

T.M. Frazier-King Excerpt #3

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“Hey there,” a deep voice rumbled against my ear.

When I turned around, I was eye level with a wall of leather with white patches sewn into it. One read VICE PRESIDENT and the other, BEACH BASTARDS. The man wearing the vest had long blonde hair that draped over to one side of his head, revealing the shaved area beneath. He had a beard, not stubble, a full-on beard that was a few inches long and very well groomed. He stood well over six feet, his frame lean yet very cut and muscular. I couldn't tell what color his eyes were because his lids hung heavy and were slightly reddened. His entire neck was covered with colorful tattoos and when he went to light a cigarette I noticed that the backs of both of his hands and were covered in ink as well.

“Hey,” I answered back, trying to assert my newly found false confidence.

He was beyond attractive. He was gorgeous. If I had to end up in someone's bed, I imagined that being in his wouldn't be half-bad. He sniffled, drawing attention to the light dusting of white powder trapped in his nostrils.

“They call me Bear. You belong to anyone?” he asked seductively, leaning in toward me.

“Maybe...you?” I winced at my choice of words. Of all the fucking things I could have said, THAT was what came to mind? Stupid fucking mouth. Nikki was right. I spoke first and thought second.

Bear chuckled. “I'd love that, beautiful, but I got something else in mind.”

“Oh, yeah? What would that be?” I asked, trying to keep my tone light although my mind and heart were racing.

“This party? It's for my buddy. And he was down here for a total of thirty minutes before he hightailed it upstairs to drown himself in a bottle of Jack. He's like a cat in a tree, can't seem to talk him down. It's understandable, seeing as he's been away a while, but I figure you can help me out.”

He hooked his finger into the front of my skirt and slowly dragged me toward him until my nipples were flush up against his chest. He pressed his fingers into the skin right above my public bone and I resisted the urge to jump back by biting down on my bottom lip.

“The BBB's have never really been his thing.” He paused when he saw the confused look on my face at his abbreviation. “Beach Bastard Bitches.” He explained. “But you? You're new. You're different. You've got this cute little

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innocent thing going on, but I know you're not or you wouldn't be at this kind of party if that was your deal. I'm thinking he'll like you." Bear brushed his lips against the side of my neck. "So maybe you go up there. Make him happy for me. Make little him happy by wrapping those gorgeous lips around his cock for a while. Then when you're done, bring him back down here to civilization. And maybe later, if you're a good girl and do what you're told, we can go back to the clubhouse and have some real fun." He grazed his teeth along my earlobe. "Think you can you do that for me?"

"Yeah, yeah I can do that," I said. My skin prickling from his touch. And I could do it.

I think.

"What's your name anyway?" Bear's hand slowly traveled up the back of my leg, pushing up my skirt, it came to rest on my ass cheek, which was then exposed to anyone who might have been looking in our direction.

"Doe. My name is Doe," I breathed.

"Fitting." He said with a chuckle. "Well, my innocent looking little Doe." Bear leaned in close and surprised me by planting a soft kiss on the corner of my mouth. His lips were soft, and he smelled like laundry detergent mixed with liquor and cigarettes. I was just beginning to think that the kiss meant that he'd changed his mind and didn't want me to send me away to his friend, but no such luck. He pulled away abruptly and turned me around by my shoulders so that I was facing the stairs. He swatted me on my ass, propelling me forward. "Up the stairs you go, sweetheart. Last room at the end of the hallway. Be good to my boy, and me and you will get to play later." He sealed his words with a wink and as I made my way up the stairs I turned back and flashed him a fake smile. I hoped the guy at the end of the hallway was like Bear, because then maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

Then a thought hit me that had me fighting back the tears that sprung from my eyes with a sudden force that almost took me to my knees.

I'd officially sold myself, and the price was far more than any dollar amount.