

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Close Quarters

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Prologue

"Did you see what that prissy, repressed witch wrote about me this time?"

Alastair Reynard slapped the newspaper on the sleek wood coffee table and glared at Jared Mitchell. The flicker of surprise in Jared's gaze only heightened Alastair's irritation level. That woman had done it again. Worse than her snide comments about his sex life was the way she pushed at his control.

"I did read it," Jared said with a soft laugh. "Is it true the governor found you skinny dipping in his pool with his maid? *And* his niece?"

"The maid invited *me*. The niece took it upon herself to join in." He couldn't resist a smile. "Not that she wasn't a welcome addition." Alastair dropped into the cushioned chair across from Jared and sighed. The private club, to which they were both members, catered to businessmen intent on discreet conversations. Alastair was confident he wouldn't be overheard as he confessed. "And of course it's true. Do you think I would let the little witch get away with it if it wasn't? I'd have her ass in court so fast she'd be spinning."

But there wasn't anything he could do about it. Truth was her best defense, and when he'd come up from sitting on the bottom of the governor's overly chlorinated pool, Ms. Brenna Hennessy had been there—eyes flashing, fingers tapping, and lips pinched shut.

Her disapproval had led to the most recent diatribe on the editorial page. Alastair felt his jaw begin to ache and realized he was clenching his teeth. He was tired of seeing his name in her weekly editorial column in the local newspaper. She'd become a small time celebrity with her comments on morality and "virtuous" behavior. She regularly used him as an example of everything wrong with society today. If her words were taken as truth, he was the downfall of American values.

"What does that woman have against me?" He looked up and caught the waiter's eye, silently ordering a brandy to match the one Jared was drinking.

"I think it started when you played grab-ass with her at the governor's fundraiser."

"That was an accident," Alastair defended righteously, but he couldn't hold it for long. The memory was too entertaining. He smiled. "It was dark, I was—" He shrugged. "A little buzzed. I thought she was my date." Unfortunately, he hadn't released her immediately upon discovering he was in error. The firm press of her breasts against his chest and the sleek curve of her waist had been too tempting in his slightly inebriated state. "And I apologized."

"Yes, I believe that was *after* you asked if you could suck on her nipples. And she'd slapped you in the face."

"I didn't ask if I could. I merely told her I thought they would be delicious. And that was six months ago." But he still remembered the sensation. The enticing scent of her skin had clouded his mind and the temptation had been too much to resist. Her hips had matched the curve of his hands perfectly. The image of holding her as she rode his cock had materialized hard and fast. His alcohol-fogged brain had cleared for one moment and he'd followed his sensual instincts and kissed her. It had been one short kiss. Just long enough to capture her taste and cement it into his memory. That, along with the sensation of her tight nipples poking his chest, had kept him awake for more nights than he wanted to consider. "You'd think she would have forgotten by now."

"She might have if you would cease taunting her." Jared sipped his drink. "Let's face it. This isn't a one sided war. You go out of your way to be the wicked playboy she claims you are. You irritate her every chance you get."

"As she does me."

Jared raised his glass in silent acknowledgement.

Alastair swirled his brandy and considered the battle they had going between them. They had various opportunities to encounter each other—social events, fundraisers,

charity balls. And as entertaining as it was to fluster Brenna, he was losing the game and he didn't like that.

So he liked women. And the occasional party. That didn't make him a scourge on society. Being a lawyer — *that* made him a scourge on society. Alastair laughed silently at his own joke.

"It's such a waste," he decided aloud. "The universe is skewed when a woman with a body like that is the Ice Goddess." He scoffed. "She should be a porn star, not the governor's right-hand man. And a librarian to boot. What's her new title? Queen of Books or something?" He didn't bother to hide the sarcasm in his question.

Jared's eyes tightened in a minor glare, silently reprimanding Alastair. "She's the Governor's Special Advisor on Literacy and Libraries. They've got great plans for a new library and she's in charge of it all." The admiration in Jared's voice was easy to recognize.

Alastair didn't answer. He had no problem with her advising the governor. It was the superior attitude, the stiff spine when she looked down at him. Just once he wanted to see her sweaty, exhausted and totally wrecked from a long bout of fucking. It would bring balance back into his world.

He smiled at the thought. It might even get her to stop writing about his exploits in her weekly column. She could hardly slam him for living a little if she'd done the same.

"She's really a very pleasant woman," Jared said, after long moments of silence.

"That's right. You're actually friends with this woman," he said absently. Alastair tapped his fingers on the arm of the chair and looked into the fire. What would it take to jolt her out of her icy façade? Of course, from what he'd seen — the ice wasn't a façade. It went bone deep. "What's she really like?"

Jared stared suspiciously at him. "Why do you suddenly want to know?"

Alastair gave what he hoped was a casual shrug. "I'd just like to know more about her." *Know thy enemy.*

"She's sweet."

"She's a pain in the ass," Alastair corrected. Gorgeous, built—all tight curves and feminine angles—but a pain in the ass. His ass to be specific.

"Perhaps she's just tired of being treated like a woman who should be a porn star. Maybe she wants to talk to a man who stares at her eyes and not at her tits," Jared said with enough heat that Alastair realized Jared and Brenna had discussed this topic.

Alastair watched the amber liquid spin across the bottom of his glass. He had to admit his attention had been focused on her tits when they'd first met, but then, he hadn't been attempting a conversation with her.

"She needs to get laid," Alastair announced with all the arrogance of a man. He knew it was sexist but surely a good roll in the sheets would make her a little less harsh. Relieve some of the tension she carried around with her. "I'm sure that would fix most, if not all, her attitude problems."

"She has attitude problems because she turned you down?"

"Believe it or not, I've been turned down before. No. She has attitude problems because she's uptight. She needs a decent fuck and—"

The idea planted itself in his brain. He immediately rejected it but once it had gained a foothold, he couldn't seem to shake it loose.

She needed a good fuck.

He was, in all modesty, a good fuck.

No. He couldn't do it. It was too devious. Even for him.

He felt his body tighten at the thought.

It could be entertaining. Fun. And sexy.

From the moment they'd met, she'd looked down her prissy little nose at him. She'd decided he was "debauched". He shook his head. No one used that word any more. Except Brenna. It would be intriguing to see *her* debauched.

The idea grew. The perfect revenge for the prim and proper Miss Hennessy. He would show her just how easy it was to stumble on the straight and narrow. And how exciting the fall could be.

"Why are you smiling?" Jared asked, interrupting Alastair's planning.

Alastair hummed softly. He hadn't realized he'd been smiling.

"I'm just thinking," he said, dismissing the question.

"Well, I don't like it. It's creepy."

"I'll try to be more accommodating. So, tell me about Brenna."

Jared set his snifter on the table between them. "Okay, now I know something is wrong. You never call her anything but 'that woman' or 'little witch'. What are you doing?"

"I'm just trying to arm myself. She has instant access to the media through her editorial column. I just want to be well prepared."

"She's a nice woman, Alastair. Don't hurt her."

"I have no intention of hurting her." *I intend to make it very pleasurable.*

Chapter 1

Brenna rubbed the back of her neck, trying to ease the knots. It wasn't helping. Nothing helped these days. Between work and the governor's advisory committee, she didn't have time to slow down. Instead, the tension built, binding her shoulders and neck. Not even going to the gym on a regular basis helped any more.

If this kept up, she wasn't going to be able to turn her neck. She needed something to relax her.

She needed to get laid.

As the words entered her mind so did one image—Alastair Reynard, naked, rising from the water of the governor's pool. Now *that* was a man who could release her tension.

If only he wasn't such a jerk.

A jerk who thought her nipples would be delicious.

Her hand tightened, crumpling the piece of paper in her grip. Why was it every time she thought about him she ended up irritated? And aroused.

Because he went out of his way to irritate her. She ignored the arousal, telling herself that if she didn't acknowledge it, it didn't exist.

She smiled grimly. She'd gotten the last word this time. There was no way Alastair wouldn't have been recognized from her description of the skinny-dipping incident. Really. Swimming naked in the governor's pool.

It had been late evening after a long discussion about new library construction and Brenna had returned with the governor to his home to pick up some papers she needed. The splashing and laughter had led the governor to the back yard. Brenna had followed.

And been given an education in aqua-erotica. She still didn't know how Alastair had managed to hold his breath for that long, all while fondling two women at the bottom of the pool.

The gentle warble of her desk phone dragged her from the exotic memory of water dripping from his tight pecs and that sexy smile as he asked if she felt like a swim. Hoping the blush in her cheeks couldn't be heard in her voice, she picked up the handset and spoke in her most professional tones. "Balyn County Libraries, Brenna Hennessy speaking."

"Brenna, how are you?"

"Governor Bullington. How are you, sir?" She scraped the bottom of her memory, wondering if she'd forgotten something she was supposed to have done for him. She came up with absolutely no reason for the governor to be calling her directly.

"I'm fine. I just wanted to call and give you a heads up."

Brenna tensed. This wasn't good. The governor didn't just "call" someone. He had people to do that.

"I spoke with Alastair Reynard yesterday and he's interested in the Library and Literacy Project. I've appointed him to be the co-chair of the committee."

Co-chair? Every available oxygen molecule in the room evaporated and Brenna felt her lungs seize up. Co-chair the committee? *She* was the chair of the committee.

"But, sir—"

"Now, I know you two have had your difficulties in the past. I'm hoping you can put them behind you and work together."

"Of course," she answered, knowing she didn't have a choice.

"We really need someone like him, Brenna. He brings money."

"I know he's quite wealthy, sir, but—" She'd heard rumors but had done her best to ignore them. She didn't care how much money Alastair Reynard had.

"It's not just his money. He draws other people with money. The man's a money magnet."

Brenna rolled her eyes and then instantly felt guilty. This was the governor, after all. And they were working for improved libraries and increased literacy. She had once laughingly said she'd work with the devil incarnate to achieve her goals. It looked like she was about to get that opportunity.

"So, I'm hoping you'll be able to work together. The title of co-chair is really just honorary for him. I don't expect him to do much beyond raise money."

"I'm sure we'll be able to make it work," she said, forcing as much cheerful confidence into her voice as she could muster.

Seconds later, she hung up. The conversation had lasted less than a minute and had killed the joy in her day.

She pushed back from her desk and began to pace the tiny office. Her high heels barely penetrated the sturdy indoor-outdoor carpet that covered the floor. The slim, tight skirt she wore didn't allow for long strides but then neither did the length of the room.

Brenna stopped and stared at her reflection in the window. She might have to have to rethink her clothes. She shook her head. She hated the idea of doing that. For too many years, she'd dressed in baggy, sloppy clothing, simply to distract men from the fact that her chest was prominent and her ass tight. It wasn't her fault that nature had gifted her with such attributes and she wasn't going to hide behind shirts and skirts that were two sizes too big just to get some man to look her in the eye. If Alastair Reynard wanted to work on her committee, he could just damn well direct his comments above her neck.

With a defiant growl, she turned on her heel and strode out of the office. Paperwork would never hold her attention now.

"Jessie, do you have hold items I can take care of?" she asked as she approached the front desk. The overworked woman behind the counter sagged with relief.

"I have a huge stack. People take that 'let your fingers do the walking' thing seriously these days." She handed over a list of books that patrons had called and requested be put on hold. "Doesn't anyone just come down and browse any more?"

"I do." Brenna offered a supportive smile and took the slips of paper. This would keep her moving, even if it was fairly mindless work. Movement helped her think and she needed her thoughts clear for this. The next committee meeting was in two weeks. She would need to control the meeting—control him. He may have the governor fooled but Brenna knew there was only one reason Alastair was interested in this project—because it belonged to her. He was doing this to annoy her, she didn't doubt. But she wasn't going to let him stop her. This would remain her committee. She would just have to find a way to contain Alastair Reynard.

* * * * *

Alastair stepped into the library and took a moment to scan the high vaulted ceilings and brick walls. He stared at the checkout desk and felt a strange tightening in his stomach. He'd never been comfortable in libraries. They reminded him of after school detentions and hours spent staring silently at shelves of books. Even during law school, he'd avoided the library as much as possible, particularly after he discovered he could "borrow" law books if he flirted with the girl who worked the front counter.

It had only been in the past five years that he'd discovered reading for pleasure. Not that he told anyone. It wouldn't match his image for the world to know he'd become a closet pulp fiction fan—reading everything from cozy mystery novels to hardcore science fiction and even the occasional romance. Though he didn't quite understand why they didn't get to the sex sooner in those stories.

He found himself girding his loins as he approached the checkout desk and tried to push the uncomfortable sensation away. He was a grown man after all. There was no need to fear the librarian. She wasn't going to rap his knuckles with a ruler for breaking

the backs of books. This renewal of childish fears was just something else to lay at Brenna's feet. Alastair was known for his cool, even frigid attitude. Nothing rattled him. No judge, no jury, no criminal shook Alastair Reynard. It was an image he'd cultivated since college. But somehow Brenna Hennessey managed to shake that iron control.

He'd conquered this strange fear of libraries through the years by avoiding them, and purchasing the books he wanted. His personal library had become his favorite room in his home.

So why are you selling the house?

He ignored the nagging voice that had started two weeks ago when he'd put his house on the market. He was going to sell the blasted thing and move into a posh apartment—something suitable for a single man—close to his office. With one bedroom. That was all he needed after all.

"Can I help you?" The young woman behind the counter smiled shyly as she looked up. Her nametag read "Jessie".

Alastair flashed his most charming smile, sure to melt the heart of any woman—Brenna Hennessey excluded—and nodded. "Jessie, hi, I'm looking for Brenna."

The woman's eyes grew wide, then he saw a bit of a blush as she grabbed her nametag. "Oh, of course, well, uhm, she just went back into the stacks, looking for some hold items." She placed her hand on the phone. "I could page her for you."

"Oh, no. Don't bother. I'll just wander and find her myself." He smiled again and watched Jessie sigh.

It was a good reaction. Something to build up his confidence before he went looking for the Ice Goddess. What was she going to say when she heard he was working with her? Luckily, they were in a library so it was unlikely she would cause a scene. Not that he could imagine Brenna causing a scene. She was too reserved for that. He wondered if she was quiet in bed—if she maintained the starched decorum she carried about her like a shield. Or if she dropped it and let the screams and moans carry

her away. He smiled. That was something he'd like to see—the proper Ms. Hennessy clutching the headboard and screaming, “ride me, you wild man”.

The image of Brenna straddling him and riding his cock filled his head and for a moment he couldn't think beyond it. Now *that* was something he'd like to see.

His smile grew real as he walked away from the desk.

He wandered the aisles, looking for his prey. He wasn't in a great rush. This mission took time and planning. Tonight he would begin. It had been a simple phone call to the governor to apologize and offer to make amends by working on the statewide library fundraiser. Being rich had its benefits, Alastair had to admit. The governor had taken his call, accepted the apology with a laugh, and assigned him to the committee.

Now, he just needed to find Brenna and begin his seduction. This wasn't a woman he could seduce by traditional methods. How did one seduce someone who didn't flirt, didn't smile, and showed no emotion except impatience?

Of course, it was likely she actually did flirt, smile, even laugh. Just not with him.

His usual charms wouldn't work. But there had to be something—some way to get past the walls she had around her. There had to be some vanity. He'd read enough of her columns to know what she valued—education, literacy, “good moral values”. All the things she thought he lacked. Oh, she acknowledged that he was educated but basically inferred he'd decided to use his powers for evil by going into law.

Movement at the far end of the aisle made him straighten. He didn't want to appear to be lurking in the stacks. He turned, ready to greet the new arrival with a charming smile.

But the woman wasn't looking at him. She stared intently at the shelves, her finger tracing the bottoms of books. Brenna. He'd found her. She didn't look toward him, simply scanned the shelves, sinking lower and lower. As she moved down, her skirt inched higher. And higher. A tantalizing glimpse of thigh appeared from beneath the deep brown skirt. But it was the curve of her ass that caught his attention. The material stretched across it providing clear definition.

This woman had a butt made for a man's hands. His hands. Tight and curved, just round enough to hold while he was driving his cock inside her. Alastair felt his palms tingle. He wasn't a true member of the spanking club but some asses just called for a sexual tap. Brenna Hennessy had one.

His cock twitched inside his pants, voicing its approval to the way she moved and the strength of her legs. She could squat above him for a long time while she rode him.

He watched her sink lower until she was kneeling on the carpet.

That position gave him a whole host of new ideas. None of which the righteous Miss Hennessy would allow, but that didn't stop him from thinking, fantasizing. He would love to have her kneeling before him, his cock sliding between those firm, disapproving lips. Maybe he could train her to use her tongue for something more than cutting him to ribbons.

Silent, unwilling to alert her to his presence, he flinched when she released a soft cry of excitement.

"There you are, you little devil," she said softly as she grabbed one of the books from the shelf. "Someone obviously doesn't know how to count."

She put her hands on the carpet and pushed up off her knees. She straightened her legs first, hiking her curvy backside into the air. She paused, bent over, ass up, head down. She hung there for a moment, as if trying to stretch out tight muscles at the backs of her legs. Alastair smiled. That was good. She would need to be nice and limber for what he had in mind. Her soft groan slipped through the aisles of books and straight into Alastair's groin, rushing blood to his growing erection. He adjusted his jacket, covering the rising evidence.

He stepped back, realizing he couldn't be discovered watching her. She didn't want to be thought of as a sex object—he couldn't be caught staring at her very fine form bent over.

He wanted her. Wanted to fuck her. Revenge retreated as a prime motive. Oh, he would still get his revenge—it would be the perfect byproduct to fucking her until her legs gave out.

Now, he just had to do it right. If he said the right words, she'd drop her clothes. And her smug attitude with them.

He straightened his collar and started down the row. It was time to make his entrance.

"Ms. Hennessy?"

Brenna froze at his call. *Please let me be hallucinating. Let this be some alien invasion. Anything but Alastair Reynard walking toward me while I'm bent over, ass in the air. This cannot be happening.*

But of course, it was. *When did my life become a living hell?*

She straightened quickly and turned to confront him as he came down the aisle. She brushed an unwilling hand across her hair, assuring it was still locked in a bun. It was her one concession to the stereotypical image of a librarian and she did it for convenience. She liked her hair long but hated the hassle of it hanging in her face.

Lifting her chin and her nose, she waited, watching as he strolled casually down the aisle. Wealth hung on him like comfortable coat. The suit looked cut for his body. The deep black material only highlighted the shine of his dark hair. And from the skinny dipping episode, she had an excellent idea of what he looked like underneath the civilized trappings. Her mouth went dry as she remembered the long, thick line of his cock. He'd been partially erect when he'd come out of the water. There promised a great deal more when he was fully hard.

Forcing her gaze to meet his, Brenna braced herself for the lecherous gleam she expected to see. Instead, there was only courtesy. In fact, much of the arrogance she was used to seeing on his face was absent. Her naturally suspicious nature went on alert. Whatever he was up to, she wouldn't let that throw her.

"What can I do for you, Mister Reynard?" she asked, deciding to go on the offensive.

"And good evening to you, too," he said.

Brenna mentally winced at his etiquette reprimand, but she didn't let him see any reaction. "Good evening, now what can I do for you?"

"The governor has appointed me –"

"To my committee. Yes, he called and told me that." She folded her arms beneath her chest. She knew what the movement did to her breasts, pushing them upward, making them appear even more in-your-face than normal. She watched him, waited for his eyes to dip downward. His gaze never wavered from her face. "What I want to know is why? Why have you suddenly taken an interest in library construction and literacy projects?"

"You make it sound inconceivable that I would want to help with such a worthy project," he said coolly.

"No, I just want to know why?" She knew she was being a bitch but she didn't trust him. And she certainly didn't trust this change in him. They'd been speaking for almost a minute and he hadn't once glanced down at her body. Hell, he hadn't even mentioned that he'd discovered her bent over like a paperclip. No sly comments about her butt. No glint of flirtation in his eyes. The warning signs were all there. Something wasn't right.

"Because I want to help. And whether you like it or not, Brenna, it appears we're going to be working together, so perhaps we can try for some civility with each other?"

It grated on her nerves that he was the one to suggest a cease-fire between them. And even worse that he was right. She would have to find a way to work with him. She'd promised the governor she'd do just that.

And Alastair seemed to be willing. She just wasn't going to trust him.

She sighed. "You're right. I apologize for my nasty comments." And she meant it.

He laughed and she saw a glimmer of the seductive smile that made so many women swoon. "Those weren't nasty. I understand completely. People have a certain image in mind when they look at me. They would never believe I spend far more time reading books starring little old lady detectives than I do wining and dining my *many women*."

He said the final words with a touch of self-mockery and she had to smile. He knew his reputation and could laugh at it.

She nodded, not sure how else to respond.

"So, since I've been assigned to be co-chair."

Brenna felt her spine straighten involuntarily.

Alastair held up his hand as if to stop her protest. "And I know that was without your knowledge. I was hoping we could discuss what's been done so far. I'm not trying to take over your committee. I know my role there will be primarily as a fundraiser, but I would like to know more before I start asking people to donate."

"Of course. We can get together and –"

"How about now?"

"Now?"

"Yes, I was thinking we could go, grab something to eat, and talk about what the committee's done and where you want it to go."

"Now. Tonight?" Brenna couldn't keep the stunned tone out of her voice. "It's Friday night. Don't you have *something else* you'd rather be doing?"

He looked at his watch. "Well, it's almost six now. I'm assuming you're closing soon. I figure we can have dinner, talk and I can still make it to the orgy. It won't start until later."

She wouldn't laugh. She told herself she wouldn't laugh. But it was a challenge to keep the sound contained.

"Unless, you have something planned." Alastair opened his hands in silent apology. "Of course you do. It was stupid of me to assume that you would be free."

"Uh, no, it's fine."

"Great. I have reservations at Simon's. Do you just want to meet me there so you can have your car later?"

"And you can go straight to the orgy after dinner." As soon as she heard the words leave her mouth, she wanted to cringe. She wasn't supposed to flirt with him. It would give him the wrong idea—that she was one of the many women who would fall at his feet with open arms and spread legs.

"Exactly." His reply was serious and deadpan but there was a twinkle of laughter in his eyes.

Brenna pulled back into herself. "I'll close up my office and I'll meet you there," she said stiffly. She waited for some reaction to her chilly response. There was none.

He nodded. "Reservations are for six-thirty."

Then he turned and walked away.

Brenna found herself staring at his back until he turned the corner and disappeared. Even after that, she didn't move. The world had spun off its axis and no one had warned her. That had to be it. She'd held a pleasant, almost reasonable conversation with Alastair Reynard. It was one for the record books.

She still didn't know what he was up to, but she'd agreed to have dinner with him. She wandered back to the front desk, pondering the evening ahead. Despite what he'd said, one did not "grab dinner" at Simon's. One *dined* at Simon's. And how had he gotten a reservation on such short notice?

"Maybe he had a real date and she cancelled on him." She choked on the words. "Yeah, like some woman would cancel a date with him."

"Oh my gosh, Brenna, who was the gorgeous man who came in here looking for you?" Jessie raced through a flurry of questions, never quite giving Brenna a chance to

answer. She followed Brenna into her office—describing in detail Alastair’s entrance into the library and her conversation with him. Brenna let her talk. Jessie’s reaction reminded her that this was one of the side effects of Alastair’s presence. It helped her build her resolve to not become one of the women who gushed when he spoke to them.

Two and half hours later she found herself rethinking that vow as dinner was cleared from the table. He’d been the perfect companion, entertaining, interesting. Never crossing the boundary to flirtation. If there had been any confusion in her mind before how he’d charmed so many women, it was crystal clear now. Not that she was falling under his spell, she reassured herself. Her guards were still up.

“I’m very impressed, Brenna. You’ve come at this project in a logical and intelligent fashion,” he said with an intense stare. “You have compelling, well thought out arguments. I can’t imagine it not succeeding.”

Despite her resolve, Brenna found herself blushing. Men tended to compliment her on her looks, her body—never on her mind. Even more amazing was that he’d actually been listening to her. That alone stunned her.

“Thank you,” she finally said.

“I’m hoping you have this all written down somewhere so when I go to speak to donors I can use the same arguments.”

She straightened in her chair. “Yes, of course. I have the original proposal.”

Alastair nodded slowly but didn’t speak. Brenna twisted her napkin in her fingers and tried to think of what else to say. For the first time tonight, there was an uncomfortable silence between them.

“Brenna’s an interesting name,” Alastair said.

The sudden change in topic threw her thoughts off balance for a moment.

“My mother liked the sound of it,” she said, not really sure what he was looking for with his comment.

He shrugged as if he could sense her confusion. "I was just curious. It's always interesting to see if people match their names."

Brenna shook her head. "I don't match mine at all." She brushed her fingertip along her temple. "Brenna means 'little raven' in Gaelic. It doesn't exactly fit."

"I don't know." His head tilted to the side and he stared at her for a long moment. "Maybe not in looks but ravens and crows are very clever animals. I think it fits you more than you believe."

"What about yours?" she said trying to turn the conversation around. "Alastair seems rather formal. Do your friends call you something else?"

"Many have tried to find a way to make Alastair less stuffy—at least, make my name less stuffy. But when you try to shorten it, the best anyone could come up with sounded a little too close to Alice for my taste so I just stick with Alastair."

"Then Alastair it will be."

"Yes." Alastair smiled, his mouth open and his eyes twinkling. Brenna stared in fascination. This was a real smile, not meant to charm or seduce. She had a brief moment of insight, one that shocked her—*this* was the real Alastair Reynard. The image he showed to the world was a weaker, less interesting version than the man sitting in front of her.

His eyes met hers. And some of the light in his eyes faded, as if he was embarrassed to be caught without his mask on. Brenna shook her head at the fanciful thought. Too much wine? No, she'd only had two glasses. That shouldn't make her hallucinate.

"If you like mysteries," he said, luring her from her strange thoughts and back to an earlier conversation about books. "You should see my library. I'd love to know what you think. Maybe you could look at what I've got and recommend some other authors."

"I'd love to do that." It was something she did all the time—but somehow Alastair's smile made it seem like a much more intimate offer.

"Well, let's go."

He stood up and took her hand, pulling her from the booth. "Now?" Her voice squeaked as she stumbled along behind him. It only took her a few steps to catch up to him. "You want to go tonight?"

"Why not?" he asked. "I can show you my library and we can finish talking about the new construction, though I don't think it will be a problem. You've done excellent work on the planning for this project."

Brenna felt her heart flip over at his casual compliments.

"With your clever mind and my financial sense, we can't lose," he said with so much confidence that she found herself nodding in agreement.

He turned and continued his path to the door, dragging her along behind him.

She followed—her thoughts racing to catch up with her feet. What was she doing? This was insane. She had to stop and regain her composure. She pulled on his hand, halting them at the restaurant's entrance. He turned and looked at her, confusion marking his gorgeous face.

There was *some reason* she shouldn't, couldn't go to his house. But for the life of her—staring into those blistering blue eyes—she couldn't remember what it was. She blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"But, uh—what about the orgy?"

The maitre d' gasped and Brenna felt her cheeks glow bright red.

"Don't worry. I can still make it." Alastair's words were tainted with barely suppressed laughter. "And they said I could bring a friend."

Brenna slapped one hand across her mouth, spun away and raced out the door. Alastair appeared seconds later, his arms wrapped around his waist. As he stepped into the parking lot, he doubled over, clutching his stomach.

"It wasn't that funny," she groaned.

“Yes, it was.” His voice was breathless around his laughter. “You should have seen your face. And the maitre d’.” He paused to take a full breath. “He got a good look at you. I don’t think either of us will be welcome there for a while.”

Brenna stood there, trying to ignore Alastair’s laughter and trying not to laugh herself. She was mortified. It wasn’t funny – only it was and despite her best efforts, a soft chuckle slipped from her lips. Alastair shook his head and smiled. Their eyes met and, again, she had the sensation of seeing through his façade to the man beneath. Her chest tightened. *This isn’t good.*

The air around them hummed with tension then he shook his head and backed away, if not physically then emotionally. And when the moment cleared, he was back – the perfect suave, debonair host who had started out the evening with her, but as dinner had progressed had faded away, leaving behind the man.

“Shall we go?” There was still a twinkle in his eye, a bit of laughter, but Brenna ignored it. She’d seen the man behind the elegant façade he displayed and found herself captivated by that person. Alastair led her across the lot to his car. “May I drive? I’ll bring you back whenever you wish,” he offered. Brenna knew the wisdom of taking her own car but there was the enticement of riding with him, of letting herself be placed in his control. She nodded and he helped her into the front seat, politely shutting the door. As he walked around to the driver’s side, Brenna felt the insane urge to check her hair or her lipstick or something. But that was silly. This wasn’t a date. They were discussing the library. And books. The whole evening had been so business-like Brenna could hardly believe it. There had been no double entendres, no sly looks or even accidental lapses of staring at her chest while they talked.

In fact, he’d been so non-sexual that she started to wonder if she’d imagined their previous encounters where he’d teased her and attempted to flirt with her. He hadn’t been successful in that effort. She hadn’t responded to any of his actions. Not his words, not his seductive laugh, not that damnably arrogant smile that promised sensual

delights beyond her imagination. Until tonight when suddenly he was different—attentive and listening to her.

“I’m sorry for laughing,” he apologized as he drove into the street. “It was the look on your face. I couldn’t tell who was more stunned. You or the maitre d’.”

“I vote for me. I can’t believe that came out of my mouth.”

“I’m a bad influence on people,” he said, his lips curling into a half smile. Brenna felt a tug on her hormones and had to agree.

The rest of the drive to his home was silent. Not out of awkwardness but almost in reverence to the night. When they pulled into the driveway, Brenna openly gaped at the huge house before her. It was...incredible. Or it had the potential to be incredible. Right now, it looked like it needed about three years worth of work, but the bones were there.

Her mouth hung open as she climbed out of the car.

“I know. It’s a monstrosity.” The tone in his voice caught her attention and she stared at him for a moment. There was something in his eyes, in his voice—he loved this house. “It’s home. For now.” With that, he turned and guided her inside. She tensed for a moment. They were alone. Maybe this was his big seduction move.

Brenna shook her head at her own arrogance. Alastair had given no indication tonight that he wanted to get her into bed.

She pushed aside the trace amounts of disappointment and followed him across the huge open hall. The house was silent. With the size and style, it was like a country manor. She could easily imagine it being filled with candles and servants. Instead, it was quiet and the soft glow of muted lights illuminated the dark-wood library.

She stared at the room with wide, openly admiring eyes. There was no other way. This room was a wet dream for a librarian—organized and elegant, intimate and intellectual. She walked beside the shelves, her fingers hovering near but not touching the books. Some collectors were picky about contact with their books and while she didn’t know if Alastair considered himself a collector, she didn’t want to offend him. It

was truly amazing to see these books and know they belonged to Alastair. She could tell a lot about a person based on what they had on their bookshelves.

A glass of wine appeared beside her as she wandered. With a smile, she took it.

"What do you think?" he asked, nodding to the shelves.

"It's a young but impressive collection."

He laughed and the sound shimmered through Brenna's body, sending a jolt deep down into her sex. She gathered her breath and tried to ignore the churning sensations between her legs.

"I haven't been called young in any aspect of my life in a long time," Alastair said. He smiled and Brenna followed his lead, turning the conversation to books, then movies and finally back to the discussion about the library and the capital campaign. Brenna didn't remember when they'd settled beside the fire, only that her head was spinning. A combination of more wine and Alastair's smile.

She could see why so many women fell at his feet. She was about to do the same. And it had little to do with the wine.

The thought jerked her into sobriety for a moment but then he raised his glass to his mouth. His lips reverently covered the edge of the crystal, a gentle touch that sparked an interested fire in her stomach. She felt herself sinking deeper. And he wasn't even trying. He wasn't attempting to seduce her but that didn't seem to matter. She was being seduced and wanted to be seduced. She'd always mocked other women who'd reluctantly fallen under a man's spell. Now she understood a little more what they were feeling. That sometimes you couldn't resist, even when you knew you should. She wasn't ready to give up the fight just yet. She still had the chance to get home with her dignity, if not her mental virtue, intact.

She shook herself free and dragged her mind back to the whole purpose of this evening.

"As I was saying, we expect the initial capital campaign will be the true challenge," she said. He didn't physically react but she could tell he was listening.

"I wouldn't agree with that," he said thoughtfully. He turned and faced her. "People are often eager to support new structures, particularly if they get to put their name on it," he said.

She nodded and found herself inching toward the edge of her seat to be closer to him.

"The main question I have is...do we even need a new library? I mean, I know the focus of this committee is a new central library, but do we really need it?"

His questions stopped Brenna in her tracks. Stopped her because she'd been asking the same question. It seemed almost sacrilegious to not want a new facility but the more she looked at the numbers, the more she was convinced that the current library wasn't functioning at full capacity. Alastair stood and began to pace slowly in front of the fireplace. The slow walk allowed her ample opportunity to watch his body move—the fluid motion of his limbs, the serious look on his face. A shiver raced up her arms.

"From what you've been saying, we need more books, better equipment..."

Brenna listened in amazement as he summarized her comments from the entire night. Her amazement turned to wonderment as he took everything she'd said and then carried it a step further.

"We need the money from the big donors who want something permanent and something with name recognition. Instead of slapping the name on a new building we can't fill..."

She lost track of his words. Her eyes fell to his mouth. That soft, delicious mouth. She was moving before she thought about the consequences, standing up and walking toward him. She didn't pause or hesitate—simply stretched up and placed her lips on his. It was a soft, tentative kiss but the first contact of his mouth flamed the fires in her stomach.

"Brenna..."

She didn't let him object. She wanted this. His hesitation was brief before he joined her in the kiss. Brenna tensed—her mind finally waking up. What was she doing? She'd

kissed Alastair Reynard and he was kissing her back. And it was delicious. Her sensible nature knew this was a mistake and was just waiting for her body to catch on to that realization. But her thoughts blurred with each soft brush of his lips.

He was slow, introducing his tongue into her mouth, giving her time to move away. As if unsure that he wanted to proceed in this direction. It was that hesitation that made her move forward. She would have him.

Brenna leaned into him, wrapping one hand behind his neck and her tongue around his.

His hesitation disappeared with a groan. Alastair pulled her to him, pressing their bodies together.

"I shouldn't be doing this. I hadn't planned it this way," he whispered. Then, as if he couldn't resist, he drove his tongue into her mouth. This time the kiss belonged to him. Lights began to swirl inside her head as Alastair commandeered all her senses. Every taste, every touch belonged to him. It was wild, untamed. The perfect seduction.

The word set off warnings as it slipped through her mind but his presence filled her head – talking with her, laughing with her, listening to her. She couldn't resist.

The kiss flowed through her body like hot butter, starting at her mouth and coating her skin until she thought she'd melt from the heat. Part of her was melting.

She vaguely acknowledged his power – that this was what drew women to him – but then, with the softest brush of his hand on her breast, he dragged her thoughts away. The light caress was followed by another and another, as if he wanted to touch her but was afraid to. She shifted in his arms, moving closer. His muscular chest tempted her hands and she yielded without a fight. She wanted to touch him, feel his skin warm her palms. Without breaking the kiss, she unbuttoned the top buttons of his shirt and slid her hands inside. The hard planes of his chest felt wonderful. She stroked his skin, loving the light brush of hair between her fingers.

"Brenna," he whispered, trailing kisses along her jaw toward her ear. "We either go upstairs now, or I need to take you home."

The soft rumble of his voice and the hint of need behind it drew her even farther into his web. “Upstairs,” she groaned into his mouth.

Chapter 2

She didn't have a chance to rethink her response, Alastair stepped back, took her hand and dragged her from the room. It wasn't as elegant or romantic as being carried up the stairs but she was okay with it. The desperation in his movements revealed a hunger for her.

Besides, she didn't want him tired out when they finally made it to bed. He pulled her behind him, walking quickly down the hall, up the stairs and down another long hallway. Cautious warnings spun through her head. She shouldn't be doing this. He was the enemy. She couldn't trust him, but his words and actions throughout the night had muted the voice of caution.

He opened a door and led her inside. She barely had a chance to get an impression of the Spartan atmosphere of the bedroom before he spun her against the door and began to kiss her. His mouth plundered hers and his tongue thrust inside. She grabbed the back of his head and pulled herself up, pressing her body to his. She wanted to feel him, hard against her, inside her.

Leaning against the door, she renewed her attack on the buttons of his shirt. It didn't matter that her hands were shaking. The hunger of his kiss drew away any self-consciousness. He slipped her jacket off and dropped it on the floor. Mouths still connected, they each tore at the other's clothes. She succeeded in opening his shirt seconds before he ripped the final button off her blouse.

His large, warm hands covered her breasts, squeezing, massaging.

"Clasp," he muttered, dragging his mouth from hers.

"What?"

It was hard to focus on words with his hands on her breasts, his lips on her neck and his cock pressing against her pussy.

"Where's the clasp?" He tugged her bra strap down her arm and nipped her shoulder with his teeth. The delicate bite sent a spiral of need through her sex.

"Back." She reached behind her back, not wanting him to pull his hands away from her skin, and undid the bra strap. The lacy underwire fell forward and with a quick brush, he smoothed it away. She took a breath, teasing her nipples against his chest.

The light sensation sent a renewed ache to his crotch. Even without trying, she was incredibly sexy. He couldn't resist the temptation of her breasts. He bent down and kissed each nipple—leaving a promise of more. He wanted to spend hours licking and sucking on her tits but the vague warning from Jared stopped him from lingering too long. There would be time for that later—when she was used to fucking him. Instead, he moved back to her mouth. The captivating flavor of Brenna and the wine they'd drunk filled his head like a drug. He wanted more, wanted to go deeper and drown in her.

He didn't know how it happened. This was supposed to be a long, slow seduction. They definitely weren't supposed to get into bed tonight but when Brenna had placed her mouth against his, all thoughts of restraint had vanished. This was probably better. He'd managed to seduce the Ice Goddess in one night. Her teeth scraped the column of his neck and all thoughts of seduction and revenge flew from his head. He would have her tonight. All night. The rest he would deal with in the morning.

His cock was pressed hard against his pants, ready to explode after a few kisses and relatively vanilla caresses. He reached to the waistband of her skirt. He found the zipper, pulled it down and stripped her panties with it. He noticed she had sexy taste in underwear as she stepped out of the tiny blue strip that had cupped her pussy all day—now he would hold it through the night.

He stepped back, allowing mere inches between their bodies. She leaned back against the door and held herself still as if bracing for the inspection.

"Very sexy," he whispered, cupping her face in his hands and kissing her softly. "The way you spread your legs, just a touch—tempting me." He trailed his fingers

down her body and slid his hand between her legs, stroking one long finger up her slit. Knowing he had to stay in control, he crushed the groan that screamed for escape.

Her feminine liquid flowed over his fingers, caressing him with promises of more — heat and moisture. Just touching her made his cock rock hard. He needed to be inside her.

“Do you want me to touch you?” he asked, grabbing desperately at something to hold him back — something to stop him from pounding into her cunt. “Put something inside this wet pussy?” he offered. Her response was a cross between a groan and sob. He pushed a second finger into her cunt. The walls closed around him and this time he couldn’t hold back the sound. “Oh baby, you are going to hold me so tight.”

Urgency was back on him. He bent down, scooped her up in his arms and made the short, endless walk to the bed. He dropped her on the mattress and reached for the belt of his pants. Brenna watched him with wide, interested eyes. As he slowly opened his trouser fly, she reached down between her legs and began to stroke herself. She moved casually, almost unconsciously, as if she needed something to soothe the ache in her cunt. One finger sank into her sex. Alastair watched her and ripped open his pants. He stepped out of them as he reached for the bedside table and got a condom. He couldn’t wait any longer.

The thought made him draw back. She was doing it again — pushing at his control, whether they were sniping at each other, or fucking. He took a deep breath and rolled the condom onto his cock. The brush of his own fingers and the picture of Brenna spread before him did nothing to slow the wildly spinning need.

He rolled his shoulders back and crawled onto the bed, spinning Brenna so her pussy was spread before him. He pulled her hand away from her sex. “You can finger fuck yourself tomorrow. Tonight, it’s going to be me.” He raised her hand to his mouth and drew his tongue up her delicate index finger, licking her cream from her skin. “Delicious. I’ll have more. Later.”

"Please, Alastair, inside me," she groaned. She put her hands on his hips and pulled, trying to urge him down. He knew he had to go slow, knew that his size and her pussy would be a tight fit, but he couldn't resist her need or his own. He placed his cock against her opening and began to push.

He watched her eyes as he began to slide into her tight, wet sex. They widened and then turned hazy as he sank another inch into her. The walls of her pussy clung to his cock, massaging every inch as he continued his slow penetration.

Her breasts rose and fell, pumping against his chest. He kept his eyes locked to hers, hoping she would let him know if he moved too fast. There was nothing but pleasure as he pushed even deeper.

She closed her eyes and tilted her head back. "Please, Alastair."

He knew it wasn't a plea to stop. "Can you take more? Shall I give you more?"

"Yes, don't stop." She stared up at him as she curled her legs up, wrapping them around his waist. The hard press of her heels into his ass told him again she wanted more.

He braced himself on his arms, holding his body above her and began slow shallow thrusts, retracing the sensual passage of his cock, each time going just a little deeper. The heat was incredible, like wet fire around his shaft—calling him to plunge inside. His arms shook with the weight of his control. His body craved a deep, hard thrust, to drive into her cunt until she could feel nothing but him, but he held himself back. He wanted her to enjoy this first time. He had no doubt that this was the first of several delightful fucks they would share.

Almost fully embedded in her, he continued to rock his hips, pushing through the tight hold of her sex. He leaned forward, pressing against her clit and feeling her shiver beneath him. She could take him. All of him.

She squirmed and he felt the steady press of her heels again. His little librarian was demanding. He pulled back, needing the full clasp of her cunt. With one solid thrust, he slid forward, driving deep to the hilt.

The sweet sound of her groan spiraled through his chest and drove into the center of his groin. God, he wanted to pound into her, fill her full with his cock and his seed, to claim her with everything that he was.

A strange masculine logic warned him to move slowly, to fight the urges that pushed him to thrust into her with all his strength. That same quiet voice warned him that if he didn't make it good for her this time, she'd never let him back inside that sweet cunt that was gripping him so tightly. He hoped to the heavens that she was in the mood for a fast hard fuck because he couldn't stop himself. He pulled out and shoved in deep.

"Yes," she sighed through tight teeth. That was the only signal he needed. He began to pump hard into her. He was peripherally aware that she'd pulled her legs from around his waist, but his panic eased when she planted her heels on the bed and began to use that leverage to thrust up. She wanted more, she could take more.

"That's it, baby," he whispered against her neck unable to resist the taste of her skin again. "Take all of me. We'll get you there."

"Now, Alastair. Now."

Some perverse part of his mind stopped at the breathless command. Fast and hard was good, but he didn't want Brenna to think this was some average fuck.

He pushed into her again, connecting their bodies deep and hard. Though it ripped at him, he held himself still, deep inside, her cunt wrapped around him like a wet, hot fist. She wiggled in his hands. He grabbed her ass and held her so she couldn't move.

Her eyes snapped open wide. "What the fuck are you doing?"

He smiled though his body was screaming the same thing.

"Shh, hold on, baby, we'll get there. Soon."

She pumped her hips up. "Now." The "no-nonsense-I-expect-to-be-obeyed" tone told him he was doing the right thing.

"Just wait with me here. Just for a second." He stroked her hair back, running his fingers through it as he placed kisses along her jaw, down her cheek, to her ear.

She tried to move again but he used his weight to hold her down.

"Not yet, baby."

"But Alastair, I was close." The plea was so sexy it avoided sounding like a whine.

"Trust me."

He waited, teasing her with kisses, whispering to her, telling her how sexy she was, how tight her cunt was around his cock—hot sexy words until he felt the tension in her body begin to fade. He didn't want to lose it all—just enough to they could enjoy the climb again.

When the press of her orgasm wasn't so desperate, he started again—slower this time but no less deep. He put his hand between their bodies and brushed her clit with the tip of his finger. The sweet sexy moan told him she was back with him. "That's it. Feel it." He pulsed his shaft into her, short deep strokes. Her head fell back against the pillows. "It will be so good. I want to feel you come around my cock."

"Alastair!" This wasn't a command. It was a plea.

He pulled back and thrust hard into her. Her hips reached up to meet his and then all finesse was lost. The rise was fast—until he was again pumping deep into her, needing the sweet grip of her cunt around his cock.

"Come on, baby. Come for me. I want to feel you, hear you."

She moaned softly and thrust up against him, his hand, his cock. He pushed her harder. He would have it, have all of her. He whispered to her, his voice blending with her moans into a passionate symphony.

Her nails bit into his shoulders. She cried out his name. Her eyes slammed shut and the tiny contractions of her cunt massaged his cock.

The desire for more of Brenna drove him on. He couldn't stop. He couldn't release the pleasure. He stared down at her, brushing her hair back so he could watch her face. She was stunning—lost in her passion.

"Once more for me. Come for me again."

"I—I can't."

"You can. Let me feel you, baby."

Brenna was amazed that her body seemed to follow his command and on the heel of his words, exploded into another orgasm.

Another kind of satisfaction filled her as she heard Alastair's deep groan and watched his eyes darken. He held himself above her for a brief intense moment before collapsing on top of her, the solid weight of his chest blocking her air.

She stared up at the ceiling and tried to slow her speeding heart.

Her body sang the echoes of her orgasm as she fought to regain her composure. What the hell had she done?

The answer was patently obvious. Even to her own confused mind. She'd just had sex—amazing, jaw dropping sex—with Alastair Reynard—notorious playboy, philanderer. And one hell of a lover. He was on top of her—still half-hard inside her.

She grimaced. *So much for not falling under his spell.*

He shifted, finally sliding his softening penis from between her legs. He placed a lazy kiss on her shoulder and rolled from the bed, heading toward the adjoining bathroom. Her mind blanked for one moment as she admired his tight ass but the sound of the bathroom door clicking shut snapped her thoughts back into focus. Back to reality.

What the hell had she done? Though she'd answered the question before—her mind seemed determined to repeat it—this time as a reprimand.

She had to get out of there. She couldn't face him. How could she have gone from hating him five hours ago to fucking him? But what an incredible fuck it had been. He'd loved her hard and fast. Her pussy tingled with the recent memory of his cock—begging for more. Damn, the sensation was going to be locked in her body for a long time.

She tossed the sheets back and scrambled across the massive bed. Her feet were silent as they hit the floor. Her suit was easy to find. Alastair had dropped it on the floor after he'd stripped it off her. She gathered up the skirt, the jacket, and her shoes. She was one step from the bedroom door when his voice stopped her.

"Going somewhere?"

He sounded amused. Arrogant. As if he expected no less from her than to be slipping out of his bedroom, naked.

She tried to call on the irritation she knew she would feel later but shock was still occupying that place in her mind.

"I have to go," she muttered and then she reached for the doorknob.

Alastair's hand slapped against the door, keeping it closed. "Without saying goodbye?" He moved behind her, close, almost touching her. Awareness of his body only inches away flooded her center. "Or thank you?" he teased. "That's impolite, now, isn't it?" He whispered the words against her ear. He leaned forward and placed a hot kiss on the nape of her neck. Brenna willed herself immune to his touches but there was no way to block out the seduction of his words.

"And I had so much more I wanted to do to this delicious body of yours." Another kiss, followed by a teasing lick of his tongue. "I want put my mouth between your legs and taste you. Lick all that delicious cream, suck on your pretty little clit and make you come." His fingertips drifted down her naked hips, fluttering caresses across her skin. One hand slid around front, lightly stroking the hair that protected her sex. "I want to slide back into your tight wet pussy. You felt good wrapped around my cock, clinging to every inch. I was fast before. Now, I want to ride you slow and deep." He moved

against her, his erection pressing against the crease in her backside. The gentle rub sent an ache deep into her sex. "Ride you until you scream and beg me to let you come."

Her knees weakened and she placed her hand on the door next to his. "Think about it, Brenna. Don't you want to have my mouth on you?"

She nodded, her body instinctively responding to the question even as her mind screamed the opposite answer. Alastair reached around and lifted her suit from her limp hands. She heard the material hit the floor. Large hands on her shoulders turned her until her back was pressed against the door.

She looked up into his eyes, fearing the mockery she knew would be there.

There was none. Only lust. And the vision of it renewed the ache deep in her sex. Damn, how was she to suppose to fight that? Men had lusted after her before. With her natural attributes, she'd come to expect it. They leered and stared, but never with a bone deep "I have to fuck you" kind of look. Knowing Alastair's history, he could probably manufacture that look when necessary but it didn't stop the power as he stared down at her.

"Let me have you." His voice sent another sensuous spike into her pussy. Damn was there anything about this man that didn't make her wet? "Stay the night."

Though it was no question, she knew if she said no, he would back away and let her leave. But she didn't have the strength of character to do so. Not when her body was again melting, drenching her thighs with the need to feel him.

Her voice was gone but she nodded.

Then he smiled. That smile held triumph but it also contained pleasure. He clasped her hand and loosened her fingers from the straps of her shoes. They clunked as they fell to the floor.

Naked, body to body, they stood for a long moment. Then Alastair reached down, snagging her leg in his hand and pulling it up. The movement opened her to him, baring her wet sex. He pressed forward, rubbing his cock against her opening.

He leaned forward and Brenna sighed with relief. She didn't want to look into his eyes. She'd see too much if she did. She knew in the morning she would regret this — she'd have to face him across the conference table, work with him — but that didn't stop her from wanting more of it.

"Shall I lick you first? The taste I had earlier wasn't enough." He kissed her neck and rolled his hips, pushing against her slit. His cock slid between her legs, not entering her pussy, but teasing, promising.

Brenna shivered.

He kept talking as he whispered kisses across her skin, telling her how he wanted to kiss her pussy, lick her and drink the moisture from her cunt. The words swirled through her head, creating a picture that was too difficult to resist. She drew in a ragged breath.

"Oh God, do it." She pushed down his shoulders, urging him to kneel before her. He sank down before her. The position was one of submission but there was nothing submissive about him. He slid his hand upward, cupping her thigh and lifting it, placing it over his shoulder. Brenna took a deep breath and tried to ignore the fact that this man was staring at her open sex. She waited, tensing in anticipation for the first touch.

When it didn't come, she looked down. He knelt before her pussy but stared up to her eyes. The arrogant curl of his mouth into a smile would have crushed her desire, if she hadn't seen the fire in his eyes. And the sharp rise of his cock, strong and thick, pressed almost against his stomach as if it still reached for her. It might be a game to him but he wasn't unaffected.

"Please, Alastair."

"My pleasure," he whispered, oozing confidence. "And yours."

He placed his fingers along her lower lips and separated them. Aware at how exposed she was, she thought about backing away, truly she did, but the idea

evaporated as Alastair placed the gentlest of kisses against her open sex. The butterfly whisper across her skin started a vibration that built to a storm through her body.

He lifted his head and raised his eyes. With a slow, deliberate lick, he trailed his tongue across his lips, as if he didn't want to miss any of her flavors.

"Hmmm. Delicious."

Any clever response she might have thought up was eliminated as he opened his mouth and began to lick her in earnest. He started with light, teasing touches. Flicks of his tongue along her inner lips and almost dainty brushes against her clit. With each fluttering caress, she felt herself grow wetter.

"Yes," he whispered against her flesh. "Beautiful. That's it. For me, sweet." He sucked ever so softly on her clit, a light pull that swelled every nerve ending in her body. There was nothing to hold onto—physically or mentally. Her mind was close to shattering. She gripped the door handle to steady herself. Alastair's large hands slid around and cupped her ass, holding her in place and supporting her as her legs began to quiver.

"Alastair!" She didn't know what she was pleading for only that he had to stop—or go on, or damn it, do something. He did. He kept licking and sucking until she thought she would cry. Until she was crying. Pleading. Holding his head to try to guide the stubborn man back to her clit. He seemed determined to build the indescribable pressure. Never letting her find release.

"Damn it, Alastair." Her growl collided with his arrogant chuckle. She sobbed, knowing he could hold her in this erotic limbo for as long as he wanted. "Please."

He flicked his tongue once more inside her sensitive opening then returned to her clit. Slowly, he sucked it between his lips. Brenna thought her head would explode. He kept on, steadily sucking and teasing lightly with the tip of his tongue.

With one more stroke, orgasm overtook her. She faintly heard a scream and knew it was hers. It didn't matter. All that mattered was the wild, exotic pleasure that wound through her body like a free falling roller coaster.

She fell against the door, her hand slipping from the knob as she began to sink. There was no strength left in her leg—hell, anywhere in her body. The world spun around her and her body floated. Slowly, she realized this wasn't a product of her orgasm. She really was floating. Alastair was carrying her. Even knowing that, she couldn't respond. She couldn't respond as he laid her across the bed and spread her legs. Or when she heard the familiar tear of foil.

Then she felt him at her cunt—his thick cock prodding the swollen tissues, seeking entrance.

He was slow, just as he'd promised. Slow but deliberate. She forced her eyes to open and watched him. Inch by inch she felt him return to her. Even with her body relaxed and loose from the previous orgasm, it was a tight fit. He stretched her as he penetrated. The feeling brushed the edge of pain but Brenna wouldn't let anything interfere. Like the need for warm, sweet chocolate, she couldn't deny her body's craving for him. The long slow slide of his cock into her pussy layered more sensation on her already sensitive flesh. A second, abrupt climax followed quickly on the heels of the first.

She gasped and gripped Alastair's arms.

"Did you just come again?" he asked, the laughter returning to his words.

Unable to speak, trying to keep from imploding, she nodded.

"Hmm, let's see what it takes for another one."

She shook her head. "Impossible." She barely recognized the breathless sound of her own voice.

Alastair licked his finger and placed it against her clit as he pushed those last few inches of his cock into her. Her body leapt at the light touch and she whimpered.

"Oh yeah. I think you've got more in you."

"I've got you in me," she groaned.

"And that should be enough."

Alastair stared down at the woman beneath, the woman he was currently penetrating with his cock. He barely recognized her. This wasn't the prissy uptight woman who had lambasted him in the papers. This was a seductive, sensual, so-insanely-sexy woman that his cock had quickly rebounded from one pulsing orgasm. And she was his. At least for the night.

The taste of her sex still lingered on his tongue. She'd burned in his arms, turning the night to fire with her warm flavor and hot moans. He would give her more—and take more.

Though his body screamed for a fast fuck, similar to the first one, he drew each thrust out. She'd tried to run already. He had no doubt that in the morning she would bolt out of here and he'd have to re-seduce her but he wasn't going to let her escape him. She was too much of a delightful surprise for him to resist having at least one more night with her. He would fuck her until she begged for more of his cock. Until he was the only one she craved, the man she dreamed about in her fantasies.

And he would have his revenge.

Alastair ignored the cynical voice in his head. This had stopped being about revenge hours ago. Now, it was just sex. Very hot sex.

He tickled her clit—keeping his touch light as he pushed his cock back in. She felt so good around him and this slow loving gave him time to enjoy every inch of her sex.

Her eyes stared unfocused up at him and he felt another quiver in her cunt. He would give her that promised orgasm. He kept up the slow steady movements, feeling his own release starting to build. His body pressured him to move on but he forced himself to go slow. The wet grip of her pussy and her gentle whimpers for more was impossible to resist for long and no amount of control could stop him. He pushed in to the hilt and relished her soft whispery moan. He swirled his hips, wanting to get even deeper, needing to feel her hold him tighter. Wide stunned eyes watched him.

"Don't worry, baby," he promised. "Almost there. I'll get you there." He began heavy, deep thrusts back and forth. The tight grip of her sex threatened to push him

over the edge but he clamped down. He would see her come. Bright lights began to sparkle in her eyes as she twisted beneath him. He flicked her tight nipple with his thumb. Brenna groaned and punched her hips upward. It was amazing—she was amazing.

He continued the multiple assaults on her body, pumping deep inside her, teasing her breasts, whispering his pleasure.

She arched back and released a soft powerful sigh. Gentle contractions ran through her cunt and Alastair couldn't hold back any longer. He drove into her one more time and let the orgasm take him.

He sank down on top of her, rolling to the side to relieve her of his weight. Drowsy, he turned with a smile, wanting to see the satisfaction in Brenna's eyes one time before he let sleep claim him.

Her eyes were shut and her breathing surprisingly regular.

She was asleep. But the pleasure he wanted to see was still there, in the curve of her lips.

Satisfaction and triumph filled his chest. He'd succeeded in seducing the Ice Goddess.

* * * * *

Brenna shivered as she clung to the last tendrils of sleep. She wasn't ready to wake up and she was cold. Eyes closed, she reached behind her, trying to find the blankets and drag them back over her. Her hand came back empty. Groaning and a little disgruntled, she stretched farther. Still nothing.

"Where the heck are my bla—" She opened her eyes and yelped.

Not my blankets. Alastair's blankets. She was in Alastair's room. *Naked* in Alastair's room.

She sat up in the huge bed and searched for the missing blankets, or a sheet—anything. They had to be somewhere. She could *not* be lying here, naked, when he came back.

The thought propelled her out of the bed. She couldn't be there at all. Her midnight escape had been foiled but now, he was gone. She would get dressed, slip downstairs and get the hell home before her mind truly realized what her body had done.

Damn. Too late.

Her groans and pleas came back to her as an auditory hallucination. She pressed her hand against her stomach, trying to quell the hollow arousal that returned at the simplest memory.

As if to remind her just exactly what she'd done and how many times she'd done it, her nipples tightened. She glared down at the hardened points. *Now is not the time, girls.*

She had to get dressed and go home. *Her clothes.* The physical memory of them being stripped from her body the first time and pulled from her hands the second slowed her down, but she took comfort in knowing they would be where she'd dropped them. She looked toward the door expecting to see her suit in a heap on the floor. There was nothing on the floor or on the chair behind the door. She spun around. Except for the furniture—a chair, desk, lounge and the huge bed—the room was empty.

Maybe Alastair hung them up. She opened the closet.

Empty.

Suspicion mixed with dread and made the acid in her stomach burble. She hurried to the master bath. Maybe he put them there. Or towels would work.

She stepped into the room and her heart plummeted to her roiling stomach. Empty. No towels, no shower curtain. Nothing.

That bastard had left her naked. With nothing to put on.

She walked back into the bedroom. There weren't even curtains on the windows. He'd stripped the room of absolutely everything made of cloth.

She stared at the bed dominating the room. There was still the fitted sheet. But that was a last resort and she hadn't given up hope. Not yet.

The shadow under the bed drew her forward. People stuffed items under beds all the time and forgot them. Maybe, just maybe, there had been something left behind that Alastair had missed.

She dropped to the floor onto her hands and knees, and peered underneath the bed.

And gasped. It had to be the cleanest, emptiest under-bed she'd ever seen. Whoever cleaned his house vacuumed under here on a regular basis.

Brenna released a frustrated sigh and stuck her head farther underneath. She slapped her hand into the shadows, blindly searching. There had to be something.

The quick snap of the door opening froze her in position—on her knees, ass in the air, presented to Alastair as he walked in.

"Damn it, Alastair, what were you—" She stood up, whipped around and yelped.

Three people stood in the doorway. Two she knew. One was a stranger. None of them were Alastair.

"Mitchell, Genevieve." Brenna skimmed her hands down her body, laying one arm across her breasts and sliding the other hand to her pussy, trying to casually mask the fact that she was naked—in Alastair Reynard's bedroom—with two of the most notorious gossips standing before her.

"Brenna?" Mitchell said. His mouth dropped open. Then his eyes dropped—not politely to the floor—but to her breasts, partially covered by her arm. "I didn't know you and...Alastair Reynard?" His question was laden with reprimand. His wife, Genevieve, didn't say anything. Her eyes widened as she looked at Brenna. Then the woman winked, as if commending Brenna.

“Oh my,” the third party gasped. “Mr. Reynard must have forgotten to mention that we were showing *the house* this morning.” The way she said “the house” was as if Brenna was a tacky decoration that the owner surely should have hidden in a closet before company came over.

Brenna felt a blush creep up her breasts and her neck.

“Yes, he must have,” she replied, lifting her chin and staring them down. They stared back. And stared. “Uh, do you mind?”

Her sarcastic prompt jolted all three out of their stupor.

“We’ll, uh, just wait downstairs until you finish...dressing.”

“Yes, and could you send Mister Reynard up here?” Brenna asked, though how the words were able to escape through her tightly clenched teeth, she didn’t know. She was going to kill him. How dare he embarrass her like this?

She sank down on the edge of the bed. Had he actually planned this? It seemed impossible. He couldn’t have. But why else would he have taken her clothes and every scrap of material from the room?

Mr. Reynard forgot to mention that they were showing the house. I’ll bet.

The door swung open. Brenna was on her feet and stalking that direction before Alastair made it across the threshold. She slapped her hand against his bare chest—he was at least wearing shorts—and stopped him.

“Just give me my clothes.”

“Brenna—”

She ignored the hint of apology in his voice. “Don’t speak to me.” She shifted her hand until it was in front of his face. “Just give me my clothes,” she repeated. He handed her a rumpled pile of material that used to be her suit. “You really are a bastard, you know that? I’ve never been so embarrassed in all my life,” she snapped as she snatched the clothes from his arms. “Mitchell and Genni will tell the world.”

He raised his eyebrows arrogantly. "Well now, maybe you'll understand how it feels to have your private actions talked about around the water cooler." He backed out the door. "Have a good day, Ms. Hennessy."

His words hit her like a fist in her stomach. It couldn't be. It had all been about revenge? *I shouldn't be doing this. I hadn't planned it this way.* His words as they'd made love the first time came to haunt her. She slapped the memory away. She couldn't think about it now. She had to get dressed and get the hell home and then she would decipher what Alastair meant.

The crisp gray suit from yesterday was history – the wrinkles were so firmly etched she wasn't sure drying cleaning would remove them. But she didn't have anything else to wear. She had to make it home in these.

It didn't take long for her to get ready. There weren't many options. She pulled her skirt and jacket on and scraped her fingers through her hair. The long strands tangled around her fingers bringing on the memory of Alastair's hands twined around her hair as he held her still – held her in place for his deep thrusts.

Her still stiff nipples brushed against the satin lining of the suit jacket making her ache even more. While he'd returned her outer clothes, Alastair had neglected to provide her with her underwear.

Great. He has a souvenir. Horrible images of her panties being displayed in a glass case or her bra held up as prize during cocktail parties crept into her sex-exhausted mind. He wouldn't do anything like that. She knew he wouldn't. But still...

The only option was to find him in this huge house and demand he return them. No, that would mean facing him and possibly his real estate agent.

Tying her hair into a knot at the base of her neck, Brenna decided she was as presentable as she was going to be. Shoulders back, chest out, eyes straight forward. She walked out of the room and proceeded down the steps. Her car waited by the front door, running. She didn't know how it had gotten here and decided she didn't care. Alastair was a rich man. He'd obviously ordered some minion to collect it. She growled

as she settled into the seat. That made at least one more person who knew she'd spent the night.

It didn't matter. The whole city would know by nightfall. Mitchell and Genevieve Wilcox would start spreading the word within moments. As gossip went, this would be too good to keep quiet. She gripped the steering wheel and braced herself.

She was in for one hell of a day.

* * * * *

Brenna covered her face with her hands. She couldn't cry. She was too furious to cry. At him. At herself.

At her own hyperactive sex drive.

She'd had sex with Alastair Reynard. Repeatedly. What had she been thinking? Obviously, she hadn't. She'd been too horny to do anything but spread her legs when he'd asked.

"Here."

She raised her head and accepted the glass of juice Jared offered. He'd arrived thirty minutes after she'd gotten home. The gossip chain was fast and efficient—and Jared was near the top of the rumor ladder.

Unfortunately, like a game of telephone, the story was already morphing into its own legend. She hadn't been found alone, bare-assed naked in Alastair's bedroom, but bare-assed naked and fucking Alastair in his bedroom. And though it wasn't confirmed, it was "rumored" that Mitchell and Genevieve had been asked to join in to make it a four-some.

Brenna didn't doubt that by evening, it would be a whole freakin' orgy, including the real estate agent.

"Thanks," she said, numbly taking the glass from Jared's hand.

"So, exactly how did it happen?"

She tilted her head down and looked through the tops of her eyes at Jared.

"Don't worry, I don't want details." He smiled. "Unless you feel compelled to share, but I must say you're the last woman I would have expected to end up in Alastair's bed."

"Me, too," she agreed.

"So how *did* it happen?"

She set the glass on the coffee table, jumped up from the couch and began to circle the room. "He seduced me." She hated saying the words. They sounded whiny, but it was the truth. She could see it all now. Every question he'd asked, every time he'd stared intently into her eyes.

"I thought you were immune to his charms."

"I was. I am. I thought I was."

"So, what happened?"

"He played on my vanity."

"I've never known you to be vain. Men tell you you're beautiful all the time. It's never knocked you flat on your back before."

She winced at the explicit but very precise description. "It wasn't my looks. It was my brain. We talked. For hours. And he listened to me. He fucked with my mind."

"And the rest of you," Jared drawled. "If rumor can be believed." He hesitated. "Can it be believed?"

Brenna groaned. "Dammit. How did I let this happen?"

"Alastair's a very hard man to resist when he goes after something."

Something in Jared's tone put her senses on alert. She spun around and pinned him with her gaze. Guilt lay just below the surface of his eyes. Despite her best efforts not to think about it—she'd thought about it. The intensity of Alastair's attention, his focus. He'd known precisely how to seduce her and he'd done it. Deliberately. "This wasn't an

accidental seduction, was it? This wasn't just two people fucking like rabbits. This is about revenge, isn't it?"

He leaned away, as if hoping stay out of range. "I don't know that."

She crept closer. "What do you know?"

"Nothing. I don't know anything. Much."

She waited, staring at him, sending the visual daggers meant for Alastair toward the man in front of her. He rolled his shoulders up and finally sighed.

"Fine. He was asking questions about you the other night. I thought it was strange but they didn't seem out of the ordinary. Just questions to get to know you."

"So he would have ammunition. Of course, that makes sense. But why now? We've never been friendly but this is beyond anything." She stared at Jared. It gave her eyes something to do as she tried to figure out what triggered this. The article. The column about the skinny-dipping episode. "He was irritated because I used him as an example in my column, wasn't he? And this is how he gets me back. That bastard." She resumed her pacing. "I knew it was too much of a coincidence that the realtor walks in to show the house when I'm naked. What good is revenge if no one knows about it?"

"Brenna, trust me. Alastair's not like that. He might have seduced you, but he wouldn't embarrass you. It isn't his nature."

She scoffed. "I wouldn't bet on that."

"I know him. He's self-indulgent but no more than most rich, intelligent men. And certainly better than many."

"That's not saying much."

She folded her arms across her chest and released her pent up breath. Somehow, she felt better knowing it was a calculated plot. She didn't feel quite so stupid at being caught in his trap, knowing her seduction was intentional. The sexy words and the sensual touches—he'd done it all with pre-meditation.

It was a well-planned fuck.

And she needed a well-planned response to it.

* * * * *

She twisted on the bed, her body open, dripping, silently pleading for his cock. He hovered over her, holding the prize just out of reach, just beyond her touch.

Please, she whispered though the words never left her mouth. *Please fuck me.*

Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.

The words filled her head becoming a chant.

He smiled. And slowly shook his head, backing away, taking that long, thick cock as he moved farther from her.

“No!” Brenna’s shout jolted her from sleep. She sat up in bed and stared into the dark room. She was alone. As she had been for two weeks. Ever since waking to find herself in Alastair’s bed.

Every night it was the same thing. Dreams of fucking Alastair, pleading with him to come inside her, to fill her. The language changed but the message was the same—fuck me. And every night he refused. Damn it, why was he doing this to her?

She’d lived a comfortably celibate existence before him. Sure there were times when she wanted someone to hold her but she moved beyond it. Now, it wasn’t that easy.

She rolled to her side and slid her hands up, cupping her breasts in her own palms. It wasn’t enough. Her vibrator wasn’t enough. Humping her blankets wasn’t enough. Damn it, she needed Alastair.

And he owed her. After everything she’d been through in the past two weeks, he owed her a good fuck.

The governor hadn’t done anything more than raise his eyebrows when the news of her night with Alastair, embellished to the *nth* degree, made it into the local gossip

column. No one else had been as polite. She'd been winked at more times in the last fourteen days, she could have sworn there was an eye infection going around.

The women wanted details.

The men wanted to be next in line.

Brenna jabbed her fist into her pillow.

He'd been successful in his revenge. With a few silky words, he'd gotten her to drop her dress and fall on him like a fox on free food.

But it wouldn't stop there.

Brenna rolled onto her stomach and stared at the dark wood of her headboard. Alastair had started this. He'd created this ache inside her. He could damn well be the one to satisfy it.

Chapter 3

Alastair stepped into his study and paused. The light at his desk was turned on. He'd killed it before he went out tonight. He was positive. The room had been dark when he'd closed the door.

He tugged on his tie, losing the noose, and looked around. Something wasn't right.

"Good evening, Alastair."

He tensed at the whiskey smooth sound of Brenna's voice. The voice that had haunted his nights for the past three weeks. Damn. He could have used a few more nights in her bed to burn off the rest of this attraction.

He smiled as he turned to face her. Maybe that was why she was here.

He mentally slapped himself for being stupid. She hated him. If she hadn't hated him before, she definitely hated him now. There was no way around it. He'd embarrassed her. So, what the hell was she doing in his house at two in the morning?

He asked her that same question. She just shrugged and stood up from the deep chair positioned in front of the cold fireplace. That was his chair. It was the chair he sat in to read or just to stare at the fire.

Somehow, watching her rise from the chair, as if she owned it, offended his sensibilities.

"How did you get in?" he asked, deciding to attack the issue up front.

"Well, Jared helped me. See, he helped you by giving you information about me—information you used to seduce me."

He bowed his head in acknowledgement. He wasn't going to lie to her. Seduction, revenge, it had all been part of his plan. There was no need to tell her he'd lost the idea of revenge early in the evening and fucking her had become his singular goal.

"I believe in going in with enough information about my opponent to make it interesting."

Brenna smiled. It was a smile of seduction and memory. Maybe she didn't hate him as much as he thought.

"It was certainly interesting." The mocking tone made his chest tighten. He didn't know why she was here but it certainly wasn't to continue the delightful fuck they'd had three weeks ago. "So, Jared agreed to help me get inside your house."

"Why?"

"Because you stepped up our game. Now, it's my turn."

He folded his arms across his chest and leaned against this desk. The move was patently arrogant and intimidating. He'd learned it in law school and it had served him well through the years. "So, what's brought you out to my house in the middle of the night? Looking for a good fuck?"

She didn't flinch, as he would have expected. Instead, she kept walking toward him, the subtle swing of her hips hypnotizing him as she strolled forward.

"I thought we should talk about what happened." She handed him a glass that he saw held his best whiskey. "Care for a drink?"

He inspected her eyes to see if she was drunk. The clear steady gaze of her stare told him she was in complete control.

He took the glass from her hand and watched as she turned away and walked back to the fireside. He gulped down the whiskey, letting the gentle burn distract him from his rising erection. There was something dangerous about her tonight and he needed to keep his wits about him. And that meant not thinking with his dick.

Of course, if the opportunity presented itself to drag her off to bed and have her under him until morning, he'd have to follow through. There was only so much temptation a man could take. And a woman like Brenna was pure temptation. He didn't know why he hadn't seen it before. He'd believed the uptight, prissy façade she'd

shown to the rest of the world – counterintuitive to the porn star body she had. But now that he'd had her in his bed, he knew the truth. The cool exterior masked a deep fire that erupted when she came.

He felt his trousers tighten as his cock remembered the sensation of coming inside her. He wanted that again. Wanted to feel her cunt gripping him. The memory struck him like a second shot of whiskey, blurring his mind and making him want more despite the fact that he knew this wasn't a good idea.

His vision wavered but he blinked the weird sensation away. He wanted to be sober enough to fuck her if it came to that and if he was going to fuck her, he wanted to remember it. Those memories would feed his five-finger sessions for years to come.

Brenna strolled back toward him. She smiled. His strangely clouded mind acknowledged something in her smile. Something devious. But his cock was leading the show and it twitched again, begging for release, begging for her pussy.

The room joined his head in a slow swirl. Confused, he looked at Brenna. Her smile doubled, then tripled before sliding back into one set of lips.

"Alastair, are you feeling okay?" Her voice came from far away. "Why don't you sit down?"

She pressed her hand on his shoulder and he sank into the chair that had mysteriously appeared behind him.

"Don't worry. You'll just sleep for while and when you wake up, you'll be someplace very special."

* * * * *

Sun drilled through his closed eyelids – piercing his brain and alerting Alastair that he wasn't in his own bed. Someone needed to close the curtains. Fast.

Knowing that the throbbing in his skull would only increase if he moved, he lay still, breathing and trying to remember what last night's entertainment had been. Or

actually who—because the only thing that would have tempted him to overindulge to the point he ended up in a bed not his own would be a woman.

Brenna.

She could do it. She could tempt him to break his own rules.

He started to smile then realized that hurt as well. His whole body ached. His shoulders, his back, even his wrists. Headache not withstanding, he was going to have to move, at least to find out where he was and stretch his muscles. He must have been out for awhile to be this uncomfortable.

Feeling brave, he cracked open one eye. Then the other. The ceiling was definitely not familiar. The pale brown stripes were nothing he'd ever put in his house. He quickly flipped through all the women he knew and decided whoever she was, he'd never been to her house before.

Okay. Time to move. He silently commanded his body to climb out of bed but his body must have considered it a suggestion because nothing happened. He took a deep breath and looked to the left. Well, that explained where the god-awful sun was coming from. And why his shoulders hurt. His arms were stretched above his head. He drew them down, preparing for the ache of muscles locked in one position for too long.

He wasn't prepared at all when his elbow moved two inches and stopped. A band tightened around his wrist.

What the...

Ignoring the pain in his head, he twisted around, pulling on his arms. Neither moved. He looked up.

His arms were stretched out at sharp angles. Thin straps connected bands around his wrists to the wall just above the headboard. He tugged on the strap that held his right wrist. It held. He jerked again. This couldn't be happening.

The door creaked as it opened. Alastair turned his head and stared toward the sound. His mind had cleared but this had to be a hallucination. *She* couldn't be walking into the room looking smug and slightly sinister. Impossible.

“Brenna?”

She smiled as she stepped inside. Satisfaction coiled through her chest and heated her stomach. Even if he didn’t agree to her proposal, she’d succeeded on one level. She liked seeing him stretched out and tied up. And she’d had a lot of fun doing it. Her palms were still burning from the warmth of his skin.

Not that she’d touched him much while he’d been unconscious. Just enough to undress him and get him tied properly. Okay, there had been a few places she hadn’t been able to resist. But she’d kept them brief. She didn’t want him to think she’d molested him while he was passed out.

She wanted him awake for that.

Besides, she hadn’t been alone when she’d stripped him. Jared had been there. She’d needed help to put this plan into motion and Jared had proven a great resource. Who knew that a house like this existed? Or that she could rent it for the weekend? The perfect house for the couple exploring bondage or who wanted to keep their play separate from their lives. Each room had different toys, boxes of brand new restraints and instructions for use. Of course, Jared had known how to find a place like this—perfect for her purposes—and he’d been surprisingly willing to help.

“What’s going on?” Alastair demanded. She watched the heat flare in his eyes. She’d seen a similar flame as he’d made love to her but this fire came from a fury not even the great Alastair Reynard could hide.

“Hmm. Good morning, Alastair.”

He stared at her for a moment. Then she watched his arms relax and he let his head sink back to the pillow.

“Really, honey, if you wanted to fuck, you didn’t have to tie me up. I’d have obliged you.” The arrogance and charm were back, masking the anger. But it lingered in his eyes. He wasn’t as cool as he wanted her to believe.

"I don't doubt that you would have. You've obliged enough women in your time." She strolled to the bed, keeping her movements slow. He watched her. She could feel his eyes.

And she let him feel hers. She stopped beside the bed and stared at him, trailing her eyes down his chest, across his stomach, and stopping at his crotch. His penis began to swell as she looked at him. She opened her mouth and rubbed her tongue across the edge of the teeth. He grew.

Triumph joined the satisfaction and she released the husky laughter that burgeoned in her throat.

"Lovely," she said.

"What's this about, Brenna?" he asked. He'd changed moods again, turning calm and curious. "Because despite appearances, I doubt you brought me here for sex."

"Oh, that's where you're wrong. I brought you here precisely for sex."

His cock twitched at the soft whisper of her words. He ground his teeth together determined to stay impassive. She couldn't be serious. This couldn't be happening. There was no way, in any reality, that Brenna Hennessy had drugged him, stripped him naked, and tied him to a bed for sex. It was beyond anything he could have imagined.

Except that here he was—naked, tied to a bed and the thought of sex with Brenna was more appealing than it should be.

"This is kidnapping you know." He would be logical about the whole situation. She couldn't have thought it through.

She nodded and smiled into his eyes. "Yes, I know. But I'm not worried. When I release you, you can report it to whoever you want." She continued her walk around the bed. He tried to resist watching her. He didn't *want* to follow her but something about the lazy sway of her hips held his attention. There was a sensuality flowing from somewhere deep inside her body that hadn't been there before. He'd have fucked her a lot earlier in their relationship if it had been. She walked to the window and rested her butt on the wide ledge. "Who do you think they're going to believe? The debauched,

reckless playboy? Or the *innocent*, straight-laced state employee? I think my reputation will stand. How about yours?" She placed her fingers against the windowsill. And dang if she didn't look as innocent as she claimed. "I'll just say that I didn't understand the limits of our game."

"Is this some kind of game?"

She shrugged. "It could be, but truly it's about revenge. You got yours. Now I want mine." The words were still soft, but there was an edge to them. "I learned two things after that night at your house." She held up one finger. "A person can't die from embarrassment." A second finger flipped up. "And I like the way you fuck."

The sound of that word, coming from Brenna's pink lips, sent fires deep into his groin. His rebellious cock leapt up, ignoring his commands to stay down.

"It's been three weeks and I find I'm craving..." She stared straight at his growing erection. "More." She placed one hand between her breasts and slowly slid it downward, until it rested between her legs. "I've discovered how delightful you feel inside me and I want to fuck..."

Alastair knew what she was doing. She was deliberately trying to seduce him by her words and the light rub of her fingers against her own pussy. It was working.

"Again and again."

"As I said, you could have just asked," he curled his mouth into an arrogant smirk. He had to regain control of the situation. Unfortunately, his voice was less stable than he wanted. The thought that Brenna truly had kidnapped him for sex was too intriguing. Too much of a fantasy come true for him to trust her.

He glanced around the room. Was there something else to her revenge? Was she secretly taping this? It didn't seem likely. She was too protective of her own reputation.

Brenna stared across the room. The heat was returning to Alastair's eyes. That was good. She'd shocked him if nothing else. The reality of what she was doing stopped her for a moment. It came back to her in sharp flashes. She'd kidnapped Alastair and tied

him naked to a bed. Now, she was seducing him—whispering all those deep dark desires that had kept her awake for weeks—and he was responding.

“But if I’d come to you, you’d be fucking me,” she said. Alastair seemed to like hearing her say the word. She’d had to let herself get comfortable with saying it. Not that she didn’t swear but she rarely used “fuck” as a term for sex. But there was no other way to describe what would happen here this weekend. If Alastair agreed. “I want to be in control. I think you owe me that at least.”

She stood up and smoothed her hands down the front of her skirt, brushing away imaginary wrinkles. Her body was aching now. Her words igniting the same fire in her as she saw in him, but she ignored it. She had to stay in control. She knew from experience that with a few silky words, Alastair could take command of her body and convince her to do...things. Things she had every intention of doing but by her command.

“So here’s the proposition. It’s a long weekend. I checked with your office and you have nothing scheduled until Tuesday morning. I want to use the next two days to explore my fantasies. And you’re going to help me. You’ll do whatever I want. On Monday morning, a car will come pick you up and take you home.”

“What do I get in return?”

She laughed. “You mean besides the sex?” His jaw tightened and he nodded. “How about a truce? I’ll ignore you. You ignore me. And neither ever talks about the night at your house or the weekend here. We’re even.”

“No more pithy editorials about my character?”

She shook her head. “That would be a bit hypocritical, after what I’m proposing, now wouldn’t it?”

He nodded and she could see he was considering the idea. Think quickly, she commanded silently. Her confident, powerful façade was starting to fade.

“Decide now,” she said, drawing on the last of her reserves. “You agree to do everything I want—for two days—and when Monday rolls around, I’ll release you.”

"What happens if I say no?"

She shrugged again. "I'll let you go now. I'll leave you with exactly as you left me. No clothes. And of course, you'd have no car." She held up one finger. "But, since I doubt walking naked down the street would truly worry a man like you, I'd have to find my revenge in some other way. At some other time."

His eyes darkened and she knew her subtle threat was being received.

"Or you can stay here and serve me as I choose and all debts are paid."

"Are you going to leave me tied up all weekend? I'm going to need to get up and take care of business soon."

"I'll release you, of course. Once I have your agreement. I might not like you, but I have heard that you keep your promises. People say your word is gold."

He nodded and Brenna felt the tiny clutch of fear in her chest ease.

"Fine."

"You'll agree to do what I want? All weekend?"

That damned, cocky smile once again curled his lips. "I think I can take whatever you dish out, and give you some you've never imagined."

That tiny dig was lost in the roar in her mind. He'd agreed. She had Alastair Reynard metaphorically chained to her bed for two full days.

Her pussy began to weep in anticipation. She hadn't lied to him when she'd said she liked the way he fucked. He'd taught her the true power of pleasure in one night. And that's what she'd take today. Her pleasure. If he got his along the way, that would be fine as well.

"There is one other stipulation." She folded her arms over her chest and stared at him. "Nothing we do here is ever spoken of again. You can't use this against me. Ever."

"The same goes for me," Alastair countered.

Brenna nodded. "Then we're agreed. We fuck for one weekend, and then we forget this ever happened."

Alastair nodded his agreement. "I'd shake on it, but..."

"Don't worry. I have use of your hands later," she said with a deep husky laugh.

He shifted on the bed, as if reminding her he was there. His cock swayed like it was waving to get her attention.

"I live to serve you, Mistress," he said, but there was sarcasm beneath his words. She'd have to change that.

"And you shall. Right now, I think."

She fingered the top buttons of her blouse, knowing she had his attention. He grew still with anticipation.

She knew what her body looked like—that good genes had given her breasts that were firm and round, and hips that curved just the right amount. Men liked her body, even if she sometimes groaned at the fact that she couldn't sleep on her stomach because her breasts got in the way, or if jeans clung to her ass with a little too much precision.

This weekend, though, she would use her body. She opened the suit jacket and peeled it off, baring the crisp white blouse beneath.

"I didn't wear a bra, because my nipples were so tight—the lace was driving me crazy. All I could think about was your mouth on my skin." She placed her hands over her breasts and squeezed gently. It was as much for her own pleasure as for his seduction. Alastair might think this was going to be an easy payback weekend for him. He didn't seem to understand that she wasn't going to let him go with a few hot fucks. She wanted more.

Though she enjoyed her work at the library, and also her "Ice Queen" reputation, there were moments when she wanted to be wild. This would be her weekend. Alastair had sworn not to speak of it. She could trust him. Despite his tendency to swim naked with bimbos, he wasn't a liar.

With his attention focused on her, she opened her blouse and continued stroking her breasts. Her nipples were tight, eager. She pinched the tips lightly. Men liked to stare at her breasts and she knew Alastair was no different but this was the first time that a man's admiration was as much of a pleasure for her.

She looked down at her hands, massaging and rubbing against the full mounds. Then raised her eyes to Alastair.

"If I came over there and asked you to lick my nipples, would you do so?" This was his first test. And hers. Would he continue with the arrogant attitude or become a partner in this weekend?

"I would do as you ask." His voice was deep and penetrating. "I would love to taste you."

She laughed softly. "Oh, you will."

She reached around and unzipped her long pleated skirt. The heavy material dropped to the ground. She was naked underneath. She watched Alastair's eyes widen for one brief second, then they returned to their normal arrogant glitter. She'd change that arrogance. She'd make him beg.

Alastair couldn't quite believe this was happening. Brenna had kidnapped him and seemingly planned to use him as her own personal sex toy. And he'd agreed to it. It would be interesting to see what she would think up. She was doing an excellent job so far. The blouse partially covered her breasts, hinting at the delicious curves beneath. Even knowing this was what she wanted, Alastair couldn't look away. He stared, hoping that as she moved, the blouse would gape further, and reveal her tits. Damn, she was built. He licked his lips, wondering if he would get the opportunity to suck on her pretty nipples. He'd agreed to do whatever she wanted for the weekend. Hopefully, she wanted that as well.

Right now, it looked like what she wanted most was sex. His cock continued its upright rampage, hungry for her pussy. The memories were too sharp, too precise for any relaxation.

She was naked. Except for that damn blouse. The tales fluttered down, hiding her bare pussy.

He could see the briefest glimmer of pale curly hair, enough to know she wasn't wearing underwear. She'd come dressed to fuck.

He continued to follow her movement as she reached up and undid the tight clasp holding her hair. The blonde strands fell around her shoulders.

Within seconds, she'd gone from the prissy, prim librarian to the porn star he'd claimed she should be.

She walked to the side of the bed and stared down at his stretched out body. Alastair tensed as she looked up and down the bed.

Not shy of his own body, he wasn't worried about her opinion of his form. He worked hard to keep himself in shape. He knew she approved of the size of his cock and it was thick and full—and showing itself to its best advantage beneath her perusal.

It was the strange look in her eye that concerned him. As if she was standing at a candy store window and couldn't decide which treat to try first.

As long as she tried them all, he didn't particularly care. Though given his choice, he'd fuck her first. His cock twitched at that suggestion, heartily approving of the idea.

But Brenna didn't seem open to suggestions. She seemed to have her own plan in mind.

With a slow, deliberate movement, she slipped the blouse off her shoulders and let it fall to the ground. Then she climbed on the bed, kneeling beside his hips, her calves brushing against his skin. The sunlight streamed through the window and caught the bright lights in her hair. She placed her hands in the middle of his chest and rubbed slow, soft circles.

"Hmmm. I love the way you feel. So strong. Powerful." Her lust-laden voice became a caress of its own. She followed with strokes of her hands. She traced her

fingertips across his chest. "Since I'm going to have you lick my nipples later, maybe I should return the favor now."

She bent down, curled over his chest and placed a teasing kiss on the flat copper nipple. Then her tongue swirled around the tiny bump. Alastair bit his teeth together to hold back the groan. She had a sweet, inquisitive mouth. And there was nothing he could do but endure the delicate torture of her hands and lips. She continued to explore his chest with her mouth, leaving behind trails of warmth.

He pulled on the tight straps that held him to the wall. He couldn't get free, couldn't touch her or taste her. Drawing on reserves he didn't know he had, he kept his mouth shut and let her lead, holding himself still and waiting to see how far she would take this. With one final lick across his nipple, she pulled back and straightened. Her firm full breasts hung just out of the reach of his mouth.

Placing a hand on either side of his chest, she leaned forward and swung her leg over him until she straddled his stomach. Alastair renewed the clench on his jaw. He could feel her moisture slip down the inside of her thighs, feel the steam from her pussy. God, she was hot for it. Why didn't she just climb on his cock and ride him? He jerked on the restraints. If he could just grab her hips, he could jam her down onto his cock. His thighs pushed upward. The heat from her sex was burning him alive. He wanted to be inside her when he fried.

Instead, she smiled. The wickedness in that grin sent a shot of fear up his spine. She tickled the side of his mouth with her fingertip.

"You know what I remember most about that night at your house?" Her voice was soft and seductive. She trailed a single fingertip across his lower lip. "I remember your mouth on my pussy. Licking me. Tasting me. I've never had a man who seemed to enjoy eating me out so much."

Alastair licked his lips. He couldn't help it. He wanted to taste her again. She was right. He'd loved going down on her, feeling her twist in his arms, licking the warm musky cream from her cunt. She was a woman made for oral sex.

"You have an incredible mouth." She leaned forward and rubbed her tits across his chest. The hard peaks massaging his skin. Then she pushed herself up, until her breasts were lifted away from him. "Do you remember?"

He swallowed. Deeply. And nodded. He could remember every moment of it. She'd been so hot and wet. And delicious. Shimmering in his arms, seeking more of what he gave her.

"I want you to do it again."

She'd blushed that night when she'd demanded that he lick her. She wasn't blushing now.

"I want to feel your mouth on me, your tongue licking my pussy. You do it so well. Do you want to taste me?"

"Yes." The heavy growl broke from his lips, as if he couldn't control the sound.

Brenna felt another flood of moisture stream through her sex. He was as eager for this as she was. She moved, crawling up his body. The way his wrists were tied gave her just enough space to slip between his outstretched arms.

As inelegant as it was, she was going to straddle his face—let him eat her from his submissive pose. Grabbing a pillow, she placed it behind his head, giving him a few extra inches. This wasn't going to be a quick oral fuck. She was going to linger long. So long his tongue got tired.

"Comfortable?" she purred.

There was nothing submissive in his arrogant smile. "I'm ready."

She wouldn't let that smile shake her. This was her show. She left one knee on the bed and hiked her other foot up and over his shoulder, his mouth below her open pussy.

"Now, be a good boy," she said, stroking his hair away from his forehead so she could see his eyes. "And make Brenna a very happy woman."

She held herself still. The first warm brush of his tongue sent heated swirls from her sex to the rest of her body. It was perfect—light and seductive. This man knew how to seduce with his mouth. Knew how to start slow and build. Not that she needed much building. He seemed to know that. He teased, then stroked, treating her with long slow licks. All the while, avoiding her clit.

Brenna gripped the headboard and held herself still. The slow tongue fuck was delicious, each caress a new delight. She rolled her shoulders back and fell into his rhythm. She let him set the pace. His mouth wandered lovingly across her flesh. The slow strokes ignited hundreds of little fires in her sex. She let her hips roll, sinking deeper and deeper into the sensation.

“Alastair, my clit.” She pressed her hips down, trying to guide his mouth up to it. “Please, just a touch.” The words were barely out of her mouth when he responded to her whimpered plea. His kiss was light, testing. “Yes,” she hissed, wanting more, so much more. But he wouldn’t be rushed.

He circled the tight bud of nerves, licking an easy, rhythmic pattern. He worked her with patience, building the sensations and layering one on the other until they blended into one awesome need. Brenna was distantly aware that she was panting but she had no time for embarrassment. He didn’t ease up or give her release. The pleasure that vibrated through her clit became almost painful and Brenna pulled away, lifting herself off his mouth. She stared at the wall in front of her and tried to catch her breath.

“Come back to me, baby.” His breath heated her damp flesh. “Let me have your cunt.” Alastair’s voice penetrated the pleased shock that had shot from her pussy straight to her head. She felt his lips on the inside of her thigh. “Let me have you,” he whispered. She stared at her hands and the death grip she had on the headboard. Tension lingered in her sex, still aching for a release she knew he could provide. As if she was his to command, she sank back down. Alastair’s tongue was there to meet her, flicking out, teasing, flittering across her skin. Groaning his appreciation, he tasted her, soothing her, slipping his tongue into her vagina. There was no way to prepare for each

new sensation as it bombarded her system. He danced around her outer lips with light flicks, then brushed her clit. His touch was unceasing, untamed. She began to shimmer from the inside out.

As if he sensed her impending climax, he returned to her clit and began to suck—light almost delicate pulls that drew every sensation, every feeling to that tight place between her legs. She tightened her arms and held herself still, not wanting to miss a moment of Alastair's wicked touch. He kept on, licking and sucking until the pressure built beyond her control.

"Alastair!" she cried out, pulling hard against the headboard, needing something hold her in this world. The orgasm rippled through her sex and spun across the rest of her body. His tongue continued to stroke her as if he was determined to draw every last bit of pleasure from her pussy.

Brenna sagged forward—dropping her forehead against the wall—and waited for her eyes to roll back into the center of her head. After long moments where the only sound was her own gasping breath, she opened her eyes and stared down. Alastair was still below her, his hot talented lips kissing any surface he could reach, mainly the inside of her thighs. His face was mostly obscured by her sex. Her cheeks bloomed with heat when the reality of what she'd done hit her. There had been no embarrassment before, but now, kneeling above him with his face between her legs...

She stopped herself before she let the embarrassment take hold. This was her weekend, and if she wasn't mistaken, Alastair had enjoyed that almost as much as she did. Now, she would let him have his pleasure as well.

She smiled. And more for her. Even with the orgasm to end all orgasms swirling through her veins, there was more pleasure to be had. She wanted to be filled. To ride his cock the way she'd ridden his face.

It was a challenge to move, but she pulled herself up and swung her left over, uncurling her body from its twisted position. Her legs trembled as she lifted her hips.

After some awkward maneuvering, she sank down beside him. His eyes were bright and hungry.

"Thanks," she said. She leaned forward and kissed him. The flavor of her pussy covered his mouth. He immediately drove his tongue into her mouth. She let him dominate the kiss for a few seconds, then pulled back. His shoulders tightened as he pulled on the cords, trying to reach for her.

"Brenna..."

She loved, but ignored, the warning in his voice.

"You truly do...have the most incredible mouth." Again she stroked the corner with her finger. "I don't remember when I've come so hard before." She sat back, kneeling beside him, her legs spread just enough that he could see into the shadow of her wet pussy. "Isn't it strange? Instead of making one satisfied—a really great orgasm just makes you want more." She stroked her hand down his chest, his stomach, until she reached his proud cock. Alastair tensed, waiting for her touch—but she pulled back. The fire in his gaze flared and Brenna couldn't help but laugh. She had him just where she wanted him—or almost. And she would have him there in moments.

She leaned forward—close, almost to his mouth—then swung her leg over his hips. Pushing back, she inched down until she straddled his thighs. His long, hard shaft waited before her. She felt her own liquid drip downward. Her sex was well prepared for his penetration.

He lay before her like a pagan offering, tugging on his restraints. He wasn't happy about being tied up. She'd have to make it worth his while. She spread her fingers wide and placed her palms on his stomach. The tight muscles jumped.

"Ooh, are my fingers cold? Shall I warm my hands?" She straightened, pushing up high on her knees so that her pussy hovered above his cock. She trailed her hands down, across his skin, then leapt over to her own thighs. His eyes followed each movement. She slipped her hands between her legs, sliding up to the apex of her thighs. "Ooh, this is better. Warmer." She rolled her hips back and forth, rubbing her hands

across her own skin. She watched his chest expand, as if he couldn't get enough air. "Hot." She placed one hand directly over her sex. "It's very hot, here." The light brush of her fingers against her pussy sent tremors deep into her stomach. All this hard masculine flesh was hers for the next two days—hers to enjoy and hers to play with.

She dropped forward, her hands landing beside his head so she on all fours above him. The scent of her arousal clung to her fingers. She dug her fingers into the pillowcase so he would remember the scent.

"Would you like to feel the heat now?" She whispered the words against his ear. "Shall I warm you in the same way?" His hips pumped upward, brushing her thighs. "I'll take that as a yes," she chuckled, sitting back. She considered making him beg but didn't need to hear him say it. This convulsive punch of his hips was much more telling.

Her heart beat wildly as she took his cock in her hand. It was like lightning struck Alastair's body. Every muscle tightened for one brief flash.

"I won't hurt you," she promised with a soft laugh. He glared at her but still didn't speak. She stroked his shaft, learning the shape and line. It was fascinating. She'd never taken the time to truly learn her partner's penis before. She knew enough to pleasure him but this was a pleasure for her. So much power and so fragile at the same time. She wrapped her hands around him, testing his width. She knew how it felt inside her but placing her hands around it...her breath fluttered.

She smoothed the length of it with her flat palm, loving the silky texture and the rock solid strength beneath it. She'd heard an erection described as velvet covered steel. She'd never understood what that meant until now. She'd never taken the time to discover what that meant.

Now she knew. It was hers. Hers to borrow for two days.

Alastair might be scoundrel but he was honest. He'd given her his word. She didn't doubt that she could untie him and he would lay there, as she'd commanded. But she

liked seeing his arms stretched above him—his muscles pulling on the cords to find a weakness in them.

“Damn it, Brenna, if you’re going to fuck me,” he growled. “Do it now.”

She blinked as she looked up at him, realizing she’d lost herself for a moment in touching him. His arms were taut, clutching the straps that held him to the bed. After one final stroke along his thick shaft, she curled her hand around him and placed the thick head of his cock against her wet, slightly swollen opening. The heat she’d teased Alastair with was real and radiating from her sex.

Unable to resist, she rubbed the tip against her clit. The light massage sent another jolt through her system.

“Brenna, honey, fuck me.”

The soft plea drew her attention back to him.

“Sorry.” She laughed softly. “I got a little carried away.” She bent forward and kissed his mouth. “You have a way of going to my head.”

“Great. Right now I want to go to your cunt.”

She laughed again. She hadn’t expected this. She’d expected a few silent, reluctant fucks. She never expected laughing and teasing. But Alastair had startled her on more than one occasion. She should have expected that.

“I’ll be happy to oblige,” she said reaching over to the bedside table and grabbing one of the many condoms she’d placed in the drawer while Alastair was unconscious. She had plans to see how many they could use during the weekend. Quickly sliding the condom on his shaft, she placed the thick head against her wet opening. She didn’t hesitate this time. She spread her legs as wide as possible and began to sink down. The full rod rubbed her swollen tissues as it filled her.

Feminine moisture trickled down her hand. She was wet enough to take him all. She pushed down, letting more of the thick rod slide into her. She groaned softly. Though she’d had him inside her before, he felt thick, filling every inch—stretching her.

She stopped, knowing only about half his length was inside her, but not wanting to ruin the delicious sensation. She rose up, until he was almost free, then sank back down, stopping again midway. She planted her hands on his chest and began a slow, steady ride.

She was in no hurry now and let her body move in anyway it desired. She shifted her hips, tilting them back to massage her clit as she sank down.

“Brenna, honey, please, can you take more? Take it all?”

She opened her eyes and stared down at Alastair. His eyes were dark and drilled into hers. But his hips remained still, making no move to push up into her. He deserved all she could give him — all she could take.

She sank down, savoring again the slow slide into her. When she reached the point where she’d stopped before, she paused and drew in a deep breath. She knew he would feel glorious once he was fully inside her, but the initial penetration would sting and stretch her delicate tissues.

“Slow, honey, go slow. We’ll fit.” His sorcerer’s voice was a caress that echoed deep inside. She met his gaze and nodded. “Touch yourself,” he commanded. “Touch your clit. Imagine that it’s my hand on you.” She fell under the spell of his words and placed her fingertips near her clit. “That’s it, baby. Yeah, so beautiful. Such a pretty little clit. I love feeling it in my mouth.” She groaned and let her head fall back, too heavy to hold up any more. All her strength, all her power was centered at the tight spot between her legs. “You feel so good.”

As if she was hypnotized by his words, she rolled her hips and sank an inch lower. “That’s it. Rock with me, slow and easy. Touch your breast. Let me see you.” As her other hand cupped her breast, she was vaguely aware that her “love-slave” was giving her commands but it was too delicious to ignore. “Pinch your nipple for me, baby. Light, that’s it. Take more. Come on. You know we fit together. Take it all, honey.”

The newly familiar rise of pleasure sparkled from her pussy calling her to take him deeper. The press of her fingers and the tight pinch on her nipple burned like a thousand flames of the same fire. All burning for him.

She needed him completely inside her. She released her hold on her body, clasped his waist firmly in her hands, and drove herself downward. The sharp drive of his cock made her gasp but seconds later she felt her cunt relax around him.

Alastair stared up at the fascinating woman who held his cock inside her pussy. She'd fully immersed herself in fucking him. Her face was flushed with exertion. Her tits shimmied with each heavy breath. His mouth watered. Her tight nipples would feel so good between his lips. Later. Now, he needed her energy. Needed her to fuck him.

"Brenna, honey, ride me."

She lifted her head and stared at him, her eyelids blinking rapidly. She looked dazed and slightly stunned. And very aroused.

"Ride me, baby."

She moved like a woman lost in her passion. Alastair felt his balls tighten as she leaned forward, placing her hands against his shoulders. She was bracing herself for a long, hard ride.

The rhythm she chose was slow and deep. Her eyes drooped closed and she grabbed her lower lip between her teeth and released a soft moan.

He couldn't stop staring at her as she moved on his cock. It was obvious she wasn't screaming toward orgasm. It was almost like she just wanted to feel him—to feel every inch of him. He strained against the ropes that bound him, determined to last as long as she did, but damn, he didn't know if he would make it. Her body held him so tight, rubbing every inch of his cock. Licking her cunt had made him harder than he could remember being. Now, he was inside her and he didn't have the strength to hold back much longer.

He pumped his hips up, trying to drive deeper, urge her into a hard pace, one that matched the pounding of his heart. She slid down, he thrust up. Her eyes snapped open and that soft catch her throat told him he'd struck a nerve. Many nerves in fact.

She lifted up and pushed down, now seeking the deep penetration he needed.

"That's it, baby, ride me hard."

Her head dropped forward and she pumped her hips, short, shallow but hard strokes. He lost track of his words, knowing only he was whispering, urging her to come and finish him.

He could feel her orgasm rising. She was close.

It was fascinating to watch her. She slowly licked her lips. The movement made him think about driving his cock into her mouth, feeling her tongue around his shaft. Suddenly, she sat up then leaned back, putting her hands behind her. The position curved her spine, pushing her breasts up and sliding his cock a fraction deeper inside her.

He groaned and pumped his hips. He couldn't stop himself—couldn't wait for her. He ground his heels into the mattress trying to find a steady platform. She continued the shallow thrusts that moved him only inches, rubbing the head of his cock deep inside her.

"Oh God, Alastair!"

"That's it, Brenna, honey. You can do it." He urged her on, meeting her thrusts. With another groan, she straightened and came over him again, her hair hanging down around them. He stared up. She looked like a sex goddess using her servant for her own pleasure.

He lost all ability to speak. His orgasm was screaming toward him and there was no way he could stop it—not with her kneeling above him. She rode him hard. The soft lining of her cunt held him as she sank down, driving his cock into her pussy. Alastair gripped the straps that bound him to the wall and held on. He fought her, knowing she wanted him to come, but Brenna kept moving on him, riding him deep inside her cunt.

He couldn't resist it any longer. She was too sweet, too hot for him to resist. Throwing his head back in painful surrender, he let the world explode inside him. His cock released its juice sending it deep into the woman who knelt above him. Brenna gasped and tiny contractions moved through her sex, massaging his cock and telling him she'd come. She blinked and stared down at him. Her eyes glittered with surprise, then as if the pleasure had dragged the strength from her body, she smiled and slowly sank forward, draping herself across his body.

He waited for her to speak or to move but she stayed silent and still.

She lay fluid across his chest, his cock buried inside her pussy. Alastair stared up at ceiling, marveling.

What had just happened?

He'd been teased and seduced by some of the most beautiful, talented lovers in the world, but never had he felt so wrung out as when fucking Brenna.

There had been nothing fake, nothing planned about their loving. She was no practiced seductress but a woman...a woman learning the power of her body.

He'd seen a glimpse of it the night at his house. Maybe that's why he'd taunted her into staying the night when he'd achieved his purpose after their one fuck. He wanted more. Wanted to see her explore these new sensations. And he'd wanted to be the one to teach her, to watch as she learned how pleasurable her body could be.

That had to be it. It had to be the innocence she displayed. The thought sobered him. Had he fallen so far into cynicism that he felt the need to destroy innocence now?

He shifted uncomfortably, not liking the possibility that he was becoming the type of man Brenna portrayed in her editorials – despoiler of women and all-around bastard.

His movements must have disturbed her because lifted her head. Her eyes were still dazed and slightly unfocused as she looked at him.

"Wow." She smiled vaguely, and relaxed back onto his chest, wiggling until she was comfortable. And Alastair started to harden again. Damn, how did she do it? How

did she drive him to distraction—and erection—with a simple smile? Her eyes closed and moments later he realized she was asleep.

Well, he hadn't debauched her too much if she could still sleep with his cock buried inside her cunt and the look of innocence on her face.

Chapter 4

Brenna let her eyes flutter open and stared at the unfamiliar room. It took a moment for her to snap back to reality. And what she'd done. She'd kidnapped Alastair and then fucked him while he was chained to the bed.

"Are you awake?"

For a moment, she wanted to lie and remain in blissful silence but since she was on top of the man, she was pretty sure he knew she was faking it. She lifted her head and brushed tangled strands of hair away from her face.

"As much as I'm enjoying having your hot body against mine, I really need to get up."

Blushing, Brenna quickly peeled herself off of him and disconnected their bodies. She felt a slight twinge in her pussy as his cock slid out of her.

"Sorry," she mumbled. "I forgot for a moment." She looked up at his arms and winced. She hadn't meant to leave him tied like that.

Alastair smiled. "I'm okay. If I was desperate I would have woken you." Laughter tainted his voice. "And I think you needed the rest."

She nodded and quickly undid the bands around his wrists. He groaned as he lowered his arms.

"Wait, just a second. Let me help."

He let his wrists fall onto the bed and Brenna went to work massaging his shoulders, working the steady blood flow back into the muscles. It wasn't meant to be a sensual activity but having her hands on his skin made her body remember, and hunger for more. She pushed the thought of sex from her mind—at least for now. She had to make sure he was all right. After a few minutes, her fingers began to tire and Alastair rolled his shoulders up and back.

"Better?" she asked, guilt boiling through her chest. She hadn't meant to hurt him.

"I'm fine. But I need to get up."

She rolled away and let him climb out of bed. As he walked toward the bathroom, she grabbed his shirt off the back of the chair. "I'll just clean up and then we'll...we'll...you know, whatever."

He paused as he switched on the light and then glanced over his shoulder. The laughter in his eyes made her cringe.

Brenna watched the bathroom door close and released the tense breath she'd been holding. She'd done it. She'd gotten him up here, ordered him to go down on her and then she'd had sex with him. Now, what did she do? They couldn't spend the entire weekend fucking. Her pussy wouldn't take it and she didn't think he could keep it up that long. Though, she knew from the night at his place that he had amazing powers of recovery.

Her stomach rumbled. It took a minute to realize it wasn't nausea. She was hungry. That was something to do. Alastair had to be starving.

She hurried downstairs and showered. When she finished, the shower upstairs was running. She slipped Alastair's shirt back on and walked into the kitchen with a renewed sense of purpose. She had other clothes but she decided wearing his shirt was sexy and she wanted to keep sex on both their minds. This was her weekend for sex and she was going to enjoy every minute of it.

Now that her body had recovered for a few minutes, she was ready to consider more ideas, more possibilities.

She'd pulled out bread, meat and cheese, and arranged everything on a platter when Alastair walked in. His hair, like hers, was damp. He wore his boxer shorts and nothing else.

She handed him a plate and waved him toward the spread. "I didn't know what you liked so I just left it for you to make your own." It was strange trying to talk to him now. They'd never had a problem before—even if they were bitching at each other,

they'd found things to say. And that night at dinner they'd had plenty to talk about. That was before sex got involved.

Gathering drinks and chips, she put them on the table before making her own sandwich. Maybe it was the strange sensation of being a hostess to a sex weekend that was getting to her. Alastair pulled open the refrigerator and peered inside. "No pickles?" he asked.

"Uh, no."

He shrugged and closed the door. They sat down at the table and began to eat, the strange uncomfortable silence hanging between them. Finally, Alastair put his sandwich down and leaned back in his chair.

"So, what made you decide this was the perfect revenge?"

Brenna shrugged. "I guess I don't see it as revenge so much as payback. You fucked me. Now, I'm fucking you and when this weekend is over — we're even."

"But you could have any man you wanted tied to your bed. Why me? Why not just rip me to shreds in your column and find some other guy for this?" He waved his hand toward the empty room.

Brenna thought about her answer for a long time. There were so many possibilities but she decided on the truth. "I don't date well."

Alastair choked on a bite of sandwich. He swallowed and gulped some soda before speaking. "What?"

"I don't date well. Men are either after me for my body so they treat me like I'm an idiot. Or they are intellectuals and don't notice I'm female. I figured with you, I could get the sex I've been missing and get a little revenge at the same time."

He seemed to be considering her answer then finally nodded. "I guess I understand but I have to warn you." He leaned forward and lowered his voice to a whisper. Brenna leaned over to meet him. "So far, I don't feel like I'm being punished so the revenge aspect of this weekend is a bust."

Brenna laughed softly. "Well, I'll just have to see what I can do about that."

She finished her sandwich, enjoying the full feeling in her stomach and realized the tension surrounding them was gone. It had faded away and left behind a slightly sensual atmosphere. Alastair asked about the house and Jared's involvement in the plan.

"He's the one we need to get back at," Alastair said.

Brenna agreed. "He does seem to be directing the shots, doesn't he? Hmm. We'll have to think of something particularly clever for him."

Alastair nodded. "I think between us, we can come up with something devious enough to make him very uncomfortable."

It took Brenna a moment to realize that they were planning and plotting something beyond this weekend. She dragged her thoughts back. She couldn't let herself see past these two days. When she walked out that door on Monday, this weekend would be gone forever – except in her memories.

She looked over at Alastair. It was time to create some new memories. She stood up and collected the plates. "How are you feeling?" she asked, forcing the boldness to return. She needed to keep this on a purely sexual basis. "Recovered?"

Alastair stretched his legs out in front of him and crossed his arms on his chest as he stared back at her. "I think I'm ready to be of service once again." She took the opportunity to glance down at his shorts. A distinctive bulge was starting to form.

"Good." With a crook of her finger, she led him back upstairs. She didn't tie him down this time. She wanted him on top, wanted to feel him thrusting inside her. She stripped off his shirt and dropped it on the floor. He stood at the door and watched as she crawled onto the bed and lay back, spreading her legs.

"Come, serve your mistress."

* * * * *

Weak light filtered through her eyes in tiny pinpricks. Unwilling to release the last tendrils of sleep, she pulled her arm down to block the intrusion.

Her elbow jerked to a stop. What the hell? Her eyes snapped open and she stared at the band holding her wrist. It wasn't possible.

The bastard had tied her to the bed. She grunted and tugged against the strap even knowing it was futile. How could he have done this? A slight twinge in her conscience reminded her that she'd done the same thing but she ignored it. It was *her* weekend. She was supposed to get the sex she wanted. Use his body until she'd worked this strange need out of her system.

And damn it, he'd agreed to it.

The afternoon sun shot across the room in pale, golden lines, leaving deep shadows. After lunch, Alastair had fulfilled her order to "serve his mistress." And he'd done so until she'd fallen asleep from pure exhaustion. She must have been deeply asleep for him to have been able to tie her to the bed without disturbing her.

Now, bound and furious, energy she thought she'd burned up during sex electrified her system again. She was going to kill him. As soon as she got free.

She raised her head. Alastair stood at the end of the bed. Naked and looking damn arrogant.

"Untie me," she commanded. Brenna twisted within the bands that held her wrists. "You're breaking our agreement. I thought your word was gold." She added a sneer to the final phrase.

Alastair stepped forward, placing his hand on her ankle and beginning a slow slide up her leg. Her pussy twitched in anticipatory welcome as his fingers floated across the sensitive skin—along her calf, her knee, the inside of her thigh. Unfortunately, he stopped his caress before he reached her sex.

"I'm not breaking our agreement at all."

"You said you would do whatever I asked this weekend."

He shook his head. "No." He sat down beside her, his hip brushing hers, his fingers stroking the inside of her splayed thighs. Brenna tried to focus on his words but it was damn difficult. Alastair smoothed his other hand up her side until he cupped her breast. The movement was slow and sensual and reminded her of the sweet suck of his mouth. Again, she tried to ignore the sensation. She was pissed. She had a right to be pissed. She wasn't going to let him seduce her out of her righteous irritation. He was breaking their agreement.

He took her breast in his hand and firmly applied pressure to her nipple. The swift, almost painful caress made her gasp. "If I remember, the agreement was..." He tweaked her nipple again. "...I would do whatever you wanted this weekend." He plunged his hand between her legs and delighted in the quiet gasp. She was soaking wet, coating his fingers with her moisture. It was all for him. He held her eyes, waiting for her gaze to clear before he spoke again. "You want this."

He could see the conflict raging in her eyes. She liked to be in command. She ruled not only her library but also the libraries citywide with an iron hand. She was used to being in charge—used to having men fall at her feet begging to fuck her beautiful body.

Now he would make her beg, because as much as she liked to be charge, she would love to have the power taken from her. Her lips were still tight with irritation but there was no way to hide the desire brewing within her. Desire and a little fear.

He could work with that.

He pushed two fingers inside her and let her drench his fingers. The tight clamp of her cunt eased to accept his penetration. His cock leapt in response. The light in her eyes grew. She liked it hard and fast. But this time, it would be how *he* wanted it. And she'd love that just as much, if not more.

"Tell me you don't," he said, pressing her to accept him. "Tell me you want me to take my fingers out of your cunt and I will." Her passage convulsed around his hand. She still wasn't used to the words. But she liked them. He began to thrust—pumping his fingers deeper into her, making the penetration just a bit rough. The whimper she

tried to suppress spurred him on. She wouldn't hide from him. Wouldn't be able to conceal anything. He would have it all.

"Yes, you like it when I push my fingers into your pussy but mostly you like to feel my cock. Would you like me to fuck you, sweet Brenna?" His hand was drenched with the hot cream that was dripping from her body—the sign she wanted more of what he could give her. When she didn't answer, he stopped the steady rhythm of his fingers. "Nothing for free, love. You must tell me what you want."

"Alastair, fuck me."

He pulled his fingers out and watched disappointment curl her lips downward. He tickled her clit with his index finger just to hear her groan then trailed his hand across her stomach. Her juices clung to his skin filling the room with her arousal. He would remember her scent forever.

He shook his head. "I think that was too easy, love. I don't think you want it badly enough."

He saw the first sign of panic in her eyes. She was just realizing he wasn't going to release her—he was in control. For now.

He leaned away and watched her. She was beautiful, stretched out before him.

"Spread your legs," he commanded. "I want to see your pussy."

The slight flush of red in her cheeks pleased him. She hesitated for a moment, then lifted her heels and opened her legs.

"Bend your knees, and tilt your hips. Present yourself to me. I'm going to be fucking this sweet little cunt. I should be able to see it displayed before me."

Her hands tightened around the straps that held her bound to the bed as she pulled her legs back and spread her thighs. Dew clung to the soft hair protecting her sex, catching the afternoon sunlight as it slipped through the window. He wanted to fuck her in the light, where he could see every reaction, see how much she craved what he could do to her.

He stood up and strolled down the length of the bed, his gaze intent on Brenna's body. He never looked up to her face, but he knew she watched him. She was too worried not to keep him in sight.

"You look delicious—all spread out before me." He wandered to the end of the bed mimicking the slow steady path she'd walked when he'd been tied down. To see him she had to lift her head and look between her spread thighs. "You like my mouth you, don't you, honey? Like to feel me licking that tight little sex. Do you want me to go down on you?"

"Yes!" The answer was followed by a slow roll of her hips.

He was tempted. The desperation in her body was a sweet revenge for the slow fuck she'd forced on him this morning—slow when he'd wanted her fast. Now, he wanted her screaming for his cock, begging for the pleasure he could give her.

Only him.

The urge to punish her, to give her just a little pain to go with her pleasure spurred him on.

"Maybe later, if you behave, I'll lick your cunt."

"Behave?!" She said the word as if the concept was as appalling as cockroaches in the kitchen.

"Yes. Behave. I think it's only fair, don't you?" He could see her thinking and knew he could play on the guilt she couldn't quite hide. "After all you drugged and kidnapped me. All I want in return is for you to give me control for the evening."

"Well, you have it, don't you? I'm tied to the bed." She raised her hands to indicate the bands holding her wrists.

He laughed softly. The disgruntled pout in her voice was a sound he'd never heard from her during their brief acquaintance. She didn't like the tables being turned on her. But she would. By the time he was done, she would be too tired, too sated to worry about who was in charge.

"Just as I was, and I agreed to your control." He rubbed the tip of his finger inside her passage, massaging gently. She gasped and arched up. "I believe you'll like it."

The long wait while she made her decision started to worry Alastair. He didn't want to back down on this but just when he was about to add a little leverage to her decision, she spoke.

"Fine." Her voice was almost too soft to hear.

"Fine, you'll give me control for the evening? Do what I tell you to do?"

With a sharp nod of her head, she agreed. He stared at her, trying to decide if she was angry—too angry to continue. Then he saw it—the hint of pleasure beneath the fury.

"Good. Now I'm going to untie you and you'll get out of the bed and wait for my instructions."

He released the cuffs around her wrists. She moved slowly as she pulled her hands down. Alastair waited until she rolled off the bed and stood beside it. The irritated and curious glares she threw at him made him want to smile. Instead, he took her wrists and pulled them behind her. The position arched her back slightly, pushing her breasts forward. Using another set of cuffs he'd found in one of the other rooms, he bound her wrists together. Then stepped back to admire his work.

"Very nice. Do they hurt?"

She shook her head.

Alastair covered her breast with his palm, gently squeezing before he gave the other the same attention. "I like your breasts presented before me. Like they are mine to feast on." He couldn't resist one light lick of his tongue across the taut nipple. Then he teased the other in the same fashion. Brenna seemed to relax with the touch. She was no doubt used to men lavishing attention on her breasts. He smiled. He would make her wait for that pleasure. He led her forward until she was in the center of the room. Turning her so she faced the bed, he stepped away and folded his arms, observing her.

She defiantly lifted her chin and refused to look at him. Alastair didn't speak but left the powerful silence hang in the room. He watched her eyes, until they began to shift, beneath the weight of his stare.

"Kneel before me," he commanded. A flicker of sensual fear brushed across her face, but it was difficult to recognize through the excitement.

With her arms locked behind her back, she looked down, as if trying to figure out how to do it. Slowly, she lowered herself to one knee and then the other. And dropped her eyes to ground before her.

"Very nice," he complimented. It was a challenge to talk around the tension building in his crotch. Damn, she looked sweet, kneeling before him, eyes down. It reminded him of the day at the library when she'd knelt on the ground. This was what he'd imagined. But this was better than any fantasy. "Spread your legs so I may see your pretty cunt." She hesitated for a brief second then inched her legs apart. Red painted her cheeks but she didn't lift her gaze. The peaks of her nipples were tight and stretched forward. Oh yes, his little witch liked being on her knees.

He bent down and slid one palm over her breast, savoring the feel of her nipple, prodding his hand. "Very nice. I must compliment the king for sending me such a lovely slave for my use." He waited to see how she would react to the role-playing. "Do you service the king as well?" He gave her breast a squeeze in warning. Though he wasn't quite sure what he was warning her about. He didn't know the answer to his question. The thought of another man fucking Brenna both intrigued and irritated him.

Her hair fell down around her face as she shook her head. "No, my lord." Her eyes flicked up and she met his gaze for one brief moment. "I'm not well enough trained for the king. He finds me...difficult."

"So that is why he sent you to me. A slave in need of punishment. And he knows I have no qualms about meting out punishment as it is due."

The softest gasp reached his ears and Alastair allowed himself a smile—knowing Brenna would recognize the sensual threat in the movement. Her throat convulsed in a

deep swallow and Alastair felt his cock harden in anticipation. *She's just beginning to wonder what she's gotten herself into.* He would push his shaft deep into her mouth and give her something else to swallow. Eventually. For now, he wanted her to suffer just a little.

"If you disobey me or fail to please me, I'll paddle that curvy little ass of yours until it glows pink, do you understand?"

Again, she nodded.

"If for some reason, you wish to be returned to the king, simply say 'library' and you will be returned." He hadn't done extensive bondage play but he knew enough to give the recipient a safe word. "Do you understand?" he asked again.

"Yes, milord. If I wish to leave," she said each word distinctly so he knew she understood that this was her way out. "I'm to say 'library'." She shuddered as she finished the sentence. Why did he have to pick that word? Now, every time she heard the word library, she would think of being bound and naked, kneeling before Alastair. Her sex dripping fluid down her legs, her breasts aching for his touch.

"Very good."

His approval sent another wave of shivers down her back.

"Now, I'm assuming the king did not send me a slave completely devoid of talents." He gripped her chin and lifted until she was looking up at him. "What can you do that would please me? I will tell the king you've satisfied me well if you please me. That should make your life easier." He brushed his thumb across her lower lip. "So, how do you want to service me?"

She licked her lips and tried to breathe but her chest was so tight it came out in pants. "I could...I could..." She struggled to find the words. "I could suck you."

"Suck me how?"

"Your cock. I could suck your cock."

He straightened and walked around her, trailing his hand across her shoulders. Bending down, he gave her butt a light pat. It was a deliberate move to remind her of his promise of punishment if she didn't please him.

"So, you think you have a talent for sucking cock, do you?"

She was amazed to find herself nodding. Her experience was limited to two boyfriends who loved being on the receiving end of her mouth. Unfortunately, they hadn't been as willing to provide the same touch to her. But, with the right man and the right erection, she enjoyed it.

"I've had some of the best trained pleasure slaves take me into their mouths, but I will allow you to try." He made it sound like he was doing her a favor.

He walked around until he stood in front of her, his massive cock strong and thick, waiting to slide into her mouth.

Brenna licked her lips, wetting them. She pushed up until she was at the full height of her knees then opened her mouth.

She didn't have to fake her hesitancy. His cock was huge. She knew precisely how tight it fit inside her pussy. It would barely fit in her mouth, but she was going to try. He waited. She opened her mouth and flicked her tongue across the underside of the head. His strong thighs tensed as if he fought his own response. Her nipples tightened in delightful reaction. She wanted to push him farther, deeper. To see what it would take to make him lose control.

Despite her "submissive" position, she knew she could control him. She wrapped her lips around the plum head and slowly pushed forward, relaxing her jaw to accommodate his girth, letting him fill her mouth until he reached the back of her throat. There was no way she could take all of him but what she had was delicious.

He waited, his hands propped arrogantly on his hips, as if waiting for her to begin her special "talent". Brenna drew back, loving the feel of his shaft, as she dragged the flat of her tongue along the underside. The sharp intake of breath told her she had him. She moved up and down his cock, licking, placing hot kisses, flicking her tongue

against him. Taking a lesson from his pussy licking technique, she interspersed the quick teases of her tongue with long slow strokes, keeping him off balance and unsure of what she would do next.

Knowing she had him under her power, she pulled back, lifting her mouth completely away. She watched his fingers twitch as if he was tempted to grab her head and force her mouth back on him. Teasing fate, she lifted her eyes to his. Violent lust flared in his eyes. Brenna smiled before swirling her tongue around the thick head.

“Take me back into your mouth.” The command was deep and harsh.

She couldn’t resist one more flick of her tongue then she accepted his cock inside. She groaned, loving the sensation as he pushed forward and filled her. She took as much of his shaft as she could into her mouth again. And began to hum. The vibrations moved from her throat to his cock. Alastair hissed and his fingers dug into her head, holding her in place as he pushed deeper. The sweet hum turned to a moan as her cunt clenched, aching at being left out of this slow sensual fuck. He was delicious—so thick and hard. Energy surged through her as she felt this strong, powerful man tremble at her touch.

Because she couldn’t use her hands, she tightened her lips around his shaft and gave him a series of quick, deep pumps, driving his cock to the back of her throat each time. He thrust forward. The motion was restrained as if he couldn’t resist but knew he couldn’t drive into her mouth the way he had her cunt. She rewarded his control by sucking as she pulled all the way back. His fingers convulsed against her scalp.

She repeated the long, pumping strokes, mimicking the thrusts she knew he wanted.

“Brenna, honey, I’m going to come.” She shivered. The hold on her head relaxed for a brief moment. He was giving her the chance to back away. She wasn’t going anywhere. She’d worked too hard for this prize. She pushed forward, forcing him deeper into her mouth until he bumped the back of her throat.

His groan shattered the relative quiet of the room and she felt the first release of his fluid into her mouth.

His hands tightened in her hair as she sucked, swallowing his come. He looked down—his cock shoved deep between her lips as he poured into her. It was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

His orgasm sapped the strength from his knees but he wouldn't move, wouldn't pull back as she continued to lick that devilish tongue of hers across his cock, massaging the underside and drawing every drop from him. Sure that he'd gone blind, he braced himself, fighting the urge to fall to the ground and thank her.

Long moments passed before his heart rate slowed to a reasonable pace and his eyes uncrossed themselves. She gave one final suck then pulled back, resting down on her heels. Her legs remained spread so he could see her pussy, glistening with her cream.

Brenna lowered her eyes but there was no denying the triumphant smile on her lips. Some slave she turned out to be. She'd had him under her power from the first lick.

She certainly had a wicked mouth. And she obviously loved sucking him off. He smiled. He'd have to give her more opportunities to showcase her talents.

But he wasn't about to let her win this round. This weekend was about "being even" and somehow, despite the fact that he'd come—she was still the victor.

No, the delicious Ms. Hennessy had to do a bit more before they would be even.

"That wasn't bad, slave," he said, pleased that his voice didn't shake. He wasn't so sure about his knees so he stayed locked in place.

Her head snapped up and there was a light of defiance in her eyes. So, the little witch was proud of her blow job ability. With a mouth like that, she had a right to be, but he wouldn't let her know that. Not now at least.

"But I wanted to enjoy the sensation a little longer. You made me come before I wished it. And you raised your eyes without permission." Feeling confident his legs

would hold him, he turned and began to pace across the floor. The movement gave him a chance to regain his composure. As he turned back, Brenna flipped her head down, her hair hanging forward and covering her face. "I can't send you back to the king without properly disciplining you, now can I?"

She was silent.

"Answer me, slave," he demanded, determined to have her agreement on this. She had to know what was coming. Or at least a taste of what was coming. "Should I send you back to the king without the proper punishment?"

"No, milord."

"Do you wish to be returned to the library?"

She hesitated then shook her head.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, milord. I would not wish to return to the king until I have pleased you in all ways."

Her husky voice went straight to his cock, like a ghost hand caressing him, making him harden. She'd done it again. Somehow, she could make him want to fuck her silly minutes after he'd come inside her? Not only made him *want* to fuck her but made him capable of it.

"If you take your punishment like an obedient slave, I will consider a good recommendation to the king."

"Thank you, milord."

He walked until he stood directly behind her. She didn't move, didn't twist to see where he was going. She kept her head bent and her eyes lowered.

He leaned down and wrapped his hands around her rib cage, then slowly slipped them up until he cupped both full breasts in his palms. Her nipples hadn't relaxed at all during the cock sucking she'd given him. More proof that she liked being on her knees.

"Let me help you stand." His hands holding her breasts allowed her to lean forward, using his strength to rise off her knees. "That's it." He gave her one final squeeze. "Such pretty tits. Do you like them licked?"

She swallowed. "Yes, milord."

He thrummed the nipples with his thumbs. "Do you like them bitten?"

"Uh, I don't know, milord."

"I think you will. Just a touch, a hard touch to make you squirm." He reached down and cupped her sex in his hand. She whimpered. "But you're already squirming, aren't you?"

"Yes, milord."

"You want a cock inside you."

"Yes, milord."

He brushed her clit with his finger, loving the shimmy of her ass as he did.

"My cock."

"Yes, milord." Her agreement came with a groan, a wordless plea.

His cock swelled, loving the sound. "But first, you must be punished for your arrogance. A slave must not act superior in anyway, do you understand that?"

"Yes, milord." The soft moan-sigh that came with the words told him she was ready. She was so ready to be fucked.

And he was going to make her wait.

"Go to the bed and lay down on the edge, face against the mattress, ass presented to me."

Her tits were pushed forward because of the binding of her hands, and she walked proudly, with the arrogance of an unrepentant slave until she reached the side of the bed. She squatted down, placing her hips against the bedside before leaning forward. He watched her for a moment while she shifted on the bed, trying to get comfortable. He quickly saw the problem.

"I'll bet you don't lay on your stomach very often, do you?" he said slipping a hand underneath her chest, taking her breast once again into his hand. He liked the feel of them, the weight of her flesh and the tight peaks that screamed for his attention. "It aches when you lay on your beautiful tits, doesn't it?"

She nodded.

"I'm going to release your hands so that you may support yourself. I don't want you in any pain." He ran his hand down her rounded backside. "Except what I intentionally give you."

He undid the cuffs that held her wrists together but kept her arms behind her back for one moment. His large hands warmed and massaged her tight shoulder muscles before releasing her. The heat seeped into her bones making her melt, not only from lust but pure simple pleasure. It was she could do not to groan and collapse, but the game wasn't played that way.

Finally free, she brought her hands around front and placed her elbows on the mattress, lifting her chest and shoulders off the bed. Her breasts brushed the soft cotton sheet.

"Hold that position. I want your tits to stay tight." He slipped his fingers between the sheet and her nipple. "Move no higher than this, always making sure your nipples touch the bed. Do you understand?"

"Yes, milord." She wasn't sure how she found the voice to speak. Her body clamored with unreleased lust but Alastair seemed determined to torment her—giving her samples of the touches she wanted but never the full caress. Her previous lovers had always focused on her breasts—hell, they'd pretty much done whatever she'd wanted. Maybe that was why they were *previous* lovers. The thought made her pause but Alastair's hot hand gave her breast a final squeeze and drew her attention back to the immediate situation—bent over the side of a bed, ass bared and presented to Alastair for his use. She never expected to find herself in this situation. Or that she would enjoy it quite so much. I'd enjoy it a lot more if he'd move it along and get to

fucking me, she thought, wanting to command him to fuck her but knew that would only make him more resistant.

Alastair straightened, stepping behind her, away from her. *Damn him.* He knew she wanted his touch, wanted him inside her—and he was deliberately keeping her from what she needed.

She shifted and brushed against the sheet. A shimmer of pleasure zinged through her nipple. Damn, he knew precisely how to tease her.

How the hell had she'd gotten in this position? She was supposed to be fucking him. Not the other way around. But the warm caress of his large hand across her backside helped push the concerns from her mind. She opened her legs at his direction and he pushed his hand down, finding her pussy and slipping a finger inside. She bit her lip to keep from whimpering. She needed more than a finger. She needed his cock. But she'd asked before and he'd ignored her. She wouldn't ask again.

He pulsed his finger inside her cunt—teasing the inner wall. She squirmed against his hand arching to drive him deeper. As if satisfied with her reaction, he pulled away. Brenna glared forward, not daring to direct it toward Alastair. Who knew what might happen?

She thought she'd won, after making him come so hard in her mouth, but he'd recovered quickly. Now, she was bare-assed naked across the bed, waiting for—

The sharp smack of his palm across her ass made her gasp. It didn't hurt, really, but it stung, and it was a shock. He was actually going to spank her. She didn't have time to decide how she felt about that when he followed the first stroke with another not so gentle slap on her ass..

This time she groaned and felt the pressure between her legs grow.

Damn, she was going to need to be fucked and fucked hard when this was over.

"This isn't your punishment, slave, for your arrogance." He smoothed his hand across her skin. The heat from his palm tingled against the hot marks he'd left. "Your punishment will be deprivation. I know what you truly want. You want to be filled

with my cock. I can feel how wet you are.” He teased her lower lips with his fingertips. “Sucking me off got you hot, didn’t it, my little slave? Now, you want more.” Again, he allowed one finger to tickle the first inch of her vagina. “I can feel you clinging to me. You want to be stuffed. Don’t worry, baby, soon I’ll be inside you, and you’ll be begging for me to fuck you.”

The threat was nothing more than the truth, Brenna knew. She was close to begging now.

“Please, milord,” she whispered, trying to squirm her way onto his fingers.

“Soon, sweet slave. Soon I’ll fuck you, but now you must learn your lesson.” He pulled his hand away and administered another smart smack to her butt. She felt it deep inside her cunt, deep where she wanted his cock. Brenna dropped her head to her hands and endured the sweet pain. He interspersed sharp taps on her ass with long slow caresses across the same sensitive skin.

Brenna arched into the each touch, loving the tiny stings as much as the comforting strokes.

Then, as if to test her readiness, he slid his fingers down the crack of her ass, and slip them into her hot sex. As he commanded, she kept her legs spread wide giving him full access to her cunt.

Two fingers pushed into her and Brenna was sure she’d come. She had to. There could be nothing beyond this. This was something she’d never experienced before – her body screaming with need, responding to any touch.

“Please, Alastair, fuck me. Please.”

She was vaguely aware that she was begging but the concern didn’t penetrate the sensual fog.

“Would you like my cock?”

Yes, that was what she needed.

“Yes!” It was a cross between a shout and moan. She was going to scream if she didn’t find relief soon. Relief only Alastair could provide.

“Say my name as I fuck your pretty cunt.” The command was harsh and shattered the daze.

“Alastair.” She eagerly chanted his name—anything to have him inside her. “Alastair. Please, fuck me.”

With a growl, he gripped her hips and plunged his cock into her pussy. Brenna did scream this time. His thick shaft illuminated the arousal that had been so close, igniting it and exploding the sensation through her body. The climax enveloped her body, shooting heat and fire through her limbs.

It should have been enough but her body was strung so tightly, she needed more. And Alastair was there.

He rode her hard, deep. Each time he entered her he went a little farther. The rough commanding words he’d whispered before, tempting her to higher levels, seemed gone—as if he couldn’t speak and fuck her at the same time.

“Oh yes, Alastair, more, baby. Give me more.” She groaned her encouragement over her shoulder. “Come inside me.”

She felt his control shatter with his plea. A heavy groan broke from his throat and he Alastair thrust into her three more times before shouting his own satisfaction. His final push started her second climax and sent her face forward, flat onto the bed. Alastair’s weight followed her down.

She stared at the pale sheets beneath her head, listening to her own heart beat wildly and felt Alastair’s breath on her skin. She smiled. Something else for her book of memories for the weekend.

Chapter 5

Brenna sank her fingers into her hair and pulled it in long slow strokes away from her face, letting the mid-morning sun warm her skin. She stretched on newly changed sheets and listened to the shower run. The thought of Alastair in there—naked, water dripping off his body—made her sexual center ache with renewed need. Amazing. Even after being fucked five ways to Sunday, she was ready for more. Always ready for more of Alastair. She'd considered joining him in the shower but after an amazing night followed by a lazy morning, she decided to wait for him here—lure him back to bed. Maybe he'd even go down on her again. She smiled at the thought and felt her pussy twitch in agreement.

After the incredible fucking he'd given her on the side of the bed last night, they'd dragged each other up the mattress and fallen asleep. Hunger and lust woke them and set the pattern for the night—sleep, food, sex. By morning, she'd found herself back under his spell—just like that night at dinner. She had no idea if it was an act that Alastair regularly performed for his lover but it was very effective—charming, engaging, seductive.

She rolled her shoulders back and tried not to think about it. This was her fantasy weekend and she wanted to enjoy it.

The tinny ring of her cell phone drew her from the lazy ruminations. She raised her head and looked around. The sound came from the corner—where her clothes had been dropped yesterday. Climbing out of bed, she stumbled blindly across the room, following the sound until she found her phone buried underneath her suit—the one she'd worn when she'd arrived. And hadn't put on since.

She stared at the number.

Why was Jared calling her? He knew what was happening. He'd helped her plan the weekend. He had to know she was a little busy.

"Hello?" Her voice was scratchy, soft, and a little testy. She didn't want anything to intrude in her last full day of Alastair.

"How's it going?"

"Fine. Jared, why are you calling?"

"Well, since you didn't call me yesterday I assume he agreed to your little fuck-fest."

Brenna grimaced at the term, but he said it with such a teasing non-judgmental tone that she couldn't take offense and finally admitted that Alastair had agreed.

"Good. I've sent you a little surprise. Something to spice things up a bit."

"Uh, Jared, we've only been having sex for two days—things haven't exactly gotten dull." The doorbell rang downstairs. "Who could that be?" she said softly, forgetting for a moment she was on the phone.

"That's your surprise."

"My what?"

The bell rang again.

She grabbed the nearest piece of clothing that might actually cover her breasts and her ass—again Alastair's shirt—and slipped it on as she walked down the steps. With the phone crunched onto her shoulder, she buttoned the shirt and went to the front door. The long window to the side allowed her an unobstructed view of the gorgeous young man on the porch.

"Uh, Jared, what's going on?"

"You should let him in. His name's Tyler."

She stepped away from the door, refusing to open it until she had the full story. "Who is he?"

"He's a friend. And I thought he might be an interesting addition to your weekend."

"You mean he's here to..."

"For a three-way. You said you were making this your fantasy weekend, get it all out of your system. Well, there he is. Your three-way fantasy. I believe we talked about that one night long ago."

Damn, her own loose lips, Brenna swore. After several glasses of wine, she and Jared had somehow ended up on the subject of sexual fantasies, and she'd added a menage a trois to her list of "some day, maybe, okay, never" fantasies. Jared had obviously been more sober than she'd thought because he remembered this. She *had* fantasized about this but typically the men involved were movie stars, not someone she might run into at the grocery store. She peeked out the window again.

The man on the other side was just what she would have expected Jared to send – tall, blond, gorgeous. And young. Probably in his early twenties. Maybe twenty-five if he stretched it.

Okay, so she never saw men like him at the grocery store, but that didn't mean she wanted to have sex with him.

And Alastair.

Sex with the young god on her porch and the one already upstairs in her bed.

Said that like that, it had definite potential. She shivered at the possibilities.

"Brenna? You still there?"

"Uh, yes. I'm still here. I'm just having a bit of a problem taking all this in."

"It's a gift from me. Tyler is a lovely young man who's friends with a friend of mine and I thought, since you were spending your weekend doing the fantasy bit, you might like to add this to your list. He's perfectly malleable and he'll disappear as soon as you're done."

"But what about Alastair? What will he think?"

A long, pregnant silence met her on the phone before Jared said, "I thought this was *your* weekend – for revenge and fantasy."

That struck her deep in her heart. She peeked at the handsome young man on the doorstep. She'd always had this fantasy. And here was her one chance to fulfill it. It was her fantasy weekend. Would it involve being touched by two men? Kissed by two men? Her breathing picked up. Fucked by two men.

What will Alastair think when I walk into the room with Tyler behind me?

She gripped the phone tighter in her fingers, realizing she'd already made her decision.

"I'll do it," she said more to herself.

"Good girl. Have fun."

"Wait. You know Alastair—" She dropped her voice down. "How's he going to take this?"

"I have no idea." Jared giggled. "Tell me when you find out." And he hung up before she could respond.

Brenna stared at the phone for a long time, subconsciously thinking "Tyler" might decide no one was home and leave. Then she wouldn't have to follow through. What was she thinking?

Without giving herself a chance to back out, she yanked the door open.

"Hi."

Tyler met her eyes with a slow smile.

"Hi. You must be Brenna." Even his voice was perfect for a fantasy fuck. A blend of honey and chocolate—rich, sweet and seductive. She stood in the open door as he skimmed his eyes down her body. She waited patiently while he openly admired her form.

It's gotta be the sex, she thought in amazement. She wasn't upset or embarrassed. In this completely sexual environment, she was content to have him stare at her.

Tyler finally spoke. "You're as lovely as Jared said."

"Thank you." She didn't blush, just stepped aside to let him in.

Tyler glanced around the room but didn't say anything. When he turned back, he was focused on her. After a moment, he slowly sank to his knees and lowered his eyes to the carpet.

"How may I serve you?"

Brenna felt her pussy dampen in response. After more than a day of non-stop sex, she should have been over it—should have been sated at least to some degree—but seeing this gorgeous man bowing before her sent her cunt into a flurry of activity.

Two men, loving, kissing, fucking her.

"Stand up. Tyler, isn't it?" She imbued her voice with the same command she used around the library. Tyler nodded and rose to his feet. "I'm going to take you upstairs. You're going to touch me." Fuck me? She couldn't say it. She truly didn't know if she wanted to have this man inside her. But the thought of two men, touching her body and loving her. The warm shivers that spiraled down her spine settled in her sex. Maybe she did want that. There was no way to know until she tried. "I might ask you to do more but we'll start with touching." Tyler nodded. "My..." She hesitated, not knowing how to describe Alastair. "My lover will be there."

"I understand, Mistress. Your lover will watch me make love to you."

"Perhaps."

"And he'll join us as well?"

"Perhaps."

Brenna snagged her lower lip between her teeth. Would Alastair join them? This was a bit much to spring on him. But she didn't want to stop. Didn't want long explanations. She wanted to do this.

She led Tyler upstairs and stopped at the door. "Wait here," she said.

Tyler bowed his head and stepped back.

Brenna took a deep breath and opened the door. Alastair sat on the edge of the bed, his naked body still damp from the shower.

She felt her cheeks warm when she thought about what she was about to do.

"Did I hear the doorbell?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Who was it?" His voice was suspicious. And she could understand why. After his very public humiliation of her, he had to fear the same thing from her.

"A friend."

"Whose friend?"

"Well, Jared introduced him but he's here for me." She liked the cryptic tone of the conversation. It heightened the anticipation. "You see, I decided this was to be a weekend of fantasy."

Alastair nodded.

"You, tied to my bed, was one very delicious fantasy. And I'll admit, you commanding me was also rather interesting." She watched him slowly nod in agreement. "But there's one more I want before the weekend is complete."

He didn't ask the question but Brenna knew he was thinking about it.

She stepped close to him, within arm's reach and trailed her fingertip up his chest. "I have a friend, who is here to fuck me —"

"What?!" Alastair sat up straight.

Brenna placed her hand in the middle of his chest and pushed him back down. She knew he moved of his own accord, that she didn't have the strength to force him, but slowly he reclined back on the bed.

"It's *my* fantasy."

"Having another man fuck you is your fantasy? Then why I am I here?"

"Moral support?" she asked with a teasing twinkle in her eye. She was starting to enjoy this. She rubbed her hand across his chest, spreading her fingers to absorb the sensation of his skin. She loved to touch him, loved to feel him beneath her hands. And to be beneath his. "Actually, my fantasy is to have both of you. At once." He didn't

smile, didn't flinch, didn't react at all. Except for the corners of his mouth. They turned downward ever so slightly and whitened. "Don't tell me you've never been involved in a three-way before."

She thought she saw the faintest tinge of a blush on his cheeks but moments later it was gone.

"I'll bet you have," she said when he didn't answer. "But it was two women and you. Right?" He didn't have to answer for her to know she'd guessed right. "Two women, touching you—" She slid her hand down his ribs. "—Kissing you—" She leaned down and licked his stomach. "Fucking you."

She straightened and stepped away from the bed.

"That's what I want. Now, if you don't want to join in—that's your choice. I won't make you." He'd agreed to do anything she wanted but she wouldn't demand this. He had to want it as well. "But I will ask you to watch."

Without looking to see his reaction, she turned away and opened the door, calling Tyler inside.

"Tyler, this is Alastair. Alastair, this is Tyler." She led the young man into the center of the room where Alastair had positioned her last night. It gave her a perfect view of Alastair on the bed. "If at any time, you'd like to join us, feel free."

Brenna took a shallow breath, trying to hide her nerves. Her boldness was fading quickly. She was about to have sex with a perfect stranger—while Alastair watched. Instinctual protests lined up in her head but she ignored them. She'd come this far.

If she did it right, she wouldn't be in this alone. At least, not for long.

She took a step away from Tyler, making sure that both he and Alastair could see her clearly. Slowly, she opened the buttons of Alastair's shirt, revealing soft portions of skin, hiding others.

She didn't look at Alastair, refusing to check if he was watching her the way she hoped – with fire in his eyes. Instead, she focused on Tyler. He followed the movements of her hands with the desperation of a thirsty man looking for a drink.

Brenna had to hope he was thirsty because she was dripping wet and Alastair hadn't licked her cunt since the middle of the night.

She shrugged the shirt back, baring her shoulders and holding the front of it closed across her breasts. Tyler watched her eagerly, licking his lips as he stared. Yes, he was thirsty enough.

Feeling sexy and powerful, she lowered her arms and dropped the shirt. The cool air floated across her skin and her nipples poked out in anticipation. Tyler's fingers fluttered at his side, as if he wanted to touch her but was afraid to. He wouldn't reach out. Not without permission.

She couldn't resist a glance at Alastair. *Good*. He was watching. The warmth from the eyes of both men heated her already melting sex. Knowing Alastair liked to see her touch herself, she cupped her hands beneath her breasts, massaging lightly. Tyler's eyes widened.

"Kiss me, Tyler," she commanded. He started to bend down, but she placed her fingertips under his chin. "On my mouth. For now." She placed a soft kiss on his lips. "I'll allow you to kiss my breasts later." His face lit with pleasure.

"May I touch you?" he asked in a low submissive voice. "Just to hold you?"

"You may touch my back," she replied, feeling a strange shiver and realizing she liked being in command. The power washed through her – tightening her sex and renewing her confidence.

"Thank you," the young man sighed. His hands were large and hot as they slipped around her waist, pulling her forward. Then he lowered his mouth to hers and began to kiss her lips. All thoughts of his age fluttered from her mind at the first soft touch. This was no young, untried boy. There was strength in him. He slowly explored her mouth, learning her flavor, licking the peak of her upper lip, gently biting the lower.

She couldn't stop the soft groan that left her throat as he soothed the tiny bite with his tongue. His hands tightened on her hips and he pushed his tongue into her mouth. She could feel his delicious restraint and fell into his hungry kisses, twining her tongue with his and enjoying the sheer talent of his mouth. Oh, he would feel good licking her pussy. Forgetting for a moment that Alastair was watching them, she pulled back to drag in a much needed breath. Her gaze landed on the man in her bed, his eyes blazing, his cock hard and rising.

He was paying attention. But he still hadn't moved toward them.

"Tyler," she said, focusing her attention on Alastair. "Would you like to kiss my breasts?"

"Yes, Mistress." His husky voice sent a tremor into her sex. It was amazingly sexy to be desired. Tyler bent down and placed a reverent kiss on each nipple, then he looked up at her as if seeking permission to continue. Brenna nodded and he opened his mouth and sucked lightly. The delicate touch made her pussy throb with need.

Brenna's head swam beneath steady, gentle pull of Tyler's mouth—and the knowledge that Alastair watched.

She glanced down at Tyler's dark head and couldn't contain the soft moan. His hands were light and gentle, holding her hips as he licked and sucked one nipple and then moved to the other, giving it the same rhythmic treatment. She wanted to match that beat—to feel a cock inside her moving in time. Alastair's cock.

She looked back at Alastair—daring him with her eyes. Almost as if he couldn't resist, he reached down and began to stroke his erection. Her chest constricted as he pumped his palm up and down the long length. She licked her lips and tried to center herself but it was too much.

Her eyes drifted closed, allowing her to absorb the myriad sensations in her body, the deep cravings in her sex.

The ever increasingly quiet voice of reason whispered that *she* didn't behave like this. That she was a sensible woman who had sex with men only after some sort of

relationship had been established. She slid her fingers into Tyler's hair and held him to her – silencing the voice in her head and feeling more liquid pool between her thighs.

As she stood, swaying lightly in Tyler's arms and savoring the growing need in her pussy, she recognized a new presence behind her. Alastair. His hands gripped her hips, pushing Tyler's soft hold out of the way. Alastair's fingers bit into her flesh, pulling her back against his chest.

"You little witch—you like this, don't you?" His voice was deep and dark, as if ripped from the depths of a tortured soul. "You like having me watch another man fuck you," he growled against her ear. He opened his mouth against her neck—it could hardly be called a kiss. His teeth nipped her skin, marking her as his. He held her fast and pressed his cock into the crease in her backside. "Keep sucking her tits," he ordered Tyler. "She loves it."

Alastair's voice pierced her sex, making it flutter and ache. She was empty and she wanted to be filled. A trail of moisture slipped down her leg.

"That's it," Alastair whispered.

Tyler's lips closer around her nipple, harder, stronger than before, drawing her deep into his mouth. Brenna cried out and grabbed his shoulder. Alastair reached out and plucked her hand off the other man, pulling it back and placing it against his own thigh.

"He might be licking your nipples," Alastair growled in her ear. "But I'll be fucking you. Don't ever forget that. It will be *me* driving deep into your cunt."

Her knees weakened and only Alastair's hold kept her upright.

Tyler kissed his way down the valley between her breasts and latched onto her other nipple. Alastair's hand cupped the freed breast—his fingers thrumming the tight peak.

With the other hand, Alastair held her hip hard and rubbed his cock against her ass. Her soft sigh swept into his mind and he smothered the groan that threatened. She was so sensitive. He wanted to fuck her ass but needed time to prepare her. Soon. Some day

soon. Until then, he would spend so many hours in her cunt she would feel empty without him.

He wouldn't have thought it was possible but he was harder, hungrier than before. They'd fucked all day yesterday – through the night – and this morning – but somehow, watching this young pup kiss Brenna's lips, and stroke her pretty breasts, Alastair had risen to the occasion. He wasn't going to let her fuck anyone but him.

"You want your pussy licked, don't you?" he asked, feeling Brenna shiver in his arms. She twisted like she didn't know which way to turn. She was fighting it. Her puritanical attitudes were rebelling at the thought of a stranger making love to her. But she'd come so far – and so often – this weekend, he knew her desires would eventually win. "It's okay, baby. I know how much you love to be eaten out." She gasped and rolled her hips back, pressing against him. The movement was a silent plea. Alastair wrapped one arm around her waist, holding her. He whispered his approval into her ear. She dropped her head back to his shoulder, turning her face to his, and Alastair knew – Tyler might be the one kissing her skin but Alastair was the one seducing her. *He* would be the one she remembered for this incredible fuck she was about to receive.

Tyler raised his eyes, looking past Brenna, silently waiting for instructions from Alastair. Alastair nodded and the younger man went lower, spreading his kisses down her abdomen.

"He likes the taste of you, baby." Alastair kissed her neck. "He's going to love how wet you are – how wet you get when someone licks you. I don't even have to touch you and I know you're dripping. Aren't you, baby?"

She whimpered but didn't speak. That wasn't good enough. He wouldn't let her back down on this. She'd brought this man into their bed – she wouldn't hide from it.

"Ask him to lick your pussy."

She inhaled sharply but didn't speak. Tyler kissed the soft curve of her belly but seemed to know not to go farther without instructions.

"He wants to taste you, baby."

She gripped Alastair's hands resting on her hips as support. She was ready, eager for Tyler's mouth but she remained silent. "You have to ask him. I want to watch him lick your cunt and feel you come in my arms. Then I'm going to fuck you. Don't worry. You'll get my cock, but he's going to taste you first. Ask him."

"Will you – will you, oh God –"

Alastair slid one hand down her rounded ass, cupping her, fingering her sensitive crack. He waited, knowing she was gathering her considerable courage.

"Will you please lick my pussy?"

She said the words so softly that if there had been any noise in the room it would have been lost but all three had been silent – waiting. Alastair felt her knees sag.

"As you wish." Tyler replied solemnly as he leaned forward.

Alastair placed a hand on his shoulder, stopping him. "Let's make our little temptress comfortable, because I think her legs are going to give out when she comes." And he wasn't sure about his own suddenly weak knees. She was stunning. How he could have ever thought her cold he didn't know. Her face glowed with passion and need. And he wanted to see every one of her needs satisfied. He led Brenna over to the bed and climbed up first, putting his back against the headboard, and opening his knees. He looked at her for one long moment then held out his hand.

She swallowed deeply before placing her trembling fingers in his but then she allowed him to guide onto the bed. He settled her between his thighs, his erection against her back.

"That's it. Now spread your legs. Show young Tyler beautiful your cunt."

Brenna inched her legs apart. Smiling at her sudden attack of modesty, Alastair reached down and lifted her left leg, draping it over his raised knee, hooking his other ankle around hers so she couldn't move.

"I said spread your legs," he repeated now that he'd opened her wide. "Isn't she pretty, Tyler?" The young man watched with hungry eyes. And nodded.

Alastair slid his hand down her leg until he cupped her sex, subtly reminding Brenna who would be fucking her when this was over. "She's wet, too." He kept his touch light as he looked at Tyler. "I think she'd appreciate it even more if you were naked." Brenna tensed in his arms as Tyler stripped out of his clothes but she didn't look away.

The young man moved without shame or hesitation. He pulled his shirt over his head, toed off his shoes and reached for the button at his fly. Brenna watched. "Do you like that, Brenna? Do you want this young man to come over here and lick your pretty pussy?" She nodded, her breath catching in her throat. Alastair had never found himself attracted to another man but he could feel Brenna's arousal, the sweet way she squirmed as she stared at Tyler's cock. The young man's thick shaft strained forward from the nest of pale hair at his crotch. Tyler clearly wanted to fuck but Alastair had decided yet whether he would let Brenna enjoy the younger man's cock. He would save that decision for later – after *he'd* had her and fucked her senseless.

"Crawl up here and feast on her beautiful cunt while I play with her tits," Alastair commanded.

Tyler sat down on the bed, his gaze focused on Alastair's hand stills stroking Brenna's sex. He knelt between her raised knees and reached forward, tracing lines on the side of her thighs, leading closer to her cunt. Alastair mentally leashed his jealousy and focused on Brenna's pleasure—if he did this correctly, her pleasure would still belong to him.

Moving slowly, Tyler leaning forward and settled his shoulders between her thighs. Her pink, wet folds were exposed. Alastair watched as Tyler began, placing soft, delicate licks on her outer lips. Brenna arched her back at the first touch of his mouth and groaned and with that signal, Tyler buried his face deep into her cunt. Alastair couldn't tell what he was doing but from Brenna's pants and gasps, he was sucking on her clit. Alastair's heart and cock twitched as he watched the other man go down on his woman.

Heat flowed from her body into his warming him and reminding him that another man was creating this sensation in her. Brenna pressed upward with her hips, pumping against Tyler's mouth. Her fingernails dug into Alastair's legs.

"Alastair."

Her moan snapped him from his momentary jealousy. He watched her twist in his arms and saw the ecstasy building.

"That's it, baby. Let it happen. Oh God, Bren, you're so beautiful when you come. That's it. Let me watch you."

The words tumbled from his mouth as he urged her on, needing to hear his name from her lips as she came.

The orgasm was visible as it magnified through her body. Her hips rose and fell in tiny pulses. Her nipples were hard and still pink from Tyler's lips and Alastair had to touch her. He covered her breasts with his hands, pinching the tight peaks between his fingers. She was too far gone to accept a gentle touch. Her head fell against his shoulder and she turned, silently pleading for a kiss. He curled around her and plunged his tongue between her lips. Moments later, she ripped her mouth away from his, gasping for breath and crying out.

The harsh sound shattered any coherent thought in Alastair's head. Without giving her a chance to move, he lifted her off his lap and rolled her over to her stomach. Need lashed at him. Her wet swollen flesh called to him. He dragged her up onto all fours, pushed her legs apart and drove his cock into her, giving her no time to adjust to his girth. She cried out again—again his name.

The tight walls of her cunt gripped him as he drove in, harder and deeper, needing to fill her body, needing to fill her soul.

Any worries that he might be hurting her faded as she grabbed the far side of the bed and braced herself, thrusting her hips back at him. She dropped her head to the mattress, forcing her hips higher. Her pleas were muffled against the sheets as she begged for more.

He felt his balls draw up and clenched his teeth. It was too soon. He didn't want to come. He drove in and held himself still, holding Brenna's hips still when she would have pumped against him.

"No, baby, not just yet. Your tight little cunt is driving me too high, too fast. I want to enjoy it just a little longer before I come."

"No, Alastair please. Please fuck me."

"I will." He looked over and realized he'd forgotten the other man. Tyler knelt beside them, his cock hard and thick in his hand. When he saw Alastair look at him, he immediately dropped his hand and bowed his head as if to ask forgiveness for touching himself.

"Help me fuck her," Alastair commanded.

Tyler's nodded then moved closer.

Alastair sat back onto his heels, pulling Brenna with him, never losing the deep connection of his cock inside her. He urged her upright onto her knees until she sat on his thighs. Without being asked, she grabbed the headboard, preparing herself for what was to come.

Tyler crawled around until he was in front of her, then almost reverently began to kiss her breasts. Alastair lifted her up, pulling almost out of her and then slowly sinking back in.

Suddenly there was no rush. He wanted to feel, wanted to watch her as she came again.

"That's it. You look so pretty having your nipples sucked."

He talked to her as he fucked – deep sensual words of what he wanted to do to her. Each word entered her sex as a new caress.

Tyler's delicate kisses grew stronger as Alastair commanded him to bite her tits, gently. The sharp stinging pleasure layered on top of Alastair's slow steady pace was too much.

"Please, Alastair, please let me come."

He lifted her up, giving himself room to thrust into her.

"Lick her clit," he ordered Tyler, pulling her legs wider.

Brenna moaned as his wet tongue flicked out, pressing against her already straining clit. Alastair gripped her hips, holding her still as he drove into her again and again. She leaned against the wall, conscious of the man curled around them with his head between her legs. The steady licks combined with Alastair pumping into her and she knew she was lost.

"That's it, baby, come around my cock."

At Alastair's command, her orgasm exploded, shattering her senses and weakening the very bones that held her up. Barely conscious, she heard Alastair's groan and felt him tense as he came inside her.

Her body sagged forward but the two men holding her didn't let her sink to the bed. She hung there in limbo, listing to the side as her heart slowly found a rhythm that didn't threaten to burst her veins. She blinked and stared at the scene around her.

Alastair was still inside her, softer but she felt every inch. Tyler's head lay on her thighs, his rapid breath tickling her skin. She followed the line of his body.

His cock jutted out, thick and hard. Her inner muscles tightened. She wasn't sure she wanted to fuck Tyler but she could admire the beauty of his cock and the desire he had for her.

There was no way She could leave him hanging like that but she didn't know what to do. Alastair trailed his fingertips down her arms.

"I think Tyler would appreciate you sucking him off," he whispered. As if he'd read her mind. Brenna hesitated. "And I want to see his cock sliding between your lips."

Alastair knew just how to motivate her. She leaned forward, separating her body from his, sprawling across the bed. Like a sensuous water ballet, their bodies rolled and twisted until Tyler was flat on his back and Brenna knelt beside him with Alastair by

her side. She glanced at Tyler's face. He was tense but eager and she found herself hungry for his cock.

"That's it, baby," Alastair said, giving his approval to her desires. He placed his hand on her back, warming her with a light touch. "I know how wonderful your mouth feels on my cock. Make him a very happy man."

With that final direction, Brenna opened her mouth and took Tyler's cock inside. Alastair's quiet moan encouraged and aroused her. There was something decidedly wicked about sucking a man's cock while your lover watched. She moved up and down, drawing the thick shaft deeper into her mouth. Tyler gave a restrained thrust up. Not releasing his cock, she lifted her gaze and watched the young man. His eyes were closed and his fingers gripped the sheets and he shivered with each stroke of her tongue.

Alastair's palms covered her ass, caressing her as she swallowed as much of Tyler's shaft as she could. Alastair whispered his approval—telling her how sexy she looked with her mouth full of cock. Brenna rolled her hips and groaned. It came to her that while she was licking Tyler's cock—Alastair was still in charge, still controlling her pleasure.

Tyler's breath turned to pants as she increased her pace, up and down. Her own heart raced. She wanted to make him come. Wanted to break his tightly held control.

Light pressure against her anus made her tense for one moment. Then Alastair's soothing voice eased her. She relaxed and groaned as he slipped his finger into her ass. Slowly, as she sucked Tyler deeper into her mouth, Alastair finger fucked her ass. She arched into it, loving the dark pressure each time he sank into her. He slipped his other hand around and tickled her clit. The delicate touch quickly spun her out of control.

The thick rod between her lips responded as she moaned with each touch of Alastair's fingers.

Alastair looked at Tyler, stretched out on the bed, his hands clutching the headboard as he struggled not to come too soon. The tiny roll of his hips pushing his cock deeper into Brenna's mouth told Alastair what he needed to know.

"Pull back, honey." He followed the command by physically lifting her head away. Her lips were swollen and red and she looked disgruntled at being taken away from her prize.

Tyler stared at him as well and Alastair smiled at the young man's panic. He could understand—to be that close to coming and have it stopped.

"Don't worry, we'll let you come," he reassured him. "Brenna, honey, I think Tyler would like you to fuck him." He ran his hand down her side, savoring the sweet curve over her waist and the marked flare of her hips. "Your mouth is so sexy, but he wants to feel that pretty pussy that he licked. He deserves that, don't you think?"

Lost in a fog created by sex and Alastair's deep voice, she nodded. Alastair's hands continued to stroke her skin. His lips brushed against her ear as he guided her up onto her knees, holding her hips as she straddled Tyler.

"That's it, baby, take his cock in your hands. See how hard he is from your mouth."

It was as if Alastair was in her head guiding her actions. She took the thick shaft in her hands and brushed her fingers upward. Her sex clenched. She wanted this cock. Because Alastair wanted her to have it.

"Now ask him," Alastair whispered, loud enough so Tyler could hear. "Ask for permission to fuck him."

"Tyler." She could barely believe it was her voice—it was breathless and quiet. Submissive. "May I fuck you?"

"Yes." His voice was just as strained.

Brenna looked back at Alastair, silently seeking his permission. "Yes, you may fuck him." A thin square packet appeared in front of her. "Put it on him" She took the condom from Alastair and opened it. Her hands shook as she placed the sheath on the

tip. "Slide it down. Touch him, baby, let show him how much you like it." Alastair's cock pressed into her hip. He watched her roll the condom down until Tyler was covered. "Now, take him in your hands," Alastair said, guiding every step. "And put it inside your cunt. That's it." She followed his instructions, and placed the thick head at her wet opening. "Sink onto him slowly, honey. You love to ride cock, don't you, baby? You've ridden mine." Alastair nipped her shoulder with his teeth. She gasped as the tiny pain shot through the glorious stretch of her pussy around Tyler's cock.

Alastair's words circled through her head, holding her under the spell of his magician's voice.

"I know how tight you are, how your cunt will hold him. Go on, Brenna. Fuck him."

At his command, she sank down, slowly pushing Tyler's shaft into her passage. He wasn't as long as Alastair but his girth was powerful. She felt stuffed—in a new way—as she sat on his cock. Lost in her body, she smiled down at the young, hung man beneath her.

It was luscious. The thick ride of his staff inside her, and Alastair there. He hadn't left her. Even when she was full with another man's cock.

Alastair leaned around and kissed her, as if he wanted to remind her that he was there. With Tyler's cock inside her body and Alastair's tongue inside her mouth. Hot hands clutched her breasts. She didn't know whose—she didn't care. She pressed up on her knees—feeling the long slide of thick flesh slide out of her pussy—and began to fuck him. Mouths, hands, fingers touched her body. She was surrounded by sex, filled with it. Her mind saturated with the sounds, the tastes and flavors of fucking.

"That's it. Ride him, baby, nice and slow. Good." Alastair's hands skittered down her hips, and cupped her backside, feeling her as she rode the cock inside her. It was incredible.

Alastair brushed his fingertips across her ass.

"I'm going to fuck you here. Someday. I'm going to have you every way I can think of."

She groaned her agreement, losing herself—feeling only Tyler's cock inside her pussy—hearing only Alastair's voice inside her head.

"Make him come. But not you. Not yet."

She heard the command. Her body was screaming toward the next orgasm, but she pulled back. She sank slowly down onto Tyler's cock. He pulled on the headboard until his knuckles turned white but power surged through her. He wouldn't be able to resist. She leaned forward, pressing her palms into the bed and began strong steady pumps thrusting his cock hard into her. He hissed between tightly clenched teeth. Brenna couldn't stop her laughter. She was sex—it was strong and powerful and flowing through her body. Tyler pushed up against her, forcing his hips up to meet hers coming down.

"Come for me," she whispered, commanding him as Alastair commanded her. "Come for me."

He threw his head back and his hips up in one long final thrust. She felt him so deep inside her, filling her cunt but she resisted, crushing her own orgasm. It was there, one touch away.

"That's it, baby. Good. Now climb off of him."

"Alastair!" She might have been appalled at the pleading in her own voice but the need was too much. She followed his orders, pressing up on her knees, willing her climax away. The slide of Tyler's cock from her pussy was almost triggered it. She held her breath and convinced herself not to come.

"Hold on, baby. You can hold on, until I can fuck you right?"

"Oh God, yes." She swung her leg over, freeing herself from Tyler's body and landed flat on her back. She lifted her knee, opening her legs so Alastair knelt between her feet. Desperation gave her strength to ignore her pride. "Fuck me, Alastair. Please

come inside me." Her body was tight, so close but she couldn't come until Alastair moved inside her.

For one brief, torturous moment, she thought he would refuse. That this would be her punishment for bringing Tyler to bed with them. But the lust blazing in his eyes calmed her fears. "Please."

"You looked so sexy fucking him." Alastair rose between her legs and thrust deep in one long push. "But your orgasms belong to me."

"Yes!" She had a fuzzy awareness that she would probably agree to anything at this point, if Alastair would just keep fucking her.

And he did—long hard strokes, just like she craved. Four hands touched her body, strong lips pulled on both her breasts as Tyler joined in their loving. Lost in sensation, she couldn't distinguish between them, only knew that Alastair's cock rode inside her. Wave after wave moved through her, explosive climaxes that seemed to build on each other, until she thought she couldn't take any more.

"Alastair, please."

His thrusts grew faster, deeper. Brenna pressed her shoulders into the mattress and pumped her hips up, slamming him into her. Her scream blended with his shout as he came once again inside her.

They collapsed on the bed—Tyler pressed against Brenna's side, Alastair sagging on top of her. Too exhausted to think, Brenna stayed there, letting thoughts flit through her mind. Her fantasy of two men hadn't been what she was expecting. It had been so much more.

She dropped off into a doze—conscious of the smile on her face and the two warm bodies surrounding her.

She awoke when Tyler moved away. She blinked and watched him as he stood, collected his clothes and walked into the bathroom.

The door closed behind him and she was left alone with Alastair. He lay behind her, his face buried in her hair, his hand loosely draped across her waist. He was awake. Even without looking back at him, she knew he was waiting, listening to the silence of the room.

What do I say to him now? In truth, she barely remembered Tyler's presence. It had been all about Alastair. It had been wild and sexy, but...but what now? Did she tell him she'd enjoyed it but she wouldn't want to make it an everyday event? What did it matter? She and Alastair were done tomorrow at noon.

Before she could decide, the door opened and Tyler stepped out, looking tidy, exhausted, and gorgeous. Alastair pushed himself up behind her, looking over her shoulder at the young man.

"Well, thank you both." Tyler flicked the front of his hair away from his face and sat down on the edge of the bed. "I've only been with a few couples but you two are incredibly sexy together. The bond between you is really strong. You've really got it together." He ran his index finger down Brenna's bare arm. "If you decide you want to go again, just call me."

He leaned over and placed a wet, open-mouthed kiss on her lips. "Delicious," he whispered and Brenna had to agree.

Brenna watched as he turned his head and kissed Alastair in the same blatantly sexual manner.

"You're both very tasty," Tyler said, rising from the bed. "I'll let myself out."

Neither Brenna nor Alastair spoke as he walked out. Brenna looked at Alastair. He stared at the door. Then, he swallowed, licked his lips, and nodded.

"Okay, I wasn't expecting the kiss."

Brenna slapped her hand over her mouth to cover her laughter. It didn't work. She lost it.

"I thought your eyes would pop out of your head," she gasped. She rolled over, clutching the pillow, her giggles barely muffled. The pillow was torn from her hands and she was unceremoniously flipped onto her back. Tears of laughter clouded her eyes as she looked up. Alastair leaned over her, mock anger marking his beautiful face. "I'm sorry," she said. "You just looked so stunned."

"I was! I don't consider myself phobic in any way but I've never had a man kiss me before."

Brenna gave him a gentle shove, sending him over onto his back. She followed him, propping her forearms on his chest. "It was kind of sexy." She wiggled a finger through his fine chest hair. "Two big strong men in a very sexual kiss. Yummy."

The light changed in his eyes from wary to intrigued. As if the thought that it might turn her on would change things just a little.

"Aaaaand," she said drawing the word out. "You have to admit...he's a great kisser."

A deep blush flowed up from Alastair's neck. "He was fine," he said, his voice gruff.

She lay there for a long time, looking at him. His hand smoothed her hair.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked.

Brenna bit the edge of her lip. It was her turn to blush, though she wasn't sure why. She hadn't blushed when Alastair had told her to ask Tyler to fuck her. Or to lick her pussy. "I did," she finally replied

"I could tell. All that breathless moaning and screaming when you came." His hand slipped down her back and he patted the top of her butt. "Of course, you screamed my name. Even when it was his mouth on your pussy."

He said the last with no small amount of pride in his voice.

"I sort of forgot he was there some of the time."

“Good.” Alastair rolled away, climbing off the far side of the bed. “Not that it wasn’t exciting watching him eat your pussy.” He paused and kissed her. “Or you suck his cock. Even watching you ride his cock was seductive.” He put two fingers beneath her chin and lifted until she looked him in the eye. His voice turned dark and dangerous. “Just remember who was fucking you. And who let you come.”

“You.”

“Always.”

He bent down and lifted her into his arms. His strength made her feel safe and comforted as he carried her and Brenna suddenly knew why it was so popular in romantic movies to have the hero carry the heroine to bed. Alastair carried *her* into the bathroom, setting her to her feet long enough to warm the shower. With a soft tap on her ass, he urged her inside. Her body ached in unusual places that she noticed as she lifted her leg to step over the edge of the tub. She moaned softly. Alastair’s chuckle earned him a glare that he ignored. He eased her under the pounding spray.

“Oh, this place has great water pressure.” She spun around and dropped her head back, wetting her hair. The soft scent of herbal shampoo filled the stall and Alastair’s hands slipped through her hair, gently massaging her scalp. It was a double dose of sensory pleasure. Bubbles flowed from his hands and dropped down her shoulders and across her breasts. She sighed and let him tend to her. As the last of the shampoo was rinsed from her hair, he stroked her skin with a soft washcloth creating more delicious scents and a delicate lather. The light touch was followed by a harder caress, designed to ease her aching muscles.

She leaned back against him, standing silent and just enjoying having him beside her. His touches were non-sexual, more comforting than arousing—and just what her tired body needed.

Her mind was too sex-washed for true thought but it came to her that in that moment she felt cared for. Loved.

She straightened—her sensible side finally catching up with the random emotions flitting about her body. Loved? This couldn't be about love. She couldn't *love* him. He didn't love her. She knew that. He was a practiced seducer. He seduced women for entertainment.

"What's wrong, baby? You got all tense." He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her back to his front.

The familiar seductive tone was back in his voice. This she could handle.

She turned in his arms. "Maybe you can help me relax." She stretched up for his kiss. She had one night left with him. She wouldn't ruin it by thinking about the future or love. She would make it about pleasure. Hot, steamy sexual pleasure.

Alastair leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on her lips. "Why don't we get something to eat and then crawl back in bed? Maybe we can find something to do there that won't be too taxing."

Brenna smiled. This was good. Keep it focused on sex. Licking her lips, she let anticipation heighten her senses. She couldn't wait to see what he had planned. She'd just think about what he had planned once they got back to bed.

Chapter 6

"Checkers?" She stared at the board and the black and red chips he spread out on the bed. This hadn't been what she was expecting. She'd been mentally preparing for one final night of wild, hot, tear the sheets off the bed sex and he wanted to play checkers?

"Are you cold?" he asked as he climbed onto the end of bed, across the board from her. She was back to wearing his shirt and he was dressed in his boxers, but she shook her head. How could she be cold? There was so much sex running through her body she was surprised she hadn't set fire to the sheets.

"I'm fine."

"Good." He sat crossed legged and smiled. "Red goes first."

She nodded and moved her first piece.

Alastair hid his smile as she stared at the board. She didn't know quite what to do with him now. He'd found the game board downstairs when he'd searched the house while Brenna was asleep. In addition to finding a plethora of sex toys and bondage implements—like the handcuffs he'd used on her last night—there had been a stack of games. Though the house was obviously rented as a sex-chalet, the games were probably left for when the man couldn't get it up and needed a rest.

Alastair winced at the thought but admitted that a little downtime wasn't a bad thing right now. It would give him strength to make it through the night. And tomorrow morning. Brenna hadn't given him much of a break. She'd claimed she'd wanted a weekend of sex and dang, if she hadn't meant just that.

"Wait," he said, drawing his attention back to the board. Two black chips were stacked by her knee. "How did that happen?" He pointed to his men.

Brenna fluttered her eyelashes. "I jumped you. Twice."

“Like *that* hasn’t happened before.” Realizing he was going to lose if he didn’t pay attention, he stared at the board. Brenna had protected herself well. Good. He liked a little competition, even if it was checkers. He hunched down, rubbed his hand across his chin, and contemplated his next move.

“It’s just checkers, Alastair.”

“Yes, and I’m losing.” He waved her silent. Having her take control in sex was one thing, but losing at checkers? *I don’t think so.*

Her soft laughter moved like a teasing fog through his body—sweet, sensuous and relaxing. This was a good idea, he decided. Even if he lost, it changed things between them. They were doing something besides fighting or fucking and that meant their relationship was evolving.

It was strange. He’d often told himself—and Jared—that having a relationship that was solely based on sex would be fine with him. None of those messy, irritating emotions getting involved but now that he’d had a weekend that had been almost all sex—he wanted more. He wanted Brenna to look at him with something besides lust.

The game moved forward with each battling for control. Brenna had a well developed competitive streak that went well against his. The conversation turned to childhood memories of games and families as they played.

“King me, and I won,” he said, stamping his chip on her back line. It was perfect. He’d had a little rest—more than enough to satisfy Brenna’s fantasies—and he’d won the game.

Then she smiled and fluttered her eyelashes.

“Best two out of three.”

* * * * *

“I win.” Brenna dropped backwards on the bed and stretched her arms above her in victory. They’d ended up with the best five out of seven and though Alastair hated to

lose, Brenna's position also lifted the tails of his shirt and gave him a glimpse of the sweet space between her thighs. His cock leapt in appreciation.

Definitely time to put away the checkerboard. He crawled up the bed until he straddled her hips. With quick hands, he unbuttoned the shirt and bared her full breasts.

"Wait, I won. I should get to be on top." Her protest was half-hearted as he leaned down and sucked her nipple into his mouth.

He lifted his head and looked into her eyes. "Yes, but I lost so I need comforting. I need something to make me feel manly and strong." He ran his hand down her stomach and slipped it between her legs. "I think this will do it." She was damp—not nearly slick enough for the ride he had in mind—so he would have the pleasure of making her wet, arousing her until she could accept his thrusts. "Just lie back, baby, and let me have my prize."

* * * * *

Brenna lay on her stomach and stared out the window. The darkness cloaked the room and gave her a sense of security. Alastair couldn't see her blushes. He'd fucked her hard after their checkers games, scattering the pieces on the floor and scattering her good sense to the wind.

Now, in the aftermath, she listened to the silence. And tried to ignore the emotions knocking on her mental doors.

Alastair's hand slowly traced the curve of her bottom. It wasn't a seductive caress. Just a sensual one. The long hours of sex had exhausted her body but her mind was awake and wandering.

"Why the library?"

Alastair's deep voice slipped into the dark silence. She knew what he was asking.

"It was my escape as a child. A place to go when the world was frightening or hard. And kids today have to deal with so much more than we did."

Alastair's fingers slipped down the back of her leg, teasing the sensitive skin. Her pussy tightened in response but she didn't move. She just let the slow arousal wander through her sex.

She didn't look behind her, didn't know if Alastair was listening or not. It was easier that way. "I just want to give kids like me a place to go, something that can draw them out of themselves for a while."

"What was your favorite book as a child?"

"Fog Magic," she said with a smile. "It was a town that only appeared in the fog. What about you?"

She couldn't see him but she knew he shook his head. "I didn't read as a child. I didn't start reading for fun until about five years ago. Now, I'm hooked on mystery novels."

She remembered the library in his home and realized he was making up for all those years without books. Without command, her mind snapped back to that morning at Alastair's. She winced at the memory, but her curiosity was stronger than her embarrassment.

"Are Genevieve and Mitchell going to buy your house?" she asked. His hand stilled on her leg. The mention of their names brought back the embarrassment of standing naked in his home but she pushed it aside. She'd had her revenge. She'd mastered Alastair Reynard. Now she was just curious. It was a great house and Alastair obviously loved it. Why was he selling it?

"I don't think so." His fingers resumed their casual stroking. "They decided the neighborhood wasn't posh enough." There was a smile in his voice.

"Why are you selling it?" Brenna still didn't look at him. There was something strange about discussing his house. It brought the outside world, and reality, into the room.

"It's too big. There are six bedrooms, two dining rooms, that huge yard to maintain. I don't need that much space." He paused and Brenna waited. There was something in his tone that warned her there was more to the answer. "It's empty," he said, his voice a whisper. *It's lonely.* He didn't say those words but she heard them in her heart.

Before she could think better of it, she rolled over, and kissed him. She needed the contact, needed to feel him. He froze for a moment then opened his lips, accepting her tongue and lingering in her taste. This wasn't the same sexual touch she'd immersed herself in this weekend. It was the need to comfort him, to connect with his body and let his soul know he wasn't alone.

The kisses were gentle and exploring. Neither made a move to deepen the touch. After long moments, she raised her head and looked into his gaze. Trouble stirred beneath his green eyes. Trouble for her heart. She wanted to ease the ache, to wrap her arms around him and promise him he'd never be lonely again.

It was frightening. Not realizing she was doing it, she lay back, pulling him with her. Their bodies were tuned to each other, practiced now at fitting together. She opened her legs and he moved between them, settling his hardening cock against her.

They were silent. The laughter and the commands of the past two days disappeared as their eyes held a deeper conversation. She wrapped her leg around his, urging him to come inside her. Alastair shifted his hips, pushing the first inch into her sex. He wasn't fully hard but he was growing, widening within her passage.

Brenna reached up and slipped her fingers through his hair, massaging his scalp, soothing the pain in his gaze.

He leaned down and kissed her. Slowly, he sank down, easing himself into her sex. But it was different this time. No urgency or heavy-handed need forced them together. It was as if their bodies wanted to meld to each other. When he was seated fully inside, and her body clung to him, he lifted himself onto his elbows and looked into her eyes.

"Tell me something I don't know about you," he said, his voice compelling her response. With their bodies so intimately connected, she found it difficult to look at him, but he wouldn't let her pull away.

"There's so much you don't know about me," she said, then winced inwardly at the sad tone in her voice. They'd had sex. That was all. What more did he know about her?

He shook his head. "I know more than you think. I know you're passionate—about sex and about other things. Reading, education. Teaching. That's what's important to you. I know you're competitive. You attack when threatened and you have a wickedly clever mind."

She couldn't deny most of what he'd said—and blushed at the compliment about her mind. He knew the basics.

"So, tell me, what don't I know?"

She blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"Uh—I have pickle issues."

Alastair twitched and she felt it inside her body.

"What? What are pickle issues?" He reached down and pulled her legs up so she was cuddling his hips. The position allowed him to slip a fraction deeper inside her. He followed with a gentle pulse of his hips, as if to remind her he was fucking her. She closed her eyes, swamped by the lovely sensations fluttering through of her sex. "Brenna, come on, honey. Tell me about your pickle issues." The smile in his voice made her look up at him.

A gentle teasing lit his eyes.

"I don't like them."

"That's it?"

"It's a major problem," she insisted. "Try ordering a hamburger with me. It's not pretty. It's like a major psychological issue with me."

"I'm sure Freud would agree with you."

Brenna giggled. "It's not that. It doesn't matter how they are shaped." She decided to get back some of her own. "Long and thick."

"Oh yeah," Alastair agreed.

"Or short, stubby and sliced off."

He winced. "Okay. No more pickle jokes." He shifted, snuggling his crotch against hers. Brenna lost the thread of conversation for a moment. "Now, really, what freaks you out about pickles?"

"Everything. The smell, the taste. I wig-out if someone puts one on my plate."

He nodded in silent support but she could see his laughter seeking an outlet.

"It's true. I've embarrassed myself at restaurants more than once when the plate arrives with pickles on it."

He dropped his head down next to hers. The rapid bounce of his shoulders and the brush of his breath against her skin told her he was laughing.

"You think it's funny, huh?"

He lifted his head. Tears of restrained laughter in his eyes.

"It *is* funny. You have a pickle fetish."

"It's not a fetish. I have *issues*."

"Issues," he agreed. He pushed himself up on his arms and pulled back, drawing his erection almost out of her sex. Then slowly, ever so slowly sinking back into her.

"Don't worry. I promise. No pickles in the house. Ever."

Alastair repeated the movement. Brenna sighed and let her eyes drift shut. He sank to the hilt. Before he could retreat again, she wrapped her legs around his waist and held him still.

"Oh no. You don't get off that easily."

He smiled. "Baby, we've fucked so many times this weekend, it's going to take forever to get me off." She tightened her muscles, contracting around his cock. "Oh, but

that's going to speed the process up." He started to pull out but Brenna still didn't let him move.

"Tell me something about you that I don't know," she commanded as she used her legs to pump her hips upward, fucking herself on his cock.

Alastair groaned and his arms began to shake but he held himself still, valiantly letting her move on him.

"Tell me," she prompted.

"Uhm." His eyes seemed to glaze over for a moment, then he shrugged. "I don't use swear words."

Brenna dropped back on the bed and looked up at him. "What?" What man didn't cuss?

Alastair shook his head, his hair falling down into his eyes. "I don't cuss. My mother was a firm believer in no swearing and I just never got in the habit."

She grabbed her lower lip between her teeth to help her think. He was right. She didn't think she'd ever heard him swear, except...

"You use the word 'fuck' all the time."

That same arrogant smile that three days ago pissed her off, formed on his lips and Brenna felt her nipples tighten in response.

"I don't use it as a modifier. I use it as a verb, an action word."

Brenna laughed as he followed that up with some deep action.

He pulled back until he was almost free from her passage, then drove forward. It was slow and delicious, a gentle kind of loving because their bodies were exhausted, but too captivated by the feel of each other to stop.

Brenna relaxed on the bed and let him ride her, opening her body. It was a slow rise but eventually, Alastair began to thrust with more force, deeper and faster.

"That's it," she whispered, using his technique. "Come inside me, baby. Come on. Let me feel it." His eyes dropped shut as he pounded into her. She quickly lost the

ability to speak as he filled her. The slow pressure built to a peak and shattered in a few deep thrusts. Seconds later she heard Alastair groan and felt him release inside her.

He collapsed on top of her, falling face first into the pillow beside her head.

"I'm just going to sleep here, for about a week, if that's okay with you," he said, his voice drowsy and muffled by a fatigue. Before she could think of a witty answer, he released a soft snore. She rubbed her hand across his back. He hadn't been kidding. She decided to let him stay for a bit before she rolled him over. It would be the last time she felt him on top of her, inside her.

Strangely, tears pricked the edges of her eyes. She blinked them away before any more appeared. It was ridiculous. She'd gotten what she'd wanted. So why did she feel so dissatisfied?

* * * * *

Brenna slipped from the bed, sliding out from Alastair's captive hold without waking him. A disgruntled look flickered across his face but he remained asleep.

So much for her good intentions. Her final night with him should have been wild and sexy.

Instead, it had been sweet, and sexy, and toe-curling. For the second night in a row, they'd woken intermittently and turned to each other. He'd loved her over and over again as if he was trying to capture the memories of their time together as well. She knew that couldn't be true. She'd forced him into this situation. Practically blackmailed him into staying with her this weekend.

But she couldn't regret it. And she didn't think he would either. They'd both gotten what they wanted. Hours of hot sex. It was what it was. Hot sex, nothing more. She willed herself to believe it.

Now, she just had to go back to her real life. It wasn't supposed to happen this way. She wasn't supposed to fall in love with him. Not after one weekend.

Of course, it couldn't be love, she thought as she pulled on her skirt. It was lust, that's all. Love didn't happen in one weekend. Her logical mind stopped her again. Of course, it had been more than one weekend. She'd known him for almost a year. Had been at war with him for almost a year. Suddenly, all their minor differences seemed silly. She'd learned little bits about him through the weekend—his convictions, his sense of humor, his intelligence. From what she'd discovered in the past few days, the rest of his personality fell into place. He was, fundamentally, a good man. And an incredible lover.

She looked down at his sleeping body. It was supposed to be one weekend. That was the deal. And now it was over.

Time was passing. She had to get home. Had to get out of there before Alastair awoke. She'd made arrangements for a car to collect him at noon. She would be long gone by then.

They would meet again. Obviously. The library capital campaign would continue. She would have to be prepared for that first meeting but she could handle it.

He'd gotten his revenge.

She'd gotten hers.

She picked up the card she'd written out before the weekend started. She wouldn't let herself reread it. This wasn't anything more than what it was. It was a weekend apart—a few days to even the score.

Her heart pounded as she placed the note on the table next to the bed and she risked one more glance at Alastair. His beautiful eyes were closed and his face relaxed into deep sleep. She'd exhausted him. A reluctant, triumphant smile curved her lips. She'd exhausted Alastair Reynard.

Now that was something to be proud of.

Ignoring the weight in her chest, she clung to that idea and slipped from the room, and moments later, from the house.

* * * * *

Alastair woke slowly, but as his awareness grew, he knew something was wrong. He was alone.

She'd left *him*.

He pushed himself up on his side and listened, hoping for some sound to indicate she was somewhere in the house, but there was nothing.

The pale envelope on the bedside table snagged his attention.

What? She'd sent him a thank you card? He picked it up and stared at it.

"I'll bet it says thanks for the great fucks."

He knew the truth. He did two things really well in life—the law and fucking.

Grimacing at his own irritated thoughts, he opened the card.

We're even. Brenna

Chapter 7

"So, back again tonight?"

Alastair looked up from his newspaper and grimaced as Jared stood in front of him.

"I felt the need for a good brandy."

"You have excellent brandy in your house. I know because I've drunk much of it."

Jared sat down and stared at his friend.

Alastair tried to ignore the piercing, questioning gaze, but Jared didn't look away.

"What?" Alastair finally asked with exasperation. His life was screwed up enough, he didn't need his friends hassling him as well.

"Why don't you just go see her? Call her? That's what phones are for."

Alastair didn't pretend not to know what Jared was saying.

"I tried. She won't see me and I've left a number of messages." He tossed back the final gulp of his brandy. "Since I don't particularly feel like being arrested for stalking, I'm taking her unspoken direction and staying away from her."

The smile on Jared's face was enough to make Alastair grimace.

"What is that look for?"

"I guess I never thought I'd see you in love."

"I'm not in love. Don't be ridiculous."

Alastair brushed that comment away with a harsh hand, suddenly feeling the need for another brandy. He looked to the waiter and indicated his empty glass. He hadn't actually tried getting blistering drunk but that might work to get her out of his mind. He was willing to try almost anything at this point.

"Fine, protest all you want but I've known you since college and you've never reacted to a woman like this before."

"That doesn't mean it's a good thing. And it sure as the devil doesn't mean it's love." It couldn't be. Love was supposed to be sickly sweet and gentle. Walks in the moonlight, gazing into your lover's eyes. Not this strange ache that filled his chest. Or this need to throw her down on the carpet and fuck her until she screamed that she belonged to him—and him alone. He ground his back teeth together as the sound of her hungry gasp rebounded into his memory. She fit him perfectly, holding his cock in her body, holding his heart in her—

He couldn't be in love with her. Love led to marriage, to commitment. If he was in love with her, that would mean he'd never be able to fuck another woman.

He thought about it—thought about all the other women he wanted to fuck.

No one came to mind. There was only Brenna. It couldn't be. It was just an aberration.

"So, how many dates have you been on since you returned from your weekend in the country?" Jared asked with a casualness that Alastair didn't believe for a moment.

"When have you taken such an interest in my social life?" Alastair countered, hoping Jared would just drop the subject. Brenna was on his mind enough. He didn't need her brought up repeatedly.

"I'm just curious because you claim you aren't in love with Brenna. That means you're back to dating your favorites. So, how many women have you 'dated' since you spent the weekend with Brenna?"

"Dated" meant "fucked." And Alastair didn't have to spend any time counting. He knew the number immediately.

"None, but I fail to see what bearing this has on the conversation you're trying to have..." He glared at his friend. "And that I'm trying to end."

"You haven't slept with a woman since you came back. In fact, I'm willing to bet you haven't been with another woman since you first seduced Brenna and that has to be almost two months ago."

"So?" Alastair asked, a little aggressively but he needed to finish this topic. He didn't like where it was leading.

"You've only been with one woman in two months —"

"Jared, you make me sound like a slut. I have had relationships before."

"Yes, most of which ended well before the six week mark and you quickly picked up another lover."

"I've been busy."

"Too busy for sex." Jared nodded and smiled. "Oh yeah. That sounds like you."

"It's only been a month since...that weekend. You make it sound like I haven't gone without sex for that long before."

"When?"

"What?"

"When was the last time you went without sex for more than four weeks? Or if not sex, you were at least chasing someone with the possibility of getting sex."

Alastair shifted in his seat. "Okay, fine. It's been years." Celibacy was uncomfortable and there always seemed to be a woman available. Even now, he didn't doubt he could find a woman to fuck. Just not the one he wanted.

Jared was silent as the waiter replaced Alastair's drink and walked away.

"On the upside," Jared said. "She hasn't mentioned you in any of her editorials in the past four weeks. They've been decidedly bland."

And Alastair had devoured every word, looking for some hint of the passionate woman who'd tied him to a bed and fucked him until he'd begged for more. But her words had been cold. Lifeless. Not at all like Brenna. He had to stop himself from rolling his eyes in disgust. He'd spent one weekend with her and he acted like he knew her. He *felt* like he knew her.

"Well, that was the agreement," Alastair said. "She would get her revenge and we would be even."

We're even. He hated that phrase. It was a lie.

They weren't even because he was still aching. He still wanted her. He wanted to see her and touch her. Fuck her. Hold her. He wanted it all. He wanted to talk to her. Date her. Really date, not just fuck.

"She obviously hasn't forgiven you, or she wouldn't be avoiding you."

Alastair looked over at his friend. Was that it? Was Brenna still upset about the night at his house? *Or maybe you're just not as good a fuck as you thought*, his increasingly snide conscience pointed out.

"But that's what the weekend was about," he said.

Jared's sympathetic face was almost more than Alastair could take. "Yes, but your revenge was public—"

"That wasn't intentional," Alastair protested.

"No, but that doesn't matter. The entire world got to see that you'd seduced your enemy."

She's not my enemy. The words clawed at his throat to get out. She wasn't his enemy. She was his...his what? Lover? Love?

"Her response was private," Jared continued. "There are only three of us in the world who know about it. Well, four if you count Tyler but he just thought it was a couples game. You publicly humiliated her. No one knows that she got her revenge."

"Or maybe she just hates my guts. That's always a possibility." And one that seemed more and more likely. What reason had he given her not to hate him? He'd seduced her, embarrassed her, and then fucked her. A real gentleman—probably the kind of man Brenna would want—would have refused her offer for a weekend of hot sex and taken his lumps, been ridiculed in the newspaper week after week.

But Alastair wasn't a gentleman.

He only knew one way to fight—dirty. But it wouldn't help. He couldn't kidnap her and make love to her for days on end. She'd tried that and it hadn't kept her by his side the last time.

He rubbed his chest. A strange ache had developed in the past month, like something was missing. He realized what he was doing and dropped his hand. Was it possible that he was really in love? How did one tell?

He knew he didn't want to fuck any other woman. And he wanted to talk to Brenna. Wanted to tell her he'd gotten an offer on his house but hadn't taken it because the memories of her in his bed were too strong. He wanted to listen to her voice as she defended the public libraries.

Uh-oh. He *was* in love.

"It's really too bad," Jared mused. Alastair looked up. "That you and Brenna can't work this out. You two are perfect together."

Alastair stared into his glass. "You are the only person in the world who believes that."

"I don't think so. I think you believe it and I think Brenna believes it."

A foreign sense of hope burgeoned inside him. Was it possible? Did Brenna believe they could be together? Really together. Not just sex, but it all—time, commitment, children. He needed to win her back.

But he'd embarrassed her publicly. She'd gotten her revenge in private.

Maybe he needed to give her a chance to make her revenge known.

* * * * *

Hummingbirds took up residence in his stomach as he walked into the ballroom. This was truly insane. In fact, the whole week had been insane. He'd planned and purchased and practiced his speech and...in moments, he'd learn if it was all for nothing.

Brenna stood near the governor, hovering as she did at functions like these. The governor depended on people like Brenna to stay near if he needed information or if he needed rescuing from an overbearing constituent. She looked elegant and cool as she casually surveyed the far side of the room. The long blue gown she wore was modest and concealed more of her figure than it revealed.

Hating the uncertainty that haunted him, Alastair started across the room. After three steps, he forced himself to slow down. Despite the fact that his heart was pounding in his throat, he couldn't go barreling in. He walked toward her, watching her as she scanned the crowd. The half-smile that formed on her lips didn't belong. It was fake. *He* knew what she looked like when she smiled. How the light filled her eyes and the joy flowed through her body.

He wanted to bring those smiles back to her.

He had to do it. Now. Before he lost his nerve and ran like a coward to the bar.

This early in the evening the crowd was light and he was able to reach her quickly. He circled around until he stood at her back, not wanting to give her a chance to escape.

"Brenna," he said softly. She tensed and for a moment he thought she would walk away without acknowledging him. Instead, she pressed her shoulders back and turned slowly to face him.

Her face was impassive. Even her eyes were silent, holding none of the fire he'd come to expect from her. She gave him the same put-on smile she offered to everyone else in the room.

"Mr. Reynard," she said with a polite nod. She started to turn away. He placed his fingers on her forearm and stopped her.

"Brenna, wait. Please."

She looked at his hand, then up at him. "I have to check in with the governor." Her emotionless response made his stomach clench. It could be worse than he'd thought. His first guess when she wouldn't see him was that she hated him. Perhaps the truth was worse than that – that she didn't care one way or the other.

"Please, hear me out." Before she could say no, before she could walk away, he held her hand and dropped to one knee. Her eyes grew wide. Her head snapped back and forth like a nervous bird as she looked to see who was watching.

"What are you doing?" she hissed, trying to either pull her hand free or pull him to his feet.

"Here's your chance," he said softly, looking up at her. Then, in a voice loud enough for the now watchful crowd to hear, he said, "Will you marry me?"

"What?"

"Marry me." He didn't release her hand but reached into his pocket and pulled out the ring box he'd picked up earlier in the day. He couldn't figure out how to open it without letting go of her and he knew she would bolt if he did—so he offered her the closed box.

She managed to jerk her hand away from his and stepped back. "You bastard."

And his heart cracked as she spun away and stalked off. The crowd had spread out into a circle, giving more people a chance to watch the show. Alastair sat back on his heel, squeezing the box in his right hand.

He looked up. No one moved. They all watched.

Well, Brenna got her public revenge. But from the furious look in her eyes, she wasn't satisfied with the results. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea.

The crowd shifted and the governor stepped forward. Alastair looked up, ready for the reprimand. Knowing it was deserved. He'd managed to embarrass Brenna again.

The governor stared down him, his eyes glittering with irritation.

"Well, boy, what are you doing? Go after her!"

Stunned by the instruction, Alastair hesitated for a moment, then stood and stalked in the direction Brenna had gone. The crowd parted for him. People pointed, urging him onward. He hurried through the ballroom to the French doors that led into the

garden. Humid air scented with the heavy weight of flowers clung to his skin as he stepped outside.

"Brenna? Honey? Are you out here?" He followed the path as it curved around the corner. The pale material of her dress glowed in the moonlight. She looked like a ghost. "Brenna?"

She spun around. Tears tracked down her cheeks as she shot visual daggers at him. "How could you? It wasn't enough that you had to let the world know you'd seduced me? We called a truce, remember?" The words were bit out through clenched teeth. "You just couldn't let it go, could you? You had to have the last word."

"No, honey, that wasn't what this was about." And he couldn't let her go on thinking he'd intentionally embarrassed her. "That day when Mitchell and Genni saw you at my house was an accident. You have to believe that." She scoffed. "I took your clothes yes, and anything you could have worn because I didn't want you to slip out like you'd tried to do in the middle of the night. I went to get your car. I was terrified I'd come back to the house and you'd be gone." He felt the urge to pace but he knew if he turned away, Brenna would walk off. "I'd forgotten that they were showing the house on Saturdays. I came back upstairs in time to see them open the bedroom door." He looked her straight in the eye. "You have to believe me. I would never do anything that would embarrass you like that."

"What do you call tonight?"

"An honest proposal." He stepped forward, his hands stretched outward, the ring box still clutched in his fingers. She pulled her hands back, moving out of his reach.

She didn't want him touching her. Okay, he could accept that. Even understand it.

"Just stay away from me, Alastair. Please."

She turned sharply and again, walked away from him.

"Fuck," he whispered into the silence of the night. The ache in his chest that had been irritating him for weeks bloomed, spreading. She was gone. And he couldn't blame her. It was his fault. His heart screamed at the loss. What was he going to do

now? Now that he knew the existence of pleasure beyond the world of casual fucking there was no way to go back to it.

He stared down at the cobble stone path. His mind empty and silent with the loss.

A pair of high-heeled strappy-sandals appeared in front of him. He raised his eyes. Brenna stared at him, her eyes wide and filled with concern.

"You said you don't swear. Ever."

Unbelievably, he felt his cheeks turn pink.

"I guess do when I've screwed up royally and let the best thing that ever happened to me walk away."

She continued to stare at him, like she was trying to see the truth in his eyes. The instinctive walls came up but he forced them aside and tried to show her his feelings, to let her inside.

"Alastair, I don't understand."

The tears behind her words and glittering in her eyes tore at his heart. He pulled her to him and held her hard against his chest. Something tight eased inside his chest and he knew he was home. She was in his arms. He could feel her once again. And he wasn't going to let her go until he'd said everything he had to say.

"I love you."

She lifted her head. The rapid flutter of her eyelids cleared away any sign of tears. "What?"

"I love you. I know it's fast but you fill something inside me." He let the words flow. "I want to be with you. Spend time...God, I don't know, talking, walking along the beach, fucking in the sand, I don't care. Whatever you want. Just don't shut me out."

"Alastair, you just proposed to me in front of two hundred people."

She wasn't moving away. That was a good sign.

He couldn't do anything but hope. And tell the truth. "I know. You have witnesses."

"There's no way you can be serious."

"Yes, I am. If you don't want to get married right away, we'll wait."

She leaned away and raised her eyebrows.

"I'll be impatient, but I can wait. Just don't shut me out," he said again. "Let me be with you. Show you I'm worthy of your love."

He felt a moment of triumph when she stared at him with amazement. She was at least listening. He put the ring box in her hand. It tinkled.

She shook the box. It rattled again.

"Is it broken?"

He laughed softly. "No. Open it."

She flipped the box open. Instead of the single perfect diamond solitaire she'd be expecting, a shiny set of silver keys lay across the velvet.

She blinked and looked up.

"I'm giving you my house."

She wobbled for a second and he stuck out his arms to catch her if she fell.

"What do you mean you're giving me your house?"

"I don't want to live in it—not alone. Not any more. And I don't want some *prissy, repressed* family to move in and kill all the residual lust."

"Residual lust?"

"I have great memories of you naked in front of my fireplace."

Her stomach fell and she felt an ache in the middle of her chest. He was confusing her with some other woman. "Alastair, I have never been naked in front of your fireplace."

"In my dreams you have been. Want to try it in real life?" She stared blankly at the ring box and Alastair felt a moment of relief. It wasn't often that anyone could knock Brenna speechless. "And I figure we can always go back to the other house, the one from our weekend together, when we need to escape the kids when they get older."

"We haven't had any children yet and you're already planning to escape them."

He flicked his finger across her cheek. "Well, the way we fuck, it won't be long before you're pregnant. And I know I'm going to want to get you alone." He leaned forward and placed a soft, gentle kiss below her ear. "I want you alone now," he whispered. "I've missed you. Missed feeling you under me, missed the warmth of your cunt, clinging to me." Her breath increased. He knew how to seduce her, and if she wasn't convinced they were meant to be together—he would continue to seduce her until she did.

The tiny catch in the back of her throat told him he had her. For now. He would work with that.

"I missed your laughter and your strength."

It was crazy. Insane. And sweet.

And she wanted to accept his offer. But it was too soon. She held up the ring box. "Maybe we could try dating, you know seeing each other like normal people and we'll take it from there."

Alastair nodded. "If you'll say good night to the governor, we'll make tonight our first date. But I have to warn you—I hope you're the kind of woman who puts out on the first date because, baby..."

Brenna shivered as he lowered his tone. It was that dark chocolate voice that melted her insides and made her want to climb him and wrap her legs around him.

"It's been over five weeks since I've fucked anyone..."

Her knees trembled. Alastair had been saving himself for her?

“And if I don’t get you naked and my cock inside you soon, one of us going to be screaming. And it ain’t gonna be you.”

Brenna touched her finger to the corner of his mouth. “Well, I want to hear screaming, but I think it should be coming from me, don’t you?” She fluttered her eyelashes.

“I definitely think it should be you screaming.” He slid his hands down her back until they rested on the top curve of her backside. “It’s so embarrassing to hear a grown man whimper.”

Brenna smiled. Alastair had recovered. The sadness and pain were fading from his eyes and his arrogance was returning. That was good. That’s how she liked him. Arrogant, until she could get him tied to a bed somewhere. Then she’d make him beg. Or he’d make her beg. At this point, she didn’t really care.

Before she could think of what to say, Alastair turned away and pulled her from the garden into the ballroom. A crowd stared unabashedly as they entered. Alastair didn’t stop – until the governor stepped to the edge of the crowd.

“Did you accept him, Brenna?” he asked.

“She hasn’t yet, but she will,” Alastair replied. “And she needs the rest of the night off.”

Governor Bullington glanced at her then back to Alastair. “I’ll talk with you both next week.”

She called off a hurried goodnight before Alastair dragged her from the room, gathered their coats from the coat-check and bundled her into his waiting car. He drove silently through the city. Brenna kept her mouth shut and let him drive. She didn’t know what to say. Her mind was spinning with the recent events.

Alastair loved her? It seemed impossible. It had to be simple lust. She looked across the darkened car. Nothing was simple where Alastair was concerned. And hadn’t she fallen in love? In the weeks since their weekend together, she’d come to believe it herself, but never imagined that Alastair would return the emotions.

The lights in his house were blazing when they drove up. Alastair stared at the windows for a long moment. A rare confusion marred his face. Remaining silent as he helped her from the car and led her inside. He paused as they stepped inside the front door. It definitely didn't feel like an empty house. He guided her to the library and opened the door. A fire blazed in the fireplace and a bottle of champagne sat next to the chairs.

He stopped and stared at the scene before them.

"Sure of yourself, weren't you?" she asked feeling a little put out that he was so confident that he'd planned all this in advance. There was even a fluffy rug and some pillows stacked on the floor in front of the fire.

"No, I would never leave a fire burning." He strode forward, seeming to have forgotten that his hand was still attached to Brenna's. She tripped along behind him on her high-heels stopping when he did, next to the "love nest" that had been set up. A piece of paper sat next to the champagne bottle.

Alastair picked it up, read it and shook his head. With a grimace, he handed her the note.

Enjoy. You two are perfect together. (And Alastair, if she refused you, drink the champagne, get drunk and call me when the hangover wears off).

Jared

"I really need to take away his key," Alastair said, then he picked up the champagne. "But he has excellent taste in selecting from my wine cellar. Shall we?"

Brenna almost told him "no, skip the wine and let's fuck," but Jared had gone to the trouble so they might as well enjoy it. And Brenna knew it wouldn't be long before Alastair had her naked and twisting on the floor.

She was right. Before they'd even finished a glass of the champagne, their clothes were gone and she was on the floor beneath him. She raised her hips, trying to silently urge him to come inside her, but he seemed content to stroke her, letting his fingers wander across her skin.

The sensations were delicious and any other time she would have enjoyed it but as he'd pointed out earlier—it had been five weeks. He'd seemed anxious enough to fuck her earlier. Now, there was no urgency at all in his movements.

Alastair looked down at his love and had to hide a smile. She wasn't happy. She'd expected a fast, hard fuck—something he knew from experience she liked—but instead, he'd seduced her, stripping her gown off her body inch by inch—reacquainting himself with her flesh. His body was screaming for him to fuck her but the way she lay beneath him, as if she wanted to take control but wasn't sure if she could, made him go even slower.

The temptation was there to torment her—just a little.

"You're so wet. You do love to be fucked." He teased the inside of her passage with his finger as he talked. "How did you get the reputation for being an Ice Goddess when it's obviously you love to be fucked?"

She pressed her lips together and stared defiantly at him. She was going to play tough for him tonight. That was good. He liked that.

"You just needed the right cock, didn't you, baby? The right cock for this pretty, dripping cunt." He pulled his finger out and drove two into her. She couldn't stop her groan that time. "Yes. You were just looking for the right cock. Mine." He continued to fuck her with his fingers while he talked. "And you haven't had any other cocks but mine since, have you?"

The question took a moment to sink in. He wanted to know if she'd been with anyone since their weekend together. It might be interesting to see Alastair jealous but she knew the relief she'd felt when he'd said he hadn't been with anyone but her. And she couldn't tease him.

"Why would I want someone else's cock when yours is perfect for me." Her voice was husky and arrogant.

"That's right, baby, it's my cock that's made for you." Without his command, his words turned hard and intense. "And it's only my cock you'll be fucking, right?"

Heat flared in her gaze and she nodded slowly.

"That's it. It's my pussy to fuck, mine to love." He pumped his fingers into her sex. "Do you want me inside you, baby?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"Roll over. I want to take you from behind. Feel that sweet ass pressed against me."

Her muscles were weak from frustration as she slowly turned over. Like always, his words built an incredible pressure in her sex until she thought she would scream.

And even worse, he knew it. He was doing this deliberately. She tried to hold back her groans but there was no way. She loved being in this position. Loved feeling him behind her and the hard, deep thrusts once he was inside her.

"That's it, baby, God, you've got a beautiful ass." He stroked his hands down her backside, down between her thighs until he could brush against her sex. His touch was strong and steady as he caressed her, sliding his fingers into her pussy, rubbing her clit, slow gentle circles around the hard little nub until she thought she would scream. She pumped her hips against him, needing more. Needing him inside her to complement the sweet stroke of his fingers against her clit.

"Al-la-stair." She dragged his name out to three distinct syllables.

He took his hand away and Brenna immediately felt the loss. Unconsciously, she wiggled her butt, trying to draw his attention back. "

"Do you want to come, baby?"

"Please, Alastair. Yes. Make me come." She offered her pussy up, pumping her hips upward.

He leaned away. Torment was a delicious revenge. His touch was deliberately light as he traced random lines down the backs of her thighs. The soft skin quivered beneath his fingers.

"Please, Alastair." Her words were more demand, than plea.

He smiled. Two months ago, he never would have imagined the perfect Brenna Hennessy pleading with him to let her come. To make her come. And now she was his. He wasn't going to let her go. She just had to be convinced of that herself.

"Soon, baby, soon. I'll give you more but I think, you should suffer just a little more for making me wait. For keeping me away."

He slipped his fingers into her cunt, teasing her lips with a light flutter. She buried her face in the pillow beneath her and groaned.

"Damn it, Alastair," she said tossing her head up and flipping her long hair back.

He chuckled softly. "Tsk, ts, baby. That won't get you what you want." He gave her more of his fingers then pulled back. "And what I think you want is some hard cock."

"Alastair, please. It's been so long. I've missed you so much."

"Why did you leave me?" He didn't stop touching her—keeping his caresses deliberately light. There was no way she could come with the way he stroked her. "Why did I wake up alone?"

"I had to," she moaned. Her voice was muffled against the pillow. She shimmied her ass again trying to lure him. It almost worked, but Alastair resisted. He wanted his answers.

"Tell me, honey. Tell me what happened." He pushed two fingers deep inside her, enough to remind her what it felt like to be filled.

"I had to leave. You would have woken up and I wouldn't have been able to. Oh God, please, Alastair, fuck me."

He couldn't hold back any longer. He rose to his knees and placed his shaft against her pussy. There was no chance to make it a slow penetration or slow fuck. He needed her now. He would have his answers later. He drove his hips forward, seating his cock fully into her sex.

Brenna groaned and pushed back, giving him leave to sink that extra fraction of an inch that was so good for both of them.

He forgot his questions with that first thrust and rode her hard until both of them screamed their completion. As they sank down onto the comfortable rug that Jared had provided, he cuddled himself to her back, holding her body close as they watched the fire.

"I was afraid that if you woke up, I wouldn't be able to leave," she said as her heart began to slow. "I didn't know what was happening to me. It seemed like so much more than sex but I couldn't tell, so I left."

He traced his fingers down her thigh and nodded, brushing his chin against her neck. "I know. I thought it was more and then you left and I didn't know any more."

"And now?" She looked back over her shoulder.

"I love fucking you – no question about it – but it is more than that."

She nodded. "Me, too."

The waiting silence hung on the room. Brenna slowly turned in his arms so they were face to face.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you."

Alastair smiled. "*Now*, we're even."

About the author:

Tielle (pronounced “teal”) St. Clare has had life-long love of romance novels. She began reading romances in the 7th grade when she discovered Victoria Holt novels and began writing romances at the age of 16 (during Trigonometry, if the truth be told). During her senior year in high school, the class dressed up as what they would be in twenty years – Tielle dressed as a romance writer. When not writing romances, Tielle has worked in public relations and video production for the past 20 years. She moved to Alaska when she was seven years old in 1972 when her father was transferred with the military. Tielle believes romances should be hot and sexy with a great story and fun characters.

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