

SOLD



KEEPING HER
IN THE DARK

BY: LESLIE SANSOM

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Keeping her in the Dark Vol. 1 By: Leslie Sansom

For those of us who like a dark story

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Lost at Sea

Stranger on Route 35

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Book 2 of the “Lost of Sea” duet

Prologue

Norah stood at the kitchen sink washing the dishes, listening to her summer vacation and graduation present being planned out behind her.

“I think two months in Europe is extremely generous, Norah. I don’t know why you aren’t more excited, or thankful even?” Her mother had her hands on her hips, she was clearly irritated by her daughter’s less than enthusiastic attitude. Norah nodded.

“You’re right. It’s very generous. But I was really hoping to spend the summer with Lorraine and Maggie.” Protect them is more like it, she thought. She finished the

dishes and wiped her hands on the drying towel, and then turned to face her mother. She tried not to make eye contact with Jim, her mother's new boyfriend and the person behind this very generous gift. "Well, I think Jim is being very sweet by offering to pay for you and Tiffany to go together. Most girls would jump at the chance to leave their families behind, and back pack through Europe for the summer. You've graduated college, Norah, and you worked very hard. I think you deserve a break. You've lined up this internship in Chicago in the fall, so this summer is the only time. Soon you'll be so

busy and you'll wish you had taken this opportunity," she huffed.

She was right. Norah had worked very hard in college. She worked so hard she hardly ever came home to visit. So when her mother started dating Jim, she wasn't around to tell her the guy seemed a little creepy. She didn't know what it was about him, something just wasn't right. Maybe it was the way he looked at her, or sat too close. Maybe it was how he always tried to find a reason to touch Norah in some way, or maybe it was just the rude comments he would make when her mother wasn't around. All of it added up

to nothing really, so she kept her mouth shut. Her mother never seemed so happy. Jim was a rich business man, what kind of business, Norah still wasn't sure. She thought it had something to do with real estate, but he was never clear. He gave her mother everything she had ever wanted and more. So Norah held her tongue most of the time. Having Norah at 15, and then the twins at 20, kinda limited her prospects on men. Mary Birch was attractive, but when men found out she was a 37 year old, show girl, with three kids, they usually ended things rather quickly.

Mary had her heart broken so many times, Norah couldn't tell her that her new prince charming was really just another jerk.

When Norah came home to visit for Christmas all her fears were confirmed. Jim had cornered her more than once and tried to have his way with her. He never managed to get any further than groping and grinding before someone else walked in the room.

Norah told him to leave her alone, that she was virgin, but that only seemed to turn him on more. Finally, their last encounter, just before Norah went back to school, he crossed the line.

“If you don’t give me what I want, I’ll just have to get it from Lorraine or maybe Maggie,” he breathed. Norah hated the idea of him being in the house with her sisters. She certainly didn’t want him to turn his focus on them. So she did the only thing she could do; she pulled a knife on him.

“Look, asshole, I’m telling you right now if you lay a hand on one of my sisters I will cut your balls off and feed them to the dog!”

Jim backed away from Norah with his hands up, as if he surrendered. “Don’t think for one second I can’t go and tell my mother about this whole thing and then

you'll be out the door so quick your head will spin!" He smirked and laughed a little. "What's so fucking funny?" she asked.

"Norah, come on, be serious. We both know if you thought you stood a chance in hell of your mother believing you over me, you would have told her already." He hung his head and laughed a little more.

"I've given her this house, her car, nice clothes, and that lovely diamond ring she has on her left hand as well. We both know your mother is not about to give those things up, because I groped you a little," his smirk was bigger now.

Norah knew he was right. As much as her mother loved her and the twins, she also resented them. She secretly blamed them for chasing off any boyfriend she ever had, and even their own father's.

Norah's Dad had left as soon as the word baby was brought up. The twin's father split right after they were born. Mary never said it openly, when she was sober. But when she was drunk, which was often when they were younger, she couldn't stop saying it.

Norah accepted the blame, and made herself a vow. She would never give herself to a man until she was married. She didn't

want to take the chance of having a child out of wedlock, the man leave her, and she spend her life trying to replace him, and blame the kid in the process. She didn't want to be her mother. Going to college was the first step. She was educated, and had a career lined up. She knew she could take care of herself without a man. His voice brought her out of her head.

“Put the knife away, and we'll forget this ever happen, ok?”

Jim said. This time Norah laughed.

“Yeah, how can I do that?” she said.

“You want me to forget this ever happen, and go back to school,

knowing the minute I'm gone you're going to rape one of my sisters? You must be out of your mind!" she snapped. Jim held his hands up again.

"I think we can make a deal," he paused.

"You put the knife down, go back to school, and I won't touch your sisters." Norah laughed again. "I promise."

"How can I trust you? Once it's done, it's done. Calling you a liar, liar, pants on fire, won't take away my sisters pain," she cocked her head to the side, still holding the knife. Jim stepped a little closer.

"You're right. You're right. You're

absolutely right. So you are going to have to trust me, Norah. You can't stay here, you have to go back to school. If you don't, what will you tell your mother? I'm telling you, I won't touch them. I promise." Norah didn't want to believe him, but she knew she didn't have a choice. She could kill him, or just hurt him really bad, and then end up in jail with her life ruined. She could tell her mother, and have her not believe her, and lose everything she held dear to her; or she could simply trust this asshole. Her options were not easy. She slowly lowered the knife, and Jim walked away.

The night before she went back to college she had a long talk with Lorraine and Maggie. She explained to them the importance of staying away from Jim, in not so many words. Neither one seemed to be affected by him, which made her feel a little better. At least he hadn't given them the creepy vibe. She also pressed upon them that in the event something weird did happen, anything, they were to call her right away. She also gave them each a can of pepper spray and told them to keep it with them all the time. The University of Nevada was only six hours away from Las Vegas, she

could be back in a jiffy. She was strangely comforted when both girls thought she was acting crazy.

Now he had offered her this trip to travel Europe for the summer. She knew it was just a ruse to get her out of the way. He didn't like having her around. The twins were supposed to spend the summer traveling to different colleges. They would both start their senior year of High school in the fall, and neither had decided on a college. They both wanted to attend the same college, the problem was Lorraine wanted sun and sand, while Maggie

wanted snow and skis. They were identical physically, but their personalities couldn't be more different. Finally coming to an agreement they could both live with, they decided to travel to several colleges over the summer, and whichever one had the hottest guys, that's the one they would go to. It was very scientific, and Norah assumed that to them, school programs and the quality of the education didn't matter when it came to college guys without their shirts on. Norah wanted to go with them. Not to check out the guys, not that that would have been all bad, but to help them decide on

something other than abs and biceps. But a trip to Europe was also appealing, even if it was a bribe to get her out of the way. Jim hadn't made any more advances on her, and from what Norah could tell he hadn't touched the twins either. Even with her vague questions, she concluded that the twins weren't at all weirded out by Jim. Which again, gave her a small sense of relief, and thought Jim might be an ass, but he kept his word.

Norah started packing two weeks before they were set to leave. They would fly out of Las Vegas and be in New York for one

day, then leave New York for Paris. Jim had generously given her his credit card and let her go shopping for her trip, which she graciously accepted. She didn't at all feel guilty about buying Tiffany new clothes too.

"I can't go," Tiffany said. They were set to leave in two days, and she was dropping this on her now! Tiffany plopped herself on Norah's bed.

"What do you mean you can't go?" Norah asked. Tiffany held out her left hand which now had a mid-sized emerald cut diamond ring on it.

"Jason proposed! We're getting married!

He wants to have it in the fall, so I can't go. I have to stay here and plan the wedding!" She seemed very excited, despite the fact she was kinda screwing Norah over.

"Congratulations! But come on, it's only two months, you'll have plenty of time to plan when we get back! Don't do this to me. I didn't want to go back in May, and you convinced me. Now I'm really excited!"

"I can't. If I went it would only give me August and September to plan for an October wedding. That isn't enough time. Jason has like five hundred people he has to invite,

and with his sisters, my sisters, cousins and friends, our wedding party is going to be like fifteen people strong,” she paused.

“Look, I’m really sorry. I know I convinced you to go, but I didn’t know this was going to happen.”

Tiffany tried to give Norah a little smile.

“We can do Europe next summer. Instead of traveling with a backpack, getting lost, and trying to find anyone that can speak English, you can stay here and help me. I would love for you to be my maid of honor.” Norah’s eyes filled up with tears. “Really? That is so sweet, Tiff. But I’m going,” she took a breath. “I know it’s crazy for me to go

alone, but next summer, you'll be pregnant, and won't want to travel, or Jason will be in the middle of building your dream home, and you'll have to stay to make decisions on bathroom tile. I would love to be your maid of honor, really, I would. But if you're going to put together the amazing wedding I know you want, in four months, you need someone who is going to be here to help you. Ask Tammy or Shelley to be your maid of honor, and I can just be a bride's maid."

"You would go by yourself? You're brave," Tiffany said. Norah shook her head.

“Hey, what’s the worst that could happen?” she asked rhetorically.

She was about to find out.

Chapter One

Liam Hastings stood in front of the elevator pacing back and forth. This would be his first auction, and he was nervous. Will was behind him getting their passes and information packets. Liam had been in the Dominate world for eight years, after Will introduced him to the lifestyle when they were in college. After two years of going to clubs, private parties and the occasional weekend escapade, Liam decided he wanted something

more. He wanted a full time
submissive. He didn't want to have to
meet women and see if he had
a connection. He wanted something more
permanent. So for the last
six years he had hired his subs. They
lived with him, full time, for
weeks or even months at a time. But he
always got bored after a
while, and they parted ways. His longest
relationship was Natasha.
She was a Russian beauty. She lived for
Liam for about a year. She had short
blonde hair, his preference, and long
white
legs, also a prerequisite. But after nearly
a year together, she still
had never slept in his room with him. He

wasn't even sure if she knew what kind of business he was in. When she started talking about love, marriage and possibly kids, Liam knew he had to end it. Those were things he wanted, but not with her. He loved shackling Natasha and spanking her with a cane. He loved watching her come while she was bound, gagged, and he touched her only with a feather. He especially loved it when she would kneel in front of him and pleasure him during dinner. But seeing Natasha play couples tennis with his clients, or decorate the house for Christmas, was something he couldn't picture. He wanted

the cliché, of a ‘freak in the sheets, and a lady in the streets’. He wanted someone who he could spank, fuck, and have her lick his whole body at night, and use that same mouth to kiss their kids as they went to school in the morning; and have it not gross him out.

Natasha wasn't that woman, and he truly didn't know if she existed. Acquiring a ‘sexual slave’, was something completely new for Liam. Will had moved from submissive's to slaves about three years ago, and couldn't stop talking about how wonderful it was. The power, the control, and the complete domination was a high like no

other. The power, control and dominance were all the things Liam loved about being a Dominate, so he thought he would give it a try. Will had warned them that this auction was like no other and it took quite a long time to get invitations for both of them. These girls were high end slaves, not your typical party girls. If he wanted one, he would pay, and he would pay big. Will walked over and gave him a gold chip and a catalog. A man came over and hit the button for the elevator using his finger print. When the doors opened another man was inside already. Both men stepped on. The man that had given

Will the chips nodded once, and the other man used a key in the control panel. The doors closed and up they went. The elevator stopped on floor 68, and they both got out. The room was filled with other men, all walking around but none really looking at each other. They were from all over the world. There was a group of Chinese businessmen in the corner, all wearing navy blue suits with white ties, but not speaking. In the other corner was a group of Arabs, some wore turbans and some didn't. The one man in the middle of the group was dressed like a sheik, and wore black

sunglasses even though they were inside and it was night. There were a few African American men, and some Latino's as well. There were few white men, Will and Liam seemed to be the minority. He doubted by looking at the few other white men in the room, that they were British, so that left them very much the minority. They took a glass of champagne offered to them by a waiter and waited for instructions. Liam sat his glass down and looked through the catalog. He was right, these women were extremely beautiful, and very high priced. The catalog had their pictures, ages, nationality,

and opening bid price. Some of them had a little heart next to their age, some had a cross, and some a star. Liam wasn't sure what that meant. There were only three little hearts in the book, all towards the end, and all had the highest opening prices. Most of the women had the little crosses, but a few had star, even less had a combination of the symbols. He looked for some sort of key to explain, but couldn't find it.

“What does this mean?” he pointed to the symbols and asked Will. He smiled.

“The cross means, they aren't trained at all. You would have

to train them yourself. As you can see those women have the lowest opening bids. Most men in this room, don't want the hassle. The star means they have been trained." He paused.

"And what does the heart mean?" Liam asked.

"It means those women are the best kind. Untouched," he smiled. Liam nodded, but couldn't believe his ears. Untouched, meant virgins. Why in the world would a girl, who was still a virgin want this kind of lifestyle? If she was inexperienced in sex, how could she know if this was right for her? Liam shrugged his shoulders and

continued to look through the catalog.

Finally the double doors opened and the men were given instructions. Behind the doors were sound proof booths, one for each buying customer. They were to go to the booth assigned to them by the number on the gold chip they were given. Once in the room, they were to place the chip in the round hole in the middle of the room and take a seat in the chair. Goggles would be lowered from the ceiling and they were to look in them until the light turned red. Once their identity was verified the auction would begin. If they

wanted to bid on any of the girls, all they had to do was press the black button on the arm rail. If it turned red then they were the active bid, when it turned green, they had been outbid, and could either bid again, or stop bidding. When the bidding was over, the button would turn blue to indicate that they had won the bid, or black if they had not. Their financial information was attached to the gold chip, and they would be charged for their purchases before they could collect.

Liam nodded at Will and they both stepped in their respective rooms. Liam did as he was

instructed, and got comfortable after his eyes were scanned. He looked at the big glass window in front of him and assumed it was either tinted glass or a double sided mirror. He assumed they didn't want the girls to see who was bidding on them. There was a large space in the middle of the room on the other side of the glass, and Liam could see all the other windows that looked just like his. He knew each window represented a man with his same interests. After about five minutes, the lights went out, and a spot light shined on the girl in the middle of the room. Liam sat in his chair and

listened as a voice over a loud speaker described her. She was 18, Russian, spoke English and Spanish, and her

opening bid was \$10,000.00. Liam looked in the book, she wasn't trained, nor was she a virgin. He didn't bid.

The next girl came to the stage. She was redhead, Irish, 20, and her opening bid was \$12,000.00.

Again Liam did not bid. Girl after girl came to the stage, but none of them seemed his type. He wasn't sure if this was even a good idea. Having a submissive was one thing, having a slave, was something else. It was going to be like

having a full time job. He didn't know if he would have the time. Then the last girl stepped to the stage. Liam leaned up in his chair. She had olive skin, and long curly dark hair. She wore the same black tube dress that all the girls wore, but somehow it looked better on her. Liam flipped in the catalog to her page. She was number 30 in the catalog, and she had both a star and a heart. The voice came on and said she was an American, untouched, and 22 years old. Liam swallowed very hard, this girl had his interest. She looked nothing like what he usually went for, but he had to have her. Her opening bidding price;

\$250,000.00. Liam didn't want to spend that kind of money on someone he didn't know. What if he bought her and they didn't like each other? What if they weren't compatible sexually? He pushed that out of his mind quickly, this girl was a virgin, so how could they not be compatible. There was no way she could disappoint him by not having experience, and Liam didn't want to pat his own back or anything, but he knew he was quite good in bed. He had never been with a virgin before, never taken that responsibility. But everything about this girl drew him in. Soon he realized he was sitting on the

edge of his seat. There was only one thing that bothered him. She wasn't smiling. None of the girls were really smiling, but she really looked sad. That made Liam want her more. Why was this beautiful girl sad? More than anything, he wanted to make her happy. As soon as the bidding started, Liam quickly hit his button, and it turned red. He had the opening bid of \$250k. It quickly turned green and was announced the next bid was \$350k. Wow, all the men must be jumping out of their seats for this girl. Liam hit the button again, and again it turned red. He held the bid at \$350k. But again it turned green,

and he heard the next bid
\$500k. This went on for at least twenty
minutes. When Liam's button
finally turned blue indicating he had won
the bid, he thought he
might be sick just thinking about how
much money he had just paid
to buy this girl. Then questions he hadn't
thought of consumed his
brain. Where did the money go? How
long would she be with him?
As long as he wanted, or she wanted,
which was kinda the same
thing, he thought. Maybe the money went
to some kind of charity, in
that case he didn't mind spending as
much as he had on this girl. The
door opened and a man walked in and

handed him a folder and a black shoulder bag. He walked out of the room, and stopped at the first seat he saw in the hallway. He put the bag in the seat, and opened the file. Her name was Norah Chandler, she was 22 and from Las Vegas, Nevada. Her hair was dark brown, and her eyes were light brown. He starred at her picture for several minutes, until Will broke his concentration.

“Which one did you get?” he asked. Liam held out her picture, noticing Will had a file in his hand as well. “Holy shit! She was the last one! How much did you pay for her? I know you paid a

pretty penny for that ass. Wow! Congrats, man!” Will handed back the picture, and Liam had an overwhelming feeling to punch him for the ass comment. But he didn’t. Instead he kept reading.

College graduate, she weighed 110 lbs., and was 5’4”. She had been in training for a month. Then he read a line that didn’t make sense to him.

Taken from Paris France, June 12th, can be difficult at times

Liam narrowed his eyes at the sentence. ‘Taken’? What did that mean? “What does this mean?” he asked Will who was now looking through his own file. He barely glanced

over and shrugged his shoulders. "That's where she was taken from," he said it like Liam was supposed to know that already.

Liam stepped closer to him.

"Taken? What do you mean, taken?" he asked. Will looked up at him. His expression reflected Liam's confused look on his face.

"Taken. Where they were kidnapped." Will went back to looking at his file, and then tucked it away in his suit jacket. "Come on we better go claim our property." Liam put his hand on Will's chest.

"Kidnapped? What the fuck are you talking about? You never said anything about kidnapped! These girls

aren't here voluntarily?" He kept his voice low even though he was livid. Will pushed him up against the wall. "No, they're not here voluntarily. They were all kidnapped. Haven't you heard of Human Trafficking?" Liam closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Will continued. "So that means what you just did, my friend, is a felony." Liam opened his eyes. "That's right, you can go to jail for the rest of your life. But that would be a treat compared to what the men in the building would do to you if they heard you talking like this. So I suggest we go claim our property and we can talk more about this

later.”

Both men went downstairs where they escorted to a back room. The women stood in the room, wearing the same tube dress, both looked drugged and out of it.

Everything happened very fast.

The back door opened, revealing a white limo in view, bags were put over the women's heads, and they were shoved to the men, to which were shoved out the back door. Will pushed his girl in the limo, and quickly stepped in after her. Liam's girl swayed back and forth, like she wasn't steady on her feet. He put his arm around her waist, and helped her in the car.

As soon as he shut the door behind him the car took off. Liam glared at Will, who shook his head as if not to say anything in front of the girls. Liam looked over at his new purchase and saw her shaking. He put his hand on her leg and she flinched. She was ice cold. He took off his jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders, to which she mumbled a 'thank you'. Liam again glared at Will, and just shook his head, cussing under his breath. They arrived at Liam's yacht and quickly helped the girls inside. Each man went to their respective rooms to get the girls settled.

“Hey, restrain yourself please. I really want to talk to you. Get her settled and meet me in the bar,” Liam instructed. He noticed how Will groped and whispered in his girl’s ear every chance he got. He hoped he could focus and talk to him long enough to explain what the fuck was going on. After a mind blowing conversation Will had explained that he thought Liam knew these girls were kidnapped and sold at auction against their will. “These girls have a better life than most. Their kidnappers saw reason for them to be sold at auction. Most of the girls that are

kidnapped are hooked on drugs and forced to work in brothels.”

Liam stepped toward him. “Better off? Are you fucking crazy? They aren’t better off! What just because they are sold to one man, they’re better off? What if that man shares her with his friends, or sells her again, or makes her work as a whore anyway?” Liam ran his hands through his hair. “This is so fucked up, on so many levels!” He paced the room. “I just have to give her back, or let her go, that’s all.” Will laughed. “Give her back? In case you didn’t realize this at the hotel, the men we bought her from, aren’t the full

refund kinda guys? You can't just show your receipt and say you want your money back, Liam!"

"I don't give a shit about the money! It isn't about the money! It's about a person, a young girl!" Will took a step forward. "I don't know what you expect to do here, Liam. You can't just give her back, because they will kill you." Liam looked at him and rolled his eyes. "Then I'll just let her go."

"Yeah, let her go, an even better option. Sorry honey, didn't know you weren't in to this, well, see ya! Liam, it doesn't work that way, you know that." Liam paced the floor. "What did you think you

were doing? I mean where did you think the money went? No one gave you a contract with limits or guidelines; Terms and time limits were never discussed either. Did you really think you could spend this kind of money on a girl, not discuss those things, and have it be legit?”

Liam paced the floor. He thought of those things, but just too late. The truth was, having a sexual slave excited him so much he hadn't given much thought to the practical nature of this whole process.

“This is okay for you? You're actually alright with this? You're

going to go in there and rape that girl? Because that's what it is, Will! She might be so damn scared or drugged out of her mind that she lets you, but it's still rape!" Will patted him on the shoulder.

"Liam, it doesn't have to be all bad, really. I mean, you are used to being a Dominate. This is just another level of that." Liam rolled his hand off his shoulder. "This is not another level of being a Dom, Will. This is illegal! I've punished women for not obeying me, but I've never raped a girl before. I've never punished a girl that didn't understand what was coming and want it. I can't do this. How

can you do this? What kind of sick bastard are you?" Liam asked the question, and it sounded rhetorical but it wasn't. He wanted an answer.

"It's hard at first, I'll give you that. But you go through stages, and it gets easier. Sometimes it's an amazing turn on to have them fight you. Come on, none of your subs ever tried to fight you off?

None of them ever said no, when you said yes?" Liam looked at Will like he had completely lost his mind, and he had.

"Will, you know as much as I do, the power of a Dom/Sub relationship is in the hands of the sub. She says no, you stop. She

isn't in the mood, so you don't do it. No, I've never had to wrestle any of my subs to get what I wanted.” Liam couldn't believe what his friend was saying. He had known Will since college. They had been best friends for years. They even worked together on several projects. But he had no idea Will was in to this kind of lifestyle. Then something occurred to him. “How many times have you done this?” Liam asked, but wasn't sure if he really wanted an answer this time. Will hung his head and walked to the bar to pour himself a drink. “Remember Maria?” he asked. Liam nodded. Will narrowed

his eyes, and to okay a sip of his whiskey.

“You bought Maria?” Liam asked. “But I saw you two together, you seemed happy. She came with you to charity dinners and family functions.” Liam looked to Will for an explanation.

“She was with me for months before you ever met her. It was hard in the beginning, but soon it became the caring relationship you saw. Now let me ask you, seeing her and me together, talking to Maria, would you have ever thought I would have bought her? That at one point she never left the confines of my bedroom?” Will took

another sip of his drink. Liam was speechless. Maria and Will seemed so happy. She seemed happy. Liam had talked to her several times, without anyone around, and she never once gave him any clue she had been kidnapped.

“Remember Miranda?” he spoke again.

“The Irish waitress?” Liam added. Will nodded. “You bought her too?” now he was truly confused.

Will sat on one of the barstools and twirled a lime in his drink.

“She was kidnapped from an art exhibit in Madrid. I had to

keep her blind folded for the first few weeks because she spit at me every time she saw me. We were

together for almost a year.” He took another sip.

“She lives in Boston now, in a very nice house, and has her own bakery. She’s getting married in December. I was invited to the wedding.” Liam ran his hands over his face. Was he for real?

“Look, Liam, I know this isn’t what you thought you were getting but you’ve got her now, and you paid a lot of money for her. I say enjoy it. You’re an attractive guy, rich, and successful, if anyone can make her like them, I am sure it’s you.” “I can’t do this, Will! I just can’t. She’s 22 years old, a virgin for fuck sake! How can I go in there and

make this girl my slave? I don't even know how to do that?" Liam felt trapped. He knew he couldn't just let her go, and giving her back wasn't an option. He would probably be killed and she would definitely be sold to someone else. Someone who wouldn't care about her feelings like he did, maybe someone like Will.

"You're a Dominate, Liam you can do this. Take it in stages. The first stage is fear and respect. She has to know you're in control, what you say is law, she does what you tell her, and only what you tell her, and if she doesn't, she gets punished. It's just like a sub/dom

relationship, except there is no, no. She can't tell you no, she doesn't have a safe word. She's yours to do what you want, when you want, and she needs to learn that. She needs to fear you, but respect you too." Liam nodded his head at Will. That was similar to a dom/sub relationship. Will continued. "Then when she realizes this is her life now, she can either obey or get hurt, you move to the next stage. Comfort and protection. She will know that if she doesn't do what you want her to, you will punish her, but then you can also comfort her. I know it sounds crazy, taking comfort from the person

causing you pain. But it works.” He went on. “Her world will be small, consumed by only you. You will be the only thing she can rely on in her new life now. She’ll want your company, and even when you hurt her, she’ll need your comfort. You can be her shoulder to cry on and warm arms that hold her close. She’ll be just as confused by it as you are, trust me.” He ate a handful of peanuts out of a bowl on the bar. “Protection is the key to everything. Something will happen, I don’t know what, different in every circumstance. But when it happens, you have to show her that you will walk over fire to protect

her from harm. She won't remember that you were the one inflicting the pain and torment just last night or last week. All she will think about is how you are willing to protect her now. You'll show her that no one else in the world will ever touch her like you do. And that's when she'll realize that she is yours. She will belong to you, heart and soul." He popped more peanuts in his mouth. "That's when the trust begins. Everything changes when she starts to trust you. And then eventually, you'll get tired of her, and want another one." He laughed. Liam shook his head not imagining he would ever be

able to do anything like this again.

“I don’t think I will need to get past the fear and respect. I’m getting out of this fucked up mess as soon as I can,” Liam ran his hands over his face. Will got up and walked toward his bedroom.

“Look, I know you’re not sold on this whole thing. But do me a favor, just think about it ok. When we get back to London you can go talk to your lawyer. Tom’s in the lifestyle, he can give you some advice. But for now just enjoy it.” He smiled. “I know I am going to.” He winked at Liam. Liam stood up and put his hands in his pockets.

“Will? What do I do with her tonight?”
he shouted. Will
turned back to him. “Have some fun!”
Will opened the door to his room and
went
in. Liam hoped he had enough respect
for him not to rape this girl
tonight, on his boat. He wanted to go ask
him, but was scared of his
answer. He paced the floor. He knew
just beyond his bedroom door
was a young girl waiting for something.
She probably had no idea
what she was waiting for, and was
probably scared out of her mind.
He decided to let her shower and just
leave her alone. He didn’t
want to get involved with her, get to

know her, or even talk to her.
He just needed to make her obey him for tonight and he would talk to his lawyer tomorrow. Hopefully by tomorrow afternoon she would be gone out of his life and he wouldn't have to worry about her anymore.

He shook his head as he walked in the bedroom, this was not the night he had planned.

Chapter two

She was sitting on his bed. She was still wearing his jacket he had given her earlier in the car. She had a black blind fold on now, and the bag over her head was gone. Her legs were tightly clenched

together, and her arms were tightly hugging her chest. Her head was lowered, but as soon as Liam entered the room, her head snapped up. He walked in slowly, and she turned her head in the direction of where he was in the room. He stood in front of her, just watching her. She turned her head to the right and he saw a small tattoo behind her left ear. Not even realizing what he was doing, he reached out to her. Liam grabbed her neck, and tilted her toward him so he could get a better look. She took in a deep breath when he touched her and pressed her lips together. The tattoo was of a little

butterfly. Liam instantly thought it was something he would like to kiss. He stood her up in front of him, but kept his hands on her shoulders. He admired her face, even though most of it was covered by a blind fold. She licked her lips and again he felt the urge to kiss her. He slowly removed his jacket, and again she took a deep breath. He knew what she must be thinking and wanted to comfort her immediately. But he remembered Will's instructions and resisted. Instead he took her by one arm to the bathroom. He leaned up against the counter, and watched her fidget for a few seconds before

he spoke.

“I would like for you to take a shower. When you hear the door close behind you, you are to remove your blind fold and all your clothes. Turn the shower on to a temperature you find acceptable, and get in the shower. Wash your body with the soap and wash cloth provided. Wash your hair with the shampoo and conditioner provided.” Liam knew he sounded crazy giving such specific instructions. But some submissive’s did only what they were told and nothing more. He found this out the hard when he found one of his subs standing in an ice cold shower. The

next day the same girl came to dinner without rinsing the soap out of her hair. He had a talk with her about implied orders. He hoped Norah wouldn't be with him long enough to merit a conversation like that.

“Rinse your body and hair completely. When you're finished get out, turn off the water, dry off with the towels provided, and take care of any bathroom needs you may have. I hope I don't have to explain what I mean by that.” Before Liam could finish, he was shocked when she said something.

“I'm not an idiot, I know that I need to rinse my hair before I get out of the shower. And yes, I know

what bathroom needs mean,” she snapped. Liam had a knee jerk reaction, and he couldn’t control himself. He slapped her. As soon as he did it, he regretted it. He didn’t plan on hurting her. He wasn’t use to his subs talking back to him in any way, ever. Liam was known to have his anger issues, and this was not the time for her to try to show her independence with him. He put his hand over his mouth, and swallowed down the need to apologize. He knew if he was going to follow Will’s stages, he was starting off good, because that certainly scared her. It scared him too. She lowered her head. He cleared his

throat and kept talking trying not show that he was affected by his actions as all. "When you're done, put the blind fold back on your face, and knock on the door." He stood up, moved her to where he had been leaning against the counter, and walked out of the room. He shut the door loud so she would know he was gone. He stood by the door and heard her crying. Liam put his hand on the door, feeling an overwhelming need to move on the comfort stage already. He stepped away when he heard the water come on. He paced the floor, then decided to change his clothes. He took off his suit and tie,

and replaced them with cargo shorts and green t-shirt. He watched the clock. It was after midnight. He wondered if she was tired or hungry. He quickly went to the kitchen and looked in the fridge. Everything needed to be prepared. He just wanted to offer her something to tie her over until the morning. He picked up a few apples, some grapes and some cubed cheese. He grabbed four bottles of water, and returned to the room. The water was off, and he heard the toilet flush. He stood there outside the door, waiting to hear her knock. He heard her light tap on the door, and opened it. She stood

in front of him with the towel wrapped around her, hair wet, and her blind fold covering her eyes. He took her by the arm, and led her to the bed. He pushed her back until her knees hit the mattress and she sat down. He picked up the underwear he had previously purchased for a much different kind of night, and knelt in front of her. One by one he put her feet in the holes, and then held her hand to stand up, while he pulled them all the way up. She kept the towel close to her the whole time. He wanted to pull it away, but decided to let her have some sort of protection. He took the black tank top,

and lowered it over her head. He pulled it as low as he could until he couldn't move it anymore because of the towel. "Drop the towel," he commanded. She took in a breath and dropped it. He wanted to look, but resisted. Instead he raised her arms through the arm holes, and allowed her to pull the shirt down herself. He stepped back admiring her body. She was very sexy. The tank top didn't cover her mid-section completely, so he could see her abs. Her stomach was very flat. He wanted to run his hand over her, but restrained himself. Just looking at her he knew he

was going to practice a lot restraint in the next days. He picked up the cotton pants he had for her, and knelt in front of her. He tapped one of her legs, and she raised it. He put her foot in the hole and then lowered in back to the floor. Once both sides were complete, he pulled them up to her hips. He looked in her face again, and she was crying. He saw the tears running from under her blind fold down her cheek. Instinct took over again, and he ran his thumb over her cheek wiping the tears away. “Are you hungry?” he asked. She nodded slightly. “I would like it if you addressed me as Sir, little

one.”

“Yes, sir,” she said in a very quiet voice.

“Good, very nice,” he paused. “I’m afraid because of the hour the kitchen is closed. But I brought you some fruit and cheese. I have a few bottles of water as well. I don’t want you to have to snack in a blind fold, so I am going to leave you for about twenty minutes. But I will be back. When you hear the door shut, you may remove your blind fold. There is a clock on the night stand. In twenty minutes put the blind fold back on. If I come back and you don’t have it on,” he paused not knowing if he should really threaten her the

first night. But he remembered Will's instructions; fear.

"I will be upset. And I think you have had enough of a taste tonight of how I react when I'm upset, right?" She nodded, then as if she remembered his prior remarks.

"Yes, sir," she breathed. He touched her shoulders.

"That's a good girl, little one." He stepped out of the room, and shut the door loudly again to be sure she heard it. He walked out to the bar area again and found Will sitting at the bar drinking again. He sat down beside him and made himself a drink. Liam liked jack and coke instead of whiskey and lime

like Will. Neither said anything for a few moments. Liam wanted to ask Will how it was going, but he was afraid of the answer. Finally Will broke the silence.

“Jane is asleep, how about your Norah?” he asked as he took another sip. Liam hadn’t called the girl by her name. He didn’t want to get to know her. He hoped to get through these next few days and move on and not have to think of this crazy experience again. He didn’t like Will referring to her as ‘Norah’ either, but he did like the sound of ‘your Norah’. He liked Will saying she was his.

“She’s eating. I left her alone.”

“Do you want some sleeping pills?”

Will asked. Liam shook his head.

“I’m exhausted. I won’t have any trouble falling to sleep. I want to go to sleep and forget this whole nasty mess.” Will laughed.

“I wasn’t talking about for you, I meant for Norah. They will knock her out for a while, and you will be able to get her home without her seeing where she is being taken.” Liam held up his hand.

“They’re completely harmless, believe me. She will be asleep in about thirty minutes, and you can get her safely in your house. She should wake around 8am.” Will held out

two pills for Liam. He didn't want to drug the girl, but maybe it would be easier that way. She was scared already, and he didn't need her knowing where he lived. If this didn't end well, he couldn't have her leading the police right to his house. He took the pills and went back to the room. He knocked lightly and then opened the door. She was sitting on the bed where he had left her, blind fold on. Her hands were folded in her lap. She had eaten two apples, a few cubes of cheese and a little handful of grapes, had drank two bottles of water. He stood in front of her admiring her beauty again. He felt that she

could sense he was very close because it seemed like she leaning away from him. He took her hand. “Don’t try to get away, little one.” He wanted to add he wasn’t going to hurt her, but after slapping her in the bathroom, he wasn’t sure he could keep that promise. “Are you tired?” he asked. His voice was soft. “Yes, sir.” He smiled. This was a messed up situation, but he couldn’t deny that he loved hearing her say ‘sir’ to him. “I have some sleeping pills,” she flinched. He thought she might have been drugged before. Possibly when she was kidnapped

originally. He decided to go against Will's instructions. He didn't want her to be scared. He couldn't imagine how she felt right now. In a strange place, blind folded, the voice that slapped her, and who knows what she had been through before him. Maybe the slapping was enough fear for tonight, and he could combine the two stages. He touched her face, trying to sooth her.

"It's okay, little one, nothing is going to happen to you tonight. I'll even make you a promise that you will wake up in the same clothes you have on right now, them never having left your

body.” She was trembling. “The pills will just relax you, and make it easier for you to sleep.”

“Yes, sir,” she shuddered out.

“That’s a good girl,” he said as he moved her hair from her shoulder. He opened her hand and placed the pills in it, and then put a bottle of water in her other hand. She took them without a problem. He took the water from her and sat it on the side table. He reached over her and pulled the blankets down from the top of the bed. “Scoot back a little bit,” he whispered. She moved back, and felt the blankets, then quickly moved under them. She sat

there pulling them to her chest, but not laying down. He watched her, knowing she was still scared to death. His words had done little to comfort her. He leaned her back until her head touched the pillow. He remembered some music he had left on the boat some time ago. He went to the old CD player and put in a CD of piano music. He turned to volume down low, and tried to make it soothing for her. He sat in a chair and watched her until she fell asleep. He was exhausted he wanted to join her in the bed, but decided it wasn't a good idea.

Norah

I woke up and saw the sun coming in through the windows. I pulled the blankets to my face, and rolled over into my pillow. Remembering where I was, I jerked up, and looked around. I felt my neck to find my blind fold had fallen off in my sleep. When I moved my legs, I found that my left leg had been shackled to a chain attached to the floor. Then I saw him. The velvet British voice. He was slumped in a chair across the room. He wore shorts and green t-shirt, no shoes. His arms were crossed against his chest. His hair was dark, and cut close to his head. He looked young. I wondered if this really was the voice, or

maybe just someone he assigned to watch me. He looked nice for lack of another word. His calves were muscular and I could see a tattoo of a big orange and yellow sun on his right calve. I couldn't believe this was the voice of the man who had slapped me so hard last night. He didn't look like what I imagined at all. He started moving around so I quickly laid back down and covered my face with my blanket. I heard him get up and go to the bathroom. I could feel him standing near me, but was doing my best impression of a sleeping person. I felt the blankets move, and he ran his hand over my face.

I moved around a little, and he quickly pulled the blind fold up from my neck and started to cover my face. I opened my eyes just as he covered them. "I see you're awake, little one?" he chuckled. So this was the voice. He leaned me up and turned me to face him. "I was hoping you would stay asleep long enough to get you to your permanent room." My permanent room? I wasn't staying here? Where was he taking me now? "This does present a little problem, but I am sure I can think of something." He forced me to stand up and walked me about eight steps. "I'm going to leave you alone to let you take care

of your bathroom needs. I'm sure you know what that means," he chuckled again. "There is a toothbrush on the counter, it's new, don't worry. I would like you to brush your teeth and your hair. I have a new hair brush here as well, and some hair things, if you want to use them. Same as yesterday, I'm leaving, knock when you're done." A few seconds later, I heard the door shut. I removed the blind fold and found myself in the bathroom again. I used the toilet, brushed my teeth, and put my hair in a ponytail. I washed my face and found some deodorant and put it on. I didn't want to take long because I was

sure he would be
angry, but I didn't want to rush back out
to him either. Reluctantly I
knocked on the door. He opened it and
took my arm. We walked
longer this time, and I could sense we
were not in the bedroom
anymore. He forced me to sit down, and
I felt something cover my
lap. I could hear him close to me, but
couldn't tell how close. I heard
some whispering, but couldn't make out
any of the words.

“I thought we could have breakfast in the
dining room before
I take you to where you will be staying.
But sense you're wearing the
blind fold, I am going to have to feed

you. Tell me, do you like scrambled eggs, pancakes, bacon, or sausage?" He was waiting for an answer. I decided to be brave, although my bravery got me smacked in the face last night.

"You could always remove the blind fold, sir." I waited for him to say something. I heard him breathe out. "Yes, that would be easier wouldn't it? But let's just do this my way okay? Do you like any of those foods I just listed?" he asked again.

"Yes, sir."

"Which ones?" he sounded impatient.

"All of them, sir." He chuckled.

"Good. How about eggs first," he

proceeded to feed me
breakfast. The food was delicious, but it
was weird to have someone
feed me. After a few moments of silence,
he handed me a glass. "Its
orange juice," he helped me lift it to my
lips. "Tell me when you've
had enough," he whispered. I nodded,
and he didn't correct me for
not saying sir. He continued to feed me
until I told him to stop. I
heard him moving around, but couldn't
tell what he was doing. Then
I heard other people talking, asking
questions and him giving them
instructions. Apparently we were where
ever we were going, and we
were now getting off the boat. I

wondered where we were in the world. Was I still in Paris, or even in Europe? Had I been taken back to the states or maybe to the Middle East? I had no idea. I had been drugged, blind folded and taken to so many places I could have been anywhere. He instructed someone to take his bags.

“What about this, sir?” a male voice said.

“Yes, that too. It belongs to the girl,” said Sir. Belongs to the girl? To me? He has something of mine? I started biting the skin on the inside of my cheek thinking about what he could possibly have of mine. “Didn’t your mother teach you not

to make faces like that, or it will freeze that way?" He laughed. He was very close to my face. He helped me stand up and instructed me to step in some slippers he had on the floor in front of me. He put a coat with a hood on me and we started walking. "Keep your head down, and everything will be fine," he spoke softly. Where ever we were going, he didn't want anyone to see my face with a blind fold, and he didn't want me to scream or yell, or draw any attention to myself. I thought of the ruckus I had caused when I was in training, and the punishment I received. I decided to remain quiet. We walked

for a while and then he helped me into a car. I heard him talking to another man, and then I felt him beside me. He touched my thigh when he put my seat belt on me and didn't move his hand the whole trip. For some crazy reason I felt a little at ease knowing he was with me. We drove for about fifteen minutes in silence, and then again he was helping me out. I stepped up some steps, walked some more, and then was told I was about to go up a staircase. There were about twenty seven steps, I counted on the way up, but forgot what number I was on when I heard a female voice. She spoke in Spanish

and he replied in English. He told her his trip was fine, the house looked lovely as always and that I was going in the room, not to be bothered. The room. The way he said it was like he had done this before. I wondered if this room would be like the 'room' I was held in before. I heard some beeping, and then a door opened. We took three steps and heard more beeping and another door opened. We took three more steps then he stopped me. I couldn't see where I was but I knew it was nothing like before. I could tell this room had windows, and I could smell fresh flowers and maybe even a vanilla scented candle.

Then I could feel him standing in front of me. I looked down and I could see his feet through the bottom of my blind fold. He was wearing flip flops. He had pretty feet, nice nails, and a trail of birds tattooed on one foot and a small four leaf clover on the other.

“This room has an intercom system, so when I return I will instruct you to put on your blind fold. While you are in here alone, you may leave it off. I hope you like the accommodations.” I saw his feet move, and felt him behind me. “The windows are sound proof and bullet proof, so don’t think about screaming or throwing the

chair at them. Feel free to look around. You're welcome to shower if you want, the bathroom is fully stocked." He stepped really close to me. I felt his manhood at my back, and his mouth on my ear. "Since you're not an idiot, Norah, I know I don't have to give you specific instructions for the shower." I was shocked he used my real name. I hadn't heard my real name in weeks. I had been called 'fucking whore', 'bitch', 'cunt', 'slut' and now 'little one' but since the very first week of this nightmare I hadn't heard my real name. It sent chills down my spine. I heard the door shut and just stood there. I

don't know how much time past, but I didn't want to move. I was scared of what I would find when I removed the blindfold. I had been kept in a dungeon like place, in a warehouse chained to a wall, in a cell while I slept, even taken to a brothel and told if I didn't start behaving I would have to work there. Now I was here, wherever this was, it was where I was going to be for a while, I assumed. I was going to be here in this space, until this man got tired of me and either killed me or passed me on to someone else. Then I heard his voice again.

“It's alright, little one. You're alone.

You can take the blind fold off.” I jumped when I heard his voice. I still didn’t want to move, but I also feared that if I didn’t he would be angry. I took off the blind fold, took a deep breath and opened my eyes. The light from the windows was almost too much for me and I instantly squinted and held my hand over my eyes. They adjusted after a few seconds and I saw the most beautiful room I had ever seen. The walls were dark Moroccan blue, with white crown and chair molding all around the whole room. To my right there was a big, maybe queen size bed, with a coral comforter, and coral,

white, tan, and blue pillows. On the same wall were two night stands both white, one with a clock, the other with a cherry wood lamp. On the same wall as the door to the room was a dresser with a mirror. It was white, and on top of it was a framed picture of a black horse. I opened the top drawer and there was underwear, bras, tank tops, and socks. I looked at the bras and laughed a little. It was nice he had given me that much credit in the boob area, but my breasts were smaller than that. I opened the next drawer and found night gowns, pajama pants, and what looked like workout clothes. The last

drawer had a few pairs of jeans and some t-shirts. I wondered how he had managed to buy me clothes in a day. I turned back to the room. To the left was a large built in desk/bookcase. In the middle was a small desk with a white wicker chair. There was a large computer sitting on the desk, but I had no illusions that it actually worked. There was a pad of paper, but nothing to write with next to the computer. The bookcases were full of books, from classic novels to trashy romances, as well as movies, from romantic comedies to horror films. I noticed beside the nightstand to the left

of the bed, was a glass door outlined in white wood. I walked over and turned the light on. It was a closet, it was a beautiful closet. The kind you see in the closet ads. It was all white, with shelves of maybe ten pairs of shoes, a section for long formal wear, of which there was none; a section for short clothes, of which there was about five shirts, capri pants, and skirts hanging. The section for longer clothes had some dresses and some casual pants. It wasn't full by any means, but it was still heaven. There were several drawers but I didn't open them. I closed the door, and walked over to the door next to the

bookcase on the right. It too was mostly glass. Behind this door was big bathroom with a nice walk in shower with a built in bench and a huge bathtub that looked like I could swim in it. The counter space was amazing, and the cabinets were stocked with everything a girl could want, from makeup, hair products, and toiletry items. I decided after I finished exploring I would take a nice hot shower. Walking back out in the room, I walked toward the last door, on the left of the bookcase. I tried to open it, but it wouldn't open. It was the only door not made of glass. I gave up and went to the windows.

The view was glorious! The yard was huge, large patio, flowers, even what looked a garden. It seemed to go on forever. I thought I could see a barn in the distance. I did see white fencing that went on for miles. It took my breath away. Then I had a sad feeling.

You're out in the middle of nowhere, Norah. No one will hear you scream. No one will find you. He can do whatever he wants, and no one can stop him. This room is a ruse to make you think you're safe.

You belong to him now.

I wrapped my arms around myself and tried not to cry.

Taking a tour of this beautiful room had

helped me escape my
nightmare for just a moment. But all the
nice bedding and books in
the world couldn't change what I had
become, or was going to
become. This man was going to hurt me,
rape me, and make me his
slave. He was even going to try to brain
wash me into thinking I liked
it. The closest I had ever come to sex
was me and Randy Jenkins in
his back seat when I was 16 years old.
But poor Randy got too
excited to fast and it ended before it
began. I wasn't even sure I
would have gone through with it anyway.
I cringed thinking this man
would hurt me, he was experienced, and

he wouldn't care if I said no, or wasn't ready. It probably turned him on thinking how not ready I was. I tried to block it out while I took a long shower.

As I dried off I heard his voice and again I jumped. He instructed me to put the blind fold on so he could come talk to me. I did as he asked. Two minutes later I heard the door open. I was standing at the end of the bed, wrapped in my towel. I felt his hand run over my shoulders, then across my collar bone. His fingers touched my cheek, where he had slapped me. It wasn't red anymore.

“Do you like your room?” he asked. I

nodded. “Answer me please.”

“Yes sir.”

“I think this is a good time to go over some things with you.

Have a seat.” He moved me back to sit in a chair. “I know this is not your ideal situation, little one. But I think you will find that I am very easy to get along with. I expect you to talk to me with respect, but I think you know that already. And I expect you to obey me. If I tell you to do something, I want you to do it. If you behave, don’t argue, and perform to my liking, then there will be rewards for you. The kinds of rewards will vary. This room is

a reward. You didn't give me any major problems on our trip here, so I thought you deserved to be comfortable. But don't mistake my niceness for weakness. If you don't behave, argue with me, try to escape or do something I don't want you to do, then there will be punishments. And I think you will find that the slap in the face was the easiest of most of my punishments. This can be as easy or as hard as you would like it to be." He was making me dizzy by walking around the room as he talked. "This will be your only room for as long as I see fit. You're welcome to read, watch movies on the

computer, take advantage of the bathroom, and wear any of the clothes. It's all yours as long as you behave. The locked door on the side of the bookcase is to a gym.

Once I have inspected it completely, I'll open the door and you can use the equipment in there. I will not be here with you all day, so you will have the freedom to do what you want. There is a bell on the door. When you hear it ring, you can open the door. That is how your food will come to you. When you are done, open the door, place the tray back in the hallway, close the door, and then press the bell on your side. The hall does not lead

anywhere it is simply like a small foyer to your room, so don't get any ideas." He knelt in front of me and placed his hands on my knees. I could see his hands from under my blind fold. "It won't always be this way, little one." Then he kissed my forehead and walked out of the room telling me I could remove the blind fold.

Chapter three

Liam watched Norah as she explored the room on the cameras. It made him smile to see her get excited about the things she found. He laughed when she held up the bra to her chest and said, "Only in your dreams, sir." Her

breasts were small, but he still thought she was very sexy.

After their talk, well his talk, he had kissed her forehead. He didn't know why he had done it, but he just couldn't help himself.

This girl seemed to bring out things in him he wasn't use to feeling.

Tomorrow was Monday, he made an appointment to see Tom. He had to get this girl out of his house before he did something he didn't want to do.

He delivered both her lunch and dinner through the door without her seeing him. He watched her as she ate alone, and put the tray back in the foyer. He sat at the

kitchen island and watched her pace her room.

He explained to Rosa, his house keeper that she was another sub of his, he told Gerald the butler the same thing, and told them to explain it to the other staff. They were used to seeing him with submissive women, so this was nothing new. Even his driver Trig had seen it all before. The blind folds, the whips, chains, leashes, and even the nipple clamps, none of it bothered them anymore. He had secluded his subs before, so even this behavior wasn't unusual. Rosa cleaned the basement when he used it, so she knew he was freak in

the bedroom. But she had also seen him romance his subs. She knew he could be just as sweet as he was a freak. But he was no longer embarrassed of his lifestyle. They had all signed confidentially agreements, so he didn't worry what they thought of him.

This situation was different though. She wouldn't meet Norah this time. She wouldn't be making romantic dinners or cleaning the equipment in the basement after they played out a scene. There would be none of that this time. Norah would stay in her room until Liam could figure out how to get rid of her without going to jail for

the rest of his life.

The next morning he walked in Tom's office eager to get his advice. He told Tom he needed to explain the entire story before Tom could say anything. Tom Cunningham was in the lifestyle as well. Liam and Tom had met at a club in London about five years ago. Tom even had a slave of his own. When Liam told him that he was thinking of going the slave route as well, he told him it was the best, so rewarding. There was nothing better in the world than having a woman serve you. Tom had had Reanna for over ten years, and was very happy. Liam had met Reanna, and

she seemed happy too.

Though he wondered why Tom didn't just marry her.

Tom listened to Liam's tale of human trafficking with his mouth open and his eyes closed. Liam knew he was in trouble and Tom's reaction didn't make it any easier. When Liam was done he sat back and waited for Tom to say something.

"She's in your house right now?" he asked. Liam nodded. "Liam, what have you done? I mean, really what did think was going to happen? Where did you think this money was going? Have you ever bought a sub before? Where was your common

sense, son?" Tom stood and paced the floor. Liam had heard all this before. He didn't know what he was thinking, he wasn't thinking. He just got caught up in the excitement of a new venture and didn't think to ask questions until it was too late. He trusted his friend.

"I don't know. I just don't know. If you let her go, you're going to jail. You know she won't keep quiet. You've had her how long? A month?"

"No, God no! I've had her two days. She was kidnapped a month ago. I guess they sent her to "slave training are us" or something to make her worth more

money.”

“Then you better pray we don’t have another Natalie Holloway situation. I mean, have you checked the papers, the TV, she’s an American, right? Someone has to be looking for this girl.”

Liam sat down and ran his hands through his hair. “I know Tom! I know all of this! Why do you think I just didn’t put her out on the street? I don’t know what to do. I need help.”

Tom held up his hands.

“Okay, here is my advice; do nothing right now. Don’t talk to her, don’t interact with her. The less she knows about you the better. Give me a week. I will do some

research with some friends,
and find out if anyone has had anything
like this happen. You email
me, no better yet, messenger me all the
information you have on
her. I will look in to finding out if
someone is looking for her. But you,
you don't lay a finger on her, Liam!
She's a virgin, she needs to stay
that way, okay?" Liam stood up.
"What kind of an animal do you think I
am? I might have a
bad temper, but raping women doesn't
get me off, Tom!" He nearly
knocked over the chair as he walked out
the door. Another week? Is
he kidding? He had to live with this
woman in his house for another

week.

Norah

I spent most of the day reading, and listening to music. The bell rang for my lunch which was a chicken salad, crackers and assorted fruit. I took a nap after I ate, and thought about working out but decided against it. I liked not being tied up or having to wear a blind fold, but I hated being alone. I had so many questions and wanted answers. Who was this man? Why did he want me? Why me in general? Where were we? Was I going to be here forever? Would I ever see my family again? I stood at the window watching the sun

go down when I
heard his voice again. I put on my blind
fold and sat at the desk chair.
I was almost relieved to hear his voice.
As crazy as it sounded, I
feared him less when he was in the room
with me. The nightmares,
my imagination, and the unknown scared
me the most.
I heard the cart being rolled in the room,
and smelled garlic. I
raised my head taking in the sweet smell.
My stomach growled. I
guess I was hungrier than I thought. He
moved me so I was sitting at a small
table. Through the
bottom of my blind fold, I could see
pasta, with a red sauce, and a

large piece of garlic bread.

“When you’re done, roll the cart out and ring the bell.” His voice wasn’t close, like he was standing near the door. I couldn’t stop myself. “You’re not staying?” I asked. He didn’t answer, but I knew he hadn’t left the room yet either. “I was hoping to have some company,” I whispered not wanting to get in trouble for speaking out of turn, but desperate for some human contact. I jumped when I heard the door slam. I knew he was gone so I took my blind fold off.

“Well I guess I got my answer,” I said to myself.

Not only did I have the pasta and bread,

but I also had a piece
of chocolate cake, and glass of wine, a
bottle of water, a coke, and
some milk. I guess he was covering all
the bases. There was also a
little vase with a very small white tea
rose in the middle of the table.
I picked it up and smelled it. I narrowed
my eyes at this gesture. I drank the wine
with dinner, and milk with the cake. I
took
the water and coke, and put them on
nightstand and pushed the cart
out in the foyer. Before I shut the door I
grabbed the rose. I pressed
the bell and walked away.

It had been five days, and Tom hadn't

gotten back Liam. The morning of day six, Liam decided he had enough and called him.

“Well the good news is, no one is looking for her. The bad news is, I still don’t have any answers that will help you. It seems to my friends, that you have two options. 1) Let her go and offer some kind of cash settlement to keep her mouth shut. Of course with this option there is no guarantee she won’t just take your money and turn you in anyway. Or 2) keep her.... keep her and make sure no one ever finds her. Her family isn’t looking for her now, but I am certain from the information we found that won’t

be the case forever. Either way, I know this is going to be a hard decision for you.” Hard decision was an understatement. He hated having this girl in his guest room and not knowing what to do with her. He couldn’t stop himself from watching her on the cameras. He hated every night when she tried to talk to him, but kept going in her room to deliver her dinner anyway. He could see she was depressed and lonely. He wanted to talk to her, but he didn’t want to get involved with her. Still something about her drew him in. He found himself trying to touch her hands when he placed her in front of her food. He

found himself leaning close to her head so he could smell her hair as pushed her chair in the table. Maybe he just ran his fingers over her cheek or touched her arms, while helping her in the chair, but it didn't matter. Her skin sent sparks through him. She always smelled so good, and he loved watching her lick her lips when he was standing close to her. It was like she was asking him to kiss her. He wanted to, but didn't dare. Besides the one kiss on her forehead, his lips hadn't touched her again. But he couldn't understand why no one was looking for her. She was beautiful, a college graduate, and

from the pictures in her wallet, she had a family. Why weren't they concerned about her? He didn't understand and wanted to ask her. It was Saturday so Liam did his best to avoid her all day. He watched the camera briefly in the morning, but spent the afternoon playing golf with clients and trying to keep his mind off the girl in his guest room. But that evening he couldn't help himself as he pushed her dinner cart in her room. She hadn't asked him to stay tonight, but when he got to the door he found himself wanting to stay. So instead, he brought in a folding chair and took a seat across from

her. He still wasn't sure what he wanted to do with her. Tom hadn't given an option he wanted to take. He still didn't think it was good idea to get involved with her, but found himself wanting to talk to her. "You can't see to eat if I stay," he said. She fidgeted her hands in her lap. "Do you still want me to stay? I will have to feed you."

"Yes sir." Liam took the fork and stabbed a piece of steak.

"Open up, its steak." Rosa had pre-cut the steak at Liam's request, not wanting to provide her with a weapon. He gave her a few bites of steak, some green beans and then a mouthful of mash

potatoes. She gasped when he put the fork in her mouth. "I'm sorry, that was too much." When she was done eating, he sat and watched her wipe her face with a napkin. He reached out and helped her wipe her cheek.

His need to hear her talk overwhelmed him.

"So tell me about yourself, Norah." He was just as shocked at his question as she was. "What would you like to know?" she asked in a very low voice. "Where are you from?" he already knew she lived in Las Vegas and that was where her license was from, but he wanted to see how she would answer him.

“Las Vegas.”

“You were born there?” he asked.

“Yes sir.” He handed her the bottle of water she was grabbing for.

“How old are you?” again he knew the answer, but he wanted to see if she would lie to him.
“22.”

“Tell me about your family?” he had seen pictures of a young girl in her wallet, and picture of a dog.

“What would you like to know?” he knew she was trying to answer him in the most efficient way, but her answering a question with a question was annoying him.

“Parents? Siblings? Pets?” he

knew his voice sounded annoyed when he spoke.

“My Father left before I was born, and my Mother was a Las Vegas show girl.” She stopped. Was she going to explain the young girl in her wallet, or was he going to have to get ugly for her to answer him. He waited and started tapping the fork on the table. He didn’t want to hurt her. He knew she didn’t know not answering a question with the complete truth was something he would punish his other subs for. But he could not tolerate disobedience from his women. He cringed at the thought of her being his woman. But if

what Tom said was true, she was going to be with him for a while, until he could figure out what to do with her. So she might as well start thinking of him as her master, and he think of her as his. He exhaled deeply to show his impatience and she spoke again. "I have two sisters, twins, identical. They are younger than me, still in high school. And I have," she paused and corrected herself, "Had a dog. A little Yorkie/Maltese mix, named Sammy." He could see the tears running down her face. For a moment he felt bad about making her cry, but that quickly faded and he felt dominance, ownership, and cruel. Thinking about her

family upset her. Maybe that was why she didn't want to answer him. But he pressed on anyway.

"If they are younger than you, then how can you say your Dad left before you were born?" he asked feeling like an ass as soon as he said it, of course they didn't have the same father.

"We have different fathers, sir. My Mother was married to their Father." She sniffed her nose and wiped her tears with her hands. Her tears were giving him a weird feeling. A feeling he wasn't comfortable with himself. He didn't feel sad for her, but empowered

by her. “So tell me about your Step Father, then. Why would he let his beautiful step daughter visit Paris all alone?” He tilted his head to the side and shifted his leg over his knee.

“The twins Father left just after they were born. The man that lives with my Mother is just her boyfriend, a sugar daddy really.” Liam laughed. He thought it was ironic that here she was, with him, a very rich man, willing and able to give her whatever she wanted, and her Mother had been through three men, probably more to find her a sugar daddy. He often spoiled his subs, buying them lavish gifts,

cars, jewelry, clothes, paid their rent even. If this relationship was different, Norah could have him as her own personal sugar daddy and she didn't even try.

“They just let you go off to Paris without them. I mean, I realize you're an adult, but come on, it's a dangerous world out there,” chuckling again at the predicament she has found herself in. He was amazed that in this moment, he was actually being an ass to her. Mocking her situation, forcing her to talk about her family, people she would probably never see again, and enjoying watching her cry. “My Mom's boyfriend paid for

me and a friend to travel Europe for the whole summer. But Tiffany got engaged just before we were supposed to leave, so she decided to stay home.” More tears fell down her face.

“So the sugar daddy paid for you travel Europe huh? How long were you in Europe before this happen?” he asked not wanting to say the word kidnapped.

“One week.”

“Did you contact your family when you got here?”

“I emailed my sister Lorraine to tell her I had arrived safely and I would email or call her again soon.”

“But you haven’t of course,” she shook her head. “I’m asking because you have been with me for six days now, and you were taken over a month ago. The last contact with your family was over a month ago, and yet,” he paused not sure if he really wanted to upset her more. “There is no one looking for you, little one.” He scooted his chair closer to her and watched the reaction on her face. She didn’t say anything. “Does your family care about you, like you obviously care about them?” She still didn’t answer, but he could see more tears running down her face. “Maybe Mommy is too

preoccupied with her sugar daddy, and the sisters too busy getting nailed by their boyfriends to care about if little Norah is okay?”

“Don’t talk about my sisters!” she snapped. He chuckled at what she probably perceived as authority in her voice.

“The sisters are off limits huh? But Mommy and Daddy are fair game, is that the way it is, little one?” He stood and walked around the table.

“He isn’t my Father. He just wanted me out of the way. My Mother and sisters are traveling right now, looking at colleges.” She was talking through her teeth, he knew he

had upset her, but now she was pissed. He walked behind her and leaned into her ear. "Don't forget who is in charge here, little one." He straightened up and started to walk out. She could sense he was moving away from her.

"Wait!" she gasped. "Don't go," she pleaded. He turned and looked at her.

"You would rather I stay here and continue to make you cry?" he laughed almost kicking himself in the ass for making her cry and liking it. Was he becoming like Will? He didn't want to enjoy her pain, but he did. He usually loved inflicting pain on his willing subs,

and watching them cry was a turn on. He didn't want to feel that way for her, he didn't want to enjoy making her cry because he didn't know what he might do next. "No, I would rather you just stayed," she whispered. He pulled the cart away from her abruptly and walked out of her room. He made sure he slammed the door behind him. He didn't know why he was angry. He was the one being mean to her, he was the one making her cry. She was answering his questions and being respectful. She was doing exactly what he told her to do even though it was painful. But somehow even though he

had ignored her most of the week, and now in their one interaction that was longer than the few minutes it took him to leave her food, when he was mean to her, and forced her to cry; she still wanted his company. He began to understand the stages of Will's theory. He hadn't been forceful enough with her in the fear and respect stage. She got the respect, but the fear wasn't clear to her. She wanted to move to the comforting. Deep down, Liam did too. But he knew if he tried to comfort her now, he might end up doing something he regretted.

The next night Liam decided to give her

a little reward. He felt bad for making her cry and she had really done nothing to deserve it. He felt even worse for taking pleasure in her crying. “I would like to give you a reward, little one. You have been very good, exceptional. I know since you have been here I haven’t allowed you to take a bath, only showers, and I did not provide you with a razor of any kind.” He paused. “So tonight, I would like to give you a bath.” He could hear her breathing pick up. He knew she was worried about what ‘give you a bath’ probably really meant. Although he hadn’t seen her naked, yet, Liam had used restraint

before. It wasn't like he was walking hard on, always looking for a hole. He knew he could wash her, shave her legs and keep his hands from wandering.

"Don't worry, little one." He touched her hand. "I'll be a very good boy." He knew his comment didn't relax her mind at all. He got up and started the bath water. Norah sat alone and didn't move. He came in behind her and forced her to stand up.

"I would like for you to test the water." He took her by her hand and led her in the bathroom. He sat her in a chair beside the tub and moved her hand under the faucet.

She quickly snatched it away. “Too hot?” he asked. She nodded. “Answer me please,” he huffed. “Yes sir.” He adjusted the water, and moved her hand under it again. “That’s good,” she said. He plugged it in, and let it run.

While the bath filled up he watched her fidget in the chair. When it hit an acceptable depth, he turned off the faucet.

“Do you want me to undress you, or do you want to do it yourself?” he asked.

“Can I take off my mask?” she asked. Before he could say anything, she spoke again. “Please, I can’t see anything. I hate not

knowing where I am. I feel like I'm not in control." He leaned in close to her. "You're not," he breathed in her ear. She was wearing a summer dress so it would be easy to undress her. He turned her around and unzipped it, pulling the straps off her shoulders and letting it drop to the floor. All she had on was a pair of white underwear under the dress. He ran his hands over her shoulders and down her arms. Her skin was so smooth and tan. He stopped at her hips and grasped her panties. He heard her suck in a breath, and he did too. He pulled them down her hips and knelt down so she could step out of them.

He stood back up and admired her backside. It looked just as smooth and tan. He wanted to touch her so badly, but knew he couldn't. He took her hand and helped her step in the tub, keeping his eyes closed. Liam wondered why he closed his eyes when she turned around. Respect maybe? If this girl was going to be here with him, he hoped intimacy would eventually happen. Only with her permission of course, but Liam had every confidence in his skills to charm her. So if he thought this relationship would probably end up as a sexual one, why not look now? It wasn't like she could even see if he was

looking at her or not. She sank down in the tub, and the bubbles covered her body. She moved her nose like ‘I dream of Genie’, as some of the suds hit her face. “I guess I over did it on the bubbles huh?” he laughed. She sneezed, then she actually laughed too. Catching herself, she covered her mouth. “I’ll let you wash yourself, little one.” He handed her a lofa. She ran it over her body and he watched. She used her hands to wash her face, and ran her fingers under the mask. When she had cleaned herself, generously, Liam stood up and went to get the razor. “Prop your leg up on the side,”

he instructed. He knelt beside her and tried to get in a good position, but couldn't. "You're going to have to stand up." He helped her stand, and his pants got tighter as he saw her wet, soapy body standing in front of him. The suds slid down her body, and he couldn't take his eyes from her. He let her balance herself using his shoulder, and she propped her foot on the side again. He tried to concentrate as he shaved her leg from her ankle to the top of her thigh. He had shaven legs before, but for some reason this was different. He wanted to continue on shaving. Actually he wanted to see if she had

anything between her legs to shave. But when the suds slid down her body, they stopped right in that place. He couldn't force his hand to move them so he could see her clearly. He adjusted himself on the floor and moved to the other leg. She shocked him again just as he was done. He stood in front of her, watching her rinse her body and she spoke.

“What’s your real name?” she asked. He was stunned into silence. “I’m just wondering, because you call me little one, but you also called me Norah. I only have one name for you.” Liam didn’t know why, but this infuriated him. Was

she serious? What was it about bathrooms that made her brave? He called her by her name, so she had some right to call him by his? What did she think was happening here? Did she think being someone's slave was like having a girlfriend she could talk to? He needed to let her know just what kind of situation she was really in. As she stood up, he grabbed her hair by the back of the head, and yanked her forward, making her trip out of the tub. She almost fell again when her wet feet hit the floor. It was only him holding her by her hair that was saving her from landing on the floor.

“Do you think this is joke? Do you think this isn’t really happening to you? Do you think I’m your friend, Norah?” He yanked her out to the bedroom and threw her on the bed. He went back to the bathroom, and grabbed a towel. When he walked back in the bedroom she was balled up on the bed. He threw a towel on her.

“I’m not your friend. And I think its best time you learn what kind of situation this is, it will be better for the both of us!” He walked out again slamming the door. He went straight to his room and paced back and forth. Why did he do that? Why did she make

him so angry? It was just general conversation. Was he mad because he didn't control it? Because he hadn't put enough of a boundary between them? Was he mad because his other submissive's didn't talk to him like that? They didn't ask questions, or even speak unless he told them to first. Or was he mad because he wanted to tell her his name, he wanted to remove her mask and let her see where she was. He wanted to take her on as a submissive for himself. But he knew this wasn't the typical situation. She hadn't signed up for this. This wasn't some girl he met in a club and brought

home for a weekend of
spanking and fucking. He bought her.
Maybe that was more reason
for him to be nice to her. Maybe Will's
stage theory was just as much
bullshit as Liam thought in the beginning.
Maybe this girl would trust
him more if he was nicer, not meaner.
Why did she bring out this
anger in him? Why did he feel this need
to keep her at arm's length
and for her to know her place? Was it
because she tried to rebel?
Not a lot, but in her own way, she tried
to sneak past the rules he set
up. Do as I say, and not anything more
and certainly not less. Was he
angry because he wanted this girl and he

knew he could never really
have her?

Chapter four

Norah

I hadn't seen him in a week. Ever since I asked him his name, he had stopped bringing me my dinner. I assumed he had a job and that was where he spent his days, but now I didn't even see him in the evenings. I was so bored and alone. He had taken away my music and some of my books. I found myself spending most of the days in the workout room. He was so weird. Not even hot and cold, just cold and lukewarm. I realized the situation I was in. I knew he had bought

me from some auction and I belonged to him now. What I didn't know was why? I had been told during my training, that I would be a sexual slave, but sex seemed to be the last thing on this guy's mind. I didn't want to let my guard down though. I knew if I did, that's when it would happen. But I had been with him for what seemed like a little over two weeks now, and he hadn't even made a move. I wondered what was taking him so long. I wasn't rushing it by any means, I just wanted the nightmare to be over. Once it was done, it was done. I would know what to expect from then on. All

this waiting, and not knowing was truly killing me. I hated being alone every day. I hated looking at the same scenery out my window. I hated taking showers and changing my clothes for no reason what so ever. This kind of confinement could make anyone go insane. Maybe that was his point. Maybe he was trying to drive me crazy.

Liam watched her as she paced her room talking to herself. She made some good points. If things were going to get sexual why didn't he just do it? He still hadn't gotten any good answers from Tom, and still had no way to get rid of

her without risk for him. If she was going to be his then he should just make her his. But something was holding him back. He wasn't ready to cross that line. He couldn't be like Will, even if he thought for a second that she would end up caring for him in the end. He had no doubt he could completely flip her feelings for him. He knew he could manipulate her into caring for him even after he treated her badly. But rape was a line he wasn't ready to cross. He decided she needed another reward. He had completely ignored her for the last seven days as punishment for being too bold with

him. He hadn't even spoke to her over the intercom. He watched her eat her dinner in complete silence. When she was done and pushed the bell, he told her to put on her blind fold and came in instead.

"You didn't eat much, little one?" She didn't answer him. "I have another reward for you, I hope it goes better this time." He went to the bathroom and ran the water for a bath. He lit candles and set them all over the bathroom. He laid out a beautiful satin night gown and robe. He even sprinkled rose petals in the water. He left the razor sitting on the edge of the

tub, and walked back to meet her. He took her hand and walked in the bathroom. She was already crying. "I'm not going to give you a bath this time. I'm going to let you enjoy this bath yourself." She exhaled. He left the room and closed the doors. He went straight to his room and watched her. She slowly removed her mask and took in the beautiful bathroom. She slowly undressed and again he admired her body from afar. She stepped in the tub and began to sob. He narrowed his eyes. He didn't understand why she was upset. He wasn't there. He hadn't humiliated her into undressing before him,

or shaving her legs for her. He wasn't there to lose his temper and snatch her by the head. What was she crying for? Was she crying because he wasn't there? She couldn't prefer him to humiliate her and make her cry to nothing? He watched a little longer and then decided to let her be alone in her depression. He paced his room for ten minutes, then he decided to give her the option. He could go in there with her, see if her mood changed. He could ask her more questions, get her talking. He would be able to tell if she wanted him there, or wanted him to leave. He walked slowly to her

room feeling very vulnerable.
He had never felt like this before.
Usually he knew what his subs
wanted from him, and if he didn't, he
didn't care. He had no clue
what to do with this girl, no clue what
she wanted from him, and no
clue how to respond to her. He knew the
one thing she wanted in
general, to be free, was something he
couldn't do....not right now
anyway.

He opened the bathroom door and was
immediately
embarrassed by the red water. He must
have bought very cheap
roses because they were bleeding. He
walked closer to her realizing

he hadn't asked her to put on her mask, but it didn't matter because her eyes were closed. Then he saw her wrist, and the razor she had taken apart on the edge of the tub. He scooped her up quickly splashing water everywhere and getting himself soaked. "Gerald! Help me! Gerald! Help me please!" he carried her to the bedroom and laid her on the bed wrapping her wrist in a towel and holding it tight in the air to stop the bleeding. Her eyes fluttered open for a moment and he made her look at him. "I've got you Norah, I'm going to help you," her eyes closed again. Gerald ran in

with the first aid kit and they both began to bandage her wrist.

Norah

I woke and it was all black. I was in an unfamiliar place and I heard a beeping sound. I was no longer wearing my mask, so I looked around. The walls were black and there weren't any windows. There weren't any sheets on my bed. I moved my legs and felt shackles on my ankles. I looked to my left and saw a clear bag dripping some kind of liquid into an IV, an IV I assumed was in my arm, but I couldn't feel it.

“Sit up”, his voice said. I tried to move my body but couldn't. I

could feel his hands on my back moving me in the bed to a sitting position. He put something behind me to lean on. I swallowed, and my mouth felt like sandpaper. He rolled a small cart to the side of the bed and sat in front of me. He looked me right in the eyes. His eyes were crystal blue but very cold. This was the voice of my nightmares, but he has the face of an angel. He moved to show me he had some soup for me to eat. Slowly he spoon fed me. After four bites he offered me some water, which I accepted. He continued to spoon feed me this chicken broth soup and didn't say a word. His eyes

never moved from my face.
When he was done he offered me more water and then left the bottle next to the bed, which I realized now was just a mattress on the floor. He stood up and moved around the room. He gathered up some things and rolled the cart to the door. He came back and changed out the bag of clear liquid. “Where am I?” my voice sounded like sandpaper. He walked back towards the door, and slowly turned back to face me. His eyes had changed. His whole face had changed. Now instead of the face of an angel, he looked like the devil. His eyes were still cold, but they

were also deadly. If looks could kill, this look would do it. "Be careful, little one. You're in enough trouble as it is," he

warned, then he left the room.

Shit, I'm in trouble? He's going to punish me for trying to kill myself?

The next two days went much the same way. He didn't say a word but his look made me wish he would get this punishment over with. I didn't know what kind of punishment he had in mind, but it couldn't be worse than the waiting. My trainers has warned me of violent punishments, sexual punishments, violent sexual

punishments. I assumed I had the last one coming.

The room was black and cold. I wasn't sure what time it was, if it was the third day in my new room or the night of the second day, but his voice woke me up.

"Are you awake, little one?" he didn't sound like the usual soothing voice over the intercom. I could tell he was behind me, in the same room. I rolled to face him.

"Yes," I said nervously. I knew something was coming, maybe this was it. He moved fast. As soon as I said yes, he grabbed my ankles and drug me to him. He quickly unlocked my legs from the

shackles and yanked me up by my arms. He pushed me to walk over the mattress on the floor and slammed me face first into the wall. I turned my head so he didn't smash my nose. He pressed his body behind me, and held my head with one hand.

"Please don't hurt me, sir," I breathed. He slammed me into the wall again, and yanked my head back by the hair.

"Oh, now you don't want me to hurt you? It's ok to hurt yourself, but I'm not allowed?" He slammed me in the wall again. I looked back at him, hoping my tears would stop him from hurting

me. “You want to look at my face? Well get a good look at me, little one. Look at it!” he screamed. I looked at him, but quickly closed my eyes. He put his mouth right next to my ear, and pressed himself against me. One hand was in my hair, holding my head in place, and the other grabbed my breast. “Maybe I have been too nice to you, little one. I gave you a nice room, pretty clothes, and fully stocked bathroom. I gave you books, music and movies. And how do you repay me?” He slammed me again to the wall. “You try to kill yourself?” He let go of my hair and moved both hands to my breasts. I

was wearing a large t-shirt and his hands were under it against my skin. I could feel him rubbing himself against me, rubbing my breasts, and breathing hard on my neck. “I haven’t taken any liberties with you. I’ve been a complete gentlemen and restrained myself. I didn’t even touch you inappropriately when you were standing naked in my face. Maybe I should show you how it could be, little one. Maybe I should show you how other men would have treated you had they bought you.” He moved his hands over my body and started massaging me through my underwear. “Because I did

buy you, maybe its best I remind you of that, right now.” I still didn’t say anything. I was breathing hard. I knew this was coming. He moved his hand under my underwear and into my folds. “Oh, she likes it rough, huh?” he whispered in my ear. “I wouldn’t think a virgin would get this wet so fast.” “Please don’t do this,” I breathed. He just laughed. “Why? Being nice to you doesn’t seem to work.” He started kissing the back of my neck, and ran his hands over my ass, lifting up my cheeks and pressing himself between them. “Umm, is that what you want? You want me to fuck you back

here?" I could feel my heart rate picking up and my breathing increased. He ran his mouth down my back, and slowly pulled down my underwear. He pushed the t-shirt up so his face was level with my behind. I felt his mouth lightly bite both cheeks. He stood up and pulled the shirt over my head and quickly turned me around to face him. He took off his own shirt and forced my hands on his chest. He started at my neck and moved his mouth down, taking in one nipple, then the other, licking my belly button and kissing my hips. He parted my legs and I took a deep breathe. He lightly kissed my inner

thighs. I cursed myself for letting him make this nice for me. I didn't want his mouth on me, and he was making my body think I did. He raised up again, and took my hands, both of them, and rubbed his crotch with them. "Feel it, little one. Feel what you do to me," he looked me my eyes. I tried to pull my hand away, but he wouldn't let it go. He slowly unzipped his pants and pulled his impressive length out. He stroked himself a few times, then took my hand and wrapped it around it. "Is this what you want? Huh? You want this, little one?" He forced my hand up and down. "Please don't do this, sir. Please I'll be

good.” I kept moving my hand. He grabbed my face by the chin, and looked in my eyes.

“Oh, I know you’ll be good, baby,” then he kissed me. It was hard, rough, and fast. “Stroke it,” he breathed in my neck. I moved my hand a little more. “Stroke it or I’ll shove it in your fucking mouth!” he yelled. I moved faster. He put both hands on the wall beside my head, and leaned in to me. His face was near my neck and I could hear his breathing, his grunting and his little comments. He moved his hips to match my rhythm.

“That’s it. Umm. Don’t stop, Norah. It feels so good, baby.”

He kissed my neck and moved his hands to my breasts. "I wanna fuck you so hard," he grabbed my breasts and started kneading them. "Faster, faster," his breathing got even faster and I moved my hand harder. Then he held his breath, grunted and stopped moving. I could feel his warmth on my hand but continued to stroke, just softer. He pulled himself away, and wiped his dick off with a towel laying on the floor. He threw it to me and I wiped my hand off, as he tucked himself back in his pants. Without a word, he grabbed my arm, and in one motion, he sat on the bed, and threw me over his

lap. He held me down with one arm, and with the other he held my legs. I felt so exposed with my butt in the air.

“I am going to spank you for lack of respect and for putting yourself in danger. You will respect me Norah. If it is the only thing I teach you, you will respect me. And I certainly will not tolerate you trying to hurt yourself.” His voice was calm. Whatever anger he had had in him was gone. Then he spanked me and I felt it again. He hit me ten times, as I counted in my head. By the third hit, I could feel the tears running down my face. When he was done he rolled me off

his lap to the floor and stepped over me like I was nothing. I covered my face with my hands to hide my tears. Then the punishment just kept on coming. “This will be your new room, until you prove to me that you are a good girl again. You will have no books, no clothes, no music, no view, and no light. Your new life will be in the darkness. And your food will come through this slot every day. When you’re done with your food, put the tray in the corner. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir,” my voice is shaking. “Good.”

And just before he walked out of the room he turned back, knelt down to me and

grabbed my chin as he said, "Oh, and next time you hurt my feelings, little one, it will be this sweet little mouth that pays the price." I yanked my face away and he left me alone again. But this time I was glad he was gone. He had taken my t-shirt so all I had to wear was the underwear he left around one ankle. I pulled them up and crawled on the mattress. I was scared but also relieved. It could have been so much worse. He just wanted to humiliate me to show me he was in charge. A message I got loud and clear. I had one blanket, so I pulled it to my face and cried myself to sleep. I kept waking during the night

thinking I heard something in the room with me.

Well he had done it. He had forced something sexual on her.

He just meant to grope her a little, scare her into thinking he might rape her, and then spank her. But when she touched his cock he couldn't stop himself from making her finish. It did take restraint not to force her to her knees. It did take restraint to not plunge himself deep inside her. He was angry with himself for doing it, but also relieved that it was done. She needed to know this was her life, and it could be ugly or it could be somewhat

livable. The choice was hers. She had been very quiet for three days. Every day her food went in the slot, and while she slept Liam would go in and gather the three trays, then he would stand over her and watch her sleep. He watched her on the camera, and she paced, she talked to herself, and she took showers. He knew she hated the bathroom. The basement bathroom was in the middle of a remodel, so it was incomplete, but she didn't know that. The toilet was old, and didn't have a seat. The shower curtain barely stayed closed. The insane amount of pressure from the

showerhead made it move around so much, she would spend more time fighting off the curtain than actually showering. He had left her a small bottle of shampoo, a little bar of soap, a toothbrush and small tube of toothpaste. No conditioner, no body wash, no lofa, and definitely no razor. She had one towel, which she would wrap around her and leave on most of the day. At night she rinsed out her underwear and left them on the shower curtain rod to dry. He thought that was pretty smart. He left her one little comb. Her hair was thick and naturally curly, so it probably did more damage than good.

On day two she let her hair air dry, and didn't even try to comb it. He decided to reward her with his company on day four. But he wasn't going to tell her it was a reward though. Rewards only seemed to go to her head, or her wrist. It had been a long day at work and he was truly exhausted, but he wanted to see her. He actually wanted to talk to her. He couldn't stop thinking about her. He kept thinking of her perfect yoga butt, with the dark brown birth mark on her left butt cheek. It kinda looked like a little kidney. Her breasts were little but they fit right in his hands, and better yet in his mouth. He had to adjust

himself when he thought about her sex. It was obvious at one point she had shaved it completely. Maybe they shaved it for her while she was in training. There was little spikey black hair that covered it now, and he wanted badly to put his mouth on her. Her hand felt like velvet around his dick and he could still hear her breathing. She was excited, turned on even. Her body had become part of his dreams. This is not the relationship he had envisioned when he decided to purchase a slave, but she was proving to be entertaining. He walked in her room at dinner time. She was sitting in the

corner rocking back and forth. She immediately got up and came to him. She didn't try to cover her body even though she was only wearing the underwear he had left her. She knelt down and lowered her head, placing her hands on her thighs. He watched her and she didn't move a muscle. He knew this was something she had learned in training, because he certainly hadn't taught her this. This was the submissive position. This meant she was ready for instruction, and wouldn't move until he told her she could. He loved seeing his subs like this. It gave him so much power. But the sight of her kneeling for

him did nothing but make him feel like an even bigger ass than he already felt he was. He rolled the cart in, and placed the food on the table.

“Don’t do that, get up,” he said. She didn’t move. “I said, don’t do that, Norah. Get up!” She moved very gracefully to her feet. But she still just stood there. She didn’t move. Her head was still lowered and her hands were pressed against her thighs. “Sit and eat,” he pointed to the chair, and took off the cover from her food. “I hope you like salad. My cook seems to be on strike these days, she keeps making cold meals.” He smiled

hoping she would smile too,
but she didn't. He watched her eat. She
ate the salad, and fruit and
drank some water. She took bites of the
cheese and dipped her
crackers in the dressing. But she never
raised her eyes to meet his. She ate as if
she was alone. It slightly annoyed him
that she
was completely ignoring him. But he
knew this is what he deserved.
This is what he asked for. He put this
new attitude in her with his
punishments. He thought he would try to
get her talking again.
“You said before that your Mom’s
boyfriend wanted to get
you out of the way? What did that

mean?" He leaned back in his chair a little. She swallowed her food, but never raised her head to look at him. "He tried to rape me, and then he was afraid I would tell my Mother. So he paid for me and my friend to go to Europe for the summer so I wouldn't be in his way." She said it so fast and without any feeling at all. He knew this was something she had learned in training as well. To turn off her emotions. She had to learn not to show pain, sorrow, happiness, or even pleasure. She had to learn to bottle it up. She hadn't done this with him until now. He liked seeing her emotions, even if she was crying.

“He tried to rape you?” He was angry. He wanted to say how irate he felt, but understood how ridiculous it would sound coming from the man who had just forced her to jerk him off. “Yes sir.” He could tell she wanted to say something else.

“Please continue,” He leaned forward. She shook her head.

“Please say what you were going to say, little one.” He was more forceful with the last comment. He knew whatever she was going to say was a jab at him. But he wanted to hear it, and he wouldn’t punish her for whatever she said. She swallowed hard and looked straight forward. “I was going to say,

that I must attract the wrong kind of men, men that just want to hurt me.” He nodded in agreement, it wasn’t as bad as it could have been, but her comment still got under his skin. He wanted to tell her he didn’t want to hurt her, but watching her eat, not making eye contact with him, and acting as if he wasn’t even there created feelings in him that he couldn’t explain. Maybe he did want to hurt her, and not just physically.

“Do you worry that he has moved on to your sisters now?”

He asked. She clenched her eyes shut, and then answered.

“Yes.” Her voice was like a robot. Liam decided to drop that conversation. He didn’t want to make her cry. She was trying so hard not to feel. He moved around the table and knelt beside her. He turned her chair so she was facing him, but she kept her eyes lowered. His palms touched her thighs and he ran his hands up and down, feeling her skin. She inhaled and held her breath as he moved his hands up her body to her waist, up further to her chest, cupping her breasts and running his thumbs over her nipples, then finally to her neck and shoulders. He massaged her shoulders and rolled her

neck to each side. He parted her legs and moved between them so he could be closer to her. He grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him. "Breathe, little one." She exhaled and relaxed a little bit. He moved his thumbs to her temples and rubbed in little circles. "Does that feel good?" he asked. "Yes, sir," she whispered and closed her eyes relaxing in his hands. He moved his hands back down to her neck. "It's been almost a week since you've shaved. I know how my face itches like crazy if I go two days and don't shave. But I can't trust you with a razor, and baths haven't gone so well for us, so you

have two options. 1) I get in the shower and I shave for you, or 2) I stand in the bathroom with the shower curtain open and watch you shave. Which do you prefer?" She hung her head.

"Answer me, it isn't rocket science."

"You can watch," she whispered. He was a little disappointed.

He had hoped with his sensual touching that maybe she would let him continue in the shower. He thought he had heard her have some kind of pleasure the other night when he touched her and he knew his hands had made her feel good tonight. But if she didn't want him to touch her, he must have imagined she

enjoyed any moment of it. Maybe it was all in his head. Maybe he was only seeing what he wanted to see. Maybe she just trying to make him think she liked his touch, so he would be nice to her. This was the way it should be between them.

“Fine.” He stood up, took her arm, pulled her backwards to the bathroom, and started the shower. Instead of watching the curtain fly around from the pressure of the water, he just ripped it down all together. Norah was stunned, but tried not to show it. She pulled off her underwear and stood waiting for him to instruct her. “See if

the water is good for you?" he asked and pulled her closer to the water. She nodded, and stepped in the tub. Liam backed up and watched her. She lathered up her hands and washed her body. He thought his zipper might pop watching her move her hands over her body. She rinsed and then poured a very small amount of shampoo in her hand. She turned her back to him and lathered up her hair. When she rinsed out the shampoo she turned to face him but lowered her head again. He slowly handed her the razor. She took it and shaved her armpits and legs. When she was done, she again

turned her back to him and moved her hands so he couldn't see them. "What are you doing? Turn around!" He stepped closer to the shower. She turned to face him and he saw she was trying to shave her bikini area. "Oh, sorry, continue. But keep your hands so I can see them." She stayed facing him and continued. Liam turned his back to her. He could barely watch her wash herself without reaching out to touch her, he knew watching her shave herself would send him over the edge. When she was done she didn't say anything, she just turned off the water, wrapped herself in the towel, stepped out of

the shower and waited. Liam turned back to face her. Then without saying anything to her, he walked out of the bathroom, opened the door to the room, and closed it again. He returned to the bathroom and handed her white cotton panties, and a white cotton shirt. She thanked him quietly to which he told her she was welcome.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, little one,” he kissed her forehead and walked out. As he reached the door he heard her small quiet voice.

“Good night, sir.” He smiled, thinking maybe he had made some headway with her tonight. The next night was much of the same.

Liam tried to get her to talk and her answers were robotic and unemotional.

“How is it that you’ve never been with a man?” he asked. “My Mom had me when she was 15 and every day she made me feel like I was the reason she didn’t have a husband. I never wanted to make my kids feel that way. So I decided to wait...until I was in a committed relationship. Not that it did me a lot of good now, I guess.” Liam crossed his arms against his chest, but didn’t comment on her snide remark. “None of your boyfriends tried to persuade you otherwise?”

“Sure. But I never gave in. I wanted to

have something to give the man I planned to marry. I wanted him to know that he was the only man who had ever touched me like that, and always would be.”

“That’s kinda old thinking isn’t it? I don’t think most men expect to marry virgins these days.”

“Well then my husband would have been surprised, and very pleased.” He didn’t like the way she said, ‘would have been’. She was implying that she wouldn’t be marrying now or be a virgin. She wouldn’t be able to give herself to her husband, because Liam would eventually spoil her. He wasn’t sure that wasn’t true. But he didn’t

like her insinuating it either. “Didn’t you ever have desires you wanted to fulfill?” “Of course. I almost gave in once, but,” she paused and smiled and let out a real laugh. He saw a tear run down her face and she wiped it away. “Ahh, the guy got a little too excited,” she laughed again. “And his desires were fulfilled before mine.” He smiled and laughed a little with her. He liked to hear her voice and her laugh.

“Do you have any questions for me?” he asked thinking that would keep her talking, and maybe even to look at him. “Besides my name, of course,” he smiled.

“What do you do for a living?” she asked. He took a breath and crossed his ankle over his knee. “I’m a very powerful, successful and wealthy business man. That is all you need to know, little one.” “Do you buy and sell women?” she was brave. He laughed out loud, and stood up. Play time was over. His mood instantly went from playful, wanting to hear her laugh, to angry and wanting to smash her face against the table. She had made several brave comments tonight, and he let them all slide. He didn’t intend to let it continue. She needed to be reminded who was in charge again, and why she was in

this room. He walked around the table behind her and yanked her head back by her hair. He leaned in close to her ear. “That was very brave, little one. Especially considering what I told you I would do the next time you hurt my feelings.” He pulled her out of her chair and forced her to lay across the table. He pressed her head down and held her hands behind her back with the other. “You’re very lucky my feelings don’t get hurt easily. Let this be your last warning, Norah!” His hand moved from her head and smacked her ass. “Count out loud!” he yelled. Norah did as he asked.

He smacked her five more times and after each strike Norah yelled out the number. After the last one, he leaned over her, pressing himself in her back. He ran his hands over her ass and pressed his mouth to her ear. "You have a very smart mouth and made some very rude comments about me tonight." He grabbed her hair and yanked her head back. "Don't do it again." He snapped her neck back in place, and walked out and didn't come back for the next two nights. She paced the floor and talked to herself. She even did cartwheels and jumping jacks, anything to pass the time. When he finally returned

Norah was actually happy to see him. She hated being alone all the time. She was used to having her sisters, or roommates, other friends around her all the time. She didn't think he liked her very much, which only confused her about why he bought her, but being with him was better than being alone. She knew she had pissed him off with the buying and selling women comment, and she hoped she could control her mouth around him from now on. She ate her dinner in silence because he wouldn't talk to her. She could feel his eyes on her. The truth was he missed her company too. He wanted

to come talk to her for the last two nights, but she needed to be taught a lesson. She needed to fear the unexpected. He liked that she didn't know what was going to happen to her next. He rolled the cart away when she was done, and told her to stand up. "I'm going to shower with you tonight," he grabbed her arm and took her in the bathroom. He could tell she was nervous, but he didn't care. It was a spur of the moment decision. He adjusted the water to his liking, and started to undress. She stood there with her eyes on the floor. He instructed her to take her clothes off, and they both stepped in the shower. As she

stepped in she noticed the plastic bag sitting on the toilet. He stood under the water, then moved her so she was under the water. She tried very hard not to look at his body, but kept finding her eyes roaming his chest and pelvic region. He saw her looking and turned her away from him. He ran his hands over her body, and stepped close to her back. She could feel his erection in her back. “You know, little one, not including your little outburst of rude comments the other night, you have been very good since you have been down here. Maybe you deserve a reward.” She took in a deep

breath. He turned her to face him and he handed her a lofa and a bottle of body wash. As she lathered up the lofa she saw him place a big bottle of shampoo and a big bottle of conditioner on the shelf in the shower. She watched as he lathered his lofa and washed his body as well. When he was ready to rinse, he pressed his body against hers and moved them both to the water. He swayed them back and forth rinsing everything. He poured the shampoo in his hands and started to wash her hair himself. She closed her eyes and relaxed with his touch. He massaged her scalp, and then moved to her

shoulders.

“Does that feel good, little one?” he asked in a sexy, smooth voice. She hummed her agreement. “I can make you feel good, too. I don’t just want to hurt you.” She tensed a little. He turned her body to him, and she tilted her head under the spray of the water. He ran his hands through her hair to rinse the shampoo out. He did the same with the conditioner. Then she surprised him with a question. “Why do you call me, little one?” she asked. It was unexpected. He didn’t know how to answer her at first. She rarely spoke without being spoken to first

unless she was making a jab at him. “You don’t like my nick name for you,” he turned away from her and rinsed her hair out. “Would you rather I call you, ‘pet’, or ‘slave’?” he moved under the water and rinsed his own hair.

“I would rather you call me by my name,” she paused, but he waited to respond, because he could tell she had something else to say. “I like to hear you say, Norah.” He looked in her eyes. She didn’t shy away, she locked her eyes on him too. “You have a nice accent,” she added. Usually a comment like that would have angered him, but she combined it with a compliment for

him, so he wasn't angry. He was pleased there something about him she liked.

“Kiss me, Norah,” he commanded. It was another spur of the moment decision, but something he had wanted since the first night they were together. She licked her lips and stepped closer to him. She gave him a small peck on his lips. He chuckled as she stepped back. “I said kiss me, Norah. Really kiss me,” he had a hungry look in his eyes. She knew she better not disappoint him. She stepped closer and put her hands on his shoulders. She pulled him closer and he leaned down to her. Her mouth covered

his. She moved her hands to the sides of his face and tilted it to suit her. He wrapped his arms around her waist, but let her keep the control. Her lips were slow at first, and then she picked up speed. She became more urgent, and pressed her tongue to his lips. He granted her admission, but had the need to take over. He moved to press her against the wall of the shower, and grinded himself against her. This kiss was passionate, sexy, and making him harder by the second. She might have been a virgin, but this girl could kiss. He thought she could bring a man to his knees with her kiss. And then

she did, bring him to his knees. He couldn't control himself. He wanted more. He wanted to take her right there in the shower, but knew that wasn't an option, not yet anyway. But maybe if he focused on her pleasure, she would see things with him weren't all bad. He moved his mouth to her neck, shoulder and collar bone. His hands moved up her waist to her breasts. He felt her body tense up, and her breathing became heavier. Her hands squeezed his upper arms, and he wasn't sure if it was a sign to continue or to stop. He took a chance and moved lower. He stopped just at the bikini line and pressed his

head against
her stomach like he was waiting for her
to give him permission. He
gripped her hips and started to lightly
kiss the top of her thighs. Then
he felt her hands in his hair and pressing
him lower. He ran his hand
over her sex, and heard her gasp. He
wasn't sure if it was a turned on
gasp or a scared to death gasp. He
moved his mouth over her, licking
her folds and gently massaging her clit
with his tongue. Her body was
so stiff, and he could hear her humming,
as if she was trying not to
move, trying not to enjoy it. He could
taste her arousal so he knew it
wasn't all bad for her. He parted her

legs and moved her thigh to his shoulder. She tilted her hips closer to his mouth, and put her hands against the wall behind her. Her breathing became little short breaths, and she let out a soft sigh and her entire body relaxed. He ran his thumb over her clit and continued to work his mouth against her. He heard her cry out “I can’t, I can’t,” and knew she was close to finding her release. He moved both his hands to her behind and pressed her to his face. He moved his tongue faster and heard her moan through her tightly shut lips when she came. He moved his mouth back up her body. He nestled against

her neck but she turned her face away from him. Her body had tensed back up. He smiled knowing she had enjoyed that as much as he did. “See it doesn’t have to be all bad, right?” he whispered as he moved her hair from her shoulder. She didn’t answer. He looked at her face, and saw tears. “Was that your first orgasm, Norah?” She still didn’t answer him. He grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him and then he gave a forceful but passionate kiss, evading her mouth with his tongue. When he pulled away she snatched her face from his hand, and looked away again. He saw more tears. “I just

wanted you to taste how much you enjoyed that.” She clenched her eyes shut. “It’s ok that you liked it, Norah.” He smiled knowing she was hating herself for liking what he did to her. He felt powerful and devious. He leaned in close again. “I’ll tell you my name if you suck my dick right now,” he gasped. She pressed her lips together. He moved some hair behind her ears. “You don’t have to hate me all the time.” He laughed. “I know you want to, but you don’t have to.” He ran his hand down her body and cupped her sex. She was so wet from his mouth being on her. “I know you didn’t hate me just now. You can’t

hide that from
me.” He kissed her forehead and then
turned off the water to the
shower. He stepped out wrapping a
towel around his waist, leaving
her standing alone. He picked up another
towel and held it out to
her. She took it without looking at him.
He walked out of the
bathroom and took the plastic bag that
had been sitting on the toilet

with him. “When you’re done with your self-loathing, I have something else for you.” She towel dried her hair as much as she could, and then wrapped it around her body. She took a deep breath and then walked to meet him. He was standing at the end of the mattress and turned when she stepped closer to him. She immediately lowered her eyes and grasped her hands in front of her. He held out a light blue pair of cotton pants, white cotton underwear and white V-neck cotton shirt. “I have socks for you too, if your feet are cold.” She took them and just stood there. “Go ahead, get

dressed if you want.” He stood in front of her making it clear he was going to watch her. She ran the towel over her body one more time, then tried to pull on the underwear without dropping the towel. This made him laugh. He just pulled the towel away from her. “My mouth was just on you, and you’re still trying to hide yourself from me.” Her eyes went to his for about three seconds then lowered again. She pulled on the underwear, and pants, then pulled the shirt over her head. Then she grabbed the towel from the floor and flipped her head over wrapping her hair. When she was done she stood quietly. “Do you feel

better now?" he asked.

"Yes sir." But he saw the tears return.

He took out the last thing from the bag; white sheets, one fitted, one flat. There wasn't an explanation needed so he just threw them on the bed. He

stepped closer and pulled her to him. He pressed her head to his

chest and wrapped his arms around her back. This made her cry

harder. "Shhh. Its ok, baby. Everything is going to be fine, I promise."

He was a little surprised when she actually wrapped her arms around his waist and pulled him closer. This must have been what Will was talking about. Even though he was the

reason for her pain and torment, she had no one else, so he was her comfort as well. He kissed her cheek. “You need to go to sleep, I have another reward for you in the morning.” She immediately tensed up. He pulled her away and made her look at him. “Remember, it doesn’t always have to be bad, Norah.” He turned and left her alone, again.

Chapter five

Norah

As soon as he left I balled up in a knot on the bed and cried myself to sleep. I didn’t even take advantage on my new sheets. I wanted to hate him. I hated my body for

betraying me. I hated myself for being so confused. How could I seek comfort from a man who was the reason for my pain? I knew this was what he wanted.

This is how he manipulated people. He had forced me to rely on him for everything. I was alone all the time, so I looked forward to being with him, no matter what he did to me. When we were together I felt like I could protect myself better. When I was alone I worried about what could happen. It was all true. He was good at his job. I knew it was ridiculous. One minute he was angry, yelling at me, yanking me by my hair, or humiliating

me by making me jerk him off,
the next he was trying to get to know me,
and comforting me in my
pain. Pain he caused. I feared the
unknown, and I knew he liked it
that way. The next morning I heard the
door open and could hear him
moving around. I rolled over to face him
but he was in the bathroom
packing up my toiletries. He walked in
and saw my eyes were open. I
quickly stood up and lowered my eyes to
the floor.

“Good Morning, Norah,” he walked
closer to me, and
touched my face. “Go brush your teeth
and handle your bathroom
needs, we need to get going,” he

gestured to the bathroom. I scooted by him and did as he asked. He didn't object when I shut the door behind me. When I was done, I came back out still keeping my eyes lowered and grasping my hands in front of me. "Come on, it's moving day!" He took my hand and walked towards the door. He opened it and walked out in the hallway. I stopped and didn't move until he pulled me behind him. The hallway was dark, the opposite wall was exposed brick, and the wall with the room where I had been was painted gray. I looked to the left and there was nothing but two hot water heaters.

He turned us the right and we walked down the hall, him pulling me behind him. At the end of the hallway there was a staircase to the left. He quickly started up the stairs. We went up two flights and came to another door. He pressed some buttons next to the door knob and it opened. We walked out into some sort of mud room. There was a bench across the way with a few sets of shoes lined in front of it, and a shelf with hooks hanging on the wall behind it. On the hooks were two sweaters, and an umbrella. The floor was tile and to the right was a small door leading to what looked like a bathroom. On the wall

with the bench there was another door,
and he pulled me through it
and then we were in another hallway.
There was an arched doorway
right across the way, which led to a huge
kitchen. This kitchen was
something I imagined in a restaurant. The
walls were lined with
stainless steel appliances and down the
middle was large wooden
island. Hanging overhead were rows of
pots and pans. He pulled me
to the island and picked at some fruit in
the middle. A Hispanic
woman smacked his hand and said
something to him in Spanish. He
held up his hands and backed away. I
saw two other women in the

corner cooking something, but watching me very closely. “Good Morning,” I said, bravely. He yanked my arm and we were moving again.

“They can’t speak English,” he snapped.

We moved through another arched doorway and we were in a very large dining room.

The furniture was cherry wood and looked old. I counted ten chairs around the table but was sure there was more. We moved to the end of the room, where again we went through another arched doorway and were on a white and black marble floor. There was a large winding staircase in the middle of this room, and to the left

very large double doors surrounded by stained glass. He moved fast around to the end of the stairs and we started up them. I realized then this must be the foyer to the house. As we went up the stairs I saw an older man in a suit walking from another room on the other side of the stairs. He nodded at me, so I nodded back. At the top of the stairs there was long wide hallway with three doors in front of us. He went to right and then to the left, heading down another long wide hallway. We passed four doors when he stopped in front of a white door with another keypad. He punched in some numbers and it opened.

And then I
recognized where we were, back to my
old room. We stood in the
little room, while he punched in another
set of numbers in another
keypad. The door opened and I saw the
blue walls and white
furniture. I didn't know if I was happy or
sad. I didn't want to be in
the basement anymore but I didn't want
to be here either. I just
wanted to go home.

“Since you have behaved so beautifully
during your
punishment, you have been rewarded.”
He moved the desk chair out
and gestured for me to take a seat. “I
would like for you to email

your sister.” I took a deep breath. He moved the computer keyboard and typed in a few things and then faced the screen and key board to me. The screen was opened to a new email, from littlebutterfly@gmail.com. “I had to create you a new address of course. I just thought you might want to email them and let them know what a wonderful time you’re having.” He nudged me. “Go ahead, but don’t hit send until I see what you have written,” he warned. I typed out a few paragraphs about how much fun I was having, how I had met nice people, and was enjoying the food. I

asked what they were up to and how the college hunt was going. I apologized for not contacting them sooner but told them finding internet access wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. When I was done, I wrote Love Norah, and moved away from the computer. He sat in the chair and read what I wrote. I heard him snort, click some buttons and push the chair in. I was over near the window looking out. I wondered why he was making me communicate with my family. Was this some kind of sick torment? He wanted to remind me of what I no longer had, or of who I would never see again. I didn't

understand the point, unless he was just trying to save his own ass. Maybe someone was looking for me and he was hoping a quick email would keep them off his track. He came up behind me and handed me something. I looked down at my wallet. I took it and turned to face him. I looked in his eyes silently asking how he had this. He didn't answer. I flipped through it and found my driver's license, money and even Jim's credit card. I flipped to the back and saw my family pictures. I covered my mouth with my hand and felt the tears run down my face. I looked at their faces. I had no idea how long I had

been here, but I missed them so much. I held the pictures to my heart and looked up at him.

“Thank you sir.” My breathing was staggering. I turned back to the window and he stepped closer to me. I felt his arms around my waist. He leaned in to my ear and kissed my lobe. I put my hands over his.

“I told you, it doesn’t have to be all bad, Norah. You need to understand the nicer you are to me, the nicer I will be to you. I don’t like to hurt you, or see you cry, Norah, no matter what you think. I would like to try to make you happy. I would rather see you sigh with

pleasure, then cry in pain.” He ran his hand down the front and cupped my sex, and I jumped. That was just like him. He would say or do something nice, and then say or something mean just to remind me he could. “The rewards don’t end with nice rooms and orgasms.” He turned me to face him. “If you let me, I can make you very happy.” He pushed my hair off my face. “If you’re willing to make me happy too.” He leaned in and kissed my forehead again. He stepped away and went to the bed. He gestured and I saw my black bag sitting in the middle of the comforter. I walked over and reached

for it. I pulled it to me, and looked at him again. “Thank you,” I didn’t add the sir. I wanted to see if he would let it go. And he did. I looked through it. It still had everything in it, my makeup bag, my e reader, my iPod, some gum, my camera, and my little change purse. It had everything, everything except my passport. He nodded and backed away towards the door. I walked to him. “You’re leaving?” I asked boldly. He touched my shoulders and smiled. “I have to go to work. But Gerald will bring you breakfast in a bit. And I’ll be back tonight for dinner.” I nodded at him. I wanted to

know so badly what he did for a living, but was too scared to ask again.

Breakfast arrived minutes after he left.

There was a white linen table cloth over the cart, and big arrangement of flowers in the middle. I took off the food cover. I had a big plate of French toast, bacon, and eggs. He had provided syrup, butter and jelly. There was water, coke, coffee, and milk. I started to dig in and saw a little pink card sitting in the middle of the table. I picked it up and opened it. There was a small sketch of a butterfly that looked like my tattoo, and a heart under it. He didn't

sign his name of course.

The day was pretty quiet, but I was happy to have the view and books to read again. I listened to my music as I ran on the treadmill and danced around the room. We had dinner together the next three nights in my room. He brought me flowers and we talked about the book I was reading, "The picture of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde. I tried not to look at him unless he told me to, and I didn't try to act brave or take any liberties with my comments. The third night after dinner he told me he would not be joining me the next night because he had a late business dinner. I

felt a little sad for not being able to see him, but tried not to show it. I heard him open the door late that night and walk in my room. I could feel him standing close to the bed and knew he was watching me. I opened my eyes and he knelt down.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“Late,” he replied. “I just wanted to see you before I went to bed.” He kissed my forehead and stood up to walk to the door.

“Good night, Norah,” he said as he closed the door. I felt like he was lowering his wall of cruelty toward me. The next day was pretty much the same for me as they all were. I

took a nap just before dinner. I had no idea how long I had been asleep when I felt his hand on my back. I rolled to face him. He held up a white garment bag.

“I want you to put this on, and have dinner with me in the dining room,” he whispered. I leaned up in the bed and took the bag from his hand. He scooted closer to me, and touched my face. “Have you been sleeping long?” I didn’t answer. “I guess you didn’t sleep well in the basement huh?” I didn’t answer again. And I assume he wasn’t expecting me to, because he didn’t get angry when I didn’t. I lowered my eyes. “I missed you today,”

I whispered. It was part true. He sucked in his breath. "Is that allowed?" I asked. He put his hand under my chin and lifted it to him. My "golden rule" instincts were finally kicking in. If I was nice to him, he was nice to me. He gestured to the bathroom. "Go get dressed." I got up and went the bathroom. I took off my clothes and put on some good smelling lotion. I put my hair in a loose bun at the base neck and let my curls fall around my face. I opened the bag and found black lace panties and a very sexy black dress. I slid on the panties then stepped in the dress. It came to my mid-thigh and came in tight at my waist

and was very low cut in the front. I took the straps and buttoned them behind my neck. My back was bare all the way to the top of my butt. I put on some light make up and lip gloss and then stepped out to see if he approved. His back was to me, so I cleared my throat. He turned to face me, and I didn't recognize the look in his eyes. He walked close to me, and took me by my hands and held them out to my sides. "Norah, you're beautiful," he gasped. He seemed so different I didn't even recognize him. He was actually being sweet. He turned me around, and ran his hands over my back. "You are so sexy. I

hope I can keep my hands to myself tonight.” And just like that he was back to himself. He stepped closer, and I tensed up a little. “You smell so good,” He leaned into my neck and ran his nose down to my shoulder and gave me a kiss. “Don’t worry. Relax.” He swayed me back and forth and I tried to take a few deep breaths. I didn’t know what I was so worried about. I think it was the unknown again. He had been mean, hurtful, horny, degrading, and inquisitive. But I had never seen him try to act romantic. That wasn’t the man I knew. The man I knew was angry, or upset, and very cocky most of the time.

His forceful lips, and hard hands pulling at me scared me. The dirty things he would say embarrassed me. Partly because sometimes it turned me on, but mostly because I just wasn't use to a man talking like that to me. The problem was I never knew who I was getting. Right now we were swaying back and forth, he was calm, and I had my hands behind me on the backs of his thighs pulling him closer. But in 30 seconds something could happen, anything, and he could grab me by my hair, and press my face to the bed. Anything and nothing set him off. I didn't know when my brave comments

could run out and just piss him off. Just because he was calm now didn't mean that during dinner he wouldn't scream at me, throw me on the table and violate me. He took my hand and we walked toward the door. "Oh, shoes!" He pointed to the floor and I saw a pair of black strappy sandals. I put them on as fast as I could and followed him out the door. We walked downstairs and went to dining room. There was piano music playing, and three large candles in the middle of the table. He pulled out a chair for me, and then sat at the head of the table. The older man brought in our food and we ate our

soup in silence. He came back in and took the bowls while the Hispanic woman I had seen before placed our plates in front of us. There was a little chicken, maybe a hen, covered in mushrooms and onions, mashed potatoes, and mixed vegetables. "I told them you liked chicken, I hope that's alright." The man stood at my side waiting for my instructions. "It's perfect. Thank you," I nodded at him, and he nodded back and walked back the kitchen. "Thank you, Gerald. We'll call you if we need anything." I ate slowly looking over at him and watched him look away.

I wasn't sure what this night was all about or what I had done to deserve this treatment. Finally he broke to awkward silence.

“Have you ever seen the movie ‘Pretty Woman’?” he asked. I nodded. I didn't know where he was going with this? Was he trying to compare himself to Richard Gere and me to Julia Roberts?

Because if memory serves Vivian was a prostitute by choice, and Edward rescued her from that life. Then I panicked thinking he was trying to explain the life I was going to have with him, as a prostitute.

I narrowed my eyes and wiped my mouth with the napkin. He

reached across the table, sensing my panic. "I'm just talking about Edward's job in the movie, that's all." I relaxed and he took his hand away. I wanted to take it back, but resisted. "I own the same kind of company. My company buys other companies." He took a sip of his wine. "Well I buy some and re-sell them, and others I invest in and help. All of them are weak or losing profit, so I swoop in and take over at a low price. Besides my own company, I sit on the board of twenty other companies I have helped or re-sold for a profit." I looked back at my food. The buying and re selling at a profit comment scared me.

“You had asked me what kind of job I had, I was just telling you,” he smiled and seemed a little unsure of himself. I reached out for his hand again, and we linked our fingers. “I’ve never done this before, Norah.” He gulped down some more wine. “You’re the first, ah,” he paused and moved his free hand in the air. “You’re the first woman I ever, you know...” he couldn’t seem to find the words. “Paid for?” I looked right at him. He nodded. “Well that’s okay, because this is the first time I have ever been bought,” I smiled but he didn’t. “I was trying to lighten the mood a little.” He smiled and let go of

my hand.

“What college did you attend?” he asked. We talked through the rest of dinner about him attending college at Cambridge University, and my attending the University of Nevada. I told him about studying finance and marketing and the internship I had worked out for myself at a top ad agency in Chicago. I told him about watching my Mother work as a show girl and thinking she was the most beautiful woman in the world. He told me that his parents died when he was young boy and he was raised by his aunt and uncle, who both died when he was in college.

Soon we were eating cheese cake and laughing about SNL skits. It felt like a real date. I couldn't help but notice how extremely handsome he was as he talked. I wondered why a man that looked like him had to buy women, certainly women threw themselves at him all the time. All became silent again as Gerald came in the room and cleared the table. He asked if either of us wanted coffee or tea, we declined and he left. He stood up and said something to Gerald as he left the room, he nodded and shut the dining room door behind him. "Dance with me, Norah," he had turned back to me and was

holding out his hand. I took it and stepped to him. He put his hand on my lower back, and the other grasped my hand. I leaned into his neck and we swayed back and forth. He moved his head so his lips could touch my shoulder. Then he kissed my neck and leaned into me. We were so close I could feel his heart beating. I wondered why he was so nervous. The moment was broken by the sound of his phone. He stepped back and pulled it from his jacket pocket to look at the screen. "I'm sorry, I have to take this," he held up his finger and stepped away from me. I sat back down in my seat, and so did

he. He was talking to someone named Steve about clients that weren't happy and wanted a sweeter deal. He ran his hands through his hair and leaned back in chair. His eyes locked on me while he was listening to Steve talk. I began to feel self-conscious about the way he was looking at me. His eyes sent heat through my body. I felt plain and extremely ordinary compared to him. I had no idea why a man like him would buy a woman like me. Then he mouthed something to me, but I didn't understand him. I held up my hands to show I didn't understand and he mouthed it again.

Kiss me

I smiled and laughed a little, then stood up and walked to him. He opened his lap and I sat down. He moved the phone to other ear and I leaned to kiss him. It wasn't the kiss I expected with him being on the phone. He ran his hand up my bare leg and explored my mouth with his tongue. After a few seconds I took over and grabbed his head with both hands and really kissed him. He grunted a little and pulled away a little to say something in the phone. I felt brave and a little sexy so I moved my mouth to his neck and he leaned his head back against the chair. I loosened

his tie and pulled at his jacket. He leaned up and I helped him out of it. When I came back to his lap he had moved the phone to the other ear, and I started kissing that side of his neck and ear. I could feel him getting hard against my leg across his lap and felt proud of myself for doing that to him. He leaned the phone to his shoulder and used his left hand to run up my thigh. He stopped when he felt the lace of my panties. He moved my mouth back to his, and used both of his hands to press me against his lap. I slipped off my shoes and moved my legs so I could straddle him. He pushed

my dress up and helped my legs wrap around him. He leaned up and kissed my neck while he unbuttoned the top of my dress. As the top fell in front of me, he leaned away and shouted something in the phone. I had no idea how he was able to keep his mind on two things at once. Then he took my nipple in his mouth. I started to hum and he covered my mouth with his hand. He moved to the other breast and I put my hands on his head. This was one of those moments when I wanted him so bad, but dreaded when it was over because he would leave, or say something to make me feel cheap or

possibly hurt me. I took the tie from his neck and unbuttoned his shirt. I moved myself off his lap to the floor and knelt in front of him. I gently touched his skin as I moved my hands to his belt. He locked his eyes on me and I licked my lips as I started to undo his buckle. He leaned the phone against his shoulder, and quickly moved his hands to help me. He pulled his length out and stroked it a couple times before I took over. I stroked him, then took him in my mouth. I heard him gasp and mumbled something like 'Oh fuck', then he informed Steve he wasn't talking to him. I moved my mouth up and down,

and I could feel his eyes on me. He moved my hair to get a better view. I licked the tip and twirled my tongue around it. He started telling Steve he was going to have to talk about this tomorrow but apparently Steve didn't want to talk tomorrow. He touched my chin as I moved up and down on him. When I took him in all the way to the back of my throat, he stood up and grabbed the back of my head. His hips moved fast and I kept up the pace. I started to hum with enjoyment and he picked up the pace even faster. I felt his body tensing up and knew what was about to happen. "Steve, I don't know

what to say! You're going to have to handle it tonight the best you can! I have to go! I'll see you in the office tomorrow!" He slammed the phone on the table and took the back of my head with both hands and held me in place. He pressed himself in a few more times and then his body relaxed completely. I licked the tip and then grabbed the napkin off the table to wipe my mouth. He let out a long sigh, closing his eyes while he tucked himself back in his pants. Then he grabbed my arms and pulled me to my feet. "Why did you do that?" he didn't sound happy. His eyes looked scary. "I didn't

ask you to do it, why did you do that?" I swallowed hard and lowered my eyes. "I thought you would like it, sir." I wasn't sure what mood this was. I thought this would make him happy. He seemed to enjoy it, but now he seemed pissed. His grip loosened on me. "Is that the only reason?" he asked a little softer this time. I

looked up at him.

"I guess....I guess I wanted to do it too. I wanted to feel in control and I wanted to please you," I whispered. "Are you mad?" I asked. His eyes soften.

"I'm not mad," his sweet voice was back. "And it did please

me very much, it's just, I don't want," he stopped. He closed his eyes as if he was thinking about his next remark.

"You don't want what?" I asked. He shook his head.

"Never mind," he breathed out. He pulled me to his chest and kissed my hair. "Liam," he said in a very quiet voice. "My name is Liam." I leaned back to look at him and laughed, thinking of his comment in the shower.

Chapter six

Liam had finally decided that since she was going to be with him for an undetermined amount of time, he would train her to his

liking. He didn't want a slave per say, but he could train her to be his submissive. He knew this wasn't a life she wanted and not the situation he wanted either, but here they were together. She was beautiful, sweet, sexy, and Liam was extremely attracted to her, or he wouldn't have paid so much for her. She liked being with him, when he was nice to her and even tolerated him when he was cruel. He decided to try to make this negative a positive. He wasn't sure how positive she would think it was, but the situation was what it was and nothing could change what had already happened.

Liam walked her back to her room and watched her walk around the bed, sit down and take off her shoes. “Did you have a nice evening?” he asked. She nodded and asked if he enjoyed it as well. He laughed and said he did very much. “It’s late, you should get some sleep,” he turned to leave. “Wait,” she said. He turned and she walked to him. She stepped close to him and he pulled her to him. “Thank you for a lovely evening. I hope we can do it again soon,” she stood on her tip toes and kissed him lightly on his lips. “Oh I want to do that again too, and soon, don’t you worry

about that,” they laughed a little and kissed her nose. “I had a nice evening too, Norah.” He pulled her to him and kissed her with force. “Stay with me,” she breathed in his mouth. He pulled away. “I can’t. I really can’t.” He stepped back and walked out. He closed the door behind him and closed his eyes. He wanted to stay he really did. But she wasn’t ready for anything like that. He enjoyed the blowjob very much, but wasn’t sure if she did it for her or him. He wanted to tell her he didn’t want her to feel like she had to blow him to please him. He loved it, but he wanted her to want to do it, not feel she had

to. He knew if he laid in a bed with her he would have to hold her.

Holding her would lead to him kissing her, and if he kissed her, he would have to touch her. Touching her would lead to him laying on top of her, and then he would have to move his body against hers. Before he even knew what had happened he would be buried

deep inside her and wouldn't be able to hear her screams for him to

stop. He wasn't sure she would want him to stop, but he couldn't

take the chance until he was sure how she felt about him or even

how he truly felt about her. They were in confusing territory right

now. He had told her if she was nice to him, he would be nice to her. So had she pleased him tonight just to be nice, so he would be nice? Or so he wouldn't be so mean. He didn't know, and he couldn't take the chance that it was true. He went to his room changed his clothes and went down to his gym. He did his best thinking while working out. After a little over an hour on the treadmill he decided that maybe he had rushed things a little with her. He knew she hated being alone, but he needed some space between them before he did something he would regret. Space might make their

feelings clearer to both of them. Maybe it was a good time for to take a business trip. They were having problems in Houston anyway. The next morning he woke her up pretty early. It was still dark outside. Her eyes were confused at first, then she sat up quickly and asked him if everything was ok. He smiled at her and touched her face. She was so beautiful, even just waking up.

“Everything is fine, little one. I just have to go out of town for a few days,” he paused for her reaction. She lowered her eyes and her head. She gripped the covers and then released them.

“Take me with you,” she said. Her comment was unexpected.

He had taken subs on business trips before, but this situation wasn’t the typical sub relationship.

“I wish I could, but I can’t. Not this time, Norah.” He touched her hand trying to give her some kind of reassurance. She pulled her knees to her chest and wiped her face with her blankets.

“You can. I won’t give you any trouble, I promise. I just want to be with you.” This made Liam smile.

“You just don’t want to be alone. It wouldn’t matter if you were with me or not.” “That isn’t true. I mean, I hate being alone, true, but I do

want to be with you. I feel like every time you feel yourself getting close to me, you have to do something to push me away.” Liam stood up and crossed the room. “You don’t have to push me away, Liam.” It was the first time she had used his name. He turned to face her. He could see the concern in her face. He knew she wasn’t sure if she should have said his name or not. He put his hands in his pockets. His look turned cold, and predator like.

“I told you my name little one, because you worked for it. But I certainly didn’t give you permission to use it. Maybe a few days

alone will remind you that you are not my girlfriend, we aren't in love, and I am the one in charge here.” He slammed the door when he left. He cursed himself on the way to the airport. She was right, she could see right through him. Whenever he felt her getting too close he did or said something to put her back in her place. If he was following Will's stage theory, he had no idea what stage this would be. The Jackal/Hyde stage, maybe? He decided to make a stop by Will's house before the airport. Liam was surprised to say the least when Jane answered the door. “Hello. Will will be right down, please

come in.” Her voice was even and pleasant. She called him Will, which was also a surprise. Liam stood in the kitchen watching Jane move around the room. She offered him coffee, tea, water, whatever he wanted. Liam just shook her off. Will finally came down and the men shook hands. “Come to get some advice, Mr. Hastings?” Will asked and laughed a little. “Not able to close the deal or does she still hate you?” Liam made a gesture toward Jane, and Will told him to ignore her. “I see you actually knew what you were talking about. Maybe I should have followed the Will

Chamber's five point plan." Will patted him the back and they walked to his study where he shut the doors.

"So what's the problem? What stage are you on? There's really no formula for a time limit on these stages. Sometimes it takes longer on some, not as long on others." He took a sip of coffee. "Jane went through fear and respect very quick. She was a fast learner. I had to invent things that she had done wrong just so I could continue to punish her." He laughed. He really was a sick bastard. But Liam didn't think of himself so differently these days. "She's on to love and devotion already. She has her reign of

the house, and I have taken her out with me a couple of times.” He sat down and waited for Liam to say something.

“I didn’t really follow the stages strictly.” Will let out a breath.

“I mean, I started with the fear and respect thing, and I think she’s got that down good now. But I couldn’t take seeing her cry so much.

So it was like fear, respect, and comfort all rolled in one.” He

continued. “I’m trying to move from fear to comfort and protection,

but I’m just worried she doesn’t really feel the way she acts towards

me.” He paused and ran his hand through his hair. “Like she’s only

pretending to care for me, because she doesn't want me to hurt her anymore. But I have to say, I don't like hurting her anyway. I mean I did briefly, but not anymore, it isn't fun." He shook his head. "But sometimes I get so angry I can't control it. She acts like she knows me, or she tries to be too familiar with me, something I'm not comfortable with from anyone. She has a smart mouth sometimes, and she's brave. She'll say something, or not say something, and I can see the look on her face. She is trying to see if she can get away with it. Sometimes I snap, and before I know it, she's crying, and I

feel like shit.” He turned back to face Will. “She wanted to go on this trip with me, and I really wanted to bring her. But I don’t know if I can trust her or not. I mean, what if we get to the airport and she runs away screaming that I kidnapped her! I can’t have that.”

“Do you think she would do that?” Will asked. Liam shook his head.

“I don’t know that’s the point. I told her this could be an easy relationship, or a hard one, the choice was hers. She made it hard on herself at first. But now she is taking the easy way. I just don’t know if this is the way she really feels or if

she's just playing along." Will walked over to Liam and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Well that is the nature of this business. You're not going to know, until you know. It sounds to me like you don't even know how you feel about her. You wanted to hurt her, but couldn't stand to see her cry, you want her to be nice and behave, but like that she tests you. Do you like her? Have you fucked her yet?" Will took another sip of his coffee. The comment pissed Liam off. It wasn't any of his business if he had fucked her or not. "She's a little hottie, Liam. Take a sample of the merchandise, my friend.

It will help you determine if you want this to work or not.” Liam stepped to Will.

“Don’t talk about her like that, you got me! You don’t get to think of her as anything. She’s mine!” Will held up his hands.

“I think you have your answer, my friend” he said.

Mine? Where did that come from? That was all Liam could think about on the way to the airport. He felt irate when Will talked about her like a piece of meat. He was infuriated when he suggested ‘sampling the merchandise’. He wanted to call the house from the car and apologize but thought he would

look weak.

His first night in Houston he couldn't stop himself though. He arrived at his room around 8pm. He was tired from being in meetings all day. He had just attended a long business dinner, and had to get up at 6am for early golf with Jeff Stackhouse the CEO of Stackhouse Industries, a company Liam was trying to buy. But he didn't care, he needed to hear her voice. It was 2am in London, but he didn't care about that either. He took off his shirt and tie while he dialed the number. Gerald answered and assured him that Norah had been fine since his departure. He heard Norah

gasp as Gerald shook her awake.

“It’s Master Liam on the phone for you, Miss.” Liam smiled

thinking how shocked she must be to wake up seeing Gerald in her room. He heard her clear her throat.

“Hello?” she sounded unsure of herself. “I hope I didn’t wake you,” he smiled knowing he had done exactly that. She pulled her knees to her chest and looked over at the alarm clock. “Its 2:08 in the morning, I think you know perfectly well you woke me,” he could tell she was smiling.

“I’m glad to hear you’re in a good mood, and still have that

smart little mouth of yours. I didn't like leaving you sad, when there was nothing I could do about it." That didn't make sense. Did he mean he liked leaving her upset when he was the cause?

"How are the meetings going?" she asked. Liam sat on his hotel bed and took off his shoes. "It's going good. I just got in from a boring business dinner with four other couples. The CEO of the company I am trying to buy, his wife, their CFO and his wife, and two of their lawyers and their wives. Meanwhile on the other side of the table, I'm sitting next to Steve."

“Well I wish I could have been with you,” she trailed off not wanting to push her luck.

“I know,” he said. “But I don’t know if having you on my arm would have charmed him or not.”

“Oh, I can be very charming,” she laughed.

“I know you can.” It was silent. “Well I should let you go back to sleep.” He wanted to tell her he was sorry. He wanted to say he missed her, and wished she was here with him so he could hold her all night. He wanted to say her voice was the best thing he had heard all day. But since these were feelings he wasn’t used to having

instead he just said, "I'll be home in two days. Good night, Norah." Just before he hung up, he heard her say, "Good night, sir." It

was like a needle in his eye. He had told her she couldn't use his name, and she was showing him she wouldn't. He liked it when his subs called him sir, but now knowing Norah knew his name, he didn't want her to call him sir, or maybe he did. It was like the kneeling. It was something he liked for his subs to do, but not her. He wasn't even completely comfortable with her cowering stance, of her lowered head and grasping her hands in front of her. It was like she

was kneeling for him, while she stood. He didn't know why it got under his skin; it just did. It was like a slap in the face to him. If you're going to be an asshole to me, I will do exactly what you want, but you'll eat your words. He was eating his words about his name now, and he knew...that she knew it.

Norah

Gerald came in my room and laid a dress on the bed. He walked to the closet and pulled out a pair of sandals then stood by the door and gestured to the bed. "When you're done getting dressed, I'll be waiting outside the door," he bowed his head and

walked out. I looked at the dress and shoes. It was light pink sun dress and white sandals. I put it on and went to the bathroom to fix my makeup a little. I put on light pink eye shadow that looked neutral on my dark skin, and light pink lip gloss. I opened the door and Gerald told me to follow him. We walked through the house and back to the where the basement door was located. I cringed thinking I might be going back to the darkness. Instead we past the door and he opened the back door to the outside. We stood on the cement porch and I looked around at this beautiful yard. His voice brought me out

of my trance.

“I have lemonade over on the table. Enjoy yourself, Miss.” He bowed again and walked back inside. I walked to the edge of the porch and looked out. I stepped down the few steps and out in the grass. I took off my sandals and let my feet touch the grass. This was unexpected, but very much appreciated. I laughed out loud and twirled in the sun.

“Well aren’t you a sight for sore eyes?” I stopped and saw Liam walking to me. He had a bouquet of flowers in one hand and his other in his pocket. He also had a big smile on his face. I couldn’t

help myself, I ran to him. I jumped in his arms and wrapped my legs around him. He wrapped his arms around me and we didn't say anything. It had only been four days since I had seen him. I had spent more time in solitary confinement in the basement. But I missed him, and I wanted him to know. He loosened his grip and I jumped down. He touched my chin forcing me to look at him.

“You're so beautiful, you know that right?” I didn't answer. He kissed my nose and handed me the flowers. “They're beautiful, thank you.” I swayed back and forth. “I missed you,” I whispered. I knew he

heard me, but I was afraid he wouldn't want to hear it. "I know. I'm glad." He smiled. "Come, I have a picnic set up for us in the garden." He took my hand and we walked through the flowers and greenery. We came to small clearing with a little fountain and a big tree. There was a blanket with a basket under the tree. We walked over and he gestured for me to sit down.

"You're not worried about wrinkling what I'm sure is a very expensive suit?" I asked. He was wearing a dark navy suit with a golden tie. He always looked very sharp. I was sure he had his suits

made for him. He chuckled and took a seat. We talked about his trip and how the CEO wouldn't budge. We ate ham and turkey sandwiches and drank lemonade. I laid down on the blanket and let my body soak in the sun. Liam leaned against the tree and talked briefly on his phone, then laid beside me. We didn't touch, we just looked in each other's eyes. I kept licking my lips hoping he would kiss me, but he didn't. Finally he commented on it. "Do you want me to kiss you, Norah?" I lowered my eyes feeling ashamed for feeling this way. "Don't be embarrassed. It's alright. I want to kiss you too." He put his

finger on my lips. “But I’m not going to.” I was confused but didn’t dare argue.

“Did you know you have been with me for two months?” I didn’t realize it had been that long. If I had been with him for two months, that meant it was August. I should be returning from my trip soon. We had sent out post cards, and several emails, so my family didn’t suspect anything. But not coming home would be a red flag. I wanted to say something about it, but decided not to push my luck. I just shook my head no. “Yes, it was two months ago today that I bought you from that awful auction.”

Awful Auction? How was it awful for him? He was doing the bidding. “Were you scared?” he asked. I sat up and looked away. He sat up behind me and moved closer.

“I was terrified,” I said. He touched my arm. “Tell me how it happened? How did you end up there?” I couldn’t believe he wanted to hear this. I certainly didn’t want to relive it. But I didn’t want to make him mad.

“I had been in Paris about a week; I was sitting in a small café drinking coffee and I saw this guy looking at me. He had been there the previous morning as well, just

watching me. I thought he was French and just being overly obvious that he was interested. I decided to be bold and ask him for directions. We talked for a few minutes then he offered to take me where I wanted to go. We got in the cab, and he offered me a bottle of water from his bag. It was hot so I took it. When I woke up I was on an exam room table, legs spread eagle, some guy between them with a light, and three guys over me yelling at each other in a language I didn't understand.” I stopped. His hand squeezed my arm. I took it as a silent request to continue. “I tried to move, to

yell, but I was gagged and strapped down.” I could feel the tears on my cheeks. I kept my back to him. I knew he could hear me crying but I didn’t want him to see me. “One of men yelled something at me, but I didn’t understand him. Another one left the room, and when he came back he had a small woman with black hair with him. He screamed at her, and she looked at me. She asked me if I had ever been with a man. I shook my head no. One of the guys in the room got very mad and another man took him out.” I took a deep breath. “The man between my legs stopped looking and said something to

the other men and left in the room. I felt a needle in my arm and I was out again.”

“They were checking to see if you were a virgin.” His voice was shaky. It was quiet for a moment then he spoke again. “What was your training like?” I couldn’t believe he was asking me about this. Certainly a man like him had an idea of what the women he had purchased went through before they came to him. It upset me that he was asking, but I answered him anyway. “I was trained by an Australian man. He taught me commands, positions, to never look my Master in the eyes, never speak

unless told, and not to hesitate.”

I looked at my fingers in my lap. “Did he hurt you?” He was closer now, and put his arm

around my waist. “He didn’t. But the men who worked with him did.

They never...ya know....because they couldn’t. The one guy who

tried, he killed.” I paused. He kissed my shoulder. “It was in the

middle of my training, and the men were taking a break. I could see

them off in the distance, eating, smoking, playing cards, and

drinking. He came out of nowhere and was all over me. I was

shackled to a wall, so there was nothing I could do. I had been told

by a girl in my cell that girls that weren't pure were sent to brothels or worked as prostitutes on the streets. She actually told me I was lucky that I would be sold at an auction to one man, and I had started to believe her." He kissed my shoulder again and trying to reassure me that I was better off with him. "He drooled on me and had his hands all over. It was the same guy that got so mad after they found out I was a virgin the first day. He leaned into my neck and called me a little whore; then I heard the gun shot and I felt his blood splatter my face. I was crying. I saw the Australian man

standing there with a gun. He took a bite of the sandwich in his hand and said something like, ‘that prick was determined to fuck you from the beginning. I warned him what would happen if he tried.’ Then he turned back to the table. A few hours later two men came to pick up the body at my feet. They didn’t clean off the blood for two days.” I took a deep breath and stood up. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore, is that ok?” He nodded and stood up with me. “Norah, I want you to know I had nothing to do with your kidnapping,” He took a deep breath. “And I hope on some level you

do think you are better off here than working in a brothel.”

I don't know why but his comments just pissed me off. All the sudden I wasn't upset, I was angry, and it was directed at him. I knew he didn't have anything to do with my kidnapping, but he had benefitted from it. I was here with him, and if I hadn't been kidnapped I wouldn't be here. He stepped closer to me and pulled me to him. “I'm so sorry that happened to you,” he spoke quietly. His trying to be sweet just made me want to provoke him. I didn't need his pity, and I didn't want his affection, not now. I crossed my arms

against my chest and took my best shot. “Why did you buy me, Liam?” I said his name again and he hadn’t told me I could. Last time he proved that upset him. He looked shocked by my question. I was shocked by my actions. For four days I had done nothing but wish he was with me. But now after making me relive my nightmare, and knowing he was the sole benefactor just made me sick. “What?” He moved away a little and put his hands in his pockets. “Why did you buy me? It isn’t a hard question.” I couldn’t believe I said that. I just knew he was going to slap me. But he didn’t. “Why are you

trying to piss me off? It's been a nice day, let's not ruin it." He moved back over to the blanket and started packing things up. I could tell I was under his skin.

"I mean, I was told all these horrible things would happen to me. How my Master would fuck me senseless. How he would share me with his friends. How he would make me perform sexual scenes in front of strangers. And none of that has happened. Here I am still a virgin." He was standing fully erect with his back to me. I went on.

"I mean, I know I turn you on, so why did you buy me? Certainly it wasn't to take up space in your guest

room. You must have some kind of idea of what you want from me. So what is it, Liam? Hmm?” I

waited and he dropped the basket. I knew it was coming and I welcomed it. I was pissed and wanted to hate him. Hating him was easier when he was angry. He turned to face me. I could see the anger in his eyes. For a moment I was scared. He walked closer to me and stood silently beside me.

“You’re deliberately trying to make me hurt you, aren’t you?

Do you want me to fuck you, Norah?”

He grabbed my arm and drug me back to the house. “This is what you want? You want me to be

rough? You want me to be angry? Is that easier for you to handle?"

He pulled me in the house and up the stairs. When we got to my room, he shoved me on the bed then pulled off his jacket and tie.

When he started pulling off his shirt, I got scared and quickly changed my mind.

"I'm sorry. Please don't do this," I held up my hand.

"Oh, it's too late for sorry now little one. You brought this on yourself." He pushed his pants down and took his shoes off. He crawled toward me on the bed and I tried to move away. He grabbed my ankle and pulled me to him. He covered

my
body as he pushed my dress up over my
head and threw it on the
floor. He grinded himself against me and
held my hands down so I
couldn't fight him. I turned my head so I
couldn't see his face. He
moved down my body and pulled my
underwear off, then covered
me again, and held my hands down. He
parted my legs and pressed
himself on top of me.

“Please, stop,” I begged.

“Is this what you want? You want me to
fight with you? You
want me to rape you, Norah?” I shook
my head and begged him to
stop. “Oh beg me some more, please. I

thought I wouldn't like fighting you, but I think I like it very much." I got an arm loose and slapped him. His eyes grew colder. "You slapped me?" He grabbed my arm and slammed it in the bed. "You make me angry, provoke me to hurt you, and now you slap me?" He moved his pelvis against my sex. "Is our relationship easier for you to handle if I'm a monster all the time?" He licked my neck and kissed me hard on the mouth. "You think I have hurt you in the past, wait until I shove this inside that tight pussy of yours. Then you'll know what a fucking monster I really am, Norah." I clenched

my eyes shut and let the tears take over. I had asked for this. I provoked him. In a weird way, I just wanted to get it over with. “Just do it, you sick bastard,” I panted and prepared myself for the worst. But instead he stopped moving. He released my arms and moved off of me. I opened my eyes and he was kneeling between my legs. He looked at my face and then ran his hands over his. He moved to the end of the bed and pulled on his pants. “I don’t want it like this. I never wanted it like this.” I don’t think he knew he was talking out loud. He leaned forward, and

grabbed his clothes off the floor. He turned to me, “Why did you make me do this? We were having such a beautiful day.” Then he walked out. I cried for a while then got up and took a shower, put on my pajamas and got back in bed. I curled up and tried to sleep.

Things had just become decent between him and I and I ruined it. He was acting like he actually cared for me, and I pissed him off on purpose. Usually he was the one that pushed me away after he got too close. This time it was me pushing him away. Part of me wanted to protect myself from him, make him happy to keep him

happy, but another part told me this relationship was fucked up from the beginning and I shouldn't like this man no matter how nice he was to me. I wouldn't be so confused if he was mean and hurt me all the time instead of flipping back and forth. Then another very small part of me said, he was just as lonely as I was; it said he wanted my company and he bought me to be with him. It told me my caring feelings for him were fine because he really did care for me too. I cried for so long, and worried that he would return having changed his mind. Finally as the sun set I drifted to sleep. My eyes flew open

when I heard the door open. I saw his dark outline walk to the other side of my bed. I looked at the alarm clock and it was after midnight.

I tensed up thinking he had come back to finish what I started. I felt the bed shift as he climbed in behind me. His arms wrapped around me, and I could feel his face in my hair. I tried to pull away. "I'm not going to hurt you, Norah. I don't want to hurt you. Please don't fight me, I'm so sorry." He was apologizing to me. I provoked him. He moved my hair off my shoulder and kissed it. "Did I hurt you?" he asked. I rolled to face him. I could see his face, and he looked sad. I shook my head no.

“You just scared me,” I breathed. I touched his chest with my hands and pulled at the neck of his t-shirt. He kissed my forehead.

“I scared myself. I let my anger take over. But I don’t want you like that, Norah.” I looked up at him, and he wiped my tears away. “I want you, believe me, I want you so bad.” He kissed my forehead again. “But I can’t do it like that, no matter how angry I am. That isn’t me.” He touched my chin and forced my eyes on him. “If you’re worried about that, don’t. Don’t be worried. I will never force you to have sex with me.” He stopped and swallowed hard. “Have

you been waiting for me to..." he trailed off like he couldn't even say the words. "Is that why you provoked me today?" "I knew it would happen sooner or later. Rehashing how I got here today, just made me remember all the bad things they said to me. I've been so scared, I just wanted it over with." I took in staggered breath and started to cry again. I pressed my head in his chest and he rubbed the back of my head. "I don't know what I'm doing, Norah. I should have never," he cleared his throat and didn't finish that sentence either. "I'm so confused about you. I want to be close to you. But I guess I'm

afraid.” I looked up at him.

“What could you be afraid of? You’re so strong, powerful and always in control.”

“I’m afraid that you hate me because I bought you. I’m afraid that you hate me because I keep you in this room. I’m afraid you hate me because I don’t want to let you go. And I’m afraid of losing you anyway.” He was being honest, so I decided to reward him with honesty. “I’m afraid too. I’m afraid of letting my guard down and you hurting me again. I’m afraid of going crazy in this room all alone. I’m afraid of falling in love with my captor who might sell me when he’s

done with me.” He pulled me closer to him.

“No, Norah. I would never do that. Please don’t say that,” he kissed my lips lightly.

“But most of all, I’m afraid of you rejecting me; and that scares me more than anything else.”

Chapter seven

When Liam woke up Norah was still asleep next to him. He leaned on one elbow and watched her. She looked peaceful. He decided he didn’t want an awkward scene after their confessions last night. So he jumped up, and left her room, leaving the door open behind him. He showered, dressed and

headed downstairs for breakfast.

Norah woke up to find her bed empty. She ran her hand over the vacant space next to her and balled herself up. She thought he might have regretted his apology in the light of the morning. She rolled to her back and covered her face with her hands.

“Good Morning, Norah,” she heard his voice and shot straight up in bed. But he wasn’t there, just talking over the intercom. “I would like you to join me for breakfast in the dining room, if you don’t mind. As you can see your door is opened. Take a moment to

ready yourself and I will see you soon.” She jumped out of bed and went to the bathroom. She thought about getting dressed as she brushed her hair and teeth, but decided against it. She grabbed the pink robe from the back of the bathroom door, and slipped on her slippers. She stepped through the door way half expecting to be shocked by electricity or set off some kind of alarm. When that didn’t happen she continued down the hall to the stairs. She couldn’t believe she was walking through this magnificent house alone. She wondered which of the many doors she passed belonged to him. When

she got to the bottom of the stairs, Gerald stood to meet her. She lowered her head, and grasped her hands in front of her.

“This way, Miss,” Gerald held out his hand in the direction of the dining room. She walked slowly not sure if he was supposed to be in front of her or behind her. She stepped in the dining room, and saw him at the end of the table. Well she saw the morning paper opened, and assumed he was behind it. Gerald pulled out her seat and she sat down. He folded down a corner of the paper, and smiled at her.

“Good Morning, little one. Did you

sleep well?” his voice was soft, but different from the voice that was in her bed last night. Last night he sounded desperate for her to forgive him, for her to understand him, for her to trust him. This morning he sounded more confident and controlled.

“Yes, I did, thank you.” She kept her eyes lowered to her plate. Gerald came in and offered her eggs, bacon, toast, and coffee, which she gladly accepted all of it. Liam folded the paper up, and began to eat. Norah waited. She wasn’t sure what she was waiting for, but she waited.

“Please, help yourself, Norah.” She

smiled and took her fork. She thought after his confession last night, and being so close to him, that she would feel more comfortable around him, but she didn't. She was more confused and very unsure of herself. He seemed very confident. He ate and continued to look at the paper next to his plate, seemingly unaffected by her at all. She ate and looked at the art on the walls. "I have to go into work for just a little while this morning. Apparently we haven't been able to close the Houston deal yet, and it's on the verge of falling apart." Norah nodded her head. "I shouldn't be long. I

thought when I came back, I could take you out to my stables, or the pond and let you feed the ducks.” She smiled but still didn’t look over at him. He patted her hand and she moved it so her hand was on top of his. They both finished their breakfast in silence. He walked to the front door and she was close behind him. He turned to face her. He wasn’t sure how to handle this moment. It seemed like the little wife was seeing her husband off to work. He touched her chin and raised her face to look at him. “Take a swim in the tub or check out the books in my library,” then he pointed down the hall to the side

of the stairs Norah hadn't seen before. "If you walk down there, to your left there is a nice big library full of books." He leaned forward and kissed her forehead. "I shouldn't be long."

Norah

I don't know how long I stood there and looked out the window. I really didn't know what to do. He had never let me roam the house before. I wanted to know more about him, but I wasn't sure it was my place to explore his home without him there. I turned to face the stairs and saw Rosa standing there with a stack of laundry. She said something to me in

Spanish. Just as I was about to say I didn't understand Spanish, Gerald rounded the corner and spoke for me. "She doesn't understand you, Rosa. But yes go put her clothes away, and change the sheets on her bed. I'm sure she doesn't mind." He smiled at me and kept walking. Rosa nodded and went upstairs. I went back to the dining room where Gerald was clearing the table and just watched him. Everyone was just going about their business as if the girl who had been locked in the basement wasn't out and about in the house now. Like it was completely normal to have a person who had been

purchased roaming around. I wondered if his statement about never having bought a sex slave before was really true. These people were acting like nothing was different, and to me everything was different.

“Can I help?” I asked in a shy voice. Gerald stopped and looked over at me.

“You want to help me, Miss?” He seemed to be just as confused as I was.

“I don’t know what I should be doing, and I don’t want to go back to my room,” I lowered my eyes and fidgeted with my hands. I was scared if I went back to my room, the door would close and I

would be locked in for the day. I was out, and I wanted to stay out. He nodded and left the room. I went to the kitchen and three women in black and white maid's uniforms were moving around. One was washing dishes, another was sweeping the floor, and the other was chopping fruit. They all smiled at me, but didn't speak. I wondered how many women they had seen walk through this house. I walked through the kitchen to the backdoor and looked outside. "Will you be showering before you go outside, Miss?" I turned and saw Gerald standing behind

me. “I only ask, because Rosa would like to clean your bathroom.” I tightened the belt around my robe and cleared my throat. “We have been instructed to leave your bedroom open for the day, so you don’t have to be concerned about being left in your room.” It was like he was reading my mind. “Then I guess I will go shower now.” I ate lunch on the back patio, alone. Whatever it was that was keeping him away took more than a few hours. I paced around the house all day expecting to see him walk through the door any moment. I checked out the big library and even found an indoor pool down a very long

hall in the back of the house.
There was a billiards room, and what
looked like a trophy room as
well. Liam had trophies from playing
rugby, cricket and soccer, well
football to him.
He had pictures of him playing tennis
with Boris Becker and
John Mcenroe and diplomas from
various schools hanging on the
walls. I got bored and laid outside in the
sun for a while and took a
nap. I finally asked Gerald if he had
called, but he didn't have any
news.

Liam walked in the house after midnight.
His day had been a

complete disaster. The Houston deal was going downhill. They had worked through lunch and dinner trying to come to some kind of an agreement, but to no avail. He kicked off his shoes next to his briefcase and started to loosen his tie. “She’s in the library, sir,” Gerald said. Liam ran his hands over his face. He felt bad about making her wait for him all day, but he wasn’t use to having anyone to answer to at home.

“She waited up for me?” he asked.

Gerald shook his head.

“She tried, but I’m afraid she fell asleep about an hour ago.”

Liam nodded and told Gerald that was

all he needed for the evening
and went to see his sleeping beauty. She
was laying in his big brown
leather chair with a pink blanket laying
over her. He watched her
sleep as he made himself a drink at the
bar. He quickly drank it down
and poured himself another. It had been
a disastrous day, but seeing
her sleeping so peacefully warmed his
body. He took the second
drink over to the chair and lifted her
head so it was in his lap. She
moved around, but didn't wake. When he
finished his drink, he sat it
on the table next to him and ran his
fingers through her dark hair.
She was so beautiful. For a brief

moment Liam had a vision of a world where she could truly forgive him for all the wrong he had done to her. Where she could overlook the fact that he purchased her illegally and kept her from seeing her family. In this perfect world she would fall in love with him and they would live happily ever after. “I hope one day you will be able to forgive me.” He ran his fingers over her cheek. “I hope one day you will understand why I have done the things I have done. I don’t deserve it, your forgiveness or understanding, I know that. I don’t deserve you or your trust. But I want you to love me, Norah.” He ran his

thumb over her lips and took a deep breath. "I know it's crazy, but I want you to really love me." Then shook his head awakening himself from his dream world.

He was not Prince Charming and the only thing she needed to be saved from was him. He moved his hands under her body and lifted her in his arms. Her eyes opened and she smiled as he started up the stairs. He laid her in her bed, and pulled the covers up to her chin.

She nestled her face in her pillow and he leaned in to kiss her forehead. He started for the door and heard her little voice.

"Don't leave me." He stopped but didn't

move. “Stay, please.” He lowered his head, and then turned back to her. After the day he had, laying in a bed with her was just what he needed. He knew he should leave her alone but he couldn’t. He removed his shirt and pants, leaving him in just his boxer briefs and t-shirt, and crawled in the bed. He laid facing her.

“I’m sorry it took me so long. Did you have a good day?” he played with her hair over her shoulder. “I had a great day. I just wish you were here too.” She paused. He couldn’t believe his ears. She actually wanted to spend the day with him. She went on, “Did you

get everything done.” He smiled.

“Well, it’s done, but it didn’t work out like I had planned. I think we have one more chance tomorrow, but I’m not holding my breath.”

“Why is it so easy to talk to you lying in bed, but other times, I never know what to say?” she asked. He had been thinking the same thing. He pulled her close and lightly kissed her lips. They fell asleep in each other’s arms. Liam was beginning to realize that sleeping with Norah was good for him. He woke feeling well rested and ready for the day. He

also loved holding her and ‘accidentally’ moving his hands over her body. He wanted to explore her, kiss her all over and watch her arch her back with an orgasm. He wanted her hands on him, her mouth on him and to experience an orgasm buried deep inside her. But he wouldn’t make a move until she was ready. He just hoped it was soon.

The next day they spent the entire day together. He gave her a tour of the house. She thought it was a little strange he didn’t want to show her his room, but didn’t press the issue. He let her check her

email and he read over her shoulder about Tiffany's wedding plans, and her sisters looking forward to her coming home. She also received an email from "Celebration" the ad agency, about her internship beginning in a month. They all concerned him. He didn't know how to handle her supposed return or internship. But the email that concerned him the most was from Mike. From the details of the email it was clear she and he had had some kind of relationship and he was hoping to rekindle it when she returned. The thought of her being with another man sent chills down his spine. He wondered how he even got this email

address. She informed him that her sisters or Tiffany must have given it to him, because she hadn't spoken to him since college. He allowed her to write back to her sisters and Tiffany, explaining that she had met someone, and would be staying until the end of the summer. She told him she would email the Director of Human Resources for "Celebration" to inform her she would not be taking the internship, he nodded in agreement but felt guilty for taking that away from her. She didn't make it any easier for him as he noticed tears running down her cheeks as she typed it out. They had

lunch by the pond, and after they ate, Norah ripped up some bread to feed the ducks. Liam laid on the blanket just watching her trying to forget the last time they were out here and everything that had transpired that day. She was graceful, sweet and innocent. In some ways she was so much wiser than him, but in other ways she was a child and unknowing of the ways of the world. At her young age of 22 she had been through hell, and still managed to laugh and break bread for the ducks. Some women were so understandably weak that after living through what she had been

through, they would never function normally again. He clenched his eyes, knowing that some of the pain, some of the hurt, had been his doing. He also wondered how she thought of herself. Did she see herself as his girlfriend, roommate, or still as his slave? He wondered if she was thankful that he had bought her and not someone else. He could only imagine where she would be and what would have been done to her by now, if he hadn't bought her. He briefly wondered if any of the other girls from the auction were being treated like Norah was now. He wouldn't say she was lucky, he still felt a lot of guilt about

holding her here, but he wasn't sure if it was completely against her will anymore. He hoped given a choice she would want to stay with him, but he was too scared to find out. He saw the pain in her eyes as she read emails from her family and how turning down the internship was hard for her to do. He knew one day he would have to tell her that he didn't know she had been kidnapped in the beginning. He knew one day he was going to have to tell her that she was free. He wanted her to be his, but not in a slave kinda way. He wanted her to submit to him, but not like a slave. His one and only

experience with a slave auction had turned him off to that lifestyle altogether. He was happy being a Dominate and having his submissive. He just wanted that submissive to be Norah. But right now it was still important for his safety and legal whoas that Norah think she was his slave, that he did own her, and that he was in complete control of her life. He had already told her too much the night he had almost raped her. He didn't have that card to play anymore. He knew she still respected him, with the way she lowered her head, the way she wouldn't look at him unless he asked her to, and she hadn't said his

name since the fight. Right now she thought of his treatment of her as a reward and that was fine. He knew it wouldn't always be this way that she would mess up eventually. She would break a rule, or do something that would force him to punish her. However he wasn't sure how to punish her anymore. The thought of hurting her, even just spanking her, made him nauseous. He didn't know what to make of it; spanking, caning, bounding and gagging his subs was something that always turned him on. Not just as punishment, but as roll play, sex scenes, he liked to exert his dominance over his

women. But when he pictured having sex with Norah, a very different scene came to mind. He was still deep in thought when his phone rang. Norah looked over at him, as he stood up and turned his back to her. "Hastings," he said in his phone. Then he listened as Steve explained that negotiations were done and they had not come to an agreement. "It's the son, dammit! Mr. Stackhouse would let us help him if we could talk to him alone. He thinks we're trying to screw him out of his own company, but if he would just listen to us without his son, we could make him understand we are trying to save it!

Fuck!” He ran his hands through his hair. “All because he thinks Daddy is trying to sell the company out from under him. I’m not even asking for him to step down as CEO for fucks sake! Stackhouse Jr. will still inherit the company in a few years, and if we help him, he would get a better more profitable fucking company! Turning us down makes them open for an unwanted takeover, by someone that won’t give a damn about the reservations we negotiated!” Liam listened some more and paced back and forth. “Fine. Fine. No, I’m not happy. The old man will be bankrupt in a year, but I’ve done what I can do.”

He ended the call and walked to Norah. “Some people just can’t accept help even if it’s right in front of them.” He wrapped his arms around her waist and felt her stiffen.

That evening at dinner Liam could tell Norah had something on her mind. They both sat quiet while Gerald served them, and Norah waited for Liam to tell her she could eat before she picked up her fork. Her head was lowered and she didn’t make eye contact.

Liam smiled as he sipped his wine. He was happy his mushy confession hadn’t taken away the basics of her submission. She tensed when he touched her, which told

him she still feared him. In a weird way, Liam liked that she feared him, he liked her not knowing what he would do next. He wanted her to know he cared for her, but he also wanted her to remember being smacked for talking to him with lack of respect.

“You look like you have the weight of the world on your shoulders, Norah. Talk to me. What’s on your mind?” he asked. She smiled a little and looked over at him, and then back at her plate.

“I had a good day today,” she spoke softly. “I did too, but that certainly isn’t what’s bothering you now is it?” She shook her head. “Then tell me,

little one. What has you distressed?" She swallowed hard and took a sip of her water.

"You said before," she paused and took a deep breath. "You said that I was the first slave you had ever bought." She glanced over at him, not wanting to upset him. He didn't look upset, so she went on. "But you seem very," she paused again. "Experienced." He bobbed his head.

"Look at me, Norah." She looked over at him and braced herself for anything. He took her hand and shook it, silently asking her to relax. "Yes, you are my first slave. Before you, I only had

relationships with Submissive's. Which is like a slave, just not as intense. They had jobs, lives outside this house, and some of them didn't even live with me." He took a sip of his wine. "But I realized I wanted something more; I wanted complete control. I think we both know I like to make the decisions and don't like to be second guessed." He smiled at her, and she lowered her eyes. "I like rules and I like obedience, Norah. I have no problem punishing you for not obeying me, should I ever need to." He took a bite of his salad. "If ours was a sexual relationship, our rules would be very different, my demands on you

would be very different.” He didn’t look at her when he spoke this time.

“Will I ever see my family again?” It was a bold question. It took a lot of bravery on her part to ask, and he knew that. He didn’t like this topic, but he didn’t like the last one either.

“I like your bravery, little one, I do.” He touched her chin and made her look at him. “But be careful, Norah, sometimes your bravery gets you in trouble.” He let her chin go, and then answered her question. “I would like for you to see your family again. But that’s really up to you.” He took a sip of

wine not really sure how to answer her. “It’s like I said in the beginning Norah, if you are nice to me, I will be nice to you. You have been rewarded with being let out of your room, you’re free to roam the house as you please. You’ve been outside, and enjoyed this beautiful weather. I’ve slept in your bed with you, and,” he didn’t finish that sentence. He wanted to say ‘not demanded sex from you.’ But he had already told her he wouldn’t do that. He had never slept with a sub and not had some kind of sexual activity, and he never stayed the whole night. “These are rewards for good behavior. I don’t think I make a

lot of outrageous demands of you Norah. I want you to respect me, it's really that simple.” He took her hand and kissed it. Placing it back on the table he squeezed just a little hard. “But they are all things that can be taken away too, remember that, little one.” Then he let her hand go and went back to eating. She was deep in thought for the rest of dinner. Was he saying that if she behaved and continued to do as he said, that she would see her family again? Maybe have a job and be allowed out of the house, in public?

Chapter eight

Norah

The last few days with Liam had been wonderful. I was now able to roam the house freely and go out in the yard whenever I wanted. While he was at work I would help Rosa with her work, and she would teach me how to cook. Gerald never said much but I could tell he did not approve. But he never failed to help us out when we had a communication problem. We would always finish up before Liam would come home. He had never told me I couldn't talk to the house staff, but he never said I could either. I didn't want to upset him. We would eat together in the evenings and he would tell me

about his day. He never went into a lot of detail, and I could tell he was trying to keep things simple so I would understand. I wanted to tell him I was also college educated and he didn't need to talk to me like I was child, but I thought that would earn me another smack in the face.

After dinner sometimes he had more work to do and would go to his study, sometimes we would take a walk outside and look at the stars. He knew a lot of about astrology and liked to talk about the stars and planets. Other nights I would sit quietly and read while he would shuffle papers and talk on his cell phone, insisting he

wasn't working. Most nights would end with me crawling in his lap and falling asleep. I would wake up in his arms as he carried me up the stairs, or when he would lay me down on my bed. I would always ask him to stay, and most nights he would crawl right in behind me, as if he had been waiting for an invitation. A few nights he had said he had to finish some work and would be back later. Sleeping in his arms was so comforting, it was the only time he touched me without holding back. During the day he held my hand and kissed my forehead, but always seemed to hesitate or act like he was holding back from doing

something else. When he carried me to bed, I snuggled against his chest and neck. We were sleeping in the same bed, and yet he still hadn't tried to have sex with me. I had made myself available, I thought. Letting him know I was ready, by moving my body against his, kissing his neck lightly while he was falling asleep, but he hadn't taken advantage. I had done everything except actually say the words.

One night we laid in bed talking, and when he leaned in to kiss my forehead, I made my move. I wrapped my arms around his body and rolled so I was on top. I

looked down at him and leaned in for a kiss, which he eagerly accepted. We kissed for what seemed like way to long, but his hands never moved from my back. So I moved my mouth to his neck and then to his chest. He grabbed my arms and pulled me back to his mouth. I moved my body against his and tried to lower my arms, but he wouldn't release them. I rolled again so he was on top of me and moved my hands to his hair. We continued to kiss, and when his mouth moved to my neck, I thought this was my chance. I lowered my hands to his hips and wiggled my pelvis against him. When I ran my hands over his

waist band, I raised my nightgown at the same time. “Norah, please stop trying to take your clothes off.” I let out a deep breath. “I’m not trying to take my clothes off,” I whispered. “Okay, so please stop trying to take my clothes off,” he smiled against my lips. “Don’t you want me?” I asked, and I knew he could feel my disappointment.

“Yes, I want you. I want you so bad, but I just don’t think this is the right time, little one.” He rolled off of me and I moved to my side with my back to him. I felt the bed move and then I felt his mouth on my ear and wrapped his arms around me. “Hey, when it’s right, it will

happen, okay.” I touched his hands and turned to him. “Why isn’t it right now?” He smiled and kissed my lips. “Norah, I know you think you’re ready, but think about it, sweetheart; part of you is just doing this because you think this is what I expect, isn’t it?” I didn’t answer, but just lowered my eyes. In my stomach I knew he was right. It was the ache between my legs I had to convince. “Rosa’s daughter is in labor, I’m going with her to the hospital, are you going to be alright?” Gerald was panting as he ran out on the patio. “I’ve tried to call Mr. Hastings, but wasn’t able to reach him. Lina will still be here, and

Raymond is out in the stables.
I'll call with any news!" He turned and
ran back inside. I went inside
and heard Rosa screaming something in
Spanish to him, and him
telling her to calm down in English as
they rushed out the door. I
looked at the grandfather clock in the
foyer, it was 4:47. I knew Liam
would be home soon, so I went to the
kitchen and started making
dinner. I took the three cooked chicken
breasts out of the fridge, and
shredded them. I sautéed some cream
cheese, onions, chicken
broth, diced tomatoes, and green chilies.
I added some flour and
butter to thicken it up a little, and then

put in the chicken and lots of cheese. While it cooked, I found the tortillas and a long baking dish. I looked in the fridge and found some veggies and strawberries. I added the chicken mixture of the tortillas, rolled them, making six, and put them in the oven for 35 minutes. I chopped some lettuce, cucumbers and strawberries and mixed them in a bowl. I went to the pantry and found raisins and chopped almonds. I thought they would both make a nice addition, to whatever it was I was making. When I came out of the pantry he was standing at the island.

“Where’s Rosa? The house is so quiet,

and you didn't meet me at the door. Is something wrong?" He asked. I lowered my head and walked to him and he kissed the top of my head. He had never formally told me he required me to meet him at the door, but he had expressed how much he loved it.

"You're the one thing I have been looking forward to seeing all day." I smiled, but my head was still lowered.

"Whatever you're doing in here, it smells wonderful." I stepped back a little. "So? Tell me what's going on?" I didn't raise my head to answer him.

"Rosa's daughter went into labor today,

so Gerald took her to the hospital. Lina was still here, but Gerald told me she was a cousin or niece or something of Rosa's, a while back, so I just told her to go too." He laughed. "Yes, I guess that's what I get for hiring an entire family to work for me. When something happens to one, they all want to be there." He picked at my salad a little. "So what did Rosa leave us to eat?"

"She didn't. So I made us some enchiladas. They should be done in about 20 minutes, and I'm working on a salad here." I pointed to the bowl he was picking at. "You made dinner?" he asked. I nodded.

“Yes sir.” I still wasn’t sure what to call him. He had made it clear even though he told me his name, he didn’t want me to use it.

“Hmm. Well good.” He paused and looked at me. “I’m going to go take a shower.”

I added the almonds and raisins to the salad and chopped a few more strawberries since he seemed to have eaten a lot of them.

I made an oil and vinegar dressing, and started setting the table. I was putting the food on the table when he came back down. “This looks like a scene from ‘Leave it to Beaver’.” He laughed. “The little wife making dinner, while her husband worked

hard at the office all day.” I tensed up. I wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or not. He didn’t seem like he wanted a little wife at home. He touched my hand and I looked up at him. “Don’t worry, I like it.” We sat and he went right for the enchiladas. He took several bites but didn’t say anything. I didn’t touch my food, I was too nervous. “This is delicious, Norah, really delicious.” He motioned his hands for me to dig in, so I did. It was rather good, even if I did think so myself. “Thank you, sir. Rosa has been teaching me few things while you’re at work.” I swallowed hard not knowing what he would

think of that. “Really?” he said. “Well, her lessons have paid off.” He smiled and I relaxed a little. “So would you like to hear the family drama, and why Gerald rushed out of here with Rosa?” he asked, licking his fingers. I nodded and looked over at him briefly. “It’s ok if you look at me when I talk to you Norah.” I looked back and he touched my hand. “I do appreciate the respect you show me. Believe me, it doesn’t go unnoticed.” He took another bite of his salad. “Two years ago, Gerald’s son, Nathan, worked here over the summer. He worked as my driver, while Trig was home with his wife

and new baby. He helped Gerald, when he needed it, and Raymond with the gardening staff as well. Well the same summer, Rosa's daughter, Sofia, started working here full time as a housekeeper." He paused and took a sip of his beer. "The two met, and fell in love. When the summer was over, Nathan had to go back to school in Dublin, and Sofia stayed here. But from what I understand just from listening to the staff talk, they continued to see each other, and nine months ago, she turned up pregnant." He took another sip of his beer. "I don't think Gerald nor Rosa were happy about it. They are

both devout Catholics, and think it's a sin to engage in sex before marriage." I smiled wondering what in the world they must think of Liam and all his dark tendencies. "They got married before she started to show," he paused, "here actually, in the back yard." He said back yard, like he had a pool, swing set and a grill with his patio, and not the acres of land he actually had with tennis courts, stables, and yes, I'm sure there was a pool somewhere. But I couldn't see him pushing kids on the swings, or flipping hamburgers. "The best of it all, was Rosa and Gerald. Rosa has been a widow for, I don't know, ever since I

can remember. She came to work for us when I was in middle school and her husband died shortly after that.” Wow, Rosa had been with him for a very long time. She knew him as a boy, and has watched him grow into a man.

“Gerald, however, had a wife, but they haven’t lived together in the same house for 20 years. They separated when Nathan was just in grade school, but never got divorced, because of their religion. But with all this interaction between Rosa and Gerald because of the kids, they ended up falling in love too!” I smiled and laughed a little.

This was really like a soap opera. It was

great to see him so animated. “So when I said, I hired a family, I really did. Gerald divorced his wife, and he and Rosa now live in one of my guest houses, as well as they have a room here in the house too. Sofia, is Rosa’s daughter, married to Nathan, Gerald’s son, and are having a child of their own. Maria, another housekeeper of mine, is Rosa’s younger sister, and Lina is Maria’s daughter.” He laughed and started eating again. I shook my head and took a few bites too. “It sounds wonderful!” I said. He narrowed his eyes at me. “All that family under one roof; living and working

together. And now a new baby to celebrate the two families becoming one. It sounds so wonderful.”

He smiled and took another bite.

“Well I don’t think they know I know this, but I think Lina and Raymond have started seeing each other too.” Raymond was a very attractive Italian man that was in charge of the grounds. I had spoken to him a few times. I thought my sisters would like his assistants, so I made a joke.

“Well if you really want to make it a family affair, we can bring my sisters over here, I’m sure they would love Lorenzo and Carlo, and then we can be related!” He

didn't laugh, he didn't seem to think my joke was funny. I lowered my eyes back to my plate, as his cell phone rang.

"Hastings. You're kidding? He's here? I thought the deal was done, over, he walked away! What now? I'm having dinner, and I can't...." he looked down at me. "Fine I'll be there in thirty minutes." He stood up. "I have to go to the office, Stackhouse is here, in London and wants to try to negotiate again." He started to walk away from the table. "Just put the food in the fridge, and leave the dishes in the sink. We can do them when we get back." I looked up

at him. “Yes, I want you to go too. Go get your shoes on, I’m going to change into something a little more businesslike. We leave in fifteen minutes.” He ran up the stairs. I quickly did as he instructed with the food and dishes and then ran to my room. I was wearing khaki colored capri pants and a yellow knit top. I brushed my teeth, and squirted on some of my vanilla coconut body splash. I slipped on my brown sandals and ran out the door. I grabbed my black bag as the shut behind me. I stood by the doorway and waited for him to return. He walked down the stairs in khaki pants, a white button up

shirt and brown loafers. He was talking on the phone, but came right over to me and looked me over. He turned me around, and then turned me again, winking his eye in approval. Then he grabbed the clip from the back of my head and let my hair down. He set the clip on the table next to the door, and ran his hands through my hair. He ended the conversation on his cell by telling whoever it was he would call them back from the car. He shuffled through his briefcase and I decided to apologize about the family comment. “Um, I just wanted to apologize for what I said earlier,” I

paused and he looked over at me. “You know, at dinner, I made a joke about my sisters moving here. I know that isn’t possible and we aren’t a couple, I was just kidding.” I lowered my eyes again. He stepped directly in front of me again, and raised my chin to his face.

“Do you think I’m upset that you would want your family here with you,” he paused. “Here with us, I mean?” I didn’t have time to respond before he spoke again, which was fine, because I didn’t know what to say anyway.

“Norah, I’m glad you feel comfortable enough to say something like that to me. I only wish for

your sake, I could make it happen.” He turned back closed his briefcase, grabbed my hand and we walked out the door.

In the car he continued to talk on his phone for a few minutes, then turned to me. “We need to talk about the rules.” His voice was stern. “It goes without saying that ours is a very unconventional,” he paused, “relationship. The less people know, the better. While I am taking this meeting, you will sit in my office and wait. I don’t want you talking to anyone. I don’t want you to be rude, of course, if someone speaks to you, be polite. But by no

means go out of your way for conversation.” I nodded. “Tell me you understand, Norah. This is important,” he squeezed my hand, “for both of us.”

“I understand, sir.”

He smiled, “and don’t call me sir in the office.”

We walked in the office building. I was nervous and he held my hand as reassurance. He walked very briskly, and I did my best to keep up. He waved and nodded at the security guards who said good evening to him and then we were on the elevator. An attractive woman got in with us, and started talking to him. I could tell she was

flirting until she saw he was holding my hand. Her eyes met mine and I lowered my head to the floor. He was pleasant to her, but overall very uninterested in what she had to say. We got off the elevator and went to the right. The floor was black marble, and the wall in front of us was lined with glass, with double glass doors in the middle. My feet slipped a little and Liam moved his arm to my lower back to steady me. We walked through the glass doors and were met by a cute red head at a large white desk. She smiled and stood up when she saw Liam. He said hello to her, and kept walking. We went

around the desk, passing people the hallway who all said something to him. At the end of the hall we went left and were again greeted by a young girl, at a desk, this time a blonde. She stood up and started talking about the meeting, and followed us as Liam opened a large cherry wood door behind her desk. It was a very large office with cherry wood furniture, and a large black sofa and chair. He went straight to the desk and they were both shuffling papers. She kept looking over at me as I walked around the office looking at things. There were pictures of Liam playing golf and tennis

with whom I assumed were clients. He had pictures of him with beautiful women at charity events, and degrees and accomplishments framed hanging behind his desk. I think he could see how the blonde was distracted by me, so he introduced us.

“Marcy, this is Norah. Norah, this is my secretary, Marcy.” I turned and walked to her and shook her hand.

“It’s so nice to meet you,” I said.

“Nice to meet you, too.” She still looked very confused. Liam had given her a title, but not me. I didn’t like the way she kept looking at Liam and I wondered if they

had relationship other than boss/secretary.

“This shouldn’t take long, at least I hope not. Make yourself comfortable, there are drinks in the fridge, snacks behind the bar, and the remote for the TV is on bookcase.”

He walked towards the door. “If this starts to take too long, I will call Trig to come get you.” He kissed my forehead and looked in my eyes. “I’m trusting you to stay in this room, Norah.” I nodded and they walked out shutting the door behind them. I walked around, looked at the books, turned on the TV, and

got a soda from the fridge. The movie “the Princess Bride” was on, so I got a large bag of popcorn from behind the bar, and got comfortable. I looked over at the door and briefly thought about walking out. I had no idea where the conference room was, but I was certain I could get out of the building before he was done with his meeting. He might be in there for at least an hour, so I could possibly have time to call a cab and really get away. But where would I go? What would I do? What if he caught me trying to escape? My punishment would certainly be much worse than solitary

confinement in the basement and being denied conditioner for my hair. I knew whatever he would do to me for trying to leave him would make his spankings look like love taps. In the middle of my jail break fantasy I heard a knock at the door and it slowly opened. An older man with a big black cowboy hat on walked in. He was wearing jeans, a plaid shirt, and black cowboy boots.

“Well hello there, little lady, have you seen Mr. Hastings by any chance? I think I’m running a little late for my meeting,” he laughed.

“You must be Mr. Stackhouse. Yes, I think they are waiting for

you, but honestly I don't know where," I held out my hands to the sides.

"Well it's just as well. All this talk about selling my company depresses me." He walked closer to me, and sat on the couch. "Are you Mr. Hastings secretary? I didn't meet you in Houston," he asked.

"Umm, no. I'm Norah, I'm...well, I guess I'm..." I didn't know how to explain our relationship. "Liam and I live together," I finally said. No matter what our relationship truly was, that part was true.

"Oh, well good. He seems like a good man, and every good man needs a good woman." I knew I was

over stepping my bounds but I had heard
so

much about this deal Liam was trying to
make, and how bad he
wanted it, I couldn't help myself.

“He is a very good man. He's really
trying to help you. I know
it's scary, and you think he's trying to
take your company away from
you, but he really isn't. He wants to
make it better. He knows what
it's like to build something from the
ground up, that's what he did
with this company, and he wouldn't want
to lose it either. Your
company is vulnerable and from what I
have heard, the other offers
haven't been as good to you and your

employees. His plan is to make an investment so you can continue to operate as you do now.” I took a breath, and started fidgeting with my hands. What was I saying? I couldn’t shut up. He told me not to go out of my way to talk to anyone, and not only was I going out of my way, I was getting in his business.

“Please go on. You make this sound a lot simpler than all those lawyers combined.” “From what I understand, he still wants you to be CEO, and your son would still hold his position as well. Then when you retire, your son could take over just as planned

now. He doesn't want to take anything away from you or your family. He would take seat on your board and retain a percentage of ownership. He wouldn't have the majority, which would still go to you and your son. When you retire, however his percentage would get bigger. With his investment your business would not only continue to operate as usual, but it would become more profitable. Instead of layoffs, you could create more jobs. And instead of closing factories, you would be building more.”

“How do you know all this? Do you really work for Mr.

Hastings? Were you sent in here by him to butter me up? The pretty girl convinces the old man?" He laughed. "Well honey, let me tell you, if that is the case, I'm sold!" I smiled and we both went back to watching the movie. "You should probably call someone to find out where this

meeting is, I'm sure they're waiting for you," I said.

"Let them wait. They'll find me eventually." We both laughed and the door opened. Liam walked in with his secretary behind him.

"Here you are, Mr. Stackhouse. We have been looking for you. Everyone in is the conference room

at the end of the hall waiting for you, sir.” He held out his hand. Mr. Stackhouse stood up. “Well I’ve been sitting here with this pretty young thing, having a much better time than being in a stiff conference room with a bunch of lawyers,” he chuckled. “I like her, Hastings. She sold me on this deal. She explained so it made sense. She didn’t need a power point presentation or a thousand papers shuffled all over the place.” He looked back at me, and turned back to Liam. “Nope, your girlfriend, explained it so I understand. Draw up the papers and I’ll sign them.” He patted Liam on the

shoulder and started walking to the door. "We're having that dinner tomorrow night, and I'd like for you to bring her with you." "Mr. Stackhouse, Norah is not," Mr. Stackhouse looked back.

"I mean, well, of course, sir, she'll be there."

"Good. Good. I like to hear that. She's a good girl, Hastings. I thought you were a good man, but way too serious all the time. I'm glad to know you have someone like her with you. Makes you seem like more of a family man, and family is something I like, you know that."

"Yes, sir, I'll have the papers ready

tomorrow. Thank you sir.”

The door shut and Liam looked at me. I lowered my eyes right away.

“I’m sorry, sir. He came in and just started talking, I didn’t know what else to do. I didn’t tell him I was your girlfriend, I just said we lived together,” he sat beside me and lifted my chin to look at him, then placed his hand over my mouth.

“I’m not mad, Norah. You did great. You seem to be full of surprises today.” He dropped his hand and touched my leg. “People are going to assume you’re my girlfriend, and we do live together, so it’s to be expected.” He stood up, and pulled me up

with him. He moved some hair off my shoulder. "How would you like to go see the baby?" I looked up at him and smiled. "Rosa called me from the hospital and said, Sofia delivered a beautiful little girl. I thought you might like to go see her." "I would love to," I gushed. "Good," he whispered. He stepped a little closer to me, and leaned down. Just before his lips touched mine he asked permission. "Can I kiss you, Norah?" "Yes," I breathed. He gave me a light kiss. I wrapped my arms around his waist to pull him closer, but he stepped away. "Let's go," he said.

The baby was beautiful. She had a head full of black hair and the softest skin. Rosa was surprised when Liam came to visit, and she was shocked when Norah walked in behind him. Norah sat quietly in the rocking chair holding the baby as the room erupted in Spanish. Every so often Liam would say something in English, so Norah could follow the conversation. They all thought Norah looked like a natural with the baby, and they asked Liam when he was planning on becoming a father. He watched Norah rocking the baby, and whispering sweetly to her. She seemed so happy. Seeing her

like this made Liam smile.

Rosa touched Norah's arm and said something that looked like she expected an answer. Liam chuckled and shifted his feet.

"What did she say?" Norah asked, looking up from the baby.

Liam smiled at her. "She wants to know if you want to have children some day?" he looked back down at the ground, and back at her.

Norah looked in his eyes, and then over at Rosa. "Umm, I guess so. I mean I always did before.....before I came here." Norah looked back at Liam obviously feeling awkward about the question. He breathed out, and closed his eyes. "What's her

name?” Norah asked Rosa.

“Josefina Marianne,” she said. Rosa understood English very well, she just didn’t like to speak it, and Liam didn’t mind translating for her.

“That’s beautiful,” Norah said looking over at Sofia. She said something in Spanish and Norah looked at Liam for the translation.

“She said, Nathan’s grandmother was named Mary and her grandfather was named Joseph.” Norah nodded and admired the happy couple. Nathan was the typical new father, taking pictures of everyone and everything. He kept asking Sofia if she needed

anything, and she kept telling him she was fine.

“Well, I think it’s time to go,” Liam said.

Norah stood up and handed Nathan the baby.

“She’s really beautiful, Nathan. You guys are so blessed.” She kissed her on the forehead and walked over to Liam, who was talking to Rosa. “Please, don’t worry about it. Stay here with Sofia. Everything is fine, be with your daughter. She needs you.” Norah was surprised and impressed by his sensitivity to the situation. He kissed her hand and they waved good bye to everyone. As they walked down the hall Norah instinctively took Liam’s hand.

Whenever they held hands it was Liam who normally initiated it. “What’s this?” he gestured. “You okay?” She leaned into him and rubbed his arm, but didn’t say anything. They got on the elevator and she put her head in his chest and started to cry. “Hey, what’s this? What’s wrong?” he asked. He tried to get her to lean away from him, but she wouldn’t. He decided that seeing the baby, and all of Rosa’s family together must have been too much for her. He held her to his chest and let her cry. When they reached the bottom floor, she pulled away and hid her face while she wiped away

her tears. As he opened the car door for her, he took her face with both hands, and brought it up to look at him. “Don’t feel like you have to hide your feelings from me, Norah. I know being here with me is hard for you. I hope it will get easier. I hope one day, you’ll be that happy,” he gestured back towards the hospital as if he was talking about Sofia.

When they got back to the house, Norah went straight to the kitchen and started washing the dishes. Liam came in behind her, and pulled out a beer from the fridge. “I never thanked you for closing the deal for me tonight. You

did something in fifteen minutes that my executives nor myself could do in a month of talks. Thank you.” He walked up behind her at the sink. He touched her cheek and pushed the hair off her shoulder. “It seems the appearance of a girlfriend does good things for me in more ways than one. I don’t think Stackhouse would have closed the deal otherwise.” He leaned down and kissed her neck. “He’s very traditional, believes in family, marriage, having something to pass on. I don’t think he ever pictured me as the kind of man who wanted to settle down.” He kissed her neck and traveled down to her

shoulder and wrapped his arms around her waist. "You looked very natural with the baby, Norah, you looked happy." He ran his hands down her body and pulled her to him. She could feel his erection in her back. "For a very brief moment, I saw my life playing out in a different way with you." He kissed her neck again. "Is this okay, Norah?" She turned her head toward him and they shared a passionate kiss, as his hands wandered up her shirt. "I want you, Norah," he breathed in her mouth. "Do you want me?" she wiped her hands on the towel in front of her and turned her body to his. She put her hands in his

hair, and pulled him closer.
“Yes sir,” she panted. He chuckled at her response. She did want him. Although she still felt confused by her feelings, at this moment she wanted him. She felt closer to him than she ever had before. She felt at this moment she could say anything, be anything to him, and he would accept her the way she was. She wasn’t scared or even shy in front of him. And he could feel it. He knew this was the moment he had waited for. He could feel that she was relaxed and completely in control. She ran her hands up his shirt and felt his warm chest. He hummed in her mouth.

He moved her against the island and picked her up by her behind and sat her in front of him. He parted her legs and moved between them. As he grabbed the hem of her shirt to pull it over her head, he felt the vibration in his pocket. “Fuck! Are you kidding me?” he pulled away and looked down at his phone. “Dammit!” He looked at her, “I’m sorry; I’ve got to take this.” He kissed her forehead and walked in the other room. She finished up the dishes and waited for a few minutes. She wasn’t sure if she go look for him or just go up to bed. She sat on the stool next to the island for twenty

minutes. When she couldn't hold her eyes open anymore she decided to go to bed. She walked out to the foyer and started up the stairs. "Going to bed without me?" he called from the study. She turned to face him. She could see he was still on the phone. "It's okay. I shouldn't be much longer, go ahead. I'll join you in a bit, if that's alright with you?" He winked and she smiled then turned back and started up again. Then she heard him make a comment to the person on his phone. "Norah.....Yes, she's still lives here with me.....It isn't like that.....no, you can't, she's

mine.....Well I guess it is like that then.....no, she's different.....Dammit, Nick! Can we talk about business, or would like to know more about my girlfriend?"

Girlfriend? This was the 2nd time tonight someone has assumed she was his girlfriend, and he did nothing to correct them. This time he even said the word himself. Norah wondered if they knew about his domineering ways over woman. She wondered if they had any idea what Norah really was, which was a slave, or his submissive at the very least. She didn't think of herself as his girlfriend. Her feelings for him had grown into more, something she

never expected. She cared for him, liked being with him, and having him close to her. She was beginning to understand his moods and knew when to submit to his will and when she could push the envelope. But she wasn't sure how he felt about her.

It was another hour before she felt him crawl into bed behind her. He pulled her under him, and ran his hand up her body. "I was I had the strength to finish what we started downstairs, but I'm too exhausted to give it the attention it deserves." He wrapped her in his arms and they both drifted off to sleep.

Chapter nine

Norah woke and rolled to the empty side of the bed. She exhaled in disappointment at him already being gone. She wished he had woken her. She leaned up in the bed and saw a note attached to the computer screen.

*Dearest Norah,
There is a dinner banquet tonight for
Stackhouse Industries
and other colleagues. I would be
pleased if you would accompany
me. I have placed three formal dresses
in your closet for you to try
on. Please select one and call me to let
me know the color. I will not
be able to pick you up this evening. I
will have a car waiting for you*

in front of the house at 7pm, please be ready on time. I will meet you there.

Until then,

Liam

Norah jumped up from the bed and ran to the closet. There

hung a deep scarlet red ball gown. It was strapless with a full skirt and fitted waist. It was made of satin, but the skirt looked as though there were small silk roses all over it. It was a dress fit for the Oscars.

The next dress was navy blue with very small straps. The top looked like a corset, and the skirt was full. She ran her hands over the fabric.

The third dress was black and the

simplest of all three gowns. It was strapless, the skirt was straight all the way to the floor, with a small slit in the front. She quickly took off her pajamas and tried on the red dress. As she stood in the mirror twirling, she noticed the bottom shelf in her closet had shoes, a purse, and small white box to match each dress. Norah walked to the first white box and opened it. Inside was a large jewelry box on top of undergarments that matched the red dress. She opened the jewelry box and found a beautiful garnet and diamond bracelet, necklace and earrings. She covered her mouth and sat down in the chair in the

corner of her room. She assumed the other boxes had things in them that matched the other dresses. She was thinking this was going to be a business dinner, she had no idea how formal it would be. This was too much. Being around some of Liam's employees and fooling them into thinking she was his girlfriend was one thing, but now a ballroom full of people? She didn't know if she could be what he wanted her to be. She didn't know what he wanted her to be.

By 3pm Norah still hadn't called Liam with her choice of dresses. She hadn't even left her room. Gerald knocked on the door

and opened it slowly.

“Mr. Hastings, for you, Miss Chandler,” he held out the phone. Norah walked to him and nodded as she took the phone.

“Hello,” she whispered.

“Norah? I had hoped I would have heard from you by now.

Which dress are you going to wear?”

She didn't answer. “I know they are all beautiful, and I'm sure you look beautiful in them.” “I don't know if I can do this,” she whispered. Liam walked out of the conference room and into his office.

“What do you mean you can't do this?” he asked.

“I'm not sure I know what you want me

to do, or how to act.

I'm afraid I will mess up and you'll punish me." Liam exhaled in the phone.

"You can't mess up, Norah. Just be yourself, and you will be fine."

"But what if someone can tell I'm your....whatever I am to you, that you..." She sat down on the floor. "Fooling a few business associates for a few minutes is one thing, but a whole room of people? I don't know if I can do that." Liam cleared his throat.

"Norah, you don't have a price tag on your forehead and I don't carry a receipt that says paid in

full; stop being ridiculous, pick a dress and get ready. I'll see you in a few hours." He hung up the phone and went back to the conference room. Norah sat in the back of the limo fidgeting with her bracelet. She kept checking to make sure her necklace was still on too. Finally the car stopped and the door opened. A tall man held out his hand, and she stepped out on the red carpet. The building looked like a castle. She nodded at the man and stepped up on the sidewalk. "You look beautiful, Norah," Liam took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and instantly lowered her eyes. He pulled her

to him and lightly kissed her lips. “I knew red would be a gorgeous color on you.” They walked inside and Liam took her to the side. He could feel she was nervous. When they got to the corner, he took her chin and forced her to look at him. “You need to be confident tonight. You are with me, at my side. Hold your head high and let everyone see that beautiful smile.” Norah smiled a little, but lowered her eyes again. “Don’t be ashamed of yourself, Norah. I’m not. I am proud to have you with me. I will be with you all night. I won’t let anything happen to you.” He paused and took a deep breath. “Are you happy with me,

Norah?” She looked up at him. “I mean, reasonably. Are you reasonably happy with me?” She nodded her head. “So I don’t have to worry that you might run through the room telling people I kidnapped you?”

“No sir,” she whispered. He kissed her forehead.

“And don’t call me sir tonight,” and then they walked in the ballroom.

Norah

The room was magnificent. It was a grand ballroom with crystal chandeliers, and white linen covered tables everywhere. I instantly touched my necklace again it

make sure it was still there,
but also to catch my breath. Liam walked
right up to two older
gentlemen and women and started
talking.

“And who do we have here?” one of the
men asked. Liam
placed his hand at my lower back, and
held my hand with the other. “This is
Norah Chandler. Norah, this is George
Collins, his wife
Cynthia, Harry Dobbs and his wife
Carol. They were business
associates of my father and colleagues of
mine now.” I shook hands
with each of them.

“This is the lovely Norah? Whom we
have heard so little

about?” asked Cynthia. “Well my darling, you are just as beautiful as I was told. I hope the rumors are true, that you have captured Liam’s heart, however cold and hard it may be.” They all laughed, including Liam. I just smiled. “So tell us, sweetie, how did you two meet?” I looked at Liam, then decided to use to acting skills. I cleared my throat and went for it.

“Liam and I met in Paris almost three months ago. I was celebrating graduating from college, and I think Liam was just taking a break from all of his work for a few days,” I looked at him, and the group laughed. “We were both in a café,

and when I saw him, I knew I had to talk to him, so I pretended to be lost and asked him for directions. He spent the day showing me around.” I squeezed his hand, and he smiled at me. “Liam, that doesn’t sound like you. You were either drunk, or thought she was something special from the start,” Carol remarked.

“I knew she was special the moment I saw her,” Liam’s eyes narrowed and he tugged me a little closer to him.

“Well I tell you, Norah, we had heard nothing about you until the other day. Everyone on the board was wondering why Liam’s

attitude at work has changed so much lately. He doesn't seem consumed by it anymore. Now we all know why," Mr. Collins said. Liam leaned into my ear, "Would you like to dance?" he whispered in my ear. I nodded. "Please excuse us," he nodded at the group and we walked to the dance floor. We swayed back and forth with our cheeks touching. His arm was firmly around my waist as if he was afraid I was going to be taken away from him. "I hope that was acceptable, I just told the story of my day in Paris, and embellished a little." He touched my cheek with his

thumb. "It was fine. I wish it had happened that way," he exhaled and kissed my cheek. "I really did think you were special when I saw you. I thought you were so beautiful and wanted to be with you so badly." He breathed out sharply. "And all I have done is brought you more pain and sadness." He touched my exposed neck.

"That isn't true, Liam." I said his name without thinking. "I was very sad and scared at first." I put my hand to his chest. "But I'm not anymore. I still miss my family, but I like being here with you too. When we are together.....like this....really together.....I never want to

be anywhere else. I am the one who hopes to make you happy.” He grip around my waist tighten, and he pulled me closer. “You do make me happy. I’m happier with you than I have been in a very long time.”

“Sometimes, I’m not so sure. I look at you and don’t have a clue as to what you are thinking. I don’t know how I am supposed to act around you. I can feel you push me away, and become cold in a moment. Other times you want me close and make me feel like you really care about me. It scares me. It scares me that you don’t you trust me and your feelings

can change so fast. Apparently I'm not the only one that thinks you keep a wall up."

"Trust is a very hard thing to give, Norah. With our relationship, how we came together, trust is a very hard thing to give freely. You have absolutely no reason to trust me, and I have every reason in the world not to trust you. But I am trying."

"May I cut in?" a familiar voice said. We pulled ourselves apart and looked over to find Will and Jane standing beside us.

"Will Chambers, how are you?" Liam shook his hand. Jane and I nodded at each other, and then she

lowered her eyes.

“Liam, you remember Jane, right? Jane this is Liam Hastings, and I’m sure you remember Norah?”

Liam nodded at her, and we smiled at each other again. Never in wildest dreams did I ever think the last time I saw her, that I would see her again, wearing a ball gown, next to two handsome men wearing tuxedos. “I need to talk to you about some business, can we leave the girls here for a moment?” Will asked. Liam looked over me and touched both sides of my arms. “Are you going to be alright?” he asked. I nodded. “Oh good lord, she is a grown up, right? You can

leave her, I don't think the world will end." Liam didn't even look at him. He kissed my hand and winked at me. Jane stepped closer to me when they walked away.

"He seems very fond of you?" she said. I smiled. "How is your.....I mean, how are things between you?" she asked. I didn't know if Liam would want me to discuss our relationship with her, but I didn't want to be rude either. "It's fine."

"Fine?" she said. "How does he treat you?" she asked again. I looked down at my feet. "It's ok, this is just between us."

"It was hard at first. But it's easier now.

He's changed a lot." I smiled. I didn't think anything I had just said was a big secret. "Is he rough with you?" she stepped closer so no one would hear us.

"Rough? I mean he has been upset or angry with me before.

But he hasn't punished me in a long time." I wasn't sure if that was something he would want me to share or not. I pressed my lips together thinking I had over spoke.

"Will is very rough with me. He treats me like a maid and a whore. When people are around he acts like he cares for me. But when we are home, he is always having

me clean something, fold something, and make sure everything looks right. And then at night, or whenever he wants it, he just takes it, ya know? Hard, cold, sometimes it's fun, but most of the time it hurts." I narrowed my eyes at her. I wasn't sure what she was talking about.

"What does he take?" I asked. She looked at me like I had two heads.

"Sex. He takes it. He just does whatever he wants, and puts it wherever he wants it. He doesn't care if I am ready or not." I nodded and my face felt flushed. "He grabbed my arm last night during dinner, forced

me to my knees and rammed his cock in my mouth.” She adjusted her shoulder straps. “And we had dinner guests! But he doesn’t care. He likes for men to watch.” She looked at me. “Liam doesn’t do that to you?” she asked. I didn’t know how to answer her. So I just shook my head. “He doesn’t? Is he a good lover?” I knew I shouldn’t be answering these kinds of questions. I didn’t even want to answer her. I didn’t know what kind of lover Liam was, but I didn’t think it was any of her business. “He’s been very patient,” I said. I didn’t know what to say.

Liam was patient most of the time. Ever since the night I provoked him, he had been very different. His declaration in my bed let me know that he would wait for me. He was just as confused about what I was to him, as I was. But it was clear we didn't have the typical slave/master relationship, not that I had clue of what that was.

“Patient?” she shrugged her shoulders. “I wish Will had patience. I'm sure it's only a matter of time before he starts loaning me out to his friends,” she paused. Loaning her out to his friends? I wondered if this was something all Masters did with their

slaves. Was it only a matter of time before Liam did that to me? What if Liam didn't want me for himself but just to watch me with other men? "Maybe he will loan me to Liam and I can feel his....patience," she winked at me. I didn't like the sound of that. Loan her to Liam? Liam with her? I didn't like that at all. "No, I don't think Liam would do that, he and I are...." I didn't know how to finish that sentence. "We care.....he cares about me.....we haven't even....." I stopped myself. Jane looked at me in shock and covered her mouth. "He hasn't had sex with you, has he?

That's what you meant by patience?" she asked. I lowered my eyes. I knew this was too much information. "I can't believe that! Not even when they first bought us? He hasn't been with you at all?" I touched my necklace and I could feel my face turning red. "You're still a virgin?" She looked over at the men standing near the bar and he raised his glass to me. "You can't tell Will, okay? Please, I'm begging you. I shouldn't have said anything. He isn't going to like this," I begged. I looked back over at the bar to find Liam. He was laughing and talking with several other people.

“He must really care about you, Norah.” I nodded and started to walk over to Liam. He saw me coming, and raised his arm to put around me.

“This must be Norah,” a man I didn’t recognize said. I put my arm around Liam and leaned into him. So many of his business associates had heard about me. I wondered if Mr. Stackhouse had told everyone about Liam’s girlfriend, or maybe his secretary had started a rumor. I knew Liam wasn’t out telling people about me.

“Yes, this is my sweet Norah. I’m sorry I left you alone for so long darling,” he kissed my cheek and I

gave him a slight smile. He pulled me closer and put his mouth to my ear. "Are you alright? You look upset." I nodded. He looked back at the group. "We're going to go find our seats." He took my hand and we walked over to the tables. "Hey, what's wrong? Talk to me." I squeezed his hand. "Seeing Jane..." I looked down. "It just brings back bad memories." He pulled me closer and held my head against his chest. "Please don't think of that tonight," he breathed.

We ate dinner and talked to the people at our table. We had two other couples with us. Mr. and Mrs.

Jennings, they had been married for 35 years and told us we reminded them of when they first met. Mr. Stackhouse and his daughter Rebecca were also at our table. Rebecca looked my age and we talked about college, careers and clothes. She complimented my dress many times and I told her how great she looked as well. I felt very comfortable and our conversation just flowed. Whenever I would go on about something, I would look over at Liam and he was staring at me. Sometimes he would squeeze my hand slightly, and I thought it was a signal for me to stop talking, so I would. After dinner

was over, Liam and I sat at the table alone for a moment.

“I’m sorry, I can go on and on sometimes. I shouldn’t have let myself get caught up like that.” I looked down at my hands. “Oh, quite the contrary. I love hearing you talk. You don’t

sound that calm or carefree when you talk to me. It was a delight to hear you go on like that.” He took a sip of wine. “I think I should have your new friend around you more often, see how comfortable you really can be.” He leaned closer to me.

“I want you to feel like that with me Norah.” I nodded and gave him a small smile. “I need to go

talk to someone, I will be right back.” I
nodded, and picked up my
fork to eat my chocolate cake. “Don’t eat
my cake, I want it,” he

smiled and kissed my forehead.

“Liam,” I hesitated after saying his name out loud again.

“Rebecca asked me for my email address. Is it ok if I give it to her?” I asked. He knelt down so we were eye level.

“Yes it is, but thank you for asking.” He kissed my hand and walked away. I sat there eating my cake, taking in this beautiful room. I thought of how far I had come from being shackled in a basement somewhere in Paris, to now wearing a ball gown, and feeling like Cinderella. I took a deep breath and then I felt a cold hand on my shoulder. I turned to look up

and didn't recognize his face. He was tall, blonde, and very handsome. He unbuttoned his suit jacket and sat down beside me. I swallowed hard and looked around the room.

"Don't worry, Norah. I know who you are, or should I say, what you are," he still hadn't taken his hand away from my shoulder.

"Liam and I are.....friends. My name is Nick Meyers. Liam and I have always had the same taste in women, and it surprised me when he told me you were a brunette with olive skin. We usually prefer pale skin with blonde hair. But I have to say, he hasn't let me down. You

truly are as beautiful as he said you were.” His hand moved to my neck and back to my shoulder. I stood up and shrugged him off.

“Please don’t touch me like that,” I said.

I kept looking

around the room to see if I could find Liam. I couldn’t believe Liam had told someone about me. This guy

not only seemed to know about me, but he knew Liam had bought

me. Nick stood up in front of me. “Liam likes to share, Norah. We’ve

done it many times. However, you he has kept all to himself.” He

touched my chin and forced me to look at him. “Rumor is, Liam has

really fallen for you. That you might be

just the girl to make him settle down.” He ran his thumb across my cheek. I shook my head and slapped his hand away. “I wonder how tight that little pussy of yours must be if it makes him want to settle down?” I stepped back.

“Hopefully, I won’t have to wonder for long,” he stepped closer. I stepped back again and felt an arm around my waist. Liam pulled me behind him, and held my hand.

“Back off, Nick! She’s mine! I told you that!” I put my face in the Liam’s back and wiped the tears from my face.

“Oh, come on now, brother, we’ve always shared things

before. Let me get a taste of this whore of yours?" Before I could even look up, Liam stepped forward and punched Nick in the face, and caught him with his other hand. "I told you, she's different! She's mine! You call her a whore again, and a broken nose will be the least of your worries...brother." He dropped him to the floor and turned to me. "Are you alright?" I nodded. He pulled me to him, and we walked to the bar. "I'm sorry, I left you alone. I didn't know he was here. He's an ass." He held up his hand and ordered a glass of wine for me, and shot of whiskey for him. "It was a fine

evening, until that bastard showed up,” he took the shot. “We went to college together and were in the same fraternity. We’ve,” he paused, “shared things over the years. But he has gotten just as bad as Will....fucking prick. His father ran his construction company in the ground and I saved his ass five years ago. He was supposed to join Will and I for the,” he swallowed and adjusted his collar, “auction, but couldn’t get away.” He took another shot, then ordered a glass of water. “Will told him about you and the insane amount of money I spent to have you. He called the other night with the cover of

wanting to do some business, but now I see he just wanted to know about you.” He made me look at him. “It’s been a great evening. Don’t let him ruin it.” I took a sip of my wine. “Come dance with me, again. Forget about him,” I took another sip of my wine, then pulled him to the dance floor. We swayed close together and he nestled his face in my neck. “You are an amazing woman, Norah. Don’t let what he said get to you.” I nodded. “I would never share you with anyone.” “Jane said that Will,” he stopped me before I could finish. He

pulled me away from his chest and made me look at him. "I'm not Will, Norah. You're mine. Only mine. I would never let that bastard or any other man come near you like that Norah." I nodded. "Tell me you believe me." I nodded again. "I need to hear you say it, little one. Tell me you believe me." "I believe you." We danced for several songs and then he introduced me to several more clients, and we talked with Mr. Stackhouse and his daughter again. Soon we were laughing and listening to stories of fishing and hunting from Mr. Stackhouse and I had forgotten all about telling Jane too

much and Nick calling me a whore. Liam even felt comfortable enough to leave me alone talking to Rebecca. I gave her my email address and she asked for my cell phone number too. When I told her I didn't have one she looked at me like I was crazy. She told me she would be traveling back to London soon, and hoped to see me again. After a while I was tired. I walked up to Liam who was standing at the bar talking with another business associate, and wrapped my arms around his waist and put my cheek to his back. His hands covered mine.

“I think my girl is getting tired, I need to

get her home.” He turned to me, and I leaned back to look at him. “Are you ready to go home?” he asked. I nodded. I liked hearing him call me his girl and saying home like it was ours together. I took off my shoes and pulled the pins out of my hair, while Liam started a fire in the fireplace in the study. It was August but it still felt nice. I put the pins on his desk, and walked to him. “I had a really good time tonight, despite being called a whore. I’m glad you asked me to go with you,” I stopped just in front of him. “Please don’t remind me. And I hope you don’t think that I

think that way of you.” He paused. “I have something for you,” he said. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a small little black velvet bag. “Today, you have been with me for three months, did you know that?” I shook my head. “This is just a small gift for you,” he pulled me closer and kissed my lips. I grabbed his shirt and kissed him back. “Open it,” he commanded. I pulled the top apart and poured the contents in my hand. It was a sterling silver bracelet with a little butterfly charm. The wings were covered in little diamonds. “It looks like my tattoo,” I laughed and touched behind my

ear.

“Do you like it?” he asked. I nodded and gestured for him to put it on me.

“I love it.” He was always giving me things, and I had nothing to give him.

“Someday you’ll have to tell me the story behind that tattoo, it is my favorite place to kiss,” he laughed and put the bracelet on me. I frowned. “What’s wrong?” he asked. “I don’t have anything to give you,” I said. He touched my shoulders and made me look in his eyes. “You have given me more than you know,” he kissed me again. Then it occurred to me what I

could give him. Something I had never given another man. me. I swallowed hard and took a deep breath.

“I can think of one thing I can give you,” I leaned forward and kissed him again. I pressed my tongue on his lips and he opened his mouth to me. His hands moved to the back of my head, and I moved my hands to his chest. He pulled us apart and pressed our foreheads together. “Are you sure, Norah? I want you to be sure?” he asked. I pulled away from him, and stepped back. I pulled my zipper down, and turned my back to him. I could feel his eyes on my back as the

dress dropped to the floor. I stepped out of it, and picked it up, laying it over the chair. I turned back to face him, and unbuckled my bra and slowly pulled it from my chest. I laid it too, over the dress, then walked to him. I was feeling very confident and sure of myself. I put my hands under his jacket and pushed it off his shoulders. I started unbuttoning his shirt and pushed that off him too then I ran my hands over his chest. I turned away to lay his clothes over my dress and he pulled me to him. His hands covered my breasts and his mouth was on my neck. He took the clothes from my

hands and threw them over near the chair
then turned me to him
and kissed my mouth, traveling down my
neck. He lowered himself
to his knees and slowly pulled my
underwear off. He ran his hand
over my sex, and parted my legs. I knelt
down in front of him, and he
pulled me until I was under him. He
kissed every inch of my body. He
took in one nipple and I arched my back.
I could hear him unzipping
his pants as he moved to the other
nipple. His mouth traveled down
to my side and across my stomach. He
knelt between my legs and I
heard him ripping open a condom. He
pushed his pants off the rest

of the way and covered me. I could feel his tip at my entrance. He locked his eyes on mine.

“Are you sure about this? We can stop if you want,” he asked.

I couldn't believe this was the same man who had slapped me for telling him I wasn't an idiot. “No, I want this, Liam. I want you.” I pulled him down on me and he explored my mouth with his tongue.

“This is gonna hurt a little, you know that right? There's nothing I can do about it.” I nodded.

“Are you ready?” I nodded again. He leaned back on his heels, kneeling between my legs.

He grabbed my hips, and pulled me closer to him. I could feel him entering my body. I leaned up my elbows to watch him. He pushed a little further and I could feel some resistance from my body, something stopping him. “Relax, Norah, please.” I tried to relax, but this wasn’t the best feeling in the world, and it was starting to burn a little. He pushed a little further, and I pressed my lips together so I wouldn’t tell him to stop. “You’re so tight, take a deep breath.” I did, and he pressed himself in the rest of the way. He leaned forward, resting one hand on the floor beside my hip, the other still firmly

grasping my hip. He kissed me softly, but didn't move his body. "Are you okay?" He kissed me again. "Talk to me," he kissed me again.

"It hurts a little, but I'm okay." It hurt a lot but I tried to block it out. I reached out and touched his chest, and ran my hand down to his hip. "I like being this close to you." I put my hand on his butt and pulled him closer.

"I'm gonna move now." He kept kissing me. I loved the closeness. I didn't feel exposed, but open to him. I wanted him to see me, to feel me, and I wanted to feel him. I nodded, and he started to move his hips. He leaned me

down so he was over me. He pushed my hair back and kissed my chest and neck. His hips moved at a slow rhythm. It felt weird at first, and a very painful. But then my mind focused on him. He looked at me with warm eyes, like he was showing me his soul. I could hear him groaning and whispering little things in my ear. I closed my eyes and felt his hands move down my body. One of them came between us and touched my sex. He leaned away a little, looked down between us. We both watched as he moved in and out of me. His hand rubbed my sex, and I started to feel my orgasm building in my stomach. I

touched his face and
brought him closer to me. I moved my
hips up to meet him, and he
looked back up at me. “That’s it, baby.
Feel me. I’m right here.” His hand
rubbed my clit and I moved my hips
faster, bending
my knees, so I could push myself to meet
his thrusts. I put my arms
around his neck, and kissed him. We
looked in each other’s eyes like
we were really seeing each other for the
first time. He ran his nose
up and down face and kissed me like he
couldn’t get enough. I felt
his hand on my leg pulling it up, opening
me more to him, and
feeling him deeper inside me. He leaned

back on his knees and
straightened my legs, putting my ankles
on his shoulders. He thrust
over and over, gripping my hip. "Are you
ready to come?" I leaned up
wanting to feel closer to him and
hummed a yes. He pulled out of me
and then pulled me to my knees. He
pressed our bodies together
and kissed me hard and fast. Then he
turned me around and bent
me forward. His hand met my clit and he
entered me again. His other
hand gripped my hip and he started
moving me up and down on him.
It felt so good I took over and he let me.
"Fuck, you feel so good,
baby," he panted as he ran his hands

over my body, palming my breasts and kissing my neck. “Come for me, Norah. Come for me, baby.” I arched my back and let out a deep moan. He kissed my neck and shoulders as I rode the wave of my orgasm. His movements got faster, and faster, and faster. He leaned us forward then he let out a deep moan and said “Sweet Norah” over and over. He released his weight on me and we laid together and panted. After a few moments, he leaned up and looked at me. “Did I hurt you?” he asked. He moved off of me, and that was when I felt the most pain. I made a painful face. “I’m sorry,” he kissed me

again. He moved beside me, and ran his hands down my body.

“Was that right?” I asked. I knew Liam was experienced in a different world of sex. He knew things I had never imagined. Sex for him was probably a production of toys, even exchanges of pleasure and pain, and extras I couldn’t even think of. This was probably the worst sex he had ever had. He smiled and laughed a little.

“Was that right? Is there even a question?” He kissed me shoulder. I lowered my eyes, rolled to my back and then looked over to the fire. “Hey, what’s wrong? Did I hurt you, seriously?” he

touched my chin to make me look at him. “I just wanted it to be right for you. I know I’m not what your use to,” I could feel the tears building up in my eyes. “Did I please you? Because I know I can get better?” He leaned in and kissed me.

He pulled me to a kneeling position and hugged me to his body, then grabbed a blanket from the chair behind him and wrapped us both in it. He made me look at him again.

“You’re right, Norah. You are nothing like I am use to,” I lowered my eyes, exhaled and then took another breath. “You are so much better.” I looked up at him. “I’ve

never felt a connection like what we just had here. I've never had a woman give herself to me the way you did. You pleased me. You pleased me very much." He took my hand and kissed it. "Look at me, Norah." I looked up at him again. "Don't ever doubt yourself, little one. You're very sexy, and so desirable." He kissed me again. "Look at me, I'm getting hard again. You're so fucking hot. I knew when we started this, I wouldn't be able to get enough." He put his hand on the back of my head, and kissed me hard. "Was it good for you is the real question?" he asked. "Yes, I love being close to you. I can't

wait until we can do it again.” I decided to be a little brave, and moved my body until I was straddling him. He leaned back against the chair and stretched out his legs.

“Well I think that can be arranged,” he breathed then he kissed my neck, and moved his hand to the drawer of the table. He pulled out another condom and quickly put it on. I raised and lowered myself on top of him. I sucked in my breath because I was still very sore.

“You probably should have done that a little slower,” he smiled. His hands rested on my hips. I

started to move up and down.
He leaned his head back and grabbed my butt with both hands. I could feel him helping me move. “That’s it, Norah. Yes, baby. You know what to do.” I arched my back and leaned my head back. I closed my eyes and just moved with the pleasure beneath me. My hips rolled against him, and I could feel him thrusting inside me.
“You feel so fucking good,” he panted. He moved my head to look at him. “Do you feel that, Norah? You’re mine, baby. You belong to me.” He grabbed the back of my head and rolled so he was on top again. He thrusts became harder, more

desperate and slightly
painful. His hands moved against my
breasts and then down to my
butt pressing me against him. "Liam," I
was so close. He moved
faster, and faster. I started breathing
through my mouth. "I'm
coming, I'm coming." I couldn't stop
myself from talking. It was like
someone else was talking for me.
"That's it baby, come for me. I'm gonna
come in you." He
moved faster. He leaned back and
grasped my hips bringing me to
him. I leaned on my elbows and watched
him come. He slowed his
movements, and then pulled me to him.
Once again I was on top,

straddling him. He held me tight and pressed his head in my chest. I held the back of his head. “You’re mine, Norah.”

“Yes, I’m yours,” I panted.

I stood with the blanket wrapped around me while Liam

gathered our things, then we walked to his room. “Stay with me tonight,” he said. We laid in each other’s arms, and quietly fell asleep. I was so tired I didn’t even look around his

room. It was the first time he let me inside and I couldn’t even

appreciate it. I woke a few hours later when he started rubbing my

back. I moved around to let him know I was awake, and then I felt his

hand between my legs. He parted them and pressed himself against me. "Are you too sore for this?" I was, really I was. My legs hurt, and I felt like I wouldn't ever be able to walk right again. But the more he rubbed, I just couldn't say no. I moved my behind to press against him. He grabbed my breasts and pulled me to him. He started kissing my neck, and then he was inside me. The fourth time was my idea. He was asleep, and I saw him getting hard under the sheet. I ran my hand over him, and lowered myself to it. His eyes flew open when I took him in my mouth. He leaned up on his elbows and closed his

eyes. “What are you doing to me?” he asked.

“It was hard. I thought it was an invitation.”

Chapter ten

The next morning Norah woke to another empty bed and another note.

Sweet Norah,

I am sure you are sore from our activities. Please feel free to take a swim in my tub to sooth your pain. I would love to join you but fear I would cause you more pain and be of no help. I had some business to take care of this morning, but will be home for breakfast. Thinking of you,

Liam

She took a long stretch and surveyed the damage to her body. He was right she was sore. While the bath water ran, she went to her room and picked up some clothes, her hair stuff and tooth brush. She soaked for a while then cleaned herself up.

Liam had a few loose ends at the office to tie up, but was sure he would be home before she woke up. He sat at his desk and signed the documents finalizing the Stackhouse deal and answered three emails. While he typed the intercom buzzed to get his attention. “Marcy, I didn’t know you came in this

morning?” he asked as he continued to type.

“Mr. Hastings? I have Nancy Sheldon on the phone for you.

She left a message around 8 o’clock this morning for ‘the representative for Norah Chandler’, I called her back and have her on line one.”

“Representative for Norah? What does that mean? Ok, thank you, Marcy.” He stopped typing and picked up line one. “Liam Hastings.”

“Mr. Hastings, sorry to call so early but I am in a pinch and need your help. My name is Nancy Sheldon from Star Bound Models.

Do you represent Norah Chandler?" Liam had no idea what this call was about and was more confused than ever. "I'm sorry. Do I represent Norah? What does that mean?" he asked.

"Oh, goodness. I just read here this picture was taken at a private dinner party last night. So she isn't....and you're not..." Liam could hear her tapping a pen against something. "Ok, let me start from the beginning, Mr. Hastings."

"Yes, that would be helpful."

"Like I said, I represent Star Bound Models, we are here in London doing a photo shoot for Glamorous Bride magazine. We

brought seven models with us, and now three of them have the flu or something. Anyway we were looking for models in the area and my assistant came across this picture of Norah Chandler on the internet, apparently it was taken at a dinner party last night. I assumed she was a model because she looks absolutely stunning. Anyway, getting to my point, we would love to work with her. Actually we need her. Is there any way she could be at the Garden Inn Hotel at 7 pm tomorrow evening?" Liam didn't know what to say.

Norah dressed in a jean skirt, black

sandals, and pink tank top. She went downstairs and saw him sitting at the dining room table reading the paper.

“Good Morning,” she said. He folded the paper and stood when she entered the room. He took her hand and lightly kissed it, pulling her toward him. He nestled her neck and took a deep breath.

“Good Morning, if you can still call it morning” he breathed.

He started kissing her right where her tattoo was behind her ear, went down her neck, to her jaw and made his way to her mouth.

“You’re very happy this morning,” she said with a smile. “I

am. I am indeed. Please sit.” He gestured for her to sit next to him. “I enjoyed last night, very much. Not just the sex, although that was an unexpected pleasure.” He winked at her. “I enjoyed having you with me, showing you off. It seems Mr. Stackhouse has done a very good job of spreading the word through my business world about you.” He let her hand go and they started to eat. “I’m a little afraid people might think I have gone soft.” “I had a good time too. I liked seeing you in action, talking about business, but also personal things. Dancing with you, holding your hand, it was all very nice....really

normal.” He laughed.

“You didn’t mention the sex. Was that not a pleasure for you too?” he smiled.

“No, it was. I enjoyed that too. But I always enjoy being close to you. I just wanted it to be right for you.”

“Why would you think you’re not right for me?” He looked at her and she lowered her eyes. “Is it because of what Nick said? He and I used to share women?” She didn’t answer. “We did. We did share women a long time ago.” She cringed and closed her eyes.

“But Norah, good lord, I would never do that to you, you have to

know that. Those women were willing, and I wanted to share them. But I could never share you.” Norah looked at him. “Please don’t think that. I don’t even want to think about it myself.” She nodded. “I thought we would go shopping today, buy little Josefina a gift, and take it to the hospital. Then we can go out to lunch, if you like?” She smiled at him. Shopping for the baby did sound fun. She walked to the door and put her bag across her body. “Am I dressed okay?” she asked gesturing to her skirt. “You look fine.” He took her hand. “Listen, I would like you to

think about moving to my room.” He smiled and touched her face. “I realize we just started this, but I want you closer to me.” He kissed her lips softly. “Is that alright?” he asked. She nodded. She wanted to ask him about other women, but couldn’t muster the courage. He had said he wouldn’t share her, but never mentioned if he would be willing to be with someone else besides her. If Jane had her way she would be first in line.

Instead of Trig driving them around, Liam decided to take one of his cars. They went to several baby shops. Norah picked out some clothes, two blankets, a stuffed giraffe, a

pink diaper bag, and some hair bows. “Hair bows? Really?” Liam asked. “Does she have any hair?” “Yes, she does, and she will grow more. She has an Irish Father and a Spanish Mother, she is destined to be a beauty.” Liam gladly whipped out his credit card and paid for everything. They went to the hospital and got updated on everything the baby had done the last two days, which was mostly drool, sleep and eat. Everyone was so happy to see Liam and Norah. Rosa wouldn’t stop saying how happy they looked together. Liam finally had to pull Norah out of the room.

“I have another surprise for you,” he said. Norah looked up at him and smirked. They were standing in front of his car. “Here, I want you to call your family,” he handed her his phone, “and I have something I need to discuss with you.” “Really?” she asked. She looked down at the phone, not even acknowledging the second part of his comment. She looked back at him with confusion on her face. “What’s wrong?” he asked. He leaned back on the car. “What do I say?” she looked up at him. “I was supposed to be back three weeks ago, and I told them I gave up my internship for a job here.” She took a deep breath.

“What do you want to tell them?” He asked. She didn’t answer. “Give them my name, they can look me up on the internet and see I am a real person. And if work is that important to you, I have an opportunity for you.” Norah looked up at him.

“An opportunity? What kind of opportunity?” she asked.

“This morning, I got a very interesting call from an agent at Star Bound Models. It seems the pictures from the dinner last night have already hit the web, and this one of you has attracted some attention.” Liam handed Norah a picture of herself. She was standing

alone on the dance floor, arms by her side, with her eyes lowered to the ground. Her dress fit like a glove and the ruffles at the bottom were perfectly laid out behind her. She looked up at Liam and smiled.

“This doesn’t even look like me. I look beautiful.” “You are beautiful and it looks exactly like you, although I prefer the real thing.” He touched her cheek. “Star Bound is here with a few of their models doing a photo shoot for Glam Bride magazine and they would like to meet with you about being a part of the shoot.” Norah didn’t know what to say. He pulled her to him.

“What do you think, little one?” He ran his hand over the exposed part of her stomach.

“I don’t know. What do you think?” she asked him.

“Well if this is what you want, then this is what I want too.”

“I’m not tall enough to be a model, Liam. I’m barely 5’4”.”

“No, you will never be a runway model, but this would be wedding dresses. And if you don’t like it you never have to do it again. Just meet with them and see how you feel about it.” Norah was shocked. A few weeks ago she wasn’t allowed to leave her room, and now he was telling her to take

part in a photo shoot that would be seen in a magazine by millions of people. “And if you don’t want to model for them, I have a camera, so you can do some modeling for me.” He pulled her closer and growled in her neck. “You are an animal, you know that?” she asked. “You’re actually okay with this? Okay, with someone, possibly a man, taking my picture?” she asked. “Well I wouldn’t want you to model for Victoria’s Secret, but wedding dresses, I can handle.” She looked back at the phone. She tried to focus on making this call. She needed to make this call. She

started pushing the buttons and soon it was ringing. At the sound of Lorraine's voice Norah started to cry. Liam held her hand while she talked and paced back and forth. She told her of her travels throughout Europe and how she had met Entrepreneur Liam Hastings, and was now staying with him. She explained how she had been discovered by a model agency and was meeting a representative in a few days to discuss being a part of their photo shoot. Lorraine seemed very impressed. She had always thought of herself as the model of the family. She past the phone to Maggie and they

talked for a while. She informed Norah they had chosen four colleges they really liked but were applying to more just to be safe. Norah asked to speak to her mother, but was told she wasn't there. Both girls asked several times about when Norah planned to come home and she avoided the question by telling them things she had seen, or that she had bought them something. Finally they demanded an answer. "Home? Well, I don't know." Again she looked at Liam. "I hope to be able to come home for Tiffany's wedding," she looked for any sign of agreement with Liam. "But I don't know, this job

could be really demanding,” he smiled when she said that. “I should know something soon though. I will talk to Liam about a trip home soon. I miss you guys. Tell Mom I said hello, and I miss her too. I love you guys.” She pushed the end call button and handed the phone back to him.

“So you want to leave me already, huh?” he asked. He tucked some of her hair behind her ear. “And I thought things between us were just starting to get normal.” Norah wiped the tears from her eyes.

“No. I was thinking maybe we could both go visit my family.”

“How do I know you won’t run from me?” he asked. He had a smile on his face like he was joking, but it was the elephant in the room. Liam worried that with any new freedom, Norah would run from him. As long as he was with her he could keep track of where she went, and who she talked to. Norah knew he didn’t trust her, not completely.

“You don’t trust me?” she asked. He chuckled.

“Should I?” he smirked. “Norah, I bought you, illegally. I’ve held you against your will in my house for almost three months. A rational person would stand to think you

would run from me the minute you got any distance. You could easily tell someone of our.....situation and have me arrested. Then you would be free of me.” She stepped around him and moved his body to the side so she could get in the car. “So you don’t trust me. Good to know. Good to know I gave myself to a man who thinks the first chance I get I am going to run from him.” She got in the car. Liam walked to the other side and got in. “Anyone would think the same thing Norah.” He started the car. “I know how we started, okay? You don’t have to remind me, I lived it! But things have changed, wouldn’t

you say?" she asked. "I would say that, yes."

"I was a virgin, Liam. I don't take that lightly I told you I was saving myself for a commitment. I guess I thought we had more of commitment than we really do. I guess I should expect to be sold at another auction when you get tired of me." Norah reached back to put on her seat belt, but Liam grabbed her arm. "Don't ever say that again, do you understand me? I didn't take your virginity lightly either, little one." He let go of her arm and started to put the car in gear.

"Do you think I would give myself freely

to someone I didn't love and want to be with?" she asked. Liam turned to her with a confused look on his face. "You love me?" he asked. "Yes." She lowered her eyes. "You didn't say that," he stated. "I didn't think I had to," he touched her leg. Liam realized Norah was a lot like him. Her actions spoke for her when words failed. She hadn't been able to verbally tell Liam she loved him, so she showed him by giving herself to him. She looked away from him and out the window. "Why would I run from you anyway? How many times have you told me that I belong to you?" He cringed

when she said she belonged to him. Yes, he had said it before, he had even thought about it before. He even said it again when they made love. But he didn't mean it the way she thought he meant it. But maybe having her think she belonged to him wasn't so bad. He didn't want to lose her. "If I ran, you would just find me. And I'm sure my home coming party wouldn't be fun." She looked back at him. He withdrew his hand from her leg, not liking her comment. He wanted any resemblance of a normal relationship with her but he knew on some level she must still fear him. So instead of telling her

that he thought he might love her too. He showed her. “I’ll look at my schedule on Monday, and we’ll plan to go visit your family.”

They had lunch in Liam’s favorite restaurant, and the owner just wouldn’t stop talking about lovely Norah was. Liam was actually getting a little jealous of the way he was touching her and talking so closely with her. Norah laughed and was very polite. They ate on the patio and enjoyed the beautiful weather. After they ate they strolled around and did some window shopping but every time Norah said she liked something, Liam wanted to buy it.

“You don’t understand window shopping, do you?” she asked. They walked hand and hand, and he carried three bags of things Norah had said she wanted. “No, I guess not.” They stopped and Liam bought some ice cream. “I have a lot of money, Norah. If you want something, I want to get it for you. It’s the least I can do for how I have treated you.”

“Liam, you have to stop thinking you owe me something. I mean, how much stuff do you need to buy me to feel like we are even?” “I don’t know, but I’m not there yet.”

Norah waited on the corner while Liam

went and bought her
a bouquet of flowers. “For you, my
lady,” he bowed to her. She
laughed and smelled the flowers.
“They’re beautiful. Thank you.” He kept
trying to get her last
words in the hospital parking lot out of
his mind.

*“If I ran, you would just find me. And
I’m sure my
home coming party wouldn’t be fun.”*

Liam picked Norah up from the
passenger seat and placed
her on the couch in the study. It was only
6:30 but all the walking
and stimulation was just too much for
her. He went to the kitchen
and asked what smelled so good. Rosa

had returned to cook dinner for them and would be back full time on Monday. She informed him dinner would be ready in just a few minutes. He went back to the study and kissed Norah's forehead to wake her up. During dinner, Liam thought it was good time to tell her how he felt. "I want to trust you, Norah, and I want you to trust me. I care about you so much, and I can't imagine you leaving me. I want to keep you here, to keep you with me, and protect you. I think of how easy it was for....." he took a sip of his water. "It was so easy for them to take you. You are so trusting to people. I worry that if I give

you the freedom to come and go, it could happen again.” He clenched his eyes shut. “I don’t even want to think of what could happen to you.” He took another sip of his water. “But I know I can’t keep you locked up, and expect to have a normal relationship with you. I mean, normal for me.” She laughed.

“You mean, being with someone who doesn’t mind you acting like a caveman all the time?” she smiled.

“I like a submissive woman, I’ve been clear about that, yes.

But I also like what we have. You seem to know when I need you to

submit and when you can push me. I've never been that way with anyone." He took her hand. "I guess what I am asking is for you to be patient with me." He kissed her hand. She didn't understand all this 'wanting her to stay with him' conversation, like she had a choice. But instead she decided to push her luck again.

"Do you have any other women?" she asked boldly and took a sip of her water not letting her eyes leave his.

"Excuse me?" he asked, wiping his mouth with his napkin.

"Earlier, you made it clear that you don't plan on sharing me

with other men, but are you planning to be with other women or are you already? There are a lot of bedrooms upstairs, you could have a woman behind every door.” Liam couldn’t believe she was even asking. “That isn’t funny, little one. You’re being very mouthy today.” He paused again. “No, Norah, I haven’t been with another woman since I met you, nor do I plan to be. Do you really think that little of me?” he asked her.

“I didn’t mean to upset you, Liam. I don’t know how this submission thing works. You’ve been in this life for years, I have been in this life for a few months. It

could be like one of those compounds where the men marry as many young girls as they can. Maybe it is a given that you sleep with as many women as

you want, or you stay faithful to one, I really don't know." She lowered her eyes. He hadn't expected this conversation with her. He thought she knew she was the only with him. But now that she mentioned it, she was right, she didn't know about this lifestyle. This was choice he made for himself after doing some research, attending parties and being taught to be a Dominant.

She was forced in the lifestyle, and was

only told that she would use and abused to her master's liking. Maybe it was time for him to explain some things to her. "Well I guess in some dom/sub relationships it does work that way, yes. But not this one. I won't share you, and I have no desire to be with any other women. Some couples go to parties and watch each other with other people, or perform scenes in front of groups. We won't do that either. I have done those things before but I don't want that with you. This relationship will be just the two of us. Like I said, give me some time, and it will get easier." Liam couldn't

imagine taking Norah to sex parties. The thought of tying her up or using his toys on her interested him, but he knew she wasn't ready for that and probably never would be.

Norah wanted to tell him she didn't mind waiting for him to adjust to their ever changing relationship. She was about to tell him her feelings when the door opened.

Gerald stood there and they could see Will pacing behind him. "Mr. Hastings, Mr. Chambers is here to see you, I'm sorry, sir, he's says it's urgent." Liam waved him on, and for Will to come in.

"What is it Will? What's going on?" he

asked.

“She’s gone! Jane left me! She ran! She told me she had a headache and went to bed early. I went to check on her and she was gone!” Liam stood up and dropped Norah’s hand. “She took money from my safe, some of her clothes and my gun! You have to help me find her!” Liam looked down at Norah. She couldn’t tell what he was thinking, but she was sure everything he had just said was in question now. His worst fears for her had just come true with Will and Jane. He had remarked that Will and Jane seemed happy and well adjusted. Now she was sure he was even

questioning his own feelings for her at the moment. “Go upstairs. I’m going to go help Will, and I will be back later. Stay in my room, and don’t leave!”

Norah stood up and started to walk away. He grabbed her arm. “Do you hear me?” he asked. “Yes sir,” she said as she pulled her arm away from him. Norah knew everything was about to

change.....again. As soon as Norah was out of sight Liam let him have it. “How did she have the code for your safe, Will? What were you thinking giving her access to money? How stupid are you?” he snapped. “You are the one who taught

me the rules to this stupid game. How could you be so reckless?” “I don’t know. I guess she saw me go in it once or twice, and memorized the code. I didn’t know she knew it! I knew I gave her too much freedom! I should have left her ass tied up! She was different from the start, Liam. The first night we were together, she was ready, she said she wanted it.” He paced the floor. “I should have known when she didn’t act scared that she was just trying to gain my trust so she could run. You’ve done right to keep Norah in line. Don’t let her out of your sight, Liam. Don’t trust that bitch any further than you can

throw her.” Liam stepped to Will. “Norah is nothing like your Jane! You fucked up! You have no one to blame but yourself!” He turned to walk to the door, then quickly turned back. “And if you ever call Norah a bitch again, I’ll cut off your fucking fingers and you won’t even be able to jerk yourself off!” He turned back towards the door and they went to look for Jane.

Chapter eleven

Norah

I felt the covers being ripped off my body and Liam was on top of me. His hand covered my mouth, and his body pinned me

down. His eyes looked crazed. I kept blinking trying to focus. Was this a dream or real?

“Are you going to run from me, Norah? Is that your plan? Are you trying to make me love you so I will trust you, and then you are going to run?” This was real, and he was crazy. He pressed himself against me and held my forehead to the pillow while he kissed my mouth. I tried to move my arms but they were pinned over my head. I could taste liquor and cigarettes in his mouth.

“Get off me,” I panted. He squeezed me tighter and pressed himself into my body. His hands moved

to my arms and he licked my neck and the space between my breasts. “You think you can spread your legs for me and then run from me, Norah? You think you can look sweet and innocent and make me love you? I won’t let you run! You hear me! I won’t let you!” He grabbed my nightgown and ripped it off of me.

“Stop this, you’re scaring me!” I screamed. “I don’t want to run! Stop saying I’m going to run from you, I’m not!” I snapped. He took my nipple in his mouth and bit me. “Stop it! You’re hurting me! Get off me!” I screamed.

“You can’t tell me no, Norah! I own you!

You're mine! I can fuck you whenever I want! I've been too nice to you! I should have been rough from the start, made you fear me more. Then you wouldn't ever think about running!" I slapped him in the face, he leaned back and covered his cheek with his hand. While he was in shock it gave me time to get my knees. "You bitch! You hit me!" I grabbed for his zipper and yanked at his pants. "Is this what you want? You want to play rough? I can play rough!" I yanked his pants off and grabbed his cock. He grabbed my head and kissed me, pressing me against him. I moved my legs until I

was wrapped around him. But he pulled my legs from him, and turned me over. He grabbed my ass, and smacked it hard.

“You better not run, Norah! Or this will be a like picking fucking flowers compared to what I will do to you!” He smacked my ass again and then ran his hand over my sex. I was wet and ready. He didn’t think about protection he was too angry and hard. He rammed himself in me. Then he grabbed me by the hair and kept ramming himself in me. He grunted and pulled me to him, one hand in my hair the other on my hip. “This is mine, Norah! You belong to me! You got

that? This. Is. Mine.” He pumped and pumped in me over and over.

“You were right when you said I would find you, if you ran. I would find you. And your time in the basement will seem like a vacation in Hawaii compared to what I would do to you, you got that?” I could feel tears building in my eyes. Even though I told him I could play rough, I wasn’t ready for this. He was hurting me, but I welcomed the pain. Anything to get this out of his system. “Give it to me! Come for me, Norah! Come now!” I couldn’t stop myself. He grabbed both my breasts and pulled me to him, and held me while he filled

me with his frustration. When he was done he threw me on the bed. I kept crying. He had never treated me like this before. Even when he was hurting me, it didn't feel like this. But the worst part was, I wanted it. I was willing. But after it was over, I felt used and alone. He was cold and numb, and I meant nothing to him, all over again. I was just something he had purchased from an auction.

“Are you done with your whore? Can I go back to sleep or would you like me to suck you off now?” I asked. He glared at me but didn't answer. I rolled to my side and pulled the covers over my

body. This was the first time he had really made me feel like he had bought me. When I woke up I was in my room again. I looked around and was thankful he wasn't there. I didn't want to look at him. I took a shower and tried to erase how he had treated me the night before. I dressed in jeans and white t-shirt and went to the door. I wanted to go downstairs and hear his apology for acting like a raging maniac. But it was locked. I stepped back when I heard it open on the other side. Liam walked in and rolled the cart of food with him.

“Here is your breakfast. I have to go to work, so Gerald will

bring your lunch. You remember how to leave the cart and ring the bell, right?” his face was emotionless and he wouldn’t look at me.

“What’s going on, Liam? Why are you doing this?” He didn’t answer. He just rolled the cart in further and took out a chair for me to sit in.

“I will be back for dinner, and we can eat together,” his tone was like a robot. I stepped closer to him. My face was right under his chin. I grabbed his shoulders and tried to force him to look at me, but he wouldn’t. “So this is how it is? Jane runs and I get punished for it! What happened to wanting a normal

relationship? What happened to you trying to trust me? Why does our relationship have to change because Will can't control his?" He didn't answer. "Liam! Answer me!" I snapped. He grabbed me by my arm and looked me in my eyes. "Don't use my name and don't you dare talk to me like that!" He shoved me back. "I didn't say you could look at me, either!" He turned and walked out. I was alone all day. I paced back and forth hoping someone would come in, but no one ever did. I kept hoping Liam would snap out of it, and realize I wasn't Jane. But he didn't. I didn't see him

again until after 7pm. I was back in my pajamas and had already eaten dinner when he came in my room. I sat in my rocking chair, but I jumped up when he came in.

“Liam, you have stop this. It’s crazy. I’m not going to run, we went through this before Jane ran away. I don’t want to leave you!”

He grabbed my arm. “Ouch! You’re hurting me!” “I told you not to use my name, didn’t I?” I nodded. I snatched my arm away from him.

“At least tell me what’s going on, please.” I begged. He grabbed both arms and held me close to him.

“You’re mine, that’s what’s going on!”

You belong to me, and I can do with you as I wish. And right now it is my wish that you stay in this room and do as you're told! Is that too hard to understand, Norah? If I want to talk to you, I will come talk to you. If I want to eat with you, I will come eat with you. And if I want to fuck you, I will fuck you! You belong to me!" He pushed me away from him so hard that I fell back on the bed. He walked over to the window and looked out. "Why are you saying these things?" I started crying and covered my face, not wanting him to see. "I don't know if I can trust you. I thought I could, but I don't

know anymore. I don't want to lose you, and this is the only way I know I can keep you with me." He turned and faced me. "This way, I don't have to worry about who you are talking to, or where you might go, or if you will be in my bed tonight. Because I will know." He walked to me and touched my face. He forced my chin up so I would look at him. "I am sorry it has to be this way again." He leaned down and kissed me. "Good night." I curled up in my bed and cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I tried to reason with him again. "I told you I loved you! Why would I run from you?"

I gave myself to you willingly, Liam! Don't leave me in here like this, please!" He didn't say anything. He just arranged the food on the cart and wouldn't make eye contact with me. "What about my photo shoot? I'm supposed to meet that woman today. How can I do that if you are keeping me locked in this room?" He turned to me and grabbed my arms shoving me up against the wall. He pushed his knee in my crotch and held me so I couldn't move. "It was never gonna happen, Norah! Don't you know that?" He slammed me harder against the wall. "You actually thought I

would allow you to prance in front of a camera while some pervert took pictures of your ass?" He grabbed my ass with both hands and pulled me to him. He squeezed me so hard, it hurt. "This ass is mine, and only mine!" He grabbed my chin with one hand and pushed my face against the wall. "I thought I told you not to use my name. Say it again, and you're going back in the basement!" He shoved me to the floor and walked out. He didn't even bother to come to me that night. I thought I saw him watching me sleep from the door way, but I was too scared to really look. The next morning I met him on the floor

kneeling at the end of the bed. If he wanted a slave, I was going to give him one. "What are you doing, get up. I told you I don't like that." I slowly stood but didn't raise my head to look at him. "Where are your clothes? Why aren't you dressed?" I was wearing black underwear and a black bra. I didn't answer him. I kept my hands clasped in front of me and eyes lowered to the ground. He pushed the cart close to me. "Fine, if you want to eat in your underwear, I don't care. It is a fine sight." I didn't move. "What are you doing? Sit and eat, Norah." I slowly sat in the chair and started to eat my breakfast.

“Oh I see. Giving me a taste of my own medicine huh? Well I think I like this. No lip, no calling me by my name, and no clothes.” He stood behind me and ran his hand down my chest under my bra and ran his fingers over my nipple. “If I asked you to blow me right now would you?” I closed my eyes, but turned to him. I went straight for his zipper. He laughed but stopped me as soon as he felt my hand on his cock. “Stop it, Norah. I don’t want you like this.” He pulled himself away, and I went back to eating. “Fine. We’ll see who breaks first. By the looks of you in your underwear, it isn’t going to

be me.”

The next two days were pretty much the same. He brought me my breakfast and dinner and found some way to grope me while he was there. The third night I heard the door open and watched him as he walked around the bed and climbed in behind me. He pressed himself against me and pulled me to him. “I need you. Norah. Please.” He kissed my neck and eagerly ran his hands under my night gown to feel my breasts. He rolled me to face him, and kissed me. I didn’t respond. He moved my arms around his neck, and I let them fall back to the bed. “Touch me,

please Norah. I need this. I need you. I miss you.” He kissed my neck and came back to my mouth. I still didn’t respond. “Please kiss me, Norah,” he panted. “Is that an order?” I asked. He leaned away from me shocked by my response. “Please, I need to be with you now.” He moved his body over mine and I could feel his need pressing in my thigh. I decided to be a little brave. It might get me smacked, but I was willing to take that chance. “Well you own me, right? So here I am, I belong to you, do what you want.” I rolled my head to the side so I could look at the wall, and spread my legs open so he was cradled

between them. “Don’t do this, Norah. I want you to touch me, please.” I didn’t move. Finally he rolled off me. “Fuck! I don’t know what to do!” He got up and left. I rolled back over and pulled my covers over my body. I knew in a game of chicken over sex, I would win. I knew Liam could be very dark and liked control, but he liked me to be responsive and he wouldn’t take me if I wasn’t willing.

It had been six days with Norah in her confinement. Liam hated it, but he felt it was necessary. He was so scared of losing her, but this was almost worse. She wouldn’t

talk to him unless he asked her a direct question or ordered her to talk to him. She didn't look at him, unless he told her to, and she was always kneeling when he came in her room. He tried to make love to her several times and she would just lay there. In some ways he felt like he had already lost her. There was still no word about Jane. It was like she had just vanished in thin air. Liam didn't want to keep Norah like this, but he didn't know what else to do. He came home from work and started up the stairs to her room.

“Mr. Hastings, may I speak with you?”

asked Gerald. Liam walked back down the stairs to him. “Miss Chandler hasn’t eaten at all today. I never heard her bell after breakfast, so I went to check, and she hadn’t eaten. I brought her lunch, and again....nothing.” “I took her dinner an hour ago, and to my knowledge it is still sitting untouched. She has been sitting in her rocking chair by the window all day.” Liam nodded and thanked him and went up the stairs to see her. He opened her door and instead of finding her in her underwear kneeling for him, Gerald was right, she was sitting in her rocking chair near the window. He

walked to her and saw her eyes gazing outside.

“Norah, why aren’t you eating? Are you sick?” he asked. She didn’t answer. “I know you’re mad at me, and I know you hate being in here, but you need to eat.” She still didn’t move. She had been unresponsive to him all week, but this was new. This was like she didn’t even hear him. He rocked the chair a little, but she didn’t move. “Norah, look at me.” She still didn’t move. She always obeyed him when he asked her to do something. He felt her pulse, put his hand under her nose and could feel her breathing. He figured this

was another trick of hers to get him to let her out. So he left her alone. The next evening Gerald told him the same thing. She hadn't eaten, and today she hadn't even showered. Liam went to her room and stood and just watched her. She stared at nothing, she said nothing, and she barely blinked. He forced her chin up to make her look at him but her eyes were glazed and didn't focus on him. He ran a bath and went back to her. He picked her up and laid her on the bed. He took off her underwear, leaned her up and pulled her nightgown over her head. He picked her up again and took her to the

bathroom and sat her on the toilet. He took off his clothes and tested the water. It was nice, warm, and full. He placed her in the tub, and got in behind her. He pulled her to him and held her for a moment.

“I don’t know what to do, Norah. I don’t want to see you like this, but I don’t want to lose you. I thought Jane and Will had a caring relationship. I thought they had figured this out and were happy together. If he couldn’t trust her, I....” but he didn’t finish. He ran his hands through her hair, and kissed her neck. “I miss you so much. I don’t want this, but I don’t know what

to do,” he said again. “I’m a very smart man when it comes to matters of business and money. But when it comes to matters of the heart, I’m afraid I’m just lost.”

“She hated him,” she said quietly but he heard her. He

touched her arms, silently asking her to say something else. “She told me at the banquet. She said he was rough with her. He treated her like a maid and a sex slave. Which I guess that was appropriate since that is what we are....”

“Don’t say that, Norah. That isn’t what you are, not to me.”

“He didn’t care if she didn’t want to or if she wasn’t ready. If

he wanted it he took it. He put it where he wanted whenever he wanted it.” Liam clenched his eyes shut knowing she was referring to anal sex. It was something Liam had enjoyed before with a willing partner, but knew it could be very painful if done rough and against someone’s will. He had never even thought of bringing it up with Norah. Not yet at least. They were still getting to know each other in bed. But of course that had all ended now. He didn’t say anything hoping she would continue and she did. “She wanted to know about us. I told her you had been patient with me. She said she hoped she would get

a chance with you, so she could have some of your patience.” She stopped again, shaking her head. “Norah, I would never,” he didn’t get to finish before she started again. “I was jealous. I knew what she meant by having a chance with you and I didn’t know how to handle it. We had never been together like that, and I guess I worried you might want it like Will did, or maybe you would just want to be with Jane.” She touched his legs and ran her hands up and down them. “So I told her we had never had sex. She didn’t believe me. She said Will had had her the first night they were together. She

seemed mad that I was still a virgin.” He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her to him. “That’s why she left him. She hated him. He treated her awful. I was afraid I had told her too much, and I guess I did. I think she ran because of what I said.” He pressed his face in her back and hair.

“Norah, no. This isn’t your fault. She left him because of the way he treated her.” He kissed her head and shoulder. “I’m so sorry. I just want to be with you, but you scare me. My feelings for you, scare me.” She turned in the water to face him. She wrapped her

legs around his body and her arms around his neck. He pressed his face in her neck.

“You can’t keep me locked up, Liam. I can’t be with you this way, I mean really be with you.” She touched his chest and ran her hands down to his length. He grunted in her neck as she stroked him. She leaned up and put him inside her. She started moving her body against his. He moaned against her. “I’ve missed you so much, baby,” he whispered. She leaned into him. “I love you,” she panted. He whimpered in her neck. He couldn’t believe after everything he had done to this woman, everything he had put her

through, she still loved him. He tried to make her hate him, then he tried to gain her respect and trust. Then he wanted her to love him so badly, and she did. Even when he locked her away, she loved him.

“I love you, too, Norah. I love you so much,” he panted as he moved her faster. “Please don’t leave me,” he begged. They came together and he held her tight as he filled her. “I’m won’t,” she said.

Chapter twelve

“We can’t do that anymore,” Liam said. Norah stood at the end of the bed laying out her night clothes. He came up behind her

and ran his finger over her birth mark.
“Can’t do what? Sex in the tub? I liked it.” She leaned down to put on her panties, and he his hand over her behind and laughed.
“No, that was very nice. I mean, unprotected. That was the second time we have had unprotected sex. I hate condoms, but we have to be safer.” He sat down on the bed and watched her get dressed. “If I make you an appointment with a doctor for birth control, will you go?” he asked.
“Of course. That’s why I’m here, to do what you tell me,” she smiled.
“Please, don’t say it like that.” He

covered his face with his hands, and then looked back at her. “I mean, I like hearing you say you’re willing to do what I tell you, but just not right now.” After keeping her locked away, and telling her over and over she belonged to him, he didn’t want to be reminded of his actions.

“Yes, I’ll go. I want to be safe too,” she said. He nodded and walked to her.

“Good. I’ll make an appointment for you in the morning.” He kissed her forehead. “Will you sleep in my room tonight?” he asked.

She nodded, but lowered her eyes. He knew it would take a while for

her to completely forgive him. “I’ll have Rosa and Gerald move the rest of your things tomorrow, if that is alright with you?” She nodded and kept her eyes to the ground. True to his word when Norah walked back up the stairs after breakfast the next morning, Gerald and Rosa were moving her things. She went to her bedroom and picked out something to wear for the day and sat on the bed waiting for a safe time to take a shower. Rosa came in and said something to her in Spanish and laughed. Norah didn’t understand her of course, but laid back on the bed and ran her hands over the

comforter.

“She said, I’ve never shared my room before.” Liam sat beside her and ran his hands up her bare legs. “She said, you must be very special if I want you to sleep in my bed with me.” He continued his hand up her body moving her robe just a bit so he could see her underwear. Norah stopped his hands from going any further.

“What would Gerald think?” she said. Liam laughed and lowered himself to her face.

“Why? Do you think Gerald wants you to share his room with him? I don’t think Rosa would like that,

or think you're very special anymore," he kissed her neck and moved his hand to the top of her underwear, pulling slightly at the waist band. She stopped his hand again. "I meant, if he came in here and saw us like this," Liam untied her robe and moved her night shirt up exposing her stomach. He slowly lowered his lips and started kissing her bare skin.

"I would hope he would think I was a lucky man," he breathed in between kisses. "Most of the time, Gerald has a way of knowing when it's safe to enter a room and when it isn't." Just as he extended his tongue to her navel, Gerald

walked in. He leaned up quickly, and Norah closed her robe. She covered her face with her hands, and Liam smiled at Gerald.

“Excuse me, sir, I just came to get the rest of Miss Chandler’s things,” he bowed and went to the closet. Norah playfully kicked Liam in the back.

“Hey, I did say, most of the time, didn’t I?” He got up and faced her. “I made you an appointment for later today, with Dr. Goldrum. She’s supposed to be London’s best gynecologist. There was a four month wait to see her, but I can be very persuading.” He ran his finger over her foot. “The

appointment is at 2pm, I'll have John take you. I have a meeting so I will meet you there." Norah sat up on the bed.

"Who's John? And you're going to let me go somewhere without you?" she asked. He pulled her closer to him.

"John is one of my driver's. Trig is my main driver, but John has filled in for him on many occasions. He's a former sniper for the US Army, and like Trig, I trust him with my life." He took a breath.

"But more importantly, I trust him with you. He will be your driver now." He kissed her forehead. "And don't let it go to your head, it

isn't like I'm not going to be there with you. I just can't come home first. It's like the banquet, I will just meet you there." He winked at her. "Now get yourself ready, I have to go to work, and I have some things I would like to give you before I go." Norah moved to her knees.

"We could shower together, it would save time, and conserve water," she gave him a sexy smile. Liam chuckled and touched her face. "If we showered together, I don't think I would make it to work today at all."

Norah showered and dressed in black shorts and a red tank

top. She put on a little makeup, tamed her curls and sprayed her vanilla body spray over her. She grabbed her bag and black sandals and went downstairs. Liam stood by his desk in the study.

“I’m here! Did you time me?” she said as she sat in his desk chair and put on her sandals.

“Funny you say that, because yes I did. It took you 34 minutes.....not bad, little one.” He turned to the desk and picked up a little box and opened it. He turned back to her and handed her an iPhone. She took it and just looked at him for an explanation. She was sure one was coming.

“I don’t just want to tell you that I trust you, Norah. I want to show you. I’m giving you this phone as a sign of how much I trust you.” “I have programmed in the house number, my cell number, office number, and car number. I also added John and Trig’s cell numbers as well. You have access to the internet, Facebook, your email,” he paused and laughed a little. “You could probably launch a space shuttle with this thing. I even transferred your iPod music.” He touched her chin to make her look at him. “You can call whoever you want, whenever you want. You can email whoever you want, and I

don't need to read it before you send it out." He kissed her forehead.

She looked back at the phone and ran her hand over the screen. It

instantly came on and had a password screen. She looked up at him.

"The password is 'sweet Norah', but you can change it if you want to." He turned away and picked up something else from the desk.

"And you don't have to tell me what you change it to." He turned back to her and handed her a mini iPad.

"This is also for you. It's an iPad. I bought you a mini so you could fit it in your purse," he laughed. "I have pre-loaded it with some books and music for you.

There are games, recipes, email, and the internet, whatever. I put some movies on there I think you might like as well. Again it can do much more and I know I'm not doing a good job explaining it. But the manual is here if you want it." Norah looked up at him.

"I had one.....before," she quickly lowered her eyes.

"Good then you know more than I do. I just use mine whenever Steve tells me to do something, and Marcy usually has to help me figure it out," he laughed but he was sweating a little.

"Liam, thank you so much. This is all too much, way too

much. But thank you. Thank you seems so inadequate.” She touched his arm, “Why are you so nervous?” she asked. He shifted his feet and cleared his throat.

“I punished you unfairly for over a week, and I know these presents don’t make up for my behavior. I know you are still upset with me, and I understand that, I do.”

“But I want so badly for you to forgive me. So I took two weeks off in October. I was hoping that when you went home to your friend’s wedding, that I could go with you?” he asked.

“You’re going to let me go home?” she asked. He nodded.

“And you are asking if you can go with me, like you would let me go home alone, if I wanted to?” He nodded again, hoping that wouldn’t be the case.

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to, but I’m not sure if you want your family to meet me after what I’ve done to you.” He looked down at his feet and tried to look unsure of himself. He wanted her to believe the choice was really hers.

“I’m still very afraid of you not coming back, but I know I have to trust you, Norah.” He did trust her, that wasn’t the question. But there was no way he was letting her go without him. He was sure she would

come to the right conclusion.
Norah smiled and stepped back a little.
She put her new presents on
the chair and walked to the fireplace.
She turned back and crossed
her arms against her chest. “So you’re
going to allow me to fly out of the
country, alone,
see my family and friends, and trust me
to come back? But I can’t go
to the doctor alone? ” Her tone wasn’t
reassuring to Liam at all. He
didn’t answer her. Maybe giving her the
option to take him with her
wasn’t such a good idea. He assumed
she would want him to go with
her. She walked to him and touched his
chest. “Thank you for

trusting me,” she kissed his forehead and picked up her things. She started out of the room, with a big smile on her face. She was playing with him this time. She wanted him to squirm for a bit. As she got to the stairs she felt him behind her.

“So you want to go alone?” he asked as he grabbed her arm.

She turned back to face him with a big smile on her face.

“Of course I want you to go with me! I would love for my family to meet you,” he leaned down to kiss her. “But don’t think for one second I don’t know your little game here, sir.” She kissed him lightly on his lips. “What game? There’s

no game,” he smiled. Norah turned and started up the stairs.

“I know there was not a chance in hell you were actually going to let me go to the United States alone, sir, it’s just not in your nature. You may have let me think I had a choice in the matter, but I’m sure even if I said I wanted to go alone, I would be persuaded otherwise by sexual torture of some kind.” She turned to find him with a big smile on his face. “But it was nice to have the illusion, Mr. Hastings. Have a good day at work, and I will see you later!” So she caught on to his game. Of course she was one step ahead of him, and

knew his game. He breathed a sigh of relief on the way to work. Just for a little more fun, he called her from the car.

Norah

My new phone started vibrating and the ring tone was

‘Scream’ by Usher. All I heard was:

Now I have tried to fight it, to fight it

But you're so magnetic, magnetic

Got one life, just live it, just live it

Now relax, and get on your back

If you want it done right

Hope you're ready to go all night

Get you going like ah-ooh

Baby baby ooh baby baby

Ah-ooh baby baby ooh baby

If you wanna scream

He wasn't trying to be very subtle with his message, and I heard him loud and clear. I decided to be brave again, and play some more. I liked him when he was playful. It was sexy. I couldn't resist trying to make him that way all the time. "So should I scream when I answer the phone, or just say ooh baby, baby?" I snarked. I heard him laugh.

"Well I would prefer that you scream when I'm with you," he laughed some more. "Do you like the ring tone? That one's just for me. I have a more appropriate one for other callers."

"What is the purpose of your call, Mr.

Hastings, I would like
to play with my new toys.”

“I was just calling to congratulate you on
a poker game well
played this morning, little one. You had
me thinking I was going to
have to think of a more creative way to
convince you to take me. It
isn't that I don't trust you to come back,
well not completely that.

It's more that I just didn't want to go two
weeks without you and
I didn't want you to find an American to
replace me.”

“Well that's good to know, Mr.

Hastings, I wouldn't want to
be without you either.” “I really do trust
you, Norah. I hope you understand all of

the
power I have given you and know that I
am trusting you with my life.
I hope my trust is not misplaced. I
couldn't take it if you betrayed
me."

"I would never betray you, and I do
know the responsibility
you have given me."

"Have a good day, I'll see you later, but
don't have too much
fun with those toys, without me," but
before he hung up, I got in the
last word again.

"Oh, Mr. Hastings, just so you know,
you wouldn't have to
worry about me replacing you. I like my
men like I like my tea," I

paused for affect, “hot and British. Good Day, sir.” I could almost hear him smiling on the other end of the phone.

I looked around my room. I was really going to miss it. It was so bright and colorful. His room was so dark and masculine. His room was bigger and the bathroom was much nicer, so I could see why he wouldn’t want to move in here with me.

“Do you think Liam would let me redecorate his room?” I asked Gerald as he pushed my rocking chair out the door. He stopped and looked around.

“This room is more feminine. But Mr.

Hastings has never let any of his.....lady friends in his room before, Miss Chandler. So I don't know how he would feel about letting you take it over. But I'm sure if anyone could get him to brighten up that dark dungeon, it would be you." I smiled, grabbed my bag and put it across my body. I grabbed the other side of the chair and helped him push it out the door. "This white chair doesn't exactly match, does it?" he panted. "No it doesn't. And he's so particular about everything, I would think he would just buy one that matched his room." I helped Gerald move a few more things as well as all

my
toiletries and then I went outside and sat
on the patio with my iPad
and phone. I emailed my family and
called Tiffany. She was excited
to hear from me, and very happy I would
be home for the wedding. I
told her about Liam, and she said she
was looking forward to
meeting him.

John opened the car door for me, and I
got inside. I felt weird
having someone drive me. I didn't like
being alone in the car with
someone and not know them.

“So tell me your life story, John?” I
joked. He looked in the
rearview mirror at me. He was a very

attractive African American man, in his early 30's. He kinda reminded me of Blair Underwood, with his big brown eyes. He was dressed in a dark gray suit and black tie. I had noticed Trig wore the same thing most of the time. "I mean, if you're going to be my driver, shouldn't we be friends too?" He didn't smile. "I was an Army Ranger for 20 years, then I worked security for a while. Now I am your driver and body man." Body man? What did that mean?

"Do you have any kids, are you married?" I asked. I figured I would save the 'body man' question for Liam.

“I was married, and I have two daughters. We divorced several years ago, but she moved here for her job, so I moved to be closer to my kids.” I nodded. The car stopped and John got out. Just as my door opened, ‘Scream’ could be heard coming from my bag. I smiled at John and walked in the doctor’s office, grabbing my phone and pressing every button I could to make it stop.

“Hello?”

“Why Miss Chandler, you sound out of breath? I didn’t interrupt something did I?” he sounded like he was smirking. I didn’t answer. “I’m calling because I’m

running late. I don't know if I am going to make it. Are you going to be alright without me?" he asked. "Yes, I'll be fine, don't worry. I have my body man here to protect me," I smiled at John and waited for Liam to comment, but he didn't.

"Alright, I will see you later."

I checked in at the desk and flipped through my iPad while I waited. Soon I heard my name and I walked back to the exam room.

A nurse weighed me, took my height and asked me some basic health questions. She told me to get undressed and put on the paper gown. I shivered with a chill

remembering how vaginal exams usually went. They weren't painful, just awkward and uncomfortable. The room was always cold, and the gown barely covered anything. I folded my clothes neatly, and slid my shoes under the chair. I heard a light knock at the door and Dr. Goldrum walked in.

“Hello, Miss Chandler. My name is Dr. Goldrum.” He was writing something on a file and handed it to the nurse behind him. I was a little taken aback because he was a man. Liam had specifically said she, when he talked about the appointment. I held up my hand. “I thought you were a woman?” I asked.

“Oh, that’s my wife. She’s Dr. Goldrum too. We practice together.” He wrote something else down on another file and signed a piece of paper. The nurse took the files and put them on the counter. He sat down on the little stool in front of me. “Is it a problem? Because we can reschedule with my wife, if that would be better?” I pressed my lips together. I knew Liam had wanted a woman for two reasons. 1) He didn’t want me to be reminded of my exam after being kidnapped. 2) It was probably a caveman thing, he didn’t want another man to look at me, even if he was a doctor. But I

also thought rescheduling would force him to have to continue to wear condoms, and he said he hated them.

“No, it’s fine.” We talked for a few minutes about my health and menstruation history. He went over the exam procedures then asked me to lay back. It was weird and awkward like I remembered but it wasn’t anything I couldn’t handle. In the end we concluded that the Depo shot would be good for me. I had to get it every three months, and it would be in full effect in twenty four hours. So Liam could stop wearing condoms as of tomorrow. He gave me the shot in my

butt, which I knew Liam wouldn't be happy about, and I was done.

On the drive home I decided I wanted to do something nice for Liam. He had done so much for me, it was the least I could do.

When I got home I talked to Rosa, with Gerald's help of course and they were both in agreement that my idea was a good one. Rosa called the family, and I made Gerald a list of groceries. I wanted to go to the store myself, but thought I shouldn't push my luck with having my own driver.

When Liam came home, we were all outside on the patio. I

met him at the back door with a beer and kiss.

“How was your day, dear?” I joked. He looked around. Gerald was manning the grill, Rosa was setting out a few side dishes and paper items, Lina and Raymond were sitting on the wicker couch holding baby Josefina, Sofia and Nathan were out walking just past the trees and Carlo and Lorenzo were both sitting in chairs drinking a beer. He nodded and said hello to everyone. I could tell he was shocked and it might not be a good thing. I took his hand and asked him to come inside with me while I finished up the salad.

“I wanted to do something nice for you.

It's just a cook out.

Are you angry?" I started chopping the tomatoes. Rosa and Gerald had been so nice to me. They reminded me of the parents I never had but always wanted. Liam told me he lost his parents at a young age, so Rosa and Gerald were the closest thing to a family that he had in his life. I thought maybe the reason he hired an entire family to work for him was because he longed for a family of his own.

"No, not at all. How did your appointment go?" he sounded impatient. "I thought you would call me when it was over." He crossed his arms over his chest. "It went

fine. I'm very healthy. He gave me the shot. I got one today, and don't have to go back for three months." He moved his hands to his hips.

"What do you mean, 'he'?" Oh shit, I knew this was going to be an issue. I rolled my eyes and walked to him.

"Don't roll your eyes at me, please." I assumed this was a respect issue.

"Okay, don't freak out, but you made the appointment with Jake Goldrum, not Jane Goldrum. They're husband and wife and work together in the practice. He said I could reschedule with her if I

wanted,” and before I could finish that sentence he jumped in.

“Why didn’t you?” he snapped.

“Are you mad about this?” I shook my head at him.

“I wanted you to be seen by a woman, for your comfort and my,” I jumped this time. “Caveman issues?” I put my hands across my chest.

“You’re jealous that a doctor was examining me?” I went back to chopping.

“Trust me there was nothing sexual about it, Liam. I was fine. Thank you for being concerned. But when I go back next year, I will make sure I make the appointment with her, if that makes you happy.” He

came up behind me and pulled me to him, resting his chin on my shoulder.

“Yes, that would make me happy. I’m sorry I’m such a.....caveman, as you put it.” He kissed my neck. “I really like what you have done here. You seem to have made yourself at home quite nicely.” He grabbed a grape from the table and started to walk out.

“And I do like the way you said, ‘next year’, little one.” I rolled my eyes. “I know you’re rolling your eyes, Norah!”

Chapter thirteen

Will sat in Liam’s office tapping his foot nervously while Liam

finished the call. Will was given a tip that Jane had been spotted in town and asked Liam to follow up on it. He didn't think he would be able to control himself long enough to get any important information. Will sat impatiently and listened to Liam ask questions, write down information and tap his pen on the desk. He jumped up when Liam went to the computer and started typing.

"Is that where she is?" he asked in a quiet voice. Liam gestured for him to shut up and sit down. "Well thank you, sir. And please if you see her again, call me right away. She is sick and needs her

medication.” Liam hung up the phone.

“Well? Where is the bitch?” Will asked.

Liam got up and rounded his desk to sit beside Will.

“The man only told me he had seen her several times in the same café. She was talking with another woman, and looked fine, according to him. He said, he saw a young man on the corner giving out flyers with her picture and a reward?” Liam crossed his legs and leaned back in the chair. “Will what are you doing? You can’t put out flyers for a person you bought illegally, what are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking I want her back! You don’t

know, Liam, you still have Norah. I've never had a slave run from me before. I'm sure they wanted to, but they never did!" He got up and walked to the window. "I don't know how I fucked this up so badly? How did I miss read her? When we start the trust stage I only believe about 20% of what they say, and as time goes on the percentage grows. I learn to read them better, and can tell when they are trying to save their own ass, or have real feelings." Liam stood up and walked to Will. "You have to stop with these stages, Will, it doesn't work. Well first of all, you should stop buying

women, that doesn't work either!" Will looked at Liam. "How did you do it? If you didn't use my stages, then how did you get Norah to want to stay with you?" Liam smiled and walked to his desk.

"I don't know, my friend. It was different with her. Not just because I bought her and felt sorry for her either. But being with her didn't feel like being with my other submissive's. I liked to punish them, I wanted to hurt them. From the very beginning it was about sex and a lot of it. I never forced them, of course, but the kinkier, the better." He ran his hands through his

hair. “But it wasn’t like that with Norah. From the moment I saw her, I wanted to make her happy. Why else would I spend 1.5 million on a woman I had never met? It wasn’t about the money, or the thought of fucking her senseless, it was that she was sad, and I wanted to make her happy.”

He went to his bar and made himself a drink. “I tried to go through your stages, and was successful in some areas. But when I wanted her to fear me, she didn’t, and when she did, I just wanted to tell her I wasn’t going to hurt her.” “I freaked out when Jane ran from you, I did, I really did. I

locked her back up, I was so scared to lose her.” He turned Will to look at him. “Me, scared of a woman leaving me. It was something I had never felt before. Usually when my subs left me, I was ready, and eager to move on. Even when Natasha said she was leaving me if I didn’t give her more, I didn’t care. I realized I had just kept her around because I was too lazy to find someone else.” He touched Will’s shoulder. “But the thought of Norah leaving me, makes me crazy.”

“Then you should understand why I have people passing out flyers for Jane. I’m going crazy, Liam. I

want her back. I want to make that bitch pay for leaving me.” Liam shook his head.

“There’s the difference. I love Norah.

You just want revenge with Jane. If Norah wanted to leave me, and told me she was going, I

wouldn’t want her to, and I would try to make her stay, but I would

let her go, if that was what she really

wanted.” “Does she know you didn’t know it was an illegal auction?”

Will asked. Liam shook his head. “Do you think if she found out she

would be upset?” Liam shrugged his shoulders. He knew this was a

conversation he would have to have with her. “So if she doesn’t

know that you intended to purchase a voluntary slave, and she herself didn't volunteer for this life, how would she know that leaving you was even an option?" Will took the drink out of Liam's hand and took a sip. Liam looked at the floor. "Think about it, Liam. She doesn't know leaving you, without running is an option for her. Maybe she tells you she won't run because she thinks her life would be worse if she runs and is caught and then brought back to you." He crunched a piece of ice. Liam knew that part was true. Norah had said that herself. "But if you told her she could leave you if she

wasn't happy, and you would let her go, help her pack, even pay for her flight back to the states, do you think she would still stay with you?" He crunched another piece of ice. "I don't think your relationship is nearly as honest and loving as you pretend it is, big guy. I think you haven't told Norah, she isn't really your slave because deep down you know she would leave you." He put the glass on the table and started to walk out of Liam's office. "And I don't want Jane back just for revenge. I did care about her." Liam stood at the window looking out. Was Will right? Would Norah leave him if she was given the

option? He had told her she could go to the wedding alone, wasn't that giving her a chance to leave if she wanted to? But then again, she called him on his game. She knew he would never let her go without him. Liam had let Norah out of her room, out in public, gave her a driver, and a phone. He told her she was free to go anywhere she wanted as long as she was home when he got home and answered the phone when he called her. But was he still holding her hostage? Was she really free? Did she just fear that the consequences of running and being found would be worse than living this life with

him? Liam turned back to his desk and grabbed his phone. "Hello?" her voice was so sweet. Liam leaned back in his chair.

"Where are you?" he asked. He knew he sounded a little frantic.

"I'm in the kitchen, why?" she sounded a little confused.

"Where did you go today?"

"Umm, I went to get a manicure, but that's it. Why? Do you need me to do something for you?" she still sounded so sweet, was it real or just an act for him? Liam clenched his eyes shut and leaned his head back.

“No. I was just wondering where you had gone. You don’t have to stay home all day, you know? I told you could use the car as much as you want.”

“I know. I guess I’m still a little leery about being out for too long. I get nervous around people, and reach for you to calm me, and you’re not there,” she laughed. “I love you, Norah, you know that right?” Liam hadn’t said he loved her since the evening in the tub. He knew he did love her and he had done things to show he loved her, but he hadn’t said the words again.

“What’s wrong with you?” she asked.

He smiled knowing she could see right through him. It was like she had the key to his soul.

“Nothing. Will came to see me today. Someone saw Jane in town and he wanted me to call around about it, that’s all. He was going out of his mind, and it just made me think,” he trailed off.

“Don’t let him get in your head, Liam. We aren’t them, remember that! I’m not Jane, I’m not.” She took a deep breath. “Are you going to attack me tonight and lock me away again?” she was joking but neither laughed. “Well I might attack you, but I’m certainly not locking you away, Norah. I never

want to do that again. I want you to know that,” he paused and took a sip of the melting ice in his drink. “You’re with me, and,” he paused again. “And you’re with me, too. Now stop worrying so much, finish up your work and come home. I want to feel those big arms around me.” Liam wanted to tell her that he didn’t own her, not anymore anyway. He wanted to tell her she was free to choose. But deep down he thought Will could be right. He was scared that if Norah knew she had a choice, she wouldn’t choose him. Why would any woman choose to be with a man that had kept her locked up, and

forced sexual acts on her? He still wasn't 100% sure she really loved him. Maybe his charming ways were just that good. Maybe he had made her think she loved him. But given the choice she would see she didn't. He wasn't ready to find out the answers to any of those questions.

He walked up behind her in the kitchen. "Let's eat out by the pond tonight." She turned and kissed his neck. "You're being very romantic, what's gotten into you?" He just smiled. "I'm just thankful after everything that has happened before you were with me, and even the things I have done to you, that you

can still be yourself.” He paused playing with her hair that she had braided. “I want you to talk to me about anything and feel safe here. I know after what you have been through it is hard to trust anyone, but you can trust me, Norah.” Liam knew after doing some research that some women after being sold into sexual slavery never recovered. Others had a long road to recovery. They didn’t trust people, didn’t like to be out in public, didn’t like to be touched, and never spoke. Norah had only been in this life for a short time, thankfully, and she seemed to recover pretty quickly. She was still

very submissive and he liked that, but she also talked to him, and move around the house as if it was hers. She was becoming more comfortable with leaving and going out on her own, and while he worried about where she went, he was happy she felt comfortable enough to go outside on her own. They ate quietly by the trees. Norah brought a book she was reading and started to read from it while Liam stroked her hair. He watched her face and tried to read her body language. She looked so relaxed, so comfortable with him. He wanted to believe she really loved him, that he hadn't manipulated

her feelings. He wanted to believe if she knew the truth about him that she would still choose him. There was so much at stake in her knowing the truth. He knew it wouldn't just be about him and her.

She was from a different country, had a family, and a completely different life. She had never been exposed to dom/sub relationships and certainly not master/slave situations. She had become a good little submissive, but she hadn't really seen his depraved side, yet.

He didn't know if she knew the truth about the things he liked to do in the bedroom, if she would stay or run. Norah leaned against the tree and

continued to read out loud while Liam packed up the dishes and left over food. He closed up the basket and turned on his knees to look at Norah. He thought this could be a good time to tell her the truth about herself and him too.

Then Norah raised her knees and her shorts parted just a little bit.

Liam could see her red underwear. The horny man in him took over.

They hadn't made love last night, waiting for the shot to be in full effect so he wouldn't have to wear a condom. He laid on his stomach and moved his hand up her leg. She sucked in a breath when his fingertips touched her inner thigh.

“Mr. Hastings, I don’t think you’re listening to my story,” she said. He moved his finger over and ran it down the lace fabric covering her. “Oh, I’m listening.....green pastures, horses, and kites in the air.....I got it.” He knelt between her legs and pulled her shorts off. She moved the book from her face, and narrowed her eyes at him. “I thought you might be more comfortable this way.....please go on,” he smiled. He leaned down and lightly kissed her stomach right at her panty line. He ran his hands over her sex, and then moved his fingers under the lace. His fingers felt her slick folds. Then he

inserted his finger in her. She took another deep breath but continued to read. He moved his finger in and out, then inserted another, but kept up the motion. Norah's reading started to become very breathy and he liked it. "I hope you're paying attention, sir. There might be a quiz later," her breathing had picked up. He took his free hand and moved the lace over. "The guy in the hat is watching the girl with the ring. Then he met the other guy with the briefcase on a bridge....I'm with you, go on." He lightly touched her clit with his tongue. When she responded by moving her hips up to meet his mouth,

he licked harder. His fingers moved faster and his tongue went deeper. She dropped the book and put her hands on the back of his head. She started to moan and pull at his hair. He took his mouth away but placed his thumb in the same spot. "Now how will I know how the story ends?" he asked. "They made it into a movie, I'll buy it for you tomorrow," she panted. He moved his mouth up her body and sucked on her nipple through her shirt. He opened his eyes and saw three men from the yard crew at a distance watching them. Liam's first thought was to protect Norah from being seen. But with the

angle of her body nothing could be seen but the back of her head and maybe one of her legs, which was wrapped around Liam's body. Liam moved his mouth back to clit and kept going. He thought back to the days of sharing his woman with Nick, and how much of turn on it was to know Nick was watching him fuck his woman. He didn't want these guys to see Norah naked, but watching him pleasure her, didn't bother him at all. She moved her body so she was leaning back on one hand and pressing his face in her with the other.

"I'm gonna come," she panted. His

tongue moved faster.

“Come for me, baby. I like to see this pussy come,” Norah didn’t like dirty talk unless they were actually doing something dirty.

He knew right now was a good time.

“Here pussy, pussy, pussy, come for me,” he panted, and moved his fingers faster. She grabbed the back of his head and moaned his name. He leaned up and wiped his mouth with his sleeve. “Damn, you are so fucking sexy.” He leaned back on his heels and watched her as she took off her shirt and bra. When she stood to remove her panties Liam took the little blanket he had brought and wrapped it

around her waist. She looked confused, but didn't make a comment. She straddled his waist and unbuckled his pants. Now he was at a cross roads. Should he sit here and let these guys watch him fuck his woman. They still couldn't see anything except her bare back. But this was his woman, his Norah. Did he really want to expose something this personal to everyone? His horniness won overall. He didn't want to stop her, and he couldn't wave them away without stopping her. She pulled him out of his pants and started stroking him up and down. Slowly she inserted his hard

dick in her, and she started riding him. He moved the blanket to her waist to block her ass from being seen but held on and moved her up and down. He took in her nipple and she leaned her head back. "Fuck me Norah, fuck me harder, baby," he panted. He was lost in a world of pleasure. When he came to his senses, he realized she was turning around. He didn't know what to do. She felt so fucking good, he didn't want to stop, but if she turned not only could they see more of her body but she might see them too. Before he had time to think, she leaned back on him and started moving against his body.

“Fuck Norah,” he ran his hand down her spine and pulled her to him. He moved his hips faster and faster. He covered her breasts with his hands, and leaned her forward so they couldn’t see her pussy.

“Spread your legs some more,” he moved her legs apart, and pulled himself deeper in her. He could feel that he about to come.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her to the side. In one big motion he flipped her around, and covered her body with his.

He pumped harder, and faster. “Are you close, baby?” She arched her back and let him hear her

pleasure again. "That's it, come for me. Feel me inside you, baby." He moved faster and shoved himself in her a few more times. "Look at me, Norah, Look at me," they locked eyes as he came harder than he had in a very long time. He kept moving but slowed his pace. He grinded himself against her and kissed her neck. "Keep that up, and we're gonna have to start all over, sir," she panted. He was feeling so good, he didn't even realize what he was about to say. "Well I suggest we have round two in the house, unless you want our audience to get bigger," as soon as he said it he regretted

it. He kissed her neck and hoped she hadn't heard him.

“Audience? What are you talking about?” she pushed him off of her neck and looked around. When she saw the men, they instantly scattered. “What the fuck? You knew they were watching us?” She pushed him off of her and grabbed the blanket. Liam stood up and zipped up his pants.

“Norah, it isn't a big deal. They didn't see anything, I made sure of it.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Liam? You made sure of it?

What does that mean? You wanted them to watch us? You liked it?” He reached

for arm, and she snatched it away. “Get off me!”

She grabbed her shoes and her book and started to run back to the house.

Norah

I ran in the house and went straight to my room. I slammed the door and then remembered most of things were in his room. I went to the dresser and pulled open the drawers, I found some underwear, t-shirts and cotton shorts. I slammed it shut and ran to his room to get my shower things. I had to get this feeling off me. As I ran down the hall, I heard him downstairs telling Rosa he was sorry

everything was such a mess in the basket. I grabbed a few things from his bathroom and started back to my room. I saw him coming up the stairs and started running. “Norah, wait! Please, let me talk to you, come here!” I kept running and went in my room. I turned on the shower, very hot, and let the steam fill the room. I stood in the bedroom and dropped the blanket and threw my underwear in the trash. I don’t know why I did that, but it made me feel better. I stepped in the shower and let the hot water cover me. I heard the door open and braced myself for his voice. I knew he was going to

say something suave and smooth and try to get me to forgive him. I had to have thick skin when it came to him.

“Norah, please listen to me, I have to explain.” I could see him through the glass. He was leaning up against the counter with his arms across his chest. He was actually twirling his sunglasses in his hands.

“There is nothing to explain! You went down on me and fucked me in front of your staff, what is there to understand?” I turned my back to the glass, and let the water roll over my head hoping it would drown out his voice.

“Yes, that’s what happened, but I wanted to tell you why. I’m not trying to make excuses for myself, I did what I did....I am what I am....I’m not going to apologize for that.” I turned back to him and covered my breasts with my hands. I wasn’t sure why I did that, but I did. “And what are you saying? In addition to being a slave trader, and a Dominate, you’re also an exhibitionist?” I yelled to make sure he heard me, but also because I was pissed. “I’ll let the slave trader comment go, because I know your upset, but don’t ever call me that again or you will be sorry!” He

stepped a little closer to the shower door. “But as for the exhibitionist.....I never thought of myself as such, but.....I guess so...yes.” He was acting so cold and proud even of his revelation about himself.

“So what? Now I’m just suppose let you fuck me in front of people? Dammit, Liam! You are exactly like what they told me! You said they told me those things to scare me, but it’s true! You want to fuck me while people watch. Next thing I know you’ll be having parties and expecting me fuck other men while you watch!” He stood straight up, opened the door to the shower and

turned off the water. He grabbed a towel and threw it at me. I wrapped it around myself and he yanked my arm so hard, I almost tripped out of the shower. He pulled me in the bedroom and then turned me to face him. He held both of my arms tight, and made sure I was looking him in the eyes. “Stop this, right now, Norah! I would never let other men fuck you, me watching or not, it isn’t gonna happen!” “Well why not? It’s like they just got a taste of me anyway,” I snapped back. He grabbed my chin with his hand, then let me go pushing me away and running his hands

through his hair.

“If you’re trying to make me hurt you, Norah, you’re doing a damn good job.” He walked to the door and then came back to me.

“This is the way I am, Norah. You know I have a dark side. Before you I enjoyed those kinds of things, yes.” I turned away from him, but he grabbed my arm and made me turn back to him. “I liked to spank, cane, and beat the shit out of my women before I fucked them senselessly.” I cringed when he spoke. “Oh yes, go ahead and think I’m a sick pervert if you want. But that’s what I wanted. I wanted to bound and gage women, I like to fuck a woman

in her sweet little mouth while she was being pounded from behind by someone else.” I shook my head and pulled away from him.

“That’s who I was, Norah. I was sick bastard, but I liked it, and the women liked it too.” He let me go and walk to the other side of the room. “But I changed when I met you. I didn’t like seeing you in pain. Thinking of you with other men makes me want to fucking kill someone. I changed everything about myself.....for you.” He held his arms out and then let fall to his sides. “I guess I thought I had it all out of my system. I love making love to you,” he walked to me and

touched my shoulder. "I love to make love, slow and gentle, with you. When I'm with you, I think about you, and spanking you, or tying you up doesn't cross my mind." I took a deep breath and relaxed a little. I kept my back to him and he lightly kissed my shoulder. "But when I saw them watching us, my dick got so hard I thought my pants were going to explode." He kissed me again. "I was turned on by the thought of people watching me pleasure what was mine. At that moment, you belonged to me, and I wanted them to see that. I wanted them to see how I could make you come as many times as I

wanted to.” He kissed my shoulder again. “Over and over and over,” he panted. “But this is like everything else, Norah. If you don’t want it, I won’t do it.” He stepped away and sat on the bed. “I shouldn’t have let us go that far today once I knew they were watching without telling you, and I am sorry for that. If you don’t want to do it anymore we won’t.” He laid back on the bed.

“It’s that simple for you? You can sit here and tell me how much all these things turn you on, how much you have loved doing them with other women, but with me, I don’t like it, so you’re done!

And it's that easy for you?" It was good question. I had no idea how much those things turned him on. I knew he liked to do things I didn't even know about. And I knew he had stopped it because of me, but I didn't know how addicted he was to it. How could I be enough for him? Was I really satisfying him? And if I was, how long would this last? And furthermore, what would happen to me when he was over me? Would he sell me again? He said he wouldn't before, but was that just to calm my nerves? He opened his eyes and rolled to his side. He propped his head on his elbow.

“Yes, it is that simple for me.” I shook my head.

“How can it be? How can I be enough for you? You want these things, and I don’t. How can we be right for each other? And what’s going to happen to me the day you realize that making love to me in front of the fire place isn’t enough anymore?” I decided it was best to voice the concerns in my head instead of fretting over them. He leaned up and walked to me. I looked in the mirror at his face. He grabbed my shoulders. “I want you, Norah. I want you more than I want to hurt someone. Does that make sense? I can

either have a woman that I vaguely like, who lets me whip her and fuck her in front of people. And not give a fuck about other men having her too. Or I can be completely in love with you, and every time we make love in front of the fire place, or anywhere else, I'll know I am the only man who has ever touched you like that. I'm the only man that you will ever give yourself to." He touched my hands and loosened my grip from the towel around me. I dropped the towel, and he cupped both of breasts and kissed my neck. He ran his hand down my stomach and rubbed my sex. I closed my eyes and

leaned forward. He ran his hand over my ass and back to my sex. I could hear him unzipping his pants again. He pulled my hair slightly and made me look up at him. "I would rather have you, and nothing else matters. We will never be done, and I will never get tired of you," he kissed my back and pulled me to him. I could feel him pressing at my entrance. He looked up at me in the mirror again. "Is this ok?" he asked. I nodded and leaned into him. He put his hand on my sex from the front. "Spread your legs wider for me, baby," he panted. He plunged in me and started moving his hips at a slow pace. He had

one breast and he cupped my sex with the other. I leaned back further and wrapped my arms around the back of his neck. I closed my eyes and let the pleasure take over. “Open your eyes, Norah. Watch yourself, see how fucking sexy you are, baby.” He was right, we looked hot. Watching us in the mirror was a huge turn on. I could see how knowing someone else was watching us would get him hard. I still wasn’t sure I ever wanted to do it again, but I could see his point of view.

Chapter fourteen

Norah

We laid naked on my bed and he ran his

hands over my body.

My back was to his front, and his fingers gently touched me at my neck, then my shoulder, down my arm and side, to my hip, and around my behind...then back up again.

"I'm still mad at you," I whispered. He let out a deep breath.

"I know," he said. "I'm willing to work the rest of the night to make you forgive me."

"But I might be willing to try some of the things you like.....to make you happy." I couldn't believe what I was offering. I had no idea how deep he was in the world of BDSM, but if I was truly his, I needed to try to make him happy, so he

would want to keep me.

“You don’t have to do that. You make me happy just being with me,” he leaned into my neck. I rolled to face him. “But I want to. You paid what I can imagine was a lot of money for me. I want to be worth it. I need to try to make you happy. I should be doing the things you like to do.”

“It isn’t about the money, Norah, and it never has been. It’s about me wanting to please you. There’s a difference in me not wanting you to do these things, and I having no desire to hurt you.”

He took a deep breath. “You make me crazy sometimes, and my

anger gets the best of me, and for that kind of pain I am truly sorry.

But inflicting pain on you as a sexual act is not something I want to do.”

“I don’t want you to either. But it isn’t all pain right? I mean, I’m sure there are things in this dark world that involve only pleasure. I can try those things for you.” He lightly kissed my lips and ran his hand down my body again.

“There is something I want to try if you would let me,” he kissed me again and touched my behind. He raised my leg over his hip and ran his hand over my sex, then continued back and pressed his

hand against the other hole. I moved away briefly than relaxed. “I want this part of you to be mine too.” He kissed me again, then leaned back to gauge my reaction. I didn’t know what I thought about anal sex. “It can be very pleasurable for both of us, I would make sure of it. And if you wanted to stop, I would stop.” I nodded and started to turn over. He stopped me and laughed a little. “While I appreciate your enthusiasm, we can’t just do it right now,” he kissed my forehead. “I mean we could, but it would be painful for you, and I don’t want that. I need to prepare you first, which

can also be fun for both of us.” He moved so he was laying on top of me supporting himself on his elbows. He moved my legs apart with his knee and I could feel him pressing against my sex. “I’ll show you some of my other toys and you can tell me what you think you would want to try,” he was panting, pressing his tip in me then pulling it back out. I bent my knees and made myself more available to him. “But trust me little one, there are so many things we can do without pain, without toys,” he paused licking his lips and closing his eyes, while he pressed himself in me a little more. “So many

positions, places, and ways to have sex, we won't ever get tired of each other." I couldn't imagine ever getting tired of him. Every time we had sex it was a new experience for me.

The next morning at breakfast I walked in the dining room to hear him on the phone with Will. I took my seat and poured myself some coffee. I buttered my toast and waited for him to finish his call. I could tell they were talking about Jane, but I tried not to look at him. I didn't want him to think I was trying to get any ideas. When he ended the call he touched me hand, and I looked over to him.

“Good Morning, little one, how are you this morning?” I

smiled and covered my mouth, which was full of toast.

“Fine and you?” he chuckled at me talking with my mouth full. “I’m good. I need to ask you something. If Jane tried to contact you, would you tell me?” he asked. I looked down at my plate and then back to him.

“I don’t know. Would you send her back to Will?” Jane ran from Will because he was an ass. I didn’t know her very well at all, but I wouldn’t want to send her back to him if she didn’t want to go.

“Hmm. I guess it would depend,” he said

and went back to eating like that was the end of the conversation.

“What would it depend on?” I shook my head at him. He smiled at me. “You would send her back to him wouldn’t you?” He didn’t answer. I looked down at my plate. He reached over to the chair next to him.

“I have a present for you,” he handed me a small white box. I didn’t take it. I kept my eyes fixed on him. He sat the box beside my plate. “I have a fundraiser to attend in three days, and I would like you to be my date,” he paused, “and wear these.” He pushed the box toward

me. “Unlike the jewelry you wore the night of the banquet, you may keep these.” He still hadn’t answer my question, and I hadn’t taken my eyes off of him. “Open it, Norah, and stop looking at me like you hate me. I know you’re still upset with me, and I understand, but I don’t tolerate disrespect, you know that.” I lowered my eyes and grabbed the box off the table. Inside the white box was a blue velvet box. I took the blue box and opened it. It was a pair of tear drop diamond earrings. I looked up at him and then back down to the earrings. They were beautiful.

“Thank you, Liam. I don’t know what

I've done to deserve these, but thank you so much." I snapped the box shut and sat it back on the table. I assumed they were a guilt gift. A little token to say 'sorry I fucked you in front of my staff.'

"You don't like them?" he asked. I didn't look over at him.

"Yes, I said I did. I just.....I just don't want you to think that if you buy me a gift I can just forgive you," I wasn't confident in my words. I wasn't sure the effect they would have on him. He said he wanted us to have a normal relationship, but he was still a caveman, and there was nothing I could do to change that

part of him. He wanted, no he demanded respect and submission from me in most things. He liked that I said unexpected things to him, but I pushed the limit sometimes. I honestly didn't know where the limit was most of the time. He grabbed my hand.

"I'm not trying to buy your forgiveness, Norah. I said I was sorry, I meant it, don't make me say it again. You need to get over it." I stood up and grabbed my present. I looked right at him.

"I'm not just upset about yesterday, it's this Jane thing too.

You didn't answer me, which tells me that you would give her back

to Will, if she was found.” He stood up. “Sit down! Will bought Jane, she is his property, and he deserves to know where she is.”

“His property?” I turned and started out of the dining room. “Where are you going? Come back and finish your breakfast

now.” I looked back at him, lowered my eyes, and grasped my hands in front of me.

“I’m done, sir. Thank you for my present, I have a headache, I would like to go to my room.” He didn’t say anything. I turned and walked toward the stairs. I could hear him walking behind me.

“Norah, stop. I was talking about them,

not us.” He grabbed my arm. “You know I belong to you just as much as you belong to me. I’ll see you tonight, ok?” I nodded. “Please look at me.” I looked up at him. “Now kiss me like you’re not upset with me, so I won’t worry all day,” he smiled. I grabbed his tie with one hand and pulled him toward me. I covered his mouth and pressed my tongue against his lips. He touched my face and then pulled me away. “I said like you’re not upset, not like you want me to fuck you right now.” He took my hand, and pressed against his length. “You’re sending me to work with a hard on the size of Texas,

little one.” I smiled and he smiled too.
“That’s what I wanted to see.” He
kissed my nose and went to work.

Norah walked through the room running
her hands over
some things, some things she didn’t go
near. Liam stood at the door
and watched her.

“Where did you put all of these things
when I was down
here?” she asked. Liam took a few steps
toward her and looked
around the basement room.

“I had everything put over in the storage
room,” he exhaled
and ran his hands over a set of chains
hanging from the ceiling. “I

wasn't sure I was even going to bring it all back over here." Norah looked back at him and nodded.

"What does Gerald or Rosa think of all this?" she asked.

"Rosa was around when I first got into this lifestyle, so I don't think anything surprises her anymore. Gerald was shocked, to say the least, but I think he is used to it now. I think they both feel as long as I have a willing partner, they don't need to know what we do in my bedroom, or this playroom. To each his own, right?"

"That is a very open minded and hip way to think of all of this," she ran her hand over a spreader

bar.

“Do you see anything you like?” he asked. She shrugged her shoulders.

“I don’t know. I don’t know what these things do.” Liam crossed his arms over his chest.

“Ask away, little one,” he teased. She ran her hand over what looked like a very large chest. It had rod iron hooks and handles on it and the dark wood came to her waist.

“What’s this?” she asked looking back him.

“What do you think it is?” he stepped closer to her. She looked at him and lowered her eyes.

“I’m not going to make fun of

you, Norah....I just want to know how you see these things.” It took some coaxing to get her back in the basement, Liam

had no intentions of hurting her pride while she was exploring his world.

“It looks like a very big pirate chest, but I know it’s not,” she took a breath. He nodded.

“Would you like me to show you?” he ran his hand over the top. She shook her head. “What you don’t trust me?” he smiled, she didn’t answer. “See the shackles on the floor by your feet?” Norah looked down. “There is another set on the other side. Ankles on one

side, wrists on the other.....leaves you very exposed....for anything.”

She nodded and walked to the wall.

“What’s this?” she pointed. Liam

smiled. It was a large

wooden frame with hooks and chains

hanging from the top, and

coming from the bottom.

“It’s kinda the same thing, but you would be standing up,

instead of bending over,” He tried to

hide his smile by scratching just

under his nose. She nodded and ran her

hands over the chains. “And that?” she

pointed to a weird looking contraption in the

corner.

“It’s called a stockade. Your ankles and

wrists are bound here,” he pointed to the restraints on the floor. “And your neck is restrained here,” he pointed to a dog collar looking thing at the top. Norah nodded and ran her hand over her neck.

“So that’s what you like, huh? Chaining woman up? Restraining woman down? I guess that’s why you bought me. Slaves should be chained up.” He walked to her and touched her shoulder, he knew the thought of being restrained scared her.

“It isn’t always about pain, I told you. I can torture you with pleasure as well,” he stated. She walked

to the far wall to the large cabinet and ran her hand over the handle. “What’s this? You like to lock your women in here?”

“Now who’s making fun of who?” He walked to her. “No, it’s really just a cabinet. I keep the little toys in here. He opened the first drawer to show her an assortment of whips, floggers, blind folds, feathers and handcuffs. He opened the second drawer and showed her an assortment of vibrators. Norah looked at them, and back at Liam. “You use these.....in women?” He nodded. She picked one of the biggest ones. “I think I might be sick,” she took a deep breath. He

took it out of her hand and closed the drawer. He opened the next drawer. It had smaller metal vibrators, some were very short. She looked very confused. She reached in and picked a long string of beads. "What's this?" "Anal beads," he took them from her. She swallowed again, and nodded. "You're not saying very much, little one. You're making me nervous." She laughed and picked up one of little short vibrators. "I'm making you nervous? That's funny." She held out her hand asking him to explain. "It's a butt plug. I told you, you would have to....be prepared

for that kind of thing. This would help in that area.” She nodded and put it back in the drawer. “Why is it so funny that you’re making me nervous?” he asked.

“Because, the man that bought me as a sexual slave has just shown me how easy he has been on me in the sex department.” She turned and walked toward something that looked like a horse saddle. She ran her hand over the seat and saw a remote on the side. He walked behind her. “Please stop saying that I bought you as a sexual slave, Norah. I did that when I saw this relationship going down a much different path.” He turned

her to face him and touched her chin to make her look at him. "I told you, you don't have to do any of these things, I don't care. I just want you." She shrugged her shoulders. "I wish you would believe me."

"I believe that you believe it. But you can't tell me that being in here doesn't make you want to try something with me, that I won't believe." He shook his head.

"I would love to chain you up over there, and show you just how much pleasure I can give you...."

Norah cringed. "But I know you don't want that, so it isn't an option for me." "I can't be chained up, Liam. I'm

sorry. I want to make you happy, but after what happen before, and the other men....” He pulled her to him and rubbed her hair. “I just can’t, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. It doesn’t matter, it really doesn’t.” She turned away and looked at the seat.

“What’s this?” she ran her hand over it again. “It’s called a sybian.” He pointed at the middle of it.

“You would straddle it like a horse, and this part vibrates. There’s also an attachment that looks like a penis. It can be a lot of fun.” He smiled. “Now this I am imagining you on,” he pulled her to him, “and it’s making me hard,” he breathed in her

ear. She pulled away and walked to the middle of the room where a leather swing was hanging. She pushed it with her hand and caught it when it came back to her. "I think that one is self-explanatory." She laughed. "Come on, let's go get some dinner, I need to get out of here." She stopped him. "What about....preparing me?" she asked looking down at her feet. "I said I would try." He took her hands and made her look at him. "You really want to do that with me?" She nodded. "Are you sure? You don't have to, sex the regular way is fine for me, really."

He kissed her softly on her mouth.

“I want to try it. I don’t know if I will like it, or want to do it again. But I want to try it.”

“I’ll come back after dinner, and pick something out. Tonight when we make love by the fire, or in my bed, or wherever, I will show you how it works.” He kissed her hand.

“You mean have our boring sex that you’re putting up with until you find someone else?” she laughed, but he didn’t. “I was kidding, Liam. I don’t think our sex is boring, not at all. But after seeing all this, I can’t imagine you thinking of it any other way.” He

took her arms in his hands.

“What can I do to convince you that you make me happy? I shouldn’t have brought you down here. I don’t want you second guessing yourself, Norah. You’ve given me more of a gift than anyone I have ever been with before. Your inexperience and innocence to all these things makes you so sexy and truly mine. All you know is me, and all I want is you.”

After dinner Norah stood by the bookcase in the library and ran her hand over spines of the books. Liam had taken a business call before dinner was over, and was in his study talking to someone.

She heard the doors slide open and then shut again so she turned to see him. He had changed and was now wearing jeans and light blue t-shirt and no shoes.

“I like the way you look when you dress casual,” she whispered. Norah dressed casual most days, but usually wore a skirt for dinner. Tonight she wore a dress. “You don’t like my suits?” he walked toward her.

“No, I do. It’s just, you always wear a suit, and it’s nice to see you relaxed.” He took her hand in his and kissed it. Then turned it over and laid something in it. Norah opened her hand and saw a purple butt plug. She gulped and took a sip of her drink. “What do I....I mean....where....how does it...?” Liam took it back from her and touched her shoulders.

“Calm down. We don’t have to do this, it’s okay, really.” He kissed her forehead. “No, I want to. I just don’t know what I’m supposed to do with it.” He started kissing her neck and took her

drink out of her hand sitting it down on the table. He knelt in front of her and grabbed the waist band of her panties and pulled them down. He took her hand so she could step out. He ran both of his hands up her legs and put his head to her stomach. "I love it when you wear dresses," he ran his hands over her butt. "You are so fucking sexy." He stood back up, took her hand and led her over to the table in the corner. He gestured for her to sit on the edge and he spread her legs open, so he could stand between them. He pulled her dress up and ran his hands under it. She leaned back on her

hands and let him grope her the way he wanted. She wrapped her legs around him, and let out a deep moan. Then his mouth was on her. She opened her eyes and his head was under her dress. Her legs were over his shoulders and his hands were on her hips pulling her to him. She leaned back some more and let him have her, all of her. He moved his mouth skillfully over each fold. He pulled her a bit further and his tongue traveled a bit lower. His thumb covered her clit, but she tensed up when his tongue touched her in the spot not meant to be touched. “Relax, Norah,” he breathed. His thumb moved faster and so

did his tongue. "Feel the pleasure," he panted and parted her cheeks so his tongue could go deeper. She could feel her orgasm building. She closed her eyes and let the pleasure take over. "That's it, baby. That's it Norah, don't think about it, just feel it." He ran his hand over her sex feeling her wetness. Norah moaned and twitched coming down from her orgasm. His tongue was on her hole, thumb on her clit and two fingers inside her. She moved her hips riding her orgasm for every last drop. He stood up and ran his hands over her moving the wetness from one spot to the next. He pulled her up and

turned her over. He touched her crease and rubbed his hard cock against her. "I want this so bad, Norah. Your ass is so sweet." She tensed up thinking this could be it. "Not now, baby. Not now, but soon, Norah, I want this to be mine." He ran his hand over her hole again making sure it was covered in her wetness. She pulled her head up from the table when she felt something pressing against her hole. "Take a deep breath, it's just the plug, relax." She took a deep breath and felt him push it inside her. She instinctively clenched. "Relax, Norah, please. Take another deep breath and hold

it in,” then he pressed the plug in the rest of the way. “Okay, let it out.” He pressed the tip with his thumb. “How does it feel, because it looks amazing,” he panted. “It feels weird. How long do I have to have it in,” she asked. She leaned up and turned to face him. “Do you think you can leave it in all night? Take it out in the morning?” he kissed her neck and pulled her to him. He ran his hands up her dress and palmed her breasts. “I think so,” she paused. “Can we still....ya know...with it in?” she leaned her head back as he took in one of nipples. “Oh yes we can, and I

think you'll find the sensation very pleasurable," he moaned. He took her right there on the table.

Chapter fifteen

Norah

It was the strangest feeling in the world. I thought it would come out when we had sex but it didn't. I thought it would come out when we had sex again later that night, but it didn't. I thought it might come out while I slept but it didn't. Finally just before breakfast, I jumped in the shower and took it out. He told me I could take it out this morning, he wasn't specific about when exactly. Sex with the plug was different. It wasn't

nearly as painful as I thought it would be. I just felt full and a lot of pressure. After my shower I walked around the bedroom to see if I felt any different. I didn't. I cleaned it the way he instructed and went about my day.

Liam wanted me to go shopping for a dress for the business dinner tomorrow night. I told him I could wear the black or navy dress I already had in my closet, but he insisted they were too formal. He told me to purchase a cocktail dress and the names of four stores he wanted me to go to. He told me John knew where to take me, and that the shops were

expecting me. They all had his account information and would be very happy to help me use it.

After hours of shopping and being pampered, I finally managed to pick a dress, and some shoes. The dress was black and reminded me of something Jackie O would have worn. It was made of satin and hit me just below my knee. It was kinda plain with capped sleeves and scooped neck. The waist was tight and it bloused off my hips just a bit. I saw myself wearing my hair in a bun, and my new earrings.

“That was exhausting,” I said to John as I got in the car. He

laughed.

“I never met a woman that didn’t like shopping, Miss Chandler.” “I like shopping, but spending someone else’s money, isn’t as fun as I thought.” I looked out the window.

“Hey John, do you mind taking me by Mr. Hasting’s office? I would like to show him my dress.”

“I don’t mind taking you wherever you would like to go, Miss Chandler.”

I got off the elevator and walked down the hallway with my dress in a long garment bag over my shoulder. I stopped at the first desk and waited for the young girl to get

off the phone.

“Yes. Can I help you?” she was polite enough.

“Hi. I’m here to see Mr. Hastings.” She stood up.

“Do you have an appointment?”

“Ah, no.”

“Well he doesn’t see anyone without an appointment. He has a full schedule.” “Oh, I know. But can you just call and ask him. I will just take a second.” She smiled.

“I’m sorry Miss, but he doesn’t have a second. If you would like to see him, I suggest you call and make an appointment.” I was about to walk away when Marcy rounded the corner talking to two

other women.

“Miss Chandler....nice to see you again,” she said. I stopped.

“Nice to see you too. Please call me Norah.”

“Did you have a lunch date with Mr. Hastings?” she asked.

“No, I just bought this dress for dinner tomorrow night and wanted to show him, but I guess he’s really busy.” I pointed back at the other receptionist. Marcy looked over at her.

“He’s not too busy for you, come with me,” she took my hand and walked up to the desk. “Clare, this is Norah Chandler, Mr. Hastings girlfriend, if she

ever comes here to see him, you now have strict orders that no matter what he is doing, call me, he always wants to see her.” Clare nodded.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know Mr. Hastings had a girlfriend, he never brings them in to meet us, and his dates don’t usually make it to a second date.” Marcy took my hand and we walked down the hall.

“That’s true ya know. He never brings in anyone to meet us.

And all of the women he has ever brought to dinners or fund raisers, we never see again. Most of the secretary pool have tried to get his

attention. Some people even thought he might be gay. Models, socialites and actresses have always seemed to be his taste. You must be special if you have made it to girlfriend status.”

“Well I don’t know if I would consider myself his girlfriend, I mean we live together, so...” but before I could finish she started talking again. “You live together? You mean...” she put her hand over her mouth, and grabbed the hand of one of the other women she was walking with, “Did you hear that, Becky? They’re engaged!” I started shaking my head, but she picked up the phone on her desk and

spoke to Liam over the intercom. She hung up and waved me in. I was getting ready to say something when he opened his office door.

“Sweet Norah, how nice to see you, darling,” he held his arms out and I walked to him. Instead of hugging him, I just pushed him in his office. “This is unexpected, but I like it,” he leaned down to kiss me.

“Liam I just messed up, I think,” I gulped.

“What? How much was the dress?” he asked.

“It isn’t the dress.” I pointed back to the door. “Marcy called me your girlfriend, and I told her I

wasn't exactly your girlfriend, that we lived together," I looked back at him, "and now she thinks we're engaged." I lowered my eyes. "I'm sorry." "For what?" he sat back on his desk and crossed his arms over his chest. I looked up at him. "For making her think we're engaged. She's out there telling the entire secretary pool right now." "So? I'm well aware of my secretary's gossip habits. Does it bother you?" he didn't seem mad at all and picked up a file from his desk. "It only bothers me, if it bothers you. I don't want you to think I'm asking for anything," I put my

hand over my heart. He looked up at me.

“Do you think I’m sleeping with other women?” he tilted his head to the side. I honestly hadn’t thought about it since our conversation months ago. “You do live with me, right? You are in my bed every night. And you are my date, so I would conclude that you are in fact my girlfriend.” I nodded and mouthed okay.

“But girlfriend and fiancés are different things,” I stated. “Yes, girlfriend sounds like I am taking you to the school dance on Friday night. Fiancée sounds much more grown up and permanent.” He put the file on the desk.

“Do you want to marry me, Norah?” he asked as he was signing some paperwork on his desk. He wasn’t even looking at me.

“Do you want me to marry you?” I answered with a question. He looked up at me.

“Don’t turn it on me, I’m asking you, do you have any desire to marry me?” I didn’t understand, was he proposing or taking a survey?

“I don’t understand the question,” I said.

“Are you asking me to marry you?”

“No. I’m asking if you want to marry me, there’s a difference.” “Well I don’t know, I guess

I didn't think our relationship was going down that road, so I haven't thought about it." He nodded his head.

"Well what road do you think this relationship is going down?"

"I guess I really don't have a word for it."

"Okay, show me your dress," he moved to the next topic like we had just been talking about the weather. I laid the bag across the chair, unzipped it and pulled it out.

"Stunning, very classy. You're going to look lovely, as always." I nodded not really knowing what I wanted to say. "Is that all you needed? I

need to get some things done.” I shook my head and zipped back up the bag. I walked toward the door and he touched my arm. “How did you feel this morning?” I knew he was talking about the plug. “I felt.....fine.” “Good. I’m looking forward to tonight,” he kissed my forehead and walked back to his desk. I wasn’t sure ‘looking forward to it’ would be the words I would use about tonight, but ‘get it over with’ might be appropriate. Later that night I stood in his bedroom, wearing only my robe. He had been in the bathroom for a few minutes and I was beginning to lose my nerve. He walked

out looking like a sex God. He wore a white pair of silk pajama bottoms and nothing else. They hung off his hips in that way that shows just enough of him. I could see the short, soft light brown patch of hair that began just below his navel. Watching him walk to me, I forgot all my nervousness. I knew he would take care of me. He would never give me more than he thought I could handle. He took my hand and we walked through the house down to the basement. When he opened the door I gasped. The room was illuminated by candles, and most of the equipment was gone. He slowly

removed my robe and I stood naked while he ran his hands over my body. His hands came to the front of my chest and he held his hand out for me. I looked over my shoulder and he nodded for me to take it. I opened my hand under his and he placed something that felt like a chain in my hand. He moved his hand and I opened mine. It was a long silver chain with silver fringe. It looked like something a belly dancer would wear.

“I would like you to wear this tonight.....and only this.” He took it from me and wrapped it around my waist. It hung right at my

hips. I shook my hips just a bit and I could hear a slight clanging noise from the fringe. I laughed a little. “Do you like it,” he touched me. His hands moved with my hips.

“I do, thank you.” He walked me to the middle of the room, and turned to face me and ran his hands over my breasts and down to my hips again.

“Do you know what a safe word is, Norah?” I shook my head. “I don’t want to hurt you, but this is going to be a little painful for you at first. Should it ever get to the point you can’t handle it, or want to stop, you must say ‘Yellow’. Do you understand?” I nodded. “I need to hear

it, Norah.”

“Yes, I understand, ‘Yellow’ is the safe word.” He leaned forward like he was reaching for something. “Why can’t I just say stop you’re hurting me?” He laughed a little.

“Believe it or not, sometimes in the heat of passion you can say things you don’t mean, like ‘stop your hurting me’. Maybe it really does hurt and you want to stop,” then he stepped closer to me and pressed himself against my sex. “Or maybe it feels so fucking good you just don’t think you can handle it.” He stepped back. “A safe word removes the doubt. If you say,

‘yellow’, I know you are really in pain and really want to stop.” He moved around me and turned the sybian on and started playing around with the remote. Then he looked at me. “You ready?” he asked like he was asking if I was ready to go get some dinner. I nodded. He pulled me to him and kissed me passionately. “This is going to be fun, Norah, stop looking so scared.” He turned my body and nudged me to step up. ‘Fun’, wasn’t the word I would use, maybe fun for him, but I was extremely nervous. I took two steps up, and moved my body over the saddle. He turned it off and moved my

hips to where he wanted them. “You look so sexy, baby.” He kissed my neck and moved my hair from shoulders. He was standing behind me and I could feel his partially erect penis in my lower back. Soft piano music started playing over the speakers and I closed my eyes trying to relax. He ran his hands over my body and caressed my breasts. He pressed himself in my back and moved his hand slowly to my sex. His fingers found my clit and I rocked against them. He kissed the back of my neck and caressed my breast with his other hand. His mouth moved down my back, to my hips and then back up to my

shoulders. Once I was wet and on the verge of coming, he pulled his fingers away. He ran his hands down my thighs and back up again. I felt the vibrator come on under me, and I opened my eyes. He had the remote in his hand, then he placed it back down so I couldn't see it. It was moving slow, slow enough to keep me wet, but not fast enough to make me come. I rocked my hips against it and leaned forward a bit. "That's it Norah. Feel it, baby." He let me move forward and rest my hands in front of me. I kept moving my hips against the sybian and his hand kept caressing my breasts. His erection pressed in my back and he

rubbed himself against me. The speed got faster and I moved my hips faster. Then it got even faster, and I was on the verge of coming.

“I’m gonna come, Liam,” I panted. He pulled me up right and pressed me against him. His face was right in line with my neck as his hands traveled down to my sex.

“Come for me, Norah. Come baby,” he breathed. I arched my back and let it happen. I moved my hips slower and slower as I came down from this amazing feeling. He slowed the sybian back to a very slow pace. “Did you like that?” I nodded and hummed my yes. I was

surprised how fast I came. This machine didn't mess around, it got right to the point. I could see with the different speeds how he could drag it out, or make it as fast as he wanted. I smiled imagining the future sexual torture I could experience with this thing. His hands left my body, and then returned to my hips. "Raise up a bit and slide back." I did as he asked. He ran his hand over my sex taking my moisture and moving it to the back. He lowered me back down, and leaned me forward just a bit. "I have a warming liquid. It makes the entrance easier to handle for both of us, and it

gives a warming sensation,” he pulled my face back to him and kissed me hard. “It’ll make coming easier and more pleasurable for both of us.” He kept kissing me, and I felt his warm hand with the liquid rubbing my puckered hole. I clenched as a natural reaction. “Relax, it’s just my hands.” I heard him squirt some on his hands and felt more moisture on my ass. Then both of his hands were back on me, rubbing me all over. I could feel the heat and moisture from his hand, as he grabbed and massaged each breast. He turned the speed up just a bit, and I started to move against it again. The feeling was so

amazing. It took me to another place. I knew that was what he was trying to do, make me forget about the pain and discomfort. I straightened my arms in front of me and raised and lowered myself to the machine. I felt his hands rubbing my ass and then down in my crease. I was feeling so good, it didn't matter. I moved my hips, leaned my head back, and closed my eyes. His fingers made circles around my hole, and I felt something cold press at the entrance. I opened my eyes and tensed up. "It's just a vibrator....a skinny one, like the plug. I need to get you ready for me, baby. Take a deep breath and hold it

in.” I did as he asked and I felt the coldness enter my body. “That’s good, Norah, so fucking good.” I leaned my head back and tried to relax as I released my breath. He moved it in and out, holding my hip at the side. I felt full and uncomfortable in the back, but so fucking amazing in the front. The pleasure definitely outweighed the pain. I moved my hips faster as I could feel the orgasm building. He turned up the speed and moved in and out of me faster. I leaned forward and lowering my head as I came again. “That’s it, Norah. That’s it baby.” I was still coming when he removed the

vibrator from my ass. “You’re so wet,” he ran his hands between my legs. I felt him rub more hot liquid over me, and press himself against my hole. “You ready, baby?” I moved my hips a little faster, leaned forward and made my ass more available to him. “Take a deep breath,” he panted. I did and he slowly started inserting himself in me. It burned at first, then I felt really uncomfortable. I leaned forward hoping if I gave him more room, it wouldn’t feel like this. “That’s it, Norah. Good girl, you can take it. Just breathe, baby” He pressed in more and I felt the pain. I began to realize that no matter

how much preparation we had done, he, himself, was a lot bigger than the things he had used on me. I moved away a little, and he gripped my hips hard. “Don’t do that, just relax, I’m almost there.” He pressed more, and I felt like I was being split open. He turned the speed up on the sybian and I tried to focus on that pleasure. He stood still behind me. “I’m in, baby. You did so good.” He mouth was at my neck, and his hands still griped my hips hard. “You feel so amazing, Norah.” His hand moved to my clit and started to rub along with the sybian. “Do you feel good, baby? Are you okay?” I don’t know if this point if

he really would have cared. The pleasure was starting to take over, but I still felt like I would never walk again. But by the way he was groping me and holding me in place I knew this was an incredible experience for him. I thought even if I did say our safe word right now, he wouldn't be able to stop. I didn't want to deny him any pleasure, no matter how comfortable I felt. I nodded to let him know I was okay, but didn't say anything. He turned the speed up again. "I'm gonna move now." He started slow, barely moving. Out a little, back in....out a little more, back in. It was a slow and

uncomfortable feeling. He pulled out a little more and back in. I concentrated on my clit. I started moving against the sybian which brought a brief moment of pain to the back of me, but once my orgasm started to build I blocked it out. He moved a little faster pulling out more, and then pushing himself back in harder. He still moved at a slow pace but I could tell from his noises and comments, this pace wasn't going to last much longer. I sat straight up and he wrapped his arms around my body and I could feel him moving faster against me. "Umm, this ass is mine, Norah. It's so sweet, baby." He

leaned me forward, grabbed my hips and really started fucking me. He slammed in me over and over. "Sweet Norah. You're so fucking sweet. Sweet. Norah. Sweet. Norah." He straightened my body. I moved my hips faster against the sybian.

"Oh, God, Liam.....I'm gonna come... faster, faster," I panted.

He moved faster and gripped me harder. "Yes, yes, yes," I couldn't stop myself. I wanted to hold off a little longer and wait for him, but the pleasure was too much. He grabbed my throat and wrapped his other hand around my waist and held me in place when he came

right after me. His grip tighten on my neck and I started having trouble breathing. He moved against my ass slowly and kissed the side of face. His grip tighten a little more, and I raised my hand to cover his, only he didn't stop. I tried to speak but I couldn't. The safe word was on the tip of my tongue but I couldn't get enough air to say it. I grabbed his hand with both of mine and pulled him away. I leaned forward and took some deep breathes. He pressed his face in my back and kept panting. After a few minutes he leaned up and grabbed a towel from the side.

“Sit still.” He commanded, as he

withdrew himself from my body. I winced from the pain, discomfort and all together awkwardness. I felt him press a towel against my butt and step down. He wrapped the towel around his waist, and put his arms under my arms. "I'm going to lift you off." He lifted me and pulled me back to him. He tried to get me to stand up, but I couldn't. He leaned me against him, and moved his arms until he was carrying me. He took me to a big chair in the corner and sat me down, then went back over to the machine. He tossed me my robe and I covered myself. I wasn't sure of his

mood. I didn't know if he was happy, upset, pissed off that I tried to stop him from suffocating me, or just being quiet trying to gauge my mood. He went to the bathroom and I heard the water come on, then shut off again. He came out rubbing his crotch with a wet cloth, then wrapped the towel around him again. He walked to me and pulled me out of the chair. "Can you stand and walk?" I nodded.

"I think so," I whispered.

"Come on, let's go take a bath." He took my hand we walked through the house again up to his room. My legs felt like jelly. He ran

a bath and lifted me in it then got in behind me. He ran his hands over my hair over and over.

“Does your neck hurt?” I put my hand to my neck where his hand had been before. I swallowed hard. “It hurts a little, is it red?” my voice was low and scratchy. I could feel him resting his head against mine. He ran the hot water over my body with his hands, and held me to him.

“I’m so sorry, Norah.” He kissed the side of my face. “Did I scare you?” he asked.

“I was a little concerned, but I didn’t think you were trying to kill me, if that makes you feel better.”

He leaned back in the tub and pulled me with him.

“It’s not red, or bruised.” He slouched his body so we were both relaxing.

“It isn’t my neck that’s concerning me at the moment,” I said.

“Hmm,” he said.

“My ass hurts more than anything,” this time I wasn’t quiet and I tried to add some sarcasm to my voice. He laughed a little and kissed the side of my head. “We don’t ever have to do it again, if you don’t want to,” he was still speaking softly.

“Why?” I turned to face him a little.

“You didn’t.....I mean, it

wasn't....I wasn't." I stopped and splashed my hand against the water. "I don't even know what I'm trying to ask, and I honestly don't know if I care, if I was good or not. It hurt. I'm not gonna lie, it hurt. It was nice on the front, I won't lie about that either, that part was really good. But the other, I could do without." He let out a deep breath. At that moment I didn't care if I had upset him, I was just glad I was able to be honest with him. "Well that was a lot of information, thank you for sharing." I turned all the way to face him. "I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it completely. Being with you is

always nice. But,” I paused trying to think of the right thing to say.

“But you want me to leave your ass alone?” he asked with a big smile on his face. “Yes, please. Leave my ass alone,” I smiled back at him. He laughed and kissed my lips.

“Well just so you know, Miss Chandler, you were more than good. I enjoyed myself very much. But I told you, if you didn’t like it, we won’t do it again, and I mean to keep my word.” He kissed me again. “Thank you for even trying it. It made me very happy.” He ran his hand over my neck. “It’s turning red where I grabbed you.” He

took his hand away and looked away from me. “Dammit! I didn’t know I grabbed that hard. Fuck, Norah! Why didn’t you say something?” he looked back at me. “I tried, but you were choking me,” I laughed. He rubbed his hand over it again. “It’s probably gonna bruise.” He leaned in and kissed me lightly on the lips. “I’m so sorry, baby. You just had me so turned on, I couldn’t stop myself.” “Yeah, the old I’m so turned on, I want to kill you bit.....I’ve heard it’s really popular.” I laughed but he didn’t.

Chapter sixteen

Norah put one more bobby pin in her hair just to be safe and walked out of the bathroom. She picked up her purse from the bed and walked out to meet Liam. As she descended the stairs she saw him pacing the floor.

“Calm down, would you? You act like your wife is having a baby right now.” She stopped in front of him and he looked her over.

“You look beautiful,” he kissed her neck in his favorite spot near her tattoo.

“You say that a lot.”

“Well it’s true.” He kissed her neck again. “Do you have any idea how sexy your neck is?” Norah

touched her neck where he had grabbed her last night.

“Says the man that tried to choke me?”

He ran his finger over

her tattoo. “This is so sexy, Norah. From the moment I saw this on your

neck, I wanted to kiss it.” He kissed it

again. “And I said I was sorry

for hurting you. Let’s not talk about it

again.” Norah knew this jab

had upset him.

“Can I ask you something about it?” he

didn’t look happy but

gestured for her to ask her question. “Is

that part of your routine?”

“What?” he asked.

“Part of your routine? Do you usually do

that when you are

really turned on?”

“I don’t have a routine, Norah. And I would have hoped that by now you would know how much you turn me on all the time. You don’t have anything to worry about, I don’t have a strangling my girlfriend fantasy. Are we done with this topic?” She lowered her eyes, nodded her head and tried put it out of her mind. Liam had no problems apologizing when he did something wrong, but he didn’t like to repeat himself. He took her hand and walked her to the car. They walked in the restaurant and were immediately escorted the banquet room. Liam opened the door and held it open

for Norah. She looked around. It was an overwhelming site. She turned back to Liam.

“I thought this was a business dinner, not another banquet?”

she clutched his hand tight.

“It is a business dinner. There will be just be more people

here than I thought.” He walked her to the table and they both sat

down. A few people came over and talked to Liam and he

introduced her to all of them as his girlfriend. They were enjoying

their dinner when Will touched Liam’s shoulder.

“I need to talk to you, in private.” Norah looked up and saw

Will's face. She lowered her eyes and went back to eating. Liam touched her arm.

"I'll be right back, sweetheart," he kissed her hand and walked away with Will. Norah finished her dinner but kept her eyes on them.

Will was getting upset and Liam was trying to calm him down. She tried to read his lips but couldn't make out any words. She assumed he was still upset over Jane running from him. She just wasn't sure what he was yelling at Liam for, what could he do about it? Liam ordered them both drinks from the bar, then put his hands on Will's

shoulders and said something that seemed to make him calmer. As Liam started to walk away, Will grabbed his arm and said something to him. Liam stepped back and grabbed Will very hard. He stepped right in his face and Norah could tell whatever he was saying, Liam was pissed off. Whatever Will said, made Liam mad. Liam let him go almost shoving him backwards and walked back to Norah.

“What was that about?” Norah asked.
“Do me a favor, okay? Stay away from him tonight, alright?
Don’t go near him.” Norah laughed.
“I don’t ever plan on being near him, Liam.” He grabbed her

hand and gave her a very stern look. “I mean it, Norah. He’s drunk and not acting like himself. Stay away from him.” She nodded and went back to her dessert.

Liam kept Norah close to him the entire evening. If someone

wanted to talk business, he took Norah with him. If anyone gave him a confused look, he just ignored it and went on talking. A few wives

tried to get Norah to come back to the table so the men could talk

alone, but Liam held her hand tight and said he wanted her with him.

Norah finally managed to get Liam alone on the dance floor.

“Okay, tell me what’s going on? You’re

acting like I might run from you again. ” she asked. He looked away and around the room.

“Nothing is going on. Is it so bad that I want you close to me?” he didn’t make eye contact with her.

“Liam, look at me, please.” He turned to look over at her.

“What’s going on?” He tightened his grip around her waist.

“Will has just said some things that made me uncomfortable.

He is still very upset about losing Jane, and he is being irrational.” “Does he think I know something?” she asked.

“No. I don’t know.” Liam took her chin and kissed her lips.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m not letting you out of my sight....not because I think you might run though.” Norah nodded in agreement but wasn’t so sure about his motivations. They danced to the next song and went to the bar. Liam held her hand tight and spoke to few men. They were telling him that the fundraiser had made over \$500,000.00 for the new children’s wing at the hospital, but no one had donated more money than Liam. When they informed him he would be receiving a special plaque, he vaguely smiled.

“I’ve got to go the bathroom,” Norah whispered in his ear. He

looked around the room. Norah looked at Mrs. Redman one of Liam's colleagues wives who was standing next to them. "Excuse me, do you know where the restroom is?" "Oh, of course, darling, we can go together, leave these men to the boring business." She took Norah's hand and pulled her away. She looked back at Liam and he nodded, but he kept his eyes on her as she walked away. He tried to calm himself down. He didn't even see Will anymore. Maybe he had left. Norah was fine. He wouldn't do anything to her in a public place anyway. Liam involved himself the conversation at hand.

Mrs. Redman stood at the counter washing her hands and fixing her makeup. A young blonde girl came in the bathroom.

“Excuse me? Is there a Norah Chandler in here?” Mrs.

Redman nodded.

“Yes, I’m in here,” Norah shouted from the bathroom stall.

“Oh, I’m sorry. There is a really handsome man standing by the door looking for you,” she said.

“Tell him to keep his panties on, I’ll be right there.” The

young girl laughed and went back out the door. “Well if you are okay, darling, I’m going to go back to the table,” Mrs. Redman huffed.

“Yes, I’m fine, I’m right behind you,”
Norah came out of the
stall and started to wash her hands. Mrs.
Redman left as Norah
walked to the paper towel dispenser.
She pulled out a few and felt
strong arms around her waist.
“I told you to keep your panties on, sir.
Can’t you give a girl a
little privacy?” She turned and was face
to face with Will Chambers.
She pushed him away. “What are you
doing in here? Get out!”
“I think you and I need to have a little
chat.” He grabbed her
arm, covered her mouth and drug her out
of the restroom. He took
her down the hall away from the crowd,

then turned down a short hall with spare tables and chairs lining the sides, and slammed her up against the wall. He kept his hand over her mouth and pressed his body against her so she couldn't move. "Liam says you don't know anything about Jane running from me, but I think you do. I think you and that little whore had this planned." Norah tried to say something but he wouldn't let her mouth go. "I told Liam he couldn't trust you. I told him you were gonna run from him as soon as you felt safe enough. I keep telling him to lock you back up, but he says he can't do that to you," he

panted in her ear. "He says, that you're different from any other woman he has been with." He moved his hand to her breast, releasing one of her arms. She tried to push him off, but he wouldn't budge. "I know he paid a lot of money to be the first man to fuck that pussy." He licked her face. "And I think it is so sweet how much he cares about you now." He moved his hand from her mouth and forced his mouth on her. Norah shook her head but he just covered her mouth again. "Maybe if I fuck you, I won't care about Jane anymore." He ran his hand up her leg and under her skirt. He pulled

her leg up and wrapped it around him, then pressed himself against her. She tried to push his hand away, but he grabbed her wrist and held over her head. In the distance she thought she heard her name but wasn't sure. Maybe Liam had realized she hadn't returned and was looking for her. She squirmed and moaned in Will's hand.

“Does he treat you like a little princess because you're so good in bed, or because he feels so guilty?” Norah stopped struggling against him. “Oh that's right.....you don't know do you.”

Mrs. Redman went back to the table and

took a sip from her drink. Liam saw her and didn't think much of it. He went on with his conversation. While talking he looked around and didn't see Norah walking to him. He looked over at Mrs. Redman and she was talking to someone else now, and Norah wasn't with her.

"Please excuse me, I'll be right back," he walked to Mrs.

Redman. "Pardon me, but is Norah all right? Is she still in the rest room?" he asked. "Oh no darling, she was talking to that very tall gentlemen. He was waiting for her when I walked out." Liam barely waited for her to finish before he was moving fast

across the room. He went to the door of the restroom and banged his against it.

“Norah! Are you in there?” he knew she was with him, but

where? He turned and looked around.

Just then he heard what

sounded like a struggle. He leaned closer to the door, but it wasn’t

coming from inside. He looked down the hall and started walking.

The muffled noise got louder and he

walked faster. He turned the

corner and saw Norah being held up against the wall by Will with his

hand up her dress.

“Does he treat you like a little princess because you’re so

good in bed, or because he feels so guilty?" Norah stopped struggling against him. "Oh that's right.....you don't know do you."

"Get the Fuck off her, Will. Now!" He yelled. Will moved so he could see Liam's face, but still held Norah against the wall. "She doesn't know, does she, Liam"

"That's enough, Will. Let her go!"

"What if I told her, do you think she would still love you? Do you think she would stay with you?"

Will turned back to Norah.

"What if I told her, you didn't know she had been kidnapped when you bought her, that you wanted to give her back, or let her go? But

then the thought of that sweet tight pussy made you keep her.” He ran his hand over Norah’s sex. “How does it feel Liam? Knowing you’re the only man who has had this pussy?” He looked back at Norah. “You don’t mind if I have a turn do you? You can watch.” “I said, Get the Fuck off her!” Norah looked over at Liam. He stepped to Will and yanked him away from Norah, turning him to face him. Liam punched Will in the mouth and he fell to the ground. “Tell her, Liam! Tell her you never wanted her to be your fucking slave! Tell her she’s free to do whatever she wants!” Liam

punched Will again, this time in the eye. Norah stood with her hand over her mouth. “You think you’re so different than I am? You think you’re better than me? But you wouldn’t tell her because you were afraid she would grow a brain and realize you manipulated her into falling in love with you to save your ass from going to jail!” Liam stepped and punched Will again, this time knocking him out. He turned back to Norah and walked to her. He touched her arm where Will held her.

“Are you okay? Did he hurt you?” he asked. She snatched her arm away.

“Is that true? What he said? You made me think I belonged to you to fear you, to save yourself?” Liam looked down at the floor.

“That isn’t exactly the truth, and I was going to tell you,” before he could finish Norah slapped him. He touched his face where she hit.

“Take me home now!” She turned and went back to the table for her things. The car drive home was silent. Norah wouldn’t allow Liam to touch her and Liam didn’t want to start an argument in the car.

Norah didn’t wait for Trig to open her door when they pulled in the driveway. She opened the door and

stepped out, running in the house. She went straight to the study and made herself a drink.

Norah

Liam walked in the study and slid the doors closed behind him. He went to the bar and made himself a drink, then loosened his tie and pulled it off. I stood at the desk with my drink in my hand. I started shaking and I knew Liam knew it because the ice started clinging in my glass. I turned to face him. He was leaning against the bar with a drink one hand and the other in his pocket.

“You didn’t know I had been kidnapped?” I asked. He shook

his head.

“No.” “Did you figure it out before or after you slapped me in the face?” I snapped remembering how much he scared me that night.

He shook the ice around in his drink.

“Before.”

“If you didn’t know, then what in the world did you think you were doing?” I put my drink down and put my hands on my hips.

“I thought I was buying a willing sexual slave.”

“Willing slave? Does that even exist?”

“Yes. In the dark world of BDSM it does.”

“And that’s what you wanted from me?”

“I told you, I had a different relationship

in mind for us in the beginning. But I didn't want someone who wasn't prepared for it, who didn't want it."

"Why didn't you just let me go?" He took a deep breath. "It isn't that simple, Norah. I looked into it. I couldn't give you back. They would have killed me and just sold you again. This time to someone who didn't care about your feelings." He took a sip of his drink. "All those horrible things you were told would happen, would have really happen. I couldn't do that to you." He took another sip of his drink and turned to make himself another. "I thought about

letting you go, but I couldn't risk you going to the police."

"So it was about saving your ass then?"

"No. Not entirely. I mean, yes, I didn't want to go to jail over something I didn't know about until it was too late, but that wasn't the only reason." I walked to the other side of the room.

"So what was the other reason, my virginity? Will was right, you wanted to fuck me so bad you decided to keep me here, make me think you owned me until I loved you, so you could do whatever you wanted with me!" He took a step toward me. I could tell he was getting angry now. "No! That isn't the

truth and you know it!”

“I do? How do I know it?” He stepped close to me.

“Because I could have raped you as many times as I wanted, and I never did! I didn’t want you that bad!” he yelled. I stepped away from him.

“So what was this, Liam? Was this whole thing just a big joke to you? Did you just keep me to see if you could break me down, make me fall in love with you? Because it worked, I do! You win!” I turned away from him and started to cry. He walked to me and grabbed my arms turning me to face him. “This wasn’t a game to me, Norah,

Dammit! You know it wasn't! I fell for you too! I didn't know how to make this arrangement work, I was just as lost as you were. This was all new to me. I've only been with experienced Submissive's. I didn't know how to train a slave, certainly not a virgin who had no idea what this lifestyle was about." "But we figured it out. We did. We're happy, and we trust each other. And now you know you are free. I have been trying to show you that you had your freedom for a long time. I let you out of your room, let you go out alone, and gave you a driver, a phone, I even lined up a job for you, Norah! How

can you say I kept this from you? I tried to show you.”

“Yes, you did everything except tell me!” I snatched my arms away from him. “Don’t you think after being kidnapped, told I was a slave, being sold at an auction, being held in solitude for so long and constantly being reminded of how I belong to you that I would need more than a cell phone to know I could leave if I wanted to?” I

walked a little closer to him. “I haven’t been able to make a decision for myself or even think for myself, Liam. How would I just know?”

“That isn’t true! I never forced you to do anything you didn’t

want, except be alone! I think I have made it very clear that as far as our relationship goes, if you don't want to do it, we won't do it!" "I want respect, but I'm not going to force you into a lifestyle you don't want. You have made those decisions for yourself. The decision for us to even have sex was yours, not mine!" He ran his hands over his face.

"So you're saying you didn't want it?" I asked.

"No of course not. Yes, I wanted it. I wanted it the night I bought you. But if you didn't agree to it, or bring it up yourself, we would still just be roommates." He let

out a deep breath like he was getting tired of talking.

“I don’t know what to think, Liam. I don’t know how I feel, or what.....to think...or....” I started to breath heavily. He came to me and wrapped his arms around me.

“Shhhhh. It’s okay. We will figure this out. Let’s go to bed, it will be clear in the morning,” he leaned in a kissed my neck. I pulled away. “No. I need to think now. I need to be alone.” I walked to my purse on the desk and picked it up.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he asked.

“Well if I’m free to do what I want, I’m going for a drive, or a

ride or something. But if I'm not, then I'll go lock myself in my room."

I looked at him with cold eyes. "Which is it? I'm either free or not?"

He swallowed hard and looked at the floor. "When will you be back?"

"I don't know. Like an hour maybe," I huffed. He pulled his cell out of his pocket. He called John and told him I needed a ride.

The front door opened and John stood there waiting for me. I looked back at Liam. He handed me some money folded up. "Go get some coffee or something," he lowered his eyes from me. It was weird to see him submitting to me. "Thank you," I

started walking fast, and kept going even though I felt him walking behind me. If I didn't get away from him now I knew I would end up in his bed, making love to him. I needed to think, to clear my head, and I couldn't do that with him near me. I got in the car and told him to drive, I didn't care where, just to drive. He drove for 30 minutes and I never said a word. I didn't like to use the private screen to separate me from John, so I could see him looking at me in the rearview mirror. He never said anything he just kept driving. I couldn't think. I couldn't clear my head. I just kept replaying the night's events over and

over in my head. I heard the sound of a phone vibrating and looked up at him. He pulled in a parking lot and stopped the car.

“Yes, sir?” he answered. I knew it was Liam on the other end.

I couldn’t hear his side of the conversation, but I was sure he was trying to find out where we were, and what I was doing.

“No sir she hasn’t said anything,” he looked at me. I rolled my eyes. I didn’t want to John to be in the middle of this. I took off my heels and opened the door. John’s eyes locked of mine and he turned in the car to face me.

“Ah no sir, she hasn’t said when she

would like to return.” He covered the phone with his hand. “Miss Chandler, don’t do this!” I felt bad for him, I did. I knew he would get in trouble for letting me get away from him, but I didn’t care. I got out slammed the door and took off running. I looked around and realized we were in a park. I darted in the trees and ran through the playground and over a small hill. I looked behind me and saw a flash light moving in the darkness. I could hear him yelling my name, but I didn’t go back. Instead I saw a road up ahead and ran to it. I hopped the small fence and started walking. I reached in my purse and

called information for a cab company. I saw a small strip of stores up on the left and walked to them. I gave the cab company the address of one of the stores and sat down to wait. My phone started ringing, or “screaming” whichever. It was Liam, so I didn’t answer. He left a message and then called right back. I didn’t answer again, and he left another message. When the phone rang the fourth time, I turned it off. The cab arrived and I got in, telling him to take me to the closest diner or coffee shop. I sat in the booth, stirring a spoon in my coffee, occasionally looking out the window. I couldn’t

believe how much my life had changed in the last few hours. I looked at a clock on the wall and saw it was 2:17am. I knew Liam was going out of his mind; I had been gone over two hours, but I didn't care. Everything was so clear just a few hours ago. I was in love with a beautiful man who wanted to give me the world, he was patient, kind, understanding, he did have a bad temper, but no one was perfect. I thought finding out just how much he liked to beat women before he fucked them was bad. Now finding out that he kept this from me, this life changing event, he kept it from me, so he wouldn't go to jail

or was it because he really did fall for me too? I wasn't sure anymore. I wasn't even sure of my feelings for him. I knew with absolute certainty in the beginning that his treatment of me was just a ruse to manipulate me. I could see through his tactics of being mean or inflicting pain, just so he could comfort me. I thought I kept a wall up so I wouldn't fall for it, but somewhere along the line, my wall started crumbling. How did this happen? Was he that good with his words and actions that I truly believed him? I even believed myself. When he was so scared of me running from him, the slightest thought of

being without him made me sad. Even now sitting here trying to think, all I wanted was his arms around me. I wanted him to tell me I was okay, and everything was going to be fine. We were supposed to leave for Nevada in three days. What would happen now? I couldn't introduce him to my family not knowing how I felt about him anymore. Did I really not know how I felt anymore? Maybe none of my feelings since I had been with him have been real? Maybe they were just reflections of what he wanted me to feel? There was one thing for sure, I couldn't stay with him. I had to figure this out, and

the only way to know if I really loved him was to let him go. Well it wouldn't be me letting him go, it would be more like

me desperately trying to get him to release me from his grasp.

I watched the sun come up on a bench outside of the coffee shop. The thought crossed my mind to go to a hotel room, but I didn't have enough money to pay for it. I remembered Liam telling me he owned two hotels in London and thought about going to one of those. I knew if I gave them my name, they would call him and he would agree to let me stay. But I was sure he would also show up,

and I would be back at square one. I was absolutely sure that his powers of persuasion would not only convince me to stay with him, but we would be in bed in a matter of minutes. I was simply too tired to think clearly anymore. I started walking again and just kept walking. Then I saw it, my car, well John's car...Liam's car that John drove me around in. I turned and walked away, I couldn't let him find me. "Norah!" I heard his voice yell for me. I started running and was quickly grabbed from behind. It was John, not Liam. "Stop, please!" he panted. I stopped fighting him and pushed him away.

“I can’t go back right now, please don’t make me!” I yelled.

He lowered his head and tried to catch his breath.

“I’m going to get fired for this,” he said.

“No you won’t, I won’t let him fire you.”

He nodded toward the car.

“Come on, I won’t take you home, just hang out in the car. I

won’t even call him to let him know I found you.”

“Really? You promise?”

“Yes, I promise. Your safety is my job, Miss Chandler. But I

can’t do that job unless I know where you are.....please you have to

trust me.” We walked to the car and I got

in the back. I laid down and curled up on the seat. I closed my eyes. I felt his hand nudge my foot and I leaned up to look at him. He handed me his jacket and I gladly accepted it. He got in the front of the car and turned on the radio. I never heard him talking on his phone, and hoped he was keeping his promise, but I fell asleep so fast it didn't matter.

Chapter seventeen

Norah

John woke me just around 1pm. He said he knew I was tired, but Mr. Hastings was going to lose it if I didn't come home soon. He dropped me off just before the house so I

could walk home without him getting caught for aiding and abiding. I turned the key and pushed the door open. As I shut the door behind me, I heard Liam's voice talking with someone about me. I slowly walked in the study and stood there. He turned and looked at me.

"Never mind, she's here," he gasped. He dropped his phone on the desk and ran his hands through his hair. His eyes were tired but angry. I figured now was not a good time to exude any of my smart comments, so I waited for him to speak. He didn't say anything, but picked up his phone again

and pushed some buttons.

My phone started ringing in my purse, so I looked down. “Oh, I see it does work. Since I called you over twenty times last night, and you never answered I assumed it was broken.” He put his phone down on the desk again, then walked around to the front.

“Do you have any idea what you have put me through?” He crossed his arms over his chest.

“I needed some time to think. I’m sorry I made you worry.”

My voice was quiet and shaky.

“Worried? You think I have been worried?” He stood up and stepped closer to me. “I have been going out of my mind, Norah. I’ve

had my entire security team out all night and all today looking for you. I didn't sleep....I just paced the floor feeling helpless, not knowing if you were coming back, if you left me, if one of my psycho friends kidnapped you. You could have been laying in a ditch, hurt or dead, and I wouldn't know because you wouldn't return my calls."

His voice stayed quiet and even toned. I looked down and fidgeted with my hands. "Well I would have called, but the ditch I was laying in didn't have a phone," I smiled trying to lighten the mood.

"No, but the Prada purse I bought you

does a have a phone in it.” He paused. “You’re really gonna joke about this?” I didn’t say anything. “So did you get all your thinking done, or should I expect another disappearing act from you tonight?” He reached out and took my hand. I brought it to my lips and lightly kissed his knuckles, then dropped it and back away.

“No, I’m done thinking, for now.” I turned away and walked to the bookcases.

“Have you come to any conclusions?” I could feel him walking closer to me.

“Yes,” I paused but I didn’t turn to face him. I knew if I saw

his beautiful face I would never be able to say what I needed to say.

“I’m leaving.” He stopped moving and I could feel his eyes on my back. “What does that mean, ‘you’re leaving’?” he asked. I lowered my head even though I wasn’t even facing him.

“It means, I’m going home, to Tiffany’s wedding, alone.”

“No.”

I turned to face him.

“What do you mean, ‘no’?”

“You’re leaving me?” he looked so afraid so unsure of himself. I wasn’t used to seeing him like this.

“No.....I don’t know.....I just think we

need some distance between us,” before I could finish he started talking again.

“No, we don’t need distance and you’re not leaving.” It wasn’t a question.

“Is that an order, Liam? Because I seem to remember you standing in this very spot last night telling me I was free to do what I wanted.” I crossed my arms against my chest. “You are free to do what you want, but you can’t leave me, Norah! I won’t allow it!”

“Well either I’m free to do what I want, or I’m still you’re slave, which is it?” I asked.

“You’re not my slave, Norah, and never

have been....stop
saying it. I just don't want you to go.”
“You don't want me to go, or you're not
letting me go?” He
walked away and ran his hands over his
face.
“What's the difference?” his back was to
me.
“You know the difference. You can, not
want me to go, but
let me leave anyway, or you can, not let
me go and lock me in my
room.” He didn't answer. “Which is it?”
“I don't want to lock you away again,”
he breathed.
“But you will if I try to leave?” I asked.
“No. But I want to come with you.” He
turned to face me. “No.”

“Why?”

I walked past him and sat down in the couch. “Because I can’t think clearly when I’m with you. I need some distance, I need to be away from you....to figure out what I want.”

“So this isn’t just a trip to a wedding.....you’re leaving me?”

he sat down across from me. “Would it make a difference if I asked you to marry me right now?”

“Are you asking me to marry you?”

“Would it make a difference?”

“No. Not like this.” I stood up and walked to the other side of the room. Being close to him was a distraction. He looked so upset

and hurt and I just wanted to comfort him. But I needed to do this for me. I needed to figure out my true feelings. I was so confused. “I just know I can’t think straight around you. Marrying you wouldn’t help with that.” “And you asking me when you’re just worried about me leaving you, isn’t comforting. I need to figure out what I’m feeling, and I can’t do that around you.” “Your feelings? What does that mean? You don’t love me anymore?” He turned his body on the couch to face me, then stood up and crossed his arms against himself. “Yes I do.....but I don’t know if it’s real. I don’t know what’s

real anymore. Everything in my life changed fourteen weeks ago, and I haven't felt like myself since. I had finally wrapped my mind around this new life and made it work for me, and then you drop another bomb telling me I can think for myself now, I can do what I want, go where I want. It's a lot to take in, Liam.”

“I didn't realize you weren't thinking for yourself, Norah.”

“How can you say that to me? Of course I haven't been thinking for myself! I was told I was going to be a whore, then I get here and I'm in solitude.” “You tell me you don't want to hurt me, but you did anyway. I

learned to make you happy to keep you....happy....and somewhere along the line I started caring for you. Now looking back with a little perspective, I don't know if I started caring for you for self preservation or because I really cared.”

He walked to the bar to make himself a drink.

“So you don't love me....and you never did....is what you're saying.” He drank his drink down fast and made another.

“I didn't say that.....see you're putting words in my mouth. I said, I don't know, Liam! I need to get away from you to find out what my feelings really are for you.” He

drank the second drink
down and held the glass in his hand.
“Right now I feel like I love you
so much it hurts,” he turned to me. “I feel
like I’m ripping my heart
out of my body.” I took a step closer to
him. “But I also feel like if I
don’t go, I’ll never know if these
feelings are real or just something I
made myself believe to feel safe.” I
walked to him and stood in front of him.
“Can you honestly
look at me and without any doubt tell me
that you love me?”
He looked up at me. “Yes, without a
doubt, Norah. I love
you,” He reached out and touched my
arms.

“Truly? You didn’t just feel sorry for me because of what happened? You weren’t just trying to make yourself happy since you were stuck with me?”

“I was never stuck with you, Norah. I didn’t have to care for you. I tried to stay away, but you kept drawing me in with your innocence and directness. I found myself wanting to talk to you, get to know you, touch you, and I wanted you to touch me. Your smile completely captivates me.”

“So maybe I brainwashed you too.” He narrowed his eyes.

“You think you brainwashed me?” he stepped back.

“I don’t know....maybe. Maybe we brainwashed each other.”

I paused. “I could see the feelings I brought up in you. I tried to make you like me, so you would stay with me. I hated being alone all the time. I thought if I made you happy, made you care for me, then you wouldn’t hurt me anymore.” He took another step back and walked to the door. With his back to me he spoke again.

“There are suitcases in your closet, take anything you need. I’ll make arrangements for a flight this evening.” He walked to the stairs and ran up. I walked to the door to see where he was going. He

walked down the hall toward his room. I grabbed my purse and went up the stairs myself, but to my room.

Norah

I stood at the door and watched John take my suitcases to the car. Liam started down the stairs slowly. He was wearing jeans and white button up shirt that wasn't tucked in. I lowered my eyes and saw he was wearing flip flops; I hadn't seen him wear those since our first night together on the yacht. I watched his tattoo of the black birds and the four leaf clover walk closer to me. He stopped right in front of me. "John will take you to the airport, from there my

private

plane will take you straight to Nevada. I have arranged a car to pick you up and take you home.” He took a deep breath and held out a white envelope. “Here’s some travel money.”

“You don’t have to give me money, Liam.”

“I know. I don’t have to do anything. But I am. It would make me more comfortable if you would take it.” I didn’t want to argue anymore, so I took it. As I shoved it in my bag he continued on. “I would appreciate it if you called me when you arrive home, just to let me know that you arrived safely.” He

took my chin and forced me to look at him. “This is not a request, Norah.” I nodded and lowered my eyes a little. He stepped away, turned and starting toward the study.

“What made you change your mind?” I asked. He stopped and stood with his back to me. “You were so set on me not leaving, then you just gave in.....why?” He turned to face me. “I understand you feeling confused about your feelings for me. I was prepared for that. I knew from the beginning you would be conflicted about me. I’ve done horrible things to you, it’s understandable.” He took one step

forward. “But now you are questioning my feelings for you. I thought I had made my feelings for you very clear. If you don’t know how I feel about you at this point, there is nothing I can do to change your mind now. You need to figure it out for yourself.” He turned and walked away.

Chapter eighteen

The house was quiet. Liam had been in this quiet house for days. Norah kept her promise and called when she landed in Nevada. But kept the conversation short and quickly got off the phone. He could tell she was almost in tears and wanted to call her back, but

decided against it. He walked from room to room imagining he could hear Norah's laugh or see her smile. He had taken this time off from work to be with her, meet her family, introduce themselves as a couple. His first thought was to go back to work, but he couldn't think about anything but her. He knew their relationship was complicated and had an unconventional start, but he also knew he loved her. Norah had been gone for four days and he could think of nothing else. He held her pillow at night and inhaled the scent of her shampoo. Two business deals had fallen

through, but Liam didn't care. He wanted Norah back, and all he could do was wait. He slouched in his leather chair in the study and felt his pocket vibrate. He looked at his phone and didn't recognize the number but it was from the United States so he quickly answered.

"Yes. Hello?" he said.

"Is this Liam Hastings?" a female voice said softly.

"Yes. Who is this?" he asked.

"This is Lorraine Birch, I'm Norah's sister," she paused and took in a breath. Liam instantly worried.

"What's wrong? Is Norah okay?" he sounded urgent.

“She’s fine. Well she’s not fine, but she’s not hurt or anything. I just wanted to talk to you and ask you a favor.”

“Go on.”

“She told us all about you, and sounded so excited to bring you home to meet everyone. Then she shows up here, without you, and is completely depressed.” “I’ve never seen her like this. I haven’t seen her in months, and I thought she would be happy to be home, but she’s miserable. We asked if you guys broke up, and she said it was complicated.” She stopped talking waiting for Liam’s response.

“It is complicated. What’s the favor?”
Liam got right to the point.

“Look, I don’t know you, and you certainly don’t owe me any favors, but I really think she needs you. The wedding is in two days, do you think you can still come here? I think whatever it is that’s bothering her, you can fix. She’s so depressing, she’s upsetting Tiffany. We just want her to be happy. So can you?”

“I don’t know. She doesn’t want me there.”

“Yes she does, she just thinks she doesn’t. I don’t know what happened to make things so complicated,

but she's miserable without you. Once you're here, she'll be happy to see you. Trust me." Liam exhaled. "I'll see what I can do," he huffed in the phone.

Norah

Reuniting with my family was emotional and one of the happiest experiences of my life. I couldn't stop crying. We were all emotional, but I couldn't control myself. They of course didn't understand that only a month ago I thought I might never see them again, and only two months ago, I wasn't sure of my future either. I couldn't tell them any of this though. Everyone had a million

questions and wanted to see pictures, which I told them I left at Liam's house. I did however have a few things to give them courtesy of Liam. In one of my phone conversations I had told my sisters that I had bought souvenirs for them, so Liam did just that for me. I had scarves from Paris and Milan, Rosary lockets from Rome, hair combs from Berlin and teacups with the Royal crest from London. Lorraine, Maggie and my mother seemed very impressed. Jim stood back and just watched us all. I kept glancing over at him, and he would just smile at me. Walking in my room was surreal. I went to my bed and

smelled my pillow, and then to the closet and ran my hands over all my clothes.

“So tell us about him? Liam, right? Tell us how wonderful he

is?” Lorraine gushed as she laid down on my bed. “I read about him on the internet. He’s kinda a big deal in London, huh? It seems every gossip magazine I looked through had some story about him dating a model or actress. He’s quite the socialite!” Maggie was right behind her and so was my mother.

“Lorraine! He hasn’t been in the tabloids or gossip magazines since he and Norah got together! Actually...” Maggie looked over at

me. "I haven't seen his picture anywhere at all since before the summer." The three of them sat all around my room waiting for me to speak. "Where's Jim?" I asked. "He went to go get some Chinese food for dinner, is that okay? Or should we make tea and crumpets?" my mother smiled. It was nice to see her so happy. "No, I don't even know what a crumpet is."

"So tell us about him, I've been dying to hear all about him," Maggie begged. I sat down on the floor and brought my knees to my chest.

"He's.....he's really wonderful. He is

very good looking and his voice is so amazing. Sometimes I ask him about things I know he will go on and on about, just to hear him talk.” I laughed a little.

“What’s he like with you? How does he treat you?” my mother asked.

“He treats me.....like a porcelain princess most of the time.

He is very thoughtful and kind.” “He is always asking if I’m alright, or need anything. He makes me feel comfortable. But he has this.....this caveman way about him,” I laughed again.

“What do you mean, caveman? He drags you around by your

hair?” Lorraine sat up on her knees.

“No, he doesn’t do that. But there are times when he likes me to be seen and not heard. He likes for me to meet him by the door when he comes home from work, sometimes his word is final and I shouldn’t argue with him,” I paused and looked down at my hands.

“Sounds like he wants a wife from back in the 50’s to me,” Maggie said.

“Most men are that way, sweetheart. They don’t like to have a woman with a mouth on her. They want their women to do as they’re told.” “Just most men know in

this day and age, they aren't going to find many women willing to do that.” My mother touched my hand when she spoke. I looked up and smiled again.

“He really just wants me to be happy. He is always giving me things, showing me things, or taking me somewhere he thinks will make me smile. He tells me how much I mean to him all the time, and how he doesn't want to lose me.” I laughed. “He doesn't understand window shopping at all. I tell him I like something, or stop to look at something, and he either buys it right then, or I find it in my room the next day.”

“Well why would he? He has more money than God, right?

He doesn't have to window shop, he can buy whatever he wants.”

Lorraine and my mother both looked at Maggie and she just shrugged her shoulders.

“So why isn't he here?” Lorraine asked.

That was the

elephant in the room. I had told them we would be coming here

together. I was so excited for them to meet him. I really thought him meeting my family would make me feel

like Liam's and my relationship was normal, or could be normal. Now

I was here alone.

“Oh he had some business to take care

of, so he won't be able to make it." My voice was quiet and I didn't look at any of them when I said it.

"Did you break up?" Maggie asked.

"Maggie," Lorraine and my mother said at the same time.

"Well when she was talking about him she seemed to get a little emotional, and now he isn't here, so I thought they might have broken up." I could feel the tears in my eyes.

"Oh, sweetie, are you okay?" my mother moved to the floor and wrapped her arms around me. I started to sob uncontrollably.

"Shhh. It's okay. You don't have to tell

us if you don't want to,
Norah," Lorraine took my hand. "The
summer fling was over, huh? And things
got real, right?

Meeting the family was too much for
him, so he sent you here
alone....sent you away. Men are
assholes, Norah. They like their
young little play things, but when things
get serious the game is over
and it's on the next little play thing." My
mother always had a way of
making me feel like crap. I was never
good enough, never pretty
enough, and certainly never smart
enough. I had realized in High
School that sometimes my failures made
her happy. She couldn't

stand that I had met a gorgeous, rich man that loved me and wanted me to move to another country to be with him. She couldn't stand it that I had whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted it...all I had to do was ask. I pulled away and stood up. "Liam isn't like that. Yes, we fought, and things are complicated right now....but he loves me! He isn't off looking for another young play thing. You just can't stand it that he loves me, and makes me happy!" I walked out. "Good one, Mom," I heard Lorraine say as I ran down the hall. I ran outside and almost right into Tiffany.

“Oh my goodness! Look at you! You look so different, beautiful, amazing, this British man has done you well, my friend!” I grabbed her and we hugged.

“It’s so good to see you, Tiff. Let’s get out of here,” I panted and we turned back to her car. I didn’t speak for a while and she could tell I was upset so she just let me look out the window. She pulled into the parking lot of a dress store and I looked up. It was an old store that sold formal dresses, but they were mostly out of date.

“You didn’t get our bridesmaid dresses from here, did you?” I pointed to the shop. She laughed.

“Well it’s good to see you smile.....and no I didn’t. I just thought we could have one of our try on sessions....and talk about whatever it is that’s bothering you.” She touched my leg. “Tiffany, your wedding is right around the corner, you don’t need to bother with my problems,” I said and fidgeted with my fingers.

“Oh I know. You can’t even imagine the pressure I am under right now. I have an appointment with the travel agent tomorrow morning, the final meeting with the caterer, and then I have to pick up some of Jason’s family at the airport, just before the big family

dinner his family is putting together tomorrow night. Thursday, is the ladies brunch, which you have to be there for, I might add, which shouldn't be so bad, because that's when I will get all these special family gifts from his family. They pass down things like silver brushes their grandmothers, grandmother used when she arrived at Ellis Island in 1918 or something crazy like that," she laughed a little. "Friday we have the bridesmaid final fitting at my house, which will be your first and only fitting, and the rehearsal and then the rehearsal dinner." She took a breath but kept going. "I have to check in with the

flowers, the cake, and make sure I have all the presents for our attendants. So I know I'm under a lot of pressure." She paused. "But I also haven't seen my best friend in the whole wide world in three and half months. She ran off to England and started living with one of the beautiful people." She took my hand. "And right now, I can see she's hurting, and needs me....so here I am."

We got out of the car and went inside. We spent over an hour trying on the ugliest dresses we could find. We did it up right, with shoes, hats and purses too. We walked around the shop and

strutted our horrible outfits. We posed in the mirrors and reenacted scenes from ‘Steel Magnolias’. It was so much fun, and it made me forget everything. It was exactly what I needed. We were sitting on the floor laughing against the mirrors when I decided it was a perfect moment to explain and apologize.

“Tiffany, I’m really sorry. I should have been there for you these last months to help you, and I wasn’t.....I really regret that.” I lowered my head and took off my horrible feather, beaded, and lace hat.

“Norah, its fine. Shelly has been a fine maid of honor, she’s

really helped me.” She took a breath. “I mean it would have been nice to have you here, to share all these experiences with, but I understand. You were off meeting your own prince charming. I get it. When you find love you never want to lose it.”

I wanted to tell her it wasn't because I didn't want to lose Liam, it was because I was locked in a room and he wouldn't let me leave. I wanted to tell her I had been kidnapped and trained to be a sexual slave and I wouldn't be here right now if Liam hadn't bought me. I wanted to tell her she was right not to come to Europe with

me, because she would have been sold too, and since she wasn't a virgin, there's no way we would even be together now. But I didn't. I could never share these things with anyone. I didn't know what was happening between Liam and I, but he certainly wouldn't win any points with my friends and family if I told them he bought me, locked me away, and hurt me when I didn't do what he wanted me to. The truth was, I didn't even want to think about it. Liam wasn't the same person anymore. He had changed. Being with me had changed him. He was still a prick sometimes when he didn't get his way, but I knew

he was a good man that was just into a lifestyle that seemed dark and cruel to people like me who didn't really understand it. He got caught up in something he couldn't control and didn't know how to handle it. I couldn't believe I was actually defending him in my head. "You needed your best friend here with you, though. I should have stayed, and been a good friend to you, like you would have been to me. I should have stayed and been here for you and the twins....I should have never been there." I leaned back against the wall. "Yes, but if you had never gone, then you wouldn't have met

Liam, and you wouldn't be completely in love and about to change your life for him. I mean, you do love him, right?"

"I think so....I mean, yes...I know I love him...but it's just so complicated right now. Everything is so hard with him, there's so many rules and he wants everything a certain way, and sometimes he can be such an ass."

"Well I don't know about the rules part, but the other stuff is typical, Norah. Men are asses! That's just the way they are, they can't help it. But I can say, if he loves you....even with all the stuff you don't like, you can make it work."

She paused and I thought about it for a minute. “You just have to give him the bullet test. If he would jump in front of a bullet for you, then the rest is normal.”

We left the shop and went to get some ice cream. It was October but in Las Vegas it was still pretty warm. It was so good to talk to her, and have someone who knew me so well, understand my feelings. I couldn't tell her the whole truth of course but she still understood how I felt.

That night when I went home it was quiet. Everyone was talking about other things, and no one addressed me directly, which

was fine. I ate quietly and went to my room. I wanted to call Liam so bad. I wanted to hear his voice. It was after three in the morning in London, but I knew he wouldn't care if I called him. In my heart I knew he wanted to hear my voice just as bad. But I just couldn't do it.

Over the next few days, I went to brunches, met with caterers, got my nails done, my hair highlighted and trimmed. I picked up Jason's family at the airport and met with the flower people, all instead of Tiffany. I tried to be the friend I should have been all along, had I not been shackled

in a basement. I spent time with my family, her family, Jason's family, and the bridal party. Jokes were told, old stories were shared, and opinions were asked of me. The whole time I just sat in a daze, and usually asked for the question or joke to be repeated. I couldn't stop thinking about Liam. Everyone had a partner, except me. Even my sisters who never really dated anyone seriously for long, had dates, but I sat alone. Even with our problems, I just wanted to be with him. Maybe I really did love him.

Chapter nineteen

Norah

I was kneeling in my very expensive bridesmaid dress trying to straighten out the skirt underneath Tiffany's dress. Her dress had so many layers and they were bunching after her third trip the bathroom. I stood up and looked down to make sure my dress didn't get wrinkled.

"You look beautiful, Norah. Burgundy is a great color on you," she said. The dress was long, and cut in at the waist. It looked as though there was a belt but it was just the way fabric cut in. The straps were skinny, and the top was a sweetheart neckline. The fabric was silk and moved with our

bodies. I swayed back and forth to watch it move. “Norah, the most beautiful man I have ever seen is outside asking for you, and if you don’t go to him now, the vultures are going to eat him alive,” Lisa another bridesmaid panted as she walked in the room. I turned to look at her.

“Oh my goodness! He came all this way to see you! Whatever it is making things so complicated, it doesn’t matter. He wants you, Norah!” Lorraine gushed. She pushed me towards to the door.

“It isn’t Liam, he wouldn’t come all this way,” I said, but wasn’t so sure.

“Okay, well he didn’t give me his name,

which I think could be Mr. Sex, but his accent made me and the other women around melt. So get out there!” I rolled my eyes and started out the door. I walked down the hall and pushed open the double doors to the garden. I looked around but didn’t see him. I walked to the end of the patio and saw the groomsmen standing in a circle playing hackie sack. They were supposed to be getting pictures taken. I turned to go back in and there he was right behind me. He was wearing a black suit and burgundy tie. His hands were in his pockets and he just looked at me. I waited for him to say

something but he didn't, so I did.

"You look nice. What brings you to the United States?"

"I heard there was a beautiful young bridesmaid without a date. I didn't want to cause an international incident, so I got here as quickly as I could." He was trying to be funny.

"My not having a date is not really an international incident."

"Well when it gets out that her boyfriend is from England, it might cause one."

"Not if she didn't want him here," I snapped. He lowered his head. "What are you doing here, Liam? I told you I needed time. I

was thinking a little more than five days.” I crossed my arms against my chest and then lowered them not wanting to wrinkle my dress. “If you want me to leave I will, but I missed you so much,

Norah. I’ve been a wreck without you. They told me you were miserable too, I thought you might want to see me.” He didn’t raise his head when he talked to me. He fidgeted with his hands like I always did when I was nervous.

“Who told you I was miserable?” I asked. He looked up at me, and I could see tears in his eyes.

“Your sister, she called me. Lorraine. She told me you were

unhappy.” He stepped closer. “Doesn’t that tell you we should be together, Norah? I can’t think, work, even eat without you, baby.”

He leaned his head against mine and touched my arm. “But if you want me to go, I will.” He pulled his head away. “I’ll leave and let you contact me when you’re ready.” He waited for an answer.

“You would really just walk away, and leave right now, if I wanted you to?” “It would be so hard.....but yes.” He was still touching my

arm. I couldn’t let him go now. He was here, right in front of me, I could smell him, touch him, and see his

beautiful sad face. I couldn't let him go.

"I can't talk about this now, Liam. The wedding will be starting in a few minutes."

"Do you want me to stay or leave?" he asked looking deep in my eyes.

"Stay....please stay." He exhaled, and kissed my forehead then rested his chin on my head.

"It's so good to hear you say that." I took his hand and turned to walk to the garden when the vultures pounced.

"This is Liam? Good Lord, Norah, you said he was good looking, but I had no idea!" Shelly's

comment.

“Wait until you hear him talk, it gets better!” Lisa said. “I told you it wasn’t complicated, Norah. He crossed the ocean for you, I think that’s pretty clear,” Lorraine added. Liam tightened his grip on my hand.

“Ladies, please,” I smiled. “He didn’t swim here! He has his own private plane. Don’t give him a bigger ego than he already has,” I laughed. “Yes, ladies this is Liam Hastings. Liam, this is Lisa, whom you’ve met, Lorraine, whom you spoke to on the phone, and I will talk to you later about that, missy! And Shelly, the maid of honor.” Liam nodded and greeted all of them.

When he smiled they giggled like school girls. “Lisa, please take him to his seat, if you think you can keep your hands off of him,” I gestured for Liam to go with Lisa. “I’m not making any promises, Norah. Maybe I can just push him to the end of the aisle and get the minister to marry us really quick,” she took Liam’s arm and started walking away. I laughed and waved as he was drug off by Lisa. Who knew, he might be married by the end of this, and I wouldn’t have to worry about how complicated things were between us. “There is nothing complicated about that ass!” “Lorraine!” We all said in unison.

She shrugged her shoulders
and went back inside.

The ceremony was very romantic and
moving. I tried to focus
on anything but him. But I could feel his
eyes on me. Every few
moments I glanced over and he would
smile. Just having him close to
me made me feel relaxed. I had been
miserable and cried more in
the last days than I had my whole life.
Being away from him made
me tense. Then I couldn't stop looking at
him. I wanted to be with
him, touch him, and have his arms
around me. I could see he was
feeling the same way. As soon as the
ceremony was over I walked

through the crowd trying to find him. Most everyone was heading to the other side of the yard to the reception area, and I was supposed to be going with the bridal party for pictures, but I had to talk to him, I had to tell him that I loved him. I kept looking and didn't see him anywhere. I went back to the where the ceremony had been, and there he was. He was still sitting in the same seat, he hadn't moved. His head was lowered and he was still. I walked up behind him. "So, are you a married man now? Did Lisa get her wish?" I tried for a joke. He turned to face me. He smiled which was a relief.

“She tried, but I managed to keep her at bay. I told her I had my eye on another bridesmaid.” He stood and walked to the end of the aisle. “Now she wouldn’t have had to try very hard to get me to marry her,” he folded the program and put it in his jacket pocket.

“Really?” I asked narrowing my eyes at him.

“Really.”

“So if I went and got the minister right now, you would marry me?”

“Would you marry me?” he asked. I hated the way he did this. He never gave me a straight answer on this subject. He asked if

wanted to marry him instead of asking me to marry him. I asked if he would marry me, and he asks if I would marry him. “It’s a simple question, Liam.” I wasn’t budging. He lowered his head and then looked back at me. He stepped closer and took my hands in his.

“Yes. I would, no question. I love you, Norah. I don’t want to be without you. I just can’t take this rejection, and uncertainty on your part. I know I hurt you in more ways than one. But this is me, I’m here now. This is the man I am. I didn’t ask you if you would go through with it as a diversion for me not to answer the question

myself. I know how I feel about you. I know, right now, without any doubt that you are it for me. I want you with me. Just seeing you walk with another man down the aisle made me crazy.” He ran his hands over his face and through his hair. “He was just a groomsman, Liam. No big deal.”

“Yes, but that was Mike, right? The guy that emailed you several months ago, wanting to date you again?” I couldn’t believe he remembered that. I nodded. “It made me crazy, Norah. But it isn’t my feelings I’m worried about. It’s yours. What do you want?” I lowered my eyes and laced

my fingers together.

“I want you,” I said in a very low voice. He stepped closer to me, and wrapped his arms around my waist.

“You do?”

“Yes.” I looked up at him. “I love you, Liam.”

“I love you too, baby.” He leaned and kissed me. “Marry me, Norah. Please marry me,” he panted.

“I will.” He kissed me again, and then I pulled away.

“And you’re lucky, because we’re here in Vegas, so we can get married right now, if you want!” We both laughed and kissed passionately until Lisa came to get me

for pictures.

“Come with me,” I said.

“Oh I’m not letting you out of my sight!”
he said with a smile.

Chapter twenty

Norah

The pictures seemed to take forever. But
when they were
finally done I drug Liam to officially
meet my family.

“Liam, this is my mother, Mary Birch,
and my sisters, Lorraine
and Maggie,” I gestured toward each of
them.

“We have heard so much about you,
Liam, it’s so nice to
meet you,” my mother said.

“Yes, it’s very nice to finally put a face

with a name,” Lorraine nodded and bobbed her head, while she held on to Liam’s hand and looked at him like he wasn’t real.

“That’s enough, Lorraine,” I said, as I took his hand from hers.

“Maybe we can have a dance later,” she said as Maggie pushed her out of the way. “Please excuse my sister. She’s still on hot guy over load from this summer.” Maggie shook Liam’s hand lightly.

“Oh, right. Norah told me you girls were going on the hunt for a college. Did you pick out one?” he asked.

“We decided on a top four. The

University of Central Florida,
The University of Oklahoma, UCLA and
Norah's old school U of
Nevada. We're still waiting to hear from
them."

"So are you going back to London after
the wedding or are
you staying here for a while, Liam?"

"I don't know. I guess it depends on this
one," he nudged my
hip. "I will do whatever she wants. I'm
at her disposal."

"Would you move here to Las Vegas for
her?" Lorraine asked.

"Lorraine! Shut up!" Maggie elbowed
her in the stomach.

"Why? We're all thinking it! None of us
want her to leave. If

he moves here than she won't leave," Lorraine countered. "I do have a home in California and New York as well. I guess

buying a house here in Las Vegas wouldn't be a problem. Anything to make this one happy."

"Good Lord, you are rich," Lorraine gushed.

"Lorraine!" Maggie yelled. "Sorry, I'm gonna take this one to get a drink, nice to meet you Liam." She grabbed Lorraine's arm and pulled her away. We stood quiet for a few minutes. My Mom fixed my strap on my dress and then touched some of my hair.

"I know Lorraine is uncensored in her

thoughts, Norah. I'm sorry she embarrassed you." She pushed some of the hair off my shoulder. "She's just worried about you. We all are. This behavior is so unlike you."

"Mom, enough really. I'm fine."

"If Lorraine had run off over the summer and fell in love, then told me she was moving to England, I wouldn't hesitate to believe it.

But with you," she stopped and looked

over at Liam. "I apologize, Ms. Birch.

Norah's behavior over the summer is

my fault. We were so caught up in

traveling and getting to know

each other, it didn't leave much time for

her to call you, and I am

very sorry. I'm sure you were very worried about her."

"Who was worried about her?" Jim said as he walked up holding a beer. We all looked over to him.

"Liam, this is my.....my Mom's boyfriend, Jim. Jim, this is Liam." Jim held out his hand to shake with Liam, but he didn't budge.

He just stood there and looked Jim in the eyes. I elbowed Liam in the side and he snapped out of it.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, it's nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you." I could tell from the look on Jim's face Liam was hurting his hand. When their grip broke, Jim

shook his hand in front of him
and rubbed it with the other one. Then I
heard Christina Perri's "A
Thousand years" from the DJ. I tucked
my arm in Liam's side. "Well this is our
song, so I'm gonna take my man on a
spin
around the dance floor before they serve
dinner." I grabbed Liam's
arm and pulled him to the dance floor.
We swayed close together,
cheek to cheek. I wrapped my arms
around his neck and inhaled the
glorious scent of Liam.
"I've missed you so much," he breathed
in my ear. "I can't
believe it has only been five days."
"I've missed you too," I replied.

“Is this really our song? Because it’s beautiful. I love the words,” he breathed. I started whispering the words in his ear.

“I have died every day waiting for you. Darling don’t be afraid I have loved you for a thousand years, I love you for a thousand more. All along I believed I would find you, time has brought your heart to me. I have loved you for a thousand years, I love you for a thousand more.”

“So beautiful,” he panted. We danced slow and just held each other close. When the next song started we stayed dancing. “So how long are we going to be here before we

go back home?" he asked. I tensed up and pulled my face away from his. "Don't pull away from me, please. It's just a question."

"I don't know. I would like to stay for a while longer, but I know you have to get back to work." He didn't answer.

We danced a little more without talking.

"The good thing about my job is I can work wherever I want. I have offices in several places." I looked at him. "Not here in Vegas, but I can stay here for a while. If it is what you want. I just want you by my side Norah." I could feel the tears building in my eyes. "Don't cry please. We don't

have to decide this tonight.” We took our seats and enjoyed a delicious dinner. I made a sappy and funny toast in honor of Tiffany and Jason’s best man said something funny about him. I introduced Liam to my friends and listened to him embellish stories about our summer together. Everyone kept asking how long he was staying in town and if I was leaving with him when he went back. I wanted to stay for a little while. I missed my family so much. But I knew when Liam returned to England, I would be with him.

“Their getting ready to cut the cake, Tiffany needs you,”

Lorraine pulled on my arm. He kissed my cheek before I walked away.

Liam watched Norah walk away and the crowd move around the cake table. He put his hands in his pockets and walked over to the bar. After he ordered his drink, he saw Jim sitting at the end of the bar, and decided it was time to have a little chat with him. He walked over to him and sat down on the bar stool next to him.

“So Norah tells me you plan to marry her mother?” He took a sip of his drink. “Yeah, as soon as she picks a date. I was hoping to do it this

summer when Norah came home, but that didn't happen, so..." he trailed off taking a sip of his beer. "I guess if we want Norah here for the wedding, I should clear it with you first huh? You seem to have a strong hold on her." It wasn't really a question more of an accusation. "Maybe we should just do it now, so you don't have to worry about Norah being around here family ever again." Liam stood up and drank down his drink. He grabbed Jim's arm and drug him outside the tent away from everyone. "If you have something you want to say to me, then say it!" he demanded.

“I don’t trust you. Oh, I’ve read about you. I know you’re a rich playboy that likes to have pretty young girls on his arm. The successful businessman that Daddy didn’t love enough, so now you buy up companies all over the world to prove you have a big cock. I get it. But what do you want with Norah?” “You come out of nowhere, keep her in Europe for almost eight weeks after her trip was supposed to be over, make her quit her job that she lined up for herself and con her into moving her life over to London with you. Frankly I didn’t expect her to come home for this wedding at all, and was shocked

when you weren't with her.
Don't think I don't see right through you.
It didn't surprise me at all
to see you show up here. I get it, I do! I
like to control my women
too. But what happens to her when the
millionaire wants a new toy?
Taking a young girl fresh out of college
away her family and moving
her to another country is too much
control, even for me." He took a
sip of his beer. Liam grabbed his collar
and slammed him against
pool house.
"But trying to rape a young girl who
happens to be your
girlfriends daughter, isn't too much for
you is it?" Jim didn't say

anything. Liam slammed him up against the wall again. “Don’t even pretend for one second that you get me. We are nothing alike! You got me, now!” “If Norah wants to stay here, then we will talk about it. I’m not making her do anything she doesn’t want to do.” He slammed him up against the wall again. “She isn’t a toy to me, you got that, big guy! Get this to, if you ever touch what belongs to me again, or her sisters, I will kill you.....don’t think for one second you read all there is to know about me on Google. I am not to be messed with, you got that!” He pushed him on the ground. He wanted to punch

him but because of where they were, Liam tried to have a bit of decorum. “And I’m a billionaire, you asshole!” He straightened his suit, ran his hands through his hair and went back to find Norah. He saw her dancing with a groomsman. She was laughing and talking with her sisters and Tiffany who were also dancing. He just watched her for a minute and ordered another drink. Her eyes finally found him, and she whispered something to her dance partner who quickly grabbed Lisa and started dancing with her. Norah walked to Liam. “Hey, where have you been? After the cake, we all started

dancing. I looked for you, but I couldn't find you." Liam took her hand in his and finished his drink with the other. Norah lowered her eyes, thinking he was upset with her for dancing with someone else.

"I had to talk to someone, come on, let's go dance." He pulled her to him and kissed her mouth, hard.

"Are you drunk?" she asked.

"No." He said quickly. "Come one let's dance." He pulled her behind him as they walked to the dance floor. He pulled her close, just as the music slowed again. 'Give me Love' by Ed Sheeran was playing and they moved together.

“This is a good song for us too,” he whispered in her ear.

Then he whispered the words to her.

“Give me love like never before, 'Cause lately I've been craving more. And it's been a while but I still feel the same. Maybe I should let you go, You know I'll fight my corner, And that tonight I'll call ya, After my blood, is drowning in alcohol, No I just wanna hold ya. Give a little time to me, we'll burn this out. We'll play hide and seek, to turn this around. All I want is the taste that your lips allow, My my, my my-y, oh give me love Give a little time to me, we'll burn this out We'll play hide and seek, to

turn this around All I want is the taste that your lips allow my my, my my, oh give me love.”

“So beautiful,” she whispered to him.

After a few minutes and another song, Norah finally spoke again. “Who were you talking to?” he knew she was going to ask, and he didn’t want to lie to her.

“Jim,” he said bluntly. Norah leaned away from him.

“Oh no. What happened? Did you hurt him?” she asked. He tightened his hold on her.

“Not as much as I wanted to.....not as much as he hurt me, I’m afraid.” Norah stepped back to look him over.

She took his face in hers and moved it from side to side to see if Jim had hit him. She made him look at her. “How? Where did he hurt you? Did he hit you?” she demanded. He shook his head. “Then what? How could he hurt you?” “He just made me see myself in a different light is all.” He pulled Norah closer and they danced in silence for the rest of the song. They stayed together the rest of the evening, but Liam never elaborated on what he meant by Jim hurting him. Norah posed for pictures with her sisters, with Jim and Mary, and with Liam as well.

Liam encouraged Norah to stand with the single women for the bouquet toss, but assured her it didn't matter if she caught it or not.

“When we get home, I will take you window shopping for a ring, and then you can plan the wedding of your dreams,” he spoke softly in her ear before she walked away. Norah tried to catch the flowers, but Lisa beat everyone to the punch. She jumped in front of Norah, grabbed the flowers, and then slid across the dance floor. Some other girls behind Norah tripped and fell over, and two girls to her side, fell on top of each other, trying to reach over Norah

to get it. Norah just stood and laughed. She looked over at Liam and he smiled. She slowly walked back over to him.

“I can’t believe women are that desperate to get married that they believe in some bridal fairy tale,” she took Liam’s drink from him and drink it down. “Well I don’t know about you, sir, but I am tired and ready to go to bed!”

“Don’t call me, sir, please Norah.” He took the drink from her and took a sip.

“What’s wrong? Are you okay?” she asked making him look in her eyes.

“Can’t you two even get your own

drinks?” Shelly said as she approached. “Really, you’re making everyone sick with all the displays of love.” She ordered a drink and then turned to face us. “Well it is a wedding, Shelly. I think displays of love are a good thing, right?” Norah chuckled. “Come on, girlie, Tiffany and Jason are getting ready to leave so we have to go pose for some good bye pictures,” she finished her drink and winked at Liam. “Don’t worry, I’ll bring her back.” She grabbed Norah’s arm and pulled her away. “No, I want him to come too,” Norah squealed as she walked

backwards with Shelly. “Come with me!
I want you in the pictures!”
she called back to Liam. He finished his
drink and went with them.

“Where are we going?” Norah asked as
Liam put her in his car
and climbed in behind her.

“Shh. I know you’re tired. I’m taking you
to my hotel. I hope
that’s okay.” Norah started to say
something. “I told your sisters, and
Lorraine gave me your bag from the
house.”

“What happened?” she asked. “You fell
asleep after you did three shots of jaeger
with the
bride and groom and then something

called a ‘blowjob’ with the other bridesmaids. Which was quite entertaining, I have to say. I said good bye to everyone for both of us, and brought you to my car.”

Norah walked in the hotel room, and stood while she watched Liam take off his jacket, loosed his tie and took off his shoes. He pulled out his shirt from his pants and started to unbutton it.

“I was the envy of every girl in the room tonight. They all loved you, and thought you were so handsome.” He walked to her and kissed her lightly on her lips. His hands found the zipper on her

dress and pulled it down. He helped her step out of it, and then she sat down while he took off her shoes. He knelt in front of her and took in her pale pink undergarments. “Well the opinion of only one girl in the room made a difference to me.” “Oh come on, you can’t tell me that all those women looking at you, wanting you, saying you’re the best looking man in the room, or that they have ever seen.....you loved it,.....you know it. I know it!” she laughed. “They were all looking at you.....and me. Thinking.....why is he with her?” she laughed again. “If they knew you

bought me, I think it would make more sense to them or maybe less sense, now that I think about it.”

“Norah, don’t say that,” he pulled her up to him.

“Why it’s true, right? How much did you pay for me anyway?” she asked. He lowered his eyes and then looked back at her.

“You’re drunk. You don’t know what you’re saying. Come on, let’s go to bed.” He pulled her arm and she took a step forward.

“No. I want to know. How much did you pay for me?” she asked again. He turned his back to her, then slowly faced her.

“You really want to know? Because once I tell you, you can’t un-know it, Norah.” “You really want to continue in this relationship knowing how

much I spent on you?” She crossed her arms against her chest.

“Yes.” He ran his hands through his hair and over his face.

“I thought we were trying to move past this and have something normal? You think you can know how much I paid for you and still have a normal relationship with me?”

“Yes.”

“Fine. 1.5 million dollars. Come on, let’s go to bed.” Norah

grabbed her stomach and swayed back and forth.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” she said and she sat on the floor. He knelt in front of her.

“See this is why I didn’t want you to know.”

“That is a lot of money, Liam. How can I ever live up to that?”

she asked. “Why would you spend that much on someone you didn’t even know?” He touched her face. “I didn’t even know what the bid was after the first few times

I hit the button. I just knew I had to have you. I told you, you looked sad, and I had this overwhelming feeling to have you with me. It

didn't matter how much it cost me."

"You didn't even know what the bid was? So you would have spent more?"

"Yes, without question."

"How high would you have gone?"

"As high as I needed to go. I am a billionaire, Norah, money isn't a problem for me. Can we go to bed now? Please?"

"Good Lord, Liam." He picked her up from the floor.

"It doesn't matter how much money I spent on you, or how much I would have spent. You're with me now, you don't owe me anything. After my treatment of you in the first month, I think we are

even. I don't want to discuss it again.” He took her hand and walked to the bedroom. They crawled in the bed together and Liam wrapped his arms around Norah. “I know we have a lot more to talk about, but we can talk in the morning. I just want to hold you now, please.” He pressed his head to her forehead. They laid quietly in each other's arms both heavy with thoughts.

Chapter twenty one

Norah

I had no idea when I asked how much he spent on me that it was that much. I knew he was rich and it was a high end auction with high rollers, but I had no idea they were

that high. I didn't think it would matter to me but it did. He saved me from a life of sexual slavery by spending 1.5 million dollars for me. He didn't even know me. He whipped out his credit card and bought someone he wanted to make smile. What if I had been smiling already? I wonder if he would have bid at all. Now this same man who spent all this money was in love with me and offering marriage. He wants to share his life with me. His life in England. Of course I would move to be with him. I loved him, and after the amount of money he spent on me, there was no way I could tell him I didn't

want to leave my family again. He grip
tightened around my waist and I felt his
hands move
my legs up to my chest. I was laying on
my side, so this put me in an
L position. He ran his hand over my
behind and pulled at my panties.
“Norah? Are you awake?” he whispered
in the dark. I moved
my body to show him I was awake and
willing for what he wanted. I
moved my hand to his leg to find he was
already naked. He kissed
the back of my neck and shoulders. I
moved my upper body and took
off my bra. He pulled it from me and
grasped my breasts in both
hands.

“You feel so good. I’ve missed this so much,” he kept kissing neck and sucked on my earlobe.

“It’s only been five days, Liam.” I moved my ass against his crotch. He pulled my panties down and completely off.

“It feels like longer.” He put my legs back in the L position and kneeled with one knee beside my legs and the other along my back.

He entered me from behind and leaned forward. One hand was in front of me near my chest, and the other behind me close to my back. His hips moved and he breathed in and out like he was working out. He leaned in and kissed me hard then

lingered over my face.

“Does that feel good, baby?” he asked as he moved faster. I

nodded and closed my eyes. We were barely touching each other

but somehow this felt deeper and more intense. He leaned back on

his knees and kept moving his hips. He ran his hand over my ass, and

kept breathing hard.

“Ah....Oh....God Norah....you feel amazing, baby.” He moved

my top leg over his hip, and thrust harder and faster. He leaned his

head back and closed his eyes. His grip tightened on my hip and he kept

pulling me to him faster. I could see by the look on his face that he

was another world. “Fuck....I’m gonna come.....yes, baby.....yes, baby.” He movements got slower and he leaned back down to kiss me and ran his hands over my body. His kissed my lips then traveled down to my neck and breasts. “That was so good, Norah.” Then he leaned back and looked in my eyes. “Did you come?” he asked like it was an afterthought. “Shit, Norah, I’m sorry.” He leaned back and pulled himself from my body. I leaned up and kissed him lips. “It’s okay, it isn’t a big deal. It was nice being close to you. I loved that position. It was so hot. And I

could see that you really enjoyed it too.” I scooted to the edge of the bed so I could get up and get some water. His hand stopped me and wrapped around my waist. He scooted behind me.

“Norah, Dammit. Our first time back together and I’m so selfish I don’t even let you come? That’s fucked up.” I turned to look at him over my shoulder.

“It’s fine, really.” He held me tighter and I felt his hand move between my thighs to my sex. “Stop, you don’t have to, it’s okay.” He parted my legs and laid so his body was still behind me but his head was in my lap. He ran his

thumb my clit and massaged it in circles. My breathing picked up and I rolled my head back and closed my eyes. I felt him lean forward and lick my clit softly. He moved my legs apart some more, and I brought one foot up on the bed. His tongue stayed at the top of my pussy but he licked me like a cat drinking milk. I ran my hands through his hair and leaned back on my elbows. Watching him lick me always turned me on. He kept licking me as I came and tugged at his hair. I had to push him away when I didn't think I could take anymore. He leaned up and wiped his mouth on the sheet.

“I’m an equal opportunity pleasure provider,” he laughed. “I guarantee you come and don’t stop until you do.” We both laughed.

I got up and went to the bathroom. I needed water. I came back to the bed and Liam was sitting up leaning against the headboard. “Don’t ever let me do that to you, Norah. If I’m about to come and you haven’t, tell me to stop.” I crawled over him and cuddled up next to him.

“It’s that easy for you? Don’t come, and you don’t?” I looked up at him.

“Well it isn’t easy, but I like to think I can control it. I don’t know what happened just now, I usually

pay close attention. You got me so distracted.” He kissed the top of my head.

“Like I said, it isn’t that important.” I looked up at him. “Not that I want to be left out all the time, but I like just being close to you.” He slumped down in the bed and held me while I fell asleep on his shoulder.

Liam laid with Norah in his arms and thought about all the things he had said to her that day. Guilt overwhelmed him. Seeing her with her family and friends made him feel selfish for wanting to take her away again. She was relaxed and confident

around them, but was tense and bottled up with him. He knew he had caused her to hold back her feelings from him. He had made her fear living out in the world without him. Watching her talk with people, dance, drink and even make her speech at the reception made him realize what an extremely capable woman she truly was. If he took her back with him, she would concede to his every demand, live a life of submission to him, and now knowing how much he paid for her, for the rest of her life, she would feel as if he owned her. And he really couldn't blame her for that. Did he really think, deep

down in his darkest place, that he didn't own her? He said he didn't, he even told her he didn't want to own her, but was that the truth?

No, it wasn't. He did want to own her, he did think she belonged to him. If he took her back with him she would live her life for him, and rarely see her family. She would live a double life, submitting to his wishes, and being a confident, relaxed girl for her family. How long until he just broke her down completely and took away her confidence all together? He couldn't do that to her. She didn't choose this life, and she knew so little about it. It had taken him over two years to fully understand

it, and he was still learning new things about himself every day. He made her think this was what she wanted, but he knew she didn't. She looked at home and happy here in Las Vegas. This was where she needed to stay. No matter what his feelings were, how selfish he was, and how much he wanted to take her with him, he couldn't do that to her.

Chapter twenty two

Norah woke alone in the bed and ran her hand over Liam's side. It was cold like he had been out of bed for a while. She leaned up and saw him sitting in the corner dressed in black slacks and

white polo shirt. He was moving his leg up and down like he was nervous about something. She looked around the room and saw his bags were packed and her clothes were folded neatly in the chair beside the bed.

“Are we going somewhere?” she asked as she pulled the sheet up from the bed and wrapped it around her body.

“Yes. You’re going home, and I’m going back to London.” His leg never stopped moving.

“What? What are you talking about? Did something happen?” she moved to the edge of the bed closer to him. “No.” He stood up

and walked to the other side of the room. “I just need to get back and you need to stay here.” He turned and faced her again.

“Why are you moving away from me? Did I do something wrong?” she took another step in his direction and he took a step back. “Stop. Stop trying to move away from me.”

“Norah, I’m not in the mood for games this morning. Get dressed so I can take you home.” He sounded very unemotional and completely turned off, like the old Liam. “No. Not until you tell me what’s going on.” She sat down on the bed and crossed her arms.

“What’s going on is,” Liam took a deep breath, what he was about to say was going to rip him apart and her too. “We don’t belong together, Norah. I thought about it last night, and I can’t have you in London, I don’t know what I was thinking when I said I could.” “You should be here with your family.” He lowered his eyes and ran his hand over the back of his neck.

“What are you talking about?” her voice was very soft.

“I’m talking about us. We don’t belong together. I don’t know why I even came here. I should have just left you alone.”

“You said you wanted to marry me!” she was yelling now.

“You told me to plan a big wedding! What happened to all that?” She stood up.

“Like I said, I don’t know what I was thinking when I said those things. Really, a guy like me married, please that’s a joke right?” He forced a smile across his face.

“What’s wrong with you? Why are saying this? You know I will go with you. I don’t care about being married.”

“You can’t move in with me. You need your family and they need you. I can’t ask you to leave them

again. And marriage is important to you, don't pretend it isn't."

"I'm going with you!"

"Well I don't want you to. I don't want you." Norah felt like

her heart had just been ripped out. He didn't want her? What was he

talking about? He was so loving and passionate last night. He flew

here for her, and asked her to marry him.

Why was he being so

different now? What had happened in the last few hours that made

him change his mind?

"You don't mean that!" she barely spit out. Liam closed his

eyes and cursed himself for what he was about to say.

“Yes, I do. I thought about it last night, and we just don’t have anything in common. I need something else, someone else, who likes the things I like.”

“What are you talking about, Liam? Where is this coming from?”

“Do I have to spell it out for you, Norah?” “Yeah, I guess you do!” He swallowed hard. He knew this was it, there was no going back. If he really wanted to push her away this was going to do it. She would never forgive him.

“I want someone a little more adventurous in bed. I want someone who will let me tie her up, and

spank her ass, fuck her ass even. I want someone who will suck me off while my friends watch. Too bad really, I paid a lot of money for you and my investment just didn't pan out. Honestly, I just don't want to own you. And I don't think I will ever be able to look at you and not think of you as something I bought!" Norah's face was covered in tears, but she could see Liam was having a hard time saying these words to her. She knew what he was trying to do, she just didn't know why. "Stop hiding behind this stupid lifestyle of yours! You don't mean any of the things you just said!

You're just being an asshole and trying to get me to hate you!" Norah saw the tears rolling down Liam's cheek. "If you were so convinced that what you said was true, you wouldn't be crying! I don't know what made you change your mind last night, I have done everything you asked of me and even things you didn't! I told you I was open to learn about the things you liked to do. But if you don't want me, all you have to say is that you don't want me! You don't have to create this crock of shit to make me hate you!" She walked closer to him and grabbed his chin to force him to look at her.

“Look at me!” she yelled and he slowly raised his eyes to her.

They were red, and swollen. His tears were streaming down his face.

“Say it to my face, and I’ll walk out of here and never look back!”

“I can’t,” he mumbled and shook his head. “I can’t say it again.”

“Because you know it isn’t true! You love me and I love you, you stupid mother fucking asshole! What? Now that I am standing in front of you, calling you out on your bullshit, you can’t close the deal?” Norah had no idea where she got the nerve from. Normally she would never even think of talking to him like

this. She was sure he would slap her or punish her in some way. But she wasn't taking any chances. If she had to provoke him to get him to tell her the truth she would. He had crossed the pond for her and now he was backing away for some reason. "I want to be with you. I am leaving my family willingly to be with you. I want to be a part of your world. So if you don't want this anymore say it to my face." She didn't know why, but the reasons he gave were bullshit and she knew it. Liam looked up at her and his eyes had turned cold. He looked like the man she first met in the basement. He looked like

the man that had forced her to jerk him off, and spanked for trying to kill herself. Her sweet, kind, compassionate, Liam was gone and the cold hearted bastard was back.

“I think you made your point, little one. But let’s not get to

brave, and force me to do something I don’t want to do.” He

grabbed both of her arms and pushed her against the wall. “That little mouth of yours has gotten you in trouble more than once. You should shut it now, if you know what’s good for you, and just let me leave.”

“Leave then,” she said. Liam let her go and stepped back. He turned away from her, grabbed his bags and walked out the

door.

The End of Book one
“Consumed” Book 2 of the
“Keeping her in
the Dark” series coming in
Spring 2014!

For more information about Leslie Sansom check out her blog
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About the Author: Leslie Sansom is a Stay at Home mother

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