

Twist of **FATE**

By.... Ellie Masters

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Editor: Julie Cameron

Cover Artist: Jessica Hildreth

Interior Design/Formatting: Ellie Masters

Published in the United States of America

JEM Publishing, LLC

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my one and only, my amazing and wonderful husband. Without your care and support, my writing would not have made it this far. You make me whole every day. I love you that much, which means from the beginning to the end and every point in between. Thank you, my dearest love, my heart and soul, for putting up with me, for believing in me, and for loving me as I brought these characters from my mind to the page.

* * * *

Acknowledgments

This book wouldn't have been possible without the support of my husband. I couldn't have done this without his help. I'd also like to thank my PA, Sophie Lynn for her tireless guidance through the world of social media, late night calls, and endless support through the ups as well as the downs. This wouldn't be as much fun without you. My critique team is the first to view my work. Their guidance is a gift beyond measure and without their eyes and constructive criticism, this work would not be what it is today. My dear friend and Street Team Manager, Nathalie Pinette, has cheered with me, for me, and held my hand too many times to count. She's a tireless supporter and I adore her. To my Beta readers, Shea Moran and Jennifer Haney Guffey, you found flaws and gave it to me straight. Your feedback was invaluable. To the ELLZ BELLZ, an amazing and supportive group of women, you have become my extended family. I love sharing my passion of writing with you, but even more important to me are the pieces of our lives we share within the sisterhood the ELLZ BELLZ has become. I'd also like to thank my editor, Julie Cameron, who graciously donated her time and worked tirelessly to dress up my baby for its first tentative steps into the world. There aren't enough words. Thank you!

* * * *

To My Readers

I wouldn't be able to write without you to cheer me on. You're wonderful words, your support, and your willingness to join me on this journey is a gift beyond measure.

* * * *

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This book is a work of fiction. It does not exist in the real world and should not be construed as reality. As in most fiction, I've taken liberties. References to real people, events, establishments, organizations, or locations are intended only to provide a sense of authenticity and are used fictitiously. All characters, and events, dead or alive, are figments of my imagination and are not meant to portray real individuals or events. This story is a suspense, thriller, and there may be some incidents which are difficult to read such as torture and non-consensual acts. The reader is cautioned to approach these scenes with the knowledge they are drawn from the author's mind's eye and are not to be interpreted as real.

ELITE MASTERS

*Love,
Ellie*

Chapter 1



CONTRACTS

MELISSA PATTERSON'S TEN-year wedding anniversary should have been a happy occasion, a milestone of marital bliss, not this soul-shattering death. She stood in her kitchen, gripping the stack of papers, and held back the tears as she stared at the top page.

Two simple scratches of ink were all it had taken to negate ten long years of marital terror.

Ten years ago, she'd been the proverbial blushing bride. The fairytale wedding had been the social event of the season. A perfect start to her first day in hell.

The divorce had been her lawyer's idea, as if she could ever separate herself from Scott Patterson's name. The world believed she'd been complicit in his crimes. Her lawyer said she deserved to be free.

Her shaky hand had scrawled a much less elegant mark than

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her husband's. Even on death row, Scott lost none of his confidence. The elegance of his signature mocked her hurried scratches, precise and controlled like the killer inside. What had gone through his mind as he'd penned his name? She'd never know, and he'd die with his arrogance fully intact. Maybe then, she'd be free.

Melissa scrubbed the tears from her cheeks, glanced at the dirty dishes on the counter, the dried food needing to be scraped, the silverware cluttering the sink, and made the conscious decision to leave the mess for later. Scott would have never allowed such a thing, but this wasn't his house, and she didn't need to obey his rules. Not anymore.

Melissa tossed the divorce papers onto the counter next to the dirty dishes and went to change into her running gear. Her pink and purple barefoot running shoes didn't match the blue and yellow of her outfit, but she had long since abandoned the need to maintain a perfect appearance. Scott's punishments were no longer something to fear, and after today, he would be gone for good.

But even from the grave, his harsh voice would still whisper admonishments in her head. He'd done it from prison for the past three years, and she had no reason to believe that would change.

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She yanked her hair into a lopsided scrunchy, and could almost hear Scott scolding her sloppiness. Gritting her teeth, she silenced his reprimand with a yank on her messy bun. Melissa grabbed her keys and locked the front door.

On the front porch, the headline of the morning newspaper screamed the top news:

Stay of Execution Denied for Fairytale Killer

With a swift kick, she sent the paper flying off her front porch where it splashed in a muddy puddle on the lawn, then she placed the key under the mat.

Gray clouds threatened overhead. Maybe the rain would wash away the memories, drown out Scott's incessant nattering in her head, or cleanse the ache in her heart. A storm would be a perfect match to her mood.

10K should do the trick.

Two kilometers in, the acidic burn of a fast-paced run heated her muscles. Her chest expanded, pulling in air with every third strike of her foot. She'd taken up running during Scott's trial, a long drawn out process lasting more than a year. Beating up her body had been exactly the therapy she had needed to endure the media circus imposed on her life. Every day of that year had been a living hell. The two years with him on death row had been little better.

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By the halfway mark, her legs ached and her breathing deepened. Endorphins flooded her body, the famous runner's high achieved, and she relaxed into her stride.

Overhead, the gloomy sky darkened and dumped rain. One kilometer left. She welcomed the fat drops. The musty smell of the downpour invigorated her, even if the rain soaked her clothes. A thunderclap sounded overhead, a sharp sound, followed by a low, throaty rumble she felt more than heard.

Hail followed the thunder. A glance at the darkening clouds rewarded her with a bolt of lightning shattering the sky. The answering thunderclap followed a second later. The lightning was closer than was safe, and she needed to get out of the weather.

The moist air ahead of the storm gave way to cooler temperatures, chilling her to the bone. Time to find shelter. Except for the trees, there was none to be found, and under a tree was the last place that was safe. Lightning crackled through the air, striking a tree across the park. Smoke spiraled into the sky as the tree sizzled.

Definitely, no trees!

Pea-sized pellets rained down from the heavily laden sky. Lightning flashed, syncing to the beat of a memory. Blinding pain when Scott struck with his belt. PTSD the therapist said. It would fade with time, he'd said. Her therapist said a lot of

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things Melissa didn't believe.

Five bolts of lightning struck in quick succession accompanied by resounding peals of thunder, and reminded her of the *whoosh* that preceded the strike of Scott's belt. Her heart skipped a beat, and the massive blast had her tripping over her feet.

Ten years of her life wasted. She screamed her frustration into the clouds, and ran as the force of Mother Nature answered her cry.

The jogging path met with a road a quarter mile down where the neighborhood park ended. She needed to get to one of the businesses on Main Street where she could wait out the storm. It was time to pick up the pace.

The sky took on a greenish cast. Clouds dipped low, roiling as the storm whipped them to a froth. Wind beat at her, slamming hail into her from the right, then the left, swirling around as if unsure how to best launch its attack on her delicate flesh. Her heart rate spiked, not from running, but from the sickening hue cast in the sky. TORNADOS, while rare, weren't unheard of in the small town of Fort Walton.

Melissa had never seen a tornado and didn't want to start now.

She quickened her pace, muscles protesting and lungs

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burning. The storm raged, building around her as if feeding off her turbulent emotions. Like Scott had done too many times to count, the storm lashed out at her, furious and raw, beating her until her skin stung. She stumbled, afraid for her safety, and angry she'd been so foolish to go running during a storm.

She turned onto the sidewalk that edged the tree-lined Main Street. Down the road, through the sheets of driving rain, a coffee shop's "Open" sign flashed a welcome beacon. She ducked her head and sprinted for safety.

Electricity filled the air and the tiny hairs on her arms lifted against her rain-drenched skin. A flash of molten light burned to her left. Her skin tingled. Then a concussive force slammed into her. She tumbled from the sidewalk into the street, arms and legs spinning in a wild tangle of limbs. Before her head hit the blacktop, twin headlights of a black SUV blazed in her eyes. The screech of tires had Melissa cringing for an impact which never came. Her vision dimmed, and she lost her fight to stay conscious.

Chapter 2



TWISTER

A PETITE BRUNETTE launched herself into the street. CJ slammed the brakes of his rented SUV, tires squealing over the wet pavement. The windows of the car rattled with the storm, and his vision sparked with afterimages from a lightning strike.

He swerved, turning the wheel to avoid a spin. Steering through it, he tapped the brakes to regain traction. A large piece of hail landed on the front windshield, splintering the safety glass into a spider web of cracks.

"Fuck, fuck, and double fuck!"

He came to a stop and jammed the transmission into park. The woman was sprawled across the pavement. Had she been hit by that lightning? Was she dead? No way to know unless he got out of the car, but she wasn't moving. Shit, what was that noise?

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Sounded like a freight train.

He glanced left, peering through the sleeting rain. A funnel cloud snaked toward the ground less than half a mile away.

"Shit!" He unbuckled and vaulted out of the car. Every nerve in his body came alive. Fear over whether the tornado would touch ground, and concern for the lifeless woman, spiked through his veins.

Thank God he'd stopped.

Sprinting to the unconscious woman, he knelt at her side and felt for a pulse. A faint beat trembled against the pad of his finger. Still alive then.

After he had checked for obvious injuries, CJ pulled her over his shoulder, praying she didn't have a neck injury. He didn't have time to stabilize her cervical spine, not with a whirling beast trying to touch down.

Time to move.

Racing back to the car, he opened the hatch, thinking there'd be more room there, and set her down with as much care as possible. With another curse, he shut the back hatch as the growl of the tornado approached. Dirt and debris spun in the air.

Too damn close.

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He scrambled to the driver's side and jumped inside. A roar filled the air as the tornado touched down and churned toward him.

With the windshield cracked into a thousand pieces, he couldn't see shit. He leaned back and kicked at the window until the sheet of safety glass crumpled outward.

Debris lifted by the wind hit him in the face. They had little time. He slammed his foot down on the gas. The tires screeched on the wet blacktop, slipping for a heart-breaking moment before launching him and his unconscious passenger forward through the thickening cloud of grass, dirt, and other debris.

Across the street, most of the local businesses were closed. A face peered out the window of a coffee shop. He prayed the person in the coffee shop sought shelter somewhere in the interior of the brick and mortar façade. He was headed to a garage he'd passed a hundred yards back. It should provide more protection against a tornado than a building.

If memory served, the ramp angled down, going below ground. He shifted his foot, tapping the brake to spin the car in a 180-degree arc. The tornado ripped up the ground behind him, destroying the manicured park. It rumbled down the street, chasing him.

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"Fuck!"

Rain blinded him through the missing windshield and twigs slapped at his face. He blew through a red light. Everyone except him, and the crazy lady out for a jog, had taken shelter.

Something big slammed into the back of the car, lifting the rear wheels and making him swerve.

He regained control, thankful he'd been hit in the back instead of on the side or front. If the airbags had deployed, he would've been toast.

The parking garage came into view. He skidded, drifting the curve, and pulled into the entrance.

Sticks turned into branches and tree trunks. An awning from a local business cartwheeled in the air.

He barely heard the squeal of the tires over the freight train of destruction hurtling down the street. Turning the corner, he headed down to the next level; his ears popped with a sudden pressure drop. He had only a passing glimpse of the funnel as it brushed past the entrance, sucking parked cars up into its vortex.

He stopped another level down, pulling into a vacant space. His breathing was ragged, and his pulse thrummed along at a steady clip.

Behind him, the woman moaned.

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He sighed. On leave, and he was still saving lives.

At least this one had survived. The same couldn't be said about his last mission. What a colossal cluster-fuck that had been. The paperwork still clogged his desk.

The storm continued to rage, but the tornado had moved on to play with other victims. CJ exited the vehicle to check on the woman's injuries.

The rental was ruined. In addition to the missing windshield, dents littered the roof and hood, and flying objects had gouged scores into the quarter panels. Oh, and the rear bumper was missing.

He yanked on the back hatch, trying to open it. Whatever hit the car had twisted the frame. He tugged a few times, but it wouldn't budge. Thank God he'd purchased the extra insurance the rental agency strong-armed him into buying.

He'd have to drop the back seat and pull her out of the car through the back door. Since he didn't know how severe her injuries might be, he was a little reluctant to move her again. He fished out a flashlight from his luggage and climbed in the back.

Airway, breathing, and circulation intact, CJ moved to the secondary survey looking for other injuries. He ran his fingers through her matted hair. There was a lump beside the messiest

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ponytail he'd ever seen. Her hair was wet from the rain, but there didn't seem to be any blood. Her relaxed features made her seem so fragile. Fuck, but she was breathtaking.

What the hell was he thinking? The woman was hurt and unconscious. And he was supposed to be a professional, but damn, he wasn't dead.

She had a strong, steady pulse, and her chest rose and fell with an easy rhythm, both reassuring signs. The tight exercise clothes she wore distracted him. They clung too tight to her curves and pulled his eyes away from his professional assessment. Goosebumps prickled the skin of her arms.

Shit, the poor thing had to be freezing.

Her pained moan snapped him back to business.

Her left arm was bruised. No more lumps and no obvious broken bones. A medic by trade, he was suspicious of internal injuries. He continued with his assessment, lifting her shirt and lowering the waistband of her running pants. He grimaced at the deep bruising over the left side of her chest extending down to her hip. She might have cracked her ribs, but since her breathing wasn't labored, he wasn't concerned about damage to her lungs. Her abdomen, on the other hand, worried him.

He needed to call 911 but didn't have reception. The chance ambulances were running was low, and to complicate matters, he

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didn't know where the local hospitals were located. He needed to get to the street to make the call, maybe even Google hospital locations and take her himself.

She didn't appear to be in immediate danger although the bruising on her side suggested internal injuries. He'd feel better if she woke up.

He pulled off his jacket and covered her to keep her warm. Sharing body heat would be more efficient, but he could only imagine what she'd think waking up in a stranger's arms.

Instead, he made her as comfortable as possible. He crawled back over the folded rear seat and grabbed his duffle. He was cold too, drenched to the bone by the rain. The adrenaline coursing through his veins was fading, leaving him with shaky hands and chills.

Damn, the sleepy little town of Fort Walton was full of surprises. He came for an execution and now he'd survived his first tornado.

CJ stripped and changed into something dry.

While he waited, he pulled out the local daily paper and re-read the headline for the hundredth time:

Stay of Execution Denied for Fairytale Killer

He planned to watch a monster be put down. His sister would finally have justice, and he'd find peace.

Chapter 3



MINT COOKIES

TWO GIRL SCOUTS greeted me at the front door. A little girl in an adorable Brownie vest held hands with another wearing a green sash. Their pressed outfits beamed with neatly sewn badges.

"Well, hello." I could feel a grin stretching across my face. Little girls were full of such promise for the powerful women they would one day become. Strength I would challenge until they broke beneath me.

I crouched down, getting eye-to-eye where I would be less threatening. The Brownie had a lock of hair curling at the corner of her eye. My fingers twitched with the need to brush the hairs away from her face. A woman supervised the girls from the curb, probably the mother. My fingers clenched, and then I raised my hand to wave. She returned my wave with a shy one of

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her own.

So friendly and trusting.

So naive and stupid.

Her children were younger versions of herself and turned my thoughts in delectable directions. I couldn't have the girls—too young, and I had standards—but the woman held promise.

"What can I do for you?" I surveyed the gathering clouds, wondering why two little girls would be out when it was about to storm.

The girl in green grasped her sister's hand. "We're selling Girl Scout cookies, sir. Would you like to buy some?" She glanced up at the gray sky. "Mama says we have a little while before the storm and we have a..." Her face scrunched up, "...q-quota to reach."

I loved the way her mouth worked out the unfamiliar sounds of such a big word.

"A quota? I'd love to." I pitched my voice high and brought my hands over my heart knowing it would make the girls smile.

The Brownie giggled.

I gave her a wink. "I love Girl Scout cookies. Please tell me you have Thin Mints. I love them."

The older girl's expression brightened, but it was her sister with the brown vest who answered.

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"Yes, s-sir. We have Thin Mints."

I wanted to tweak her nose, but the watchful mother might not appreciate me touching her daughter. The little girl was so damn adorable with her pigtails and innocent eyes; her cuteness factor was off the charts. I couldn't help myself and leaned close to inhale her warm, innocent scent.

Her older sister drew back, but the reaction was expected. As charming as I was, some females, the smart ones, pulled away, acting on the instinct for self-preservation. I sensed a great intelligence in my green-sashed friend.

"May I please have ten boxes?"

"Ten boxes, ss-sir?" The little girl's brown eyes brightened. She jumped up and down.

"Oh, yes. Ten." I fished for my wallet and pulled out two crisp fifty dollar bills. "Here, this should cover it."

The little girl screwed her face up as she tried to do the math, failed, and referenced a card in her hand. "It's five dollars a box, sir. That's fifty dollars." She stared at the money and pulled at her ear as she worked out the math. "That's too much."

I couldn't resist. I tweaked her nose.

She grinned and gave me the most delicious giggle.

"Fifty for the cookies and fifty for your troop." I pointed

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to her mother standing on the curb. "You tell your mama to take you somewhere extra special. Good girls deserve special treats don't you think?"

The advancing storm darkened the sky. I loved thunderstorms in springtime. The musty smell of fresh rain reminded me of the even more delectable scents below the house.

"Oh, yes, sir." The little Brownie clapped her tiny hands.

Her older sister glanced over her shoulder. "I need to check if we have ten boxes."

I offered the Brownie the cash, but her sister yanked the money out of my hand. That little girl needed a spanking.

"I'll wait here," I said. "Go get my cookies while I chat with your sister."

The older one wrinkled her nose and twisted her lips "Anna, you get the cookies. I'll wait here." She handed Anna the cash.

My little Brownie, Anna, twisted her mouth into a pout, but at the stern look from her sister, turned and obeyed. Why was it women always felt the need to tell others what to do? Anna's sister needed to mind her own business and let Anna do what she wanted.

As Anna ran to her mother, I made small talk with her sister. "How old are you?"

"I'm eleven." Her arms crossed over a blossoming chest.

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Girls seemed to mature at younger and younger ages. Still, this girl was too young for my tastes. Maybe several years down the road, after she grew those tiny nubs on her chest into breasts, I'd consider her to become one of my princesses. Anna's sister had a backbone.

I loved a challenge. She probably got that quality from her mother.

The girl and I traded silence while Anna skipped down the path to the curb, stopping to pick up an earthworm and toss the poor creature in the grass.

Her mother's lips formed an 'O' in surprise after the Brownie handed over the cash, and my attention focused hard on that mouth.

I had no use for the girls, but there were several ways I could make use of their mother.

Anna's sister shifted a step back, placing more distance between us. We waited for their mother to get the cookies out of the trunk of the car. Little Anna balanced ten boxes of Thin Mints in her arms as she carefully walked back to my door.

"Sir," the little girl said with pride, "your cookies."

I relieved her of her burden. My fingers skated across the buttery smoothness of her skin, and a shiver worked its way down my back. I straightened and waved to the girls' mother, raising

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my voice so she could hear me. "Thank you. I'm so happy you stopped by."

A light pattering of rain fell.

"You better hurry," I said to the girls. "You want to beat the rain."

The little Brownie flapped her hand goodbye. Her sister narrowed her eyes and spun around in a huff. That was the problem with girls. So testy.

I needed to introduce myself to their mother.

The sky dumped rain, and I stayed under cover of the porch. The girls squealed as their mother waved them to the car.

Ah, another time then.

The girls ran down my sidewalk, screeching as rain saturated their clothes. I waved goodbye to their mother and closed my front door.

Thin Mints were best served cold, but I'd never been good at denying myself. I ripped open a pack and shoved two cookies into my mouth. My eyes closed when the minty chocolate melted on my tongue.

For a moment, I wondered if my princesses might appreciate the cookies, but they hadn't behaved today.

Treats had to be earned.

Lightning flashed, followed by peals of thunder which

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rattled the windows of the kitchen. Time to get back to my princesses. The storm would make them uncomfortable and scared, and they depended on me to keep them safe.

The wind whipped through the street and hail bounced and skittered on the lawn.

I went to the door leading down to my basement. I opened the door, walked through, and turned to fasten the lock behind me, checking to make sure it was secure.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.

There was another door at the bottom of the stairs. I hummed as I unlocked and then refastened this lock too, counting out loud. "One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six."

Through my basement and past the racks holding my wine collection, I hummed with anticipation. A third door was hidden from view behind the stacks of wine.

I checked the lock.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.

Best not to make a mistake.

He hadn't been so careful and would pay for that error with his life. That would never happen to me. I was too methodical and smarter than my mentor.

Satisfied all was well, I pushed aside the rack of wine revealing the third door. This door had a combination lock, and

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I spun the dial six times then stepped into the tunnel.

The ceiling was low here, and I stooped to avoid hitting my head. The rich scents of earth and loam greeted me, and I breathed in deep. The musty smell reminded me of home. A long passage extended before me, years of work hacking a tunnel out of dirt. Rough-hewn timbers braced the walls and ceiling. A string of bulbs lit the distance.

This was my slice of heaven, a kingdom for a prince and his most precious possessions.

Six sacred obligations all modeled after the great work of my mentor.

The key in my pocket opened the last door with a soft snick of metal on metal. I flicked on the lights, and my dungeon greeted me with a welcoming glow and the whimpers of my princesses.

I straightened to my full height and stretched. Split roughly in thirds, the modified survival shelter held the king bed closest to the door. Eight cages occupied the middle third of the room, four on each side. I kept an open space in the back where I'd anchored chains into the stone wall and hung my toys against the wall.

Unlike the tunnel, I'd braced the insides of this room with metal sheeting and steel supports. While dirt was a great

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insulator, I'd nearly lost my first two princesses to hypothermia. I hadn't realized how cold they would get living underground.

I'd installed a raised wooden floor. And in addition to lights, I granted them the luxury of heat. How comfortable they remained depended on how well they behaved. They had their chamber pots, and a chore rotation to keep the place tidy.

I swore I'd never again risk the health of my princesses because of my stupidity.

A princess was waiting for my return. I'd left her chained to the king-sized bed. But first, I needed to lock the door from the inside.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.

I sighed. We were once again whole. A prince and his princesses.

Cinderella should have greeted me with a smile, but she glared at me instead.

A muscle ticked in my jaw. "Is this how you greet your Prince Charming?" I slapped her face, leaving a red handprint.

Always the noisy one, Cinderella screamed.

My cock responded, throbbing with anticipation and thickening with need.

I slapped her again because it felt good.

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Whimpers sounded from the cages, but I didn't spare a look for my other princesses. This was Cinderella's moment.

The others would serve when it was their turn.

Today, I celebrated the end of a great man's life. I would take my princesses in the same order *He* had taken his, a memorial of sorts to a man I admired.

Cinderella's brilliant blue eyes brimmed with tears and flicked to mine before jerking away. She knew better than to gaze upon my face. Her tears fell in fat juicy drops, speeding up my heartbeat and stiffening my aching cock. She struggled to hold back her sobs and failed.

I drank in her terror, letting it stoke my desires, feeding that primal need inside.

"Tsk, tsk," I chided. "You're a mess."

The tears had ruined her makeup.

I held a mirror to let her see how she'd smeared her lipstick and how her mascara had run.

Under the glow of the incandescent bulbs, black rivers streamed down her cheeks. That last slap smeared her ruby lipstick; the bright smudge leaving a streak two shades brighter than those left by my palm.

Golden curls spilled over her shoulders and rested upon her bare breasts. I couldn't resist. I took her nipples and

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squeezed, drawing out a hiss from between her gritted teeth. The sound made my fingers dig into her soft flesh, where they left dark splotches on her pillowy breasts.

"Are you allowed to make a sound?"

We had been through this before. I was tired of repeating myself. Training was such a difficult task, but fortunately, I had plenty of patience.

"My Prince," she cried. "Forgive me."

My arousal throbbed. I had finished with the first princess less than an hour ago. The potency of my purpose settled in the ache of my balls. I'd taken medication to make sure I would be able to service all six before midnight struck.

"Remember, no teeth scraping my skin." I unfastened my pants.

Her eyes widened as fresh tears poured down her cheeks.

"Open." My fingers forced her jaw wide.

Her eyes pinched shut.

Ah, I'd almost forgotten. Leaning to the side of the bed, I flicked on the video camera. My journey needed to be documented.

With a grip on her hair, I pulled her head forward. Her chains clinked and rattled.

Behind me, Red Riding Hood sobbed. I ignored her. She had been placed back in her cage after a satisfying beating. A

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sniffle came from Sleeping Beauty strapped in the corner. Goldilocks remained quiet, but then, she was gagged. Gretel was still passed out in her cage. She had been the first I'd taken today. She'd fought my dominance, and I had been forced to take her harder than I would have liked.

Belle, my beautiful Belle, shuffled in her cage. She remained quiet while I made use of Cinderella. Unlike the others, I didn't chain her when she was in her cage. She was the perfect princess and understood how to behave.

She'd been my first, but I would take her last.

Cinderella's delicious mouth sought my pleasure. My release gathered at the base of my spine, tickling my balls, then exploded outward in a rush. I crumpled over Cinderella as my vision dimmed. I hated when I passed out.

I roused a minute or two later. My one flaw. I'd been teased about it before, but that never happened anymore.

Cinderella deserved a reward.

A legend died today, but I would carry on my mentor's torch. He thought my plan fitting and had given his blessing.

I would have my Queen.

Final Thoughts

I hope you enjoyed this book as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you enjoyed reading this story, let other people know. Friend recommendations are the strongest catalyst for readers' purchase decisions! And I'd love to be able to continue bringing the characters and stories from My-Mind-to-the-Page.

Second, call or e-mail a friend and tell them about this book. If you really want them to read it, gift it to them. If you prefer digital friends, please use the "Recommend" feature of Goodreads to spread the word.

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Thank you so much for your support!

Love,
Ellie

More Books by Ellie Masters

Sensual Secrets: Not Your Mother's Coffee Table Book

Publisher: JEM Publishing, LLC

Released November 2016

Available in paperback and hardback: <http://www.blurb.com/b/7438139>

**And as an ebook:
Books2read.com/SensualSecrets**

Blurb: This isn't a novel...it's not a book of poems...it's something MAGNIFICENT!

Enter a world of luscious thoughts and decadent desires. Within these pages you will find a momentary escape from the real world as you sink into a sensuous reality, where fact and fiction combine to sweep you away in an unadulterated fantasy.

Why is it called "Not Your Mother's Coffee Table Book?"

Because, the stories and images inside this book are not fit for younger eyes. They are however, meant to inspire your imagination; to take you on a sensual journey into "what if" and "what may be." It's a key to the discovery of the soul, a path less taken, a road you will want to travel again and again. It's something to share with your lover. You'll want to keep it close at hand. Under your pillow might just be the perfect place!

The concept for SENSUAL SECRETS: Not Your Mother's Coffee Table Book came to me in the Fall of 2016. I enjoy writing erotic shorts, snippets of stories, kernels of revelation, simple moments where we can dip our toes into another place, a sensual realm where we can dream and play. Sensual Secrets is a compilation of my sinful shorts, passionate poems, and sexy short stories written this past year, all bundled into a visual feast for your enjoyment.

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Ashes to New: an Angel Fire Rock Romance Prequel

Publisher: JEM Publishing, LLC

Released October 2016

books2read.com/AshestoNew

ELITE MASTERS

Blurb: Ashes to New, prequel to Heart's Insanity: An Angel Fire Rock Romance, is not a romance. It's a story about the fiercest kind of love. It's about enduring. Surviving. And never giving up.

Elsbeth and Forest are two teenagers trapped within an abusive foster home. They endure horrible abuse, but find there is light in the darkest places. And hope is as limitless as the summer sky. All they need is the love of one another to survive.

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Heart's Insanity: An Angel Fire Rock Romance

Publisher: JEM Publishing, LLC

Released August 2016

books2read.com/HeartsInsanity

Blurb: Skye Summers endured a tragic past. She wants what the past stole, and despite lingering scars, she's surviving and thriving. Now she cures the sick, heals the wounded, and takes care of those clinging to life. The only person she can't heal is herself, because Skye is too broken for love.

Ash Dean has it all: Fame, fortune, and the adoration of screaming fans. The constant parties, drugs, alcohol, and an endless string of one-night stands are taking their toll. He gives and his fans take, until he's lost within the crowd. He wants someone to see him for the man he wishes to be rather than the one he's become.

One fate...

Two lives...

Three Days...

No sex.

That's the proposition...

It would be insane to accept and Skye's a fool to agree, but she's tired of playing it safe.

It's time to take a leap of faith, besides what could go wrong?

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Changing Roles

Publisher: Loose Id

Released March 2016

Books2read.com/ChangingRoles

TWIST OF FATE

Blurb: Kate Summers's career on the Police Force came to an implosive end when the Mayor's wife exposed her secret life as the Mistress of Pain. Kate lost not only her detective's badge, but something much more valuable. She lost her confidence as a Mistress of men.

She now scrapes by as a private investigator, feeding off the misery of others. When the Mayor and his wife ask her to investigate the murder of their daughter, Kate faces a difficult decision. To follow the leads, she must reenter the world that destroyed her career and go undercover as a submissive to a noted Dom. Only Kate swore she'd never endure the submissive role again.

Yet Jake Davenport is the one dominant fearless enough to not only challenge her rules, but break them. While accepting her new role and the erotic thrill it brings her is difficult enough, Jake's complicated past raises many questions. As her investigation progresses, the man she's fallen in love with might just be her number one suspect.

Connect with Ellie Masters

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Goodreads:

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About Ellie Masters

Ellie Masters has been exploring the worlds of romance, dark erotica, science fiction, and fantasy by writing the stories she wants to read. When not writing, Ellie can be found outside, where her passion for all things outdoor reigns supreme: off-roading, riding ATVs, scuba diving, hiking, and breathing fresh air are top on her list.

She has lived all over the United States—east, west, north, south and central—but grew up under the Hawaiian sun. She’s also been privileged to have lived overseas, experiencing other cultures and making lifelong friends. Now, Ellie is proud to call herself a Southern transplant, learning to say y’all and “bless her heart” with the best of them. She lives with her beloved husband, two children who refuse to flee the nest, and four fur-babies; three cats who rule the household, and a dog who wants nothing other than for the cats to be his best friends. The cats have a different opinion regarding this matter.

Ellie’s favorite way to spend an evening is curled up on a couch, laptop in place, watching a fire, drinking a good wine, and bringing forth all the characters from her mind to the page and hopefully into the hearts of her readers.

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