

Chapter Two
Oliver
I miss her

I sat on a chair, a whip on my hand as I stared at the battered-looking man who was chained to a chair in the center of my dimly lit basement bruised all over his body. Blood trickled down his lips as he begged his voice Raspy and my guards stood beside him silent, their dark suits neatly ironed and new, awaiting my orders.

"Please Mr Smith," the man cried out. " Just give me a little more time, and I'll pay you back. I swear on my late mother's grave."

I got on my feet, downing the last gulp of whiskey into my throat, a white handkerchief folded on the breast pocket of my crisp blue suit.

"I gave you enough Time Robert but you missed it," I stated my voice low yet devoid of sympathy and emotions. "You've already had plenty of time and chances. Weeks in fact, yet here we are."

"My-my wife was sick! " he stammered, his face stained with tears, blood and sweat. "I used the money I borrowed from you to take care of her medical bills, just give me a little more time to gather the money, I promise to—"

I ran my fist into his face and he spat out blood.

"One thing I wouldn't take is you lying to my face, I've had my security men monitor you closely, not only did you use the money to get drunk and lodge random whores, you blocked me everywhere so I wouldn't find you, and now you are going to pay for your lies."

"I'm sorry Mr Oliver!" he begged, crying like a little girl.

"Keep going," I said, nodding at the guards. "Beat him until he coughs out my money."

"No! Please! Stop!" he screamed as the first punch landed.

The sound of his screams filled the room but I was already used to it. I brought out the handkerchief and cleaned my blood-stained hands, I threw it on the floor and walked out of the basement without sparing him another look.

"Call me when he's ready to pay," I said over my shoulder, my tone as detached as ever.

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I walked into my room, the familiar scent of lavender and oak embracing me like an old friend. The only light came from the sun shining on the dark curtains casting a glow on the judge painting of Claire.

My late ex-wife.

Her blonde hair flowed down her shoulders and her skin was white as snow, a natural flush on her high cheeks. Her light blue eyes were striking and frosty— like a pool of water.

Her lips were full and soft just like the last time I kissed them, they were painted red and delicate, and they curved gently at the corners indicating a smile. The one I always loved. She wore an elegant red dress that hugged her hips and added a charm to her ethereal beauty.

The background of the portrait is a soft blend of pastel blues and golds, which complements her features and gives her an angelic aura,

Claire was just a model, she was my wife, my muse, and my obsession. But now she was nothing but a memory I couldn't erase.

I grabbed a bottle of whiskey and poured myself a glass of whiskey, the golden liquid burning my throat as I downed its contents.

I just stood there staring at her, wishing the portrait would come to life.

A knock at the door broke into my thoughts.

"Come in," I said without turning to see who was there.

The door creaked open slowly, and I heard the click of heels against the tiled floor, Aurora. Her scent—a mix of jasmine and something alluring— filled the air.

"You miss her don't you?" she asked, her voice laced with concern.

"Every day," I replied, my eyes still fixed on Claire's painted gaze.

Aurora sighed and stepped closer. "Do you ever think about the life the both of you would have had if death hadn't snatched her from you?"

I nodded slowly, gulping another glass of the whiskey burning its way down my throat. "How could I not? She was sixteen when we met. The only girl who ever looked at me without fear or judgment. When I was twenty, I was young, timid, and weird but she never saw anything wrong with me, she loved me for who I was and she admired my eyes. Said they made me look... unique."

I turned to face Aurora for the first time, my expression cold. Her blonde hair cascaded across her shoulders accentuating her oval face, " Claire has always been a happy person, she always says good to everyone. She was lively and bubbly; she didn't deserve death. I know I didn't like her much but I couldn't deny the fact that with her you were a different person."

"Claire was my light and now she is gone I'm left in the dark."

"You seem stressed," she said, stepping closer until her hands were on my chest.

"Just a little," I admitted, my tone softer now.

Aurora smiled, her fingers tracing the lines of my shirt. "I thought so. That's why I brought you something special ."

I arched an eyebrow. "And what might that be? A stress reliever?"

"Something like that, they are just outside the door, waiting for your orders." She leaned closer, her lips melting against mine in a teasing kiss.

Then she pulled away clapping her hands, and a moment later, two half-naked blondes with piercing blue eyes walked into the room. They were seductive and just looking at them made my cock hard.

They were young and slim, just the way I wanted them to be.

"They're for you," Aurora said with a sly smile. "Consider it a threesome."

I smiled a little, a rare sound that felt foreign in my own throat. Turning to Aurora, I kissed her deeply, letting my appreciation show. When I pulled back, I picked up my cell phone and called Asher. My right-hand man walked in.

"Asher," I said, my tone stern. "Transfer some money to Aurora's account. Her thoughtfulness deserves a reward."

"Right away, sir," Asher replied, his face as impassive as always.

Aurora smiled, her satisfaction obvious. She gave me one last lingering kiss before turning to leave.

"Enjoy yourself, Oliver, I love you so much," she said over her shoulder.

"Take care, Rora," I muttered under my breath watching her walk out of the room as soon as she was out of sight, my attention shifted to the two women who stood silently smiling and waiting for my command.

"Take off your dresses!" I stared at them emotionlessly as they stared at each other before unzipping their dresses and I watched with interest as they fell to the floor, leaving them naked and only wearing panties.

A mischievous smile crossed my face.

"Make out with each other now!" I commanded and they smiled at me, before kissing each other, moaning loudly, and squeezing and rubbing each other, making my boner even harder.

Tonight I was going to forget about Claire just for a little while.

I unzipped my trousers and rubbed my hard cock.

"Stop!" I ordered as I sat on the bed, "I want both of you to suck on this cock!"

"Yes, Daddy we will—"

"Shut up! don't say anything, just do as I say." I cut them off, they just nodded and moved towards me before bending to their knees. One of the girls sucked and lick the tip of my cock while the other gubbled on my balls gently.

The pleasure was driving me inside, they did this for some minutes, sucking me out like I was some popsicle.

I stopped them and suddenly dragged one of the girls by the jaw before leaning in to kiss her hungrily on the lips.

“Continue sucking my cock!” I said to the other girl, in-between this kiss, as I kissed one I could feel the other tongue swirling and grinding my hardened cock, I groaned softly as I pushed her head forward so I could fuck her throat.

I stopped kissing her and stopped the other from sucking me. Then I ripped their panties off one after the other and turned one so her ass could be positioned and shoot out in the air. I inserted my hard dick into her and thrust into her hard like I was going to destroy her pussy walls. I instructed the other to lick my feet.

Soon I grabbed the one licking my feet and tied their wrists together with a chain to the bed.

“Don't worry Daddy is going to take care of you,” I whispered as I reached out for a silk scarf and tied it on their faces.

Their worlds had gone dark just like mine.

“You both are fucking beautiful just like Claire,” I muttered under my breath as I inserted a vibrator into one of the girls while I fucked the other, their moans resounded in the air and the only thing I wanted to do was release my milky liquid into their roses.

All of a sudden I lost control and *BOOM*

It splashed inside of her.

I'm sorry Claire.