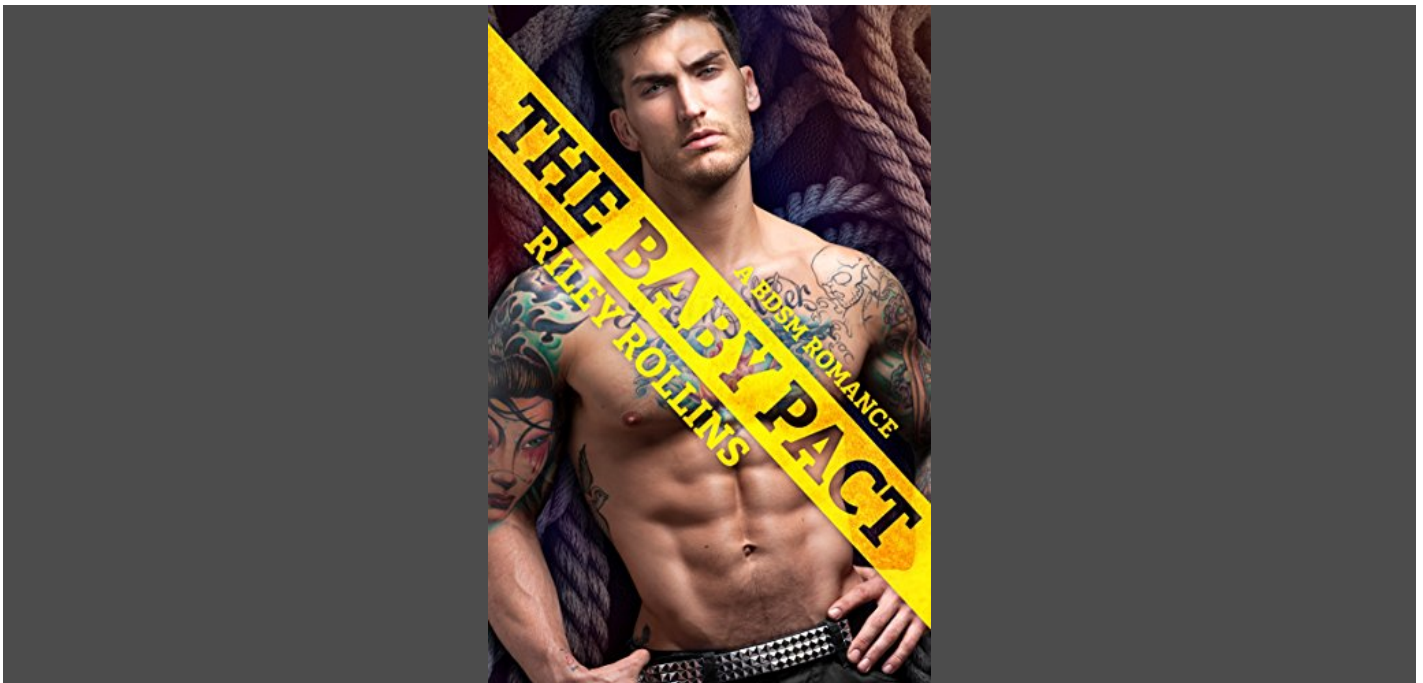


PDF | The Baby Pact: A BDSM
Romance

by Riley Rollins



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"Trust me," he said.

And I did. I surrendered, letting him bind me, letting him tie me.
I submitted. And he left me with a hunger to be dominated,
...a baby growing inside me...
...and a devastating choice to make.

Angelina

I've worked for six long years, gritting my teeth and making it on my own. I've learned how to be a single mommy to my baby girl. And we don't need *anyone* now. Neither of us can survive another broken heart.

So I earned my degree and landed one hell of a job. Our luck is turning around, and I can finally give Violet the life she deserves. I've put the past behind me...

Except I can't forget the night Will introduced me to the dark, seductive pleasures of how it feels to *give up control*.

Tall and powerful, with a confidence that seeps into my veins, he promised to take care of me... And he did *High school prom night... and sweet satin ropes... He bound me to him in ways I'd never imagined, and he was all I ever wanted*.

Will created a need inside me only he can satisfy... but all I have left is his memory.

My friend Mattie wants to celebrate graduation with a decadent night at her favorite club... the whole idea scares the hell out of me. But it may be my last chance to relive the past, to feel the sweet freedom of *giving up my power*. So I screw up my courage... and I put on my mask...

I go to *The Underground*, where the only secret you can keep is your identity. Everything else gets exposed *Absolutely everything*. Your body, your desires, your secrets... and your darkest sins.

Maybe, just *maybe... if I give in one last time*, I'll be able to put my Will and my cravings behind me for good.

Will

Angelina was my turning point. My delicate angel. She holds her control so close to her heart... *but I taught her the pleasures of surrender...*

From the first time I held her, I knew she was not just mine to pleasure, mine to savor... *but mine to protect*.

After she ran, it took me six f**king years to find her again. But I did.

My angel, masked at a BDSM club, and wearing sweet pink satin tied around her luscious breasts. It told me everything I needed to know: *that she'd never forgotten*.

Now she's ready to be dominated one last time. *I'll make her remember, because I never forgot*.

But she trusts no one, and the kind of pleasure I give *demand*s total surrender. Somehow, I have to find a way to reach her...

I *will* own her body...

...because she already owns my soul.



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