Seamus dragged Tam out of the club and along the corridor until they came to the elevators. She had to practically run to keep up with his quick strides. When he’d approached her table she had instinctively known that he’d come for her. She’d be a fool if she didn’t acknowledge the spark between the two of them. Her attraction toward this man was exciting and scary at the same time. She’d already figured that he was a dangerous man by what she’d already witnessed but it was apparent his reputation proceeded him.

“Did you have to hit him like that?” she broke the silence as they waited for the elevator door to open.

He didn’t answer her question.

“Can you at least let go of my wrist?” She attempted to yank herself out of his hold, but his grip remained tight. It held on to her as if he didn’t want to let go.

Seamus didn’t release her until they were at the top level. He had to press a code into the panel in order for the doors to open. This was a part of the building none of the other hostesses or clients had access to. It was apparent that this was a private penthouse suite but she didn’t understand why Seamus had access to this one when the clients were able to take the hostesses to private rooms on the lower levels, unless…

It all made sense. This was his place. No wonder Natalia reluctantly accepted Tam into her employment if Seamus was the boss, but the way Jason and Harry had spoken to him they didn’t seem to be aware.

“The Devil’s Den belongs to you?” she asked, looking around his elaborate surroundings.

Seamus walked to his bar and poured himself a drink. Once again, he ignored her question.

“If you’re not going to speak, then I don’t see the point in me being here. You may own this place but that doesn’t mean I have to be here with you. I was told that we have the right to refuse a client.”

He put his glass on the bar and smirked. There was something almost devilish about him when he did that. “But you won’t.”

Tam folded her arms across her chest. “And why not? What do you think will stop me from turning around and walking out right now?”

“Well,” Seamus finally spoke, “the obvious reason would be the fact that you need a code to operate the elevator at this level. “The other one is that you don’t want to.”

His answer shocked her. “Oh, and what makes you think that?”

Seamus came from behind the bar and began to slowly walk toward her like a jungle cat stalking its prey. His deep blue gaze never wavered from her face. “It’s the same reason your panties are wet.”

“My panties aren’t—”

In one swift movement, he captured her in his arms. Without warning, he slid his hand up her thigh and slipped his hands inside her G-string. Tam was so caught off guard she gave no thought to resist, especially when he slipped his middle finger inside her pussy. Slowly he worked the digit in and out of her channel until she could hear the slushy sound of her juices flowing. Tam gripped his shoulders to keep her balance.

Seamus added another finger and pumped harder with each stroke. When his thumb grazed her clit, Tam nearly lost it. She began to shake because she was so close. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d gotten off like this. But then he did the unthinkable.

Seamus removed his hands and grinned. “You were saying?”