

# Chapter One

Lilly swayed her hips in time with the music as she slid out of her short shorts. The cheering and clapping, the leers on the faces of the men watching her didn't reach her. She blurred her vision, never seeing any of them as she continued to dance.

Most of the girls at Bevy of Beauties liked to dance to 80s hits and old school rock. They would gyrate to fast paced music, scramble around the stage, snatching the cash the men threw, flirting and preening for them.

Lilly was different. She only danced to slow paced, soulful hits. Currently playing was Sippie Wallace's *Bedroom Blues*, one of her personal favorites. The men waved two-dollar bills at her, desperate to get her attention, but she stayed standing, twirling around the poles as she slid out of the short crop top she had worn. She spun again and tossed it, watching the thin gauzy fabric drop to the ground on a pile of cash.

She wouldn't pick it up. Lilly was an anomaly in more ways than one. The owner of the club, Rick, called her his little ice princess. She just danced. She didn't do lap dances or flirt with the guys there. As soon as her song was over, she disappeared off stage. When she insisted on the arrangement in the beginning, Rick had nearly turned her down. He told her she'd never make any money just taking the stage and working for the hourly wage or tips the guys threw.

Lilly didn't care. When Abdul had set her up with an apartment, he made sure it was something she'd be able to cover on a meager salary. She only had to make \$250 a week to live well enough to get by.

To her and Rick's surprise, Lilly's rules actually made her more of a hot ticket. She was special because she was completely unavailable. She never made eye contact, never flirted, or gave lap dances. She just danced for a faceless crowd.

Tonight on the stage, she was uneasy. Her friend, Abdul, had called her earlier, saying they needed to meet up. He'd sounded tense and worried, which made her tense and worried.

To add to her tension, there was one face in the crowd she couldn't make disappear. He was seated in a corner booth, a VIP table reserved for the members of the Sidewinders MC, a motorcycle club. He'd been in before and she knew him. Dom Vincent. He was an attractive,

intimidating man in his late twenties or early thirties. He was dark haired, tall and muscular and he had piercing blue eyes. Clinically, Lilly knew he was handsome. All the girls there were constantly offering Dom freebies. He always turned them down.

When she danced, he watched her like a hawk. His gaze made her nervous and when he was in, she often missed a step or two. Between thoughts of Abdul and Dom's piercing gaze, she knew she was giving a subpar performance. It was a relief when the song finally ended so she could get off the stage and sneak into the dressing room.

She changed quickly into street clothes, even though her shift wasn't over. She was meeting Abdul in the back alley during her break and she didn't want to draw attention.

She was the kind of girl who drew attention. With her small, curvy body, light hair, and impossibly dark eyes, there was always a customer or two who wanted her to do more than dance for them. She never did, but that didn't stop guys from trying.

She was wearing an oversized hoodie and a pair of jeans two sizes too big. In the six months she'd live there, she hadn't had time or money to build a wardrobe. Her clothing was mainly Abdul's old hand me downs and things she could buy at Goodwill.

The night was unseasonably cool as she made her way out the back door, smiling at Tony the bouncer as she did. The neighborhood wasn't the best and she hurried along the sidewalk anxiously, going to a homeless shelter parking lot where she would meet Abdul. As soon as she saw him, she felt safer.

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When the pretty blonde left the stage, Dom stood and tossed down a hundred dollar bill to pay the tab for his group. They stood to follow him without being told.

They weren't here for fun tonight. Tonight, they were here on business.

Several months before, Abdul Sarraf disappeared with seventy-five thousand dollars of his money. Abdul wasn't a member of his MC. He was actually just a common street hood with ties to the right areas and the right people. Abdul had been sent to a contact of theirs in the Middle East, to make a deal for some high powered weapons that they were going to resell at a much higher price.

Instead, as soon as he got on the plane with Dom's money, he had disappeared. He never made it to the rendezvous point for the meet and Dom had been forced to admit that he had misplaced his trust.

Then, he put the green light on Abdul. If anyone in his MC saw his face, they were expected to put a bullet in it. Problem was, no one had seen his face in weeks.

But Abdul had a girlfriend. That same girlfriend was his favorite stripper at Bevy of Beauties. Her stage name was Ice, and Dom could see why. There was a detached elegance to the way she danced, that was both intriguing and incredibly seductive. On more than once occasion, he'd talked to the owner about the little Ice Princess giving him a private show.

He'd been turned down flat. Rick had been apologetic, but certain. The Ice Princess, aka Lilly, wouldn't do it. At first, he wondered if it was a moral thing. Then he'd learned about her connection to Abdul. She lived in an apartment rented by Abdul and was driven to and from work by Abdul when he was around. He even had a few photographs of them together, Abdul smiling with pride, an arm draped over the gorgeous stripper's shoulders.

And now, that gorgeous stripper was going to lead him right to her boyfriend.

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Abdul's handsome face broke into a smile as soon as she saw him, and she raced into his embrace, throwing her arms around his neck.

"I've missed you so much," she muttered against his chest as he hugged her. "What the hell is going on, Abdul? Why are you in hiding?"

Abdul pulled back and looked down at her, his face somber. "We need to get out of town, Lilly. Both of us. The people that I took the money from, they're bad people."

"As bad as Saeed?" Just the name sent shivers down her spine.

He gave a terse nod. "I'm green lit. It won't be long before the people who are looking for me get led back to you." He caught her by the hand and started to pull her through an alleyway.

Lilly followed him numbly, her face frozen in shock. "Who are they?"

"This MC I met up with. They sent me to meet a connection I had for some stuff—"

"And instead of buying the stuff, you took the money and ran." Lilly swallowed, her heart thumping painfully as she finished the sentence for him. She knew exactly what MC he was talking about. "Abdul, I think they were looking for you at the club tonight."

"You'd be right, gorgeous."

They both froze at the sentence, as a dark figure appeared at the end of the alley way. Dom Vincent stepped into the dim glow of a street light, his eyes amused and locked on her.

"Lilly, stay behind me." Abdul pushed her behind him as he took a step forward. "Leave her out of this, Vincent. She's got nothing to do with any of it."

Lilly struggled to keep her breathing under control as Dom approached them and the rest of his crew filled the alley. They were outnumbered by at least eight, and she knew these were not the kind of people who had trouble hurting others.

"I'll decide how involved she gets as soon as you tell me what happened to my money." Dom took another step towards them, circling them both as Abdul struggled to keep her behind him. "She might be a great incentive to get that missing seventy-five grand to show up."

"Seventy-five thousand!" The words popped out of Lilly's mouth before she could stop them. She had no idea it had been quite so much money.

"What's the matter? Boyfriend didn't share the money with you? Or did he tell you it was less?" Dom's cold gaze locked onto her and she looked away.

She knew Abdul had taken the money. She just didn't know how much it had been. Now that she knew, she knew that Abdul was as good as dead.

Dom didn't wait for her to answer. "Take him."

Suddenly, a man with a scar on his face was reaching for Abdul, ready to grab him and drag him away from her. She knew what would happen if they did. He'd be yet another anonymous body, holding a spot in the county morgue.

"Wait!" Lilly jumped in the middle of the fray, pushing the man away.

"Lilly, what the hell are you doing?" Abdul grabbed at her, trying to shove her behind him again.

She ignored him. "He'll get the money back. He still has it." It was an outright lie. The money was long gone and she knew exactly what it had been used for, which made her feel a lot more responsible for it than she wanted to. She really just needed to buy time for them both to get away.

Dom crossed his arms and glared down at her. "Then where is it?"

Lilly swallowed over a surprisingly dry mouth and shot a look to Abdul. "In a bank account, in the United Arab Emirates." It was the best lie she could come up with on a whim.

"Oh?"

Abdul was looking at her in confusion, while Dom's face was pure skepticism.

"Yes, and if you let him go, he can go get it back and bring it to you."

Dom let out a snort of laughter. "And I'm just supposed to trust him to come back?" Dom gave another derisive snort of laughter. "Sweetheart, your friend here has already stolen from me once. He's not going to get the chance to do it again. I expect either money, or something of equal value, to pay off that debt."

Lilly held her breath as Dom's eyes raked over her. There was something in his expression she didn't like. "Well, he doesn't have anything worth that much on him now."

His eyes dropped to her chest and then to her face again. "I'm inclined to disagree. In fact, he has one particular item on him right now that I've been dying to get my hands on."

Abdul shoved her away, hiding her behind him once again. "You stay the hell away from her. I'll die before I let you lay a hand on her."

She watched as Dom slightly raised the hem of his T-shirt. A large gun was tucked into his waistband. "Well, that's exactly what's going to happen, then." His hand closed around the butt of the gun.

Lilly's heart was pounding so hard she was afraid everyone could hear it. She couldn't let this happen. It was her fault Abdul was in this situation in the first place, not that she'd tell Dom that. He wouldn't care and it would just give him more leverage. Dom clearly wanted one thing from her, and it was something she'd done hundreds of times before. She could live with it and Abdul would survive.

"You can have me until Abdul gets the money back," she spat out the sentence, hating herself, but not knowing another way around it. She needed to buy time while she and Abdul figured out a plan. There was no way they could get Dom the money, but there was also no way she was going to let Abdul die for it.

Dom's eyes widened in surprise. "I hope you understand what you're agreeing to."

"No, she doesn't." Abdul blocked her from Dom's view, spinning on her. "Lilly, what the hell are you—"

"It's nothing I haven't done before, Abdul. Just use the time to get us out of this."

"I won't let you."

She stepped away from him, ducking him as he made a grab for her. "It's not up to you, Abdul."

"No!" Abdul lunged at her as she went to Dom's side, but the man with the scar easily held him back.

She winced as Dom put his arm around her, tugging her into his side. "I have to say, I like this trade." His voice was almost jovial and Lilly wanted to punch him.

Abdul struggled against the man holding him back. "You keep your sick fucking hands off of her!"

Dom laughed at Abdul's struggles as he led her away. "I wouldn't be agreeing to this deal if I had any intention of doing that." He smirked down at Lilly. "But I promise I'll return her in the same condition I got her, as long as you get my money."

With that, Dom tugged her out of the alley and away from Abdul.

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Dom Vincent had never paid for a woman in his life. Sure, there had been the club mamas, the girls who hung around because of what the MC gave them, but he'd never been into those types. Lilly Culver was just his type.

And he had just bought her for the low, low price of \$75,000.

Dom nearly flinched at the price tag. There was no way Abdul had the money and he highly doubted he would be able to raise it, at least not any time soon. That meant Lilly was his for the foreseeable future.

He felt a surge of arousal hit him below the waist. It was compounded by her tiny body pressed up against his. When she'd first gotten on the back of his bike, she'd tried to avoid touching him as much as possible. Then he gunned the engine and she held on for dear life, her small firm breasts crushed against his back. It was clearly her first time on a motorcycle.

Though not her first time selling herself, from how easily she'd sold herself to him. He considered that. She hadn't seemed like a pro at the club, but he assumed that the reserved act was just that; an act. It had sure as hell worked on him.

If she was so anxious to sell him her body, he had no problem holding onto her until Abdul showed up with the money. It had actually been a relief that there had been an alternative. While he did it when necessary, Dom didn't enjoy killing people.

But he was going to enjoy the hell out of Lilly. He absently ran a hand down her thigh when they stopped at a stop sign. If possible, she tensed even more, but he didn't move his hand. He was going to be touching her a lot in the future. He intended to enjoy it and he hoped she would too. He'd never had a problem pleasing women in bed, but Lilly felt different, more standoffish.

As he pulled his hand off her thigh and continued the short ride to his home, he wondered how hard it was going to be to get his new ice princess to respond to him,

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Lilly was absently aware that the house they had arrive at was nice. It was built on a hill, with a lower floor set into the rock of the landscape. Dom led her to the second level as they got off his bike, and she followed him numbly inside.

The interior architecture was equally impressive, with tile floors and hardwood cabinets in the kitchen, along with impressive appliances that she doubted Dom even knew how to use. Despite the fact it was nice, it also felt like he'd just moved in. There were no photos on the walls or homey touches. Just endless tile and oak.

She turned on him as soon as they entered the kitchen. He pulled a beer out of the fridge and sat at the kitchen table, watching her like a hawk.

"Where's the bedroom?" She crossed her arms and glared at him, just wanting to get the night over with and go to sleep. She was suddenly more exhausted than she'd ever been before.

He took a sip of his beer and his eyes ran over her. "Actually, I think we can start by you giving me that lap dance I've been trying to get."

Lilly nearly sighed and decided as soon as she was free, her next job would be at McDonald's. She was tired of her body getting her into trouble. "You got any music or do you just want me to hum?"

He frowned at her, eyes darkening. "Lose the attitude." She stood a deep breath as he pulled out his phone. "What was the song you were dancing to earlier tonight?"

She nearly laughed at the irony. "*Bedroom Blues*."

He keyed it up on his music app, and slowly, the first few chords rang out over the speakers on the wall. He was impressively high tech for a scuzzy biker. He nodded at her. "Get to it."

Lilly took a deep breath and started to move. She concentrated on her form and let her body do the thinking for her. Soon, the room melted away. She was back in Mrs. LaCasse's 8th grade dance class. Lilly had only been a sixth grader, but she'd been a great dancer.

Dom's voice broke her out of her reverie. "Come here." His throat sounded dry, like he needed a drink of water.

She hesitantly danced her way towards him, nearly jumping as his hands settled on her waist. She closed her eyes as she felt his breath on her chest.

She concentrated on the grace of her movements, and not what they were doing. She focused on making every move beautiful, sensual and perfect.

Saeed loved it when she danced for him. She could distract him for hours with that.

She felt Dom reach for the zipper on her sweatshirt and continued to sway her hips, straddling his lap as he undid it all the way and slid it over her shoulders. She heard him suck in a breath as he realized she wasn't wearing anything under it.

She wasn't a large busted girl and she'd been in a hurry. Now, his hot, moist breath was fanning out over her right nipple and she felt something strange, something she'd never felt before, like some kind of strange awareness at her core.

She pulled away in surprise, her eyes popping open suddenly. "What the hell?"

Dom was staring up at her, his blue eyes dazed with lust. "Why'd you stop?" Even his words were a little lethargic, like he'd been drugged. She wondered if he was drunker than she initially thought. "Keep dancing."

His hands tightened on her hips and she did as he ordered, starting her slow, rhythmic swaying again and moving to the music, her inner thighs pressing against his own harder, more muscular ones.

His large callused hand found the button of her jeans, and he pushed it open. His breathing was shallow and audible even over the music. He went for her zipper next, sliding it down as she continued to grate on top of him, his hand brushing against her bare skin and making her shiver.

She stilled again. What the hell was happening to her?

He took her sudden stillness as an opportunity to shove her pants down to her knees. To her embarrassment, she was still wearing the blue sequined G-string from the show. He continued with her pants, sliding them down to her ankles, the top of his silky head brushing against her belly as he did. She stepped out of her jeans and kicked them to the side as gracefully as she could.

The room was cold, but she barely felt it. The dance had made her heated. His hands roamed over her body, and she felt those, but numbly, as though he was touching her through her



clothes. She wasn't in the room anymore. She wasn't inside her body. Instead, she was absently watching herself dance for Dom.

"Sit on my lap," His voice was close in her ear, closer than she thought. She returned and did as he said, the rough fabric of his jeans covering the bulge in his pants. His arms tightened around her waist. Then, his mouth was on hers, kissing her roughly.

She stilled at the kiss, letting his lips travel over hers, but not entirely sure what else to do. Saeed had never kissed her before. He didn't like kissing. Dom's tongue traveled over her lower lip and started pushing its way inside her mouth. Her belly flipped over and she felt a tingle between her legs.

She tried to pull back, but he tightened his grip and deepened the kiss. He breathed in, sucking the air out of her lungs and making her panic. She tried to twist away, pushing at his chest.

He finally broke the kiss. "What's wrong?"

"I don't like kissing." She gasped out as she turned her face away from him.

"I'd say it's up to me what you like." He caught her by the chin and pulled her face back. "After all, you're mine now, aren't you?"

He missed her glare as his lips covered her mouth again and she steeled herself against him. It had been so easy to pretend nothing was happening with Saeed, to go away inside of herself. Dom was leaving her feeling affected, and it was in a way that pleased her, which bothered her even more.

His grip on her tightened and the kiss deepened. She felt her stomach flip over again, but this time she clamped it down, not wanting to feel anything. She thought about the bad days, and focused on those as Dom ran his hands over her body, her bare chest pushing at the rough material of his shirt.

She thought of the day she ran, the day Abdul had taken her on the dangerous journey to freedom. She thought of all of that and somewhere inside of her a switch went off.

Dom sensed the change in her mood and released her. She kept her focus blank, not really giving away anything, and instead, dropped to her knees in front of him. She grasped onto the illusion of power, the way she always had at this point. Dom's eyes were dazed with lust, but there was anger behind them. She wasn't sure why.

She reached for his zipper.

"In a hurry?" He said it with a smirk, but he had no idea how right he was.

She needed to get this over with right away, done in a hurry, before he affected her more than he already had. He didn't protest as she unbuttoned his fly and then unzipped him. She reached her hand into his pants and grasped him at the base, making him shout in surprise.

He was big, at least bigger than anything she'd ever had, though one hardly counted. He was almost a challenge to get her hand all the way around. She pulled him out slowly, never making eye contact and keeping her eyes firmly fixed on his lap. She felt hyper aware. The warmth of his skin, the way his breathing hitched and then went shallow as she touched him. It was almost a rush, the sudden power.

She dropped her head forward and let her hair cover her face like a curtain. Then, she just took the tip of him in her mouth.

His hand fisted in her hair and he let out a harsh curse. Emboldened by his response, she dropped her mouth down, until she was at the ridge. She slid the tip of her tongue under his cock, sliding her mouth all the way down, until she could fit no more of him in.

He groaned and she felt him go limp in the chair. Then, she started to move. In this, she was an expert. She breathed through her nose, breathing in as she took him in, breathing out as she pulled her way back up. Each stroke was expert and thorough as she moved, never giving him time to recover from one thrust to the next. His breathing became heavier and she could feel the moisture from the beginning of his orgasm. With one final twist of her tongue, she pulled back right before he came with another harsh swear.

"Jesus Christ," he gasped out, still limp in his chair, his body trembling from the intensity of the orgasm she'd given him. "Where the hell did you learn to do that?"

She rolled her eyes and stood, crossing her arms over her breasts. "Can I put my clothes back on now?"

"What makes you think we're done?" He straightened up and buckled his pants. "This is a once in a lifetime opportunity and I don't know how long it's going to take your boyfriend to get my money. I don't want to waste a second." He pointed to a hallway off the kitchen. "The bedroom's that way. There's a bathroom in there. Go get cleaned up and wait for me while I lock up."

She turned on her heel, determined to not let him see her disappointment. Blowjobs had always worked on Saeed. Usually, after one he was too exhausted to do any more.

Dom was not going to be easy to handle.

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She sat on the edge of the bed. Just looking at her had him aroused and ready to go again. He didn't think it was possible. He'd never reacted to a woman this way before, with such a powerful attraction. She'd completely taken control and he lost it. He needed to remind her he was in charge, but looking into her eyes, with their strange mixture of dark, seductive magic and innocence, made that nearly impossible.

He started to undress and she watched him wordlessly. "Turn around"

She did as he said, moving to the middle of the bed and turning her back on him. It helped him to regain a little of the control he'd lost, but the smooth expanse of her back, along with the round flesh of her plump bottom kept him staring as he stripped out of his shirt and pants, before sliding off his boxer briefs.

She stared at the wall, not moving as he climbed onto the bed to join her. He reached for her, running his hands down her silky, light skin before catching her by the hips and pulling.

"Lean forward."

She did as he commanded, her back arching as she got on her hands and knees. He reached over her, pulling open the nightstand and yanking out an unopened box of condoms, swearing as he clumsily tried to open it. When he finally managed to open one of the foil packets and slid the thin latex on, she still hadn't moved.

He rubbed the tip of his cock against her labia and flinched. She was completely dry and completely impassive. He didn't want that. The only lubrication they had came from the condom and he knew she was starting to chafe. He spat on his finger before wrapping an arm around her waist. Then, he parted the little cleft between her legs and touched her button.

She surged forward and would have gotten away entirely if he hadn't been holding her. "What are you doing?" Her voice was high and panicked.

He started to move his finger and she wriggled, trying to cringe away from his hand. He was a little surprised that it seemed to bother her. "Hold still and stop talking."

To his surprise, she kept trying to pull away even as her pussy started to get wet. "No! Stop it!" Her voice was thick with tears as she tried to struggle free.

He kept fingering her, still amazed that getting fingered was the only thing that seemed to upset her enough to tell him no. "You tell me you want to end our agreement?"

That stopped her from struggling. Her shoulders slumped and she let out a whimper. "No." Her voice was barely a whisper.

He sped up his finger and smiled as she started to pant. She held still but he could tell by her shallow breathing that he was getting to her. He kept going as her slickness coated his finger. He started sliding it between her button and her tight little hole. When she was sopping and ready for him, he pushed his tip inside.

"Oh!" Her back arched and she threw back her head, again her arousal clearly catching her by surprise. She pressed her hips against his as he started to move, her body clenching on to him. She was impossibly hot and tight, her entrance feeling as though it was made for him. He kept his thrusts slow and thorough, slowly picking up the pace as her cries became rougher and more urgent.

He pressed himself forward as far as he could go and used his index finger to flick at her clit while he moved. Despite how tight she was, she was slick with arousal and he could tell she was near completion. Her body started to spasm.

"That's right, baby." His hot, swollen cock slid in and out of her and he bitterly resented the barrier of the condom. "Come for me."

She did, but she did it quietly, her breathing hard and ragged as she squirmed against him. Her desire spurred his own orgasm, and soon he was thrusting into her, coming so hard that his vision grew cloudy.

They moved together, him thrusting forward while she pushed back against him, their bodies moving in a hot, frenzied unison until they slumped over, spent and exhausted. He lay against her back limply for a moment, before finally pushing himself up.

"That was incredible." He eased himself out of her, flinching as he had to forfeit the heat of her body. He sat down and she turned around.

Her beautiful face was clouded with confusion and her eyes were glistening like she was trying to hold back tears.

He started to reach for her. "Babe, what's wrong?" Only seconds ago, she'd been enjoying herself as much as he had. Now, she was inches away from crying.

"I don't understand..." she trailed off. She shook her head and looked away. "May I take a shower now?"

He shook his head at her mood change. "Fine."

She kept her face turned away from his as she walked past him to the bathroom, but he knew she was trying not to cry. If he didn't know better, didn't know that she was an experienced, sexual woman, he would have thought that she'd never had an orgasm before. Not only that, but for some reason, she was ashamed of having one. He heard the shower turn on and was tempted to join her, but decided to give her a little space.

He lay back in the bed. His new pet was a mystery to him, but she was one that he was going to enjoy solving.

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Lilly turned on her side. Dom's even breathing told her he was asleep.

She couldn't do this. She thought she would be able to, to help Abdul. But she couldn't. It wasn't the sex. She'd had to trade her body before. It was the way she felt with Dom. She'd actually enjoyed it. She'd had an orgasm with him. It was the first one of her life and it terrified her even more than the thought of Saeed.

She was someone's slave again and even worse, she'd enjoyed what he'd done. It was disgusting and wrong. She knew it was dirty. That had been explained to her early on. Women weren't supposed to enjoy sex. They were supposed to do it as a necessity. The ones who enjoyed it were whores.

Even though she was technically screwing him for money, there was no way she was going to let Dom turn her into a whore on the inside. If she could make it to Abdul tonight, they could both disappear. She'd kept track of the trip. They weren't that far away from where Abdul had been staying. He would have gone to Calliope's. She knew that.

If she got away before Dom knew she was gone, they'd be able to run together.

As slowly as she could, she slid out from underneath the arm Dom had thrown over her while she slept. She put her feet on the floor, flinching as her weight made the floorboards creak. Dom didn't move. She took one tentative step, then another, then another. She reached out her hand and put it on the doorknob.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?"

She froze. "I..." She tried to think of an excuse, but there was none. The bathroom was the other way and there was only one reason she'd sneak out of his room in the middle of the night. He knew that.

"Trying to run off on me, huh?" Dom sat up in bed as she hesitantly turned to look at him. Her nudity made her feel even more vulnerable, even though he was a naked as she was. He looked at his cell phone on the nightstand. "You know what happens if you do, right?"

She swallowed. "I wasn't. I was just..."

Dom slid out of the bed. "Planning on sneaking out in the middle of the night so you and your boyfriend can run off together with my money?" He took a step towards her. "That isn't going to happen, babe. No one makes a fool of me and gets away with it. You have two choices." He crossed his arms and stared down at her. "I can either reinstate the green light and you can walk out that door, or you can come back to bed and take the consequences of your little escape attempt."

She wouldn't let that happen to Abdul. She knew she'd go back to the bed, but the word *consequences* made her stomach drop. "Consequences?"

He caught her by the elbow and pulled her back to the bottom edge of the bed before sitting down. "I find the best way to deal with a trouble-making woman is a firm hand to her bare ass."

Lilly yelped in surprise as he gave her elbow a yank. Then she stumbled forward, landing over his lap, her bottom raised high in the air. "No!" She squirmed to get up and he held her down with a hand to the small of her back.

"You don't try to run away without paying for it, Lilly. In this house, you misbehave and you get spanked. Of course, if you don't want to take your spanking, I could always reinstate that green light."

"No!" Lilly stopped wriggling immediately, her face burning with humiliation. She was an adult. He couldn't possibly mean to discipline her like a child. Maybe it was just to embarrass her. A few slaps to get his point across. She took a deep breath. "I'll take the spanking," she finally whispered.

"What was that?" His hand caressed her bottom and she nearly jumped.

"I'll take the spanking," she spat out bitterly, hating him more than she'd ever hated anyone.

His answer was a hard slap to her right butt cheek that made her yelp in pain. He followed it up with two more before she could even catch her breath. Then, he switched to her right cheek and did the same thing. Pain bloomed over and over in her bottom and after the first

ten slaps, Lilly knew this was no 'demonstration purposes only' spanking. He fully intended to do a thorough, brutal job.

His hand continued to land, leaving behind a burning throb and connecting with a loud crack. She blinked back tears as all the spots he'd hit started to join together in a burning mass of pain. She knew her bottom was getting red, but he clearly had no intention of slowing. The burning humiliation was quickly being overtaken by the pain of the spanking and Lilly no longer cared about her pride. She began to whimper.

"Yeah, I know it hurts." Dom's voice was oddly sympathetic, but that didn't slow the painful tempo of his hand. "But it's better you have a sore ass than a dead friend."

With that announcement, she burst into tears, the events of the day spilling over. She cried as he finished the spanking, barely feeling the pain anymore. Her bottom had mostly gone numb, although she knew it would hurt in the morning.

Finally, the punishment stopped. Dom left his hand on the small of her back while she cried herself out over his lap. "I know you're angry right now, but I suggest you don't pout. You earned that paddling."

She bit back the urge to swear at him.

"I expect to be obeyed while you're here, Lilly. That means sticking to the terms of our deal. Abdul can keep you or he can keep the money, but he doesn't get to keep both and live. Until my money is back here, you belong to me. You want to fight me on that, then you're going to be nursing a sore ass a lot." He pushed the bulge of his erection against her belly. "And I'll tell you a secret. I really enjoy beating that cute little ass." He released his hand from her lower back, allowing her to push herself up to a stand. "Now get back in bed."

She climbed into the center of the bed and lay on her back, flinching as her bottom connected with the mattress. Dom followed her, curling his body next to hers and wrapping an arm around her waist.

This time, Lilly didn't have to worry about accidentally getting aroused by his gentle ministrations. She was too busy seething over her throbbing backside and desperately trying to think of a way out of her predicament.