

## PROLOGUE

Shivering, Fay enters the exclusive club. Her coat is taken and the man next to her grabs her hand and pulls her along. She loves him and would let him drag her to the fiery gates of hell—and beyond. It was his idea to come here, although she couldn't wait to please him and show him how eager she was.

All the cliches are true: he's her boss and she's his secretary. Their affair is tumultuous, exhilarating and damn hot. He uses her as the object of his lust and she is his willing victim. She still holds hope that someday, this might be more than just sex. That he moves out of the house he still owns with his wife and joins her on this rollercoaster ride called life.

When they stroll through a long hallway, they end up in a communal space with an obscenely high, white ceiling, complete with decorative plasterwork. A giant chandelier sends soft, sultry light through the area. Black walls and banquette seatings, covered with red velvet, provide a boudoir-ish look and feel.

Her boss hands her a glass of champagne. She greedily gulps it down, to steady her nerves. He sends her a calming look, from behind his black face-mask. All the men wear masks here, the women don't. It makes her wonder who the men behind these masks are and why they feel the need to stay anonymous. Are they all men of high importance?

An hour and a half later—at least four glasses of champagne—they're in a dark room, with red leather furniture. She sees how a broadly built, bald man, undresses himself. The muscles on his arm roll underneath his tight skin when he takes off his pants, and she catches a glimpse of the tribal tattoo covering his back. A mixture of nervousness and excitement flows stea-

dily through her veins. Her boss watches as the man walks toward her and starts undressing her. She feels his ice cold fingers graze her skin and sees the eyes of the man shining sinisterly behind his mask. A direct sense of panic envelops her. What the hell is she doing here? Why did he suggest doing a threesome? And why did she agree? She suddenly feels much too young and too innocent to be in this exclusive sex club, with two older men who will no doubt fuck all her holes.

She shoots a desperate look at her boss. He nods his head, showing her he approves of what's happening. Trusting him, she swallows her fear and lets the bald man undress her. His hands paw at her breasts with brute force and he roughly pushes her to her knees. She hears him take a step closer and then he forces his dry, thick cock into her mouth. He pushes it in so far she gags and has to do all she can to prevent the champagne from coming back up. With teary eyes, she looks toward her boss, who, in the meantime, has unzipped his pants and is lazily stroking his dick.

A quarter of an hour later she's lying on her back on a leather couch and the bald man is pounding her pussy relentlessly. The world is spinning and her boobs flop wildly from the force of his thrusts. Before she can make a sound her boss starts fucking her throat, from his position on the side of the couch. The unrelenting bald guy keeps pushing inside of her and eventually folds both of his hands around her throat. With her eyes wide open her boss' cock slides out of her mouth and she takes it into her hand. The bald brute squeezes her neck so tightly she starts seeing stars in front of her eyes. She doesn't know how long she can keep this up. Feeling the urge to fight the lack of breath, she starts trying to buck him off. She can't say anything. With her free hand she tries to loosen his grip. Her other hand slowly

loses the power to rub her boss' dick. Then, a thick cloak of darkness envelops her, shrouding the world in shadows.

## Chapter 1

Elara tiredly opens her eyes and stares right into the cheery little face of Eli—her son.

‘Mommy!’ He stretches out his arms toward her, clearly expecting her to lift him onto the bed. His hazel eyes shine mischievously and his dark hair is tussled, a strand of dark brown draped over his other eye. Rick walks through the door and smiles guiltily. Asshole. He knows she can’t resist her little boy when he begs—and pouts—on the side of her bed, awaiting a cuddle session.

‘He wanted to go and see mommy,’ Rick says, after which he swiftly opens the curtains. She groans and closes her eyes to process the sudden flood of light into the bedroom. This is his excuse every, damn, time...