to be my sex slave that was itâ ¦.remember?"

"I didn't think there were any other options!"

"There wasn't before-"

"Before what?" I snapped.

"That phone call."

"What about it?"

"That's when I knew."

"Knew what? You're confusing me."

My heart quickened as he slowly walked over to me.

He placed both his hands on the wall on either side of me and pressed his forehead against mine. "That's when I knew that I was in love with you." He said in a hushed tone. Oh my god.

Did he? Yep. He did. He just admitted.it.

"You are?" I asked.

He nodded and slowly shut his eyes. "I am."

I smiled. Oh. Tears starting coming out of my eyes and this weird feeling overcame me. Happiness. Joy.

Smirking, Aaron pushed them away with his thumb and then leaned in to kiss me.

Slightly pulling away, he exhaled. "I want to be with you."

"You sure?" I asked.

"Can I trust you, Angie?" He asked. I nodded.

"You promise?" He asked. I nodded. "I promise." I mouthed.

Aaron smiles warmly at me and sighs softly. "I only want you." He whispers.

I bit my lip and I have this odd powerful urge. More powerful than just lust. It was stronger

I just wanted us to be with each other for as long as we want. And I wanted him right now.

And Aaron's eyes became lustful and I inhaled sharply.

I leaned forward at the same time he did and he kissed me while his hands curved around my behind.

And he pushed himself hard against me and his breathing picked up at the same time mine did. "I want to be in control." I breathed.

Aaron looks both shocked and amused at what I was saying.

"Nothing too big. Just let me lead tonight."

"Whatever you say." He whispers.

I grab him by his tie and lead him to the bed and push him down.

I bite my lip and I take the tie off and place it on the bed and look around and look at the dresser.

I stroll over to the dresser, open it, and there's another tie.

A blue one.

Before I walk back, I decided to tug my dark blue lace panties off.

I walk back over to the bed. Aaron keeps his eyes on me still amused but in the middle, there's deep lust.

I straddle him, his erection almost right below me.

"Mr. Clarke, I'm going to tie you up." I whispered.

He nods and closes his eyes. I lean over to tie each of his hands to the headboard poles. Then I tug them to make sure their tight.

I smile slightly when they are.

Aaron stares up at me watching, waiting.

I'm still in my dress and my heels straddling his lap looking down at him. I'm naked underneath my dress feeling him in his pants and it has me going insane.

"Now what?" He mouths.

I take the pins out of my hair and let my hair fall down around my shoulders and my breasts and look into his eyes. He closes his eyes and breathes softly and then opens them back.

I lift myself off him so I'm on my knees and I unzip his pants and take his cock out. It's hard, thick and smooth in my hands. I look down at Aaron as I rub him back and forth and a low groan slipped out of his mouth.

I slowly lower myself down on him at the same time he lifts up slightly to push himself into me and the both of us moan in unison. Fuck, it felt so good with him being in so deep.

My fingers went to his shirt and I unbuttoned the buttons and leaned down to kiss his chest and to swirl my tongue against his nipple and tug on it with my teeth.

"Angie," He breathed.

I didn't stop. I show his other nipple attention and then I kiss his neck and he groans a low throaty groan.

I moan as I inhale his cologne.

Lifting off of him, I sink back down and I let out a cried out moan.

I don't know what it was about this moment. Maybe it was the relaxing darkness, the arousal or the fact that he loves me. I kissed him and continued to move up and down on him crying out every time I did.

Aaron moaned with me, and closed his eyes as his breathing accelerated.

I placed my hand on his chest to steady myself and throw my head back and closed my eyes as I rode him harder.

"Oh Aaron!" I cried out as I felt my walls tighten around his member and as I climaxed around him at the same time he released and groaned out my name while the both of us were in pure ecstasy.

I untied his hands and laid on his chest as he traced designs on my back with his finger. He was still inside of me.

The both of us were quiet. Enjoying the silence.

It felt good to be on him like this. Knowing that I'm officially his and he's in love with me.

"What are you thinking about?" Aaron asked. I lifted up my head to look at him. "You." I answered.

He smiled. "Can you promise me something?"

"Anything." I answered.

"Promise you can be faithful to me. It will kill me if I ever walked in on something like that ever again."

I placed my hand on his face.

Now that I knew that he was really in love with me, he was all I wanted. He was all I'm ever going to want. I smile at him. "I promise you." I whispered. He smiled.

And we continued on with the nightâ ¦.and hopefullyâ ¦.the rest of our lives.

Chapter 13: Epilogue-Your love

Author's Note: Okay, some people demanded an epilogue and I obliged. I will soon put up chapter 1 and 2 to my new vampire erotic novel and chapter 1 to a rockstar's heart part 2. Thank you all for reading. I appreciate it.

Epilogue- Your love

Aaron opened the door to the honeymoon suite and I was so excited. We looked at each other and I smiled.

He bent down and picked me up over the threshold and I kissed him.

He carried me inside and sat me down.

He closed and then locked the door.

"So what do you have planned for tonight, Mr. Clarke?" I asked.

"Well, Mrs. Clarke, I plan to fuck you."

"That's obvious, Mr. Clarke. The question isâ ¦.how?"

"I had one of my old submissives bring some stuff here."

I raised my eyebrow.

"Why one of them?"I asked.

"Jealous?"

"No. Should I be?"

"No."

"Then I'm not."

"I have one of them, Jessica, who is my assistant now."

"So you see herâ ¦.everyday?"

Aaron obviously is getting irritated. The conversation was not supposed to turn this way.

"Yes but she's married and we're very good friends. She's happy I'm married. Can we get back to playing husband and wife now?"

I nodded and smiled at him.

"So, now that you are mineâ ¦officially and you're carrying my baby, we're going to have to be careful."

"I'm only a month pregnant."

"Stillâ ¦we're going to be very, very," he started walking towards me. "careful." He whispered.

"So what has Jessica, the ex-submissive brought for us?"I asked. Aaron walked into what I'm guessing is the closet and he got out the crop.

I immediately got excited. "Remember this?" He asked. I nodded. "I remember that." I said as he circled me.

He stopped in front of me and placed his hand on my cheek. He leaned in and kissed me and I placed my fingers through his hair and I was forced against the wall. Panting in my mouth, he pulled the straps of my wedding dress down and I reach behind me to unzip it but Aaron already was reaching behind me and he unzipped it and forced it down.

Underneath, I was wearing a white corset with black designs going across it and a black g string, and black stockings that went up to my thighs.

Aaron bit his lip as he stared at me.

"Take you hair down." He demanded.

I took the pins out of my hair that Ashley carefully put in three hours ago and I swung my hair back and forth so it came down and fell around me completely.

"Even though you're my wife, you're still my submissive."

I nodded. "I know." I answered.

"You better know." He leaned down and continued kissing me as he caressed my thigh just above the stocking and lifted it to his waist and began grinding himself into me.

"I love you." I whispered.

"I love you more." He whispered before taking my bottom lip between his teeth.

His tongue fondled mine and I put my fingers to the button of his pants.

"No." He grabbed my wrists and pinned up to the wall and continued kissing me.

Moaning in his mouth, he picked my other leg up and wrapped it around his body. "Want me to take you right now or do you want to use the crop and the cuffs?" He asked against my lips.

"I want the crop and cuffs." I answered.

Carefully putting me down, Aaron released me and picked the crop back up.

"Although you look really sexy at this moment, I want you take it all off." He grabs my hand sits on the bed and brings me in front of him.

He looks up at me waiting.

Biting my lip, I lean down to pull the stockings off but Aaron stops me.

"Keep them on." He says. I can hear the desperation of lust in his voice and I stand up straight, take the g string off and the corset.

I'm now standing in front of him naked except for the knee high stockings and my heels

Aaron stands up and stares down at me.

I want him to touch me but he doesn't.

Instead, he goes back into the closet, comes back out with a set of handcuffs andâ ¦.a vibrator?

Oh fuck. He's going to tease me. Damnâ ¦.why on our wedding night?

"Hands behind your back." He demanded. I did as he said, excitement flowing through my veins.

He handcuffed me and then gave me a small smile. "On your knees."

I got down on my knees and looked up at him.

"Good girl." He whispered.

I love it when he was in Dominant mode. It's so sexy.

"I'm going to ask you five questions, Mrs. Clarke. And every time get them wrong, I'm going to hit you with the crop."

"What if I get one right?" I asked. Aaron flicked the crop against my thigh and I gasped.

"You know what mode we're in, what do you call me?"

"Sir." I answered. He nodded and got on his knees with me and kissed me. "That's right, baby." He whispered as I moaned in his mouth. He pulled me closer to him, his erection was pointing right against me. I love to make him feel this way.

"Be a good girl and listen to me, okay?" He asked. I nodded and he got back on his feet.

"Are you ready, Mrs. Clarke?"

"Yes sir." I whispered. He circled me, and stared down at me with a sexy smile on his face.

"Question 1, what's my middle name?"

Oh fuck. No he's told me once. It'sâ ¦."Alexander." I answered.

He smiled and nodded. "Good girl." He whispered.

"How old was I when I fucked for the first time?" He asked looking down at me.

Damnit. He told me this a year ago.

"Fourteen." I whispered. He flicked the crop against my boob and I yelped.

"Thirteen." He said.

Thirteen. I knew that.

"Question three, what was I doing when we first met?" He asked.

I think he wasâ ¦.on the phone?

"You were on your phone." I answered. He nodded, leaned down and kissed me hard and pulled back leaving me wanting more.

"That night when I told you that I was in love with you, what hotel were we staying at?"

How was I supposed to know?

"Ummm. The Etic Hotel?" I asked. Aaron walked behind me and flicked me on my butt and I groaned in pain.

"Kindle Hotel."

"Question four, that same night, in what drawer did you get the blue scarf that you used to tie me up?"

Oh fuck. He's doing this on purpose.

"The second one."

He flicked the crop against my butt again and I moaned."The fourth one." He whispered.

I closed my eyes. I just wanted him to fuck me already.

"Last question, Mrs. Clarke." He leaned down so he was face to face with me. "A month ago, that night when I got back from California, how many times did I make love to you?"

I'd never forget it. "Five." I whispered.

Aaron nodded. "That's right. Five." He whispered and then kissed me.

As he kissed me, he unlocked the cuffs and threw them onto the floor without breaking the kiss.

He picked me up and carried me over to the bed. I laid down and he laid on top of me

"I'm in control tonight." He whispered. I shook my head and rolled over so I was on top of him. He placed his hands on my thighs as I looked down at him.

"I'm in control." I whispered.

Aaron sat up so me and him were nose to nose. "That's what you think." He whispered.

"It's what I know, Mr. Clarke."

"Mrs. Clarke, I suggest you don't talk to me that way, I'll have to punish you."

"How?" I asked. Aaron rolled back over so he was on top of me and He got off of the bed. I laid down and watched him and he got off the bed and came back with the vibrator. Oh damn. He's going to tease me.

"Spread your legs, baby." He whispered. I did as he said and looked up at him.

He turned it on and places it up against my clit.

I cried out and closed my eyes.

Already I was about to come.

But thenâ ¦Aaron stopped.

"No." I whined.

"Yes." He smiled.

He took off his suit jacket and unbuttoned his shirt and threw it on the floor and came up to kiss me and he pushed his erection against my pussy and rubbed it back and forth.

Why is he teasing me? It felt so good.

"Please." I whispered.

"Tell me what you want, baby."

"I want you to fuck me, sir." I whispered.

"How bad do you want it?" He asked against my lips.

"So bad." I breathed. He got off the bed and unbuttoned his pants, then pulled them and his boxers down.

He then brings out the blue tie and red tie. I smile and he smiles too. I know where those two are from.

He ties me to the headboard nice and tight and the gets back on the bed. He carresses his hand down my thigh. Under my knee, then my calf. All the way to my black heels.

"I think I want you to keep these on." He said in a low seductive voice. The anticipation is killing me.

He placed himself be tween my legs. Leaning down to kiss me, he enters me ever so slowly. Groaning as he sunk into me, he kissed me again, pulled my legs up and made me wrap them around him.The only sound in the room was our gasps and grunts.

I found my release almost immediatley and I screamed out his name, Aaron kissed me softly while also finding his release.After he released hard inside me, he unties the ties and pulled me into his arms.

He kissed my hair and sighed softly. "I'll always love you." He whispered. I turned my head slightly.

He kissed me.

"Can I take the heels off now?" I asked.

Aaron chuckled. "Yes. I'm sorry." I kicked the heels off and they fell onto the floor.

"I can't wait for the baby."

"Neither can I."

I turned so that I was facing him and I placed my hand on his cheek.

"This is only the beginning." He whispered.

ã

Twelve months later

"Aaron! That's not how you do it."

"Well I fucking give up." He walked away from the crib and sat down in the rocking chair and stared at me.

"You can't just give up. How will you ever learn if you just give up?"

"It's just sad. I can't change my own son's diaper."

"You're a new dad. Come here." Aaron sighed, stood up and came over to me. I grabbed his hands and led him.

"See?" I said as he latched on the last strip. Aaron smiled and then looked at me.

"Okay...that wasn't hard."

"I told you." I looked back down at Alex. He was sleeping. He had small fat cheeks. A little mouth. His eyes were closed and he looked so pieceful in his onesie.

"He looks just like me. Very good looking." Aaron said I rolled my eyes.

Aaron looked to me. "He looks like you too." I place my hand on Aaron's cheek. "Just think, more than a year ago, you asked me to be your sex slave. And now look."

Aaron smirked and nodded. "Fucking shocking, I know."

He leaned over and kissed me. Pulling me more into his arms, he kissed my hair and nuzzled his nose through my hair. "I'm so glad I met you. You're my everything."

I smiled. He's my everything. "Lets go." I whispered. We snuck out of Alex's room and closed the door.

"So what now?" I asked.

"I think you know." He whispered and before I could say another word, he picked me up and threw me over his shoulder. I giggled loudly as he carried me off to the room.

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