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With Love From... Sawyer and Julietta from The Marriage Merger

Sawyer Wells walked into the hotel bar, slid into the stool, and ordered a whiskey. The low buzz of conversation and murmured laughter swarmed around him, but he concentrated on his shot glass and the beautiful amber liquid in it that would hopefully take away his pounding headache.

It had been a shit day. He was exhausted, sick of customers, and needed some type of outlet. Raw energy pulsed around him. His skin literally itched with the dark craving he thought he'd had under control from years of civility.

Tonight, all bets were off.

As if the devil below was laughing his ass off, Sawyer looked up and saw her. He stilled as the surroundings faded away, his dick rose to attention, and the filthy urges he usually fought off rose to life like a beast underground released of his earthly prison.

Jesus, she was gorgeous. Definitely a hooker. Dark hair pulled back from her face, red lipstick, and a lean body dressed for sex. The low clinging halter top barely hid her nipples, which pushed against the stretchy lace. Her skirt was barely there, revealing long naked legs. Her shoes were four inch deadly stilettos in shiny cheap patent leather.

She must have felt his gaze, because she looked up and stared right back. Assessing. He wondered if she was thinking of money or the need to fuck. He guessed the former. He lifted his glass in a mocking salute while those inky eyes devoured his body, took him deep and squeezed.

Oh, yeah, she was interested. Shame reared up. He was married for God's sakes. He fucking loved his wife, lived for her, but the demons urged him to empty his basic filthy instincts in a whore for the evening so he'd be clean. He accepted the lie because to deny it would mean he'd have to walk away.

Right now he couldn't.

Not allowing him to think of Julietta waiting for him at home, he picked up his drink, walked over, and sat beside her.

She never looked at him. Just kept sipping her wine with delicate hands he wanted crushed around his dick. "You need something?" she drawled. Even her voice was bad for him, thick like smoke, heady like cocaine.

"You know what I need."

She paused, pretending not to care. Pretending she wasn't going to accept his proposal. "You a cop?"

Sawyer gave a half laugh. "No. Let's just say I was on the other side of the jail cell."

"Sounds promising."

"I'm also married. I love my wife." The words almost made him turn around and go home. Almost.

“Of course you do. I’ll meet you in Room 213. Knock twice. I don’t like what I see, you’ll regret you’ve ever laid eyes on me. Got it?”

He shuddered with need to mount her, take her, break her. And he would. But for now, he needed to play by her rules. “Agreed.”

She left. Sawyer paid the bill, and headed up to the room. He knocked twice.

She opened it. He stepped through the doorway. She shut the door.

“Two hundred fifty per hour.”

He raised a brow. This time, he was the one to study her, his gaze stripping off her clothes and judging. She was worth it. “You do everything I saw, when I say it. If you want me to stop give me a word. Not no.”

“Stop sign.”

He peeled off the bills from his wallet and put it on the table. Shrugged off his jacket. Then leaned against the wall.

“Take your clothes off real slow.”

She reached up to remove the pins from her hair. His voice cracked like a whip. “Leave it up. Do what I say only. Disobey me one more time I’ll punish you.”

Her hair down reminded him too much of his wife. This way, he could sink into the knowledge she was a plaything, one night only, and he could go home and be wiped clean. The dilation of her pupils told him she was into it and would like the slap of his hand on her rear.

Would crave orgasm denial until she broke apart and became someone else with the need to have his dick inside her.

Sawyer watched. She unzipped the skirt and pulled it down over her hips, inch by inch. The material pooled around her feet. She wore no underwear.

He smelled her from here. Wet and musky. She'd shaved so her swollen, pink lips were displayed. She worked the top even slower, pulling down the tiny spaghetti straps one by one, freeing each plump breast like a prize. Her nipples were scarlet red, stiff, and ready for his mouth. Instead of pulling the top over her head, she shimmied out of the stretchy material by sliding it down over her body to join the skirt. She kept on the shoes.

He fought to keep from shaking. He wanted to do everything to her without mercy. Make her scream with pleasure and fight him. But right now, he needed something else even more.

“Get down on your hands and knees. Crawl over to me.”

Her face reflected surprise. He didn't think she'd ever crawled to a man before, but she gracefully dropped and with a sensuous prowl, made her way across the thickly carpeted floor. His dick strained against his pants. “Very nice. Unbuckle me and put your mouth on my cock. Would you like that?”

“Yes,” she purred. Her eager fingers unbelted him and his erection popped out. He wondered if she'd play games with him, teasing like a good whore would, but she surprised him by opening wide and sucking him deep without hesitation.

Sawyer slumped against the wall, and groaned. Jesus, she was heaven, her mouth tight and wet and silky, throating him just like he liked it but hated to demand from his wife. There was no hold barred in the moment, and though his lids almost slipped closed from the sheer pleasure, he kept his eyes open to watch those ripe lips suck him off.

When he was ready to explode, he gave the command. “Stop now.” Her mouth slipped down his dick and released him. Saliva dampened her lips. Her tongue ran over the bottom, and her eyes hazed with lust.

“You haven’t earned the bed yet. Get on all fours and spread your legs wide.” A little moan escaped her lips, and her scent swarmed him. Oh, yeah, she was turned on. He’d be able to get her to orgasm quickly, but he wanted her to suffer first before he gave her what she wanted. She obeyed and he stripped off her clothes.

Sawyer studied her naked body on display for him. Her small firm breasts hung free, the nipples erect. Moisture coated her thighs. He moved behind her and eased her knees further apart, then began to play. Starting with her breasts, he stroked and teased, pinching her nipples, caressing her belly, her hips, massaging her ass. Her knees trembled with the need to collapse and he upped his game, leaving no inch of skin untouched, until finally, he used his thumbs to part her pussy and lowered his head.

She cried out at the first swipe of his tongue over her dripping slit. Her thighs clenched and she pushed herself forward for more of him. His control slipped, until he devoured her pussy, using his lips and tongue and teeth, her hard clit throbbing under him, her body shaking with the need to hold off her orgasm.

“You do not come unless I tell you.”

“Please, I need to, please!”

He slapped her ass and continued her torture, loving the mewls from her lips and her frantic body actions that stripped away anything civilized and brought her to a writhing animal of pleasure.

Frantic to mount her, he removed his mouth and settled his cock at her dripping entrance. He paused. Then slammed into her.

She screamed. He waited a moment, allowing her to adjust to his length, and then gripping her hips, he rode her hard, mercilessly keeping her clit from scraping against his dick and torturing her with a looming orgasm she had to beg for. And she did beg, over and over, with a desperation that fed his soul, until finally he gave her what they both wanted and thrust hard, his fingers rubbing her clit, and she came with a long wail of pleasure.

He emptied inside her as the orgasm ripped through him, raw and deep and dirty. Finally Sawyer withdrew and she collapsed on the carpet underneath him.

When his legs were able to work, he scooped her up and cradled her gently in his arms. She seemed half conscious, a beautiful half smile on her face, and he tucked her under the covers, crawling into bed with her and holding her close. He removed the pins from her gorgeous hair, each dark curl wrapping around his fingers in welcome until they spread across the white of the pillow.

“That was intense.”

Sawyer laughed at her slurred statement. Pressing kisses over her face, he worshipped her in the way he had since the moment he'd claimed her, married her, took her into both his body and soul and allowed her to heal him.

“Not too much?”

She stretched and cuddled, interweaving her thighs around his and laying her head on his chest. “Nah, I always wanted to know what it would be like to be a prostitute.”

“And?”

“I love it. But only with you.”

He laughed again. “I have a full course dinner being delivered in half an hour.”

“And sparkling cider?”

His hand dipped to stroke her belly. The slight bulge made shivers race down his spine. Some fear, but mostly excitement. Julietta believed he was worthy to become a father. He finally did too. The future stretched ahead of him, bright and beautiful and hopeful, so different from his broken past. Emotion choked his throat. “Always sparkling cider. Are you sure I wasn't too rough? I know the doctor said it's fine but—“

“You weren't too rough.” She pressed a kiss to his heart. “You were a sexual beast and I loved every moment of it. The baby is strong and I'm past the twelve week mark.”

“I know. I just worry.”

“You worry about everything.” Her tone held a teasing note. “When Wolfe comes to visit you need to spend some male bonding time. You’ve been stuck with my crazy hormones for too long.”

“I love you, baby.” The words were thick with wimpy tears, so he made himself sound gruff and manly. “Happy Valentine’s Day.”

The woman of his heart lifted her face and gazed up at him with shining eyes. “I love you too. Happy Valentine’s Day.”

He held her close, heart full, and was happy.