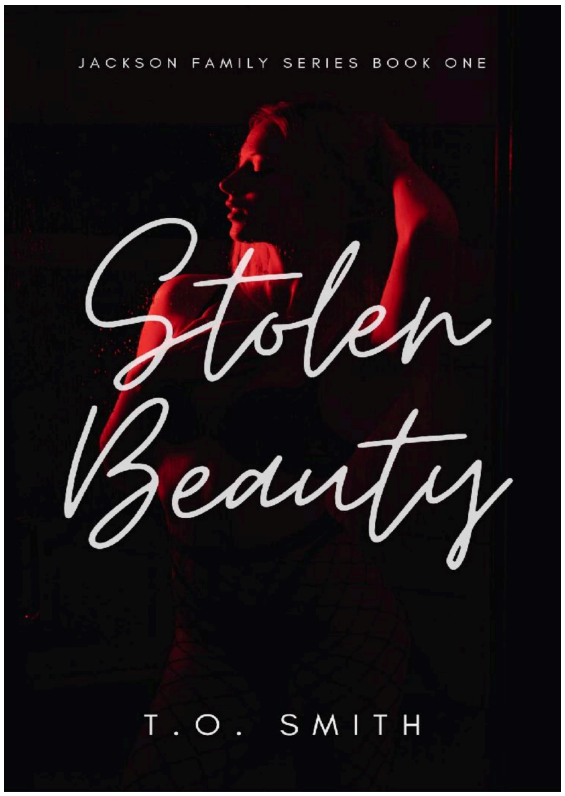


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One

EMMALINE

This was endless torture.

Three years ago, I had been kidnapped, though it had kind of been a blessing. At the time, I was homeless, sleeping wherever I could find some kind of shelter for a few hours. Most of the time, it was a bus stop bench, and many of those times, there *wasn't* any shelter.

Cops could be right fucking assholes about that kind of shit.

Without any kind of warning, one night I'd been snatched off the bench I was sleeping on, and a rag soaked in chloroform had been shoved over my nose and mouth. I'd fought, but I wasn't strong enough to get away from the two men holding me.

Add chloroform to the mix? I stood no chance.

When I woke up, I was in a basement tied to a chair, some kind of cloth stuck in my mouth to keep me silent. I sat there for a while – had to have been hours – before a woman dressed in all leather came downstairs and untied me. She'd shoved a gun to my cheek, warning me what would happen if I dared to defy her orders.

So, I complied.

I silently followed her up some stairs where numerous women then bathed me, exfoliated me, cut and styled my hair – bleaching it an almost white color before adding blue tips – and then stuck me in a tiny black dress. My hands got cuffed behind my back and extremely high black heels got shoved onto my feet.

I was then marched out to a black SUV where I was driven to a club. But when I had been marched in, I'd quickly come to the realization that it wasn't just any kind of club. There were men and women everywhere, but there were women in similar clothing to mine, some with collar-like necklaces and

others not, either getting fucked on random surfaces or pleasing whatever person was in front of them.

But – and as fucked up as this may sound – it was a home. As long as I complied and did what I was told – whatever that might be – I got food, a warm, soft bed, and something to drink. I didn't have to scrounge for my next meal. I didn't have to worry about whether I would have some kind of shelter over my head that night.

I felt like my body was a small price to pay.

For three years now, this had been my life. I slept, ate, someone dressed me, and then, I was brought here. I ate if the man or woman I was with for the day deemed it was okay for me to eat. But when I got back to my room in the evening, I was given dinner and three bottles of water with strict instructions to eat everything and to drink all of the water.

Hydration was important, especially with the exertion my body was put through every single day.

"Emmaline, you're in a back room today," Gemma announced as she strode towards me. She was clad in her normal attire of complete leather, her make-up done dark, her nails so pointy they could probably slice my throat.

Knowing to stay silent, I followed her without a word, ignoring all of the eyes that were following me as she led me to the back hallway where all of the private rooms were. She knocked lightly on the one at the very end, and a gruff, rough voice instructed for her to come in.

I was not prepared for the sight in front of me – could never have been.

The man lounging on the couch was tall and well-built. He was wearing a pair of black slacks and expensive, leather shoes. His blazer and tie were tossed over the arm of the couch, and his white shirt was unbuttoned halfway down, revealing his muscular, tattooed chest. His eyes were an icy blue – almost like a mixture between blue and gray – and his hair was a dirty-blonde color, curling over his forehead.

“This is the Emmaline I’ve heard so much about?” he asked, his deep voice booming around the red room, though he hadn’t actually raised his voice. I trembled beneath his power as he rose from the couch he’d been sitting on.

“This is Emmaline, sir,” Gemma said, her voice for once timid and not at all strong like it normally was.

Who was this man?

He didn’t even look at her as he strode towards me. “Leave us,” he ordered her.

She quickly stepped out of the room, shutting the door behind her. I turned my gaze to the floor in a submissive gesture, keeping my body straight despite how much I wanted to cower in his presence.

“Raise your fucking eyes and look at me,” he commanded.

I snapped my eyes up to look at him, my brown eyes clashing with his blue ones. He reached up and wrapped his hand around my throat, but unlike everyone else that normally handled me, his touch was gentle despite the strength I knew he possessed. I swallowed thickly, nervous. I hadn’t been nervous with a man in almost three years, but this man? He made me tremble.

“My second in command got a taste of you yesterday when I gave him a day off, and he couldn’t shut the fuck up about you. So, I had to come see what the big hype was about.”

I didn’t speak, though I was shocked to hear someone had been that pleased with me as their submissive. He brushed his thumb over my bottom lip. My breath hitched in my throat. “How long have you been a submissive here?” he asked me.

“Three years, sir,” I told him quietly.

He dropped his hand and shoved his hands in the pockets of his black slacks. They were pulled tight over his hips, showcasing the indentation of his cock, which I could tell was already rock hard.

“There’s something about you, little one … I just can’t put my fucking finger on it.” My hands trembled behind my back. “The moment I laid my fucking eyes on you, I wanted to claim you as mine – collar you – so no one else can touch you but *me*.” My breath left me on a whoosh of air at his words – stunning me. “But I’m not going to do that unless you can promise me it’ll be worth my time. Can you do that?”

I trembled. Collaring meant that I would no longer be used by multiple people. I would only be used by one man – *this man*.

“Yes, sir,” I told him, knowing that was the answer he wanted to hear. And honestly, it was also an answer I wanted to give him.

“On your knees,” he ordered. “Keep your eyes on me.”

I instantly dropped to my knees in front of him. He moved behind me and uncuffed me, something that hadn’t happened in the three years that I’d been here. I didn’t come out of them until I got home. Here, men liked their women at their mercy.

His hand gripped my hair, and he pulled my head back to look up at him. Suddenly, he snapped his head towards the door, hearing or sensing something I didn’t. His hand never tightened its grip, his body steady, yet tightly coiled.

A loud thud sounded right outside of the door followed by a gunshot. I jumped, clamping my lips shut so I wouldn’t scream. The man in front of me looked down at me, his blue eyes darkened to a stormy blue color, his jaw clenched. He grabbed me beneath my arms, pulling me to my feet, his eyes steady on mine.

“Get behind the fucking couch and do *not* move,” he growled down at me. “I will come get you when I’ve got this shit taken care of. If someone comes in this room that is *not* me, there’s a panic button back there. Hit it. One of my men will come.”

With that, he began striding towards the door. I scrambled behind the couch as instructed, my heart pounding hard in my chest with fear. Soon, rapid-fire gunshots sounded out from the

main room. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to keep myself steady and collected. Panicking right then wouldn't do me any damn good. The only thing panicking would do was get me killed.

It felt like an eternity had passed before he was standing in front of me again, grabbing me under my arms and pulling me out from behind the couch. His clothes and hands were splattered with blood, but he appeared completely unharmed.

"Sorry, little one. But I fucking need this," he growled.

That was the only warning I received.

He spun me around and bent me over the couch, and using his foot, he pushed my legs apart. He shoved my dress up to right under my breasts and ripped my panties off of me. I barely bit back a moan, but I managed to keep it inside of me. "I don't know how the fuck shit works with other men here, but I like to hear my women," he told me. "I want to hear every little sound as I take you."

Then, he shoved inside of me. I was already wet – soaked for him. No foreplay had been needed. All I'd needed was his hands on my body, his aggressive touch, and those growled words, and I was ready for him.

His hand wrapped around my hair as he fucked me hard from behind, his fingers digging so hard into my hip that I knew I would have bruises.

Normally, I felt absolutely disgusting when I was used like this, but fuck, this man felt good, and he knew what he was doing. He was rough, and it hurt, but it didn't feel like he was intentionally trying to harm me, not like it was with most of the other people here.

I cried out, my orgasm washing over me, unable to help myself. I panicked for a moment, thinking he was going to punish me, but he growled, his hot breath washing over my ear. I moaned, my hands clenching the cushion of the couch. "Again," he rasped. "I want you to come so many fucking times that I have to carry you out of this building, little one."

I moaned at his words and gave him what he wanted, for once actually letting myself go, not having to worry about holding in my orgasms and pleasing the man behind me because judging by the sounds coming from his chest and throat, he was enjoying this as much as I was.

Holding true to his word, by the time he finally allowed himself to come, I was completely collapsing onto the couch, almost unable to breathe, my eyes fluttering open and closed as I sucked in ragged breaths of air. He came on my back, his other hand gripping my ass cheek, squeezing hard as he finished himself off.

"Stay there," he said softly as he got dressed again.

"Yes, sir," I quietly answered, my voice heavy with sleep now that my breathing was beginning to regulate. I'd never been fucked so thoroughly before, and he'd wrung every orgasm out of me that he could.

A few moments later, I felt a warm cloth moving over my back. I jerked in surprise, snapping my eyes open to look at him. He was cleaning my back.

He was fucking cleaning my back.

Unexpectedly, my chest clenched. I'd *never* been taken care of afterward like this.

"It's called after care," he told me as he studied my surprised expression. He frowned. "No one takes care of you?" he asked me.

"Um, no, sir," I told him, knowing what could happen if I lied. "But it's okay," I hurriedly added. "I'm used to having to do things like this myself."

He clenched his jaw, his blue eyes flashing dangerously. I swallowed thickly. "You're coming home with me," he announced once I was completely cleaned up, even between my legs where he had *very* gently cleaned me, soothing me as I whimpered. I was so *sore*.

I slowly sat up once he made a motion for me to do so, and I stumbled. He quickly caught me in his arms and helped me

adjust my dress to cover my bottom. “Sir, I have a question, if it’s okay to ask,” I timidly spoke, nervously looking up at him.

He inclined his head to me in a silent way of telling me to speak. “May I know your name, sir?”

“James,” he told me. “My name is James, and I’m the America Mafia Don,” he introduced.

I stammered, staring at him, suddenly realizing why he had come back in here covered in blood, which I knew was now on my dress. And though I was sure he had cleaned it off my skin, I knew it was also in my hair.

It was a rule here that you *never* spoke about the people that came here nor anything that transpired within the walls of this club.

Now, it made sense. *Everything* made sense.

He gripped my chin, tilting my head up to look up at him. “I’m the one person in this entire fucking world that you do not have to be afraid of, little one. I’m collaring you. That means I take care of you,” he smirked, “and you get rewarded if you’re a good girl.” My breath hitched in my throat at his words. *Rewarded.* He brushed his thumb over my bottom lip before he dropped his hand and grabbed his blazer. He put the blazer around my shoulders, and I slid my arms through the sleeves, his blazer swallowing me. He tightened it around me and used his tie to close his blazer around my small body, hiding my body from the rest of the world.

It was a very possessive move.

Without any warning, he lifted me up into his arms, making me squeak in shock. “Close your eyes, little one. I promise you don’t want to see what my men are cleaning up.”

I obediently closed my eyes, linking my arms around his neck, burying my face against the curve of his shoulder. His arms flexed around me as he began to walk. “Gemma!” he called after a moment of him walking. I kept my eyes shut. “She’s no longer yours,” he told her. “She’ll be with me.”

“Y-yes, sir,” she stuttered out. James began walking again, and I gently swayed in his arms in time with his steps.

“Sir, your car is waiting out front,” a man spoke. “Two guards are waiting to drive behind your car.”

I felt James nod once as he continued moving. “Keep your eyes closed, little one,” he ordered as he began ascending the stairs to the upper level. “We’re almost outside.”

I shivered when the cool, night air blew over my skin, and a moment later, a car door was opened, and I was settled into the passenger seat. James rubbed his thumb over my bottom lip. “You can open your eyes, little one,” he told me.

I slowly slid them open, locking them on his. He smiled at me, stealing the breath right from my lungs. “You’re such a good girl,” he praised. My core clenched.

He shut the car door and spoke to the man that had been standing behind him for a moment before he strode around to the driver’s side and slid in. His hand gripped my thigh as he smoothly pulled onto the road. I licked my suddenly dry lips, suddenly feeling the urge for him to slide his hand higher, to bring me to more of those blissful orgasms.

“Have you eaten?” he asked.

“Breakfast early this morning, sir,” I told him.

He glanced over at me. “Unless we’re in the bedroom or in my playroom, don’t call me sir. My name is James, and you’re the only person allowed to call me that, clear?”

“Yes,” I quickly answered, my cheeks burning in shame. I’d already fucked up.

He looked back at the road. “As for food, sorry, little one, but it has to be fast food. I have a meeting to get to that I’m already late for. Is a burger and fries okay?”

I nodded my head. I hadn’t had fast food in *years*. “Yes,” I answered, now more excited than ever to eat food.

He smirked at me. “When’s the last time you had an unhealthy meal, little one?”

I blushed. “It’s been a while,” I admitted.