



SAM MAGNA

DARK  
PLUTO

When a fashion god obsesses over his muse, the connection may prove to be unbreakable.

In New York City, Justin Parker, a successful American fashion designer, finally meets the new face of his brand, Natalie Wilson, a gorgeous British model with raw talent. Her erratic cousin, Dylan Wilson, who's a stylist with his brand, introduces them but she has no idea that they already have enough chemistry. The model becomes his muse when the obsession with her body and style intensifies.

When Natalie meets Justin, she's not prepared for the feelings the man creates. Justin is a former model who has a major brand growing in New York, Paris, and the rest of the world. He happens to be obsessed with his work and maintaining professionalism. She gets confused at first but acts on her curiosity, and she's pleased with their intimacy.

Justin struggles to resist Natalie. He's faced with the challenge to overcome his attraction to her before they can work together, but his efforts are feeble.

Natalie gets confused when her intense connection with Justin deepens. The sudden attraction to him is thrilling, and she finds it impossible to keep her hands off especially when they end up in a ménage for one night. Natalie responds to the seductive pull by coming onto him. In the end, she develops strong feelings for Justin.

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ISBN: 978-1-4874-1217-3

Cover art by Scott Carpenter

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Published by eXtasy Books Inc or

Devine Destinies, an imprint of eXtasy Books Inc

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*By*

*Sam Magna*

## Chapter One

A mirrored reflection of the bright neon lights that adorned the towering cement landscape twinkled in intermittent fashion across the black sheen of the limousine. He was happy to be back in New York, gazing at the splendor of Time Square. After all, where else should Justin Parker, world-renowned fashion designer, spend his twenty-seventh birthday? His finger grazed the screen of his cell phone. Nervousness overcame him though, and he decided the numerous text messages could wait. Justin released a long sigh. Soon, he would arrive at the Belis Nightclub—time to celebrate.

Justin raked a shaky hand through his black curly locks. He would never say he thought he was handsome, but good looking wasn't a stretch. His skin was a creamy caramel color, eyes a deep smoky quartz. He was aware that his image was one both women and men flocked to. People said he was the perfect blend of his polar opposite parents—his mother a rich dark-skinned woman and his father a light-skinned man.

The never-ending sounds of traffic made it harder to sit still. Thomas, the young Caucasian man who was driving, kept staring at him in the rearview mirror, grating his sensitive nerves. After a few minutes, the glances were adding to his edginess.

"Do you get a break, Thomas?"

"Yes, uh, Mr. Parker, I do, but it's not enough. It's never enough. By the way, I'm one of your biggest fans, sir. You

should relax. It's your birthday celebration. You seem to be distant tonight."

"Thanks, I am a bit nervous. I just have to meet someone then I'll get over it. Since you're a fan, I'll make it a point to give you some merchandize before I leave. Is that okay?"

"Oh, that would be amazing. Thank you so much. I'll give you some privacy."

Thomas gave him the same goofy grin that complemented his baby face while the partition sealed off the back seat. Justin's gaze shifted to the tinted window. Sounds of the passing cars carried on in the illuminated night. The limo turned into a vast parking lot next to the Belis building—a grand structure, several floors high. Fancy cars dropped off crazed worshippers of the nightlife. Paparazzi flashed their cameras non-stop on the popular ones. He got out of the limo and closed the door, taking a deep, shaky breath.

He looked down at his navy Armani suit and black leather shoes. Self-consciousness clouded his thoughts. He was afraid of meeting a stunning model, who happened to be his friend's cousin. Dylan Wilson, his friend and stylist, started showing him pictures of Natalie in photoshoots with top designers to convince him that their brand needed her buzz.

Ten minutes passed, and they still didn't show up. Justin searched the small crowds shuffling in and out of the entrance. Pacing back and forth, he nearly jumped when a hand grabbed his upper arm.

"Slow down, oh my god, you look amazing." Dylan appraised him with a captivated gaze. Her manicured fingers brushed the material of his suit. She wore a silver robe from the latest collection, and he could smell the sumptuous fragrance drifting around her.

"Thanks, you look great too. Where's Damien?"

"He's trying to find parking space. Damn, your outfit, they'll be lining up again. And I don't know why you insist

on staying single.”

Her blue eyes scanned his outfit from head to toe. He followed her lead, watching her sleek, blonde hair bouncing off her shoulders. They walked into the club filled with celebrities who partied together.

“You’re late.” He raised his voice in the noise.

“Honestly, it’s not that bad.”

“Is she here?”

“Not yet, relax. We’re here to have to fun. My cousin just wants to meet you. At this point, I’m fairly confident that she’ll join us soon.”

Dylan dragged him past dancing bodies to an empty sitting area. Her silver robe was surely the most attention-grabbing piece in the building. When they sat down, she signaled one of the ladies serving drinks to come over. The waitress smiled, lowering her head to hear Dylan properly.

“We’ll have two *Grey Goose* Martinis, thanks,” Dylan said, and then she turned to him. “Aren’t you looking forward to meeting the new face for our spring-summer collection?”

“I am, but it can be frustrating when some of the famous ones drop us for the most prominent designers.”

“We don’t need fame to grab attention, so far our brand is excelling with young models that haven’t blown up yet.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“Why do you insist on stressing just when everything comes together?”

Dylan mastered the talent of speaking with her gaze fixed on her cell phone screen. Before he opened his mouth to answer, she stood up and rushed to the dance floor. She was dragging a tall, slim figure toward their spot. Justin noticed her the moment they broke free from the rocking bodies. His mouth almost dropped open, watching the model’s graceful stride, as she moved up close. Instead, he squared his shoulders and tried to smile. Natalie Wilson was more beautiful in

person with flawless pale skin and wavy, dark hair. His mouth went dry when he spotted her voluptuous cleavage.

"Natalie, I'd like you to meet Justin Parker."

"I'm so thrilled to finally meet you."

A brilliant smile lit up Natalie's face, exposing pearly, white teeth—her natural lip color concealed by magenta lipstick. She moved closer, extending her hand. Justin took her delicate, manicured hand into his while he assessed the flawless model. Her fair skin and facial features came together to form a gorgeous face that could never go unnoticed, her jet-black hair draped over her upper arms. She wore a red, knee-length Valentino dress that Justin hadn't seen before. He realized that staring at her for so long would make her uncomfortable and withdrew his hand.

Natalie and Dylan sat across from him. They resumed an argument, but he wasn't paying attention, pretending to page his phone. Every time he sneaked a glance in Natalie's direction, he found her staring back, a burning gaze that made him shift in his seat. Justin wanted to ask many questions, but his mind was blank.

"Forgive me, I'm so nervous. I don't know where to begin, I know so much about you already." Natalie's soft, pleasant voice was nearly drowned out by the club music.

Justin adjusted his slim black tie. "I know a lot about you too. I'm just here to clarify that we won't restrict your freedom but it can be draining trying to get hold of a model who's giving someone else more attention."

"Oh, don't worry. I've been modeling for six years, and none of my agents complained about my commitment to their work."

Justin nodded. The impact of her presence made his heart beat faster every minute. He adjusted his tie, straining his hearing when she continued.

"I received a call from one of the photographers earlier,

his name is Arthur. He said there's a photoshoot coming up," Natalie said.

A smile played on his lips, but he maintained his composure. "Yes, that's tomorrow."

"I know. I'll be there."

"Are you sure? Your contract starts in the next two weeks."

"I'm sure."

"I told you to relax," Dylan said, she gave Justin an impatient look. "Now, I'm getting the waitress to bring us a bottle of champagne to celebrate our new face. And I have to meet Damien outside. He's still trying to find parking."

Dylan left them alone. An occasional glimpse of Natalie's cleavage covered halfway by the dress gave him indecent thoughts. He looked into her eyes, lost for words.

"I'm your biggest fan by the way." Natalie's words took him by surprise.

"I find that hard to believe. There are better people to obsess about in the industry."

"You're one of my personal favorites. Even with a brief modeling career, you were still able to come up and dominate runways for Givenchy and Jean Paul Gaultier. Don't you revel in your own success?"

"I do. I just haven't reached the pinnacles. Four years ago when I decided to go off on my own and live my dream as a designer, I had no idea there'd be so much chaos."

Natalie gave him a reassuring smile. "You seem to have everything under control."

"Appearances can be deceiving."

"Do you still get the same attention as a designer?"

"Yes, I do. Even people I never dreamed I'd meet..."

Natalie smiled, and he was delighted to see her study him with curiosity. Justin felt his face warm up whenever he stole glances in her direction while pretending to be interest-

ed in the crowd of party animals on the dance floor. A different waitress brought the champagne in four wine glasses. Natalie took a sip from one.

"So, do you mind if I ask you a few things I don't know about you?" she asked.

"No, go ahead."

"Do you like going out often?"

"Not really, most of the time I'm forced to, especially after the shows. It's one way to socialize with clients."

"I figured. Dylan told me you prefer spending nights working."

Justin panicked. "What else did she say about me?"

"Uhm, she mentioned that you grew up in Marseille. You studied there then you moved to Paris after an Elite agency scout offered you a contract at the age of fifteen. Twelve years later, you're this fashion god."

Justin nodded, taking a sip of the crisp, delicious champagne. He was impressed with Natalie's interest in his achievements.

"Thank you for the compliment," Justin muttered.

"Sorry, I can't hear you clearly."

Natalie shifted closer to him until their knees were nearly touching. He stilled for a moment. She focused on his lips. Enchanted by her looks, he inhaled the sweet scent of her perfume, flustering as she leaned in. She was the epitome of sexy, and he feared that working with her under the circumstances would be close to impossible.

"We're back." Dylan's voice caused the model to jump back a little. Justin was grateful to regain his breathing space again. Dylan sat next to her boyfriend, Damien. After meeting a few weeks before at another club in New York, they were inseparable. Damien was a buff football player whose presence at Fashion Week was unusual. His muscular arm came around Dylan's waist, and they continued flirting.

Meanwhile, Justin managed to keep his composure.

"I came to meet Miss Wilson so is it okay for me to leave now?" Justin asked.

"But we just got here. Let loose, I mean it, Justin. You're so overworked. It's not healthy for you," Dylan said.

"She's right, everything in moderation." Damien's voice boomed. His giant frame showed that his workout plan was far from moderate.

Justin had only two glasses, but his head was spinning, and the euphoric feelings were getting him too heady.

"In an hour, I'm leaving," Justin said.

"Fine with me," Dylan beamed, making a signal to the waitress to bring more liquor.

"I can't believe you allow her to do that to you," Natalie said.

"He doesn't mind. Do you?" Dylan asked casually.

"I do, I just prefer to agree with you so you can stop pestering me. And you pester me a lot," Justin said.

Dylan giggled. "See, he's so patient and understanding."

Dylan was getting tipsy. She turned to her man and resumed their public display of affection. Natalie hadn't stopped staring, causing Justin to shift in his seat.

"Since you rarely do this and you have an hour, I think it's only right to show you a good time," Natalie said.

She took Justin's hand before he responded and led him to the bar. Different color shades of lighting illuminating the dim club danced on Natalie's curvy body. Her backless dress showed fair skin, giving him unexpected racy images. She let go of his hand while she spoke to the bartender, a busy young man who stared at her in a way that gave Justin a sick feeling. He felt like a schoolboy when the excitement of holding her hand twice took him by surprise.

The bartender pushed forward two small glasses with a clear liquid.

"Bottoms up," Natalie announced. She gave him the other glass. He watched the attractive model take a swig of the shot, then her features crumbled as she blew at strong taste of the liquid a few times. After composing herself, Natalie gave him an adorable, beckoning look to partake of his own spirit. Justin threw the vodka in his mouth, instantly setting his throat ablaze. He squeezed a lemon slice in his mouth, and the bitterness dissolved. Natalie tried to get the attention of the huffing bartender. She pointed at the glasses, and the bartender gave them a refill. Justin shook his head to protest when the bartender offered a second.

"Oh c'mon, another round," Natalie begged. Her soft, seductive voice distracted him.

"Honestly, I'm not much of a drinker. I'm not supposed to anyway. I have to be in the studio in two hours."

Natalie moved closer to him. "Where's the fun in that?"

"You'll soon learn that I'm no fun."

"I don't believe you."

Natalie lifted the glass and Justin took it hoping she'd step back if he agreed. After drinking the vodka, he felt the flames re-ignite down his chest. Natalie drank the shot and placed the glasses back on the counter. He wracked his brain trying to figure out what she was thinking. She closed the distance between them, and he felt like he was suffocating. The model who was the object of his darkest fantasies seemed to be leaning in for a second time. Why did he have a wild urge to let her kiss him?

His head was spinning when Natalie's hand came around his nape to pull him in for a luscious kiss. At first, he froze in place, but when Natalie's tongue prodded slowly into his mouth, he moved his arms around her petite waist. Their tongues swept over each other in the consuming moment. Justin committed to his memory the feel of the model's body and the sweet taste of her mouth.

The slightest touch from her set his body on fire. His knees felt like jelly and his palms became damp. He tried to rationalize in the back of his mind, but lust clouded his thoughts and senses. In a blissful state, he felt increasingly hot for the woman. Natalie licked Justin's lower lip and sucked gently. Justin pulled away from her, taking deep breaths. He was scared that being intimate with her might end up compromising the agreement they had earlier.

"What's wrong?" Natalie asked innocently.

"Sorry, I'm not supposed to..."

"Why not?"

Justin shook his head again. "It's completely unprofessional, and it can't happen again."

"All right, I'll respect that. I'm sorry. I guess I'm beyond tipsy at this point."

Justin chose to believe it for his own piece of mind. "It was nice to meet you," he said, and he hurried for the exit. The whole night had turned into a confusing mess. Luckily, the limo was already waiting for him. He closed the door inside and let out a shaky breath.

"Where to?" Thomas asked.

"Take me home, please."

Thomas nodded while he drove away. The partition rolled up, and he was thankful for the brief privacy. Justin had to calm down to be able to process the event that had just unfolded.

## Chapter Two

The clear blue sky was on display through the open windows, it fell into the background of a breathtaking elevated view of Soho, Manhattan. Natalie lay awake in the bed mid-morning. She was glad the photoshoot was in the afternoon. Her body was heavier when she wanted to get up. The previous night had turned out to be a thrilling, crazy experience—meeting Justin Parker was a dream. He was more attractive in person, with his tan skin and bold eyes. A sharp, tingling feeling raced through her breasts when she recalled their electrifying kiss that left a lasting impression on her.

Natalie wondered when the secret obsession for his body had begun. All the time they spent together, and the obsession persisted. She had already seduced the designer in the heat of the moment the night before. The sensation traveled down all over her skin to settle in between her legs. All of a sudden, she wanted to touch herself at the memory of their heavenly kiss.

She got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. Her thoughts about Justin revolved around the desire to see him naked. She had seen old photos of him half-naked before but discarded the feelings as pure lust. What was happening to her? She turned on the hot water in the shower. After several minutes in the water, she went to the mirror to brush her teeth. She dried her long tangles with a cordless dryer. The ring tone on her cell phone beeped in the bedroom, and she hurried to answer the call after wrapping a white towel around her body.

"Hello."

"I hope you're ready by now. I'm coming to pick you up in five minutes. The guys are done setting up everything," Dylan said.

"I need new clothes here."

"Just wait for me, I'll find you something that will fit you perfectly."

"Bring some fries, please. I just can't make breakfast with so little time."

"Fine, I'm hanging up before you try to ask for something else."

Dylan hung up. Natalie was glad to work with her devoted cousin. Justin was no different. He slaved through the years to establish his brand in contemporary fashion. Natalie was mesmerized by his personality and creativity. She tried to focus on other things.

After locating the remote, she turned the flat screen TV on. Nothing interesting was on, but she kept flicking through the channels. Dylan bustled into the room carrying a forest-green robe. Natalie took it from her, feeling the rich, cotton fabric between her fingers. Just by studying the design, she grasped the details of the dress.

"Is this another Valentino dress?"

"Yes, I got it from a cousin after the show. It's exquisite."

"Certainly, the designs are always unique and elegant."

"C'mon, put it on already," Dylan said.

Natalie slipped into the dress then she walked to the long mirror next to the window. The dress exposed all her curvy angles in a subtle manner.

"You're definitely wearing it for a good impression." Dylan mused, scanning every angle.

Natalie put on her gray Jimmy Choo stilettos and some jewelry to complete the outfit. She kept her head still to allow Dylan to apply makeup on her face. Once they were

done, they ambled out of the apartment and caught the lift just before it closed.

Dylan unlocked the rental, a sleek, black *Mercedes Benz* sedan.

When they were inside, she reversed out of the parking spot. The ride to the studio was about twenty minutes long. Dylan recounted their crazy night the whole way. That made it hard for Natalie to forget about Justin and the soft, consuming feel of his lips.

“Will Justin be there?” Natalie asked.

“Yes, he usually skips the photoshoots but this one is a big one. Like I said first impressions.”

Dylan pulled over and entered a car park situated near the huge Magnetic studio. They walked up to the sliding glass doors. Throngs of stylish people dressed in the latest trendy garments filled the spacious reception. Natalie followed Dylan to a large room with silver double doors. The brightly lit interior of the room had an extending platform surrounded by high-tech camera equipment. Several lanky models, the makeup artists and the camera crew filled the studio. Natalie hardly paid attention to other models when it was time to work. She altered her mind out of the chaos in the room and maintained the highest level of concentration. The cause for her nervousness was seeing the head designer again.

Dylan guided her to a line of black chairs in front of a long mirror that stretched to the end of the wall. When she was seated, Natalie saw an African American young lady move behind her to ruffle her long hair. The hair stylist managed to be gentle while her hands flipped and blurred in the haste of recreating the ideal look. Another Caucasian woman wiped her face with a damp cloth and started dabbing a substance that resembled the color of her skin. Mascara curled her thick eyelashes, and her lips painted a matte

crimson color. Natalie watched as her face transformed from bland prettiness to striking perfection.

When the makeup artist was satisfied with her work, she rushed to attend to another model. Natalie walked over to where Dylan was standing next to a young, blond man with a bold dress code and bright blue eyes. His eyes lit up when she joined them.

"Your cousin is gorgeous." The man told Dylan.

"Natalie, this is our stylist, Shawn. He'll show you the outfits to wear. Just follow his orders, I'll see you after," Dylan said then she left them.

"Follow me," Shawn instructed, walking ahead. His walk had a touch of femininity.

After flipping through the clothes, he selected the first outfit for her, and she hurried to change in one of the small fitting rooms. When she was done, Shawn guided her to the white screen platform. Her graceful posing came naturally. In a few minutes, she had enough frames worthy of a fashion spread but Shawn directed her to another outfit, and the mopyy-haired photographer took more pictures. No matter how tiring her posing became, she kept her facial features composed, and her body was never in an awkward position.

Hours later, they rounded up the photoshoot. Natalie searched the studio for Dylan. Her cousin was chatting animatedly with Shawn near a rack of designer clothes on hangers. Just as Natalie was making her way toward them, she saw Justin saunter into the studio.

She stood still to watch him, even in casual clothes; he was the most stylish, handsome man in the building.

He raked his curls while searching for someone. Natalie melted the moment Justin's gaze fixed on her. He walked up to where she was standing. He was dressed in a stylish, white, silk shirt and navy jeans. Like most of the men and women in the room, he wore designer shoes. His body was a

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