

Prologue



She did not look like she's thirty-nine years old. Iyon ang unang pumasok sa isip ni Brant nang rumampa sa stage si Sonya Castillo kasabay ng masigabong palakpakan ng mga manonood. Surrounded by gorgeous models wearing the woman's spring/summer collection, she looked like a runway model herself in that shimmering emerald green dress. And mother of God, that dress.

Long sleeves with deep V-neck dipping almost to her navel. Hapit ang tela sa katawan ni Sonya at maikli ang palda, sapat lang para takpan ang dapat takpan. The jagged hemline showcased Sonya's long toned legs perfect for wrapping around a man's waist as he f*cked her hard and deep. Her long jet black hair flowed behind her back in a tousled cascade, making a man want to fist his hand in her locks as he licked and sucked her golden dewy skin.

Muntik nang malaglag sa upuan si Brant nang masilayan ito. It made him want to tear the damn slinky material from her body. Using his teeth.

Salamat sa Diyos at ang collection nito ang huling parte ng fashion show nang gabing iyon. Kung hindi, he would be sporting a painful arousal while sitting there just a couple

of meters away from the runway amidst cameras and other guests. Not his idea of fun.

But half an hour later, as he stood by the bar in the loud, pulsating club, his c*ck still throbbed in his pants as he stared at the woman.

Tinungga ni Brant ang kanyang vodka habang nakatitig sa sumasayaw na babae. Maingay sa loob ng club, dumadagundong ang tugtog mula sa mga nakatagong speakers at pumipintig ang matatalas na ilaw sa buong paligid. Polished glass, metal and sleek leather furnishing gave the surrounding a dark edgy feel.

And Sonya Castillo fitted right in.

He watched the woman shake her sumptuous hips to the dizzying beat of the music, and he imagined her ass writhing that way as she rode him hard and fast.

Ngumisi siya at patuloy na pinasadahan ng tingin ang babae. Damn, she had a luscious ass, perfect for grabbing and kneading as he pounded his c*ck into her sex.

Kung hindi kilala ni Brant si Sonya Castillo, sasabihin niyang nasa mid to late twenties ang babae. He supposed some women were like that. Parang si Jennifer Lopez, forever young and mouthwateringly sexy.

Malayung-malayo si Sonya sa kining kinse anyos na dalagita na naalala niya. Goddamn that tight body. Nagpalit ito ng damit para sa after party. Hindi niya alam kung ano ang tawag sa suot nitong damit. It looked metallic, the golden material reflecting the club's sharp pulsing lights. Maluwag ang maikling bestida pero hinahakab pa rin ang kurba ni Sonya. The dress had no sleeves, and the plunging

neckline showed the generous upper curves of her breasts. And in the right angle and light, he realized the dress was somewhat transparent, her dark nipples noticeable through the slinky material.

“F*ck,” mura ng binata saka tinungga ang natitirang vodka sa baso.

Para siyang teenager sa pagtugon ng kanyang katawan sa babae. *It's Alec's fault*, naisip niya. He lost a bet to the bastard about a month ago. Pumusta siya na hindi ito kakausapin ni Calder nang isang buwan dahil sa relasyon ni Alec sa kapatid ni Calder na si Celine. Alec, the half-Scottish and half-Filipino IT mogul declared he'd have Calder accepting him in two weeks. The bastard even had a mathematical equation to prove it. The guy had equations for everything.

Siyempre ngumisi lang si Brant. F*ck Einstein and mathematical equations. Kababata niya si Calder at alam niya ang likaw ng bituka nito. Alam niyang matatagalan bago matanggap ng kaibigan si Alec. Sure, kaibigan nila ang huli mula pa freshman year sa *Stanford*. But Alec's leanings toward BDSM was a check in the 'No F*cking Hell' column in Calder's list of requirements for Celine's boyfriend. Medyo kaipokritohan iyon, alam ni Brant. After all, Calder was into BDSM as well. In fact, founder silang tatlo ng *Valhalla*, isang exclusive BDSM club. But alas, alas! Iba ang usapan kapag ang kapatid na nitong si Celine ang usapan.

Or so he thought.

About one week after he made the bet with Alec, natagpuan ni Brant ang dalawa sa opisina ni Calder,

masinsinang nag-uusap tungkol sa gagawing marriage proposal kay Celine. F*ck it all.

Kaya heto siya, halos isang buwan nang hindi nakikipagtalik sa kahit na sino bilang parusa. May tatlong araw pa siyang kailangang bunuin bago matapos ang parusa. If he broke his word, Alec demanded five hundred thousand pesos and an additional month of no sex for him. That's the S in BDSM. Sadista talaga ang kaibigan nila. *Welcome to Bondage and Discipline, Sadism and Masochism, baby.*

But damn it. F*ck five hundred thousand pesos. He'd pay a million just to have Sonya beneath him, writhing and moaning his name as he drove his c*ck into her tight wet c*nt.

His hardness jerked inside his pants at the mental image, and he bit out a vicious curse.

You don't do random hookups, tuya ng isang boses sa kanyang isipan. You prefer high-price call girls, Brant. Cleaner. More straightforward.

He scowled and stared at his empty shot glass.

Pinaglandas niya ang tingin sa paligid at nahagilap ng kanyang mata ang mga kaibigan. Nakaupo ang mga ito sa sectional sofa sa isang pribadong bahagi ng club, nagtatawanan habang umiinom. Nakaakbay si Alec kay Celine, habang ang fiancée ni Calder na si Xandra ay nakakalong dito.

Talk about fifth wheel. *F*ck you, Alec.*

At para bang narinig ng lalaki ang iniisip niya, itinaas nito ang asul na mga mata at napatingin sa kanya. He gave the bastard the dirty finger which only prompted his friend

to roar with laughter.

F*ck it all. He would have bone-melting sex tonight with a woman who made him hard with just a curve of her lips.

Itinulak ni Brant ang katawan mula sa pagkakasandal sa counter ng bar para lapitan si Sonya. Kailangan niyang kumilos nang mabilis. Mukhang hindi lang siya ang nahumaling sa babae, more than half of the men inside the club looked like dogs salivating after the woman since she hit the dance floor. According to the grapevine, after Sonya's divorce some years ago, the woman had been prowling the metro for fast hard sex every after fashion week. Rumor has it, she was an IQ-reducing femme fatale in bed. With the way she looked and moved, Brant had to agree. Kanina pa nabawasan ng ilang puntos ang IQ niya.

“Stop it. You’re hurting me,” a woman’s voice hissed.

Napatigil si Brant sa paghakbang at napaligon sa pinanggalingan ng boses.

Ilang dipa lang mula sa kanya, haklit sa braso ng isang lalaki ang isang babae, at marahas sa galit ang ekspresyon ng una.

“Come with me,” asik nito.

“No. I... I don’t want to.”

Tsk. Bakit laging may ganitong eksena sa mga clubs? Why couldn’t some men wrap their pitiful brains around the fact that when a woman said *no*, it’s a f*cking *no*.

Humakbang siya sa direksyon ng mga ito, pero tinapik siya ni Rico, ang bartender. The guy’s curly black hair fell over his forehead as he shook his head.

“Mag-jowa ’yan. Ganyan lagi ’yang dalawa. ’Wag mo

nang pansinin. Lagi pa ring bumabalik 'yung babae kahit na nag-aaway sila lagi. Baka mapaaway ka lang para sa wala."

He frowned. So it was that type, huh? Bumuga siya ng hangin at ibinaba ang shot glass sa counter top.

"Yeah, I know that type," sagot ni Brant. "But sometimes, you just can't give up on them."

Nilapitan niya ang nag-aaway na magkatipan.

"That skirt's too short!" ungol ng lalaki. "We're leaving here now!"

"Ayoko. Please, you're making a scene."

"You slut! You're—"

"Hey, hey, hey." Suwabe niyang ipinulupot ang mga daliri sa pupulsihan ng lalaki at hinila iyon para bitawan ang babae. "The lady said no."

Itinuon ng lalaki ang matalim na titig sa kanya. And whoa. Zombie eyes. Mapupula ang mga iyon at nanlalalim. Baka kapag bumuga ito ay malango siya sa drogang hinithit nito. *Dude, lay off the drugs.*

"Wag kang makialam, gago ka!" singhal ni Zombie Eyes. "She's my f*cking girlfriend. Stay the f*ck away from us."

"You're already causing a scene. Back off, or I'll call security."

Kilala ni Brant ang may-ari ng club, at sigurado siyang pasasalamatan siya nina Scott at Enrico sa pagpapatalsik sa lalaki palabas ng establishment. At kung maging bayolente ito bago iyon, he would not mind a good ol' brawl. With his 6'2" height and two hundred pounds of pure muscle (thanks to boxing and *Make it Happen Fitness Center*), he could take

on the bastard. Well, okay. He's not made of pure muscles, but he's in goddamn good shape.

"You son of a bitch! This is none of your business, back off!"

"Wait, wait, wait!" Hinawakan ng babae ang braso ng nobyo at itinaas ang titig sa kanya. Fear glistened in her eyes. "It's okay. We'll just leave."

Tumiim-labi si Brant. Pamilyar siya sa ganitong eksena—the fear, the silent plea. The vicious cycle of anger, pleasure, and helplessness. He had seen and heard it all in *Spes*, the shelter for battered women and children his Mama and Lola ran. Natatakot ang babae na mas lalong magiging bayolente ang boyfriend nito dahil sa kanyang pakikialam. At kapag ang dalawa na lang ang magkasama, maaaring sa nobya ibunton ng lalaki ang galit sa kanya.

Binitawan ni Brant ang estranghero, at agad itong hinila ng babae palayo sa bar. Dumura ang lalaki sa direksyon niya at halos kaladkarin nito ang girlfriend palabas ng *La Vida*.

How classy. Nakatiim-bagang pa rin, hinagilap niya ng tingin si Paulo, ang kanyang security detail. The man stood in a corner of the bar, silent and unobtrusive. How the man did that despite his impressive height and muscular physique, Brant did not have a clue.

He gave the man a curt nod, and the burly bodyguard quietly followed the man and woman out of the club. Susundan nito ang dalawa para makasigurong walang mangyayaring masama sa babae. Tomorrow, he would have someone contact the woman to offer counseling or whatever help she needed that *Spes* could provide. Was that too

much? Probably. Creepy? He didn't give a f*ck. Better safe than sorry. He didn't want it on his conscience if something happened to the woman because of his intervention.

Ibinalik ni Brant ang tingin sa dance floor, saka mababang napamura nang hindi na niya natanaw si Sonya.

"Goddamn it," he hissed, raking his fingers through his short dark hair.

"I love me some knight in shining armor."

Brant's gut tightened when he heard the sultry voice behind him. Agad siyang napaharap sa direksyon ng boses, at p*tang ina, parang may sumalpok sa kanyang dibdib nang makita si Sonya.

The woman looked like a goddess from far away. Up close? She's a goddamn succubus. A man-eater who could steal a man's life with a kiss, and have the man begging for it.

His already hard body tightened even more as his gaze raked over Sonya's perfect features, lush curves and glowing skin. God, the woman could make even a dead monk hard.

Nag-angat ito ng isang perpektong kilay saka kumibot ang mapupulang mga labi.

"I'm not sure if you remember me, but my mother and I once took refuge in *Spes* for almost a year. I was fifteen and you were around seven."

"Eight," pagtatama ni Brant, magaspang sa pagnanasa ang boses. "I was eight."

Lumawak ang ngiti ng babae, at parang lumiwanag nang sampung beses ang paligid. Only a few people had that kind of breathtaking smile.

A woman with brown hair and sweet blue eyes smiling

up at him flickered through his mind. Nanikip ang kanyang sikmura at umiling siya sa sarili para itaboy ang alaalang iyon. He would never let her memories haunt him. Itinuon niya ang lahat ng atensyon sa kaharap.

He let his lips curve into a smile as he leaned over Sonya. Her sweet heady scent wrapped around him like smoke of a high-grade drug, making his lids heavy.

“How are you, Sonya?” he drawled, bowing his head, cornering her between his hard body and the bar counter, blocking out the sound and sight of the club. “How come we never ran into each other before this?”

She tipped her head back, her lustrous hair tumbling over her shoulder like black waterfall. “I was based in Dubai for the last fifteen years. Tuwing *Fashion Week* lang ako nandito. So I should ask you, handsome, how come you’ve never attended *Fashion Week* before this?”

Sonya sidled closer to him, her hands sliding up his chest, her fingers curling around the collar of his black dress shirt.

Ah, he loved a woman who wasn’t afraid to take what she wanted. And from the sinful gleam in Sonya’s dark eyes, it was clear that she wanted him. Naked, sweaty, hard and groaning in her ear.

At your service, Ma’am.

Inilapit ni Brant ang bibig sa tainga nito. Her scent was thicker and warmer in that spot, making him groan. “I’m not much into fashion,” saad niya. “The extent of my fashion sense ends with *don’t f*cking wear crumpled jeans and shirt in a corporate meeting.*”

She threw her head back, her throaty laughter more powerful than any aphrodisiac. He stared at her face, marveling at her perfect beauty.

“Then, why are you here?” anas nito.

“Hinila lang ako ni Xandra dito.”

“Ah, yes, Xandra. I’m making her wedding gown.”

Why the hell didn’t he know that? Siguro kasi wala siyang pakialam sa wedding gown ng kaibigan.

“I’ve heard a lot of stories about you,” bulong ni Sonya sa tainga niya.

Ngumisi si Brant, kasabay ng pagpalibot ng isang braso sa maliit nitong baywang. “All good, I hope.”

She parted her thighs and arched her back, pressing her lush breasts against the solid planes of his chest. The feel of her supple curves, all soft and warm, molding against his hard frame made his c*ck throb like a bitch. The playful curve of her pouty lips made him want to crush her against him and ravage her mouth.

“Yes,” anas nito, “all good.”

“I’ve heard a lot of good things about you, too.”

“Well,” she quipped with a sassy grin, “I’ve been known to prowl after fashion week. De-stressing and all.”

“I volunteer. I’d be glad to relieve your stress,” prisinta ni Brant at pinadausdos ang isang kamay para damhin ang tagiliran, baywang, at balakang nito. His large hands palmed her buttocks, gliding it down to her velvety thighs, pulling one up to hitch it at his waist.

Lumalim ang paghingha ni Sonya, at hindi niya mapigilang ibaba ang tingin sa mahuhubog nitong dibdib.

The creamy swell of her breasts pressed against him. He wanted to feel those naked mounds against him, wanted to feel her tight nipples scraping his muscular chest.

Itinaas niya ang titig sa mga mata ng dalaga. “Well?” he prodded, his voice rough from arousal. “What do you say?”

Her fingers threaded through his hair, gently tugging at the locks. She rose on her toes and whispered in his mouth, “I say we continue this in the VIP room I reserved upstairs.”

Napaungol na inabot ni Brant ang batok nito saka inangkin ang bibig.

Siguro masyadong PDA ang eksena na ginagawa nila. With his tongue f*cking her mouth and his hands kneading and squeezing her mouthwatering ass as he ground his arousal against her abdomen, they might just be charged with public indecency. Pero halos wala siyang pakialam doon. She tasted like sinful sex. Hot, wet, addicting.

Naramdaman niyang itinulak siya ng dalaga, at umungol si Brant bilang protesta.

“VIP room,” anas nito. “Come.”

Hinagip nito ang kanyang kamay at hinila siya papunta sa curving glass staircase. Nakipagsiksikan sila sa mga nagsasayaw sa floating staircase para marating ang tuktok. Puno rin ng mga nagsasayaw ang pangalawang palapag gaya sa ibaba. But an army of demons was no match for a man who hadn't had sex in a month. He shouldered his way to the VIP section, practically pushing off anyone who got in his way.

Sonya laughed when he gripped her waist and hauled her against his body, striding toward the VIP rooms with

singleminded intensity.

“Room number?” he grunted in her ear.

“The third one.”

May staff na nakabantay sa labas niyon, at nakangiting binalingan ito ni Sonya. “We’d rather not be disturbed.”

The moment they stumbled into the room and managed to lock the door, his hand was already shoved between her thighs, Sonya’s fingers already clawing at his shirt.

Wala siyang panahon para pasadahan ng tingin ang kabuuan ng silid. But he knew the view was nothing short of spectacular. Ilang beses na siyang nakapasok sa mga VIP rooms ng *La Vida*. And no, it was not with a random hookup like Sonya. Call girls were his favorite booty call, and he usually f*cked them in hotels or in his room in *Valhalla*. Ang mga kaibigan niya ang madalas niyang kasama sa VIP section tuwing may selebrasyon sila.

Salamin ang dalawa sa dingding ng kuwarto, ang isa ay two-way mirror habang ang isa pa ay ordinaryong salamin. The raving crowd and pulsing lights raged outside the mirror, drenching the VIP room with its unbridled energy. Rinig ang ingay mula sa club, at alam ni Brant na may button para itaboy iyon. But the wild sounds only added heat and edge to their sexual cravings. The adjacent mirror showed their reflection, and he caught a brief glimpse of himself. Golden bronze skin and taut muscles. Messy hair and dark eyes wild with hunger.

Ang malaking bahagi ng sahig ay glass-bottomed. Kita nila ang mga nagsasayaw sa ibaba pero hindi sila aninag ng mga ito dahil sa tamang ilaw at anggulo. The image of people

dancing and writhing beneath the mirrored floors invoked a heady sense of power, as if they were gods surveying mortals offering them a frenzied revelry.

And speaking of gods, the goddess in his arm pushed him into a black leather couch. She straddled him, gripped his hair and fused their mouths together. With his hands clutching the plump cheeks of her ass, he helped her grind her sex into his crotch. She moaned in his mouth, rocking and rolling her hips, using his hardened maleness to masturbate.

“God, that feels good,” anas ng babae.

Hiniwalay nito ang bibig sa kanya at lumiyad. The throbbing lights washed across Sonya, making her golden skin more luminous. Dumaos paakyat ang isang kamay niya para sapuhin ang dibdib nito. Ipinasok niya iyon sa mababang leegan ng bestida ni Sonya para damhin ang isang namimigat na umbok. Her smooth skin felt hot and damp, the heavy breast swollen, the beaded nipple scraping his palm.

Her lips parted, her dark eyes heavy lidded as she stared back at him. Arching her back, she grabbed his other hand and pushed it between her thighs.

“F*ck,” ungot ni Brant. His palm cupped her fleshy c*nt through the damp lace of her thong. She was so goddamn wet the fabric had practically melted into her sopping flesh, drenching his hand with her creamy juices.

“How long have you been wet?” tanong niya. He yanked the scrap of fabric aside, his fingers delving into the slick folds of her sex. He groaned when his fingers felt smooth,

soft and completely bare flesh. He grew up in the porn era of hairless c*nts, so call him a stereotypical male but yeah, he likes bare c*nts.

Panting, Sonya licked her lips and pressed her hands on his broad shoulders, using him for support as she ground her swollen flesh into his hand. “Awhile.”

Naningkit ang kanyang mga mata. He ran his fingers along the parted lips, hissing out a rough breath as more cream flowed out from her slit, soaking his fingers.

“Did dancing with other men made you wet?” matalas niyang untag.

“No,” anas ng dalaga, at isinilid ang isang kamay sa pagitan ng mga hita nito. Marahan nitong itinulak ang kanyang kamay. With a soft breathy gasp, she rubbed her fingers along the sultry wetness coating her slit. “You made me wet.”

Itinaas ni Sonya ang kamay at idinampi sa kanyang bibig. His lips parted automatically, his tongue wrapping around her fingers as he suckled her wetness greedily. She tasted like sin. Sweet, tangy, decadent.

She mewled and panted, rocking her heavy c*nt harder against his fingers. Hinila nito ang dalawang daliri mula sa kanyang bibig at muling ibinalik sa pagitan ng mga hita nito. Her parted lips were swollen, her sultry eyes bright and glazed against her flushed and gleaming skin.

“When I walked down the runway, you stared at me, and I creamed my panties.”

Marahas siyang napamura at hinila pababa ang strap ng bestida ni Sonya. The swollen mounds of her breasts sprang

free and she cried out. The tips were hard and tight, dusky red and pointy.

Itinaas ng kaniig ang basa nitong mga daliri sa sariling dibdib, at ipinahid ang malagkit na likido sa tuktok ng mga iyon.

He gritted his teeth and clenched his thighs, his c*ck throbbing with the violent need to come. Growling, he swooped down to devour her breast, his wet tongue lapping at her c*nt juice smearing the pouty nipple. Gone were his finesse and civility. He felt like an animal, wild and furious with the need to f*ck.

“Oh, God, oh God!” Sonya clawed at his pants, fumbling with the button and zipper. “Now, now, now. Please!”

Her fingers curled around his hardness, pulling it out of his boxers. Marahas na umuungol, pilit niyang inilayo ang bibig sa dibdib ni Sonya para tulungan itong itaas sandali ang katawan.

The head of his shaft curved upward, pointing to the spread lips of her sex. Heavy veins roped along the thick hard length, streams of precum leaking from the slit.

Sonya grasped the wide root, guiding the fat cockhead to her slippery opening. She gasped and he grunted a curse when the wide top brushed the slick folds.

“You’re so hard, so big,” she mewled, wedging the bulbous tip between the puffy folds.

His cockhead pressed into her tight opening, and she lowered herself slowly, the thick crown stretching her quivering entrance. With a moan, she parted her thighs wider and slammed herself onto his shaft.

An animalistic roar tore from his chest, the harsh sound jumbling together with the raging inferno from the club outside. At the back of his mind something was nagging at him that something was wrong.

But Sonya was writhing above him, riding him in a vicious frenzy; her hot, tight sex clenching around his thick length like a greedy fist. The wet dirty sound of her slurping sex was loud in his ears despite the thrumming beat outside. His fingers dug into the fleshy cheeks of her buttocks as she bounced up and down his thick shaft, swallowing him whole, her cream gushing down his hardened length.

Sa likod ng dalaga, tanaw niya ang repleksyon nila sa salamin. He could see her plump ass shaking as she sank down on his c*ck again and again. Her thong was pushed to one side, his large hands a crude contrast to her soft silky skin. He watched his c*ck disappear and appear as it slid in and out of her. Her c*nt lips were swollen and lurid, stretched tight around his thick hardness. She slid up and down, up and down on his c*ck in dizzying speed, leaving a dripping trail of wetness along his thick length.

The carnal image almost made him cum. Growling, he leaned down and wrapped his lips around one puckered nipple, drawing it deep into his wet mouth.

“Oh, Brant... Brant... Brant...” anas ni Sonya, mahigpit na nakayakap sa kanyang leeg. Her hips slammed down hard until the last thick inch was buried inside her.

Panting, she swiveled her hips, grinding, stirring his turgid shaft inside her sweltering heat. Wrapping his arms tight around her waist, he started pumping, driving his c*ck

into her in short, heavy thrusts.

Napasigaw si Sonya at napakalmot sa kanyang likod. She tossed her head back as her whole body trembled.

Halos mapugto ang kanyang hininga sa sikip ng pagkababae nito sa kanyang katigasan. Her walls rippled around him, clutching, milking him before he was ready.

And goddamn it. He felt his balls tightening as his semen rose up along his length. His mouth found her neck, his teeth sinking into her supple flesh as his hips surged upward, his thick hardness drilling into her sex.

Malakas itong napadaing at napaigtad. She gasped his name, her hips rocking and circling, another flood of cream bathing his throbbing c*ck. With every ounce of his control, he tried to stave off the seething fire arching up his spine, but Sonya's tight clenching sheath ripped it from him.

He let out a guttural yell as he pounded between her thighs, his hardness blasting jets of heated cum into her shuddering core.

Hindi maramdaman ni Brant ang ibang parte ng kanyang katawan. Pakiramdam niya ay mawawalan din siya ng ulirat. All he could feel was his hardness throbbing inside her, spewing out heated cum in endless streams.

"God... God... God..." Nanginginig si Sonya sa kanyang mga bisig, ang balakang ay patuloy pa rin sa pag-indayog. Groaning, he buried his face into her neck and licked her heated skin.

"Shit," ungol nito, pinapadaan ang mga daliri sa kanyang basang buhok. "You came so much."

She swiveled her hips, stirring his c*ck in their

combined cum. He grunted and ran his hands all over her supple curves, kneading and squeezing. He was still hard even after cumming so much.

“God, Brant, darling, how can you still be so hard?”

“Thanks, baby.”

Paos itong tumawa at ikiniskis ang malulusog na dibdib sa kanya. The friction of her hard nubs rubbing against his muscular chest made him groan. He pulled her tighter, wanting to feel more of her.

“I came too fast,” reklamo ni Sonya. “I was strung tight. It’s been two months since I’ve had a good f*ck.”

Tumawa rin si Brant at ibinuka ang mga labi para dilaan ang balikat ng babae. Vanilla and honey and lemon. God, he had to suckle every inch of her. “Ako rin,” ungol niya.

“You hadn’t f*ck in two months, too?”

“A month. A bet with a friend. And your tight c*nt made me cum so fast and so hard I’m still seeing stars.”

Bumungisngis si Sonya at bahagyang iniangat ang katawan pagkatapos ay ibinaba muli. Umungol ito at iginiling ang balakang, pero bigla itong nanigas. “Oh, shit.”

“What’s wrong?” ungol ng binata, kinikiskis ang ilong sa mabangong leeg ng kaniig.

The scent of sex drenched her skin, and he wanted to rub his body all over her to imprint his own scent on her flesh.

“Brant, darling, we forgot condom.”

Napatigil siya sa ginagawang paghalik sa balikat ni Sonya.

Itinulak nito ang kanyang balikat at nanlalaki ang mga

matang tumitig sa kanya. Bahagyang basa ang buhok ng dalaga dahil sa pawis, at namumula rin ang makinis na balat. Tumatama sa ginintuan nitong balat ang matatalas na ilaw mula sa club sa labas ng silid, lalong pinapaigting ang sensuwal nitong hitsura.

Hindi sila gumamit ng condom, he thought vaguely. Iyon ang gumigiit sa kanyang isipan kanina.

“I’m on the pill,” bulalas ng dalaga, “but are you clean? I’m clean. I just had a checkup two months ago when I had my annual pap smear. This is my first sexual encounter since then. Are you clean?”

Dapat yata ay hindi siya maging ganito kakalmado. Unprotected sex was a serious issue. He didn’t have to worry about unwanted pregnancy, because he already made sure when he was twenty-one years old that he would never get another woman pregnant again. But health consequences were always a grave concern.

“I’m clean,” mababang sagot ni Brant. “I’ve never had sex without protection since...” Tumiim-bagang siya bago pa tuluyang mabuo ang mga alaala. “I had a general checkup just last month due to an allergic reaction. I’m clean.”

Nanginginig na nagpakawala ng hininga si Sonya at tumango. Pinadaan nito ang mga daliri sa mahabang buhok at tumaas ang sulok ng mga labi. “Good. But just to be *more* sure, let’s have another checkup and send the result to each other.”

Ngumisi ang lalaki at hinigpitan ang yakap sa baywang ng kausap. Sa isang suwabeng galaw, naitulak niya ito pahiga sa couch habang nakadagan siya rito nang hindi

pinaghihiwalay ang kanilang mga katawan.

Napasinghap ang babae at namigat ang mga talukap.

“So we’ll see each other again?” paos niyang tanong.

Her throaty laughter made his shaft throb inside her sex. Her c*nt tightened around him in response, and they both groaned. Her back arched, her perfect breasts jutting out for him, and who was he to decline? Ibinaba ni Brant ang mukha at isinubo ang isang matigas na tuktok.

“No...” daing ni Sonya. “I have to leave Manila in two days.” He groaned around her breast, his hips lazily thrusting between her spread thighs. “Let’s... Let’s just send the result through email,” anas nito.

Pinakawalan niya ang basang umbok at dinilaan iyon. “If that’s what you want.”

“Uhm... yeah... and damn it, darling. Use condom. Let’s not push it.”

She had a point. But f*ck it, he had forgotten how good raw sex felt like. Siguro dapat siyang kumuha ng regular f*ck buddy para maging mas posible ang unprotected sex?

Pero bago pa tuluyang mabuo ang mga posibilidad sa kanyang isipan, sinakal at pinatay niya iyon.

He forced a smile as he burned away thoughts and memories of a sweet blue-eyed girl from his mind.

“Sure thing, baby.”

He pulled out of her and rummaged his back pocket for a condom. And when he drove himself inside her tight sheath again, he grunted, “Let’s make the best out of this night, Sonya.”

1



One month later...

Kaunti lang ang makakapilit kay Brant na tumapak sa mansion ng pamilya niya sa *Forbes Park*. Isa doon ay ang pangungulit ng mama at lola niya. A mama's boy and lola's boy to the core, he just couldn't say no to the two most important women in his life.

Tiim-bagang na pinagmasdan niya ang marangyang mansion pagkalabas niya ng sasakyan. The old baroque mansion stood tall and regal like a f*cking royal amidst well-trimmed acacia trees. Parang wala sa lungsod ang tanawin sa mansion. Vast sprawling garden and lush trees, manmade fountain and a long winding driveway, it felt like he stepped into a portal and landed in a secluded area far from the city. Iyon ang nabibili ng pera. *Forbes Park* already afforded a great sense of privacy in the heart of one of the country's busiest cities, but the Perez de Tagle's stone mansion took it to another level. Sa laki ng land area na sakop ng property, hindi rinig ang dumadaang sasakyan mula sa labas ng gate kapag malapit na sa mansion.

Sinalubong si Brant ng isang staff para kunin ang susi ng kanyang *Benz* at iparada iyon sa garahe. Tipid niyang

tinanguan ang lalaki, at malalaki ang hakbang na umakyat sa batong hagdan ng mansion.

Pinagbuksan siya ng pinto ni Jorge, ang kanilang mayordomo. Maputi ang buhok nito at malinis iyong nakasuklay palayo sa aristokratiko nitong mukha. The old man's white dress shirt looked as stiff and formal as his severe expression.

“Sir Brant.”

“How's it going, Jorge?” His lips quirked in a small smile. “Man, you have to retire. Ipaubaya mo na sa mga anak mo ang pamamahala rito.”

Kumibot din ang mga labi ng matandang lalaki at magalang na umiling sa kanya.

“Kaya ko pa.” Iminuwestra nito ang daan papuntang ikalawang palapag. “Nasa study ang mama, lola, at lolo ninyo.”

Tumango si Brant at tinapik ang matanda sa balikat. “Seriously, Jorge. Mag-retire ka na. Enjoy life.”

“Serving your family is one of the joys of my life.”

Parang maling pakinggan iyon, pero alam niyang seryoso ito. The man took great pride in his work, and he admired that.

“Baka nirarayuma ka na.”

“Minsan lang.”

He laughed, but the sound felt wrong inside the spacious foyer. Agad naputol ang kanyang tawa at tumiim ang mga labi.

Tinanguan niya si Jorge at pilit na ngumiti. “Later, Jorge.”

Binagtas niya ang malaking espasyo papunta sa grand staircase. The stone mansion was as regal inside as it was outside. Oversized windows and ornate coffered ceilings, dramatic wrought iron grand staircase and polished marble floor; every angle and corner screamed of old money.

He felt an icy knot forming in the pit of his gut as he took the steps two at a time. His black polo suddenly felt too tight, his dark jeans heavy and oppressive. Moving and breathing became a stabbing effort as if the air inside the mansion was pressing down on him.

Hindi laging ganito ang pakiramdam ni Brant sa mansion na ito. Once upon a time, tahanan ang batong mansion ng mga Perez de Tagle para sa kanya. Mainit, puno ng mga ngiti at tawa. Iyon siguro ang dahilan kaya ganoon na lang ang dagok sa kanya nang magbago iyon.

Hindi siya nag-abalang kumatok at derecho lang na pumasok sa study.

Sumentro ang kanyang tingin sa matandang lalaking nakaupo sa likod ng isang carved oak desk. The reddish brown wood complemented the dark floor and warm golden walls. Afternoon sunlight flitted through the large windows, the soft cream curtains swaying in the calm breeze. Pero hindi niyon kayang tibagin ang lamig sa mga mata ng lalaking nakaupo sa likod ng marangyang mesa.

Iiniwas niya ang tingin dito at ibinaling sa dalawang babaeng tumayo mula sa puting settee.

“Brant.” Mainit siyang niyakap ng kanyang mama, masuyo naman niya itong hinagkan sa sentido.

“You look good, Mother.”

Nasa late fifties na ang ginang, pero mukha itong sampung taon na mas bata. With her dark hair and soft features, his mother could pass as his older sister even in the conservative royal blue dress and simple hair bun.

“Hijo,” bati ng kanyang abuela saka mainit din siyang niyakap.

May kaunting uban na sa gilid ng sentido ang lola niya, pero gaya ng ina ay mukha itong ilang taon na mas bata kaysa sa tunay na edad nito. Perhaps the bright green jumpsuit helped, as well as the short sleek hairdo.

At the thought of the green jumpsuit, another green article of clothing flickered through his mind. Shimmering emerald green dress and mile long legs. Images of Sonya writhing beneath him, her lips swollen and parted, her heavy breasts swaying as he pounded between her thighs burned like fever in his mind.

Umiling si Brant para itaboy ang memorya. Hindi iyon ang oras para roon. Hinagkan niya sa tuktok ng ulo ang abuela at hinayaang tumaas ang sulok ng kanyang labi.

“I like the hair,” komento niya.

“Thank you, apo. I like it, too.”

Pinadaan nito ang mga kamay sa kanyang dibdib, pinapatag ang makinis na itim na polong kanyang suot.

“Enough pleasantries,” maawtoridad na putol ni Fausto Perez de Tagle.

Humigpit ang hawak ng kanyang abuela sa braso niya, sabay ngumiti nang na parang humihingi ng pasensya para sa asawa nito.

F*ck that. Wala siyang pasensya sa kanyang lolo.

“What do you want?” mabigat niyang pakli. Hinarap niya ang matandang lalaki, hinayaang makita nito ang malalim na muhi sa mga mata niya.

He wished to say the old man looked gaunt and sickly. Pero mukhang mas malakas pa sa kalabaw ang matanda. Kahit puti na ang buhok at may ilang linya na ng panahon sa mestizo nitong mukha, naroon pa rin ang kapangyarihan sa tindig at hilatsa ng buo nitong pagkatao. Dressed in a crisp dark gray dress shirt and pants, Fausto Perez de Tagle looked like the domineering business tycoon that he was.

“Sit down,” utos nito. “We have important issues to address.”

“Pumunta ’ko dito dahil nakiusap sina Mama at Lola. I didn’t come here for you. Say what you have to say and don’t waste my time.”

“You impertinent ingrate!”

“I want to say you’re a vicious son of a bitch. But I don’t want to disrespect great grandma, and I doubt you would care being called a son of a bitch. Because you don’t care, do you? You don’t care what you are, what you do, or who you destroy just to f*cking get what you want.”

“You—”

“Tama na.” Lumapit ang kanyang abuela sa asawa nito at marahang hinawakan sa braso. “Fausto, kumalma kayo. Brant...”

Kumuyom-palad siya at pinigil ang pagbulwak ng malamig na galit sa kanyang sikmura. What the hell was he thinking? Hindi siya dapat pumunta dito. He wanted to kill his grandfather every time he saw the bastard. “What do you

want?”

Nagtatagis ang mga ngipin, matalim siyang pinukol ng titig ng matanda. “It’s about time you fulfill your responsibilities to this family.” Pinagsaklop nito ang malalaking kamay saka mabigat na ipinatong sa kahoy na mesa. “You need to get married and give us a grandchild.”

Maang lang siyang napatitig sa abuelo sa loob ng ilang segundo; masyadong nagulat para tuluyang maintindihan ng kanyang utak ang sinabi nito. At nang tuluyan iyong rumehistro, sumilab ang galit, mainit, matalas, at matingkad. Pumintig ang dugo sa kanyang mga tainga hanggang sa ulo. Kinailangan niya ng ilang segundo para siguraduhing hindi siya magiging bayolente sa kanyang pagsagot.

“Do you hear yourself?” he bit out, his voice hoarse and gravelly. “How dare you even mention a child to me.”

“You will do as I say.”

Marahas siyang tumalikod at tinungo ang malaking pinto. Natatakot si Brant sa maaari niyang magawa kapag nagtagal pa siya roon.

“There are many ways to have children now,” malamig nitong pakli.

“Don’t,” mababa niyang asik. “Don’t f*cking go there.”

“You will do as I say! Or by God—”

“Or by God what?” he roared, whirling around to face the man he had once loved and admired. Malagkit ang galit sa kanyang kaibuturan, tila buhay na nilalang na gumagapang at pumupuno sa bawat himaymay ng kanyang katawan. “By God, you would disown me? Sabotage me? Go the f*ck ahead you worthless piece of scum. Do your f*cking

worst!”

“Brant—”

“No, Mother. I will not be cowered. Hindi niya ’ko natakot n’ung twenty-one ako, hindi niya ’ko matatakot ngayon. ’Yan lang ang kaya mong gawin, hindi ba? Ang manakot? Ang pahirapan ang mga taong mas mahina sa ’yo? Go and f*ck yourself, Fausto. You will never get anything from me. You already killed my child. You will never get another.”

Hinagilap niya ang seradura ng pinto at marahas na hinila iyon.

“Do as I say or I will tear down *Spes*.”

Everything inside him hardened into steely coldness. Akala ni Brant, hindi na niya maaaring kamuhian nang mas masidhi si Fausto Perez de Tagle. Nagkamali siya. Nang mga oras na iyon, nilukob siya ng masidhing muhi na halos hindi na siya makahinga.

Seething with icy fury, he faced the bastard. “You would sink that low?”

Hinawakan ng ina ang kanyang braso, at pinisil iyon. Hindi niya ito pinansin.

“You leave me no choice,” walang emosyong sambit ng matanda.

Pagak siyang tumawa saka mapait na umiling sa sarili. “Of course. Hindi na siguro ako dapat nagulat,” malamig niyang pakli. “If you could kill an unborn child, why not tear down a home? Why not destroy hope? Why not push away people who are in dire need? Bravo. Your consistency is admirable, Fausto.”

“Marry this year, or I will destroy *Spes* and build a hotel in its rubble. Your grandmother has some names you can choose from. I expect you to pick one in two months and be engaged in the next. You will provide an heir and you will stop humiliating the family name with your despicable behavior. It’s time to clean up your act and start acting like your age!”

“Like my age?” asik ng binata. “And family name, huh? Well, f*ck you. Shove your family name up your miserable ass. Your line will die with me. I vow this: You will only get one child from me. And you already killed it.”

Tiim-bagang na hinila ni Brant ang pinto pabukas at binalibag iyon pasara sa kanyang paglabas.



2



"Xandra, you darling girl, bakit ngayon mo lang ako dinala rito?" Raucous laughter erupted from Sonya's throat as she surveyed the ballroom in *Valhalla's* second floor.

Katatapos lang siyang i-tour ni Xandra sa unang palapag ng mansion, ang tinatawag niyang safe zone ng exclusive BDSM club. May bar and club doon, may sitting room, restaurants, gym, clinic at may ballroom din. But hanky panky's not allowed on the first floor. Nakalaan iyon sa pangalawang palapag ng BDSM club. And my, my, my. Hanky-panky it was.

A naughty smile curved Sonya's lips as she ran her gaze over the scene in front of her.

Mas malaki ang bulwagan sa ibaba kaysa sa itaas, pero halos pareho ang istilo. High-class Victorian. Thick golden pillars, polished marble floors, high ceilings painted with gods and some other mythological figures. Crystal chandeliers hung from high above, bathing the ballroom in soft golden lights.

Elegante at marangal ang bawat linya at disenyo ng bulwagan, malayung-malayo sa eksena na nagaganap sa

marangya nitong kapaligiran.

Sonya tilted her head and planted her hands on her hips as the debauchery continued on *Valhalla's* second floor ballroom.

'Stations' were scattered across the stately ballroom. May iba't ibang theme at equipment sa bawat istasyon. Sa isa ay may hubad na babaeng nakatali sa isang A-frame. Her wrists were tied to the pinnacle, her thighs spread wide, her ankles cuffed to the bottom of the triangle. A fully dressed man whipped her from behind with a flogger. The woman was moaning, her flushed skin damp and glistening with sweat. Sonya could see cream dripping down the woman's thighs. *Mmm*. The woman was surely enjoying it.

Sa isang station ay may dalawang lalaking nagtatalik sa isang mahabang couch. It was vanilla sex, and she was not into homosexual kink, but still, two hot men going hot and heavy? All those rippling muscles and sweaty male skin? Who could resist? Mahirap hindi makita ang ganda at art doon. Sabi nga ng kaibigan niyang si Francois, "*Vous êtes beaux!*" Such beautiful men.

Sa iba ay may threesome na nagaganap. Dalawang lalaki at isang babae, mayroon ding dalawang babae at isang lalaki. Moans, grunts, gasps and the sound of whips and leather slapping skin filled the sultry air.

"We usually have parties every month," magang na kuwento ni Xandra. "And we have orgies every week. Kailan lang, we had an '80s themed disco party, and during the orgy, all the equipment used were bright and colorful to go with the theme."

Rainbow-colored dildos and women with big hair moaning and gasping as men f*cked them silly? She pouted. Sayang at na-miss niya.

“I would have loved to see that,” walang hiya-hiyang sagot ni Sonya. “Pero hindi pa ba matatawag na orgy ’to?”

“No. When we have orgies, everyone’s in the center of the ballroom. The setting we have here tonight still has certain divisions for each station to separate them from each other. You can come and view the next orgy if you like. People who participate sexually in the public spaces here in *Valhalla* are perfectly happy to be viewed.”

“Sounds awesome.”

Pinadaan ni Sonya ang mga palad sa kanyang tagiliran. Good thing she dressed for the occasion—shell pink bodycon dress with a Queen Anne neckline; no necklace, just diamond earrings and her white gold watch. Dark beige strappy stilettos and bright orange clutch for a pop of color. Sexy but classy. Dahil iyon ang *Valhalla*. It was high-grade sex.

“You have to undergo a series of interviews, physical and psychological exams and background check before we can admit you,” saad ni Xandra.

“I love how safe and responsible *Valhalla* is,” she quipped.

“Yes. Kaya nga pinapirma rin kita ng non-disclosure agreement bago kita binigyan ng tour. We value the safety and privacy of our members. We have surveillance cameras everywhere, even in private suites. Lagi ring may malapit na staff para siguraduhin ang safety ng members. Sa private

suites lang sa third floor walang security cameras. That's reserved for the owners of the club.”

Binalingan niya si Xandra. The woman wore a breezy pleated dress in ivory, boat neck with cap sleeve, the hem grazing her knees. Pearl earrings, diamond choker necklace at silver watch ang accessories nito. And of course, nobody would miss the humungous emerald cut double halo engagement ring gracing the woman's dainty finger. That thing was huge. Sinigurado yata ni Calder na makikita agad ng kahit na sino ang nakakasilaw na diamante para malaman na may fiancé na ang dalaga. Like Sonya, the woman's wavy black hair flowed over her shoulders, her face angelic yet sultry.

Regal, beautiful, and elegant. Iyon si Xandra Lardezabal, ang presidente ng *Lardezabal Corps*. Parang mali na lumabas sa mapupula nitong labi ang mga salitang 'orgy' at 'public sex.'

“I have to sign another contract once I get accepted?” untag ni Sonya.

“Yes. And there's another non-disclosure agreement in that contract. Pati mga empleyado namin pinapapirma namin ng gan'on. What happens in *Valhalla*, stays in *Valhalla*. We guarantee a safe environment where you can live out and explore your sexual fantasies.”

She loved the no-nonsense business practicality of Alexandra Lardezabal. She had read and watched videos of some kinky sex before, and had been curious about it. Nang kaswal niyang mabanggit iyon sa dalaga habang nag-uusap sila tungkol sa bridal gown nito, kaswal din siyang inalok ng

babae kung gusto ba niyang bisitahin ang isang BDSM club. She had laughed bawdily, then, nodded.

Life was too short. Why not try everything at least once? Except drugs and everything punishable under the penal code, of course. Why, she had even tried marriage. Never doing that again.

“We also have instructional classes during weekend mornings to teach some basic skills like flogging and rope bondage,” patuloy ng magandang babae. “We talk about rules and safety precautions. I advise you to attend them as some sort of orientation guide.”

“I definitely will, darling.”

Malaki ang membership fee ng *Valhalla*, in other words, alta sociedad ang mga miyembro nito. Muntik na siyang mabilaukan sa kanyang laway kanina nang sabihin ni Xandra kung magkano iyon. Ano nga ang kasabihan? You can take the man out of a slum, but you can't take the slum out of the man. Kahit na mahigit isang dekada na siyang nakikihalubilo sa mga kauri ni Xandra, nagugulantang pa rin siya minsan sa mga pinaggagagawa ng mga ito. Ibang klaseng gumasta ang mga kagaya nito.

But then she saw pesos signs. She loved pesos signs, even dollar and euro signs. Tumatanggap din siya ng credit. Rich members meant potentially rich clients for her. She would love to establish both sexual and business connections with the people here. Tanyag na ang kanyang clothing line sa Pilipinas at sa ibang mga bansa, pero hindi masamang palaguin pa iyon. The wealthier, the merrier!

“You want to discuss your application in my office

now?” untag ng kanyang kasama.

“Lead the way, sweet cheeks.”

Akmang tatalikod na si Sonya sa bulwagan pero may nahagip ang kanyang paningin. Sandaling nanikip ang kanyang sikmura nang matanaw ang isang blonde hair na babaeng nakatuwad habang umiindayog sa pagitan ng mga hita nito ang katalik nito.

For a chilling moment, she thought she knew the woman. Pero nang itaas nito ang mukha at umungol, nakita niyang nagkamali siya.

Gusto niyang iikot ang mga mata sa sarili. *Paranoid much, Sonya?*

“But I do have a question, sweetheart,” sambit niya sa kasama bago sila lumabas.

“Yes?”

“Let’s say, may isang member ng club na ayaw pasalihin ang isang applicant. May magagawa ba ’yung member na ’yon?”

“Ibig mong sabihin kaya bang pigilan ng isang member ang application ng gustong sumali? No. As long as the applicants meet the requirements and pass the tests, we will gladly admit them.”

Tumango si Sonya. Mabuti iyon. Pero hindi siya pinanganak kahapon. Elite ang members ng *Valhalla*. Kung may miyembro na ayaw siyang pasalihin, puwedeng magkaroon iyon ng business ramifications sa mga may-ari ng *Valhalla* kapag hindi sinunod ang gusto ng miyembro na iyon.

But they had never tried to sabotage you in any way

before, darling, paalala niya sa sarili.

Indeed. Her half-siblings and her dastardly father had never tried to chase her away from high-society before. But they had never tried to mingle with her either.

The corners of her lips curled into a derisive smile. Indeed, they stayed away from her like she was being the plague. And she had tried her darnest not to give them the power to chase her away as well. Kaya nga sa Dubai siya nagbase noong una. May pangalan na siya bago bumalik sa Pilipinas. By then, it was difficult, if not impossible to ostracize her from the upper echelon of Philippine society.

“I’m happy to hear that, Xandra,” she said airily.

Hinarap niya ang arkong pintuan palabas ng bulwagan.

At muntik nang matapilok si Sonya sa kanyang four-inch stiletto nang masilayan ang lalaking palapit sa kanila.

Brant Daniel Crisostomo Perez de Tagle was striding toward them like some corporate pagan god. The man could be a god of designer jeans and shirts.

And my, my, my. The god of jeans and dress shirt looked furious, the lines of his angular face tight and hard. But the dark look only heightened the impeccable beauty of his masculine face. Strong Roman nose, sculpted cheekbones and square jaw, nothing could mar that absolute perfection. And that body.

Naramdaman ni Sonya ang pagbugso ng init sa katawan nang pumintig sa kanyang isipan ang mga alaala ng gabing iyon sa VIP room ng *La Vida*.

She knew first hand how hard those powerful muscles were beneath his designer’s clothes. His brawny arms

wrapped around her waist, his muscular thighs underneath her soft ones, the light dusting of hair across his powerful chest scraping over her tight nipples. And his c*ck—so hard, so thick, so big, drilling into her tightness in fast, heavy strokes.

Nanlalim ang kanyang hininga at ramdam ni Sonya ang pagkislot ng pagnanasa sa pagitan ng kanyang mga hita. She still had felt him days after they had f*cked.

Eyes heavily-lidded, her lips curved as she sauntered toward him. Miyembro rin ba ito ng *Valhalla*? Dapat ay inasahan na niya iyon. Best friend nito ang fiancé ni Xandra. Perhaps they could hook up again.

Nagtaas ng tingin ang lalaki, at sandaling natigilan nang makita siya. Then, as if watching stormy flames converge into a raging fire devil, she saw Brant's already intense expression morph into concentrated ferocity.

Lalong lumaki ang mga hakbang nito habang masidhi ang titig sa kanya.

Wala sa sariling napaatras si Sonya sa gulat. Para itong papalusob na toro at siya ang pulang bandera. What was his problem?

Pero nasa harapan na niya ang binata at hawak na nito ang kanyang braso. "Come with me," anito saka siya hinila papunta sa elevator.

Nilingon niya si Xandra at nakitang gulat din itong nakatitig sa kanila.

"Brant, darling, are you okay?" malumanay niyang tanong.

"No. But I will be."

Nang makapasok sila sa elevator, nanatiling nakatiim-bagang ang lalaki. At pagkalabas doon, walang imik siya nitong hinila sa mahabang pasilyo. She could hardly keep up with him in her heels.

“Brant, sweetheart, I love the caveman antic, but my f*ck-me shoes are not fit for running.”

Natigilan ang lalaki at napatingin sa kanyang paanan. Marahas itong napamura at nahilot ang sentido. “I’m sorry. Come.”

Inilapat nito ang palad sa kanyang likuran at inalalayan siya papasok sa isang opisina.

Victorian charm meets modern minimalism ang theme ng opisina. Glass desk and sleek coffee table, giant flat screen TV and sturdy cabinets. Velvet fainting couch, Peruvian pendant lights, lush Persian rugs and opulent draperies. Brant fitted right in. Old elegance with a modern edge.

Pagkasara ng pinto, sa wakas ay hinarap siya ng binata.

The faultless angles and lines of his face reminded her of romantic paintings and Renaissance statues of gods and heroes.

Then, he spoke in that low, orgasm-inducing voice, “I want you to marry me.”



“Let me get this straight, sweetheart,” ani Sonya habang pinapadaan ang mga daliri sa maalong buhok habang komportable siyang nakaupo sa fainting couch. “You want to marry me because I’m a divorcee, an illegitimate child of a rich tycoon, a fashion designer—who according to your grandfather is a waste of space, a debauch woman who loves

casual sex. Did I miss anything else?”

“You’re nearing forty, that’s going to irk him.”

She tossed her head back and laughed. Then, she gave Brant a pointed smile. “How charming. No.”

“Hindi lang ’yon, Sonya,” saad ng binata, may bahid ng frustration ang mababang boses. “Malapit din sa ’yo ang *Spes*. You’d want to save it, too, wouldn’t you? Minsan ka ring natulungan n’un. Naisip ko na call girl na lang ang gamitin para takutin si Fausto, but it could get a little messy. But you, you have an emotional attachment to *Spes*. I can trust you with this.”

“Your plan is silly, Brant. Tinatakot ka ng lolo mo na gigibain ang shelter kapag hindi ka nakahanap ng mapapangasawa, ’tapos tatakutin mo rin siya na magpapakasal ka sa isang klase ng babaeng ayaw niya para ibenta niya sa ’yo ang *Spes*? Eh, kung gibain na lang niya bigla ’yon dahil sa inis sa ’yo? My IQ’s average, darling, but even I can see that your plan is weak.”

Umiling ang kausap, isinuksok ang mga kamao sa itim nitong pantalon. The jeans molded over his powerful thighs as he leaned back against the desk, his forearms bulging with tension.

“No, it’s perfect. I know Fausto. Mababaliw ’yon kapag nagkaroon ng babaeng katulad mo sa pamilya. He’d do anything to stop it.”

“Babaeng katulad ko. How sweet of you.”

“Come on, Sonya. I’m not trying to insult you. I’m talking from Fausto’s perspective. He’ll hate you. He’ll hate anything that could tarnish his precious Perez de Tagle

name.”

“Ah yes, the precious Perez de Tagle name.”

She inspected her shiny finger nails and crossed her long legs, briefly wondering if that was what her father’s family thought of her, too—a smear on the illustrious Eder family name.

“We’re an old family, Sonya,” pakli ng lalaki. “F*cking antique. Perez de Tagles came from one of the oldest and most powerful aristocratic houses in Spain and Mexico. The family held the titles of Marquis of Altamira, Marquis of Torre Tagle, Prince Imperial and Empress of Mexico. I can trace my ancestry as far back as fourteen f*cking hundreds, way before Magellan set foot in Samar. Mahalaga ’yon kay Fausto. Gagawin niya lahat para alagaan ang pangalan na ’yon.”

“Sino’ng hindi?” Pagak siyang tumawa at sumandal sa malambot na likod ng upuan. Brant was such an eye candy, pero hindi iyon sapat para manlabo ang tama niyang pag-iisip. “You should just understand your grandpa. Ba’t di mo na lang siya sundin? You’re not special, sweetheart. I’m sure ganyan din ang sitwasyon ng marami sa mga kaibigan mo. Just marry and have his heirs and be done with it.”

The sudden stillness hardening Brant’s entire frame made her pause. Kung kanina ay para itong purong apoy na pumipintig sa galit, ngayon ay para itong matigas na yelo.

“I don’t appreciate people who are trying to control me,” pagak nitong sambit.

Higit iyon doon, sigurado si Sonya. Pero ayaw niyang makisawsaw sa family drama nito kaya hindi na niya

inungkat. She was all about fun, fun, and fun. Walang melodrama, utang na loob.

“Well, good for you,” sabi na lang ni Sonya. “Pero s’abi mo nga, sobrang mahalaga ’yan sa lolo mo, tapos, gusto mo ’kong ipain sa galit niya? No thanks, darling.”

“I’ll pay you.”

Muli siyang tumawa. Oh, she loved this guy. Kinalas niya ang pagkakakrus ng mga binti, at tumaas ang sulok ng mga labi. Hindi napigilan ni Brant na titigan ang kanyang mga hita. Umakyat ang maikling palda ng kanyang maliit na bestida dahil sa paggalaw, inilantad ang makinis niyang balat.

Dahan-dahan siyang tumayo at hinayaang umindayog ang mga balakang sa paglakad niya palapit kay Brant.

She saw his lips tighten, his body hardening like stone. Not from cold fury this time, but from a brutal lust that burned bright in his eyes.

“Pay me, huh?” Inilapat ni Sonya ang dibdib sa matipunong katawan ng lalaki at itinaas ang isang braso para ipulupot sa leeg nito. “What? You think I’m one of your call girls, now?”

Tumaas ang sulok ng mga labi ng binata at walang alinlangang dinama ng malalaki nitong palad ang kanyang mga hita at puwitan. He squeezed and kneaded her sumptuous curves, making her gasp.

“I see you’ve heard about my reputation with call girls.”

“Everybody knows about it.”

“I’m sorry if I insulted you. It wasn’t my intention.”

“Call girls would be more appropriate for your plan,

darling. Mas mababaliw ang lolo mo kapag call girl ang pinakasalan mo.”

She curled her fingers behind his nape, pulling him down, her tongue darting out to lick his lower lip.

“I know,” anas nito sa kanyang mga labi.

He massaged her buttocks, flushing her tight against him, pressing his impressive arousal against her abdomen. Namigat ang kanyang mga mata at naramdaman ng dalaga ang pagdaloy ng likidong init sa pagitan ng kanyang mga hita.

“Pero maaapektuhan din sina Mama,” paos nitong paliwanag. “And please don’t judge them. They’re great people.”

“They’ve helped us a lot during our time of need. I wouldn’t be here if not for them.”

Tumango ang lalaki. “I want someone who Fausto would hate, but my mother and grandma could accept. You’re perfect. They know you. They’ll love you. Lalong mate-threaten si Fausto dahil malaki ang posibilidad na pakasalan talaga kita. It would pressure him to yield to my demand.”

“But you won’t really marry me, would you?”

The smile curving his chiseled lips made her sex clench.

“No. I’d give him a month. Bibigay ’yon.”

“Hmm...” She slid her hands over his rigid chest down to his washboard abs. He felt so hard and hot, his muscles rippling underneath her touch. Licking her lips, she glided her hand further down between his muscular thighs to cup the hardness in his jeans.

Umungol si Brant at ipinasok ang kamay sa loob ng palda ng kanyang bestida. His large hand cupped her ass, his fingers curling around the lacy band of her thong.

“I love your thongs,” anas nito sa bibig ni Sonya. “So convenient for f*cking.”

“Yes, I love them, too.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Hmm?”

Kinagat nito ang kanyang pang-ibabang labi. “A yes to my proposition?”

She laughed and pressed her aching breasts harder against his chiseled chest. “No, darling. But I want to f*ck. F*ck me.” He groaned and jerked her lacy thong down her thighs, ripping the fragile fabric. “You have to replace that,” daing ni Sonya. “That’s *Agent Provocateur*, sweetheart.”

“I’ll buy you a dozen.” He palmed her mound, his fingers sliding along the wet lips of her sex. “So f*cking wet. Do you always get wet this fast?”

“Hmm... I’m not sure. But I hadn’t had sex since that night in *La Vida*. I’m dying to f*ck. How come you’re the first one I ran into again when I need to have sex?”

“Fate?”

Sarkastiko silang tumawa.

He dipped his head, slanted his mouth over hers. His tongue slid between her lips, f*cking her mouth the way his thick fingers f*cked her aching c*nt.

“Why haven’t you had sex since *La Vida*?” anas nito sa kanyang bibig.

“Family affairs,” nagawa niyang iungol. “My mom just

got married. Nasa probinsya 'ko ng mapapangasawa niya nitong nakaraan para tulungan siya sa preparation. Hindi ako p'wedeng maghasik ng lagim d'on." She shuddered when Brant's thumb circled her throbbing cl*t, making her sex tighten and cream around his pumping fingers. "God, that feels good... I... just got back. It's... It's a small town. Not the type where you can just play around."

He nodded, curling his fingers inside her sheath, rubbing a sweet spot that made her eyes roll back.

"Yes... Brant... there..."

Inangat ng babae ang isang hita at pilit ikinawit sa balakang ng binata. She wanted to rub herself all over him, feel that hard ridge in his jeans grinding into her pulsing sex.

Marahas na umungol si Brant at hinagip ang kanyang baywang. Itinulak siya nito patalikod at idinikit sa desk ng mesa.

Napahawak si Sonya sa malamig na salaming mesa, at napaungol nang sanggiin ng tuhod ng binata ang kanyang mga binti upang mas lalo iyong ibuka.

"Spread your legs wider," utos nito.

Walang angal siyang sumunod. She arched her back, jutting out her plump ass. Brant pushed the tight skirt up around her waist, baring her buttocks. Cool air washed over the fleshy lips of her sex, and she gasped.

Malutong na nagmura ang lalaki at narinig niya ang pagbaba ng zipper nito.

Nanginig ang kanyang mga hita at hindi niya napigilang isilid ang isang kamay sa pagitan niyon. She palmed her sex, her fingers sliding between the spread folds, the pads

rubbing the leaking rim.

“You are such a greedy little witch,” he groaned. “Keep touching yourself.”

“Hurry up!”

Tumawa ito, at napaigtad si Sonya nang marahas na tumama sa kanyang puwitan ang isang palad nito. The sting spread across her flesh, melting into a quaking heat between her thighs.

“Shit...” daing niya.

His large palms curved around her hips, clutching her buttocks, spreading the plump cheeks, garishly exposing her swollen sex. Breathing heavily, she felt the wide head of his hardness pressing between her folds, pushing into her tight entrance.

Umungol ang babae at itinulak ang katawan sa katawan nito, pero natigilan din agad kasabay ng pagsinghap.

“Condom,” bulalas niya.

Napatigil din ang binata saka napamura. Inihwalay nito ang katawan sa kanya. Napadaing siya sa pagkawala ng pressure sa pagitan ng kanyang mga hita.

“Are you still clean?” tanong ni Sonya.

“What?”

“Do you want to do it raw? Want to cum inside me?” Pagkalabas ng mga salita ay napaungol ulit siya. Lust was muddling her thoughts obviously. Hindi na siya nag-iisip nang tama. “Never mind. Go on and—”

She gasped when she felt his broad c*ckhead pushing into the rim of her sex again. And from the delicious feel of his hardness, she was sure he wasn't wearing rubber.

“Brant...”

“I haven’t had sex since *La Vida* either.”

Paos siyang tumawa kahit na itinutulak niya ang katawan sa katawan nito. The bulbous crown slipped into her entrance, stretching the tight walls. “I seriously doubt that, darling.”

“It’s the bet,” he grunted, steadily pushing his thick length into her snug sex.

She clenched her teeth as he filled her inch by inch, her creamy sheath contracting around his heavy c*ck, the delicious burn robbing her of breath.

“Brant...”

“Extended celibacy,” ungol nito, “It just ended this morning. You received my medical report, right?”

“Yeah...”

Gripping her hips tight, he pulled her toward him as he thrust hard into her, driving his thick shaft to the root. Napasigaw si Sonya at halos bumigay ang kanyang mga tuhod. Without pausing for breath, Brant pulled out of her until only the fat crown was lodged inside, then, slammed back right in. Her walls clenched and rippled around him. He started f*cking her, burying his c*ck into her aching core again and again. The sharp forceful pumps made her teeth chatter; her sex throbbing with every beat, gushing out hot cream. He f*cked her until she was sobbing and babbling.

Hours later, after three more bouts of hot dirty sex, she smoothed her bodyhugging dress down her thrumming body and pressed a kiss on Brant’s hard lips.

“That was awesome, sweetheart.”

Hinagip ng binata ang kanyang baywang bago pa siya tuluyang makalayo. Hubad pa rin ang pang-itaas nito at nakabukas pa ang zipper ng itim nitong pantalon. The sight of his sculpted chest and ripped abs made her want to tear at her dress and f*ck him again. Pero pinigilan ng babae ang sarili.

“Brant, darling, I still have work tomorrow. My body can’t take this much sex.”

“What about my proposal?” mababa nitong untag.

Muli niya itong pinatakan ng halik sa mga labi at kinalas ang yapos nito sa kanyang baywang. “I’m sorry, it’s just too far-fetched for me. Ayokong ma-stress, Brant. I’m sure you’ll find someone else.”

“At least think about it,” matigas nitong pilit.

Maliit siyang ngumiti saka hinila pabukas ang pinto ng opisina. “I’m sorry, darling. Iba na lang. I’m not fit for that kind of drama.”

She blew him a kiss as she slipped out of the room.

