



**Billionaire
Bought**

My Billionaire Boss

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Billionaire Bought: My Billionaire Boss, Part 6 (A BDSM Erotic Romance) by Emily Cantore

Published by Emily Cantore

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Billionaire Bought: My Billionaire Boss, Part 6

The world had vanished and so would I.

I'd come to Stone-Black with a plan. It may not have been the best plan but I was filled with cold fury over what they'd done to my home-town and so when the opportunity to get a job there came up, I took it. All I wanted was a low-level position so I could uncover something to hurt them. In the nights when I thought my plan over I had fantasized I'd find something to utterly destroy them.

But that's all it had been - a fantasy and a stupid one at that.

Everything had changed the day I met Jackson Stone and he'd made me his executive assistant. One day I pushed him to the edge and he'd spanked me. Then, instead of stopping, we'd gone further as he'd removed his armor piece by piece to reveal the man underneath.

He wanted me. I wanted him. And then I said yes to being his slave. To serving him.

But someone had known who I was. They knew about my past. And it looked like when they tried to blackmail me and didn't get what they wanted, they had decided on the next best thing: to reveal everything to Mr. Stone and ruin us forever.

Now I was in an elevator going straight down and when I got to the bottom floor I'd run out of this building and out of Mr. Stone's life forever. Then I'd run out of this city and be gone for good.

By the time the elevator reached the bottom I was sobbing so hard I could barely see. I just had to get out of the building, get away. I wanted to be at home but not even there felt safe. I wanted to be a million miles away.

I practically bolted out of the elevator and crashed straight into some man waiting at the door. A moment later a pair of strong arms wrapped around me and I realized it wasn't just some guy.

It was Mr. Stone.

"Never run from me," he said, his voice low and dangerous.

I pulled myself back from him. How had he gotten down here so fast?

I looked up into his eyes, expecting to see him furious but all I saw was pain.

"I let you down. Please come with me so I can explain," he said.

He let me down?

My protests died in my throat as he took me by the hand and led me to side of the lobby. There was a door over here that I'd never noticed before. Mr. Stone waved a fob at it and it opened to reveal a small elevator. He pulled me inside and pressed the button for the top floor. We shot up with such speed that I almost felt my knees buckle. So this is how he got down to the ground floor so quickly.

As soon as I realized that, something else occurred to me.

He'd followed me. I'd run out of his life and he'd come after me.

I didn't get to say anything before the doors opened into a small room leading to a corridor. Mr. Stone led me down it, past a door to the left and one on the right and then opened the door at the end to reveal his office.

I'd always been curious about what the room on the side of his office was but I'd never realized it was so large.

He pulled me out into his office and I saw the photo, the article and the key swipe log were all on the floor as though they'd been thrown there. Mr. Stone turned around and grasped me by the shoulders, gazing into my eyes.

"You should have come to me."

"I'm sorry."

I was sobbing now and not in that cute way you see in movies. This was full-on leaking nose, red eyes, blotchy face sobbing. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me close to his chest. I closed my eyes and felt myself relax into him.

"It was my fault Delilah. The world of business is cutthroat and rivals will use any means to get an edge. You wouldn't believe the number of hot young things who've been planted in my business. My house has been bugged, my car ... I've had girlfriends who ..." he trailed off and shook his head before sighing and kissing me on the cheek.

"They've used people I care about before. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. They'll do anything to attack me."

He let me go and handed me a silk handkerchief from his pocket. It probably cost like a thousand bucks but I was in no state to care. I wiped my eyes and then blew my nose on it.

Mr. Stone didn't understand. He thought this was some ploy by some business rival. Did he think the article was a lie? That the photo was?

I took a deep breath and cleared my throat before looking up into his eyes.

"That's me. I held that bottle of fire. I was there when Stone Pharma burned down. I don't expect you to believe me but I had nothing to do with it."

I saw Mr. Stone was about to speak but there was one more thing I had to say.

"Your businesses destroyed my home town. I came to work here so I could do the same to Stone-Black. Then I met you and ... and it just seemed impossible that you had anything to do with it. And I wanted you."

I started crying again but this time instead of pulling me close, Mr. Stone took me by the hand and led me back towards his side room.

Was he throwing me out?

He opened one of the side doors to reveal a sumptuous bathroom transcribed in gold and silver. My shock at finding a bathroom here was nothing compared to the view. The outside wall was glass so the giant shower looked out over the city.

Mr. Stone turned around and began to unbutton my shirt.

"No more talking now. Let's have a shower."

I nodded as he undressed me and then himself before he led me to the shower.

The water was hot and fell from the roof of the shower like rain. Mr. Stone took a bar of pale green soap with GUCCI printed into it and began to slowly soap up and down my arms and back. Under the hot water I felt myself relaxing, my nose clearing and a deep calm come over me.

Mr. Stone ran his hands down my back and around my waist, leaving a trail of bubbles that were soon washed away under the water. Even as his hands encircled my legs, all I felt was warm and safe.

I felt protected.

Soon, Mr. Stone was wiping the last soap bubbles off me and giving me gentle kisses. I'd seen him naked before of course but it was always right before some mind-melting sex. Now he was in front of me, water trickling down his muscular form. Even though I felt like I was on edge of a mountain, I felt no fear at all. I could see the street far below and the people scurrying about. Nearby there were storm-clouds approaching in menacing black and grey. I had no vertigo all the way up here. It was a just a shower ... with a billionaire ... on the top of a skyscraper.

Mr. Stone pulled me out of the shower and dried me with a rough but soft white towel. He still wasn't talking but every few seconds he'd give

me another kiss. On my cheek. My palm. My shoulder.

Somewhere between a kiss on the hand and one on the neck, I started to kiss him back and then the kisses turned passionate. His soft strokes down my back became him gripping my waist, holding me against him. I felt his hard cock press against me.

"Come with me," Mr. Stone commanded and pulled me out of the bedroom. We crossed the narrow corridor and entered the other door. Behind it was a bedroom with a view that looked out over the city. Outside the window the storm-clouds were speeding towards us and as Mr. Stone pulled me down on the bed and slid inside me with one smooth movement, the first drops of rain splattered against the glass.

As Mr. Stone moved inside me, the storm raged in time to his thrusts. He coiled his arm around my neck and the window clattered as hailstones hit. He gripped my hair and bit softly at my throat and the wind howled. I pulled him against me, into me and heard his breath quickening and my body respond in kind. The storm screamed and hit a crescendo and inside that room, I screamed and bit Mr. Stone's shoulder as he grunted and poured himself into me.

*

After, in that floating warm place, I found myself talking.

"Stone Pharma illegally dumped a load of bad stuff and then denied it. Even after they got taken to court they kept on doing it and people just got sicker and sicker. At the same time there was a quarry on the other side of town owned by Stone-Black and they were dumping things they shouldn't either. By the time anyone realized, it was too late. The crops stopped growing and the people were too sick to do anything anyway."

Mr. Stone watched me as I told my story. It wasn't the standard Mr. Stone face, the one with no emotion and nothing there. I felt he was absorbing everything I said.

"They were sneaky in court. Witnesses suddenly quit or changed their story. People moved away after getting paid off. They dragged it all out until people started protesting in person. I was part of that protest. My whole family was. They had all come from a farming background and now the fields were barren.

We went to the protests, night after night, but we hadn't realized who we'd let into our group. There were a few people, new to town but on our side but they were radical. Wanted direct action. One night a few of us

were around the back of Stone Pharma and one of them handed me a Molotov cocktail and took my photo. I was screaming and yelling and full of bravado. Then he took it off me and ran off. Soon I heard glass breaking and not long after the building was on fire."

"It burned to the ground and they found out three day later there was a janitor in the basement who'd suffocated to death. Then after that we got a letter in the mail with that article and that photo as well as a very specific warning to stop. So my parents stopped. We stopped. After that the whole thing just fell apart. The court case folded and Bedford died a quiet little death. There was no way anyone who saw that photo would believe I didn't start that fire. Everyone knew I was a protestor."

As I spoke, I felt the years fold away and the weight of it all lift off me. I'd been carrying this secret with me since I was sixteen years old. A secret that had pulled down on me and compressed all that anger I'd felt into something cold and hard.

Mr. Stone stroked his finger down the side of my face and gazed into my eyes. I'd seen flashes of him like this - the mask gone - but they had been so fleeting. Now he was here in front of me, his whole self revealed.

"And then they sent me the photograph, the article and the archive log to harm us," he said. I saw that behind the calm warmth he had right now, there was a fury building.

"First they tried to blackmail me. They left that stuff in my apartment. Then they gave me a list of documents to destroy. I ... I just went down to look at them. I haven't destroyed anything, I promise."

Mr. Stone frowned and I saw his expression harden. Then he relaxed and kissed me quickly on the lips before slipping out of bed. He leaned over, close to me and kissed me once more.

"I believe you," he said. I took his hand and he lifted me out of bed, pulling me close to him. Even now, after just making love with him, I wanted him. He stroked his fingers down my arms and then took hold of my hands.

"I swear to you that I had nothing to do with what happened to your town. I will help you uncover the truth and if it has anything to do with this company then we will fix it."

I followed him out into the bathroom in a daze. I'd confessed all and he just ... accepted it?

"This is going to sound strange," he said, stopping in the middle of the bathroom, a naked Greek god in front of me. "Tonight there is a bachelor auction. My mother is holding it. I was avoiding it but now I think we'll go. Will you be my date? I want to introduce you to her."

This was too much. I'd barely held on to sanity the last time he brought me to a ball. Now he wanted me to meet his mother?

"I will. I'd love to." Where had that come from?

"Good." He grinned at me as he scooped out clothes up off the floor. "Because you need to buy me."

We dressed and then I followed him out into his office. I gave him the paper listing the documents the blackmailers had wanted destroyed. Mr. Stone looked over it, his eyes flickering over the page. Finally he handed it back to me.

"Go to the archives and retrieve all of these contracts. Bring them up here and then with you when Mi-oh comes to collect you. I have business to attend to but I will meet you at my mother's house."

My head was spinning and I felt strangely unbalanced. It all seemed too easy. He really didn't care I came here to destroy his business? He just ... trusted that I didn't burn down Stone Pharma?

"Yes, sir. But..."

"What is it?" Mr. Stone asked, taking my hands in his.

I felt the prickle of tears in my eyes and took a deep breath to stop them. I couldn't end up sobbing again in front of him.

"You ... you trust me?" I kept my face down, unable to look at him.

He stepped closer to me and brushed his fingers across my cheek and briefly across my collar.

"Look at me," he whispered.

I forced myself to look up into his intense gaze.

"I trust you completely," he said and then kissed me softly on the lips.

Before I could answer, he turned me around and swatted me on the rear. "Now get down to those archives!" he said with a grin. I smiled back at him and then poked my tongue out.

"Yes sir, Mr. Boss man," I said, bolting out of the room as he took a step towards me.

In the peace and quiet of the archives I finally had a chance to think. Mr. Stone hadn't seemed ruffled at my confession that I'd joined just so I

could harm his company. What did that mean? Was this a normal occurrence in the life of a billionaire?

But he trusted me. I told him I'd joined his business just to hurt it and he told me he trusted me in return. I touched the collar around my neck and remembered what he'd said to me when he had offered it to me. He needed to trust me. I told him he could but it had been a lie.

I moved methodically through the list, collecting the contracts in a box without reading them. As the paperwork piled up I tried to piece together what I knew. It wasn't much really. Someone wanted a bunch of contracts destroyed and they wanted me to do it. I'm sure I'd heard Mr. Stone and Mr. Black mention Stone Pharma. Did Mr. Black have anything to do with all this? It just seemed unbelievable that the man who sent me a bacon breakfast with a truly horrible poem and then who asked me out like an embarrassed teenager would be the same man behind blackmail.

But Mr. Stone didn't like him, even though they were business partners. And that thought crossed my mind again. Billionaires don't become billionaires without getting some blood on their hands. Again, I struggled with the idea. I did trust Mr. Stone but I kept having all these thoughts. Thoughts that maybe I was the fool.

I glanced down into the box and my eyes widened when I read STONE PHARMA. I put everything on a desk and pulled out the contract. It was mostly in legalese gibberish like the rest but this one was clearly a contract for chemical waste-disposal services in Bedford. After all this time, this was precisely the kind of thing I had been looking for. All it had taken was a blackmail threat to find it. I flipped to the signature sheet and felt my heart sink. I grabbed another contract and went to the back only to find the same result.

They were all signed by Jackson Stone.

*

My trip upstairs with the box of contracts wasn't a happy one. I trusted Mr. Stone but now I had papers with his signature on them. Contracts directly connecting the waste-disposal service with Stone Pharma.

I sat down at my desk and glowered at the black mahogany door of his office for a few minutes. Was I being a fool? I should trust Mr. Stone just because he says I should trust him?

I looked at my email and saw he'd sent me one telling me he'd left the office and giving me the time Mi-oh would pick me up. He also advised I should order lunch in and not leave the building until she collected me.

Blackmail and blackmailers and someone in my apartment. Was I in more danger than I suspected? I'd go home and die from poisoned milk or some black van would scoop me up on the street and I'd never been seen again?

I felt like I was playing some game where not only didn't I know the rules but I had no idea who the players were or what they might do. I started going through the papers and then had to stop to take out a piece of paper so I could draw up all the connections. One company contracting to another but owned by some other one and licensing out another service and then they were owned by two more and it looked like a big tangled knot between them all.

I scowled at the complicated diagram in front of me and then that expression got worse as another email arrived, this time from Mr. Black. He was requesting more work and could I pretty please have it by tonight and he'd send me all the bacon lunches I wanted. I ignored it and continued to look over the puzzle in front of me. I'm sure there was an answer.

*

The rest of the day went by fairly quickly and eventually my bad mood lifted. Yes, it was replaced with terror at meeting Mr. Stone's mother and then guilt about how ridiculously expensive the dress I'd probably wear would be but at least it was a change.

I met Mi-oh downstairs, only recognizing her by the car because this time he was dressed like a South Korean pop star.

"Is that dress made out of bubble-wrap?"

"Something Alma made for me," she said and winked. "Is that Mr. Stone's work?"

I gave her the box of contracts and got into the car. Something about Mi-oh always managed to make me happy.

We chatted away as Mi-oh drove and I told her I was meant to be buying Mr. Stone tonight at the bachelor auction.

"Oh, he's at least worth five bucks," she said.

"I'd pay ten," I answered and laughed.

"Must be true love," she said and flickered her eyebrows at me.

Love?

True love?

Soon we were in that ridiculously expensive shopping district we'd come to last time. I got out of the car just as Alma opened the door to her boutique. Last time I'd seen her, her hair had been dyed a deep red. Now it was pitch black with a red shimmer and moved like a silken waterfall as she nodded at me.

She handed me a glass of champagne as she invited me inside.

"What can we do for you today?" she said, raising a perfectly shaped eyebrow.

I took a sip of the champagne, feeling the bubbles rush over my tongue and the warmth of the alcohol flow down my throat.

"I'm buying a billionaire tonight," I said and raised my glass.

Alma clinked hers against mine and laughed.

"We have just the thing," she said and took me by the arm.

*

After the girl had done their thing, Mi-oh drove us over to the opposite side of the city from where Mr. Stone's mansion was. And when I say opposite, I mean opposite. His mansion was about as far away from where we were going as it could be while still being in the same city. I wondered if that was deliberate.

As we drove along a hedge-lined street I caught glimpses of a distant mansion through the trees. Was that it?

Soon, Mi-oh turned and we were buzzed in through a giant wrought-iron gate and began our way up a curved paved driveway. I looked out the window feeling my sense of calm evaporating and then I realized the street we'd been driving down for the last ten minutes was just one on side of this piece of land. You could have fit two suburbs with their very own Wal-Marts in here and still had room for a stadium left over.

We rounded a curve and I gasped at the mansion that appeared before us. I'd never seen a castle in real life ... that is, until now. It was like they'd taken a few mansions and mixed in a castle and then decided it needed to be about three times larger. It looked like one of those crazy places you see in a magazine that some movie-star just bought and they talk about its twenty-three bathrooms.

"Close your mouth, a fly will go in," Mi-oh said and then laughed.

I shut my mouth but I couldn't stop myself clenching my hands on the tiny black bag I carried.

"This is Mr. Stone's childhood home?" I managed to squeak out.

"Rather small isn't it? No wonder the guy suffers from claustrophobia."

I laughed and then shook my head at myself. Have some confidence Delilah! Mr. Stone invited you here. He wants you here.

We pulled up and a doorman approached.

"Knock 'em dead, tiger," Mi-oh said.

I stepped out of the Bentley and took a deep breath of the night air.

I can do this.

*

The doorman led me to a butler who led me to a ballroom. I'm sure I mumbled something to the butler but I have no idea what I said as I walked through the Stone mansion. It felt like I was in an art gallery and museum that had then been covered in gold and silver. Statuettes in glass cases lined the corridor along with enormous oil paintings. I'm pretty sure the rug I walked on cost more than I've made for my entire life put together.

I understood on some level that Mr. Stone was wealthy. I mean, he was a billionaire but all that had meant so far was an amazing mansion that he lived in. It was big and incredible but it seemed to fit him. This place though ... he grew up here? It didn't look like a place for children. I suddenly wondered what Mr. Stone would think of the little house I grew up in. One of the bathrooms here was probably larger than our kitchen.

The butler stopped short of the ballroom and waved me in before heading back to the front door. I stood there in the doorway trying to get myself under control. Earlier today with Alma and the girls I'd felt like a warrior queen. They'd dressed me in slinky black and fixed my hair and given me just a touch of make-up. When I'd seen myself in the mirror I'd been shocked at the movie star looking back at me.

That confidence had faded the closer I'd come to Mr. Stone's childhood home. Now, in the midst of ridiculous wealth, I saw how stupid our relationship really was. How could it ever work? I'd be diluting the washing up liquid to make it last longer and he'd be ... buying the company that made the stuff with the change that fell down the back of the sofa?

Just as I was about to freak out and maybe run away, I breathed in Mr. Stone's scent and knew that he was standing behind me. He was so quiet I wouldn't be surprised to find out his mother was a mime and his

father a ninja. A pair of strong arms wrapped around me and his lips pressed up against my ear.

"I need you," Mr. Stone whispered.

I closed my eyes as his lips nuzzled down my neck. Then he turned me around and I opened my eyes to see him appraising me with a hunger in his eyes. He was dressed in a light charcoal suit, almost pale gray and as soon as I saw him I wanted to pull it off his body. He must have seen the look in my eye because he stepped closer, holding my gaze.

"Later, my slave," he said.

He took my hand and pulled me into the ballroom. Like the one at his house it had a staircase that led down to a sunken floor. At this party however it was like every woman had been issued with diamond necklaces and every man with gold watches. Practically everyone looked up as we stepped out on to the landing.

Then Mr. Stone stopped and kissed me.

He kissed me and the mansion vanished. The guests were no more than a murmur and I felt myself ready to float away.

We broke off our kiss and I found myself smiling at him. It was like he had read my mind and knew exactly what to do to make me feel better.

"Remember, there is no limit on what to bid for me. I don't want to be bought by some of the sharks down there."

I raised my eyebrow at him and a mischievous look crept across my face.

"I'd worry more about all the dishes at my apartment that you'll be doing," I said.

He laughed and held out his arm. I linked mine in his.

"And now, we meet my mother," Mr. Stone said.

We walked down the staircase and I felt like I was a princess about to be presented to the Queen. Mr. Stone nodded to various men and woman as we descended and I tried to keep my eyes ahead of me so I wouldn't fall down the stairs and end up on my butt in front of everyone.

We mingled with the crowd and almost immediately met Andrea Wright, the head of Wright Technologies. The first time I'd been introduced to her, Mr. Stone had me wearing a pair of vibrating underwear and had his finger on the button in his pocket.

"Delilah, you are gorgeous! Where did you get that dress?" Andrea said by way of introduction.

"Alma is her name."

"Oh, those tattooed girls. They do know their stuff. And what's your story, Jackson?"

Mr. Stone smiled and kissed her on the cheek. "Intrigue and mystery," he said with a sideways look at me.

"I prefer steamy romance with hot foreign men," she replied and then winked at us before walking away to a tall young blonde man who was holding a drink for her.

"That is definitely not her son," Mr. Stone said. We watched as she gave the man a passionate kiss and then raised our eyebrows at each other before moving on.

"Was that little performance really necessary Jackson?"

"Good to see you too ... Mother," Mr. Stone said.

He leaned forward and kissed the woman who had appeared in front of us on the cheek. She was in her sixties with iron-gray hair. Diamonds glittered at her throat and wrists and I saw she had the same blue-green eyes as Mr. Stone. She looked at me, her eyes flickering for a moment down to the collar I wore around my neck.

"This is Delilah Neri. Delilah, this is my mother, Jeannette Stone," Mr. Stone said.

"Nice to meet you," I said and held out my hand.

"Delilah is my performance partner. We're touring the country kissing on staircases," Mr. Stone added.

Mrs. Stone rolled her eyes at him and then swatted him on the arm. "Nice to meet you too," she said and shook my hand. Then she waved at someone behind us and was gone a moment later.

I turned to Mr. Stone.

"Performance partner?"

Mr. Stone looked at his mother who was now surrounded by a group of older women and smirked. "It does her good to be stirred up every now and again. Since my father died she has become a bit set in her ways."

He checked his watch and then looked over at the bar. "I have to leave you for a short time but I'll be back before the auction begins." He lowered his voice and clasped my hand. "You're here with me and you are the most beautiful woman of all of them. Don't be shy."

He kissed me on the cheek and then walked away, heading for the back of the ballroom.

I looked around but apart from his mother and Andrea Wright (who'd vanished), I didn't know anyone else. I thought I recognized an old fat man from the first day Mr. Stone had me take notes for his meeting but I wasn't sure. I went over to the bar and ordered a glass of sauvignon blanc .

I don't know much about wine and honestly made most of my purchasing decisions in that area using the criteria of 1) Does the label have something interesting on it and 2) Is it less than ten bucks. The sauvignon blanc was some kind of miracle of deliciousness. I tasted hints of passion fruit and faint oak. This must be what it's like to know about wine.

"Quite an entrance you two made."

I turned around to see Mr. Black standing behind me at the bar. He had a glass in his hand that was more whisky than ice and he took a slurp from it before smiling at me. The bartender behind him shook her head and moved away to serve another guest.

"Good evening Mr. Black."

"You know, you never thanked me that for bacon," he said, slurring slightly. His cheeks were red and I wondered how much he'd had to drink.

"You're right. Thank you for the food. I needed it."

"Don't mention it," he said, raising his glass at me. The whisky slopped up the side and came perilously close to going over the rim but he didn't notice.

"How are you tonight, sir?" I asked.

"Where are you from again? I never asked did I?" he said, not answering my question.

I glanced around the room but Mr. Stone was nowhere to be seen.

"Bedford."

Mr. Black slurped some more whisky and then shook his glass so the ice-cubes clinked before stepping closer to me. I was in a huge ballroom but I felt like I was trapped in a closet with him.

He took another step closer and then ran his finger down the side of my face.

"Bedford. The little town with the environmental problem."

He put the emphasis on *bed*, his breath washing over me stinking of alcohol.

"And what do you know about it?" I asked. I wanted to step back. I wanted to slap his hand away and smack him in the face but I held still.

"The question isn't what I know about it. It's what Jackson Golden Boy Stone knows." He tilted his face down and looked up at me, trying to look demonic but just coming off like an asshole.

"How do you know they have an environmental problem?"

Mr. Black raised his finger to his lips like he was shushing himself and then looked away. "Shame about that fire wasn't it?" he said before walking away.

I felt myself turn cold and had to stop myself from following him. I wanted to smash my wine glass over his head. Instead I swallowed it down and ordered another one. The bartender served me another with an apologetic look on her face.

"He grabbed the bottle from behind the bar," she said, handing me the wine.

"Don't worry about it," I answered automatically. I sipped my wine and looked around to see where Mr. Black was but I couldn't see him. Good riddance.

Just then, a bell rang out over the crowd. I turned along with everyone else to see Mrs. Stone halfway up the stairs ringing a bell.

"The bachelor auction is about to begin! Take your drinks and go through to the next room please!"

The crowd began moving through to an adjoining room while I looked around for Mr. Stone. Where was he?

Mrs. Stone saw me waiting at the bar. She marched over and took my hand. "Come though now Delilah," she said and pulled me away from the bar.

"So good to see Jackson with a lovely young girl," she said to me as we shuffled into the next room along with everyone else. I felt like the crowd was listening to every word she had to say.

"Thank you," I said, taking a surreptitious gulp of wine.

"So many of them were just after his money," she said as though I hadn't spoken at all. "It's difficult to find someone who shares similar values you know. Raised in the same kind of environment. Different worlds, you see."

Okay, I get it. Your son grew up here in a mansion and then became a billionaire. I grew up in a tiny house and became an office worker.

"Where did you grow up?" she asked.

"Bedford."

It was the second time tonight I'd been asked that question and again, the response was surprising.

"Bedford ... Bedford ... I feel like I know that name," she said, frowning.

"Stone Pharma was there. It burned to the ground." Snarky snark. I felt my temperature rising and not in a good way.

"That must have been it," she said distantly. She let go of my arm and without another word moved off into the crowd.

"Don't worry about her," Mr. Stone said in my ear, slipping his hand into mine. I turned and saw he was flushed like he'd been running.

"I met Mr. Black too. He was drunk and very interested in my home town." For some reason I felt peeved he'd left me with these people.

"I saw him also. Shortly before he started throwing up in the bushes." Mr. Stone seemed unconcerned about the state of his business partner. "The bidding is about to begin. Remember, no limit and then we can get out of here." He squeezed my hand and gave me a look that made my knees go weak.

He led me to a chair and I sat down after removing the red numbered paddle from it. All throughout the room people were sitting down as various young men in suits made their way to the front where there sat a line of chairs. Mrs. Stone had made her way to a podium and was tapping a microphone that crackled as she touched it. Mr. Stone quickly walked to the front of the room and put his hand over the microphone before speaking with his mother. She seemed to protest something but then waved her hands at him in resignation. He moved past her and sat down.

"Tonight we are raising money to help with the refurbishment of the sixth street art gallery. Each young man has put themselves up for sale. You are buying a night of dinner, dancing and whatever your heart desires," Mrs. Stone said. Members of the crowd laughed.

"A slight change in the program - the first up is Jackson Stone, my son."

Jackson stood up and gave a slight bow to the crowd. The red of his cheeks had faded and he was looking as cool and collected as ever.

"One of the two owners of Stone-Black and one of the finest bachelors this city has to offer. Coming from a line of impeccable parentage." At this she bowed also and more people laughed. "Shall we start the bidding at ... say ... one million?"

My eyes widened and my breath caught in my throat. A million dollars? Who had a million dollars to spend at a bachelor auction?

"One million."

I turned to see a young blonde woman with cheekbones like razor blades wave her paddle in the air.

"One million! Do we have-"

"One point one million." An older woman from the back.

There was a blur of bids then and before I knew it, Jackson Stone was up to three million thanks to the blonde with the sharp cheekbones.

"Four million," said a voice from the back.

The crowd turned around to see Mr. Black standing in the doorway. His shirt was untucked and one knee of his pants looked wet. As everyone turned around he made an attempt to fix up his shirt but just showed everyone how drunk he really was.

"Um ... we have four million. Are you feeling okay, Mr. Black?"

He nodded and leaned against the door frame.

"Do we have any other bids?" Mrs. Stone asked. She looked towards the blonde who shook her head.

I took a deep breath and clenched the paddle. "Four point one million," I said.

Mrs. Stone smiled and looked across at her son. He was glaring at Mr. Black as though he was ready to hit him.

"Four point one million dollars from Delilah Neri. Whom you all know from earlier with the kissing."

My ears went red as the crowd laughed but then I saw Mrs. Stone wink at me.

"Five million," Mr. Black bid again.

Jackson stepped across to his mother and whispered something in her ear. She nodded and then cleared her throat, unfortunately into the microphone.

"If we don't have any other bids then we are finishing at four point one million for Delilah Neri," she said.

"Six million!" shouted Mr. Black and laughed.

"Going once. Going twice. And done," Mrs. Stone said.

"A hundred and ninety one million!" shouted Mr. Black. Two men in suits appeared next to him and as the crowd watched, gently maneuvered him out.

Mr. Stone came striding down off the stage, holding out his hand to me. As we swept out of the room I heard Mrs. Stone nervously clear her throat again and start to introduce the next bachelor.

We walked through the ballroom, Mr. Stone holding my hand firmly in his grasp and up the staircase. Mr. Black was nowhere to be seen. We rushed down the corridor and out the front door where Mi-oh was waiting with the car. As we walked out however, Mr. Black spoke up from the grass beside the driveway.

"Hey, I bought you for a hundred ninety one mil," he said.

Jackson guided me into the car and then turned around. "You need to go home," he said to his business partner.

"And you need ... you need to go to fucking Swaziland!" Mr. Black shouted back at him and then laughed like a hyena.

"Sleep it off," Mr. Stone said and got into the car beside me. Mi-oh floored it and we took off, leaving Mr. Black shouting at us in the distance.

*

We drove for ten minutes in silence, Mr. Stone holding my hand and looking out the window. I was nervously chewing my lip unsure of what I was meant to do here. Make a joke about how I bought him? Talk about his mother? Comment about his drunken business partner?

"He wasn't always like that," Mr. Stone said.

"Do you mean drunk?"

He nodded and sighed before taking out his phone. He tapped on it and then turned so we could both see.

"This is us, age twenty," he said, showing me a picture of him and Mr. Black. They were dressed in business suits and both looked shockingly young. "We started working together when we were just sixteen. Did you know that?"

I shook my head. I'd done my research on Stone-Black but the official records only went so far back.

"I used to call him my brother. We were rivals but when it came down to it, we'd always choose each other over any woman, any business. Nothing could come between us. By the time both of us were twenty we'd already made our first million. Then one day I was visiting a supplier overseas. They were taking me on a tour and then I went my own direction through the wrong door. There were kids sleeping on the floor next to this massive machine. It practically ran twenty-four hours a day. He denied that

he knew about it but it wasn't the truth. He always pushed on the edge of the law and now we were tied up in this contract with a company using children for workers."

I squeezed his hand and silently prayed for Mi-oh to slow down so this spell wouldn't be broken.

"I told him I needed some time and went to Swaziland. Built mud-brick houses. Met a girl."

He stopped as a wash of pain went across him.

"I was going to stay there forever. Then one day he turns up. I was so happy to see him. He joined us. Build mud-brick houses too."

He flicked his thumb across the surface of the phone and showed me two photos. In the first he had a shaved head, up to his knees in mud, helping build a mud-brick home. The next was him laughing, his arm around the waist of a stunning black girl.

"Did you love her?" I could barely hear my own voice over the rushing sound of my heart thumping.

He looked down at the photo and for an instant I saw the twenty-year-old appear. Unbroken. Softer.

"I did. But that was a lifetime ago. That kid ... he's dead and gone. Black seduced her and she left me. Made her promises of giving her a mansion to live in, jewels, more money than she could imagine."

I held my breath, questions piling up but I didn't want to speak and have him close down.

"I came home. Build a red mud-brick replica in the garden and let plants grow over it."

I remembered seeing it in the garden - it was right after Mr. Stone had asked me to be his slave and I'd refused.

"He came back too, without her. We knew it had happened but like all good families we pretended the giant problem didn't exist. My father's business was failing then and ours was thriving. We made an offer which he rejected. He could never give up control. Then he passed away four months later and the board accepted our offer. Suddenly we were in control of an organization on the brink of bankruptcy and had to work to save it. We split it up and he was the one who looked after Stone Pharma."

We were nearly at his mansion and I knew time was running short.

"I found contracts today. They had your name on them..."

"You don't trust me." His voice was low and hard.

We pulled up in front of his mansion and Mr. Stone turned to me. "Come with me. Now."

I followed him out of the car and up the front steps, my stomach churning. He took me by the hand and pulled me inside and up the stairs, heading for his study. We stopped in there and he suddenly turned and grabbed the leather collar around my throat.

"You need to be punished for your lack of trust," he said.

I felt the strength of his body close to mine and trembled at the tone in his voice. Why had I said that? He'd opened himself to me and my response was that I found contracts with his name on them? I could have said anything and I blundered in with that?

Mr. Stone opened the door to his sex dungeon and pushed me inside ahead of him, never letting go of my collar.

We stopped in the middle of the room and I saw the bench he'd tied me to before going down on me with a mouth full of hot tea.

"Take off your clothes," he said in my ear.

I complied, slipping out of my dress and stepping down from my high heels. Without any warning Mr. Stone smacked me on the ass, the crack of his hand echoing through the room. I squealed and tried to turn away but he had hold of my collar.

"You will answer yes, sir."

"Yes, sir," I said quickly and wiped away a tear.

"I said to take off your clothes," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said and unclipped my bra before slipping my underwear off. He kicked my pile of clothes to the side and continued to stand behind me, holding my collar. I could hear his breathing, low and fast and despite the sting on my skin, or maybe because of it, I felt myself getting wet.

"Over here," he said and pushed me towards an angled padded bench. At first I had no idea how you were meant to use it and then I saw the padded shelf at knee height. I stepped forward and knelt. My body went over the top of the bench, my hands hanging down either side. In this position my ass was sticking out and I knew that soon, Mr. Stone would punish me.

He let go of my collar and then I felt his hands on my ankles, securing them in leather restraints. With each movement and moment, I felt

myself getting wetter. Felt myself tensing in anticipation of his hand hitting my ass.

The smack didn't come though. He walked around in front of me and secured my hands with leather restraints also. I was almost pulled flat against the bench now, my breasts rubbing against the padded surface.

Once Mr. Stone had me secured he walked away. I tried to see where he was going but I couldn't move. I heard the door to the next room and the distant rustling of papers. I held my breath but he didn't make any more sound.

"You didn't trust me, slave," Mr. Stone said from behind me.

I yipped and then let out my breath. Of course he'd be able to sneak back in behind me without me hearing anything.

"How many letters are there in Matt Black?" he asked.

I quickly counted them out. "Nine, sir."

"And how many letters in Jackson Stone?"

"Twelve, sir."

"So twenty-one for your lack of trust. And then..."

I felt his hand stroke across my ass and then his fingers cup my sex. I moaned as he moved his hand, his middle finger slipping inside me for a moment. He kept moving, stroking his finger over my back entrance. His finger moved in a small circle and I felt pleasure starting to build, mixed with fear.

"And then I'll fuck your tight ass until you scream," he finished, his finger brushing over me.

He moved away and I heard the rustle of paper again but I could hardly concentrate on it over the feelings twisting inside me. I'd never ... not with a man. Mr. Stone's vibrating sex toy was it and that had melted my brain.

Mr. Stone appeared beside me, holding two documents. Without speaking he showed me the front page of both. It was the waste-disposal contract I'd found earlier today. He then flipped to the back page and showed me his signature before doing the same on the other copy.

The signature was Matt Black.

He leaned in close to my ear. "He forged the contracts," Mr. Stone said and then he was gone, somewhere behind me.

"Count aloud. Miss a number and I'll start over."

"Yes, sir."

I tensed but no blow came. I realized I was holding my breath in anticipation. I let it out and tried to calm myself and that was when his hand came down on my ass.

"One," I cried.

"One what?"

"One, sir, One sir," I gasped.

"We'll have to start over," Mr. Stone said.

His finger brushed over my sex and I felt how wet I was. Pleasure tingled through me and then he hit me again. This time I wouldn't get it wrong, although the sting was making my eyes water.

"One, sir!"

He hit me again.

"Two, sir!"

Another. And another. And another.

I kept the count even as he sped up and then slowed down. He moved from one cheek to the other and then back again in a random pattern. The pain soared and then I went past it, feeling wetness on my thighs, my pussy throbbing and ready for Mr. Stone's cock.

I hit twenty-one and before I could catch my breath, Mr. Stone had his tongue in my pussy. He licked upwards, gently brushing against my ass before coming back down again. The pleasure mixed with the pain and I started to gasp as he moved his mouth against me.

Before I could come he pulled away and I heard a bottle cap open behind me. A moment later I felt his finger covered in cool gel rub against my ass. Mr. Stone gently smoothed the lubricant over me and then slowly pressed his finger inside. I heard him squirt more lubricant on his finger and again he repeated this procedure. I felt the cool gel on my ass and then his finger slipping inside me, past the tight ring of muscle. He rested his finger inside me and I felt my muscles twitching involuntarily around him. Then he pulled back and slowly slipped two fingers into me. I felt my muscles tense and then relax as the lubricant did its work.

He moved with aching slowness. As he slipped his fingers in, I felt the muscles tense and relax and then after he held them in place, a deep warmth start within me. I began to pant with each movement and closed my eyes.

"You are mine, slave, and you will learn to trust me," Mr. Stone said.

He slowly removed his finger and then I felt the tip of his cock press against me. I tried to move, to push myself back but the restraints held me in place. I wanted him inside me, filling me up.

"Keep breathing," Mr. Stone said and then slowly pushed the tip of his cock into me.

I moaned, feeling myself stretch around him. He was thicker than two fingers and the muscles protested before relaxing. He held himself in place and all I could hear was his breathing and my own. He then pushed himself forward, sliding in another inch and I gasped. His cock felt impossibly big but then my body accepted it, stretched and adjusted and warm pleasure began to pulse through me.

He pulled back, slowly, and I felt how slippery I was. As his cock moved back, the muscles twinged with pleasure. He pulled back until only the tip was inside me and then slowly pressed forward again. I felt my body opening up and stretching as he moved.

He pulled back again and then slid forward, faster this time. I felt an incredible friction and my muscles pulsing out pleasure as he stretched me. Mr. Stone slowly fucked my ass, only going in halfway and I felt my legs trembling, the deep warmth running down my body.

Then he slowed and this time pressed forward further than ever before. I felt myself stretch out around him and again that sensation of impossible size.

"Breath, girl," I heard him say, his voice jolting and I realized he was breathing heavily. I remembered air and took a deep breath.

He gripped my hips and as I breathed out, slid his full length into me and held himself in place.

"Ohh, sir," I moaned. I squeezed my muscles around him and heard him groan in pleasure. I just wanted him to fuck me. To own me.

"Are you mine?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir. I'm yours," I gasped as he cock twitched inside me.

"Should I fuck your ass?"

"Oh, please sir, yes, fuck me, fuck me." I was going crazy. I couldn't move back, couldn't move forward and all I wanted was his cock moving inside me.

His hands clenched on my waist and he pulled himself slowly out of me. I felt myself stretched out around him and muscles gratefully relaxing as his thick cock moved out. He pulled out until only the tip was within me

and then slowly pushed back inside. I heard the bottle cap again and then a cold drop of lubricant drizzled directly into my asshole before he pushed his cock back in again. This time he slid all the way in and I moaned in pleasure.

He slowly pulled out of me and then began to speed up. With each thrust he filled me completely and the shocks of pleasure from him moving in and out blended into a deep pulsing heat from within me. I blurred into pleasure, losing myself in sensation and soon he was furiously fucking my ass, pounding me back and forth. I felt his hand wrap around me and he cupped my pussy. He held his firm palm against my clit as he fucked me.

"Cum now, slave," Mr. Stone commanded.

I felt my clit pulsing and then I screamed, my ass clenching around him as he fucked me. Each thrust was a new peak and my body tensed and let go each time. I heard Mr. Stone gasping behind me and then felt him cum inside me, pressing his full length into me. His body came down to rest on me as he stroked his fingers against my pussy, prolonging my fading orgasm.

I was boneless and exhausted on the bench, the deep warmth from within me lapping across my body. Mr. Stone finally slowly pulled back out of and I felt my muscles aching and a new burst of pleasure at the sensation.

He freed me from my restraints and then lifted me up into his arms as though I weighed no more than a child. He carried me out of the dungeon and into the nearest bathroom. Soon we were standing under hot water, soaping ourselves clean. I was leaning against him, unable to speak or think or take any action of my own. I felt a deep relaxation and calm. I was his. He owned me.

We toweled off and then he lifted me up again and carried me to his bedroom. Outside the sky was clear and filled with sparkling stars that were mirrored by the city lights below. He lowered me into his bed and then slipped in beside me before pulling me close to him and wrapping his arm around me.

As sleepiness washed over me I tried to put the day into order. Telling it to myself. Getting it right. This morning I'd rushed out of his office, planning to leave Mr. Stone forever. Now I was in his bed once more. Images of the bachelor auction floated through my mind. Mr. Black drunk. Mrs. Stone talking until I mentioned Bedford. The two contracts, one apparently forged. A 20-year-old Mr. Stone with a shaved head up to his

knees in red mud, grinning. A red mud-brick house in his garden, vines tangled through it. His ridiculously wealthy childhood home.

It all blurred together into a puzzle I couldn't solve right now. I was left thinking about what Mr. Stone's mother had said about growing up in different environments. We were from two different worlds.

Would we stay together or was I just another girl who would break his heart?

About the Author

Emily Cantore has a last name that sounds like some kind of dance and a mind that spends a lot of time thinking about hot and heavy moments. She writes creative smut that is based on true events and true smut based on wild times. Her stories are all works of fiction ... except when they're not.

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