+120 Points at most

Chapter 8 CHRIS

I cursed as the alarm woke me up. I'd been in the middle of the most erotic dream. All I wanted was to go back to sleep, continuingright from where it had ended; It had just started to get interesting.

The mysterious woman in my dream had been runningaway from me, from Gideon and Mat. Her ass jiggled with each step as she hurried towards the door in front of us. She wanted us to catch her, and fuck, I wanted to. I wanted to catch her and drag her back to the others, punishingher for even trying to get away.

She had made a mistake, runninginto a room with nowhereto escape. My friends caught up with us and slammed the door closed and locked it.

I had seen her tits move upand down as she heaved for breath. I couldn't see her face in the dream, but she had curves that almost brought me down to my knees.

"You can't outrun us," I had said as I took a step in her direction. The woman pressed herself against the wall. To someone else, she might've looked scared, but we had known otherwise—she wanted this.

"What do we do with those who are disobedient, Mat?" I had kept my eyes on her as I asked my friend.

A dark laugh. "They get punished" Gone was Mat's laid back attitude, and in return his dominant side came to the surface. It was like this all the time whenever we had a scene together. He became a different man when he played.

The woman had looked around the room, trying to find anything that could help her escape—There was none. A small window at her left, but too high up for her to jump through. Gideon was at the only door, hinderingher only way out.

Her eyes had flickered to each of us when she knew she'd been defeated. I saw only heat in her eyes, with a hint of defiance. No worry, we would punishthe defiance out of her and make her soft with obedience.

Just as I had been about to reach her, the fuckingalarm went off.

My cock was painfully hard and impossibleto ignore. It had been a while since I'd woken up this horny, and I could only guess as to what had broughton this reaction.

How was it possible to be this obsessed over a woman I'd never met? I wondered if my friends had the same problem.

10:32

+120 Points at most

Walking into the bathroom and turning on the shower, I waited for the water to get warm. When it finally did, I stepped inside. My cock bobbed with each move, annoying the hell out of me. The last thing I wanted to deal with was a hard-on this early in the morning unless it involved a woman's hands, mouth, or cunt.

Adjusting the spray, so it hit the wall, I jacked off, fast and hard, letting the memory of the dream wash over me. I could picture the ass clearly, juicy, and big as it bounced up and down. I was an ass kind of man; what could I say?

I came with a grunt, spraying the wall with white ropes of cum, which the water washed away a second later. I needed a rough fuck soon; I was getting tired of using my own hand. It had been a while since I'd been in a scene. Maybe I should partake in one, one of these days? I discarded the idea as soon as I got it. Until I knew what would happen with Emily, I'd lay off other women.

My cell rang as I stepped out of the shower. Walking to the bathroom counter, I hit the accept button on my phone.

"Yeah?" I commanded, my voice gruff.

"I've found something," a man said as soon as I answered. He sounded breathless as if he'd been running. Knowing him, he was probably just walking up a flight of stairs. The man was so out of shape; it was embarrassing.

"Already?" My heart was beating fast. I'd asked Thomas, my PI, to look into Emily Fields and get me as much information as he could.

"It wasn't like she was hiding. What do you take me for?" He laughed. True, he was a damn good investigator, which was the reason he was on my payroll. I never took in anyone but the best.

"Tell me."

"Emily Fields, twenty-two, studies marketing at New York University and lives in an apartment in Queens. She currently works at Euphoria as a bartender and—"

"Wait, Euphoria?" I blinked, surprised by the information. Could that really be true? And if so, what were the odds of that?

"Yeah," he said as if it weren't a big deal. Little did he know, it was a huge fucking deal.

"And did you say NYU?" I asked, wanting to check if I'd heard right earlier.

"Yes, a transfer student. She studies marketing."

"Send me everything you got on her." I ended the phone call abruptly, too shocked to even think.

What. The. Actual. Hell. How was this possible?