

# SEX GAME GETAWAY

A DEVIANT EBOOK MINI-NOVELLA BY  
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## CHAPTER ONE

*Friday, May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2014*

9:38 A.M.

“I want you and your team at the front, back, and side exits. The windows shouldn’t be an issue because once they’re all inside, I will close the shutters. They shouldn’t be able to get them open after that. I don’t anticipate that any of them will get outside, but I want you and your men to be prepared for anything. And make sure the gates stay locked. I have cameras along the walls, so I should be able to monitor everything from the control room and alert you if I see anything odd.”

“No problem, boss. I’ll get my team ready and we’ll be waiting for your call,” Joseph said. He signaled to his men standing against the far wall and they stalked out behind him. They moved in utter silence.

Once the team was outside, Joseph started barking orders. He wanted to make sure this weekend went off without a hitch. The boss was paying him a bloody fortune for his *services*. Joseph didn’t know what exactly was going down this weekend, and he didn’t care to know. He knew what his job was, and that was all that mattered. After today, he and every man on his team could practically retire if they wanted to...not that they would.

Joseph ran his hand along his bald head, wiping the perspiration off before it had a chance to run into his eyes. It was already sweltering and it wasn’t even ten in the

morning yet. He knew the heat wave wasn't likely to last. Forecast called for some pretty severe rain to hit. That would suck for his team since they would essentially be living outside for the next three and a half days. But they'd been in worse situations. He trusted the five men standing in front of him with his life. They'd been through all kinds of hell in the past on their covert missions.

Now that they were getting older, though, the missions were less frequent. He knew what was happening, and he wasn't ready to be benched just yet. So he didn't at all feel guilty for taking jobs on the side to supplement his pay.

He pulled his sunglasses out of the crook of his plain black t-shirt and shoved them on, blocking the sun's glare, his bright blue eyes now hidden behind the dark lenses. His tan skin glistened with a thin sheen of sweat as he finished giving his men orders.

Joseph dispatched his men to the heavily tinted black SUV that sat waiting in the circle drive. He paused before joining them, checking to make sure his cell was working and that had a good signal. He didn't want to miss The Call when it came in. He pulled the AK-47 off of his back and loaded it into the back of the SUV.

He dug the keys out of one of the many pockets of his camo pants and climbed into the driver's seat. He noticed that the boss was watching from the front room window. He snapped off a quick salute and sped out of the driveway towards their hiding spot on an adjacent property. His bulging biceps flexed as his grip tightened on the steering wheel. He could not quell the excitement that

was building inside of him. The next few days were probably not going to be action packed, but any time he got a “shoot to kill” order, he was ecstatic. His men seemed to have the same mindset.

Joseph parked the massive black vehicle behind a copse of trees, hiding it from view. His men piled out and headed for the storage building that would be their headquarters for the next few days. He’d already equipped it with everything possible that they might need. He checked his phone again as he headed inside, slinging his AK back onto his back. He felt naked without its weight resting there.

Joseph took one more look around and felt certain that nothing seemed out of place. It wasn’t likely any of the “guests” would even notice the storage building on their trip up to the mansion, but he still took care to leave nothing suspicious in view.

Now it was all about the waiting game...

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The boss watched as the carload of men drove off. It was pretty much foolproof. There was no detail that hadn’t been thought of, hopefully. The guests would be here within a few hours and then the fun could begin. It was going to be the best weekend ever.

The boss took off upstairs, wanting to check on one more thing before the festivities began. This weekend had

to be absolutely perfect. It had been in the works for quite some time. The boss whistled a cheerful tune while walking up the stairs. Yes...it was going to be a stellar weekend.

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“Will you go a little faster? Jeez, it’s going to take all day at this rate, and I have to pee!” Kennedy put on yet another coat of lipstick as she checked herself out in the vanity mirror of their sporty new car. She applied a second coat of dark mascara to her lashes, making her stunning green eyes shine brighter.

When she was done, she put her makeup away in her purse. She still couldn’t believe that Holton had bought them a Lamborghini. It should have probably made her feel cheap, but it didn’t. Not in the slightest.

But the way Jase drove the thing, you’d think it was a jalopy. It was a sports car for fuck’s sake...and an extremely fast one at that. But he barely breached the speed limit. And it was driving her fucking nuts.

They were on their way to Holton’s “beach house” as he liked to call it. She’d pulled it up on her map system on her laptop before they’d left. From the aerial view, it looked more like a beach mansion to her. It looked bigger than their damn shopping mall in Franklin.

She couldn’t wait – a whole weekend of basking in the sun on the beach, drinking and doing who knows what

else. If Holton was involved, it was going to be pretty kinky. He always kept things spicy.

Kennedy glanced over at the dashboard and realized Jase hadn't sped up at all. She smacked him in the arm. "Faster, asshole! I don't want to be late!"

"Well, if you didn't want to be late, you shouldn't have left late, babe," Jase snapped back with acrimony. It seemed like she was getting on his nerves a lot today. Well, more than usual, anyway.

"Fuck off. It takes time to look this good, bitch." Kennedy blew him a sticky kiss. She knew he would be pissed if she actually kissed him and smudged her lipstick on his face.

Kennedy smoothed her dark brown hair back into place, not that a hair had come loose. She'd spent all morning primping for today – waxing, buffing, plucking, styling. It was exhausting. Her straight, shoulder-length hair had been artfully swept up into a playful ponytail and set with enough hairspray to keep it in place for a week. She thought it made her heart-shaped face look even younger, not that she needed any help with that. She was young...only twenty-four. Twenty-four and on her way to being filthy rich, thanks to her husband, Jase.

Her newly found wealth had paid for a lot – a bigger house, better furniture, nicer jewelry. She joined the most expensive gym in the area and hired a personal trainer. She was lean and fit at five feet, seven inches. And the in-house salon had a fancy set of tanning beds that she'd helped herself to. Now her skin stayed with a constant

sunny glow. She could even get hair nails done when she was finished with her workout. She'd picked hot pink for this weekend...to match her hot pink bikini she'd bought just for the occasion.

Since they'd come into money, Kennedy had toyed around with the idea of getting a boob job, but Jase didn't want her to. Not yet, anyway. Her large C cups seemed to make him happy for now. She looked over at her husband, pulling her shades down so she could see him better. She always called him a lucky bastard for landing a babe like her, but truthfully, she was also a lucky bitch.

Jase was hot...fucking *hot*. He stood four inches taller than her, and though he was lean, he was also muscular. He'd worked out a lot in college and it showed. His well-toned frame was hidden under his relaxed clothing he'd worn – a light blue polo shirt and jeans. She sighed quietly. No matter how much money they made, he refused to give up his jeans. Oh well...at least they were tight in all the right places, accentuating his delicious ass and bulging crotch.

Jase's light brown hair was tousled and sexy looking. He never did anything to style it, but somehow it always looked good. She itched to run her fingers through it, but she didn't want to distract him. He noticed her staring at him and flashed her a pearly white smile. She blushed a little and he winked at her. Even as much as they drove each other crazy, they were still mad about one another. She couldn't imagine a day without him. She reached over and snagged his hand, squeezing it with affection.

But, she didn't want him to think she'd gone too soft. "Hurry it up, asshole, unless you want me to piss on your new seat." Jase shot her a smile and slammed the gas pedal down, effectively silencing her as her stomach lurched into her throat as they sped down the empty highway.

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"I don't know, Maddy. Why didn't you ask him?" Miles was getting more agitated by the minute. His wife didn't seem to be picking up on his souring mood.

"I *told* you, Miles...I didn't actually speak to him. I just got a bunch of emails yesterday."

"How can you not speak to him? You're his secretary, for crying out loud."

He saw her tense up in the seat beside him. He knew it was because of his use of the word "secretary."

"I'm NOT a secretary, dammit!" she screeched at him.

"Yes, yes, I know...you're an executive administrative assistant. Sorry." He didn't want to have that fight again. She was so damn touchy. Who cares what her title is? She brought Holton his damn coffee and scheduled his meetings. She was his fucking secretary.

Maddy crossed her arms across her chest and sighed dramatically, ignoring him. Great. Now she was pissed. Oh well. Maybe should would at least be quiet now. Her mouth was really starting to grate on his nerves.



Yeah...as if that had been an actual possibility. If Maddy couldn't prattle on and on about asinine shit, she might explode.

"ANYWAY," she said with annoyance, "he didn't come into the office at all yesterday. I guess he was working from his condo. I tried emailing him back but he never responded."

"Isn't that a little weird? I mean, we're driving all the way out to his beach house and all we're going off of is a couple of random emails? How do we even know if we'll have the right place?" The irritation was getting worse. The last thing he wanted to do was spend his holiday weekend with Holton and Alexis. He knew exactly what this invitation meant, and he was furious with Maddy that she even entertained the idea of going. Especially after their last "visit" with the power couple.

"It's not weird, Miles. Don't be so pessimistic. Besides, I've set up meetings for Holton before at this place. I've seen photos of it in his office. It is absolutely breathtaking! I mean, who wouldn't want to spend all weekend on the beach?"

"Yeah...couldn't think of a single reason not to go," Miles grumbled. He'd tried, but everything he'd managed to come up with was shot down by Maddy. She'd had to practically force him out of the house this morning. Not to mention he was missing a day of work just to drive up here. His boss didn't seem to appreciate the last minute arrangements, but he was entitled to five personal days a

year, and he'd yet to take one. Of course, this was on a holiday weekend, but still.

Miles glanced over at Maddy as she fumed. She glared out of the window, intent on ignoring him. He sometimes wondered what had happened over the years. He tried, really tried to find the love he once felt for her, but some days it was hard to muster. She'd changed, and not for the better. She was greedy and too concerned about keeping up with the neighbors. He knew she would start acting that way as soon as she'd announced her new position at Holton & Springfield. He knew working around that kind of wealth would rub off eventually, and he had been right.

Maddy had turned into a petty, shallow, self-absorbed bitch. Her caked on makeup looked out of place on her. She had such beautiful skin...creamy and soft. She didn't need to hide it under all that garbage. Her long, curly strawberry-blonde hair had been her best aspect, so he had been horrified when she'd cut it to shoulder-length and spent extra time every morning straightening it to perfection. Even her beautiful brown eyes weren't good enough. She'd gotten colored contacts so that they had a bluish hue to them now.

Miles didn't care for it. His wife was morphing into someone else right before his eyes and there was nothing he could do to stop it. He'd tried – and they'd had almighty fights over it, too. Miles wasn't any different. He looked the same as he did in college; tall, lanky, and handsome in a geeky sort of way. His scruffy brown hair was still thick, which was a miracle compared to half the guys his age.

Most of them were already balding. Maddy had gained a bit of weight after college, and she was always just a little chubby now, mostly in her belly. Miles hadn't gained a pound in years. He could still wear clothes from high school.

Miles glanced at himself in the rearview mirror. His dark green eyes looked weary. It matched the rest of his wrinkleless face. He shook his head in disgust. Why in the world would Maddy want to spend the weekend at the beach? She burned like bacon in the sun if she didn't put on a gallon of sunblock, and she hated wearing swimsuits because of her paunchy belly. He knew she was only going along with this because it was *Holton* who'd asked her. She was enamored with him.

Maddy continued to fume as he sped along the empty road. He was eager to get there and get this weekend over with. He didn't know what that dick had planned, but he had no intentions of being a part of it.

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The boss watched the waves gently rolling in. The upstairs veranda had a stunning view of the private beach. A glance at the clock said it was nearly time. The guests would be here soon. A quick call was in order.

The line rang only once before Joseph's cool, controlled voice answered.

"Yes, boss?"

"Is everything prepared?"

“Affirmative. We are ready to roll. I’ve got everything set up here.”

“Good. It should be within the hour.”

“Copy. We are standing by.”

The boss smiled and disconnected the line without another word. Everything was in place. The guests couldn’t arrive fast enough.

The boss strode out onto the balcony again, taking a seat in one of the lush chairs and sipping cool gin out of an icy glass. The waves really were hypnotizing.

“Lucinda!”

“Yes?” a soft voice answered from the room.

“Prepare for the guests. Make sure Aletta is ready as well. I want to make sure everything is just right. And tell Luz to check the perimeters one last time, please.”

“Very good,” Lucinda answered before disappearing out of the room.

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“Oh my gosh, I cannot believe we’re almost there!” Sofie gushed with enthusiasm. Brett smiled at her with affection.

“Calm down! You’re acting all amped up, babe!” Brett admonished, but he was secretly pleased, too.

Imagine his excitement when Sofie had come home yesterday with the news that old man Holton had offered a free weekend at his posh pad on the coast. He was so glad his finals had been last week. He wouldn’t have

wanted to miss this for anything. Ah, a whole summer off. This last semester had just about killed him. He only had two more to go. He'd been crazy for going back for his Master's degree.

"I AM amped up! Fuck me! Have you SEEN pictures of Holton's beach house? What am I saying? Of course you haven't. Well, trust me, it is phenomenal. I hoped I packed everything!"

Sofie rambled on about what she did pack and what she should have packed, but Brett wasn't paying her much attention. He wondered exactly what this big surprise was going to be that Holton had mentioned. Fuck, the last time Holton had "rewarded" them, Sofie got a huge raise – enough to allow him to quit his part-time job – and they both got expensive jewelry. He was sporting his shiny new Rolex and Sofie never took off her platinum two carat diamond solitaire necklace. Not even in the shower.

So, yeah, Brett was a little excited about this weekend and whatever it might entail. He had to admit, he'd been a little reluctant when Sofie had first approached him a few months back about a proposed arrangement she'd made with Holton. But now, he knew it had been a good decision.

Brett reached over and stroked Sofie's soft sandy colored hair. She'd worn it down today and it was blowing in the wind. She was a total beach babe, and he was no different. They'd both grown up on the coast and it showed. Sometimes people mistook them for siblings, but that didn't bother Brett. They did have some striking

similarities. Both of them had the same lightly tanned skin, sandy blonde hair, and light blue eyes. But, they grew up in the same area and most of the kids they hung out with could have passed for their siblings.

Brett had known Sofie since they were tiny. Their parents had been friends growing up and they lived in the same neighborhood for almost fourteen years before Brett's parents got a divorce and he'd had to move out with his mom. But when he graduated, he went back to college in his hometown, much to his mother's disgust. He and Sofie became more than friends quickly in college and they'd been inseparable ever since. She hadn't even hesitated when he'd asked her to marry him last year. With the money she was making now at Holton & Springfield, they might actually be able to afford a real wedding.

Brett checked the clock on the dashboard and a flutter of excitement hit him again. Less than half an hour and they should be there, according to their GPS.

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Maya adjusted her cleavage once again, making sure her girls were front and center. They were, after all, her best asset. Her tight lime green halter top clung nicely in all the right places, showing off her honed frame. She worked hard to have this body and she was going to put it out there for everyone to see. Not everyone could say they looked this good after having three kids.

After adjusting her cleavage, Maya checked her makeup again and smoothed her bleach-blonde hair down her shoulders again. She'd gone for the customary simple headband to hold her long hair back away from her face. Her dark brown eyes looked lighter today in the sunlight, she noted. She pursed her lips and smoothed her finger along the lipstick line, making sure her light red lipstick was flawless.

Leon was clammed up in the seat next to her. She didn't know why he was such a sourpuss. He was Holton's number one accountant, and it showed. After their "arrangement" a few months back, Leon had gotten an astounding promotion which included a fat bonus, a pay raise, and a huge corner office. Now he was in charge of the whole accounting department and Holton & Springfield. She couldn't believe their luck.

Now Missy Thompson and Sheila Harris from across the street got to watch in horror as they bought nicer cars and put in a brand new in-ground pool and hot tub. Jealous fucking bitches. Let them talk about her behind her back now. And they'd always hinted at how average Leon was. Sure, he wasn't the most handsome man in the universe. He was in his mid-forties now, and he was starting to go bald. He had lost quite a bit of his dark black hair over the past couple of years. He'd chalked it up to stress from work.

And, yes, he didn't take care of his body like she did. He had a small paunch in the front and he never got any sun. And despite her insistence, he refused to wear

contacts, favoring his old glasses instead. And she REALLY wished he would get rid of that seventies porn 'stach he sported, but he wouldn't budge on that.

Yet, Leon was faithful and she knew he loved her. He readily admitted that she was his trophy wife. Now that he was making more money, though, she found herself being able to stand him a little more. Maybe she was a cold-hearted bitch, but was it SO wrong to want someone new once in a while? Leon was about as adventurous as vanilla pudding. If it hadn't been for their three kids, she would have probably left him by now. She would only get alimony and child support if she divorced him. If she stayed, she got all of his money. It seemed like a pretty good deal...for now.

Leon never once took his eyes off the road. He seemed to be in a trance. She wished he would snap out of this mood. Obviously Holton has something awesome planned for this weekend. He insisted on them coming and gave Leon an extra day off for travel time. She didn't really care what the fucker wanted. She just planned on taking a million photos of herself in her new bathing suit and posting them online so Missy and Sheila could choke on them. She knew being at Holton's enormous mansion would drive those two whores crazy.

Maya nervously checked her makeup again in the mirror of their new Escalade. The anticipation was going to kill her. She couldn't wait to find out what was in store for the next three days.



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*1:18 P.M.*

The boss watched with quiet elation as the first car rolled into the driveway. It was a dark green Jeep Wrangler with two surfboards attached to the top. So, Sofie and Brett, then. Brett had always seemed enthusiastic about the trysts that had occurred. It wasn't surprising that they would be the first couple to arrive.

The boss dialed Joseph's number. "They are arriving." Joseph acknowledged the information and then the line went dead. He knew what to do now that the guests were coming. He would wait for the last car to arrive and then put the plan into action.

The boss strolled into the large control room that had been set up just for this occasion. As soon as the last couple arrived, the show would begin. The computer screens hummed and soft whir of the air conditioner were the only noises in the room. Almost as calming as the waves...

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Sofie and Brett climbed out of the Jeep and stared up at the house. House was actually a loose term. Sofie could not believe how *big* it was. To see photos was one thing, but in person...it was a different story. She was almost overwhelmed by the wealth that was involved with this place. The gigantic concrete and stone walls that

surrounded the mansion had to be at least eight feet tall. She wondered idly how much that had cost to construct.

Sofie bounced with pleasure as she imagined their long weekend staying here. She grabbed Brett's hand and tugged him towards the front door. She didn't want to wait another minute.

When they got to the recessed front doorway, Sofie noticed that the wide wooden double doors were propped open, revealing the cavernous foyer beyond. It seemed like the polished floors were pure white and gold swirled marble. There was an elegant oak wooden table centered in the foyer. It looked to be an antique and it was expertly polished. She doubted they would find a speck of dust anywhere in the house. On the table sat an overflowing crystal vase filled with the most stunning array of flowers – carnations, lilies, and roses of all different colors.

Beyond the table, there was another set of double doors that must lead into the house, but they were closed. The doors were dark wood and smoked glass and revealed nothing of the inside of the house. The walls in the foyer were heavily textured and painted a deep, rich ocher. There was nothing adorning the walls, which Sofie thought was a little weird.

Sofie slowly approached the table and noted that in front of the vase was a single envelope. There was nothing written on the envelope, but Sofie figured it was probably meant for them. Even the envelope was made of heavy weight paper.

Sofie slid her finger under the flap and loosened it. She pulled the single page out and unfolded it, revealing the message. Brett stepped up behind her to read over her shoulder.

*Please leave your bags in the foyer  
and head out to the veranda.  
Drinks will be waiting!*

Sofie put the note back on the table. She and Brett headed back out to the Jeep to collect their bags. They decided to leave their surfboards on the roof for now – they could get them later.

They deposited their bags next to the table and slowly approached the double doors. It seemed that Brett was overwhelmed by the affluence of their location just as much as she was.

Sofie's hand went to turn the ornate door handle when the sound of an approaching car caught her attention. The front doors were still open and Sofie and Brett watched as a flashy sports car whipped into the driveway behind their Jeep.

Brett whistled out loud. "Damn! Is that a Lamborghini? Is that Holton?" he asked.

"I don't think so," Sofie responded. She didn't remember ever running across any information about a Lamborghini. Not to say that Holton couldn't have acquired one...but that didn't seem to be his style.

Sofie's guess turned out to be correct when she watched a young couple emerge from the sports car. Okay...most definitely NOT Holton. Who were they? And why were they here? Neighbors, maybe?

Sofie and Brett paused just inside the doorway and waited for the couple to enter. They looked like they had just stepped out of a high-end magazine. Sofie instantly didn't like them, and that was odd. She normally didn't have intense feelings of dislike for people she didn't even know. There must have been a reason though – she was usually a great judge of character.

Brett reached for her hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. The new couple had stopped dead in their tracks when they laid eyes on Brett and Sofie.

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“Who the fuck are they?” Kennedy asked Jase quietly.

“How the hell am I supposed to know?” Jase snapped back. “Maybe they're the staff or something.”

“Oh, you're probably right. Maybe they're instructors or something for the beach. That Jeep is probably theirs. They have surfboards.”

“Hello,” Jase called, giving a short wave to the two blonde people standing at the entrance. “Our bags are in the trunk,” he instructed arrogantly.

“That's great. Have fun getting them out,” the blonde woman called back, flipping her middle finger at him.

What the fuck? He watched the two turn around and disappear inside. Kennedy arched her brow at him and he just shrugged. He approached the front door with caution – he didn't know who those people were.

“And who are you?” Kennedy asked the two blondes as she crossed the threshold.

“I'm Brett...this is my fiancée Sofie. I'm sorry. We weren't expecting anyone else to show up. We were invited here by Mr. Holton for the weekend.” The blonde guy stared expectantly at Kennedy and Jase.

“Really?” Jase asked, skepticism clear in his voice. “That's what we're here for. We were invited for the weekend.”

“Oh, do one of you work for Mr. Holton, then?” the mouthy blonde girl named Sofie asked.

“Yes, I do. I'm Jase Sullivan, the head of IT at Holton & Springfield,” Jase replied conceitedly.

“Well, good for you,” Sofie smarted off. He didn't care for her attitude or her tone. He didn't allow people to speak to him like that.

“SO...I'm going to assume that one of you *also* works for Holton?” Kennedy questioned, stepping in front of Jase. She probably knew he was getting pissed. Smart.

“I'm Mr. Holton's personal assistant,” Sofie answered almost grudgingly.

Jase couldn't believe this. Why were these people here? Quite honestly, they looked like vagrants...fucking beach bums. They didn't appear to be the type of people Holton associated with. Maybe he needed his assistant to

help out with whatever was going on this weekend. He could not fathom that she and her scruffy “fiancé” had been invited here as guests. He refused to put them on the same level as Kennedy and himself.

He eyed them both up and down, scrutinizing them. Sofie was tanned...but not from a tanning bed like Kennedy. You could tell she had spent a LOT of time outside under the sun’s harsh rays. Her grungy looking hair seemed windblown and her partner’s wasn’t much better. They were both wearing white beach shorts and tank tops – his a bright yellow number with a beach motif on it and hers a bright orange with a flower of some sort. Jase wouldn’t be surprised if they were wearing swimsuits underneath. They were also sporting sandals that were rather weathered.

Yet, as he looked them over, he noticed some very expensive jewelry that was extremely out of place. She was wearing a necklace that had to be worth at least ten grand and her beach bum boyfriend was wearing none other than a Rolex. Seriously? Something was definitely out of place with these two.

“Look – there was a note here on the table,” Brett said after an uncomfortable silence had settled between them all.

Kennedy walked forward and snatched the letter from his hands as if she was offended that he had touched it. Brett shrunk back towards the table.

Jase joined Kennedy and read the note. Then he noticed that the other two had already dumped their dollar store luggage on the floor by the table.

Jase left Kennedy standing there as he ran out to the car to get their bags. He wasn't sure how much fun this weekend was going to be with those two around. He hated them.

When Jase reappeared with the luggage, he put it on the floor as far away from the other luggage as possible. Kennedy was shifting uncomfortably from foot to foot as she waited.

"I'm Kennedy, by the way. Jase's wife," she added unnecessarily. She twitched her hand like she was going to offer it to Sofie and Brett but then she must have thought better of herself and she put it safely behind her back.

"Nice to meet both of you," Brett said with a small smile. He grabbed Sofie's hand and spun around, heading for the closed double doors. Kennedy made a move to follow.

Everyone stopped when the rumble of an SUV sounded outside. Four pairs of eyes swung around to face the open front door and watched as a massive Escalade came creeping up the driveway.

*Who the fuck is this? Jase thought. Surely not ANOTHER couple.*

Jase watched with interest as a leggy blonde stepped out of the passenger side. He sized her up instantly. At least she seemed more on his level. She was fit and toned in all the right places, and her massive tits were spilling out

of her green top. She was wearing some designer white capris and some white high-heeled open-toed shoes. Her unnaturally blonde hair was at least styled and cut well. She looked up and noticed Jase staring at her and she flashed him a brilliant white smile. She artfully strutted over to Jase and offered him her elegantly manicured hand. He shook it and was surprised to note that she had a firm, confident handshake.

“Hello there. I’m Maya Cunningham and this is my husband Leon,” she said with a casual wave of her hand. Jase peeked around her and noticed the man that climbed out of the driver’s seat. While he was tall and what some would call “stocky,” he didn’t seem to have the same caliber of grooming as his wife. He was balding and sort of sallow looking. His small potbelly poked out of his worn-out looking baby blue button-up shirt. He had the sleeves rolled up to his elbows and it was clear that he was definitely not a lover of the outdoors. His pale skin seemed to clash violently with his wife’s lovely tan skin.

Leon also was balding. But the worst part was the guy’s mustache and eyeglasses. He just looked...outdated. Even his khaki pants seemed to have come from the nineties.

Leon kept his eyes averted and made no move to introduce himself to the rest of the group. Jase wondered if he was the link to Holton or if it was his wife. He decided to find out.

“Hello, Maya. I’m Jase and that lovely lady over there is Kennedy, my wife,” Jase explained. As an afterthought, he



decided to explain who the other two were. "Oh, and this is Sofie and Brett."

Maya flashed him another brilliant smile. Was she flirting with him?

"So tell me, Maya, do you work for Holton? We've already established a link through Holton & Springfield with the other couple." Jase had to work hard to keep the disdain out of his voice when he said "other couple." "I'm head of IT and Sofie is Holton's assistant."

"Oh, really? I don't work for him, but Leon does. Leon is Mr. Holton's executive accountant, aren't you honey?" Maya asked, looking over her shoulder at her husband. She was clearly trying to engage him in the conversation, but he was having none of it. He just shook his head in agreement and leaned against the Escalade.

"Anyway, Mr. Holton was kind enough to invite us here for the weekend. We didn't know there would be others," Maya explained, disbelief and irritation lacing her words.

"Yes, we were surprised as well. We had no idea that this was going to be a group affair," Jase replied. Kennedy cleared her throat behind him. She was starting to get pissy because he was talking to Maya too long.

"Anyway, there was a note that said to bring your bags inside to the foyer...and something about drinks on the deck."

Maya flashed another toothy grin at him and turned to help her husband with their excessive bags. It was no surprise that they had that much luggage. And Jase would put money on the fact that most of it belonged to Maya.

She seemed almost as high maintenance as Kennedy. He wasn't sure that was necessarily a good thing.

After turning around and spotting the thinly concealed rage on Kennedy's face, he had his answer.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why didn't Holton tell you about this?" Maya hissed at Leon as he struggled to get all of her damn bags into the house. He noticed the pompous little fuck that had been checking Maya out didn't bother to offer a hand.

"I don't know, Maya. What does it matter? The place looks like it could house half of the staff of Holton & Springfield without being crowded...so what do you care?" Leon snapped back. Of course she would find something to bitch about. That was her specialty. Nothing was EVER good enough.

"I just don't understand, that's all. I thought this was going to be another *arrangement* but obviously not with all of these other people here."

"I don't know. I have no clue what Holton's up to. Maybe he just invited some of his staff to spend the weekend because he felt like being nice. If you want to, we can leave." Leon tried like hell to keep the hope out of his voice. He knew Maya would never go for it, but he had to try.

"Hell, no! We're staying. I'm just saying, he could have given us a head's up is all." She grabbed one tiny little bag

and walked inside, setting it on the floor. *Yes, that was extremely helpful, bitch!* Leon thought bitterly.

Leon hefted the last of the bags in and dropped them unceremoniously onto the ground. The blonde woman named Sofie approached him. She seemed a little nicer than the other two...so far.

"Hi, Leon. I'm Sofie...this is my fiancé Brett. It's nice to meet you," she said with a smile. "We're supposed to go outside for drinks...if you're ready. Do you need any help? I didn't realize you had so many bags," she said without spite. He almost laughed. At least she'd offered to help. Better than that other prick.

"No, I think I finally got them all. Thanks anyway. Lead on to the drinks," he stated. Sofie gave him another small smile and headed for the double doors behind the giant wooden table. This place was going to be ridiculous on the inside.

Sofie turned the handle and pushed the doors open cautiously, like there would be something on the other side that might jump out and get her. Knowing Holton and his sick sense of humor, he wouldn't put it past the guy.

Leon watched as Kennedy practically shoved Sofie out of the way to get inside. She seemed as ill-mannered and off-putting as her husband. Leon motioned for Brett and Maya to go ahead as he brought up the rear.

They all made it across the threshold and stopped to look around. To call this place *nice* would have been an insult. Leon had never seen anything like it.

The immense room that opened up before them was almost ludicrous. Who would ever need so much space? It was an open floor plan, and Leon could see that the room stretched on and on.

The giant common room was furnished in hues of gold, crimson, and cream, with lush couches that matched the hues of the dark red and gold walls. The giant cream and gold area rugs engulfed the floor, but the areas that were uncovered revealed some intricate dark wood flooring that was apparently coated in something heavy duty and extremely shiny.

There were multiple wooden tables, similar to the one in the foyer, scattered throughout the room. Some were smaller end tables, some were larger coffee tables, and there was one off to the left of the room that looked like a large dining table. Leon noted beautiful paintings splashed on the walls in random fashion. They all looked to be original oil paintings of various themes. Some were nautical, some were stills of fruits, some were of houses. There were too many to take in at one time.

In the very far corner, there was an enormous pool table set up. It seemed like that was the “entertainment” corner. It had plush black leather recliners that surrounded the biggest plasma TV he’d ever seen and what seemed to be every type of electronic and game device you could ask for. Everything was housed into a large dark wood cabinet that seemed to have been constructed into the wall.

On the opposite end of the room was even more couches, this time situated around a giant hearth. Luckily, there was no fire blazing in there at the moment.

Running along all of the available interior walls were built-in bookshelves crammed with books. It was like a damn library. Leon couldn't even begin to fathom how many books were housed in this one room alone.

Ornate chandeliers dotted the ceiling throughout the room, casting a soft glow onto the space below each of them. The main light, however, came from the enormous floor-to-ceiling windows that opened up the room to the back yard. The view was...stunning. Leon was at a loss for words. He was dreading this trip ever since he found out about it, but who could deny a view like that? The soft sandy beach spread out past the back yard area and opened up to the ocean. There was nothing but beach and water as far as the eye could see.

On both sides of the room, Leon noticed, were hallways tucked deep into the corners. They seemed to be endless. Who knew where those two hallways would lead? Leon already felt dwarfed by the house. The last thing he wanted to do was go roaming.

At least he wasn't the only one. He could see that the other guests, Maya included, were all staring at the room with their mouths agape.

Finally, Kennedy started walking towards the back wall of glass. There was one section, Leon detected, that seemed to be open. It looked like a sliding glass door. Beyond the glass there was a massive wooden deck

covered in expensive looking lawn furniture. Kennedy stepped out onto the deck and walked up to one of the three huge patio tables. The umbrella was opened up on that particular table, and there was a huge tray full of glasses waiting on them. There were three different pitchers lined up behind the glasses. From the looks of it, one was lemonade, one was tea, and the other was a dark pink color. Leon had no idea what that one was.

Kennedy helped herself to a glass of lemonade and then spotted an open cabinet to her right. She approached it and pulled out a giant bottle of whiskey. She opened the bottle and tipped some of the liquid into her glass with her lemonade.

As Leon and the rest of the group piled out onto the deck, Leon took in his surroundings. Even the deck was nicer than his whole house. It had an abundance of furniture – that probably cost more than he made in a year’s time – but also there was an immense outdoor kitchen sheltered by an overhang. There was a stove, a griddle, a massive grill, and a mini-fridge. Then there was the bar that Kennedy had found. Only one cabinet was open, which housed some of the alcohol, but probably not all of it. There were three more cabinets that were shut – who knew what could be housed inside?

In the center of the deck was a huge stone fire pit surrounded by at least a dozen Adirondack chairs. Off to the right of the bar and patio furniture, the deck dipped down several steps and opened up to a huge swimming pool and Jacuzzi.

Leon took a seat at the table with the drinks and helped himself to some tea. He was staggered by all of the wealth that went into this place. Sure, Holton could most definitely afford it – Leon would know, considering he handled most of the finances for the company – but why in the world would anyone need all of this? It was ridiculous.

Leon watched as Kennedy walked around drinking her spiked lemonade and as Jase checked out the outdoor kitchen. Sofie and Brett had walked over towards the edge of the deck to watch the waves rolling in. They were holding hands. That caused something to ache inside of Leon. They looked so happy together – he could tell that just from the very small amount of time he'd been around them. Were he and Maya ever that happy?

Maya joined him at the table and pulled the pitcher of pinkish stuff towards her. She was about to sniff it when a voice coming from the common room startled them.

“It is virgin strawberry daiquiri,” the female voice said.

Maya whirled around and almost dropped the pitcher on the deck.

“Oh my goodness! You startled me,” she huffed. Leon turned to see a younger woman, possibly mid-thirties, in a uniform dress made of starched blue linen. She was wearing a white apron over the top of her dress and she was holding another tray that had even more pitchers on it. She had a wrinkle-free dark complexion that hinted at Spanish origins. Her glossy black hair was pulled up into a neat bun, and her smile was friendly but professional.

“My apologies,” the woman said, dipping her head as she walked over and placed the tray on the table in front of Leon.

“I am Lucinda, head staff here. I will be attending to your needs during your stay,” she explained. “There are two others – Aletta and Luz – that you will meet at dinner this evening. We are here to make your stay as pleasant as possible,” she informed us. Sofie and Brett had walked back over to the table to see who the newcomer was. Kennedy gave the woman a perfunctory glance, and Jase apparently couldn’t be bothered at the moment.

“Please, help yourself to anything you like. Liquor cabinet is there,” she said, waving her hand to the open cabinet that Kennedy had already raided. “If you’d like anything to eat or need any assistance with anything, please call me.” She walked over to the kitchen area that was sheltered from the weather and pointed to a sleek metallic object that was inconspicuously located next to the countertop.

She pressed the top button and a small buzzing sound emanated from the device. “This is one of many intercoms that are located throughout the house. Every room has one, and the common room has three. They are usually located by the doors. Push the top button and it will alert me that you are in need of something. This one out here does not have a speaker system, but the ones in the house do. I will be able to communicate with you through these intercoms any time you need assistance.”



Lucinda dipped her head again as she retreated back into the house. Everyone, included Jase, stared after her. This place was more than just a beach house – it was like a world class resort, for crying out loud. Leon saw Maya bouncing up and down in her seat. He knew she was ecstatic. He hated to admit it, but he was actually a little excited himself now. Three whole days off – no work, no to-do lists. Maybe he could finally have some peace and quiet for once. Leon sipped his tea as Maya poured herself a daiquiri and added something a bit stronger to it from the cabinet behind her.

Sofie shot him another polite smile as she helped herself to some water from one of the new pitchers that Lucinda had just brought out. She offered the glass to Brett and then poured another for herself. Hrmph – didn't see Maya over here offering him anything. She probably didn't even recall that he existed right now.

Leon leaned back in his chair and focused his gaze on the white beach before him. He wondered idly when Holton would be showing up. It was then that he noticed that there were three additional glasses on the tray. One was Jase's, but he was still checking out the grill. So two left – he assumed for Holton and possibly his wife? There was no mention of her in the email about this weekend, but Leon had sort of assumed that this was another special meeting.

Now, however, he wasn't so sure. There was a group here – an eclectic one at that – so he had no clue what Holton had in mind. Maybe it was best if he didn't think

about it. He tried to relax his muscles as he leaned even farther back into his chair, grateful for both the shade provided by the gigantic umbrella overhead, and also by the cooling breeze that was blowing through at the moment.

\* \* \* \* \*

2:03 P.M.

“Miles, I swear you will never hear the end of it if you don’t do this. Where is your daring side? You have gotten so *boring* in your old age,” Maddy quipped.

Miles was just about ready to strangle her. Even though they were running late, she *insisted* on pulling over at one of the scenic overlooks to take pictures. Like they weren’t going to be at the beach in just a few minutes where she could take all the pictures she wanted...

Maddy had realized that the area was deserted – probably because it was still fairly early in the day for travelers – and she decided that she wanted to be kinky and do it outdoors. No way in hell he was agreeing to that.

“Come ON, Miles! Are you seriously turning me down? You’re like a damn sexual camel these days. It’s a wonder your dick even still works.” She was getting madder by the second, but so was he. He was tired of giving in to her petulant demands.

“You know, I bet Holton would never turn down an opportunity for sex,” she sneered. She was lucky she was on the other side of her stupid car or he might have

actually hit her in the face for that remark. She knew that was a sore subject for him.

“Yes, bring that up – that’s sure to get you sex, Maddy.” Miles scrubbed his hand down his face, contemplating just leaving her on the side of the road. Maybe a bear would come along and eat her.

“Well, my chances don’t look good anyway,” she retorted.

Fucking bitch. He was just about ready to shove his dick in her mouth just to shut her the fuck up. He was so goddamn sick of her mouth. It was just non-fucking-stop. He decided that was exactly what he was going to do. He knew how much she hated going down on him – she said it made her feel dirty – so if she wanted it so badly she was going to have to work for it.

“Fine, then. Come and suck my dick.”

“Nuh-uh. You know I don’t like doing that.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t particularly care for outdoors sex, but you expect me to adapt. Where’s your DARING side, Maddy? Why are you so boring? You just want sex the same old way...why don’t you try something different?” He smiled at her menacingly, throwing her own stupid words back in her face. She couldn’t argue with his logic. Well, she could, but it would be unjustified.

He saw the fire in her eyes. She was dying to object, but she had nothing to argue with. He walked around to the hood of the white Beetle and leaned against it. She was watching him like a hawk. He slowly unzipped his pants, an invitation.

She stubbornly crossed her arms and planted her feet firmly on the ground. She wasn't going to budge.

"Come on, Maddy. We don't have all day. You don't want to miss the beach house, do you?" Miles was going to make her pay. He wasn't moving that car one fucking inch until he got exactly what he wanted out of her. He didn't care if he had to stand here for the next three damn days. As stubborn as she was, she might actually make him wait that long.

"No. Let's go – I changed my mind." She headed for the passenger door but Miles shook his head and jingled the keys at her. Her head snapped up and the scowl on her face said it all.

"No way, sweet cheeks. You wanted this, so you're going to get it. But we're going to do it my way. And we're not leaving until you do. I don't care if it takes all weekend. Now...be a good girl and come over here and suck my damn dick." Yeah, he was being a total asshole, he knew it, but she really had it coming. In fact, she deserved a lot worse.

It looked like she was going to put up a fight, but she finally relented. He could be stubborn too. She stalked around to the front of the car and dropped to her knees in front of him. She plastered a fake "go fuck yourself" smile on her face as she snapped his pants down to his ankles. Surprisingly, he found his dick already semi-hard. It had been a while since his dick had even stirred at the thought of Maddy. Maybe he was turned on because it was a punishment to her.

Maddy reached forward and grasped his shaft in one hand and started stroking it roughly. She was going to do this as begrudgingly as she could, and he knew it. That was okay, though – she would be getting a punishment fuck in a few minutes.

His dick was fully erect now as she stroked it harder and harder. He felt like prodding her a little.

“That’s not sucking it, babe,” he whispered loudly.

Maddy’s mouth flattened into a grumpy line. She glared up at him as she leaned forward and stuffed his massive dick into her mouth. She’d never been able to suck the whole thing before – it was simply too big – so that was probably why she stopped wanting to do it. She still couldn’t get the big bastard all the way in. But he would take what he could get.

She continued running her fisted hand up and down his immense shaft as she worked the head with her mouth. Miles leaned back farther against the hood, forcing his hips forward and his dick deeper into her mouth. She almost gagged. But she wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of defeat.

She took his length as far back as she could. He could feel his dick hitting the back of her throat as he rammed it into her mouth. His libido got the better of him and he found himself reaching forward with both hands and grabbing handfuls of Maddy’s hair, using the leverage to force her head up and down on his cock.

The slickness of her mouth on his dick stirred something deep inside of him. It had been a long time since he'd been horny.

He pumped his hips forward in short little jerks, slamming his cock to the back of Maddy's throat each time. She kept working his shaft with her hand, jerking him off with an expert touch.

A loud grunt escaped his lips as he felt the warmth building deep inside. *Well, that didn't take long*, he thought.

Maddy must have sensed that he was close, because she released his cock and stumbled backwards, almost falling on her ass. If she hated sucking dick, then she loathed swallowing his cum. He'd never get lucky enough for her to do that.

"Trying to slip that in on me, huh?" she guessed correctly, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "Like I wouldn't be able to tell you were about to spooge in my fucking mouth, asshole."

I didn't bother with apologizing...because I wasn't sorry. Maddy seemed to understand that, too.

"My turn, jerk," she said snidely. She began unbuttoning her lacy white baby doll top, revealing her bra underneath, if that's what you wanted to call it. There wasn't much bra there to hold her boobs up.

She slipped her top off and tossed it onto the hood of the car. She reached around and unhooked her bra, sliding it down her arms. Her breasts spilled out, getting Miles' attention. Her beautiful pink nipples were already going

rigid. She lobbed her bra on top of her shirt and approached Miles. It took him a second to respond. He felt the stirrings of desire rip through him and he grabbed for her. He pushed her up against the car and leaned down, grabbing her tit and shoving it into his mouth. He sucked hard on her erect nipple. She groaned involuntarily and then quickly went quiet. He must have caught her off guard.

He reached for the other breast and tugged on her nipple with his fingers. He was surprised at how much he enjoyed having her tits in his face again. He released both breasts and then gathered them up with both hands, smashing them together, squeezing them hard. He kneaded her boobs and leaned forward, grinding his erection against her crotch.

Maddy's head was leaned back and her eyes were closed. He couldn't tell if she was enjoying it or not. He bent down once more and, mashing her boobs together, took both nipples in his mouth at one time, suckling them and exploring their rigidity with his tongue.

He bucked his hips again, rubbing his dick harder against her. He released her tits and flipped her around so that her hands were on the hood of the car. He reached down and tugged her skirt and panties off at the same time. He dumped them on the ground and pushed Maddy farther down onto the car, his strong hand resting on the middle of her back between her shoulder blades. She was unable to stand up.

Miles reached down with his other hand and explored Maddy's hot, wet slit. It had been so long since he'd felt her wet pussy. He'd forgotten how slick and tight it was. His fingers traced her moist folds momentarily before he shoved two of them deep inside of her. Maddy grunted and tensed beneath him. She tried to lean back, but he kept his palm firmly planted on her back.

Miles thrust his fingers in and out of Maddy's hole, amazed at how wet she was. He stroked her clit a few times with his slippery fingers and then went back to finger fucking her.

When he couldn't contain himself any longer, he grabbed his dick and positioned it between her hot folds. He pushed the head of his throbbing rod inside of her and held it there, enjoying the sensations that exploded in his cock. Maddy tried to rock back against him but he held her still. He was going to do this on his terms.

He pushed his dick in a little farther, spreading her pussy open a tiny bit more. Maddy moaned deeply and shuddered underneath him.

He released her shoulders so he could reach down and spread her ass cheeks wide open. He lifted her ass up into the air a little more and then slammed his dick all the way into her until his shaft was completely sheathed.

He pulled his dick out and then shoved it in again, roughly. Pulled out, shoved in, over and over again. His pounding took on a rhythm all its own and his breathing became heavy and erratic. Maddy was squirming and



grunting underneath him, pushing her ass back against him, inviting him deeper inside of her.

Miles grabbed a fistful of Maddy's ass in each of his hands, digging his fingers into her soft flesh. He enjoyed the way her chubby ass jiggled with each thrust of his cock. It was a rippling effect and watching it was causing his dick to twitch. He knew of something else on Maddy's body that did the same, so he pulled out of her and flipped her over onto her back, shoving her higher up on the car's hood.

Her sumptuous breasts were splayed before him, and he grabbed them and squeezed as hard as he could before he guided his cock back inside her waiting slit. He began pumping again and watched with excitement as Maddy's tits bounced and undulated with each movement he made.

He pulled her legs up and draped them over his shoulders, allowing maximum penetration. Maddy responded and locked her ankles together behind his neck. Miles continued pounding her pussy until his dick was swollen and throbbing. He pulled out of her suddenly, causing her to gasp. He yanked her legs down and shoved them apart, then darted between her thighs and buried his face in her sweet spot.

Her pussy was dripping wet and smelled like sex. It was almost enough to make him cum on the spot. He shoved his fingers inside her once more as his skilful tongue probed her clit. He alternated between sucking her clit and choppy little flicks of his tongue – he knew that would

drive her wild. He could hear her panting and groaning, so he knew it was working.

“Fuck, Miles. Don’t stop. Oh, fuck! Yes! Don’t stop licking my pussy...for fuck’s sake...don’t stop!” Maddy was practically screaming at him now. She reached down and forced his hand in deeper, and he stroked the walls of her vagina with his fingertips. She shuddered again and he felt her pussy tighten up around him.

He continued his torture of her clit with his tongue. Every once in a while he would dip down and lick the slick, swollen folds of her slit before making his way back up to her protruding spot of pleasure.

He felt her tensing up beneath him, and he yanked his fingers out. He lifted his head to stare at her, and disbelief was plain in her eyes.

“FUCK! Why did you stop?! I was so fucking close! Dammit!” Maddy cursed him for all he was worth, but he didn’t mind. He wasn’t done with her yet.

He pulled her legs towards him, causing her to slide down the hood a bit. He grabbed her hands and positioned them on the sides of her tits, forcing her to mash them together. She knew what was coming. Either she didn’t care or she wasn’t going to complain.

Miles propped one knee up on the hood and leaned forward, pushing his massive cock between the soft mounds of her titties. His dick was still wet from her pussy, so it slid in easily. When the head of his dick popped out at the top of her titty mounds, she leaned down and swiped it with her tongue, sending chills of pleasure up his spine.

With every thrust he pushed his dick up towards her mouth a little farther, and she was able to take more of him inside of her. He would pull his dick back and she would keep the suction of her mouth tight around his cock until it would pull out with a loud pop. The sound was extremely erotic.

He enjoyed the soft, silky feel of her breasts around his shaft as he titty fucked her. She seemed to be enjoying the hot hardness of his dick each time she took him into her mouth.

Miles could feel the buildup inside of him again, and he knew he wouldn't be able to hold off much longer. He pulled back and motioned for Maddy to flip over again. He was surprised that she did so willingly. He spread her ass cheeks apart and rubbed his hand across her damp slit. He transferred the moisture up onto her tight little asshole, and she tensed beneath him.

"No, Miles...come on...don't do that," she begged. He knew, more than anything, Maddy hated anal. But he was so turned on and she seemed turned on so he figured he would try it.

"Let's try it Maddy. If you don't like it, I'll stop," he promised. He just wanted to feel his dick deep inside her there. It was tighter and smoother than her pussy.

Miles grabbed hold of his dick and put the head of it right at her asshole. She shrunk away from him, but he just waited.

“Come on, baby...do this for me. You have the most glorious ass...I just want to fuck it once. Please, baby.”  
Now Miles was the one begging.

He heard Maddy groan, but he knew defeat when he heard it. She leaned back, opening herself to him. He almost couldn't believe that had worked. He held tight to her ass cheek with one hand while he guided his rod into her ass with the other. It took a few moments to get the tip of his dick in. He didn't want to hurry or hurt her, so he took it nice and slow.

One the head was in, Maddy seemed to relax. The feel of her hole was completely different, and it thrilled Miles. He slowly but surely eased his shaft into her. He worked her ass with his dick until he was completely buried in her. He carefully eased his cock out and then languidly slid it back in.

“Oh, Miles,” Maddy slurred. He could tell by the way she flexed her ass with each stroke of his penis that she was enjoying it.

When he was sure her ass was good and lubed up, he increased his speed and pressure, bearing down on her as much as he could. After a couple of minutes of pounding her ass, she had fully accepted him inside of her.

Miles lost all self-control and began hammering his cock inside of her at a brutal pace. He kept his one hand full of Maddy's ass cheek, enjoying the way it rolled with each thrust. He also REALLY enjoyed the sound his balls made as they slammed against her, and the soft sucking sound his dick made as it moved in and out of her.

With his other hand, he reached down and rubbed Maddy's pussy vigorously, eliciting a garbled version of his name from her mouth. He finger fucked her a few times and then he moved towards her clit, knowing he was about to push her over the edge.

He briskly stroked her clit with his thumb, having no mercy on her as she squirmed beneath him. He kept pounding her delicious ass with his colossal cock as he rubbed her. It didn't take long before he felt Maddy's muscles bunching up beneath him.

He felt her go stiff as she climaxed around him, her asshole tightening its grip on his cock. The intensified pressure was enough to send him over the edge and he felt the hot liquid gush out of him in waves. The hot cum began squirting out as Miles kept thrusting. He kept pumping his cock until every last ounce of fluid had been milked from him.

Finally, when he was done, he pulled out of Maddy and collapsed beside her on the car. He didn't think his legs could hold him up any more.

Their breathing was harsh and irregular as they tried to get enough air into their lungs. After several minutes, Miles felt his heart finally slow down to a more normal rhythm. He looked over at Maddy, naked and sprawled across the hood of the car, and was happy to see she looked sated.

He was about to reach out and stroke her cheek when they heard the sound of tires on gravel. Someone was coming. They both bolted up off of the car and scrambled

to gather their clothes. It was no good – they weren't fast enough.

A tiny blue hatchback burst through the edge of the trees into the opening and came to a stop a few feet from their car. Maddy was running frantically to the passenger side and Miles was following suit. He chanced a look at the driver and noted the shock on his face. There were multiple people in the car, but Miles didn't waste time on focusing on their faces. He flung himself into the driver's seat without bothering to put on any of his clothes. He just wanted out of here...now.

The driver of the blue car popped his door open and stood up, staring in utter disbelief at Miles and Maddy. He was younger than them, probably in his very early twenties. A young girl of about the same age climbed out of the passenger side, a fit of giggles overtaking her. Miles didn't want to stick around to see anything else. Not to mention they might be stupid enough or brave enough to chance a conversation and he had absolutely no intentions of doing any such thing.

Miles started the car up after he hastily dug the keys out of his crumpled pants and peeled out, heading for the highway. He hoped like hell that the strangers wouldn't try to follow them...or call them in to the cops. Fuck, that would be all they needed.

As Miles guided the car back onto the main road and sped off, he heard a chuckle beside him. He glanced at Maddy and she was biting her lip, trying to keep from laughing. It wasn't working.

“Holy fuck...did that really just happen?” she laughed loudly until she fell into her own fit of giggles. Miles couldn’t help but join her. It was the happiest he’d seen her in a while. She fumbled around, trying to put her clothes back on, but she looked like a mess. There would be no doubt as to what they had been up to.

She helpfully held the steering wheel as Miles threw on his own clothes. When they were both dressed again, Miles was surprised when Maddy reached over and grabbed his hand, pulling it into her lap. He smiled at her and was rewarded with a genuine Maddy smile – like the ones from when they first got married. He hadn’t seen one of those in a while.

Maybe this weekend was going to turn out to be worth a damn after all. He would be up for anything if it would just bring his Maddy back to him. Anything.

\* \* \* \* \*

*3:21 P.M.*

The boss watched with utter annoyance as the white Beetle raced into the driveway. They were late and that was agitating. It was taking much longer to get things in order because *they* were late. Maddy and Miles Everett. Yes, there was something extra special planned for them this weekend.

The boss watched as Miles unloaded the bags from the trunk and brought them inside. Maddy lingered by the car until he came back outside. They had no idea they were

being spied on right now. Miles swept Maddy up into his arms and kissed her. How sweet...they looked like such a nice couple in love. Too bad that wouldn't last. No, there was no way they'd be looking at each other lovingly after the next couple of days.

None of the couples had any idea what was in store for them. If they had, they wouldn't have come. The boss smiled and watched the last couple enter the house. Luz was in the far corner of the property, making another round.

The boss pulled out the cell phone and dialed the number for Joseph. Joseph was waiting for the call that was now an hour late.

Joseph answered on the second ring. "It is time. They have all arrived and are all safely inside of the house. I am ready for your services now."

"You got it boss. We're on our way," Joseph replied. The line went dead and the boss tossed the cell phone on the control room table. The computer screens were full of live action video from around the house. Most of the guests were outside still, getting drunk or sunbathing, so it was easy to keep up with them. Maddy and Miles were still in the foyer, so one camera was trained on them. The other cameras were focused on empty rooms. But they wouldn't be empty for long.

It was finally time. The boss strolled over to the window one last time – the shutters would be in place tonight – and caught sight of Joseph's black SUV as it crept through the gate. One of his men jumped out of the back



and busied himself at the gate, making sure it was securely locked. Joseph paused long enough to have a quick conversation with Luz, and then they were driving up the driveway. Luz headed back to the house now that his perimeter checks were done.

Joseph and his men leapt out of the SUV and went to work disabling the guests' cars. Sure, it was a redundancy, because there wasn't even a snowball's chance in hell of anyone getting out, and even if they did Joseph and his men would be on site to take them down – but on the small chance that someone did make it to the vehicles, they would find them rendered useless.

With a sigh of contentment, the boss headed back to the computer monitors to watch the guests on their last night of freedom. Full lockdown was now in effect.

Let the fun begin.

**More to cum...**

*This book is published in serial format.  
Subsequent chapters have been added in order.*