

# THE CAPTURE

HIS SUBMISSIVE  
BOOK ONE



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Published by Blushing Books  
An Imprint of  
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.  
A Virginia Corporation  
977 Seminole Trail #233  
Charlottesville, VA 22901

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EBook ISBN: 978-1-63954-305-2  
Print ISBN: 978-1-63954-306-9

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.  
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's  
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

*What if someone told you one day that your favorite book wasn't  
fiction?*

*That the story on these pages is true?*

*A story of love lost and found, full of pain and heartache.*

*A story that's fiction... or maybe it isn't.*

*The truth lies within your heart - maybe it's simply truth with  
some flare, maybe nothing but a book full of dreams and  
nightmares.*

*This book is for Sarah and all the past that I hope to wash away.*

*The truth behind this story?*

*That answer is up to you.*



## CHAPTER 1



*F*riday

*Sarah*

"MRS. SIMMS, please tell us what happened the night of August twenty-fifth." The judge's voice is squeaky, and I struggle to take him seriously. Looking around the courtroom, I make eye contact with James and my insides twist. I feel sick to my stomach. The look in his eyes sends a chill through me, and I know that this is going to be my last chance.

So many times before, the courts have failed me and my children and denied me the protection I need. Even if it's granted, I doubt it will mean a thing to the man sitting across the courtroom from me. I clear my throat and tell them my story.

"I went to drop off our children, the same as I do every

Friday." I pause, wiping my hands on my pants and chewing on my lower lip. I look down at my lap, tears sting my eyes, and the memories that haunt my dreams come flashing back to me now. "I was parked on the street and the oldest was helping to get her siblings out of the car. Since our counselors suggested I stay in the car at drop-off and James stay in the house, I thought this would be fine. I thought Rose would take the kids inside to their father and I would leave.

"When the window shattered, pieces of glass flew into my eyes and my kids started screaming. When I turned toward the window, I saw James standing there, crowbar in his hand." I wipe tears from my eyes, sniffing, trying to steady my breathing. I soaked the worn tissue in my fist through and it was useless at helping to dry my tears. "He reached through the window and grabbed me around the throat." Lifting my hand to my throat, I know they can still see the bruises there. The judge nodded as I looked at him. I don't take my eyes off of him. I can't look around the room, can't see James's face. The anger is rolling off of him. I can hear him murmuring to his lawyer that I'm lying.

"He choked me. He tried to pull me from the car through the window as he choked me. The entire time he kept telling me he would kill me, and would make sure that they all watched as he did it." My hand flies to my mouth and I gag on my words. I can't speak, can't go on.

"Thank you, Mrs. Simms. That will do for now." The judge allows me to step down.

I watch in shock as the rest of the court hearing unfolds before me. He gets no jail time, only probation. I am given a protection order. A single piece of paper that is supposed to somehow protect me from this man.



STANDING in front of my mirror, I survey my shoulder-length blonde hair and consider—not for the first time—dying it bright blue. I look myself over, leggings and a sweatshirt are my uniform for the sporting goods store, and thankfully it is something comfortable. I'm on edge. Having court this morning before work has thrown off my entire routine, and now I'm running late to pick up the younger kids from school.

Maybe if there weren't so many of them it would be easier, but as a single mom of five, with two—soon to be three—jobs, all of my time is taken up. Continuing to look myself over in the mirror, I hear my phone buzz and turn to pick it up off my bed.

Seeing a message from Jack, I roll my eyes. I've been seeing him for about a year now, casually, and it isn't working out. I don't see it going anywhere with him, other than using him for the not-so-good sex, and I'm over it. Over his flopping on top of me like a fish out of water, kissing me like he is trying to eat my face. Why I have put up with it for this long is beyond me.

Quickly, I send him a message, blowing him off and letting him know I have to work tonight. I immediately regret it because I could use the release after the stress of the day. I scroll through the app on my phone, swiping left and right as I do. Hoping I will match with someone in my area that I can hook up with.

I know I shouldn't be this flippant; I know I shouldn't be sleeping around behind Jack's back. But I don't care, we never defined our relationship. Never said we would be exclusive and I suspect he is doing the same. We are supposed to be casual, even if that isn't how he has been making things out to be lately. We decided that early on. Plus, after nearly twenty years of marriage to a man who

now haunts me day and night, I feel like I deserve to have a little fun when I can.

Sighing, I check my watch and realize I'm definitely late now. Rushing out of the house to the car, I say a silent prayer there won't be traffic on the way to the school.

After I pick the kids up and drop them off back at the house with their older sister, I make my way to the store for my evening shift there. It is a slow night, typical for the middle of the week. Around eight, my boss lets me know I can head out for the night. They don't need me to stay to close since it's so slow.

"Seriously?" I ask, torn between excitement at getting a few hours to myself before I'm expected home and pissed that I'm missing out on the hours at work. Things are so tight at home that even with three jobs, I am hardly making ends meet. If James could get his act together and get a job, then maybe I'd have a chance at doing this on my own. But over the past four years that we've been separated, he hasn't held a steady job once. It's been nothing but in and out of jail on one DUI charge after another.

"Yes, Sarah, you can go," my boss tells me and I pack my things up and leave.

Sitting in the parking lot, I scroll through my phone again. No matches from today and nothing going on tonight that spikes my interest. Finally, I decide to text my friend from the store. He is off tonight, and we have a thing where we hook up for threesomes sometimes.

Chewing on my nails as I send him a message, I wait to see if he is home and up for anything tonight.

Dexter: *Hey, I have a buddy over. But I'm not sure if he is into our kind of thing. If you want to swing by we're here, maybe you can give us both head?*

I shrug at his reply, hoping that at the very least Dexter and I can hook up for the night, but not really sure if I want



to. Again, I wonder about Jack and if it is time to end things with him, but putting the car in drive, I make my decision and head into the night.



KNOCKING ON THE DOOR, I wait on Dexter's front porch in the dim summer evening light. It is still before nine. I'm not due to even be off work until eleven, so I have plenty of time for fun before I'm expected home by Rose.

"Hey! Door's open!" I hear Dexter call to me through the front door.

"Hey!" I tell him as I push the door open and enter the small house. It's exactly like mine. Cookie-cutter houses line the streets of our town, and they're all the same inside. On the worn leather couches to the right, I see Dexter and his friend he mentioned before.

My eyes widen when I see him. He's younger than me, by a lot, but so is Dexter. At nearly forty, most of the men I find on the apps are younger than me. I don't mind it. They're not looking for commitment and neither am I. Men my age complicate things. They ask about James and the kids, and want to know why I'm not legally divorced. They want to know too much about my actual life and who I really am. Younger men make it easy, they just want to fuck the hot MILF.

I get lost in looking at him, his dark skin, gorgeous eyes and perfect lips. I startle when Dexter asks, "Did you get cut early?" as he stands from the couch, a beer in his hand, a joint burning in the ashtray on the coffee table.

"I did. Slow night." I take the beer from his outstretched hand and down what is left of the lukewarm liquid.

"I'll get you a fresh one. Then meet you in the bedroom." Dexter points to the hall and I head that way, paying little

mind to the man still seated on the couch. My friend knows what I'm here for, knows why I texted and there is no point in small talk or pretending otherwise.

"Is he going to join us?" I ask Dexter when he comes into the room with two beers and sets them on the bedside table. I slip out of my pants and fold them, setting them along with the rest of my clothes on the chair in the corner.

"I don't think he is into threesomes." Dexter shrugs and slips out of his pants. "So it looks like it is just us tonight."

Shrugging back at him, I close the space between us, reaching down and taking hold of his cock. "No worries," I tell him.

Then I drop to my knees in front of my friend, take his dick into my hand, and slip the tip of it into my mouth. As I'm giving him head, I hear the door creak open. I peek out around Dexter to see his friend standing in the doorway.

"Hey, man. Decide to join us?" Dexter asks as I continue to suck his dick. "I'm almost done, then you can take a turn." He runs his hand down my cheek, cupping my jaw and pulling my eyes up to him. "She doesn't mind, do you?" I shake my head. I don't honestly, it is what it is.

"Yeah, sure." I hear the other man's voice for the first time and it twists something inside me. I'm wet, ready, needing to be fucked but I always give Dexter head first, it's part of the deal.

"Wait." Dexter takes hold of my hair and jerks my head back off of him. "Up on the bed." He pushes me toward it, giving me the command, rough with his words and movements.

I nod.

"Heads or tails?" Dexter asks his friend, and I look back at him over my shoulder as he makes the decision.

"Tails," he says and clears his throat. I can tell he is unsure,

clearly hasn't done this before and I watch as he nervously wipes his hands on his pants.

"Good, because I wasn't done here."

I'm on all fours on the bed and Dexter climbs in front of me on his knees, takes a fistful of my hair and pulls my head back so I'm looking up into his eyes. Winking at me, he shoves his dick into my mouth and gags me with it as he roughly fucks my face.

"She loves to be fucked from both ends," Dexter announces, buried deep in my throat.

I feel a hand on my ass, spreading me and I push backward toward him. Dexter is right, I love being fucked from both ends, and crave being filled with two cocks. The fullness of it, having their hands on me, being under their control, the entire experience is incredible. When I feel the head of him slip inside me I hiss around the cock filling my mouth.

They find a rhythm and fuck me together, hard and fast, then slow and steady. I come again and again around the massive cock filling my pussy. My walls slam down around him buried deep inside me, as I pant around the cock still in my mouth.

When Dexter pulls back from me and drops from my mouth he takes a seat in the chair in the corner, opens his beer and watches as his friend continues to fuck me. Running his hand up and down his shaft as he continues to edge himself, not yet finished with me for the night. I watch him, with hooded eyes, stars dot my vision and my fingers and toes have long gone numb with the pleasure of them using my body.

Now that it's just us, I can sense him growing braver about fucking a stranger. He slips from me, flips me onto my back and pushes my legs open wide, sliding into me again. Looking into my eyes, I get lost in the deep hazel pools that

are his irises. The stark contrast of his dark skin against my pale skin is gorgeous as I watch his cock slip in and out of me.

Dexter steps to the side of the bed and turns my face to him, slipping into my mouth again. Filled by their cocks once more I am on the verge of another orgasm and cry out. A hand smacks my ass and another squeezes my breast, I don't know who is touching me where and I don't care.

I'm lifted off the bed and shifted again.

Straddling Dexter in the chair as he slips into my soaking pussy, I lift myself up onto my knees and push my ass backward, presenting myself. Looking over my shoulder I raise an eyebrow.

"Fuck me," I purr to the man behind me, needing him to fill me too. Needing his massive dick in my tight ass while Dexter fucks my pussy. This is what I came for, what I had hoped for.

"I-I..." he starts and stops. Jerking himself as he watches me ride our friend, he replies, "I'll wait my turn."

I pout at his words but turn back to the man beneath me. Dropping my lips to his I take him in a hard hungry kiss. I grind my clit against his pelvis as I ride him harder and faster.

"I'm going to come," he tells me and I nod, standing from him quickly and kneeling on the ground in front of him. I take Dexter's cock into my mouth and swallow all of him, jerking him hard and fast as he finishes, and hot streams of cum coat my tongue.

I smile up at him when he is done and then stand, turning back to his friend. "Your turn now." I wink at him, closing the gap between us I feel the desire spread through me. I need him inside me. I watch his eyes widen as he stands naked before me, muscles in his chest tense and I can tell again he is

nervous. I motion him toward me and pat the edge of the bed. "Come here."

When he takes a seat, I turn my back to him and bend down, sitting on him and impaling myself as I do. I wink at Dexter still seated in the chair across from me, his dick in his hand again.

As I ride the man beneath me, I slip my hands down over my body, stopping to pinch and twist my nipples. I cry out and come around the cock buried deep inside me. Hands on my hips push me down onto him and fill me even more. I cry out, coming again almost instantly, at being handled this way. I know I will be sore, I know I will be bruised from where his fingertips dig into my hips. But I don't care, I need it, need him, need more.

Happy he is getting the message, I turn back and smile at him over my shoulder. A hand snakes up around the base of my neck and twists into my hair. I'm forced to arch my back, pushing me down on him further.

His other hand grazes my hip and finds my clit. His long skinny fingers work their magic over my taut bud and I'm coming again around his cock. My vision blacks out for a moment, and my head swims. Panting for breath I tense my entire body, chasing the final aftershocks of the orgasm as I feel the rush of cum coating him beneath me. My body shaking now, I'm panting and exhausted.

Next thing I know, he takes hold of my waist and stands, turning around towards the bed, he tosses me down onto it. Rough hands grab me by the hips and pull me up to my knees. I push myself backward as he drives forward into me. Fucking me in earnest now, hard and fast, I moan, my face buried in the sheets. This is what I needed, this is how I needed it. A hand comes down on my ass hard and I yelp out in surprise.

Again, he smacks my ass as he fucks me. When I feel him

buck inside me and still, I know he is done and I fall forward onto the bed, panting. I'm hot, my body covered in goosebumps, a chill spreads through my body when fingers run down over my back and then smack my ass again. I let out a low giggle and turn, smiling up at the man standing by the edge of the bed. His hazel eyes bore into my soul and I feel something I can't explain.

Dexter stands from the chair, hard and ready to go again. I crawl down the bed to him and slip him into my mouth again, swallowing all of him. As I do, I feel the need building inside me. My need to continue to be fucked, to burn away the past with the here and now.

The two men take turns with me, passing me back and forth between them. By the time they're done, I'm exhausted, hardly able to keep my eyes open and sore from the hours of sex. I hear the alarm going off on my phone telling me it is time to go home and I slink from my spot on the bed.

I smile at both of them. "Thanks, it's been fun."

"Have to go so soon?" Dexter asks me as he follows me across the room. I chuckle at his neediness and nod.

"Yes. I was supposed to be at work, remember? I have to get home," I tell him as I slip my foot into my leggings and work them up over my hips.

"All right. Well, remember, I'm here any time." He winks at me and kisses me on the cheek. I turn and see our other friend, the one whose name I still don't know, sitting on the edge of the bed.

I walk toward him and place my hand on his cheek as I bend down, whispering into his ear, "Thanks for the fun night." I kiss him on the cheek and leave the bedroom.