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MIDNIGHT OASIS

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JILL SHANNON



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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.

## Contents

ONYX	1
SAPPHIRE	273
BLACK DIAMOND	581
Author's Note	815
Jill Shannon	817
Blushing Books	819
Blushing Books Newsletter	821

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Onyx  
MIDNIGHT OASIS - BOOK ONE

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## Chapter 1

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The cab pulled up to the docks as Sadie sat forward trying to get a look at the boat that would be her home for the next three months. It was bigger than she thought it would be. The base of the ship was black and then split, with white towards the top. On the side in, big purple lettering, was the name *Onyx*.

Sadie had signed onto a new cruise line as part of the entertainment. A far cry from where she wanted to be, but sometimes you had to make sacrifices in order to get to your dream.

She had graduated from a small college in Nebraska, with a degree in voice and opera and a minor in kickboxing and self-defense. As a little girl, she had dreamed of being a singer. She knew New York would be the place for that to happen. Sadie had truly thought that she would be the one person to go there, walk into her first audition, and be hired right on the spot. Remembering back to that first audition, brought bile to the back of her throat as it had that day.

The position had called for an open audition for the Broadway play, *Wicked*, at The Majestic Theater on 51st

Street. They were filling the position of two back-up singers for the lead roles, with auditions to begin at 9:00 am. Here was the chance she had been waiting for, a lead role in a major play.

Sadie knew she wasn't the glamorous type of beauty, growing up in suburbia USA and all, but she did think she was attractive, (at least that's what she had been told). She had long, straight, blonde hair, her eyes were the blue you see in a summer sky, and her skin glowed as if she had a permanent tan. Her full chest fit her toned body, with legs like a dancer, and she could sing.

She figured she would go to the audition, be perfect for the part and get the job. She had gotten a good night's sleep, took a relaxing shower, ate a light breakfast, chose her outfit with care, and was on her way at 8:00 am, looking to be first in line, while thinking to herself, *how many people could really be applying for the position?* Well, as she rounded the corner of 8th and 51st, she found out. The line, as she approached, was nearly a half-mile long at 8:15 am. What would it be like by nine?

Stunned into reality, Sadie got in line along with all the other girls, women, and even a few men. She wasn't sure if they were auditioning, or just waiting in line with someone who was. It had taken nearly four hours after they opened the doors for her to finally get up on stage to audition.

By that time, she had heard all the horror stories of working in a play, as well as finding out what the director was like. She was finally on the stage, the music began to play, and she opened her mouth and sang her heart out. When she finished the last note, she looked up, smiling, and heard, "We'll call. Next!"

She stood for a moment not knowing what to do until the next singer walked on stage. She grabbed her stuff and walked to the nearest bathroom and proceeded to throw up everything she had eaten that morning.

After that audition, she realized she needed to find an agent, which, on her budget, wasn't going to happen. Or she needed to toughen up and be better prepared for the next time. But until that time, she needed to find a paying job to help with the bills. She had gotten a part-time job as a waitress at the restaurant around the corner in the evenings and sang part-time in a bar at night.

She had searched the web every day looking for her dream job, when she finally came across an ad for a new cruise line, offering a three-month contract for all positions on the ship.

She knew she could give up her apartment without a problem. She was renting on a month-to-month basis, so she had no worries in that department. Both jobs were part-time so she could leave when she wanted.

Sadie had scanned the ad for the positions listed and finally saw what she needed. "*Headliners, Lounge Performers, Piano Bar and back-up singers.*" Sadie had gotten excited; this could be what she had been waiting for. She looked at the ad a little more closely, *Good salary, room and board, meals, medical and a 401K.*

*There has to be a catch,* she thought. Sadie continued reading the requirements when she saw an important qualification. *For any position on this cruise line, you have to be part of the BDSM lifestyle.*

*Now, that adds a whole new twist on entertaining,* Sadie thought with a smile. When she had first seen the position pop up on the help wanted page, she hesitated before signing onto it. She honestly thought it was a joke, as she was sure other people did as well. The ad ran continually for two months and offered a decent salary. After seeing it there for that long, she finally got up the nerve to inquire more as to what the position entailed.

She filled out an application online and received a call the next day to set up an interview, as well as the login informa-

tion to download the necessary forms she would need to complete before the interview.

She would need a complete physical, as well as some shots; she also needed a form filled out by the doctor indicating she had no STDs. The final papers had to do with hard and soft limits as well as fantasies and triggers.

Sadie knew how important hard limits where; hers were whips, canes, floggers, and most definitely, the ball gag. She wasn't fond of ropes, either, but they were more of a soft limit.

When she was in college, she had experimented with the BDSM lifestyle. In the beginning, she enjoyed everything about it. She knew right away she was a submissive. Ryan, the guy she had been seeing at the time, was learning to be a Dom with a husband and wife and he practiced on her.

During those nights with him, when he would cuff her to the bed with a blindfold over her eyes, she would be wet before he even touched her. He had done some pretty amazing things to her body. She remembered one night, he had her so deep into a scene, she came three times. She had trusted him to keep her safe.

Then, mid-way through their last semester, something changed in him. He had become belligerent and disagreeable. She had seen Ryan drink himself into blackouts before. She had also learned his triggers and knew one particular night that something was very different.

Sadie had tried everything to break the blackout he was in, but nothing worked. She had awoken the next morning in a hospital bed with slash marks on her back and legs. Some of the slashes were so deep, it had taken two plastic surgeries to repair the damage. She still had some lingering pain, but it was manageable.

Sadie moved back home to heal. She talked with a doctor about what happened. She kept telling herself that her mind



had blocked a lot, but she didn't know why it happened, and she never heard from Ryan again.

As she healed, she began doing some reading on her own about Dominants and submissives; she had needed to know if what had happened to her was normal. What she found was that some Dominants could be that abusive, but that's not how they were supposed to be.

Her aftercare that night had been a trip to the hospital. She hadn't had a relationship since that experience. It had really done a number on her self-confidence, but Sadie felt stronger now and was ready to try again. She hoped that maybe this job was the answer.

So, that part of the job was covered. She could sing, dance, and act. She still had her dream of being discovered; here on the boat, she would have a captive audience. She also knew the BDSM lifestyle covered a wide variety of career-minded people. They were lawyers, judges, government officials and producers. She just had to hope one might be on the maiden voyage of the *Midnight Oasis' Onyx*.

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Sadie had walked into the reception area of the office of Mr. Dimitri Zilkin, CEO and co-founder of *Midnight Oasis Cruise Line*, on Park Avenue and Seventh, expecting to see what she had seen at the audition. What she found was anything but. There was a receptionist behind a black marble desk. She was wearing a gray pencil skirt with a white blouse, in five-inch gray Jimmy Choo's. Her makeup was done in a smoky gray that made her unique gray eyes stand out. Her red hair was in a twist so tight, it looked painful. She was standing next to the desk, talking on a headset as she waved Sadie to the waiting area.

After she was done with the call, she walked over to Sadie,

who stood as the woman approached. She introduced herself as Melanie, stating that she was Mr. Zilkin's personal assistant. She explained that he would be a few more minutes.

Melanie requested the paperwork Sadie had filled out and then asked if she could get her anything to drink. Sadie gave her the paperwork and told Melanie she was good and sat back on one of the couches.

She felt out of place in the office. Everything looked brand new, from the beautiful picture of Central Park in the snow, to the black leather couch she sat on in the waiting area. The floors were a gray marble and looked clean enough to eat off of. The walls were similar in color, with a touch of red here and there. The room still had the smell of new paint.

She sat waiting about fifteen minutes before she heard the double office doors opening to what she assumed was Mr. Zilkin's office. As she turned on the couch to look, she saw the most stunning woman she had ever seen walk out. Sadie thought she could have been a model.

The woman was tall, and her hair was the blackest black with purple highlights, cut in a short bob. Sadie could see she came up to the chin of the gentleman escorting her from the office. He had to be at least six foot four or five. The clothes she was wearing looked like they came from Versace and fit her like a glove.

Everything about this woman oozed class. She leaned into the gentleman, whispering something in his ear. When she turned, she had a wide grin on her face. After she kissed him on both cheeks, she turned and strutted past Sadie, smiling as she went.

Sadie sat in stunned silence. She had felt like the woman was whispering about her and became even more self-conscious. So much so that she didn't hear her name being called by Melanie, until she was standing right in front of her.

Startled, she jumped when Melanie touched her shoulder. "Mr. Zilkin will see you now."

Sadie got up from the couch, a little unsure, and followed Melanie into the office. Melanie was introducing her to Mr. Zilkin as she walked in front of Sadie. When she got halfway into the huge corner office with floor to ceiling windows, she turned and looked at Sadie, who had taken six steps into the office and stopped dead.

In front of her, were windows showing the New York area like she had never seen it. In front of them, was a desk the size of her bed, in black marble. She turned to the left and saw a fireplace with two couches in front of it facing each other, with a beautiful gray Persian rug under them.

She glanced above the fireplace and saw a Peter Max painting with smaller paintings around it. She had taken some modern art classes and knew some artists. There was a bar set up to the right of the fireplace with mirrored glass behind the fully stocked shelves. To the left side of the fireplace, was a door she assumed was to a bathroom.

As she stood in the middle of the office, she turned to the right and her eyes became as wide as a child on Christmas morning. Not because of the gifts under the tree, but because in Mr. Zilkin's office, there was an entire set up of a BDSM dungeon, from the St. Anthony cross to the kneeling bench, to the chains hanging from the ceiling and anchored to the floor.

There was another black leather couch and a chest of drawers expanding in size as they went down. There were crops, floggers, and a table with masks, gloves, and condoms.

Sadie stood in silent awe just looking, until the timbre in Mr. Zilkin's voice broke the silence, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Sommers, can I get you something to drink?"

That had her turning her stunned expression to look straight at Mr. Dimitri Zilkin and she replied, "Yes, please."

He asked, still looking at her, "What can I get you?" He

walked towards the bar. "Water, soda, tea, coffee, what would you prefer?"

"Water, please." Sadie had not moved from her spot. Mr. Zilkin looked at Melanie.

With the tip of his head, he turned to Melanie, who had a smile on her face and whispered as she passed, "Breathe." She turned, grabbing both door handles, and closed the doors as she left.

Sadie looked lost as she stood, not knowing what she should do. She was so stunned to see all the equipment in his office, as most people kept these things in the privacy of their home.

Mr. Zilkin moved from the bar to the couches in front of the fireplace and placed her water on the table in between. He then sat on the couch, indicating that she should take a seat on the opposite couch. He smiled at her and began shuffling through what looked like the paperwork she had handed Melanie.

Sadie waited for him to start the interview. Taking a sip of her water, she finally looked at Mr. Dimitri Zilkin. She already knew he was tall; his blond hair was in a military style cut, almost like a flat top. His long eyelashes covered hazel eyes. They had a clarity that seemed to look right through her. He had a strong jaw line and when he smiled, the whitest, straightest teeth. (Sadie had a thing for teeth). The only thing marring his perfect face was a scar about two inches from his right eye.

She looked down farther, at his Armani chocolate-colored suit, which hugged his frame as a custom suit should. From the wide shoulders down to what could only be a rock-hard stomach, to the tips of his Italian leather shoes; he was perfect.

"So, I see here on your application you went to college for music and theater with a minor in kickboxing?" he questioned her with a raised eyebrow, "Have you been working in any of

these fields?" He lifted his eyes towards her, waiting for the answer.

She looked up the hazel depths as she answered, "I have a part-time waitressing job during the evenings, and I sing at a bar some nights when they need someone to fill in for their regular act."

"How long have you been in the BDSM lifestyle?" He watched her closely as she answered the question.

Sadie's eyes went wide at his question. He got right to the point. She knew this was the question that could secure her a job, or end everything right here. She looked down when she answered, "When I was in college, I dated someone who was learning to be a Dom, so I was introduced to it by him. I found I liked it, Sir." With her peripheral vision, she saw his body move ever so slightly. She hoped she sounded convincing.

"So, to say you are pretty new to it, is a more accurate statement. Correct?"

"I guess you could say that, Sir," she agreed with her eyes still down.

He turned to Sadie with that smug smile on his face. Leaning forward and placing his forearms on his knees, he said, "Well, I see you do have some knowledge, but for the rest of this interview, I would like to look at your lovely face." He sat back and relaxed again. "Now, since college, have you had any other experiences?"

Sadie raised her face, smiling. "No, I really haven't had any 'me time' since graduating, to even try for something committed."

After Sadie said that out loud, she realized how long it had been since that night. Sadie had focused on her career and tried to build her self-confidence. She had gone to clubs with her friends, but her heart was never in it.

Dimitri smiled again at her answer. "I see all your paperwork is in order. What made you answer the ad?"

"I needed a real job. Your ad was very intriguing. I never knew a ship like you described even existed. I've heard of BDSM dungeons as well as clubs, but a ship? My interest was piqued. How long has it been running?"

"This will be the maiden voyage for the *Onyx*. I'm very proud of this ship; it has been a long-time dream of ours. We are in the process of building another as we speak. It will run out of San Diego, but it won't be up and running for a while. We need to work out all the kinks and see how well our investment here on the East Coast works out. Now, back to the interview. I want to tell you a little bit about what you would be responsible for. First, you would be part of the entertainment, as in any show or program the Cruise Director needs you to do. We will also be auditioning for three singers to have their own solo time in the three bars on board. We will be doing this as soon as possible to have everything in place before we set sail, which, barring any disasters, should be six months from now. Can you be ready by then?"

She nodded her head.

"Also, everyone who works on the ship will be a Master, Dom, Dominatrix, or submissive. So, if you have any questions regarding a scene you might see or a guest relating to the BDSM part of the job, you will have ample people as well as security to ask."

Sadie looked at Mr. Zilkin with a kind of a "deer-in-the-headlights" look. There was so much running through her head, she didn't know where to start.

"I know this probably is not what you expected, but I'm a very up-front person and would like to be that kind of a boss. Cameron and I are trying to put together a crew similar to a family, considering we will be spending so much time together at sea. We are not naive in believing everyone will get along,

but we're hoping for more friendships and fewer conflicts. I want you to know that your safety, as well as everyone's on this cruise ship, is of the utmost importance. You can come to Cameron, or me, if you have any questions. If at any time, you feel uncomfortable with a crewmember or a guest, per your contract, you are required to report it to one of the twenty-one members of our security team, Cameron, or myself."

She listened carefully as he went on.

"Also, in the contract, no employee is required to participate in any scenes he or she does not want to be involved in. However, it is encouraged that if an employee would like to play, they are more than welcome to. Hence, the dungeon set up in my office." Extending his arm towards the equipment on the other side of the office, smiling like a Cheshire cat, he continued, "I interview every employee, and there are times I like to put the employee to the test. Some flock to it like water, others are a little more standoffish. I can tell from looking at your face you are surprised."

Sadie didn't know what to say. Were they going to do a scene? Did she need to in order to get the job? Did she have a job? She had so many questions. She turned and looked at him, saying, "I'm a pretty to-the-point kind of person also. If I refuse to scene with you now, do I still have a job?" She leaned forward on the couch.

"That would depend on your reason as to why you wouldn't want to scene with me," he answered, his voice deepening as he looked at her.

"I think you are a very handsome man, but I know nothing about you. I like to know more about a man before I let him bend me over the spanking bench. Plus, I look at you as my boss and I don't think I could look at you the same way if I did a scene with you, Sir," Sadie blurted out.

He leaned forward on the couch, placing a packet of

papers on the table and sliding it towards her. "Here is a contact for three months. Read it over, make sure you understand it, sign it, and return it to Melanie. She will then put you in touch with Gabriel, he is the producer on the ship. He will fill you in on what you will be doing." Sitting back on the couch, he smiled again at her. "I like you, Sadie. I think we will get along just fine. I'm sorry Cameron wasn't available for your interview, but I will fill him in. I hope to see you on the ship." He rose from the couch and extended his hand.

She rose with the contract in her hand, the other shaking his. "Thank you for the opportunity. I hope so too."

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After Sadie left the office, the door by the fireplace opened and Cameron Alexander walked over to Dimitri. "Thank you. Once she's on the ship, I will reveal myself to her, but only once she can't get away." He looked at Dimitri.

Dimitri smiled at Cameron, saying, "Now I know why you never told me about her. You didn't want to share, did you?" He prodded Cameron on the shoulder like he used to.

Cameron ducked away. "It was while you were overseas. I walked into this little bar down in the village. I sat there nursing a drink and this incredible voice filled my ears." Raising his hands to his ears, he added, "I'm telling you, she can sing. When I turned around and saw the little package that sound was coming from, I was totally amazed." He remembered how the lights had glowed down on her and how calm he felt as he had sat and listened.

Her hair had hung past her shoulders, but he couldn't tell what color it was, and as she turned to look out, her eyes had locked with his. It was like she had been singing just to him. Shaking off the thought, he said, "I knew she'd be perfect for our cruise line, but I took a big risk that she could meet all the



qualifications." Cameron had felt a connection and knew it was a feeling he had never felt towards another woman.

"Well, I hope you know what you're doing, because making an unknown the star of our main production is a big risk. You'd better be right!" Dimitri looked Cameron straight in the eye. "And you are telling Olivia; you should have done it in the meeting before."

"Don't you worry. Once you hear her, you'll be glad I locked in her contract, so no one can steal her away. As for Olivia, we'll let Gabriel tell her."

He smiled, leaving the office with a wave, saying under his breath, "And after I lock her down with my collar, she won't ever leave."