

# 1



**O**h, Dio. Her brother would totally kill her if he found out she's inside his kinky house!

She bit her knuckle and resisted the urge to squeal.

“Stop it, Celine!” angil ni Alexandra sa kanya, nanlalaki ang mga mata.

Nakangising sinulyapan niya ang fiancée ng kanyang kapatid at pinigilan ulit ang pagnanais na humagikhik. Dio, she was inside *Valhalla*, an authentic BDSM club!

*Oh, my God. Water, please! Kink and fetish and all the yummy goodies!*

She giggled like a kid.

“Celine!” her friend hissed.

“I’m sorry! *Lo siento*, Xandra!” sambit niya sa kabila ng paghagikhik.

Umungol ang kaibigan at sinapo ang noo, pero bumingisngis lang siya ulit at mahigpit itong niyakap. Kahit na kitang-kita ang kunsumisyon sa mestiza nitong mukha, hindi iyon nakabawas sa mala-diyosang ganda ni Xandra. Her friend had the face of an angel and the body of a porn star. And that killer flapper dress? *Muy bello*. So beautiful! 1920s glamour ang theme ng masquerade ball kaya pareho

silang kaibigan na naka-full showgirl regalia. Hair, face, clothes, jewelries and stilettos—the works.

Xanda wore a shimmery gold lamé dress and vintage headpiece of crystal, feathers, pearls and silver lace. May diyosa ba ng ginto? Alexandra Claudette Lardezabal siguro ang pangalan noon.

Siya? Damn. Her inner showgirl almost died of multiple orgasmic bliss while choosing for dresses and jewelries. If she wasn't obsessed with formulating new algorithms for turbomachinery, naging Vegas showgirl talaga siya. *Oh, Coco Chanel, you goddess of fashion and chic short hair. Thank you for inventing the 20's glamour! Muchas gracias, girlfriend!*

She went for a classic pull over dress with a deep V neckline reaching almost to her navel. Mababa rin ang cut noon sa kanyang likod, hinahantad ang malaking bahagi ng maputing balat. Hindi kagaya ni Xandra, medium size lang ang kanyang mga dibdib. But they were full and high and perky. The cut of her dress showed off the creamy swell of her breasts, the ripe mounds high and proud even without a brassiere. The layers of sheer purple chiffon molded to her generous curves whenever she moved, the bold Art Deco designs of crystals, beads, and rhinestones catching the lights.

The dress was short, just skimming the lower curve of her buttocks, the long fringe hem reaching down to her mid-thigh, accentuating her every movement. She accessorized with diamond drop earrings, sapphire and diamond tassel necklace, and strings of pearl and diamond bracelets.

Yes, mahilig si Celine sa diamonds. *Hello, Marilyn*

Monroe!

Instead of wearing a wig like Xandra, inayos niya ang mahaba at kulot niyang buhok na para bang maikli iyon. At imbes na gumamit ng headdress, mas pinili niyang gumamit ng diamond and crystal hairclip para sa buhok.

Too much? Well, duh. *It's the 1920s, baby!* It's the era of super glam. A five-inch silver stiletto completed her roaring getup. Vegas showgirl, anyone? Yee-haw! *Here I come!*

Hindi niya mapigilang ilibot ang tingin sa paligid habang kinakapa-kapa ang diamond studded butterfly mask. May mask din si Xandra pero hindi pa nito sinusuot. 'No can do' iyon sa kanya. She'd better be sure the intricate curls and laces covered the upper part of her face properly.

Mahirap na at baka mamukhaan siya ng mga staff at security ng *Valhalla*. Sigurado si Celine na kakaladkarin siya ng mga ito palabas ng mansion kapag nalamang nakababatang kapatid siya ng isa sa may-ari ng club. Calder, that bastard, probably had her picture plastered on top of the persona non-grata list.

*Calder, you hypocritical, double standard, mean prick,* ngitngit niya sa isip.

"God, Celine, if your brother finds out about this—"

"Shh... he won't!" putol niya kay Xandra. "Don't worry about it. At kung malaman man niya, just tell him I kidnapped poor little Dolly and threatened to dye her fur pink if you didn't tell me about this place. At kung hindi mo 'ko dinala dito, talagang magiging cat version ni Nicki Minaj ang fluffy white Persian cat mo."

"Damn it, I just wished you didn't overhear us talking

about this place.”

She huffed and pouted, rolling her eyes at her best friend. “Oh, shush. Mabuti nga at narinig ko. Hurt pa rin ako, ha. Ba’t di n’yo ’ko sinasali dito? You’re excluding me from all the fun!”

Masiglang ikinawit ni Celine ang braso sa kaibigan at halos kaladkarin ito sa hallway. Oooh, that’s an original John William Waterhouse painting. The intense, vibrant color and dreamy atmosphere evoked the ethereal romanticism of the Medieval Period. Parang anumang sandali ay may lalabas na knight in shining armor sa kahabaan ng marangyang pasilyo. Pero malamang, may dalang whip at handcuff ang kabalyerong iyon.

*Oooh, take me, master!*

“Stop giggling!” angil ni Xandra.

“Sorry, friend!”

She looked around and nodded with approval at the rich dark wooden floor, huge gilded cast iron mirror and, intricately carved console tables.

She had to admit, her brother and his two friends had taste. Walang mag-iisip na BDSM club ang mansion. Money, elegance and power breathed through the walls and floor of the sprawling, three-story stone mansion. Parang sinasabi nitong: *We’re rich, we’re powerful, we’re classy. Bend the knee!*

Lumawak ang ngisi ni Celine, pero nabura iyon nang matanaw niya ang isang lalaking nakasuot ng itim na dress shirt at slacks.

“*Dio, Xandra, security ’yan ’no?*”

“Act normal. Lalo tayong mabubuking.”

She should have worn her full-face Venetian mask! God, please, 'wag sana siyang makikilala ng matangkad at maskuladong lalaki.

“Good evening, Ma’am,” magalang na bati ng huli kay Xandra.

Sinulyapan siya ng security personnel, at mabilis niyang iniwas ang tingin. Baka maamoy nito na vanilla girl siya. *Ugh, please, no!* She wouldn't be a vanilla girl for long, promise!

“Good evening, Vito,” maawtoridad na bati ni Xandra. “Nagsimula na ba ang masquerade? Dederecho kami d'on.”

*Yes, Xandra, bulong niya sa isipan. Be aggressive, querida. Show them who the boss is.*

“Ma’am, 'yung kasama n'yo po—”

“Is with me. Okay na, Vito. She's my guest, my responsibility. We're good.”

“Pero, Ma’am—”

“Are you questioning me, Vito?”

Naramdaman niyang naalarma ang malaking lalaki, at mabilis itong humakbang paatras.

“No, Ma’am, of course not.”

She mentally squealed and patted her friend's shoulder. *Go, girl! Muy bien! Very good. Dio,* she loved Xandra.

“Thank you. Good evening, Vito.”

Parang reyna na nagpatuloy lumakad si Xandra, at siyempre, sumunod siya agad dito.

“Girl, ang taray. Are you questioning me?” gaya ni Celine sa aristokratikong tono ng babae nang masigurong hindi na sila maririnig ni Vito. “Sabihin mo, dominatrix ka

ba? Oh, *Dio*, does that make my brother a submissive?”

“Shut up. I can’t believe I’m doing this! Siguradong tatanungin ako ni Calder kung sino’ng isinama ko dito. Management’s extremely strict with who enters *Valhalla*. Everyone has to undergo interviews, rigorous psychological and medical tests, and thorough background checks before you can even set foot in here!”

“Shhh, ’wag kang maingay. May security ulit. Alam mong gagawin ko lahat ’yan kung hindi ako naka-blacklist dito. Bakit ba kayo lang ang p’wede rito? You’re all unfair.”

“Just don’t do anything stupid. And whatever you do, don’t take that freaking mask off.”

“I won’t, promise. Dali na, Xandra, start the tour.”

May natanaw ulit si Celine na mga security sa dulo ng hallway, pero hindi na sila nilapitan. Oh, the power of Xandra.

“*Valhalla* is divided into three floors,” sambit ng kaibigan sa napipilitang tinig. “This is the first floor and it’s mostly PG-13. Narito sa floor na ’to ang mga restaurants—”

“May restaurants dito?” bulalas niya.

“We have three. One for Asian cuisine, one for English and Mediterranean, and one for Russian and Turkish. We also have two gyms here, an Olympic-size swimming pool, a spa, a game room. Mingling at socializing ang main purpose ng floor na ’to.”

“Maglagay na rin kaya kayo ng mga sinehan at boutiques?”

Xandra smirked. “We just might. Dito rin ang mga classrooms para sa mga instructional classes.”

Pinagmasdan ni Celine ang eleganteng seating room. Like the rest of the mansion she had seen so far, Victorian ang design ng silid. Walang tao roon maliban sa isang staff.

“There’s the bar and club.” Itinuro ni Xandra ang isang malaking archway kung saan mayroong isang malaking kahoy na pinto. “Walang tao ngayon d’yan dahil nasa ballroom silang lahat. Some are on the second level.”

“A club within a club?” She snickered. “You have security staff everywhere all the time?” May matanaw kasi ulit siyang staff.

“In all public rooms, yes. No one would force you to do anything you don’t want to do here. A security personnel is always close by.”

Napatingin ang dalaga sa CCTV cameras sa hallway. “And you still have those security cameras everywhere.”

“We take the safety of our clients seriously.”

“Kahit sa mga private rooms, may camera ba?”

Somehow, she found that a little hot. See? Hindi talaga siya vanilla!

“Yes, at full disclosure ’yon. Alam ’yon ng mga members sa pagsali nila. We’re not taking any chances. We want to make sure everyone is safe within the premises of *Valhalla*. We want our members to feel safe as they freely enjoy whatever kink they have. Importante ’yon sa ganitong klase ng pamumuhay. We’ve got a trusted team supervising the feeds ’round the clock. We also have a 24-hour clinic on the second floor for emergencies. Plus, we have a non-disclosure agreement for both members and employees. What happens in *Valhalla*, stays in *Valhalla*.”

“Taray. Businesswoman talaga ang arrive.”

“F\*cking A. Walang makakapasok na hindi member.

Sa gate pa lang, hindi na papasukin. Unless na lang, kagaya mo na may kasamang may-ari ng *Valhalla*. At bihirang nangyayari 'yon. In fact, ngayon lang 'yon nangyari 'yon.”

“*Te quiero*, Xandra. I love you, really.” Humagikhik siya at niyakap ang kaibigan.

“Yeah, yeah,” her friend grumbled.

“I really missed you, friend.”

“Oh, really? So right after you came home from *Harvard*, you kidnapped my cat and blackmailed me?”

“I’m sorry.”

Grunting, Xandra led her to the heart of the lower level, to a huge ballroom teeming with women in glamorous flapper dresses and men in expensive tuxedos.

Napasinghap si Celine at napahawak sa mga pisngi. The colors, the energy, the forbidden beauty... She might be in love. The gilded pillars, polished golden floors and dripping crystal chandeliers were just majestic.

Pero ang mga tao sa loob ang sentro ng atensyon. Kilala ba niya ang ilan sa mga babae at lalaking nasa loob ng marangyang bulwagan? Isa iyon sa mga dahilan kaya pumayag si Xandra na isama siya sa *Valhalla* kahit hindi siya miyembro. Nakamaskara ang lahat dahil sa ball; hindi niya makikita ang mukha ng mga naroon.

“Oh, Xandra.”

“Close your mouth.”

There were at least a two hundred men and women in the ballroom.

Napahawak siya sa kanyang dibdib. Praise the Lord.  
She's not a deviant!

Masigla siyang humagilap ng champagne flute sa  
dumaang server.

“Wag kang lalayo sa tabi ko. I'm serious, Celine.”

Pumasok sila sa ballroom. Was that Drake, the  
basketball star? And that girl in a sparkling blue dress? Si  
Carmina ba iyon? High school classmate niya ito at isang  
tanyag na human rights lawyer ngayon.

She wanted to jump in her five-inch stilettos.

Nope, nope, nope. She was not alone in this world,  
baby!

May nahagip ang kanyang tingin at namilog ang mga  
mata niya.

“Xandra,” untag ni Celine. “Are those collars?”  
pasimpleng tukoy niya sa mga choker necklaces ng ilan sa  
mga babae sa ballroom. Some were made of diamonds, some  
of gold or silver embedded with expensive gemstones.

“Yes,” sagot ng fiancée ng kanyang kapatid. “You know  
what it means, right? You've read books, right?”

She grinned and nodded. It could mean a lot of  
things, but generally, it meant the woman was already  
with someone. Sa tingin ng iba ay nakakababa iyon ng  
pagkatao dahil parang pagmamay-ari ng lalaki ang babae;  
collaring the woman like a dog. Pero para sa kanya, parang  
engagement ring lang din iyon. It showed the woman  
already had a significant other. It was just, well, a little  
kinkier. Lumawak ang kanyang ngisi.

Kinky. Favorite word niya yata iyon.

“Let’s go to the second floor,” sambit ni Xandra. “I know you’re dying to see it.”

Oh, she was. Ibinaba niya ang champagne flute sa isang mesa at dumerecho sila ni Xandra sa labas ng ballroom.

May security rin sa tapat ng mga elevators, pero isang tango lang ni Xandra ay pinapasok agad sila nito sa elevator. Her heart pounded like crazy as she stared at her reflection on the glass wall. Alam na niya kung ano ang nasa second floor mula sa ilang kuwento ni Xandra kanina. This was where the good stuff was happening.

“Don’t you dare squeal and giggle,” babala ng kaibigan.

“I’ll try,” madamdamin niyang sagot.

The doors opened and she strode out of the lift; her heart hammering, her cheeks flushing.

Maraming pinto sa kahabaan ng pasilyo, at alam niyang iyon ang mga private rooms.

Malalim siyang huminga.

*The Rooms.*

Images of a woman blindfolded and tied to a bed flashed through her mind. A man kneeled between her spread thighs, thrusting vigorously.

Another image flickered in her head. A woman kneeling between a man’s legs, her hands tied, her red lips wrapped around the man’s turgid length.

“What’s inside the rooms, Xandra?” she asked breathlessly.

“Different things. We cater to an extensive variety of tastes. But mostly, the members themselves personally bring the tools and equipment they need for whatever activities

they want, although we could also provide if they request it.”

Tools. Equipments. *Ohemgee*. Pinaypayan ng dalaga ng mga kamay ang nag-iinit niyang mukha.

“Come on, ito iyong gusto mo talagang makita.” Hinila siya ni Xandra papunta sa dulo ng pasilyo. At lalong nag-init ang kanyang mga pisngi nang marinig ang ilang mga ungol at daing mula roon.

*This is it. This is it. This is—*

Nalaglag ang kanyang panga. *Oh my...*

Nakatayo sila sa bukana ng isa uling bulwagan, at sa harapan nila ay isang...

Orgy.

Her first live orgy. Her first live Bondage and Discipline, Domination and Submission, Sadism and Masochism orgy.

*Sheeet*. Magha-hyperventilate si Celine.

There were thirty-nine participants. Yup. Binilang niya. She was obsessive compulsive that way. Nakakalat sila sa bilugang bulwagan, sa mga sofas at tables. And yep, sa sahig din. Classic ang sahig, couldn't ignore that fact. There were lots of 'tools' and 'equipment' around.

Nakatali ang ilan mula sa mga kadenang nakalawit sa kisame. Habang ang ilan ay nakatali sa mga kahoy na hugis X. Alam niya ang tawag sa X-frame na iyon. She had researched that. It's called St. Andrew's Crux decussate or satire cross. May tali iyon para sa mga kamay at paa.

And oh, there's a spanking bench! Some men and women wielded leather whips, their partners moaning and whimpering in sexual bliss with every lash.

A soft strain of music played in the ballroom, but the

sound and scent of sex overpowered everything else.

Nakamaskara ang lahat, pero ang mga katawan nila?

*Delicioso.*

Everyone looked gorgeous. Some were still in their stylish 1920s dresses, some in their lacy underwear, while some were naked as the day they were born. She had never been this excited since she had attended that gala where Stephen Hawking, Peter Higgs, Elon Musk, and Steven Weinberg had been guests.

She didn't know where to look!

It was... *chop suey.*

*So not sexy.* Pero iyon iyon. Halu-halo. Tila walang batas, walang hangganan. Walang limitasyon.

Threesomes, four-somes, six-somes. Girl on girl, girl-boy-boy, girl-girl-boy, boy-girl-boy, boy-boy, girl-boy-boy-boy-boy-boy... All combinations, all permutations, its derivatives and probabilities. The limit did not exist.

She stared in awe. Celine thought some of the positions were anatomically impossible and flatly defied the laws of Physics.

Damn, ang flexible ng isang girl sa couch. Another was pleased by two men, her wrists tied to a rope hanging from the ceiling. Double penetration. *Oh, my gahd.*

“Too much?” kaswal na untag ni Xandra.

She giggled and clasped her hands. “It’s awesome!”

“Let’s go to the third floor.”

“No! I want to stay here! I like this! Gusto ko pang manood.”

“No, honey. Tour. Iyon lang ang pinagkasunduan natin.

You can't stay here long. Baka dumating si Calder. He'd skin both of us. After showing you the third floor, you have to go."

"But—"

"No. Halika na."

"Xandra..." maktol ni Celine, pero hinila na siya ng kanyang best friend papunta sa elevator.

She stared mournfully at the ballroom.

"This is not fair!" angil niya sa loob ng elevator. "Bakit kayo nina Calder, p'wede? Bakit ako, hindi?"

"Sabihin mo 'yan sa kapatid mo."

"You guys are always leaving me behind. Lalo na 'yang sina Calder at Brant. Mula pagkabata, lagi na lang nila 'kong hindi sinasali. I'll tell Mama and Papa about this!"

"Do what you want. Pero sabihin mo muna sa kapatid mo. And don't tell him I brought you here. Talk to him. Good luck."

"I hate you, b\*tch."

Tumawa si Xandra at mahigpit siyang niyakap. Umungol siya at niyakap din ito.

"Gah, I'm going to talk to Calder about this."

"Go. But don't tell him I brought you here, clear?"

"Si," ungol ni Celine.

Bumukas ang elevator at mabigat ang mga paa na lumabas siya mula roon. Hindi siya interesado sa pangatlong palapag. It was the elite level, also known as the *we are the gods here* level. Ang mga paimportante level. The boring level. The exclusive level in the exclusive club. Pfft. Arrogant much? Feelingero talaga ang kapatid niya. Paespesyal.

Even the name of the club was arrogant. *Valhalla*. Ang marangyang tahanan ng mga pumanaw na mandirigma sa Asgard. It was the Norse equivalent of heaven, pero exclusive lang sa mga chosen warriors. Pinamamahalaan iyon ng diyos na si *Odin*.

Part-German ang mama nila, at galing ito sa matandang pamilya na maiuugnay ang linya sa mga Nordic Vikings and North Germanic nobility. Feeling ba ng kapatid niya ito si *Odin*? At chosen ones ang mga narito sa BDSM club nito?

*Hahaha. So corny.*

But then again, her parents named her Freya from the Norse goddess. Feelingera din yata ang mga magulang nila. May pinagmanahan ang kanyang kapatid.

“This level is for the elite members.”

“Yeah, yeah, alam ko na,” sambit ni Celine. “Dito sila Calder, di ba? The founding members and owners?”

“Yes. May nine private suites dito. They only allowed six more members here, including me. Close friends lang. And no, I won't tell you their names.”

“I think I can guess, anyway. Sa 'yo ang isa sa mga suites?”

“Yes.”

“Bakit hindi na lang kayo mag-share ng suite ni Calder?”

Hindi umimik si Xandra kaya napakunot-noo tuloy siya. Pero bago pa makapagsalita si Celine ay inunahan na siya ng kaibigan.

“Ito lang ang mga rooms na walang surveillance cameras. As members of the elite, your brother and his

friends had sworn to each other never to do anything inside their private suites that would break the laws of *Valhalla*.

Kaya talagang mga pinagkakatiwalaang kaibigan lang nina Calder, Brant, at Alec ang pinapayagan nila sa level na 'to. May bar and club din dito. May maliit na ballroom, may infinity pool sa rooftop. Again, only for elite members and whoever they want to bring up here."

"But no outsiders?"

"Yes, members lang ng *Valhalla* ang puwede nilang dalhin di—"

"Xandra."

Napatalon sila nang marinig ang baritonong boses sa likuran nila, at napalipad doon ang kanilang tingin.

Calder strode toward them, his dark hair in its usual fashionable disarray, his tall and muscular frame an imposing image against the backdrop of golden walls and sparkling crystal chandeliers.

*Ohemgee.*

So yeah, maybe her brother could pull off the *Odin*-vibes sometimes. Dark, god-like, and yeah, a bit scary.

Napamura si Xandra sa kanyang tabi. "Magtago ka. Stay in the library. 'Yung sa dulo nitong hallway. And never take that freaking mask off. Wait until I call you."

Hindi na siya nag-inarte. Tumalikod si Celine at dali-daling naglakad palayo sa dalawa.

"Calder!" bati ni Xandra.

"Who's that?"

"She's a friend of one of your friends here. She's cleared for this level."

“Do I know her? Miss,” he called out; his dark baritone a harsh whip.

Binilisan niya ang lakad nang marinig ang mga yabag ng kapatid.

“Calder, come on. I think she’s shy. ’Lika na.”

“She doesn’t have to tell us her name.”

*Hah! Good one, dear brother. But no, gracias, mi amigo.*

But *Dio*, mukhang hindi siya aabot sa dulo ng hallway. Ang bilis ng kapatid niya! Baka matapilok siya kapag binilisan pa niya ang paglakad. Physics didn’t design these high heels for running!

Muntikan siyang mapasigaw sa tuwa nang makita ang isang nakaawang na pinto malapit sa dulo ng pasilyo. *Salvación!*

“Miss!”

Hinagip ni Celine ang seradura at tuluyan iyong hinila pabukas. Dali-dali siyang pumasok sa silid at agad na isinara ang pinto.

“Go away, go away, go away!” she hissed under her breath. “Go away.”

Mariin siyang pumikit habang pinakikiramdaman ang dalawa sa labas ng silid. Two seconds, five seconds, twenty seconds...

It was either sound-proof ang silid, o talagang tahimik na sa labas. Come to think of it, malamang ay sound proof talaga ang silid dahil BDSM club ito. What with all the grunting, screaming, and moaning.

Pero hinintay pa rin ni Celine na kalampagin ni Calder ang pinto. Pero may isang minuto na at wala pa rin.

Nakahinga siya nang maluwa.

Mukhang nauto na ni Xandra ang kanyang kapatid.

*Muy bien, mi amiga!* Now, she could—

Bumukas ang isang pinto sa kanang bahagi ng silid at marahas siyang napaigtad. Nanlaki ang kanyang mga mata nang mapatingin siya sa paligid.

*Uh-oh...* Hindi ito ang library.

May malaking kama sa bandang dulo ng silid. Sa harapan at sa kaliwa niya ay floor to ceiling glass windows. Tanaw ang liwanag ng lungsod sa labas ng gahiganteng mga bintana, at parang dagat ng mga bituwin sa madilim na kalangitan ang mga iyon. May seating area malapit sa dambuhalang bintana, at may bar din sa may kaliwang bahagi ng kuwarto.

Was that a kitchen at her right? Mukha nga. Mula sa kisame ay may nakalawit na—surprise!—crystal chandelier sa gitna ng malaking kuwarto. Pero maraming lampshades sa paligid, pinaliliguan ng ginintuang liwanag ang marangyang suite.

Sa kanyang kanan, kung saan niya narinig ang pagbukas ng pinto, ay nakatayo ang wet dream ng bawat babae.

In other words, Alec Miguel Fergusson just stepped out of the restroom.



## 2



Alec's dark brow arched as his cold blue eyes lazily roved over her body. Heat bloomed across Celine's skin as his icy blue gaze swept over the exposed swell of her breasts, gliding down to her navel and thighs.

"You're late," he drawled, his steely voice roughly accented with a Scottish brogue. "And why are you still in your clothes?"

*L-late? Clothes?*

The mask. Muntik na niyang kapain ulit ang maskara na tumatabing sa kalahating bahagi ng kanyang mukha.

Napagkamalan si Celine bilang ibang babae. He didn't recognize her as the little sister of his business partner.

"Don't wait for me to strip you myself."

Napaigtad siya sa maawtoridad na boses ng binata. And she felt the peaks of her breasts stiffening from the clipped tone of his voice. Malalim siyang huminga at pilit kinalma ang reaksyon ng katawan. But the movement only drew Alec's gaze to her heaving breasts.

The corners of his sculpted lips curved, and his wintry blue eyes flicked back to her face. "Strip," he ordered.

Eyes wide, she just stared back at him. Thick sooty

lashes accentuated eyes the color of blue fire, coal-black hair that always seemed a little too long as if he'd forgotten his appointment with his hairdresser. But she knew Alec didn't have one.

Hindi kagaya ng maraming lalaki sa paligid niya, the half-Scottish and half-Filipino computer wizard wasn't the metrosexual kind of guy. He looked a little too rugged, a little too rough, a little too mean, a little too hard.

Napalunok si Celine. Hard. Yeah, baby. The guy was hard and ripped. A wide jaw, strong cheekbones and a slightly crooked nose as if he had broken it at least once in the past.

Mukhang gawa sa one hundred percent pure muscle ang six feet at three inches na kabuuan ng binata. He wore a steel gray v-neck shirt that molded his broad chest and brawny arms. His powerful thighs encased in dark jeans looked rock-hard. And...

Her gaze drifted down to the unmistakable arousal inside his jeans. *Oh, dear.*

Malalaki ang mga hakbang na lumapit sa kanya si Alec at inabot ang kanyang balikat. Napaigtad siya sa init ng palad nito.

His large hand cupped her jaw, tipping her face up to meet his electric gaze. Kahit limang pulgada ang heels na suot ni Celine, malaki pa rin ang tangkad sa kanya ng lalaki.

"I should punish you for disobeying me," he murmured. "Are you scared, little girl?"

*Little girl?*

A cold smile curled his lips. "Do you want to leave?"

Leave? *Dio*, he was turning her brain into mush.

“You don’t need a safe word,” anas nito. “‘No’ would be fine.”

Safe word... Gusto niyang umungol at iarko ang katawan. Her skin felt so hot, her silky dress abrading her heated flesh.

With a cold smile, his thumb rubbed the line of her jaw. Idinampi nito ang bibig sa kanyang tainga. “I’ll only say this once more. Strip, or get the f\*ck out of this room.”

Nahilo ang dalaga at napapikit. At ganoon-ganoon lang, gumawa si Celine ng desisyon. Nanginginig ang mga kamay, inabot niya ang strap ng kanyang bestida. *Si*, she had gone completely *loca*. But she wanted this. *Dio*, she wanted this. It was so wrong and selfish and deceitful and they should probably sue her for this, but damn it, she would freak out later.

Nagmulat ang babae eksakto para makita ang paglawak ng nakakalokong ngiti sa mga labi ni Alec.

Humakbang paatras ang binata, malamig ang mga matang ipinukol sa kanya. A sharp pounding heat flickered deep between her thighs, and she bit her lip to stop herself from moaning.

Dahan-dahan niyang hinila ang strap ng bestida hanggang sa mahantad ang kanyang mga dibdib. She felt her plump breasts swell under his gaze, felt the tips unfurl in the cool air.

Alec’s sinful lips slightly parted, the taut skin across his strong cheekbones flushing with heat, his gaze centering on the stiff peaks.

*Mierda.*

Nanginginig niyang ibinaba pa ang bestida hanggang dumausdos iyon sa kanyang mga paa. Dazed, she stepped out of her dress and stood in front of Alec in nothing but her jewelries, skimpy black lace thong and needle-thin, five-inch heels.

“Continue,” he ordered, the delicious rasp of his voice grating across her skin. “But leave the jewelries and shoes. I’ll f\*ck you while you’re wearing them.”

His crude words made her sex clench. Decadent mental images flared through her mind. Nakatuwad siya at nakakapit sa antique dressing table habang nasa likuran niya si Alec. His large hand gripped her hips, his enormous length pounding into her swollen sex from behind. Her breasts quivered from the violent strokes, her jewelries slapping against her sweat-slicked skin.

Her lips parted as blood rushed to her breasts, to her core. Wet heat flowed between the folds, dampening her thong.

“Your thong,” he grated. “Now.”

Her body moved as if she was programmed to obey his commands. Nahihilong ikinawit ni Celine ang mga daliri sa band ng kanyang lace underwear at dahan-dahang ibinaba ang panloob. She was wet, and the cool air felt electric on her damp flesh.

Alec groaned, his muscles flexing underneath the expensive fabric of his shirt. She just had Brazilian wax yesterday, and her sex was bare and smooth to his gaze. The folds felt inflamed and slick, her cream oozing like gooe

honey.

Nakatayo ang dalaga na tanging mga alahas ang suot habang nakasuot pa rin ng shirt at pantalon ang binatang kaharap. The power difference made her even hotter.

“F\*ck,” he groaned. “I can see how wet you are.”

Humakbang ang lalaki palapit sa kanya, and before she could blink, he reached out and cupped her mound with his large palm. Napasinghap si Celine at napakapit sa mga braso ni Alec. Napaarko ang kanyang likod, at kusang umindayog ang balakang para lalo nitong masapo ang kanyang pagkababae. *Si*, she had gone completely *loca*.

Nagmura ang binata at hinaklit ng kabila nitong kamay ang kanyang baywang. He massaged her mound without preamble, his rough fingers parting the creamy folds, opening her.

“So goddamn wet.” He slid his fingers up and down her sopping wet slit, petting and stroking, dipping into the hot wetness and smearing her juices all over her cleft. “So goddamn soft. I’m gonna bruise this pretty c\*nt.”

She mewled at his vulgar words, her thighs parting wider, grinding herself against his hand. Just a little bit... just a bit... and his fingers would slip inside her.

“Please...”

“Hmm?”

She whimpered and rocked her hips. Marahas na tumawa ang lalaki at itinulak siya sa pader. Idinikit nito ang mga labi sa kanyang tainga, at napasong si Celine sa mainit nitong hininga.

“Greedy,” he murmured, “I like that.”

He gripped her hips and spun her around. Napasinghap ang dalaga at napahawak sa pader. Her breasts pressed against the wall, the taut peaks scraping against it.

Alec's large palm struck the cheek of her ass and she jumped, a strangled cry escaping her throat.

Awang ang mga labing napatitig lang siya sa pader.

He molded the other cheek, then, struck hotly again. Her eyes widened in shock as another gasp broke from her throat. *Holy freaking shit.*

"You're getting wetter and wetter," asik nito.

Totoo iyon. She could feel hot wetness dripping down her inner thighs.

Alec squeezed and palmed the plump flesh of her ass, the sting from the smack melting down into her core.

And she couldn't help it. Her back arched, her buttocks swaying in the air, begging for another sharp slap from his large palm. Sinabi na nga ba ni Celine; hindi talaga siya vanilla.

Alam niyang may mali sa kanyang mga sexual encounters sa mga naging preppy boyfriends niya. Something was missing. Everything had felt so... so pale. So bland.

This heat, this raw edge... she was looking for this, craving for this.

Moaning, she rolled her hips, rubbing her buttocks against the heavy arousal in his jeans. She felt so empty. She imagined his c\*ck sliding inside her. Pushing and pounding and filling her until her sex tightened and trembled around him. So deep, so big, so hard.

Grunting a curse, Alec palmed her sex, slipping two rough fingers between the flared lips. “I shouldn’t let you come,” he grated. “I should deny you your pleasure as punishment.”

Yet, his other hand snaked around her waist, his large palm splaying across her flat abdomen, his thumb gliding over the distended bud above her opening.

Napaungol si Celine at napasandal ang ulo sa balikat ng binata. Napakagaspang ng pakiramdam ng damit nito sa kanyang nag-iinit na balat, at mainit ang tama ng mabango nitong hininga sa kanyang sentido.

“Spread your legs wider.”

Sinunod niya ito nang walang pag-aalinlangan.

“Good girl,” he murmured.

Two rough fingers circled her wet opening, teasing, teasing, teasing...

*Dio*, he was such a jerk.

“Please...” ungol ni Celine, na lalong idiniin ang katawan sa lalaki. “Please...”

She felt his teeth nipping at her ear as he worked two fingers into her sex. Nanigas siya at bumaon ang mga daliri sa braso ng binata.

He groaned in her ear, his fingers curling inside her, thrusting, thrusting; the calloused pads rubbing her walls.

“Oh, oh...”

“Don’t come until I tell you.”

His thumb rubbed her cl\*t as he sank his thick fingers deeper. Napasigaw ang dalaga at nanginginig ang buong katawan. Her sex clenched around him, her knees buckling,

her back arching. Razor fire clawed down her spine, forking out across her flesh in blistering heat.

Alec grated curses into her ear, his fingers never stopping from plunging in and out. “I told you not to come,” asik nito, pero patuloy ang paggalaw ng mga daliri.

She sobbed as he fingerf\*cked her, her throbbing c\*nt clasp around his rough fingers like a greedy fist. He thumbed her cl\*t ruthlessly, and lightning heat spread throughout her nerves again.

Napasigaw si Celine. Kung hindi siya hawak ni Alec, baka natumba na siya. All she could feel was the aching mass of flesh between her thighs.

Naramdaman niyang gumalaw ang lalaki, pero ang tangi niyang magawa ay umungol. Napadaing siya sa pagsayad ng kanyang sensitibong dibdib sa kutson.

“You just couldn’t help it, could you?” he groaned in her ear. “Your c\*nt squeezed my fingers like you want to suck them inside. Keep your legs spread.”

Hinimas ng binata ang kanyang pang-upo, at umungol siya nang pinisil nito iyon. Umakyat sa kanyang likod at balik at ang malaki nitong mga palad. Naramdaman ng dalaga ang malaking kamay ni Alec sa kanyang maskara, at bahagyang luminaw ang kanyang hilog isipan.

“No...” Naghihina niyang hinawakan ang kamay ng kaniig.

“I want to see your face,” pakli nito.

Nagawa ni Celine na umiling muli. If he saw her face, he would kick her out of the room pronto. Hindi pa siya handang tapusin ito.

“No... I want to keep the mask.”

She could feel his temper flaring like a tangible force.

Pero sa huli ay binitawan ng binata ang maskara.

“Suit yourself,” sambit nito.

Bumuntong-hininga siya at napapikit. Crisis averted.

He cupped her mound and using his whole palm, he gave her swollen flesh a harsh smack. Napaigtad ang dalaga at napadaing.

Narinig niya ang pagbukas ng zipper ng binata, ang pagkapunit ng isang foil. Narinig niya ang pagkaluskos ng damit, at kusang gumalaw ang kanyang katawan para humarap. She wanted to see him, wanted to run her hungry gaze over the sculpted planes of his chest, the deep ridges of his abdomen, his muscled thigh, his heavy maleness.

Pero matalas na dumapo ang malaking palad ni Alec sa kanyang pang-upo. “Don’t move,” he ordered.

With a breathless moan, she pressed her cheek against the mattress. Hindi niya namalayang umiindayog na muli ang kanyang katawan, kinikiskis ang malalambot na dibdib sa kutson at ginigiling ang balakang sa hangin.

Nagmura si Alec at hinagip nito ang kanyang baywang. She whimpered as she felt the broad head of his maleness parting the lips of her sex, sliding along her creamy slit until he notched the bulky crown against her opening. Panting, she lifted her hips, pushing against him until the swollen head wedged into her tight sex.

Marahas na nagmura ang binata at bumaon ang mga daliri nito sa kanyang baywang.

Matalas na pumailanlang ang pag-ring ng telepono.

“Goddamn it,” Alec grated, his fingers kneading her waist.

“Don’t answer it, *por favor*,” anas ni Celine.

Umungol si Alec at humigpit ang hawak sa baywang niya. Patuloy ang pagtunog ng telepono, pero naramdaman niya ang pagtulak ng katawan ng binata sa kanya.

She moaned as he pressed deeper, her thighs spreading wider. Her muscles stretched around the bulbous tip, the delicious burn pounding into a feral beat. The head sank inside and she whimpered, her sex contracting around the thickness.

May narinig siyang beep, at nasundan iyon ng isang boses. “*Alec, are you there? Si Malcolm ’to. Your partner for tonight had to leave due to a family emergency. Would you like us to send you another one?*”

Natigilan si Celine nang rumehistro sa kanyang nahihilong utak ang mga salita.

*Mierda.*

Umungol si Alec at naramdaman niya ang pagdaiti ng maskulado nitong dibdib sa kanyang likod. Sa kabila ng lahat, napaungol siya sa pakiramdam ng matigas nitong katawan sa likuran niya. Dumampi ang malalambot nitong labi sa kanyang balikat, leeg, at sentido habang hinahaplos nito ang baywang at balakang niya.

“What’s wrong?” he grunted. “You suddenly tensed all over.”

“*Alec? ’And’yan ka ba? Do you want us to bring you another one tonight? Alec?*”

Naramdaman niyang natigilan ang lalaki nang tuluyang

rumehistro rito ang sinasabi ng boses mula sa answering machine.

*“We’re sorry about the inconvenience, but your partner had to leave immediately. But there are a lot of women here tonight who would meet your specifications. Just—”*

Marahas na inihiwalay ng binata ang katawan sa kanya saka hinagip ang phone. “What the f\*ck?” he barked on the phone. He whirled to see her as he listened to the guy on the other line. His face was a mask of fury, his muscles rippling underneath taut golden skin, his icy blue eyes pinning her on the bed.

Naghabulan ang tibok ng kanyang puso, at pinuwersa ni Celine ang sarili na bumangon mula sa kama. Pero naningkit ang asul na mga mata ng kaharap, at tuluyang nawalan ng lakas ang kanyang mga tuhod.

*Mierda, mierda.*

“I understand,” pakli ng lalaki sa kausap sa telepono. “No. Don’t bring anyone in my room.” Ibinagsak ni Alec ang telepono sa cradle at hinagip ang kanyang balikat. He ripped the diamond studded mask from her face before she could protest.

“Who the f\*ck are...” Bumaha ang gulat sa asul nitong mga mata nang tuluyang makita ang kanyang mukha.

Nahihilo ang dalaga sa bilis ng tibok ng kanyang puso, pero nagawa niyang ngumiti kahit nanginginig ang kanyang mga labi.

“Uhm...hi, Alec.” *Dio*, if looks could kill, she’d be in hell right now. “I can explain.”

# 3



"What the f\*ck are you doing here?" Binitawan siya ni Alec na para bang napasong ito sa kanya. Marahas itong umatras at hinagilap ang pantalon sa sahog. "What the hell is this?"

"It's an accident!" She scrambled to sit on the bed, and Alec grated a series of curses as his gaze raked over her heavy breasts down to the juncture of her thighs.

Heat washed across her skin, and she couldn't stop herself from running her gaze over the sharp planes and ridges of his torso down to his—

"Goddamn it, cover yourself." Marahas nitong hinaklit ang damit niya at ibinato sa kanya. He shot her a murderous glare as he stabbed his legs into his jeans. "What the f\*ck are you doing here? Does your brother know you're here?"

"It's Celine," sagot niya, mainit ang mga pisngi at bumbunan. "You know, my name? I know we're not close. But I'm sure you remember my name, *querido*."

"Don't call me that." He raked his fingers through his hair and bit out another litany of curses. "Goddamn it. Godf\*ckingdamn it!"

He pulled the condom off his still rock-hard c\*ck and

threw it on the floor. Hindi ito nag-abalang ayusin ang pagkakasara ng pantalon. Akmang hahagilapin nito ang phone, pero nanlaki ang kanyang mga mata at agad niyang sinunggaban ang braso ng binata.

“Wait! What are you doing?”

“Calling security and ripping into whoever allowed you to enter *Valhalla!*”

“No! Wait! Don’t do that! Please!”

“Why the bloody hell would I listen to you?”

“Just listen to me first, *por favor!*”

“What the f\*ck are you doing here?” he snarled.

“It’s an accident! Dinala ’ko ni Xandra. Please don’t tell Calder. Ayokong mag-away sila. It’s just supposed to be a tour. Kaya lang, nakita namin si Calder sa floor na ’to at nag-panic kami. Magtatago ako dapat sa library, pero sinusundan na ’ko ng kapatid ko tapos nakita kong bukas ’tong pinto mo. I didn’t know this is your room. ’Tapos, lumabas ka na ng restroom bago pa ’ko makalabas dito.”

Malulutong ulit na nagmura ang binata at hinila ang braso mula sa kanya. Kuyom palad itong nagpauli-uli sa kahabaan ng marangyang silid. “Why the f\*ck did Xandra bring you here?”

“Pumunta ’ko sa office niya n’ung isang araw at narinig ko silang nag-uusap ni Calder sa phone tungkol sa *Valhalla*. I kidnapped Dolly. You know, her Persian cat? I told her I’d dye Dolly’s hair pink and green if she didn’t bring me here. It’s not her fault. Don’t tell Calder. Please.”

Huminto si Alec at humarap sa kanya, nanlilisik sa galit ang asul na mga mata. “Why the f\*ck would you want to see

this place?”

Naramdaman din ni Celine ang pagpintig ng inis at galit sa kanyang tiyan. Kung makatingin ang lalaki sa kanya ay para bang bata siya na hindi dapat papasukin sa lugar na para lamang sa matatanda. *Pendejo*. Asshole.

“Why not?” angil ng dalaga. “Why are you guys hiding this from me?”

He gritted his teeth and shook his head. “Get dressed. I’ll f\*cking take you out of here.”

Her own temper snapped. “No. I want to stay here.”

Marahas na umigkas ang ulo ni Alec sa kanyang direksyon. “What did you say?”

She lifted her chin, her own temper firing up. “I’m staying here. You know what? Go ahead. Tell Calder. Tell him you almost f\*cked his little sister. But then again, the head of your c\*ck was already inside me. So it’s *more* than *almost*. Let’s see how that will go.”

Pagak na tumawa si Alec at kasing-bilis ng tuka ng ahas na hinagip ang kanyang balikat. Napasinghap si Celine, at sa kabila ng sitwasyon, nakaramdam siya ng init sa kanyang balat. Oh, dear. Malala na siya.

“You think you can scare me? You think you can manipulate everyone, don’t you? You think you can get everything you want by just pouting and sulking? I’ve got news for you, little girl. I eat spoiled brats like you for breakfast. Aye, let’s find your brother and tell him what happened here.”

Hinila siya ng binata pababa ng kama at halos kaladkarin siya papunta sa pinto.

“No! Stop! Wait! *Lo siento! Por favor, don’t!*”

“I don’t have patience for rich, bored, manipulative girls—”

“I’m not manipulative!” she cried, and to her horror, she burst into tears.

*Oh, Dio. Way to go, Celine. You freaking crybaby!*

“I’m not a spoiled brat! God, I hate you! I hate all of you!”

Nagmura muli ang lalaki at sinapo ang kanyang batok. Pinisil iyon ni Alec, pinupuwera siyang tumitig sa galit nitong mga mata. “Not manipulative? Ano’ng ginagawa mo? You’re trying to get what you want by using tears, for f\*ck’s sake!”

“I’m not trying anything!” Umiiyak na itinulak ito ni Celine at itinakip ang maliit na bestida sa kanyang katawan. *Punyeta*. She hated crying! Snivelling like a kid, she glared at him. “I’m not a spoiled brat, *pendejo*. And I’m not a little girl!”

“Oh, yeah?” Ibinuka ni Alec ang maskuladong mga braso, tinutuya siya. “Ano’ng tawag mo sa ginagawa mo? Get f\*cking dressed!”

“You’re all like that! Lagi n’yo ’kong tinatrato na parang hindi ko kayang magdesisyon para sa sarili ko. I’m twenty-five years old. I’m not a goddamn kid! You think I want to sneak in here like some freaking thief? I don’t! Pero kailangan ko dahil ayaw n’yo ’kong papasukin dito sa tamang proseso!”

“So dahil hindi p’wede, ipipilit mo? Tingin mo, tama ’yon? You think you can justify your behavior by putting

the blame on us? Way to go, Celine. How mature. Don't you think that's just another reason we don't want you here?"

Napasinghap siya na para bang sinampal siya ng kausap.

Marahil ay nakita nito ang sakit sa kanyang mukha, kaya tumiim-bagang ang binata at kumuyom-palad. Muling nag-init ang kanyang mga mata sa luha.

*"We don't want you here."*

Alam na niya iyon, pero parang saksak pa rin sa kanyang tiyan. At hindi iyon dahil sa spoiled siya at pakiramdam niya ay hindi siya sinasali ng mga ito sa exclusive club na ito.

"What?" paos na usal ni Celine. "You think I'm not mature enough for this? Because I can't be trusted? Tingin n'yo, ipagsasabi ko sa iba ang nangyayari dito? Na ipagkakalat ko ang pangalan ng mga members? You think I can't be trusted with sensitive information like this?"

"I din't say that," matigas nitong sambit.

Swallowing the knot in her throat, she carefully put on her dress. "I'm not a bored rich girl, you asshole. I just...I just..."

"What?" he snapped. "Why the hell are you here?"

There was fury in her eyes. "Why are you here, Alec? Don't you think you're being a hypocrite? Siguro kagaya n'yo, gusto ko rin ng ganito. Does that make me a bored rich girl? Then, what does that make the rest of you?"

Marahas na nagmura ang lalaki at inihilamos nito ang kamay sa mukha. "You don't know what you're goddamn talking about."

Maikling tumawa ang dalaga, at hinayaang bumagsak

ulit ang damit sa sahig. Alec hissed a curse as his gaze swept over her body.

Humakbang siya palapit dito. Nagtagis ang bagang ng lalaki, pero hindi nito maialis ang titig sa kanya. She stepped up to him, the taut points of her breasts brushing the solid wall of his chest. Heat flared across the distended buds, melting down deep between her thighs.

“I’m not a kid, Alec. I’m new to this lifestyle, but I know I want this. Don’t patronize me and say I don’t know what I want. I don’t know my limits yet, but I want to explore it. I want to *safely* explore it. *Valhalla* seems like the right place to do it. Pero hindi n’yo ’ko binibigyan ng pagkakataon na gawin ’yon. Why? I don’t know where else to go to safely explore this!”

Fighting back another flood of humiliating tears, Celine shook her head and turned away from him. Walang imik niyang isinuot ang damit at hinagilap ang kanyang diamond-studded mask.

Nagmura muli ang lalaki bago hinaklit ang kanyang braso nang akmang lalabas na siya ng pinto. Pinulot nito ang sariling damit mula sa sahig at isinuot iyon.

“Where are you taking me?” asik ng dalaga nang hilahin siya ng binata palabas ng silid.

“To your home.”

“Who says I want to go home?”

“You want to speak to Calder? Fine. Let’s go.”

“Fine!” maktol ng babae. “I’m going home.”

“Good.”

“I’ll talk to my brother about this.”

“Do what you want.”

“But I won’t tell him about this. *Por favor*, don’t tell him about this. Ayokong magkaproblema sila ni Xandra. It’s not her fault. Just don’t tell him I’ve been here. Please.”

Pumintig ang isang kalamnan sa panga ng binata, at para siyang matutunaw sa tiim ng titig nito sa kanya.

“Please,” usal ni Celine.

His icy blue eyes darkened with conflict, but in the end, he nodded.

Nakahinga siya nang maluwag. Isinuot niya muli ang maskara. “*Muchos gracias*.”

Naging mas madali ang paglabas niya ng *Valhalla* kaysa sa pagpasok. Mukhang mas takot ang mga staff kay Alec kaysa kay Xandra. Hindi niya masisi ang mga ito. The man’s dark stormy face looked murderous.

And *mierda*, why was she getting turned on by his furious expression? *Get yourself together, girl!*

Pagkapasok sa kotse ng binata, pinadalhan niya ng text message si Xandra.

*I’m safe. I’m out of the mansion. Call you later to tell you what happened.*

Wala silang imikan ni Alec hanggang sa makarating sa tapat ng kanyang condo building.

“Hindi mo ba ’ko tatanungin kung bakit hindi ko sinabing hindi ako ang partner mo n’ung napagkamalan mo ’ko kanina?” untag ng dalaga nang ihinto nito ang sasakyan sa tapat ng building.

Hindi siya sinulyapan ng lalaki. “No.”

*Get a clue, amiga*, sita niya sa sarili.

He didn't want anything to do with her. So just get the hell out.

Tumango si Celine at kinalas ang seatbelt. "I'm sorry. I just..." Umungol siya. "Fine. Maybe I am a bit of a spoiled brat. But I'm sorry for being a bother to you."

Lumabas siya ng sasakyan at walang lingon na pumasok ng gusali.

*Valhala* attempt failed!

