



Shackled (The Lord Series)

28. Alekos

Is she that naive or only pretends not to know about what men like Carlos do?

“You know nothing about the Dukes. They own over eighty percent of the brothels and S\*\* clubs in the world. The Lords might

have slaves who only free those that don't have a bonded-but we don't traffic them as the Dukes do. Did you know Carlos

kidnaps young women who have no family or friends and sets them to rich Dukes? Or sends them to brothels and S\*\* clubs. I

might own Giselle, but she has a better life in this house than she will ever have in a Blood Lord or other Lord family”

Angel scoffs. “What better life are you talking about? She is here to serve you whenever you want.”

It might look like that, but I never used Giselle. While I did have S\*\* with her, I made it clear to her that she should not feel

pressured to say ‘yes?’ Joeyes and I might have had fun with her, but we made sure she enjoyed herself.

“By the age of fifteen, Giselle had taken so much dick she could not even remember the number. It was basically the only thing

she knew to do to fuck men 16) father did not buy her to satisfy the men in this house but to work and learn and maybe one day

find a husband. And yes, I did fuck her, if you are wondering but she was because she wanted it. It was never by force,” I tell Angel

the truth

She drinks more vodka. "So I am to live in the same house at

"She is not my ex!"

"Because it would be so below you to date the slave." After a moment of  
silence,

The one million dollar question.

"Why don't you set Gei

"As long as she lives here, she is under my protection, but imagine if she loves  
on her own and a Duke learns that she and forced

to tell everything she knows, not only about my family but about the Blood  
Lodges as well. That is something

Both the Dukes and the Lords here their secret meeting locations, and up until  
now, they remained in secret, along with whatever

rituals and other things

Angel wall

I stop her from poking me again with her finger.

brothers start the process

of bonding a woman

"I can see past your lies,"

\* the laviri. "Not even five minutes do, you were fucking me with Goelle. If I had  
been a minute

fucking her on the sofa "

I hate that she thinks I am a force of shit that will shit on her on the first  
occasion I get. "You are wrong." I say before grabbing

the back of her neck and bringing

my hands to her, my hand, and she bites me, drawing blood.

and shine a knee between her legs, Just like in my office, I shove two fingers  
into her pussy. My thick digits. The anal plug

makes her even tighter than before

because she is hurting me

time but she has re

can't wait to f uck her, to see how she quivers and shorts when she comes on my move my fingers slowly, wanting to make her feel good.

on my co ck. She whimpers in pain and watches my arm, making me  
For the

first time since I partook in the Blood Ritual, the other side of me parts. He wants Angel as much as I de

“Go to hell” she hisses: –

I fist her hair and pull her head back

“I have been in Hell. But it is not a Hell you should worry about, for the Demons are loyal and love their women. Fear Heaven, for the Angels are the real evil. Their wings might be white, but their souls became corrupt a long time ago,” I say before k\*ssing her again.

This need to f uck her, to ensure the bond will become permanent, is driving me crazy. I devour her lips, putting everything I feel into this one k\*ss. I plunge

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tongue deep into her mouth, wanting to taste her soul.

Reyes gets up from the chair and comes to us. He stands behind Angel and fondles her tits.

Angel stops fighting me, my mouth swallowing her moans. I keep moving my fingers inside her pussy, rubbing her clit with my thumb, making her feel good. Her juices run down my hand. I can still taste her on my lips. Can't wait to eat her out again.

Reyes rolls her nipples, making her moan harder. Her pussy clenches my fingers even harder than before, letting me know she is

close.

Reyes continues to play with her nipples while I rub her clit, and just as she comes, she buries her face in the hollow of my neck, her moans and whimpers muffled by my skin.

“Good girl,” Reyes praises Angel.

We have chosen our bonded well. Her kindness will make sure our souls are not consumed by the darkness residing within us.

“We need to feed our Schatzi before you can continue with the bonding,” Stefan reminds us.

Chapter Comments

Jasmine Kay Hibbs

can't wait! I search every day for updates!

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Dinner consists of toasted duck, green beans, baby carrots, and garlic bread. It smells so good my mouth waters. I miss the bottle of Kleken always had good taste when it comes to food and drinks, I am so hungry that I notice there are only three chairs around the table after Reyes and Alekos join Stefan's.

“Where am I supposed to sit?” I ask.

Reyes pats his right knee. “We will feed you.”

I want to argue, but I am so hungry, I could eat a horse. Besides, all the vodka I drank made me a little tipsy, and maybe being fed by the guys is not such a bad idea. But that doesn't mean I like it. My mother always told me how important it is to not

depend on a man. To be independent even if I get married and have children. I sit on Reyes' lap, just like he wanted, and he snakes an arm around my waist, glueing my back to his chest, his warm breath fanning my neck.

Alekos opens the wine while Stefan serves the food, I am a bit hurt that there are only three plates and glasses on the table.

Someone either failed to inform Giselle that there would be a fourth person present tonight, or they did it on purpose. I am inclined to believe it was the latter. Do the Lords take pleasure in humiliating women? First, Giselle-who did nothing to deserve to be a slave-nm me. My father would have never sat my mother in his lap and fed her like she wasn't capable of doing it on her own. And he never had her n\*ked around the house. My mother had been a very elegant woman, always wearing nice clothes.

I miss her

There are many days when I wonder what would have happened if she were here. My father had always respected my mother's opinion.

Alekos fills t

he glass alive. Maybe my father would not have agreed to Carlos being my future husband.

the glasses, and I try to grab one, but he quickly snatches it away. "You can eat only what we feed you," he informs me

Controlling much?

"I was trying to drink, not to eat," I point out. He narrows his eyes. "I cannot leave the house, and not to mention, I can't wear nice clothes without getting my ass spanked. What's next? Control my thoughts?" I am so sarcastic Stefan ends up rolling his eyes, I smirk at him while I try my luck with a slice of bread, but Alekos smacks my

hand away. Son of a bi tch! It hurts..

“Remember what happens to bad girls?” Alekosk

I huff and cross my hands over my chest. “If being hungry means that I am a bad girl, then you really need to have your head checked. Are you sure you don’t have a brain tumor?”

Reyes’ chest vibrates with laughter. Does he really think it is funny to have me starve? I rub my as s on top of his hard erection.

A groan leaves him. “Do that one more time, and I am going to replace that a nal plug with my c ock, and you are going to keep it warm while Alekos and Stefan feed YOU”

I stop moving.

Reyes is into c ock warming as well?

How many kinks does he have?

Alekos drinks from his wine glass, a twin kle of amusement in his eyes. “About your earlier comment.”

What did I say earlier? All I can remember is Alekos denying me basic human rights like food

Alekos takes another sip from his wine. “While controlling someone’s thoughts is not possible, I can control the way you act or talk to us.”

Ah, that. I wasn’t wrong when I said that.

“That’s the type of person you want me to be? Just a S\*\* doll without any brain?” I want to know.

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29 Angel

that would make me feel better. “Remind me what the difference is between you and Carlos

, but he takes another sip from the wine. “I don’t torture women nor kill them.

And I will always put your happiness above

I try to control myself, I really do, but I still end up laughing. “You had me in the first half, until you started spewing bull sh it about putting my happiness first.” When did you do something for me?”

“I agreed to help you,” Alekos replies.

“Only because I agreed to not only f uck you but also Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde here,” I remind him.

wer Chip and Dale.”

Stefan smiles. “I thought we were

“I like Mr. Hyde better,” Reyes comments.

“You are Mr. Jekyll, I let him know

Reyes laughs. “You don’t really know Stefan. He is not Mr. Nice Guy.”

I might not know Stefan at all, but it is clear he is not a psychopath like Reyes and Alekos,

Alekos keeps talking to me. “What do you need to be happy?”

How about not forcing me to see his other woman every single day? But

Giselle is not to blame that Alekos can’t keep it in his

pants. Seeing him k\*ssing Giselle reminded me of all the times I saw him with Salma. I know I should not live in the past, but I

really cared about him, and just because I couldn’t be with him, he made me not only hate him and my best friend but myself as well.

“Clothes and a laptop.” The money I have saved will be gone in six months or less if I don’t keep working

my room,

Alekos brings his glass to my lips and coaxes me to take a sip. “I thought you wanted wine” he has me drink more wine and

books. I have a

a library in m you are welcome to read anything you like. As for clothes,” his eyes fell on Reyes’ t-shirt, “you look good wearing

oun

I am not big on fashion, but I do like wearing nice things. Men's clothes do not enter that category. "I need shoes and hygiene products as well."

"If you make a list, I a

a list, I can purchase the items you need," Stefan offers

At least one of them is being reasonable,

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inckled (The Lord Series)

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Teri mery hard

Í after him any best smile. "Thank you

Beyri picks up his glass. "Too bad we can't take her shopping. Not until Carlos in eut of the picture. Imagine all the fun we e

would have had in the fitting mom while she tried on se xy lingene for us "

"And high brus shors," Alekos adib.

Reyes tilts my head to the side and k\*sses me. He tastes like wine, and when his tongue slips between my lips, Stefan says

something about stockings. But I am so lost in the k\*ss that I can't be sure.

Reyes' hands inch up and cover my breasts. The thin fabric of the t-shirt does little to protect my sensitive Beth from his rouch as



he starts to tug on my nipples. Despite my earlier or gasp, my entire b\*dy throbs with need. I don't recognize myself

When Reyes pulls away from me, we are both breathing hard, but he gains his composure fast. Pulling his plate close to us, he grabs a piece of the duck and brings it to my mouth.

It smells divine.

my lips

"Open," he coos, running the meat along my

I want to put up a fight, but why bother when I am so hungry? I part my lips, and he gently pushes the piece of duck inside my

mouth. The rich flavour of the food makes me moan. Whoever cooked this is an amazing chef

Reyes feeds me another piece of meat. I look into his eyes as I lick his fingers clean. His gaze turns dark with lust. I might have

never had S\*\*, but I am not some shy virgin. Some men are easily seduced.

And Reyes is one of them.

Alekos offers me a baby carrot. His eyes are fixed on my mouth.

I know what he wants.

I take his wrist between my palms and suck his fingers while I don't take my gaze off his face. The color of his eyes is like the

ocean during a storm. His lips move, and I don't need to hear to understand what he is saying.

You are so beautiful.

I want to call him out on his lie, but maybe he didn't even realize what he just said. It comes as a shock that he finds me beautiful

Or maybe it is another way to manipulate me. According to Salma, Alekos never saw me as attractive, and he only said he loved

me so he could get in my pants. Over the years, that appeared to be true, as he mostly slept with gorgeous women. But the way

he is looking at me right now like he will never let me go, scares me,  
Even if I want to stay-which I don't-what guarantee do I have that Carlos won't  
find me?

The only option I have is to put as much distance between Carlos and I.  
Even if, by some fucked up twist of life, Alekos really wants to keep me, I...  
can't.

If Alekos really wants me, then I will have to make him believe I want to stay.  
Not only him but Reyes and Stefan as well.

If Alekos leaves me no other option, then I will have to make him fall in love  
with me and then break his heart. He had no regrets  
when he shattered mine, so I  
will have none doing the same.

Reyes hand slips between my legs, his fingers rubbing my clit.

My hips rock

I nip Alekos' fingers.

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30, Angel

Alekos feeds me another baby carrot which I greedily swallow better swirling  
my tongue around his thumb

"I know, Agoni," he groans. "I knew you were perfect for me from the moment I  
see you."

I am far from being perfect, but I don't mind being called that. It is better than  
being insulted

Aleko

Reyes and Stefan take turns feeding me until I am full. Reyes doesn't stop rubbing my  
clit, edging me until I am whimpering with need. I

hate how my body reacts to each and every touch of these two

Even if Stefan keeps his distance, preferring to eat in silence as he watches  
me, his gaze burns my skin.

sa madness

What is happening to me?

Maybe they have put something in the wine. But they have drunk from it as well

When the plates are empty, and the wine is gone, Alekos stands. "Kiss Reyes and Stefan goodnight."

Reyes stops touching me, leaving me wanting, needing more.

"So, how is this going to work? I will spend one night in one bed and the next one in another one?" I want to know,

"A Lady always sleeps with her bondeds in the same bed. Starting tomorrow, we will make accommodations so we can all sleep

in the same bedroom as soon as

yet to understand what they mean by "bondeds," but that question will have to wait for another time. Alekos is already at the

door, and while making him wait is tempting. I want him to f uck me already, just so he can get it out of his system.

It wasn't like I suddenly woke up this morning, and I decided I wanted to stop being a virgin. Over the years, I had time to think

about what would happen if I were to marry Carlos. He will never be my first. Nor my husband.

I slowly stand. "Good night," I say before k\*ssing Reyes.

Then I turn to face Stefan. He is stiff like a board. Knowing that he dislikes k\*ssing, I stand there awkwardly, wondering what I

should do. Alekos stares at me, expecting me to do as he asked, I might have had my first k\*ss-and second, and third-today, and

I really enjoy them, but I don't want to step over someone's boundaries. But at the same time, I don't want Stefan to think I don't like him.

I dip my head, and Stefan turns his face away from pushes back his chair

My first instinct to get away from him, but I end up giving him a peck on the cheek... almost, as he slightly

“See you in the morning, Schatzi,” Stefan says without looking at me.

“Good night,” I whisper before going to Alekos

His eyes are on the t-shirt I am wearing. One of his stupid rules is for me to be n\*ked, so I take off the t-shirt. His dark gaze roams my b\*dy, and I don't need to be a psychic to know what he is thinking of. Sex.

With his eyes still on me, he throws the t-shirt to Reyes-who catches it. “You can jerk yourself with this while I am inside her.”

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31. Angel

Beyes stuffs it. “And tomorrow, I will be in her as s while Stefan is f ucking her pretty mouth.”

They talk about me like I am nothing more than a se x sla ve they can use whenever they feel like it. If they think I am going to shut up just because they are keeping mesafe, they are wrong-

“I am right hare,” I huff, annoyed.

Alekos smirked. “And in a minute or two, you will be in my bed.”

Alekos's room is different from that of Reyes. It is not only bigger than that of Reyes, but it also has personality. White and black

photos of women's legs wearing high heels hang on the walls. Across from the king-size bed is an electric fireplace. Two

armchairs are in front of it. Airplane models and books sit on the shelves of an

oak bookcase.

Alekos goes over to the armchairs, takes his phone out of his pocket, sits, and starts typing

“Do you want me to take a shower first?” I ask awkwardly because I don’t know what I am supposed to do

Alekos is not only silent, but he doesn’t even bother to look at me.

Minutes pass, and I am still next to the bed waiting for Alekos to say something, but he keeps ignoring me.

“Suck your rock then?” I mutter. Alekos keeps typing-

Maybe he changed his mind about f ucking me?

Whatever.

Not that mind. I am sure Reyes would be more than happy to let me sleep in his bed.

I study the black and white pictures.

Mr. Raptou his shoe fetish. Or maybe he likes high heels.

I go to the bookcase and run my fingers across book spines. Reading is something I enjoy a lot, but not when I am so tired.

Alekos is scrolling through his phone, and I lie on the bed. My eyes close almost instantly.

I am drifting to sleep when Alekos suddenly talks. “Did I say you can sleep?”

I glare at him but say nothing.

am going to take a shower. When I return to the room, I expect to find you on your knees next to the bed.”

He really has an obsession with women being on their knees. A very unhealthy obsession.

I am supposed to make him think I want to stay. I am supposed to seduce him, but I am so tired right now,

Tomorrow

Tomorrow, I will go back to  
my plan.

Just for tonight, I will be a dick, just like he is.  
Alekos goes to the bathroom. Moments later, I hear the water running. Taking  
advantage of being alone, I go over to his walk-in  
closet and grab one of his shirts before returning to the bed and slipping under  
the duvet.

A nightmare starts as soon as I fall asleep. It is not always the same, but I  
often dream of my mother's death. Even now, I can  
still hear the screech of tires on the

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31. Angel

wet asphalt. It wasn't raining that night. Or at least I don't remember that it  
rained. But I do remember the pain in my right elbow  
as I hit it on the window when the cat flipped. My mom was screaming, and  
so was I. And then a deafening sound that always  
wakes me up. Not screaming, as many do when having a bad dream. I used  
to scream and cry for the first few years. No one  
came to comfort me, so in time, I learned how to wake up in silence after a  
nightmare.

Alekos is standing next to the bed, a towel around his waist. "What the fuck  
did I tell you to do?"

I push away the duvet and sit on the bed.

"Are you wearing clothes?" he snaps at me.

"I don't like sleeping naked. And keep your voice down," I shush him. "The  
others are sleeping. We should do the same."

I get back on the bed and cover myself with the duvet. I doubt I will fall back  
asleep, not after dreaming about the death of my mother.

Alekos yanks the duvet and throws it on the door. "You have ten seconds to get your ass out of bed and kneel by the bed.

Naked!"

Why is he so loud?

I

a

"If you want a where willing to be on her knees every time you command, you can go to Giselle!"

My hand covers my mouth the moment I realize what I just said. It is not Giselle's fault that she has to serve Alekos, nor do I think she is a whore.

Alekos' eyes burn with rage, the veins in his neck bulging. I have seen him angry before, but not this angry

\*If I wanted Giselle as my woman, it would have happened by now. But of all the women in this city, I chose you. You promised to obey, but all you do is fight me every damn second. If you don't want to be my woman, get your sorry ass out of my house."

Despite his

anger, his tone is calm.

here, am I not?

"Five seconds," Alekos says,

Damn him!

take off the shirt and kneel in front of him.

"Please, Alekos, can I stay and be your woman?" I sweetly ask. Teven flutters my eyelashes.

Alekos

pets my hair before running his knuckles over my left cheek. "I am trying to be patient with you, but you insist on being a bad girl.

You more than deserve your punishment "

“Ex-f ucking-cuse me?”

“I am not going to excuse you. In fact, I am going to sp ank you. Twenty times.”

I was never spa nked. Not even when I misbehaved. “The f uck you will! But Alekos does not listen to me. He never does. His fingers wrap around my neck, and he forces me to stand. “If you keep fighting me, I will have to tie you up.” He runs his thumb over my bottom lip. “I actually like that idea. Then I can do whatever I want to you.”

Remembering how Reyes used my mouth for his owry pleasure while I had my hands cuffed behind my back, I finally cave in.

“No need to tie me up.”

Alekos sits on the bed and has me lay on his lap, my y as s facing up. “While I spa nk you, I want you to count. If you stop, we will start from the beginning.

He not only wants to punish me, he wants me to feel embarrassed for not being his little S\*\* doll. He can count if he wants, no way I am doing it. “just spa nk me already.”

The tips of his fingers trace my spine before reaching my as s and giving a few

vsquerors. “It will be a pleasure to teach you how to behave.”

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No one will ever break me.

His palm romes

down on my a

as s, and I yelp in pain. The ba stard is not even trying to be gentle.

“Count, Angel?” he enders me.

He sparks me again, Hard. It hurts, but... it also ferbs good. How can this be?



It confuses me.

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32. Angel

My paray puhutes with need. It does not help that I still have the butt plug. Another smack to my as s. A wave of pleasure makes my pus sy clench with need. F uck. This is bad.

I buy my face in the mattress and shake my head left and right.

Another smack sends another wave of pleasure to my c lit. I swallow my moan. What is wrong with me? Maybe they did put something in the wine.

Aphrodisiacs? This could explain why being sp anked d feels 1 so good

“Let me go!” I kick and scream, not wanting Alekos to realize how much this is turning me on. His free hand comes around my waist, preventing me from escaping

His hand keeps coming down on my as s. Once, twice... on and on, until my a ss feels like it is on fire. Tears run down my face. I

try to fight him, but he is much stronger than me. The position I am in limits most of my movements.

He gives me a few gentle taps and squeezes. “Will you obey now?

It will take a lot more to subdue me. I show him the middle finger.

“Have it your way. Maybe I will let the entire staff watch how I take your virginity.”

He... what?

1 my head

and look my

over my shoulder. “F uck you!”

Smack “I will. Once I teach you your place.”

“I changed my mind, I want to leave!”

Smack “Too late for that now. Count already!”

His palm connects with my ass once more, and a moan escapes my lips. My eyes go wide.

“Oh, so that’s how it is. You like being spanked.”

“No, I don’t!”

His fingers slip between my legs, rubbing my pussy. “You are so fucking wet my hand is drenched. So are my thighs.”

His fingers gently brush against my clit, and between Reyes tormenting me during dinner and now Alekos, I feel like I will internally combust if I don’t come. The way my body reacts, like I am some nympho, and all I needed to unlock this part of me was to ask Alekos for his help.

Two thick fingers enter me.

“I know what you need. I can see it in your eyes, but unless you do as I ask, we will be here all night.

“Please,” I whimper.

I am not sure

what I

am begging for. For him to let me come or not to force me to count. Both?

Something else entirely?

His fingers move, his thumb rubbing against my clit slowly, so slowly, bringing me high, high, high, higher, but not enough to make me go over the edge. I shiver with need, desperately wanting the orgasm I am being denied.

I want to understand what is happening to me, but my head is blank.

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32. Angel

This is how real S\*\* is?

“Please.”

I shake my head.

His free hand comes down on my ass while his fingers move inside me. I no longer hold back my moans.

Tears of shame and anger run down my face.

I clench around his fingers. I am such a hot mess.

This is a battle I can't win.

When he spanks me again, I finally cave in, “One.”

If he is taken by surprise, he does not show it. Instead, he gives me a new order. “One, Sir! This is how you will address me when you are being punished.”

I swallow my pride. “One, Sir!”

Smack

“Two, Sir!”

Smack.

“Thee, Sir!”

When I reach ten, his thumb rubs my clit, and I come so hard, my entire body convulses. I moan his name a name against the mattress.

His fingers pump inside me, and I keep coming. Not even when I experimented with sex toys did I feel something like this. No wonder women flock around Alekos like bees to flowers. He knows what he is doing.

Why would someone like him want someone who has no experience when it comes to men? Maybe he has a bucket list, and sleeping with a virgin is something he always wanted to do.

He smacks my ass one more time, softer than before. You come so beautifully”

And he is good with words as well. When he wants to be.

“We are not done with your punishment. Not to mention that you not only came without my permission, but you also stopped counting.”

He spanked so many times I won't be able to sit for a few days. My ass throbs with pain. Years of being neglected by my father have taught me how to dissociate from things that I find unpleasant. I push the pain at the back of my mind. It still hurts, but it is bearable.

I glare at him, “I think you made your point.”

“Did I? There is still defiance in your eyes. A day or two at the Blood Lodge, and you will be submissive as a lamb.”

As a lamb

and Stefan. He lied, and I stupidly believed. Not only that, but I

Alekos said he wouldn't take me to the Blood Lodge, that he would only share me with

me and I accepted all his conditions-because what choice did I have? And it is still not enough for him

“Very well. But I have one request. That once you and the rest of the Lords are done with me, get me out of the city. It is all that I care about.”

Alekos grabs me by my hair and forces me back on my knees. “You belong to my blood-brothers and I. If anyone else touches you, the Blood Lodge, it is to fuck you in front of everyone so that you can finally understand that I will never let you go.”

I. I will kill them! If I take you to

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Mo, Thank you.

Chapter Comments

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33. Angel

“You will get bored of me in a day or two.”

“Lives will pass, and I will still be fascinated by you,”

My stupid heart skips a beat.

“Worship my cock before I finally fuck you”

The towel is still around his waist, and I remove it. Dicks are something that I never found beautiful, but Alekos, this man is

gloriously handsome. Every inch of him is beautiful. Even his cock.

I should be sick of sucking dicks, but his scent-all manly-makes me... not mind giving another blowjob.

Tomorrow, I will find out what they put in the wine. Tonight is another story.

One of the things on my bucket list is finally happening

My first time with my first love. It's like I am in some cheesy romance story.

Except this is real life. My life. And Alekos was my first love.

I wrap my fingers around him and run my finger over his piercings.

His cock is thick and long and throbbing in my hand. How the hell did I take him down my throat?

Maybe because he gave me no other option when he fucked my mouth.

I would not have minded if he were a bit smaller. Average. Nothing wrong with a good old 5-inch cock. It would be easier to

handle.

His hand is still in my hair, and he nudges my head to his hard erection. I part my lips and lock the underside of cock while I look into his eyes. A soft light illuminates the room, and the shadows give me the impression his eyes are red

I lick him a few more times before sucking his balls. I swear his eyes are rolling at the back of his head.

“Angel,” he groans. “That mouth of yours.”

My tongue traces a vein on the side of his cock.

“How could I live all these years without this?”

Still looking into his eyes, I wrap my lips around him. I suck and lick him the best I can.

“Just like that,” he murmurs. “just like that.”

At least he is not fucking my mouth again. My throat is still sore from what Reyes did to me, but the moans and groans coming from Alekos are so fucking hot I want to hear more. 11

I take a deep breath before I take him down my throat—all of him. When I try to pull back, he holds my head in place, preventing me from moving

“You are a natural at this.”

Tears run down my face as I gag around him. Did I say he is not fucking my mouth again? I was quick to think he would not.

Alekos bends forward, forcing even more of himself down my throat, and spans my ass a few times, sending jolts of pleasure through my pussy. I tap his thighs, but he keeps spanking me. I moan and gag at the same time.

When he finally straightens his back, he softly slaps my left cheek before forcing me to stand and wipes away my tears,

“Let me get the butt plug out first. You are a tight fit as it is.”

1/3

33 Angel

I him around and lean forward, my palm resting on the bed.

Alekos steps behind me, his hands caressing my sensitive flesh. I hiss in pain.

I bet he left wefts on my butt.

“What a sight you are with your ass bright red and your pussy ready to be fucked.”

He enters me, purring inside me, while with the other hand, Alekos plays with the butt plug

“I thought you were getting it out.” I comment.

“Foreplay is important.”

“I am mad, last.” I shrug. “Take me in this position or have me be on the bed... just fuck me already.”

I am so done with blowjobs and everything else. I just want this to be done and over already.

“That much you want me?”

He sounds smug.

I let him live his fantasy.

Alekos pulls out the butt plug and sits on the bed. “Straddle me?”

“It would be best if you had control, I don’t know what to do and I am nervous as it is. Not to mention my ass stings like hell,

and... everything will be a complete failure if I have to fuck him.

“I have never been with a virgin before. Even if I want to be gentle. I can’t will be rough. And I last more than thirty seconds”

“How many thirty seconds are we talking about?”

“We’re talking about thirty seconds.”

He grins. “ManTM”

No need to brag about it

“I don’t need

( to be gentle. It's not like I am fragile or anything like that “  
“Don't complain later.” he says as he pulls me to him and has me straddle  
him. My arms curdle his neck.

I sigh because he is still going to do whatever he wants, not taking into  
account my feelings.

He kisses me, his hand slipping between us. I tense for a moment, thinking  
he will shove his fingers inside covers my right tit.

Reading it

It does not take long for my pussy to be slick with juices and for my hips to  
move on their own

but is he was

Maybe he wants me to put  
inside me and do all the work?

, but he only rubs my clit. With his free hand, he

grinds against his cock and is grinding harder as I muster up the courage to take  
the lead

grabs it, his mouth swallowing my yelps, and he puts me in the middle of the  
waist, and he stares into my eyes as he caresses  
my left cheek before kissing it.

his body covering mine. My legs come around  
way to love him again but I can't. Not when so  
much

2/3

33 Angel

Not that I am worried that I will get pregnant to the next six months, but him  
fucking me time, moaning inside

Chapter Comments

Chapter 177





### 34. Angel

“There is no need for one. I will pull out in time.” he tries to assure me, Alekos doesn’t understand. I push at his chest, but he barely notices. He grabs my wrists and pins my hands above my head.

“WSchout a condom, 1 not doing this,” I insist.

His co ck keeps moving between my folds before I feel him at my entrance.

“Stop” I try to free my hands so I can push him off of me, but his hold on me is strong

“Mine,” he says as he thrusts into me.

He is not gentle. He is rough, as he promised. But it does not hurt. Not as I thought it would. It’s more like a burning sensation as my muscles stretch to accommodate him. My heels dig into his as s.

“F uck, Angel. I am trying to... but I can’t hold back. Not when you feel... this f ucking amazing,” he groans as he buries all of

himself inside me. “So perfect.” He pulls back. “So right.” He slams into me hard, making me feel not only pleasure but pain as well. His piercings rub ingainst my inner walls. “So mine.”

He f ucks me like his life depends on it. Like he hates me. Like he craves me. I’m pretty sure he is hitting my cervix.

“Slower,” I whimper when the pain is too much.

“That pus sy of yours is driving me crazy.”

He feta go of my hands, his fingers wrapping around my neck, squeezing me hard, and he pushes me down in

into the mattress and he pounds into me relentlessly.

I try to breathe, but he is squeezing too hard, and no air enters my lu become lighter, but he also k\*sses me.

lungs. He is going to kill me. I scratch his arm, hoping he will let go, but n

not only does his grip

I k\*ss him back as tears fall from my eyes. A last k\*ss in which I finally let myself feel love for him again. One last time. How tragically poetic.

My vision becomes blurry. His hips grind against mine, putting pressure on my cl it.

And then I come. Hard. I scream against his lips.

He smiles and lets go of my neck. Air rushes to my lungs. "So beautiful."

Is this another kink? Choking someone to the point of fainting?

Telling him not to hold back was a mistake.

"Stop." My voice comes in a whisper.

"Shh, Agapi. You are doing great. Such a good girl for taking my co ck so well."

I shake my head, wanting this to be over already. This is not how I imagined my first time.

He grabs my legs and pushy's my knees into my chest, my as s lifting up from the bed. It feels like more of him enters me.

His hips slam into mine over and over, jabs of pain spreading through me.

"Please,"

"It will be over soon."

1/3

34. Angel

anting ew car on the bed and it lekin tuck try tract it. And take the pain and the pleasure then make

knees away from my chest and su

which only seena to ne him

y nipples so hard it feels like it in another punishment. I scratch bis back to the point of

of yet. You feel so good I want this to last," he grants with pleasure.

until they are red, then pinches my nipples. I bet his hands away.

His movements become even faster.

“You are hurting me.” I hin.

His lips crash into mine. “But you also like it. Do you feel how hard your pus sy is squeezing me, milking me of all my seed?”

F ucking bas ta rd!

He plans to come inside of me. I try to push him off of me, but he is already coming, filling me with his j izz.

“I hate you” I snart as he collapses on top of me.

I don’t really hate him more like angry for always doing what he wants. re you feeling?”

His lips pepper k\*sSES on my neck. Smiling against my skin, he says, “No, you don’t. How are

“Like my pu ssy took a few beatings.”

He chuckles. “Told you not to complain and that foreplay was important.”

“No amount of foreplay would have prepared me for the way you f uck If I had slept with him during high school and he would have been this rough with me, I would have wanted nothing to do with S\*\*

or with him ever. But I have seen worse s hit on the internet.

He slides next to me, and I try not to wince when I lean against the pillow. So many muscles I did not know I had hurt.

Looking at me, he says, “To be completely honest, I lost control. This has never happened before. I imagined this moment millions of times, but nothing prepared me for... you.”

I don’t know if he is honest or not, but I can’t stop myself from smiling. Alekos f ucking Raptou lost control because of me. Not to mention that he fantasized about f ucking me. Should I beleve him?

“You came inside me when I specifically told you not to,” I complain

A glass of water is on the nightstand, and Alekos hands it to me together with

two pills.

“For the pain,” he explains when I stare at his hands. I take the glass and the pills from him. “I always wanted to have a child before I turn twenty-six. I choke on the water and glare at him. “How many more times do you think I have to f uck you before you get pregnant?”

I suppose... we will never find

His fingers trace my neck. Pretty sure I have bruises from how hard he squeezed it.

“How sore are you?”...

“Very.” My eyes fall on his co ck. It’s already hard and ready to go for another round. “Do you ever get tired of S\*\*?”

“With you? Never. Even when I am old, and my balls reach my knees, I will still want to f uck. Daily.”

2/3

34. Angel

i can do it again. It doesn’t hurt that bad.”

His wenda should not affect me, but they do. “We can Alekos sers right through my be Kas sing my forthest, he murmurs, “Tomorrow. You need time to heal. I will prepare a warm bath for you. It should help with your soreness,” before disappearing made the bathroom.

A few minutes later, he returns, scoops me up in his arms, and takes me to the bath. After placing me inside the bathtub, he joins me. The warm water dors

I lean my back on his chest. “You are nice when we are not fighting.”

“I am not nice, Angel, 1 am a demon in disguise.”

Was that a joke? “You are missing the tail and the horns,” I play along

Tracing the column of my neck with his lips, he says, “Maybe I will let you see

them one day.”

Chapter Comments

Chapter 178



### 35. Reyes

A blood-brother starts hearing the dark whisper when he is on the verge of losing his sanity to his demon after years of not finding a bonded to anchor his soul to.

The first time I heard dark whispers was on the day I vowed my allegiance to Hell, and I received my demon, thus becoming a Lord.

I never thought that someone like me, on the verge of madness and already consumed by anger and darkness, would become a Lord and a blood-brother.

My demon is as damaged as I am, but we understood each other right from the beginning. We both want to kill Dukes and fuck any woman that opens her legs for us while covered in the blood of our enemies. And we did that for a long time. And we will keep doing it until I take my last breath, except that the only woman in our life is now Angel.

I have fallen for.

She is the first woman, the only woman that makes me feel something except anger and hatred. The only woman I h

I still wonder how I could have fallen in love with her so fast. Maybe it has to do with my demon. He wanted her from the moment

I stepped into Alekos” office.

Angel makes me understand that women are worthy of love. She deserves

better than Alekos, Stefan, and I, but even if we destroy her, I can never let her go. Not when I licked her pussy. I never did that before. So many firsts with Angel today

She is the beacon of light I

light I have been waiting for since... Roxanne.

For the first time in a long time. I dare to hope-hope that my demon won't devour my soul and I will finally get to kill Azael

Not all blood-brothers find a bonded. And even if they find one, it isn't guaranteed she will survive the Piercing Ritual. The cases where a bonded dies because she was not strong enough to resist the dark whispers of Hell, resulting in her losing her mind, are rare.

Angel is different from any woman Alekos, Stefan, and I shared, She is strong. And maybe she isn't afraid of the dark.

She is mine.

My demon purrs his agreement.

Good

Except for the guards, the rest of the staff have retired to their rooms. Only I remain awake. And probably Alekos and Angel. He will most likely keep her awake until early morning. I can't wait for my alone time with her.

I swirl the glass of whiskey in my right hand as I quietly walk through the house. It has been my routine since I started living with Alekos and Stefan, making sure the Dukes do not take us by surprise and attack our home.

Or my mother.

My demon snarls at that word-mother.

Only Alekos and Stefan know the truth about my mother. And Alec.

If not for me, Alre would have been the one to be Alekos and Stefan's blood-brother and the one to bond with Angel. I bring the glass to my mouth, toss my head back, and drain all the whiskey in one gulp.

1/2

35. Reyes

varlari, I won't be the one who was supposed to pre-empt piercings on a demon. I finish checking the first floor, I go to the surveillance room to take a look at the comers and the drones surveilling the property. Carlos gave Angel until midnight to return to him. Untolched. I snort. If only Carlos knew what my Mood brothers and I did to Angel. That the bonding has already started can't wait to see hence when he finds out where she is. Or that she is now a Lady.

Not a threat on the horizon. Carlos still hasn't figured out where Angel is. Else, he would have already sent his men after her. For now, it is best if he doesn't know. After we take her to the Blood Lodge, when she is tied to us forever, then he will know.

I slip away from the surveillance room and head over to the elevator

The Lair is usually quiet. But not tonight. Whimpers and grunts are coming from Alekos's room. As the Elder Son, it is Alekos' right to be the first to fuck Angel. Then Stefan and I.

I bet she is crying. Alekos is an absolute beast in the bed. So am I. Though she will get used to it.

The corners of my mouth twitched, Will she cry when I fuck her as she?

I grow painfully hard as I imagine all the things I would do to Angel. How I will fill her as she and pussy with cum while Alekos and Stefan take turns to fuck her sweet mouth. And when the bond is permanent, we would take her to the Blood Lodge and have the Piercing Ritual in front of Cain and the Elders.

Angel will not only save our souls, but she will be ours for eternity.

Chapter Comments

Chapter 179



Shackled (The Lord Series)

36. Angel

After the bath and applying cream to my ass, Aleken takes me back to the room and

pleasures me naked with me in bed. I did not expect this. Him telling me to find another

room to sleep in, mm, but not the whatever this. It is

nice. More than nice, but I don't like it because of how my father treated me while growing up. I crave human

interaction and get attached fast to people. I can't afford

to get attached to Alekos. It will only be on my plans. After Gekon fell asleep, I spent a long time lying awake, thinking of my father

and Carlos. My father is not a bad man. He loves me in his own way, but my mother dying

in a car accident and him wanting a son had him push me away when I most needed him. I have tried hard to prove my worth

to him but to no avail. He even had me give up on my dream of becoming an architect because it would only be lost years. since

I was to marry Carlos anyway. I love my father, but many of his decisions have had me judge his true

character, and I lost all my respect for him. I even stopped trying to beg for his attention and affection or to show him that even if I am a

woman, I am worth just as much as a man. After high school, we barely ever spoke. Then, I started doing my own things.



Maybe once a week. That's how I became an accountant without him ever finding out.

The first amount of money I made as a freelancer wasn't much, but it was enough to buy myself a mini cake and a cute skirt on sale. The rest, I saved.

Carlos has given me until midnight to return home untouched. I was always on my best behavior around him, making him think I was some little obedient future wife ready to do what I was ordered. He is wrong. I have a mind of my own, and I am not afraid to use it. Not to mention that I no longer have what he wants-my virginity. Alekos might be a dick, but I don't regret having him fuck me. My head rests on his chest, his arms around me, and I try to find a more comfortable position, but the protests from my sore muscles make me reconsider every choice I have ever made.

It would not have killed him to be gentler. But when does Alekos take into consideration other people's feelings?

The lamp on his nightstand is on, allowing me to see him. His features are softer when he is sleeping. I reach out my left hand, and with the tip of my finger, I trace his cheekbone.

Our friendship never stood a chance, not when we belong to two different worlds. Even if I were to stay and play housewife with him-which I can't-things between us would never work. We are very different. And then there are Reyes and Stefan. I don't even know what to make of them. Reyes is a psychopath, while Stefan only accepted me because Alekos told him to. I might seem clueless, but I do try to observe those around me.

The tip of my finger reaches his mouth. When he k\*ssed Giselle, he showed me he would not be faithful. Alekos is not the type of man to belong to only one woman. Apart from Salma, he has never dated

someone seriously. He only went from woman to woman. What does he know about relationships? Not that I have any experience, but when there is no trust, there is no future. I don't trust Alekos or his friends. They only want me so I can be their cu m dumpster. And when they are done with me, they will find another woman. Sure, Reyes told me I am their bonded, whatever that means, but sweet words don't fool me. The only way to protect myself is to make them fall for me; when it is safe, I will disappear. I need money to make myself invisible once I am out of here-more money than I currently have. With a laptop or a tablet, I can make more, as I have plenty of clients. I need to find a way to access my bank account-which is under an alias I use, so it can't be traced back to me-this way I can buy things I need. Maybe Alekos will let me use his laptop to work while I am here. I will talk to him after I get some rest and process everything that happened today.

It is past

past 9 AM when I wake up. Alone. I don't know why I feel somewhat disappointed. What did I expect? Breakfast in bed and for Alekos to confess his undying love for me?

He is an adult with responsibilities and a job to go fo  
Even knowing this, for some reason, I call out his name.

"Alekos!"

No reply follows. The house is quiet-at least this part of it.

1/2

36. Angel

Being alone does not bother me. I allows me to do my own thing and maybe do some explorations. Sure, there are people taking care of the house, like Caselle, but hopefully, Aleken told them to leave me

be. I don't even know what to talk to them about.

Hello, I am pagri, employer's new paths. I am not sure how long I will be here, but we can be friends, e in

Chapter Comments

Chapter 180



Shackled (The Lord Series)

37. Angel

I cringe at my own thoughts because it has been so long since I had a proper discussion with someone. Even if those working in the house are nice, which I am sure they are, I won't even know what to talk to them about. This is why I prefer books over people.

I get out of bed and whimper because I am so sore I can barely walk. More painkillers are on the nightstand, a glass of water next to them. I pop three of them in my mouth and drink all the water. It does not take long for the effect to kick in. It still hurts when I walk, but at least I don't hiss like a cat with each step.

One of

Alekos" shirts is draped over one of the armchairs, and I put it on. It is long enough to cover my thighs.

His scent still lingers on the shirt. I sniff it but stop when I realize what I am doing.

ope I am not turning into one of those women who falls for the man who took her virginity. I don't have time for this s hit right now.

Oh go d. I hope I am

Stefan's room will keep me distracted. I am so curious to see what it looks like. Based on our interaction, I will take a wild guess and say that he has few to no things in there and prefers to sleep on only a mattress or directly on the floor.

leave Alekos' room and walk up and down the hallway. Apart from the living room and Alekos and Reyes room, there are two more rooms. Grabbing the doorknob, I say, "I bet it is a BDSM dungeon," as I open the door, but it turns out to be a gym. Fully equipped.

This explains why my men are so fit.

Did I just think of Alekos, Reyes, and Stefan as my men? I might need therapy-lots of it.

I go inside the gym, which smells like testosterone and sweat; I can almost imagine the three of them doing their routines.

I have never been to the gym, and my

father didn't have one at home. But I do yoga twice a week.

A bench is in the middle of the gym that I am sure isn't used for exercise. At least not for any exercise that could be done in a gym. The bench has supports for the knees and arms, as well as straps to prevent one from getting up unless they are allowed.

I know exactly what this is for. Bondage.

They like fucking women in the gym? Or watch her while they exercise? I run my fingers over the soft leather that covers the bench, and I imagine myself tied to it, naked, my back facing up, as Alekos, Reyes, and Stefan take turns to use me. To fill me with their-

I snatch my hand away from the bondage bench. There is something seriously wrong going on with me. Why else do I have these crazy ideas, then? Maybe it all started when I started cyberstalking Alekos. I stopped when I realized how unhealthy it was. How obsessed I became with him. And I still am. I need to put distance between him and I. I really need to find a way to leave the city. If Alekos won't help me, despite me keeping my end of the deal, I will find another way.

After a small tour of the gym, I head over to Stefan's room. Giselle is in the living room, cleaning, and I stop to make some small talk with her. After saying "hi" to her, I ask, "Is there a laptop or computer I could use?"

Giselle looks at me with anger before schooling her features. Did I do something to upset her?

"There is one in Master Alelos's office downstairs, but you are not allowed there. Only Lord Reyes and Lord Stefan can enter Master Alekos' office without permission. Besides, you must not leave the Lair until the bond becomes permanent."

Alekos really has Giselle brainwashed. The way she is referring to the three as sholes when talking about them blows my mind.

"I will only use the computer for a few minutes. No one has to know. And what do you mean by Lair?"

"That is what this part of the house is called. The Lair. It was decorated and prepared for Lady Emily," Giselle explains.

I cock my head. "Who is Emily?"

"Hasn't Master Alkos told you about her?" I shake my head, letting Giselle know that he didn't. "She was Lord Stefan's fiancee.

Everyone in the house loved her. Lord Stefan was planning the wedding with

the help of Master Alekos and Lord Reyes. They would have bonded her if she were still alive. She would have been the Lady

1/2  
37 Angel

and wele net only to Lord Stefan but to Marter Alekos and Lord Reyes as well  
,

The way Stelan reacted around me suddenly makes sense. If Emily was his fance, then he must have been in love with her. No wonder he is so cold around me. I am a replacement for Emily. Did Alekos love bet, too?

“So, Eindy died?” I ask, wanting to be sure I understood correctly what Giselle said.

She nods. “Lady Fully was raped and killed two weeks before the wedding. Five years later,

1, Lond Stefan is still grieving for her. It does not surprise me, the was line of his Se. Master Alekos and Land Reyes loved Lady Emily as much as Lord Stefan did. I was surprised when Master Alekos told me you are the new Lady of the house. I never thought they would bring a woman here to take Lady Emily’s place.” Giselle rovers her mouth with her palm. “I did not mean to say it like that.”

The truth always hurts.

For a moment, I truly believed Alekos felt something for me, especially after last night. But he only agreed to help me because he wants a replacement for Emily Someone who can gave him children.

It should not hurt, but it does. I thought I learned my lesson when I found out about Alekos and Salma. That day, I promised myself I would never be someone’s second best.

Of course, what happened to Emily is absolutely horrible. I can't even imagine the pain and grief those who loved her felt after her death. And to be killed in such a tragic way... I wonder how old she was when she died. "Just show me where Alekos's office is," I insist. "Can I have some coffee? Maybe a toast or two?"

"Breakfast was already served," Giselle replies as we go to the elevator. "But maybe I can convince Liza to make some more."

I am not sure who Liza is, but I say, "I don't want to inconvenience anyone, so if I can use the kitchen, then I can prepare my own food."

Giselle calls the elevator to us. "If Master Alekos finds out you left the Lair wearing only that," she says while pointing at my shirt, "and you walked around the house so that anyone could see you, he won't be happy. It would be best if I brought you the food."

I smile. "Thank you."

The elevator takes us to the ground floor, close to the entrance.

"The office is this way," Giselle shows me. When we are in front of it, she takes a key from one of her pockets and opens the door. I enter. "I will return with your breakfast," she lets me know.

The door closes behind her, and I don't waste my time inspecting Alekos' office. I go directly to his desk, sit in his chair, and turn on the computer. Five years ago, Stefan was engaged to be married. If not for Emily being killed, Alekos would have already had children. And I would not be here today.

I don't remember reading anything about Emily's death. Alekos must have paid a lot of money to the press, so they wouldn't publish anything about it. Maybe a search on the dark web will be fruitful.

The computer's screen turns on.

"F\*ck you, Alekos, and your st\*pid password!" I swear when I see that the computer requires a password.

I stare at the screen for a few minutes, trying to guess his stupid password. During high school, he had one on his phone, and he never changed it because he was too lazy to memorize a new one. I type it in as I still remember it, but it is incorrect. What can it be? An important date or word?

I try Emily, but it is also incorrect.

After various failed attempts, I lean back in the chair and wait for Giselle, who is taking her time to return. Bored and with nothing else to do, I start snooping around the office. I open the desk drawers, one by one, curious to see what Alekos is keeping in them. In the bottom one is a black agenda and phone. I take both out.

Thinking that the password might be written in it, I start flipping page after page. Written down is not what I expect. Names of women Alekos had seen in the past—some of them I recognize from the internet—and dates and places when he had seen them fill page after page, together with intimate details about them.

Is he keeping a sex journal?

Did he write my name in here as well?

I go to the last page, but the last entry is of a woman he had started seeing three days ago. The last time they met was yesterday morning for a quick f\*ck before work. Reyes joined them as well.

So, he f\*\*ked a woman in the morning, and around noon he was fingering me. I am not sure how to feel. Angry or hurt? I suddenly feel the need to take a shower.

I turn my attention to the phone. It still has a bit of a battery left, and since it does not require a code, I unlock it. The agenda is clean. No emails either. But when I enter the photo album, my jaw drops to the floor. There are thousands of pictures of all the women Alekos, Reyes, and Stefan had been sleeping with. Pictures of them while doing sexual things. Or of the



women when naked. And there are videos as well.

The last one is from yesterday. They took her to a hotel room and had their way with her there. Only Alekos and Reyes f\*cked her while Stefan recorded them.

At least they did not take any photos of me. Or film me while Alekos was f\*\*king me.

I throw the agenda and the phone back in the drawer and close it with my foot just as the office door opens, and Giselle enters with a tray in her hands, a cup of coffee, and a sandwich in it.

“I thought you forgot about me,” I joke.

Giselle huffs and puffs. “It took me so long to bring you your breakfast because Liza was not happy about making more food.” She puts the tray on the desk.

I take a sip of the coffee, which is cold, but I don’t really mind. The sandwich has an odd flavor. Maybe the bread is old? I am not a picky eater, so whatever.

Giselle keeps talking. “Liza said that next time, you have to wake up on time along with everyone else and not lay in bed all morning.”

Blood rushes to my ears, and I feel them burning. It always happens when I get embarrassed. “I am sorry. It won’t happen again.”

Giselle studies me for a bit. “I will talk to Liza on your behalf. I know very well how demanding the Lords can be. Usually, they bring in women that can handle them.”

A sharp pain in my chest makes it difficult to breathe. “Do they bring women here often?”

Giselle thinks for a moment. “Telling you can get me in trouble, but you seem different from the other women Master Alekos brings here. Usually once or twice a week. Sometimes they bring four or five at a time and have orgi\*s that can last for a few days.”

Dios mio!

What did I get myself into?

“I won’t tell Alekos a word of what we talked about. Is there another computer I can use? This one needs a password,” I ask as I finish the coffee.

“There is one in Lord Stefan’s room, but I don’t know if it has a password. Maybe you should wait for them to return.”

I take a last bite from the sandwich. “I am in a bit of a hurry. Alekos misled me, what he made me think turned out to be a lie. I want to get out of here. But please, don’t let him know. The sooner I leave, the sooner Alekos will return to you.” Giselle seems taken aback. “I have eyes. No need to be so shocked. I can see that you like him.”

“Master Alekos is good to me, but being in love with him is forbidden. The only relationship allowed between us is that of master and mistress.”

So Giselle is Alekos’ mistress. F\*cking bastard! I can’t believe him.

“This conversation never happened.”

Giselle gives me a curt nod. “If you finished eating, let me take you back to the Lair.”

Half of the sandwich is still on the plate, but I lost my appetite. “I am full,” I lie.

Giselle picks up the tray, and we head for the elevator.

“Lunch is at noon. I will bring it to you here,” she tells me when we are on the first floor.

“Thank you,” I say before going to Stefan’s room.

The room is simply decorated: a queen-sized bed, a desk with a laptop, and a few empty shelves. And a lot of empty space. Above the bed, on a string, hang a few photos. Most of them are of Stefan and a young woman. Emily, I suppose.

Emily had not only been beautiful with long blond hair, blue eyes, and big boobs, but she even had a gorgeous smile. No wonder Stefan is still not

over her. Heck, if I were a lesbian, I would have dated Emily. I would have dated her anyway. She looks like one of those bubbly types of people that everyone loves.

There are also photos of Emily with Alekos or Reyes. The last one is of all four of them smiling at the camera. They looked very happy together. No wonder Giselle was upset with me being here. I am nothing like Emily. Not beautiful, nor do I have a cute smile.

Feeling a bit down, I sit at Stefan's desk and open his laptop. And, of course it has a password. I groan.

"Why do I have such bad karma?"

My fingers drum on the desk. If not for my biggest client, I would not be so desperate to use a computer. I accepted a job from him days ago, and I have to send part of it today. He already paid me part of the money.

An engagement ring is on the desk, next to a framed photo of Stefan and Emily. I pick up the ring and study it—my beloved and a date are engraved on the inside.

What are the odds?

I type my beloved on the laptop.

"Bingo!"

I put the ring back in its place, open the browser, and search for information about Emily. It does not come as a shock when I don't find anything. Not even on the dark web.

Ultimately, I give up, log into my freelancer account, and dive right into work.

When Giselle brings me lunch, I remove any trace of me using Stefan's laptop. After I eat, I take a book about airplanes from Alekos' bookcase and go to Reyes' room. The book is so boring I fall asleep.