



Never  
*a*  
Choice

THE CHOICES TRILOGY

*Some things  
are inevitable*

Bonus Chapter

DEE PALMER

*That Night-*  
Daniel's POV

“Sir..Do you want me to call the police?” Peter ’s voice is calm but his brief glance in the rear view mirror fails to hide his concern, well join the fucking club.

“No Peter, I want you to drive like Hamilton and if you stop at a red light don’t bother turning up for work tomorrow. If anything happens to her-“ My words are drowned out by the roar of the cars six litre engine and my body is pressed into the seat with the force of the acceleration. I’d thank him but I can’t think of anything other than getting to her. Fuck what was she thinking letting them in. If she knew Kits driver was the one who attacked her why the fuck would she let them in? What is she playing at...this isn’t a fucking game. I am so angry right now. She makes me so fucking crazy I haven’t been able to see straight, not for weeks. If I was, you can bet your arse I would have seen through her bullshit. I know she lied when she told me she didn’t love me. She thinks she gives it away with a tug of her hair but she gives it away long before that tell. Her breath catches. It’s only slight and you have to know what other situations causes her breath to catch like that to know she is unable to hold it in. Her body literally can’t hold the lie inside just like her body can’t contain intense pleasure a moment longer. It’s my favourite sound because under my circumstances it means she’s just about to fall and come like a fucking freight train.

I knew she was lying but I was too arrogant to make her stay and talk to me. I should’ve known better...next time I’ll *make* her tell me whats going on...next time she won’t walk away. I can’t think that there might not be a next time or I’ll fucking lose it and I won’t be any use to anyone.

My head is firing unanswerable questions, irritating and pointless and they are fixed on a repeat loop driving me mad. She was supposed to be staying with Sofia, why the fuck wasn’t she at Sofia’s where she was safe? Why is she at her apartment? What does Kit want? Why is Kit employing an ex con with record for assault, GBH and rape? Rape...Jesus my whole body starts to vibrate with rage. He is in there with my baby girl. He shouldn’t be allowed to breathe the same air and if he so much looks at her in a strange way I’ll make sure he never does again.

“Sir are you sure you don’t want me to call-“

“Did I sound unsure.” I snarl like a wild animal. I feel like one and God help anyone that gets in my way. Peter nods and I take, what I hope will be a calming breath. He is on my side after all. “Look Peter lets just get there...the way I’m feeling at the moment, if i’m going to kill someone tonight I don’t want the police anywhere near me to witness the event.”

“Understood Sir...if anything happens to her you know i’ll hide the body right?” Peter offers and I know from his tone he isn’t joking either. But I can’t think about anything other than getting to her.

I'll never forgive myself that I let her walk away, I'll never forgive myself that I didn't take her back at the hospital when I had my first flash of doubt and I'll spend the rest of my life making sure she knows she is my everything, she is my always.

"Step on it Peter...nothing is going to happen to her." I don't know who I am trying to reassure but he nods in silent understanding. I can't believe I am actually silently praying thanks for Marco taking her to those Krav classes at that low rent gym. It might mean she has enough skill to protect herself, just until I get there. I know she's strong and can take pain like you wouldn't credit someone of her delicate stature but this is not the same. Not even in the same hemisphere of the same. If he's laid one finger on her...My dark thoughts are interrupted. I don't recognise any of the vehicles parked near the rear entrance of the restaurant as Peter swerves a tight corner and mounts the curb to park. I jump out before the car stops and I stop momentarily at the door. Placing my palm flat as if trying to feel for life inside, some sound, anything to tell me she is all right. "Peter wait down here...I don't want either of them getting away from here ...you understand?"

"Go...I have this covered." Peter's voice is hushed as I push the door open.

My heart hurts from the painful frantic pumping. I know now from the splintered wood at the base of the door and the perfect boot print that Bethany didn't *let* anyone in. I silently take the stairs, my eager stride reaching the top in three quick steps. The door is shut and I try to hear for any sound inside but the only sound is the damn noise of my own thumping pulse. I let out a deep breath as the handle gives way and the door slides open. The room is empty but I quickly take in the chaos of the scene, like a subliminal flash on screen, vivid, instant and real. The sofa is on its side, cushions on in disarray, smashed glass and liquid on the floor. The array of empty medicine bottles and only a few spilled pills makes me freeze with absolute terror. I turn at the first sound. A deep ugly grunt and a muffled cry. I crash through her bedroom door and the speed of the intrusion means I witness the full horror of the violent act before me.

The driver doesn't get the chance to react before I slam my fists onto his shoulders and drag him off her. His cock was still in his hand just pressed against her naked backside. He stumbles against the wall and the thin plaster cracks from the force. He is a big guy but the rage I feel right now he might as well be a skinny teen because he doesn't stand a chance. My hands fix tight around his throat. He reaches to grab his falling pants even as he is struggling to breathe. One hand trying to pry my vice like grip the other holding his trousers closed. His eyes are wide and filled with panic but I feel too sick to smile even though I feel the pleasure from his fear. Is that how he felt?...

Pleasure at her fear...she must have been so fucking scared and I wasn't here. I squeeze tighter on his neck and can feel the blood pumping faster through the thickening veins on his neck.

"You wanna kill me?" He manages to croak and cough as I apply more pressure.

"That's the idea." I can't believe my voice sounds so calm but then it is what I am good at. It drives Bethany crazy.

“Then you’ll kill us both.” He tries to nod but he can’t move. His eyes flick behind me and I glance. Her body is limp, her hair a mass of waves hiding her beautiful face. Her pale legs are scoured with red lines a result of her jeans being ripped to her knees. I release my grip only to slam him again, hard into the crumbling wall. “She’s taken enough pills to kill a horse. She’ll be dead by the time you’ve finished with me-”

“You fucking bastard.” He is right. I may not have time to kill him but I am going to start the process, my fist first crushes the bone on his nose and blood pours down his face. The sharp jab from my right hook cracks his jaw and his eyes roll to the back of his head. I’m not letting him go. I’m just getting my priorities right. He slumps down the wall and I am instantly beside her.

The adrenalin in me is making my hands shake as I turn her lifeless body over. My fingers hold her wrist trying to find a pulse, it is light and slow. Time stands still as I sweep the damp hair from her sleeping face. Her face is like a frozen image of perfection. She looks so fucking beautiful, flawless. Mine. “Wake up baby...you are safe now. Wake up...don’t leave me again...baby.” My whispered words have no impact and my blood runs cold.

“Oh shit Sir...Daniel!” Peter’s voice is utter shock.

“Call an ambulance!” I snap, “and get that piece of shit out of here.”

“What piece of-

“Fuck!” The driver is gone. I didn’t hear him move. I didn’t see him go and I don’t care because right now the woman I love is dying and I need an ambulance. “Ambulance now!” I hear Peter give the details and all I can do is hold her and beg her... beg her for once. “Please wake up baby.” I hitch her jeans back into place and lift her from the bed. She has no tension in her body, none at all. Her head flops forward as I try to get her to respond.

“Move out of the way Peter I need to get her moving...She’s got to wake up.” Peter is standing in the doorway just behind me. He steps back but offers his hand to help. I slap it away. No one is touching her but me, ever again. I lift her to my side but her legs are like cooked spaghetti her toes dangling just above the floor. I hover her but her feet aren’t recognising their job. Peter is reciting a standard list of things that might help, nothing I don’t know. Keep her upright, get her to move, a splash of water, shouting, maybe a slap to the face? I look over to Peter and narrow my eyes at his last suggestion.

“I’m not slapping her.” I can’t. He looks sympathetic and that almost makes me laugh. He thinks I couldn’t hit her. It’s not that, I fucking love beating her but slapping her skin has always been about pleasure, hers and most definitely mine. There is nothing fucking pleasurable about this. This is a waking fucking nightmare.

“Fine, I understand...a pinch then?” He offers and I’ve seen that done in the recovery room with patients fighting to come round from an anaesthetic, pinching or a stiff knuckle in the sternum. Pinching it is then.

“Sure...I can do that.” She needs to wake the fuck up. I need her to open her eyes and if she won't respond to kindness I know she'll respond to pain. My fingers stroke the softest skin imaginable just on the inside of her upper arm. A moment of silk before my fingers grip and twist like a slice of a knife. The impact is instant, subdued but instant. Her closed lids break open and her arm twitches. Her smooth brows knit together and her lips purse like she wants a kiss.

“Owww.” She whispers and I have to swallow back the relief like a physical lump in my throat. Fuck! I bark out a laugh and both Peter and I visibly release our joint tension with a deep breath. “I'll do it again if you don't keep your fucking eyes open.” My voice is stern as I can make it because I am so bloody relieved but that sinking desperate feeling engulfs me each time her eyes slip shut. Her mouth opens to cry out again at my pinch but you have to strain to hear, her words are so soft.

“Which part of keep your fucking eyes open did you not understand Bethany?” My tone is harsher this time. I need her trembling, afraid...anything. I don't fucking care as long as she's awake but I have to hold back a laugh when she tells me to fuck off. I turn toward Peter who is still hovering because I won't let him help. “Peter why don't you wait outside...make sure the ambulance knows where to find us Ok?”

“Sure...I'm on it.” He looks relieved to take the order but pauses a moment. “Daniel no one got past me. Do you want me to check the restaurant?” I can see his hand clench and as much as I share his obvious desire for retribution nothing is as important as saving Bethany. Nothing.

“Ambulance Peter...I don't give a shit about a single thing other than Bethany.” I attempt one more time to lower her feet to the floor but still no purchase. Peter simply nods and leaves me to continue to pace and pinch Bethany back into consciousness. Once he is gone and in response to her curse I whisper forcefully close to her ear. “Do you think that is polite?” Its like a current of electricity passes through her, she jolts and her eyes widen fully alert if only for a moment.

“No Sir.” She says and my fucking heart leaps and my cock hardens. I know its not great timing but like I have any choice. I've been hard since the moment she fixed those scolding hazel eyes on me in the stupid meet and great Jack had invited me to. I hadn't even intended going and to think we might never have met. I check myself because that is fucking ridiculous, even in a theatre of five hundred students I would've picked her out. She may have been affronted at my tone with Jack but her body certainly wasn't and I could see the fear in her eyes as she fought to control what her body was literally begging for. Inevitable, it's the only word that comes close to describing us.

This can't be the end. She is mine. I won't let her die. When I tell her she's mine it's because I own her, every part of her... body and soul and I am filled with complete horror and agony that tonight I could have lost her. But not now, not tonight...not ever.

“Good girl.” I lift her into my arms instantly I hear Peter call. I'm not waiting for the gurney or the paramedics to get their act together. She is so light in my arms, delicate and fragile. I can see the purple bruising around her neck and pure rage courses through me. Breaking his jaw wasn't nearly

enough retribution...I should've just killed him. I will kill him. The paramedics scramble to put the gurney back into the rear of the ambulance as I jump inside.

"Drive!" I growl. They look at each other and one disappears and the other steps inside and closes the door. The engine starts and we pull away with a jerk. My arms fold tighter around my precious bundle. "Not tonight baby...not ever." I whisper into her hair with a kiss.

"Sir you need to lie her down so I can examine her." The woman's voice is filled with sympathy.

"Examine her like this because you are going to have to prise her from my cold dead arms if you think for one moment I'm letting her go." My voice is level but I can see the tone and my fixed glare has had the desired effect. The paramedic nods and reaches for Bethany's arms to take her pulse. She didn't need to be strapped to a gurney to know that it is weak.

I answer as many questions as I can, my innate need to *know* her proving its value tonight. I do know her date of birth. I do know her blood group, the date of her last period. What the fuck has that got to do with anything. I refuse to answer another stupid question. The paramedic has the empty medicine bottles what else does she need to know? What her favourite music band is? Her favourite flavour ice cream? What her favourite colour is? Well, I can answer all of that and more but her favourite colour is the easiest. It is blue, not any blue but a deep ocean blue. She's told me often enough when she looks into my eyes and steals my soul with her pure passion and her love. They have had enough of my focus, no more. Silence descends and I hate it. She has no colour and the mask over her face hides her pale dry lips. She hasn't made a sound for endless minutes. She looks too pale and it might just be a crime to wake her because she actually looks at peace. Well fuck that! I'm in turmoil literally holding my life in my hands. My fucking heart is on a knives' edge and I want her kicking and screaming, fighting for her own life to come back to me. "Keep your fucking eyes open Miss Thorne." I see the shock in the paramedics face but she wisely says nothing because my stern tone is effective. It gets a response.

"I can't. I'm too tired, keep pinching, it's the only way." I wait a moment but her eyes begin to droop and I do just that, pinch and shake and growl my commands in her ear. It works.

"No...You misunderstand me Doctor. I don't care. I am not leaving her and if you call security you will just have more injured bodies to deal with so why don't you stop wasting time and do your fucking job." I haven't even raised my voice but the timid looking doctor is already retreating to a safe distance, a wise move.

"I'm sure she wouldn't want you to see her like this Sir. It really would be better if you wait in the waiting room. You're not a relative-." The nurse addressing me begins to step my way, her expression a stern mask but one glance at my face and she falters.

"-She *is* going to be my wife so I think that counts... Don't you?" It's not a lie. It's destiny, I just haven't mentioned it...yet. I stand beside her bed and sweep her hair from her eyes. Ignoring the intrusive yet life saving procedures going on I try to use my voice to take her away from this ordeal.

I try to use my words to make her understand what she means to me. I whisper in her ear that I love her. I tell her that she makes me so happy, I have never known happiness like this. I tell her I didn't know it was possible to feel like this. God I fucking love her so much and then before I actually grow a vagina I tell her gruffly that when she's better her arse is in so much fucking trouble.

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Looking at her now I can't believe that was only five days ago. She recovered so quickly but I still have my reservations. It has taken all my restraint to let her recover when she looks so damn sexy all the time that all I want to do is fuck her hard into next week and beyond. For now it is not about what I want. But fuck it, I'm only human and she's promised me she is well and has tortured me enough...now it's my turn.

I have left her waiting for fifteen minutes, all tied up and ready. She was so fucking ready that I know these last fifteen minutes will have felt like a lifetime. I love this part, making her wait drives her crazy...teasing her tests her insanity but torturing her makes her mine. I know she is straining to hear me enter the room but I am silent at the doorway, gazing in wonder at the most magnificent sight imaginable, savouring the image. She is sat on the edge of the island in the kitchen, blindfolded and naked. Her arms I roped behind her at the elbows so she has this great curve to her spine which pushes her perfect tits up like an offering to the Gods. And as if that sight wasn't enough to make my balls bleed blue her ankles are kept wide by a spreader bar. Fucking perfect. I have no intention of going hard with her until I'm ready and I feel she is back to strength but that doesn't mean we can't play and now its playtime.

I walk into the room my bare feet hardly make a sound but she turns her head toward me. Her skin is already flushed and prickled with excitement. That responsiveness is such a turn on but her trust, well, that just fucking kills me.

"Daniel?" Her voice is soft but waivers with uncertainty.

"Did I give you permission to speak?" My firm tone actually makes her shiver. I wait for her next mistake and have to smile when she remains silent. Her lips curl as she fights to hide her own pleasure at passing that little test.

"You may answer my questions Bethany." I stand directly in front of her looking down but not yet touching. She tilts her head upward.

"No Sir." And there it is...those two word. She fucking owns me with those two words.

"Good girl." I trace the back of my fingers down the arc of her cheekbone, down her cheek and softly along her jaw. She leans into my touch and I know she craves every bit of contact I choose to give like it's her next breath. I lean down and place a kiss on her collar bone and she sucks in a sharp breath. My lips smile against her skin..."Oh baby we haven't even started." I laugh as her

body stiffens with the sensual threat in my words. "Don't move." My voracious eyes slowly drift down her body eager to take in every bit of her beauty, naked, open... mine. I step away and begin to gather my weapons of choice.

This is going to be fun but I deliberately make enough noise, with cupboard slamming and throwing ingredients on the counter that she jumps and twitches with nerves. Her trust has never been an issue. I felt the purity of it our first night together even if at the time, she withheld the truth about her virginity she trusted me with her body. I need to make sure we still have that. Wait who am I kidding? I know we still have that. It's laughable that I need a fucking excuse to have some fun with her, to do whatever I want with this delectable body trembling in front of me. I don't need a reason or an excuse because she belongs to me and that makes me the luckiest fucking man alive.

"Bethany...do you trust me?" She jumps at my stern tone. I have everything arranged and ready and I am standing just close enough she can feel my heat but still not touching her. She is nervous. I can see her try to inch forward for comfort and to close this tiny gap but I maintain the distance.

"Yes." She doesn't hesitate and I fucking love that.

"How much?" I demand quietly.

"I trust you Sir..How much is too much?" She tips her chin to the side like she is thinking about this.

"I like that answer...I might go easy on you because of it." My lips are millimetres away from her neck and she tilts her head away exposing more of her skin for me. I still don't touch and the warmth of my breath makes her shiver.

"You don't have to on my account Sir." Her breathless voice betrays her burgeoning desire.

"Of course I don't." I pinch her peaked nipple hard just to punctuate my point. She lets out a high pitch cry with a mix of squeal and gasp. It's a really hot sound and I plan on hearing it often tonight. "I have a few things here that I want to do to your body...use it as my own personal canvas but also I have some things that I would like you to try. I will touch your skin with the item in several places to help you identify the object and with some I will allow you to smell. For each item you guess correctly I will give you an orgasm." I smile because we both seem to swallow deeply at that thought.

"How many items do you have?"

"Ten." I have to adjust myself at that little shocked gasp. I might not make it to ten but she doesn't need to know that. "When I hold it to your lips you have to ask me 'Should I taste it...Sir?' I will advise you whether you should. Understand?"

"Um I think so."

"Good...it will become very clear very quickly I assure you...ready?"

"More than Sir." She shifts a little and I can smell her sweet arousal and fuck if I don't want to taste her right now.

She jumps when I place the first item just against the inside of her thigh. It's chilled and slippery but I had to keep everything cold to mask the smell as much as possible. "Any guesses?" I touch lightly on her thigh and move it slowly up her leg and a thin trace of liquid leaves a trail on her skin.

"Not a clue...its cold and wet. Can I hold it...use my finger tips?" Her brow is knitted together and I love that she is really focusing on the task. Not in the least concerned with being spread wide open for me on my kitchen counter.

"What do you think?" I chuckle as her shoulders sag with defeat. I hold it to her lips.

"Should I taste it Sir?" She breaths out the world and she fails miserably to hide her mischievous grin. Fuck those words...what was I thinking? I swallow and her brow shoots up and her grin widens.

"Yes Bethany you should taste it." She opens her mouth and I push the sliced cucumber in, her tongue does a rapid assessment and satisfied her teeth bite down.

"Cucumber...this is fun...and I get the best prize when I get it right?" Her smile is all flirtatious and sexy as hell.

"No Bethany...I get the *best* prize when you get it right." I have already picked up the next object and the warm brown liquid chocolate drips from the brush across her thigh before I can begin my brush strokes. It's a classic for a reason. She lets out a deep sigh as the warm soft brush inches further to her very centre. I stop just before the brush touches her soft glistening folds. I dip the chocolate once more and repeat on the other leg. I then overload the brush and drench firstone breast then the other with a river of dark melted chocolate. She prefers milk chocolate but its me that will be licking it off later so bitter chocolate it is, beside it loots amazing against her pale skin. I put the brush down and pick up a piece of unmelted chocolate and hold it to her lips. She grins.

"Should I taste it Sir?" She has already opened her mouth.

"No Bethany...you shouldn't. Do you still want to?" My voice is level, a feat of impressive control given how fucking hard I am.

"Its chocolate Sir...Does the Pope shit in the woods?"

"I doubt that he does...but if you are sure?" I hesitate to give her the option to heed my advice. She opens and takes the whole piece in her mouth. I only have to wait a moment before her jaw drops open and her tongue shoots out with a mass of lumpy half eaten bacon flavoured chocolate.

"Urghhh..ugh" She is about to spit it out when I push her jaw shut and hold it firm.

"You wanted it Bethany, swallow...it won't kill you." She tries to shake her head but my grip wont let her and she is squealing silently in the back of her throat as she begins to digest the offending confectionary.

"What the fuck was that...oh God it was disgusting...Why would someone do that to chocolate? What is wrong with people? ...I need a drink something to wash the taste. Why did you let me eat that?"

"I didn't...I told you not to taste if you recall." I grin at her narrowed eyes as she thinks through that specific conversation. I hold a glass of water to her lips and she greedily drinks the whole glass.

"Well... yes ...you did but you've painted my body in bacon chocolate?" She wrinkles her nose.

"No, that would be disgusting...I have painted your body in dark mayan chocolate because I will be licking it off-"

"-When?" She eagerly interrupts.

"When I am ready...now shall we continue?"

"Depends...are you going to feed me any more disgusting food?" I am sure she would have her arms wrapped tight across her body with that tone which just makes me laugh.

"I didn't...did I?" I wait in silence as she mulls this over.

"No Sir."

"Good girl." I have already picked up the next item, a chilly and after just barely touching her skin in several places she couldn't guess what it was but asked me once more and on my advice this time chose not to have a taste. I had planned on trying out about ten food types but she is beginning to look uncomfortable. Not so much the rope ties but the constant squirming and the ache in my cock is now agony so one last object. It's a lolly pop but she doesn't guess from its touch only once she has smelt the sickly sugary aroma. She licks her lips.

"Shall I taste it Sir?" She asks.

"No Bethany I don't think you should...Do you still want to?"

"It is a lolly right?"

"It is." She worries her lip between her teeth.

"I don't want to taste it Sir."

"A wise decision Bethany. It is filled with tiny ants. They sell them in Fortnums-"

"That doesn't make it right, it's still gross." She screws up her face in disgust.

"Which is why I told you not to taste it and you didn't....I am very pleased with you. Now for my prize."

"Holy fuck!!" Bethany screams as I literally dive between her soft folds with my urgent tongue. She is right on the edge and I can feel her trembling. If I suck her clit right now she is going to fall but I just needed to taste I don't want her to come...not yet. I pull back and I get my second favourite sound, that whimper. I unclip the spreader bar and lift her from the counter, carefully lowering her to her feet and helping her to her knees. She doesn't need encouragement but she does need my balance, her arms are still secure and I have the best view ever. Naked and kneeling, tits pushed up, head tilted and mouth slightly open. Now for perfection. I whip the blindfold from her eyes.

Three blinks to focus and adjust then she's mine and her mouth drops a little wider. I don't need a written invitation, my hand is in my pants in a split second, the second half of that second and I am placing my cock on her bottom lip.

“Shall I taste it Sir?” Undiluted lust pools in the sparks of gold in her hazel eyes. I hold back a groan because it would be wasted right now when I know its just going to get so much better.

“Taste, suck and swallow Bethany....Arghhhh Fuuuuck!!!” I slide between her silk soft lips and she sucks me deep into the back of her throat like her life depended on the task. It takes all my strength not to fuck her face like a man possessed because that is what she does. She possesses me. But she’s not a hundred percent so I temper each thrust and guide the pace with my hand threaded into the silken strands of her hair. My hips roll in a rhythm that matches each deep suck and swirl of her tongue. She is feasting on me and I know I’m not going to last, she is too damn good. I can feel my balls tighten and when she moans around my girth the vibrations are enough. I hold her steady and as gently as I can manage I slide back and forth and I come down her throat. Her eyes are glazed but they fix on me like I am some sort of prize. I hold her soul steeling gaze and stroke my finger tenderly along her jaw as she reverently licks me clean. I am still hard. I am always fucking hard with her.

I gently lift her to her feet and wrap my arms around her to loosen the ropes. I turn her around and massage her shoulders and neck which are tight from the confinement. She sags in my arms and I lie her on the sofa in the corner of the kitchen. “Shall I taste you Bethany?” I whisper, she is still covered in the brush strokes of dark chocolate. Her body trembles and I can see her pulse beating a frantic beat in her neck...she’s thrumming.

“Please Daniel...please.” She swallows thickly. “Sorry ...please Sir.”

“You know you are far to quick to beg...something we need to work on I think.” I lightly tap her nose as I position my self straddled just below her knees. “But Daniel is fine when you are no longer bound...this isn’t a scene Bethany. This is me and you...understand?” I flash a wide smile and am rewarded with a better one in return.

“Yes Daniel.”

“Good girl...now I do believe I owe you three orgasms I murmur deeply against her quivering flesh. She cries out with the first swipe of my tongue along her heated folds.

The first cry of many.