

## Dolled up

Kiara:

I don't need to be told twice to get into the bathtub. I know I'm given ten minutes, but there's no way I can take a bath in ten minutes, so I take my bath as fast as I can. Then I walk back to the room to see a dress laid out for me.

It's a deep blue color, with a fitted top and a long, flowing skirt. The dress has no sleeves and a modest neckline.

"Do I really have to wear this?" I ask Ariana, who is standing rigidly by the door.

She nods, and I let out a groan of protest. She glances at her wristwatch and says, "Ma'am, we are two minutes late, and..."

"I get it," I interrupt, rolling my eyes.

I grab the gown and stride over to the mirror. As I remove my towel, Ariana gasps and quickly shuts her eyes. I ignore her reaction and slip into the gown. It fits perfectly on my upper body, accentuating my waist, while the skirt of the gown hangs perfectly on my ass.

"Looks good," I admit, giving a twirl in front of the large mirror.

Ariana approaches me with a box and says, "he asked to give you this."

I open the box to reveal a pearl necklace. A lump forms in my throat. It's clear he's doing this deliberately to piss me off. He probably knows about the sacred Luna necklace.

"I don't want it," I declare, and she shakes her head.

"Mr. Malibu wants you to wear it to breakfast."

"And I have refused to wear it. He can do his worst," I retort, my lips pressed into a firm line. I open the drawer and select a random gold necklace, not caring about its history or previous owner.

I make my way out of the room, heading down the stairs to have breakfast with the devil himself. As I enter the dining room, I spot him sitting there, looking handsome as ever. I stomp my foot hard on the floor to express my distaste for him.

One of his guards on standby pulls out a chair for me to sit down.

"What kept you waiting, Ms. Levine?" he asks, and I stare at him, my brow furrowed in annoyance.

"I don't go by that name, and I am married," I retort.

"So, where is your husband?" he asks, and I grit my teeth, choosing to remain silent.

"I requested you put on a pearl necklace, so why on earth do you have that necklace on?" he questions, and I shrug nonchalantly.

"I think I am allowed to make decisions about what I want on my body," I say, and he rolls his eyes.

He then digs into his breakfast.

I glance at the large buffet spread out on the table. A variety of fresh fruits, warm pastries, an assortment of cheeses, and hot dishes wafting delicious aromas. As I reach out to serve myself, he snaps his fingers, and one man on standby takes the plate from my hand.

"Sit," Zane commands, and I comply.

The man picks one of everything, filling my plate with a colorful array of food - a fluffy croissant, a slice of cheese, a serving of scrambled eggs, a couple of sausages, and a small pile of fresh fruit.

He passes the plate back to me, and I stare down at it before picking up a spoon.

The food is too much compared to what I usually consume, and the tight fit of the gown makes it easy for me to feel full.

As soon as my stomach tightens, I groan while eating. This causes Zane to pause with his food. Then he stares at me with a puzzled expression.

"Ms. Levine, would you mind explaining why you're interrupting my sumptuous breakfast?" he asks, placing his cutlery on the plate with a clink.

"I'm glad you asked," I respond, pushing away my plate with a sense of distaste.

"May I inquire why I'm being dolled up? What's with the perfumes? The jewelry? Are you trying to provoke me? Or make me fat?" I ask, fluttering my eyes in a mix of curiosity and annoyance.

"I mean, a minimalist design would do, please," I huff, feeling a wave of frustration.

He stares at me, his lips set in a hard line, and his brow furrowed.

"Ms. Levine, let me remind you why you're here. I purchased you for fifty million dollars, and you will abide by my rules, because you live under my roof," he says, raising his voice slightly.

Then he picks up his cutlery to resume eating.

'I never asked to live in this stupid house in the first place,' I mutter under my breath.

"Stand up!" he growls, and I look at him to see his brow wrinkled.

"What?" I ask, raising a brow . "

"Stand!" he yells, banging his hands on the table. This startles me and causes me to jump to my feet in fear.

He stares at me while I look down, twirling my hair with my fingers nervously. Then he says to me in a commanding tone,

"Come."

I sluggishly walk over to him, and he grabs my hands, pulling me down onto his lap. He pats my hair, bringing his lips close to my ear, his hot breath causing a tingling sensation on my neck.

"I see nothing wrong with the food, and you will continue eating until your plate is clear," he states firmly, snapping his fingers.

One of his men rushes over, bringing the plate of food to him. He grabs the spoon from my plate, a stern look on his face.

"Open your mouth," he commands, shoving a spoonful of scrambled eggs into my mouth.

I chew quietly, feeling shy as his men steal glances at us. I want to bury my face in embarrassment, but I can't because of Zane's firm grip on my thighs.

As I sit on his lap, I am aware of a slight bulge in his pants that pokes me a bit, causing my face to heat in embarrassment. The realization that I'm turning him on leaves me with a whirlwind of emotions that I struggle to understand.

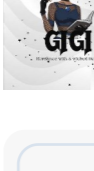
He continues to feed me until he picks the last item on my plate, a grape.

"Good girl," he whispers in my ear as I chew the grape.

His voice is raspy, stirring a tumult of emotions within me, but I try to suppress them.

As soon as I finish eating, I attempt to stand up, but he grabs me firmly by my waist, pulling me back down.

"The next time you try something like this, we might end up giving the guards a live pornographic show," he whispers in my ear, sending a jolt of shock through me that leaves me speechless.



**Gigi**

Initially I promised daily updates, then I wanted to do two chapter a week but then I have my nal exams, so how about one chapter per week, and you can have me the whole of 2024

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