



Forbidden Dreams

by: Rene Walden

A Silk's Vault Electronic Publication, in arrangement with author Rene Walden.

Copyright © 2005 by Rene Walden

Cover Design and Art by Dyana Lunaris, © Copyright 2005

Edited by Carol Fortado

Silk's Vault Publishing

www.silksvault.com

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in part or whole, in any form or by any means, without permission from both the author and publisher. All characters, incidents, situations, institutions, governments and people are fictional and any similarity to characters or persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

Chapter One

Elanie's eyes fluttered, attempting to adjust to the brightness in the room. The early morning sunlight streamed through the bedroom window announcing a glorious new day. She stretched her voluptuous body the length of the bed, chasing the haze of slumber from her mind. Michael stirred with her movement. Warm arms wrapped around her, instinctively cradling her body.

"Morning," he said, his voice still thick with sleep. He pressed his lips to her skin, tenderly placing a kiss in the middle of her back.

"Morning," she whispered. Elanie closed her eyes, savoring the feel of his muscular body next to the softness of her own. Her round bottom molded against him. His cock stirred, firmly nudging in response. She turned toward him, burying her face in his hair-roughened chest. The dark shadow of his beard and his unruly curls sent flames of passion surging between her legs. She licked her lips in anticipation.

"I wish we had more time," he said with a sigh.

"I know," she said softly. "I miss our early morning time together too." Elanie slipped her long fingers into his jet-black hair, capturing his lips in a lingering kiss. His hand slid over the curve of her waist and down the fullness of her hips. Clutching her ass, he pulled her luscious body nearer. He stroked at the delicate flesh of her inner thigh, sending delicious spasms through

her.

Michael forged a fiery trail from her neck to her creamy, soft breasts, lightly feathering kisses on the dusky rose-tipped peaks. He flicked at them with his tongue, transforming them into tiny pebbles of flesh.

Elanie sighed deeply as she shifted her body on the bed. “We both knew things would change. You’re an important businessman now, so that doesn’t leave us a lot of time.” She smiled at him, mischief dancing on her face. “Although, there are some things that just can’t wait.” She leaned over, firmly wrapping her fingers around his cock. Her tongue swirled around the head of his growing shaft, sucking him deep into her mouth.

Michael’s eyes grew dark with passion as a deep groan escaped his lips. “You’re such a witch, I’m gonna get you for that,” he teased, reaching out for her.

“I know, that’s why you love me so much,” she laughed.

Elanie scrambled to get away, but his hand firmly connected with her backside in a resounding whack. She fell back onto the bed and grabbed at Michael. Their laughter filled the early morning air. He scooped her into his arms, pulling her on top of him. She loved Michael’s playful nature. He made it easy for her to be herself.

“I love you,” she said. Her heart pounded as she rested on top of him trying to catch her

breath. He looked so innocent and fresh, his face flushed from their play. She smiled, then leaned down and grabbed his wrists, forcing his arms down onto the bed.

“Elanie, what are you d--?” His voice trailed off as she seized his lips with hungry urgency. He matched her urgency, sensually exploring her mouth with his tongue. She ground into him, pressing the soft swell of her breasts against his rippling chest. He groaned into her mouth as her tongue traced over his lips. She moved her mouth further down his chest, seeking out his nipple. She flicked her tongue over the tiny nub, gently sucking it between her lips. Elanie moaned, rubbing her heart-shaped behind against his swollen shaft.

She looked into his flushed face, her eyes bright with desire. “You want my pussy, don’t you?” she asked brazenly. “It’s so wet and creamy, just waiting for you.”

“Oh, God yes!” he moaned.

“Yes what?” she demanded. “Tell me what you want.”

“I want my cock buried deep inside that tight pussy of yours,” he said through clenched teeth. His chest heaved, as he panted breathlessly. He wanted to be inside her. These games of hers drove him nearly mad with desire.

Elanie raised her ass in the air, poising herself over his aching cock. She slowly lowered herself down until his head barely parted her swollen lips. He arched toward her, but she kept just

out of reach, not allowing him to go inside. “Damn,” she taunted, “I’m so wet and hot, just the way you like it.” She stared into his eyes, licking her lips.

“Elanie, please,” he begged, “I can’t stand much more of this.”

“What?” she asked innocently, while rubbing her wet slit over the head of his cock. She moaned throatily as she coated him with her sweet stickiness. “I’m not doing anything.”

He squirmed beneath her, gasping at her touch. A deep growl came from inside, a primal sound of wanton lust. Elanie’s legs trembled as she held her pussy just above him. He struggled to free his hands, but she held him firmly in place. His breath came fast and hard as he fought to control himself.

“Tell me how much you want this pussy,” she growled. Her breasts rose and fell as she fought to suck more air into her lungs. Her heart pounded in her ears as the sweat trickled down her back.

“Oh my God baby, he groaned. “I want that sweet, wet pussy wrapped around me, sucking my cock up deep inside you.

She plunged herself down on his throbbing shaft, enveloping him in her slick wetness. He arched to meet her thrusting body, filling her with his cock. Tossing her head back, she shuddered as his hot flesh slid in and out of her.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” he screamed, urging her on. “Ride that cock.”

She matched each powerful stroke with hot, wet abandon. Her body writhed with an aching need as the flames of desire drew her in. His cock burrowed deeper with each rhythmic thrust, as she bucked against him. Elanie groaned in wild response. Her pussy clenched his shaft tightly inside, as she toppled over the edge of infinity, taking him with her. Every muscle in his body stiffened as he arched upward, crying out her name. His cock jerked wildly as his hot seed exploded deep inside her.

Elanie sagged on top of him as they struggled to catch their breath. They were sated for the moment. She kissed him tenderly as his cock grew flaccid inside her. Michael wrapped his arm around her, brushing the damp curls from her face. “I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” she said, snuggling her face into his chest. They lay in each other’s arms, relishing in the afterglow of their lovemaking.

Elanie looked at the alarm clock and sighed. “As much as I hate to say this, we need to get up.”

“I know,” he said. “It’s time.”

She climbed off the bed; it was time to start the day. Throwing on a pair of old sweats and

a t-shirt, she said, "You better hit the shower or you'll be late."

"I know, I will in a minute."

She laughed and went about brushing her hair. She stood in front of the mirror as she swept her long auburn hair into a ponytail. Soft tendrils worked free from the holder and fell forward, softly framing her round face. She could feel his eyes on her. Glancing at him, she saw a mixture of emotion on his face. She studied his reflection, trying to somehow read him. He seemed a million miles away, deep in his own thoughts. She turned around before he could dismiss the doubts that filled his mind.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

He rose from the bed and wrapped his arms around her, kissing her softly on the tip of her nose. "Nothing's wrong, I just like watching you. You're so beautiful." His hand cradled the back of her head, pulling her mouth close to his own. He whispered, "Elanie, I love you so much." She kissed him deeply in reply, holding him close for a moment and then released him.

"You're going to be late if you don't hurry."

"I know," he laughed. "I'll just tell them you seduced me and I wasn't able to resist."

She giggled at him. "Yeah, right! I can just hear you telling that story to Paul."

“Okay, okay, I surrender,” he teased. “I’m off to the shower.” He kissed her quickly as she headed out of the room.

Elanie loved her mornings with Michael, but she loved being free to work on her stories. It was nice having quiet time to herself. She walked over to the desk and booted up the computer, almost ready for her morning routine. Before settling in though, she needed some caffeine, and fast. Maybe that would get the creative juices flowing. While the computer was still booting up, she stumbled into her kitchen to brew a fresh pot of coffee. Soon, the sunny room filled with the aroma of her favorite blend, opening her eyes just that extra fraction in anticipation. While she waited, her thoughts drifted to the scene with Michael upstairs. She hadn’t missed that serious look on his normally animated face. He had something on his mind, she just wasn’t sure what. It definitely wasn’t just that he found her beautiful and he loved her like he had said. Maybe he felt a bit left out. She had been distant lately. Writing this new story consumed her thoughts totally.

“Who knows?” she thought, shrugging her shoulders in reply to her own question. The aroma of the freshly brewed coffee filled her nostrils, capturing her attention. She quickly poured herself some. Grabbing the steamy cup, she headed back to the computer to get to work, dismissing the questions in her mind. Now was not the time to get into a ‘what if’ game with herself. There was work to do.

Chapter Two

Elanie was struggling with a scene an hour later when Michael finally emerged. She glanced up when she heard his footsteps on the tile. Even after three years, watching him enter a room made her mouth water. Michael had rugged good looks, but what she had always found so sexy about him, was the way he carried himself. He reeked of masculine sexuality, never even hinting at a lack of self-confidence. Her eyes traveled the length of his body. The Levi's conformed perfectly to the contours of his muscular legs and tight butt. His unruly black curls were now sleek, black satin. Finally a tan jacket and green pullover finished his outfit. The look was professional, but comfortable.

"Like what you see?" he laughed, greatly enjoying teasing her.

"As a matter of fact, I do," she grinned.

Michael sauntered over to the desk, leaning down to give her a kiss. She minimized her story before turning the chair to face him.

"When you gonna let me read what you're working on?"

It was a simple question, but she wondered why he badgered her about it. She had already told him several times that she wasn't comfortable with anyone reading her work until it was finished. It annoyed the hell out of her that he was so persistent. She was already having trouble

with this scene and didn't need him bugging her right now.

"I told you when I'd let you see it," she snapped.

"Well, excuse the hell out of me for asking!"

Elanie sighed in exasperation. She hated to argue with him, especially over something like this. She could see the hurt look in his eyes and attempted to patch things up. "Look, I'm sorry, for being so short, it's just that I'm having problems with the chapter I'm working on."

"I didn't plan on getting into this, but damn — you act like you're working on some undercover mission and I'm the enemy. Every time I come into the room, you hurry and close out your work. You've always shared your work with me; that is, till now. I just really don't understand, Elanie. You're so secretive with this project, I feel shut out."

"Shut out?" She couldn't believe her ears. Her temper soared and her voice grew louder. "Because I choose to keep this story to myself until I finish it, I'm shutting you out? Is it the story, or just the fact that you don't know everything? I think that's the problem, Michael. Just because we're together doesn't mean I can't have my own private thoughts. Everything doesn't have to be shared!"

Michael's eyes grew dark. He clenched his jaw tightly. She could see the muscles twitching in his face. The deep crimson of his cheeks made her fully aware of his anger. She

didn't care right now, she was angry too.

“You're right, Elanie. You don't have to share anything with me. I'm just the poor bastard who tries to be there for you. Apparently that's not important anymore. My mistake!” He stalked to the door, his angry footsteps echoing in her ears.

She called out to him. “Michael, wait! Let's talk about this.”

He turned, shooting her an icy glance. “I've heard all I need to hear.”

Elanie flinched as the front door slammed behind him. She screamed with frustration, throwing her pen across the room. Damn it! He made her absolutely furious. Well this was the beginning of a lovely fucking day.

Chapter Three

Michael gunned the engine before throwing the car into gear, squealing his tires as he sped off. The veins in his neck still bulged from his pounding heart. He had never been so angry with her; he was still boiling. This was new territory. They always talked things through — always managed some sort of compromise. He walked out because this time there could be no compromise. They were both enraged. He had always heard that in the heat of battle, there was no middle ground. He guessed it was true. All they had accomplished was a useless screaming match.

He struggled to gain some sense of composure. Music had a way of soothing him. Clicking on his favorite station, Michael tried to push the scene out of his mind. It was no use; it just kept coming back. The accusing words played over in his head like a recording. Their biggest problem was that they were both so damned pig-headed; neither was willing to budge an inch. What he needed was a good swift kick in the ass. She had tried to explain, but he wouldn't listen. Maybe she was right — maybe it wasn't the story that bugged him after all.

They had both overreacted. The question was why? Why did he feel she was shutting him out of something important? What was there about this story she didn't feel she could share? Obviously, she felt she was right, but so did he. They just had to find some common ground — if there was any common ground. His dark mood hadn't improved much as he pulled into his parking spot. He slammed the door and hurried into the building.

The ride upstairs was almost unbearable. The tiny room seemed to close in on him. Unanswered questions whirled in his mind. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he took off his jacket and draped it over his arm. He had no idea how he would concentrate today. With any luck, he could hide away in his office most of the morning. He needed time to sort things out.

The elevator stopped and the doors opened with a soft whoosh. Michael stepped into the hall. The incessant chatter invaded his senses. He paused briefly at the reception desk before entering his office.

“Good morning, Grace.”

“Good morning, Mr. Benton.”

“Hold my calls, unless it’s Elanie, and reschedule my appointments for today.”

“Is there something wrong?”

“Just make sure I’m not disturbed.”

“Yes, sir. By the way, Paul is waiting in your office.”

“Thanks, Grace.”

Michael walked into his office. He wasn't in the mood to deal with anyone this morning, but through the years Paul had seen him in all sorts of moods. They had been roommates and best friends in college, now they were business partners. They were complete opposites, quite an unlikely pair, but each complimented the other's personality. Michael plastered a fake smile on his face and opened the door to his office.

"Hey, Paul. How's it going this morning?" His voice sounded artificial even to his own ears.

"It's going pretty well. I wanted you to check out these new graphics for the Reisner account."

Michael took the folder and studied the papers he'd been handed. "They look good from what I can tell. I'll give them a thorough going over later and get back with you." He tossed the file on his desk on his way over to the coffeepot. He paused before pouring his own coffee and looked up at his friend. "Want a cup?"

"Sure, I'll take one," Paul said as he settled into an overstuffed chair across from the big oak desk. Michael walked to the window and stared out at the sky, sipping the hot coffee.

"So, are you going to tell me what's wrong?"

Michael looked at him, with his fake smile, "What? There's nothing wrong."

“Look Michael, save the phony bullshit for somebody that doesn’t know you. We’ve been friends too long for me to buy it. So talk to me!”

“Damn, you’re a sharp bastard,” Michael said with a chuckle.

Paul laughed, “Of course I am, why do you think we’re partners? So what’s going on?”

Michael sighed deeply. “Elanie and I had a huge fight this morning. I was so pissed off I didn’t even try to listen, I just walked out.”

“Smart as you are, that was a pretty stupid move.” Paul shook his head and slid back in the chair.

“Hell, I know. Now I feel like a total shit-head, but I was just so fucking angry. Would you believe we got into it over a damned story?”

“A story?” Paul raised his eyebrows. “What kind of story would you two fight over?”

“It’s a story that Elanie’s writing. She stays in her damned office for hours working on it, and I don’t mean just during the day, I mean all the fucking time.”

“So? I don’t get it. She’s a writer, that’s what they do.”

Michael got up and walked back to the window. “You just don’t understand. This one is different. It’s like she’s obsessed with the damn thing.”

“My friend, I think maybe you’re having some problems with it too. What’s it about?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. I don’t have a fucking clue! That’s what the fight was about this morning. Elanie refuses to let me see it. She claims she wants to wait till it’s finished, but I don’t think she’ll let me near it even then,” Michael said angrily. “We’ve always been so close, but lately she’s so fucking distant with me. It’s like I’m the enemy or something, and I don’t even know why.”

Paul leaned up placing his empty cup on the desk. “Hell Michael, I don’t know what the solution is, but I do know you’re not going to solve anything talking to me. Yeah, I can be a sounding board for you, but I think you should go home and talk to Elanie. She’s the one with the answers and that’s the only way you’ll know what’s actually going on. And I mean really talk to her, explain to her how you feel about the situation.”

Michael exhaled a ragged breath, rubbing the back of his neck. His head pounded with pent up tension. “You sure you can manage today without me?”

“Get out of here and take care of things at home.”

Michael smiled, gathering his things. “Hey Paul, thanks for listening.”

“Anytime,” he said and walked out of the office.

Michael flipped off the light and headed down the hall to the elevator. His mind buzzed with thoughts and questions. He loved Elanie more than life itself; somehow they had to get through this.

Chapter Four

Morning traffic had thinned as Michael turned onto Barkley Boulevard. Instinctively, on autopilot, he made the turns without thinking. He turned down the radio, settling in for the long drive back. His thoughts drifted to Elanie and how their relationship had grown over the years.

She was the best thing that had ever happened to him. Everything seemed to fit with her. They had so much in common, they even shared the same wicked wit. Her laughter was contagious. He could see her with her head thrown back laughing wildly, her entire body shaking. You couldn’t help but laugh with her, her joy bubbled up from inside. Her deep, hearty laugh was never fake or merely polite.

Elanie was a passionate and sensuous woman, totally confident of her sexuality and her body. Her sexual appetite matched his own, rarely shying away from new adventures. While other women struggled to stay pencil thin, she was completely at ease with her well-rounded form, full of luscious curves and plump softness. She was an ardent and skilled lover with a come-hither nonchalance that drove him wild.

She had a darker, more private side that she wasn't willing to share. Although he was never quite sure why she remained so secretive, he respected her privacy. He accepted the good and the bad about her, the same way she did him. He wanted to fulfill her every need, but worried sometimes that he might fall short. What about her deepest fantasies? They shared nearly everything, but did she share those with him? He didn't think so.

Elanie was right. It drove him nuts not to know everything about her, but not for the reasons she thought. It wasn't about controlling her or not allowing her own private thoughts. He just wanted to give her everything she desired.

He parked in the drive and climbed out of the car. His heart was full of determination as he headed for the door. They had to sort things out; he loved her too much to let this come between them. Michael slid his key in the lock, opened the door and hurried inside.

"Honey, we need to talk," he called out, striding toward her office, but was met with silence. Glancing inside, the room was empty. He wandered through the rooms searching for her,

but the quietness of the house reverberated in his ears. He stood at the bottom of the stairs, wondering where she had gone. She hadn't mentioned any appointments for today, but they hadn't exactly parted on good terms. Thinking back to the morning's argument disturbed him. He had to find her. Remembering her calendar, he headed back to her office.

Stepping inside, he was surrounded by her presence. It truly was 'her' room, funny how he'd never noticed before. The office was a reflection of her personality with its rich dark woods and vibrant colors. He thought back to the day they had purchased the antique desk that was now the focal point of the room. Elanie had fallen in love with it the moment she spotted it. It was in perfect condition with a beautiful leather top. He had balked at the whopping price tag, but she argued her case well. "Just think of how inspired I'll be writing on a desk like this," she said with a huge grin. She ran her fingers over the ornate carvings, sensually tracing each complex design. He looked into her pleading eyes, bright with anticipation, and there was no way he could refuse her.

Michael chuckled to himself; he'd always been such a sucker where she was concerned. He sat down in the big, comfortable desk chair. He imagined her working, eyes focused on the monitor, typing furiously as her characters struggled to get onto the page. He leaned back in the chair, testing it for comfort. "Pretty nice, actually not bad at all," he thought. He shook his head and sat back up. This was not the time for foolishness; he was on a mission. He had to find her calendar

He scanned the top of her desk, hoping her schedule would be in plain sight, but no luck.

It was nowhere to be seen. He'd have to look for it inside the desk. He hesitated for a moment. She'd think he was snooping if she were to come home right now and find him rummaging through her things. He didn't want any more misunderstandings, but he had to find her. He searched several drawers, filled with usual office supplies, but still no calendar. Reaching across the desk, he accidentally bumped the computer mouse and the monitor popped to life. He jumped, surprised by the intrusion of light. The screen had been dark when he sat down, so he assumed the computer was turned off.

He stared at the brightness, unsure of what to do. His eyes were drawn to the paragraphs that filled the screen. As he scrolled through the page, he was mesmerized by the words —her words. They captivated him, taking him to the place of forbidden dreams. He couldn't look away. As he finished, he realized this was the story she hadn't wanted him to see. He felt the blood drain from his face as he shoved away from the desk. He had to distance himself from this bewitching tale. His heart pounded as he bolted from the chair and fled the office.

He loved Elanie more than life and now he had betrayed her. What had he done?

Michael bolted from the house. He had to get away from here ...away from what he'd done. His heart pounded as he backed out of the drive. Elanie trusted him and he'd betrayed that trust. He trembled as he clutched the steering wheel, trying to focus on the road. Sweat beaded on his forehead and upper lip as waves of nausea washed over him. He headed the car out of town, torn by what he felt inside. His heart ached, burdened by what he'd done, but the words he'd read consumed his mind. How was he so distraught, but intrigued at the same time? Even his body

ignored the betrayal. The fantasy had triggered an unquenchable fire. The confusion he felt consumed him. He needed to be alone to think and sort things out.

A sense of relief washed over him as he turned the car toward the river. It was the one place he always went when he was troubled. The rushing, turbulence of the water helped to clear his mind or it always had, hopefully today wouldn't be any different. He slipped his favorite CD into the stereo, flooding the car with a soothing rich melody. Ordinarily, he'd hum along with the music, enjoying the alone time and the beautiful blue sky, but today he couldn't. He wondered if there'd ever be another normal day. He turned the radio up, attempting to drown out the confusion in his mind, but it was no use. The words from her story haunted him.

The gravel crunched beneath the tires as he pulled into the parking area. Michael turned off the motor and climbed out of the car. The cool breeze coming off the water felt good against his skin. He walked to the water's edge and sat down on the beach. Things always seemed so much clearer here —the grass greener, the sky a deeper shade of blue. There was so much life all around him; maybe that's why it helped to come here. He sat, staring into the flowing water, and allowed the thoughts to fill his mind. This was where he needed to be.

He lay back in the sun-warmed sand. Its heat filtered through his clothes, enveloping him in a blanket of warmth. He closed his eyes and reflected on the story, allowing the graphic words to capture him with their magic. Elanie had always written provocative tales. This one was vastly different. Usually she told of sex-filled romantic trysts, but this one dealt with an insatiable yearning for a sexual encounter filled with forbidden acts. Deliciously erotic images danced

through the shadows of his mind. He had no idea she could or even would write anything like that. He could imagine it unfolding. Each scene played out with intense passion as it drew him in, weaving its fanciful tale through his mind.

Michael shivered in the damp evening air as he returned to the present. He had lost all track of time, swept away by the fantasy he envisioned in his mind. The sun was setting, replacing the deep blue with brilliant hues of orange and deep purple. It was getting late and he needed to start home. It had been a good idea to come out here, his emotions had settled. He knew what he had to do. As deceptive as it seemed, he couldn't let Elanie know what had happened this afternoon. Even though he'd read her story completely by accident, she'd never believe him right now. Especially after that angry row they'd had this morning. He brushed the sand from his clothes and headed back to his car. He'd tell her someday when the time was right, but not today.

Chapter Five

There was no way Elanie could focus on writing after Michael left the house in such a huff. She rehashed his angry words in her mind and it only infuriated her more. He was trying to control her and she wouldn't tolerate it. Memories of their horrible argument tormented her. She had to get out of the house or she'd go nuts. She could feel the walls starting to cave in on her. A long walk usually helped clear her mind, so she headed for the solitude of the nearby woods. By the time she returned home, she was more at peace. The walk gave her the distance she needed to sort out her feelings.

The ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner echoed throughout the room. Elanie had been trying to write for the past three hours, but the words refused to come. She sat and stared at the blinking cursor on the blank screen. The brightness of the day had long faded and it was starting to get late. Michael was usually home by this time in the evening. Maybe he wasn't coming home. He had been so angry with her when he'd left... "Nope, I'm not going to do this," she scolded herself. "It's pointless." She pushed herself away from the desk and hurried into the kitchen to start dinner.

Elanie took great pride in creating meals that were appealing to the eye as well as delicious. She learned to cook as a child and had perfected the craft through the years. She knew Michael loved her spaghetti and hopefully a nice dinner would work to ease the tension between them. She put the sauce on to simmer while she carefully placed the meatballs in the hot frying pan. The meat sizzled, filling the kitchen with the delicious aroma of garlic and onions. Food had

always been one of her great loves. She enjoyed cooking as much as she did eating and that was saying a lot.

The silence in the house wore on her already frazzled nerves. Some music was just what she needed to lighten up. Elanie switched on the radio, flooding the room with upbeat sounds. “Much better,” she thought. She laughed as she turned up the volume and danced over to the refrigerator. She gathered the vegetables for the salad and tossed them on the counter, singing along with the radio as she washed the lettuce. She shredded it into the salad bowl and started on the carrots. Her favorite song came on the radio. Grabbing up a carrot, she broke into a bouncy rendition of *I Like Big Butts* and danced across the kitchen floor. Just as the song finished, she heard the applause behind her. Red-faced, she whirled around to see Michael standing in the doorway clapping his hands and rolling in laughter.

“I... didn’t,” she stammered, placing the carrot back on the counter, “uh ... didn’t hear you come in.” She could feel the heat rising in her face.

“Obviously not,” he laughed. “By all means, don’t stop on my account.”

She laughed and tossed a dishtowel at him. “You’re such a crud. How long have you been spying on me?”

“Oh, long enough to see you pop that fine ass of yours.” His laughter filled the room as he watched her squirm. He walked over to her wrapping her tightly in his arms. “Sexy as hell and

can cook too. I'm in heaven."

Elanie hugged him tightly. Searching out his mouth, she kissed him deeply. "Michael, about this morning," her voice trailed off as he hushed her with another kiss.

He grinned and kissed the tip of her nose. "Let's forget about this morning. We were both upset and things just got out of hand."

"I know, I haven't been able to concentrate all day. I hate it when we argue."

"Me too," he said. His face took on its usual animated expression as he added, "But I sure love what comes after."

"Oh and what's that?" she asked.

"Here, Let me show you."

Michael moved behind her, gently nipping at the sensitive spot behind her ear.

"Oh yeah," she moaned. "That does feel really nice."

"Just wait, it gets much better."

Michael slowly lifted her t-shirt, tossing it on the floor. He kneaded her heavy breasts while his lips moved down to her shoulder, nibbling and licking her warm softness. Elanie reached behind her, stroking the bulge in the front of his jeans.

“Oh God yes, all nice and hard just for me.” She rubbed his cock harder, feeling it swell beneath the palm of her hand.

He moaned and slowly lowered the sweats over her hips. His tongue followed the outline of her curves. She eased her feet out and quickly kicked them aside. Michael kept his mouth on her skin as he peeled off his own jeans.

“I want you so fucking bad,” he said through clenched teeth. He wound her hair around his hand, gently puling her to him. One arm went around her as his mouth sought out her tender shoulder, grating it with his teeth. He slid his hand between her legs, dipping his fingers into her fiery dampness.

“Yes, that’s it,” she hissed. “Stroke that pussy.” Elanie pushed her ass against his throbbing shaft. He pressed his hand against her back, bending her over.

“Oh my God Michael,” she screamed, wiggling her ass in front of him. “ Fuck me now. You know how I like it. I want it fast and hard.” She braced herself against the counter and spread her legs wide for him, letting him drive his cock deep inside her. He filled her with one quick, powerful thrust. Elanie screamed out in pleasure, grinding her ass against him. Her pussy

gripped him tightly, sucking him deeper with each thrust.

“Work that pussy for me,” Michael groaned. She matched his rhythm, sliding herself back and forth on his shaft. Their moans echoed throughout the room.

“Harder. Oh fuck yeah, that’s it,” she screamed. “It’s your pussy, show me how much you want it.” Her ass jiggled as he pounded her over and over. Elanie slipped into oblivion. Her blissful wails filled the air as her entire body surrendered in a wild eruption of pleasure.

“Oh my God, watching my cock slide in and out of you... Oh God, I’m gonna come.” He arched against her, filling her with his shattering release. His movement stilled. He clung to her hot body until he could breath again and then planted a kiss on her back before releasing her and stepping away.

She wrapped her arms around him, gently wiping the beads of sweat from his forehead and whispered, “That was amazing.”

“Good lord woman, are you crazy? You were incredible. You drove me nuts with all the dirty talk.”

“Well, thank you sir, but you know you make me want to talk that way.”

He laughed, smoothing back the wet strands of hair that fell in her face. “But now we

have another problem,” he said, pointing toward the stove. They burst into laughter as they looked at the blackened meatballs still cooking in the pan.

Chapter Six

I stand in the darkness and watch. I long to consume you, your body so plump and luscious, but I must wait. The timing must be right, so I step back into the shadows until my time has come.

Elanie had been at the museum all day trying to help them get ready for an opening. She was exhausted, but excited about spending the evening with Michael. Thing between them were a lot different than they had been two weeks ago when they had that horrible argument. Michael seemed to have a newfound patience with her work. She continued to make revisions to her story and he left her in peace. Everything went back to the way it used to be. They laughed and talked, even their lovemaking had a new passion to it. Things were looking up; just this morning he'd asked her for a romantic supper date tonight.

The house was eerily dark as Elanie walked toward the door. She pushed her key in the lock, but the door was already open. “That’s strange, I know I locked the door when I left,” she thought. “Oh well, maybe not.” Shrugging it off as a fluke, she headed on inside and closed the door. There was no sign of Michael. Elanie glanced at her watch. It was nearly six thirty; he should already be home. Looking around the room, she noticed a pad of paper standing on the hall table. “It must be a note from Michael,” she thought. She walked over and read it aloud.

“Honey, I’m sorry about our date, I have to work late tonight. I came home to let you know but you weren’t around. I promise to make it up to you soon. I’ve left a surprise for you upstairs. Love, Michael.”

Elanie massaged her neck, feeling the tension-knotted muscles. “Well, it was a nice idea,” she thought. The day had been overwhelming and she was exhausted. Her temples throbbed with a dull ache. All she wanted to do was relax in a hot bath. Tossing her jacket and bag on the chair, she trudged toward the staircase.

A provocative melody filled her ears as she climbed the stairs. The golden glow in the darkness enchanted her, urging her on. The music grew more distinct and the heady scent of jasmine surrounded her as she entered their room. A bank of candles sent soft beams of light dancing across the darkness. Moving into the glow, her eyes widened at the transformation of the familiar room. Shadows swayed in the pale light of votives scattered throughout the room. Their flames wavered in the gentle breeze of the ceiling fan slowly turning in the center of the room.

Walking deeper into the room, she followed the aromatic scent into the bathroom. It was also an erotic wonderland. Tiers of candles surrounded the huge tub, softly casting an amber glow about the room. Steam hovered above the foamy volumes of jasmine scented bubbles. She walked over to the tub deeply inhaling the tantalizing fragrance. He had thought of everything. On the counter, he'd placed the luxurious bath sheets she loved so much with another note that simply said, "Enjoy."

Michael could be so thoughtful sometimes. Elanie smiled to herself as she wriggled out of her work clothes, allowing them to crumple in a pile at her feet. She pulled her long, auburn hair loosely to the top of her head, fastening it with a large clasp. The cool breeze from the fan caressed her bare skin, coaxing her nipples into firm peaks. The tingling warmth of arousal surged through her body. She loved the freedom of being totally naked. This was the best surprise he could've given her.

She stepped into the steamy water, parting the white foam as she sank into it. The sensuous music playing softly in the background filled the room with a sultry ambiance. Sliding down in the tub, she gasped as the heat of the water enveloped her. She settled back, allowing her tired muscles to relax and unwind. Closing her eyes, her thoughts wandered aimlessly conjuring up lusty images.

The soothing water stroked her flesh as her long fingers brushed over her aching nipples. A low moan caught in her throat. She slid her fingers further down her stomach until she brushed

against the wet curls. Her body responded to the familiar touch, sending shivers of pleasure through her. Slipping easily between her plump lips, she flicked at the tiny bud. Fire crept through her veins as she slowly circled her clit. It throbbed beneath her touch. She adjusted the speed and pressure just the way she liked it. Her body filled with molten need. She spread her legs wider, accommodating her long fingers as she increased her speed. Her body stiffened as she cried out, overcome with the explosion of ecstasy. She relaxed in the tub, her body spent. The warm water ebbed over her and she slowly drifted off.

A strong arm wrapped itself around her from behind, jerking her back to reality. Sleep-dazed, she struggled against it, her heart pounding wildly. She couldn't get a foothold; the tub was too slippery. She had to get away. Elanie opened her mouth to scream, but it was too late. A handkerchief quickly covered her face. An iron hand clamped over her mouth and nose, holding the cloth firmly in place. She sank her nails deep into the hand, trying to pull it off her face — desperate to breathe. Her nostrils filled with a sickening sweet odor. She fought with all her might, thrashing her arms and legs. Water splashed out of the tub and onto the floor. She clawed at the arm that held her, but it only gripped her more tightly. Each attempt to scream forced more of that sickening aroma deep into her lungs. Her eyes lost focus; the room was spinning — getting darker. She was weakening. The arm was a vise holding her down in the tub. She couldn't fight any more; she gave up and let the blackness engulf her.

Chapter Seven

Standing in the shadows, I can see you, my beloved. It's erotic watching you explore your surroundings. I see the bewildered look on your face. Everything is foreign to you, even the outfit I've chosen. The gown does little for your warmth, but much for my own. The way it clings to your body—hugging every delicious curve is driving me wild. Soon you'll be more than warm enough, I'll make sure of that. I was afraid you'd wake too soon. Everything has to be right. I move further into the shadows. You can't know I'm here yet, there's one more step before we can move to the next level. I watch and wait, anxious to touch you again.

Elanie rubbed her eyes, adjusting to the dimness of the room. Where was she? She had no idea how she had gotten here, but she knew for certain she wasn't staying. She threw back the covers, attempting to get up. Her head quickly filled with a blinding pain as she slumped back onto the bed. The last thing she remembered was being in her tub, then someone grabbed her from behind. The memory of the sickening smell engulfed her. On second thought, maybe she should wait to try and escape. Keeping her wits was the only hope she had in leaving this place; timing would be essential.

She looked around the huge, dimly lit room that was currently her prison. Heavy dark colored draperies hung over the windows. Lovely flowers graced the tops of the antique furniture around the room; even the bed she was in was a work of art. The huge four-poster bed with its carved wooden posts spiraling high in the air, boasted the work of fine craftsmanship. She tried

to shake away the remnants of the drug-induced fog that clouded her mind. Why was she here?

Finally feeling composed; she rose from the huge bed. The gown she wore draped gracefully around her ankles. The coolness of the floor felt good against her bare feet. Glancing down, she saw a highly polished tile floor. She stared in wonder; everything was so beautiful, yet silent. There were no sounds in the house at all.

Elanie looked down at her own body, thoroughly confused; everything seemed foreign to her. Her eyes widened in disbelief at the reflection staring back at her in the antique mirror. She didn't recognize this person. Her long auburn hair was piled on top her head with curls cascading loosely around her face and shoulders. She casually moved a wisp of hair from her eyes that had fallen forward. Her eyes traveled over the expanse of her form. She turned side to side, admiring the image. She didn't own a gown like this; someone dressed her, but who?

The white gown plunged to a deep V at the waist, allowing her heavy breasts to spill from the top. She tugged at the material in an effort to cover herself, but it refused to budge. The fabric reconnected just below her breasts, then split all the way to the floor. The gown cradled her form, revealing most of her body while accentuating her large, round behind. A dark tuft of pubic hair stood out boldly against the stark white of the gown. She never wore anything this revealing, but she had to admit she liked the look. It made her feel shamelessly reckless and wicked.

Elanie walked over to the massive door and turned the knob, only to find it locked. She tugged at it fruitlessly; she wouldn't be leaving that way. She padded to the windows; maybe she

could get out that way. Pulling back the heavy draperies, she found an enormous window with thick, black, metal bars attached to the outside. The house was several stories high. All she could see was the countryside and a beautiful flower garden below. There would be no escaping this way either.

Somebody had gone to a lot of trouble to set this all up. Maybe it was just a dream — maybe she'd wake up soon and be in her own house. She ran her hand over the fullness of her exposed breasts; it didn't feel like a dream. She could feel the softness of her skin against her hand. At least that was a familiar feeling; she knew her body and how it felt when she touched it.

Elanie let the heavy, velvet curtain slip from her fingers. What was this place? There was no phone, no electricity—nothing to suggest modern conveniences, it was as if she had stepped back in time. She wasn't really afraid; the entire scenario was quite elaborate. In a way she felt like a fairytale princess, albeit a nearly naked princess. A chill ran down her spine, making her shiver —most likely caused by a mixture of the damp tiles and the skimpiness of her clothes.

The warmth of the bed enticed her. Wrapping the heavy covers around her body, her hand brushed against a cool glass surface. There on the bedside table sat a pitcher of water, but how? She hadn't seen it before. She stared into the darkness, scanning the room for signs of movement. She was so consumed with her thoughts she hadn't noticed anyone. Perhaps they had come and gone while she slept. There appeared to be no one else here now and she was terribly thirsty. She filled the glass and gulped down the cold liquid. Her thirst satisfied, she closed her eyes and lay back across the bed. She needed rest to plan her escape and collect her thoughts. She drifted into

a restless sleep; her dreams swirled with vague images.

Chapter Eight

I knew you would be difficult to handle without the effects of the drugs. You claw at my hands, struggling to get away. I can't let that happen. I wrap my arms around you, crushing you against me.

Elanie opened her eyes and looked around the dark room; several hours must have passed while she slept. The only light was that of a candle burning beside her bed. She lay there looking around the now familiar room. She spotted a tray on the bedside table. It had been a long time since she'd eaten and she was ravenous. A sandwich and a glass of wine replaced the water pitcher that was there before. She quickly consumed the food. She sipped the wine slowly while examining the dark room. There appeared to be no one else there. The only sound was that of her own breathing, but she knew someone else was here. Who was holding her captive? The drugs had left her groggy; she needed to rest. She sat down the plate and glass and lay back on the soft pillows to think about her situation.

A steady thud moving closer in the darkness interrupted her thoughts, snapping her back to reality. She bolted upright in the bed, her heart pounding with a mixture of fear and excitement. Soon she would see her captor! As she turned toward the sound, a silky fabric engulfed her face. She tried to scream, instinctively fighting to break free of this faceless stranger who had covered her head. She fought against him, but he held her tight, his arms folding around her like bands of steel. His masculine scent filled her being with each ragged breath. Struggling was useless; he was too strong. He purred seductively in her ear, willing her to trust him. The soothing sound of his voice was familiar, almost hypnotic. She surrendered to his will. Strong hands gently touched her shoulders as he fastened the hood around her neck. The scarf-like fabric felt luxurious against her skin, its sheerness allowing vague images to show through.

“Yes, that’s it, don’t be afraid, baby,” he whispered against the hood. “I’ll take care of you.”

She was intrigued. Anticipation replaced the fear she previously felt. Somehow she trusted him; she knew she was in no danger, but her mind whirled with questions. “Why am I here?”

“Shhhh,” he said touching a finger to her lips. “This is what you’ve always wanted, just relax and enjoy the ride. Everything is going to be all right.”

Taking her by the hand, he led her from the room. She had no choice but to trust him. He became her eyes, guiding her down the long, dark corridor.

They stopped abruptly as he guided her into a lighted room. She could scarcely make out something large in the center of the room. She turned her head from side to side, but all she could see were faint images. She slowed her steps, straining to see what lie ahead. Sensing her apprehension, he began talking to her again, his voice low and steady—she clung to his familiarity. Warm breath caressed her cheek as he asked, “do you trust me?”

Elanie slowly nodded her head and whispered, “Yes, I do trust you.”

So far, he had kept his word, he hadn't let any harm come to her and she believed he wouldn't. He led her to the center of the room. She reached out and felt the cool smoothness of leather. She felt strangely aroused; everything appeared so erotic—the way his hands touched her skin—the clinginess of her gown—the soft veil covering her face.

He turned her body to face him, lightly brushing his hand against her neck and over the back of her head. He kissed her gently through the sheer fabric covering her mouth. His deep voice whispered to her once again, "Trust me." Reaching behind her, he unfastened the gown. The fabric floated into a crumpled pile around her feet. She stood before him totally naked, her heavy breasts finally free. Instinctively, she covered herself. Grabbing her wrists firmly, he removed her hands.

"Don't cover yourself," he scolded, “there's nothing to be ashamed of.”

He took her fingers into his mouth and began to suck on them. One by one he sucked them, using her fingertips to trace the outline of his lips. His tongue felt good against her skin. He was a very skilled lover, sensuously taking the time to lick each finger and the palm of her hand deliciously. Her heart pounded with excitement.

He pulled her closer, sliding his hands slowly down her back and over her ass. The warmth of his breath caused her skin to tingle as he pressed his lips to her shoulder, gliding his tongue over her skin. Cupping her voluptuous breasts in his hands, his tongue searched out the peaks of rose-colored flesh. A deep groan rose from her throat as he slipped one inside his mouth. She raked her nails over his shoulders and across his bare chest. Reaching out, she rubbed him firmly through his jeans.

She stroked his cock as his tongue teased her nipples. His fingers darted between her legs, searching out her sticky sweetness. She groaned, stroking him harder, his cock straining against the confines of his clothes. He knelt down, pushing her legs apart with his knees, slipping his tongue inside to taste her. Elanie moaned with pleasure, entwining her fingers in his hair as he teased her. He nibbled and sucked the delicate folds of flesh into his mouth. His mouth went back and forth between her lips, his tongue parting them to lap at her clit. She fell against the table, her legs weak and trembling from desire. He clutched her ass tightly, shoving her pussy into his face, driving her mad with desire.

"Fuck me," she whispered hoarsely. "I want to feel you inside me"

He rose to his feet and whispered, "Soon, my pet, soon."

His mouth sought out her swollen breasts, taking a nipple between his teeth. Elanie arched at his touch. His mouth left her breast as he led her to the end of the huge table. Offering her his hand, she slowly climbed to the center.

"There," he said. "Just lie back and enjoy yourself."

Elanie lay back against the cool leather, her chest still heaving as she tried to catch her breath. He took her hands, one by one, and wrapped restraints around them, gently licking the insides of her wrists as he fastened them above her head. She could hear the clicking of his shoes against the floor as he walked to the other end of the table. He continued his work, gently lifting her foot and kissing the top of it. His tongue glided over her ankle as he fastened the restraints around her legs, first one, and then the other. Slowly and meticulously he teased her skin as he restrained her. He spread her legs wide, showcasing her most intimate depths. Climbing up beside her, he lapped at her wetness a final time before returning to where her head lay.

He kissed her on the cheek and whispered, "Enjoy, baby," then he walked away.

Chapter Nine

Elanie laid on the table, her pussy wet and aching. She wondered what was next. Her heart thudded heavily in her ears. She heard footsteps again and turned her head, trying to pinpoint the direction of the sound. All she could make out were forms —faceless, seemingly naked bodies moving toward her. There were six men entering the room in single file. She heard his commanding voice instructing the others.

He called out the orders brusquely, “I want you at her feet, two of you on her left side and the other two on the right. I’ll begin here at her head.”

She could hear the commotion of shuffling feet and whispers as the men took their places around her body. He cleared his throat and the room grew quiet as his now familiar voice filled the room, “These are the only instructions you will receive. You may do anything pleasurable to her that you wish. You can tease her, touch her, lick and suck on her. Feel free to have your way with her; there is only one rule: No matter how she begs or pleads, you will not, under any circumstances, touch her pussy; that honor is reserved for me alone.”

He leaned down, kissing her softly on the cheek. “Now it begins,” he whispered.

Elanie shuddered, feeling his breath on her skin as he kissed her neck and shoulders. His memorable masculine scent surrounded her, captivating her senses. While his tongue swirled over her velvety skin, other hands and fingers groped at various parts of her body. Her mind

whirled, losing all sense of rationality as her senses sprang to life.

The man at her feet plunged her toes into his mouth, darting his tongue between them. His greedy mouth licked and sucked on her toes and feet, as his hands slithered over her ankles. Her skin tingled as another set of hands touched her legs. Long, skillful fingers tantalized her inner thigh, lightly brushing close to her dampened curls. They teased her satin flesh unmercifully, tracing the creases between her legs. Their touches fanned the flames of passion to the depths of her being.

Elanie felt hot breath on her taut nipples, as another man teased them, gently biting and sucking her. His hands kneaded and stroked her plump breasts while his mouth tormented the sensitive, engorged peaks. A low moan escaped her lips. There were mouths everywhere at the same time. The sensations overwhelmed her, as she reeled with wanton pleasure.

The man with the voice was between her legs. Shoving his face into her dampness, he inhaled deeply, filling his nostrils with her intoxicating scent. “You’re pussy smells so sweet, let’s see if it tastes as good as it smells.”

His tongue traced the full expanse of her pussy as he spread her lips. She quivered as his tongue darted in and out, tasting her. His mouth sought out her clit. Taking her swollen bud between his lips, he lashed it rhythmically into hardness.

“Just as I thought, you taste like rich, creamy caramel.”

He continued to ravage her clit, pumping it in and out, sucking harder, and driving her wild. His tongue was like lightning; electricity ran through her body. Her muscles tensed; he knew she was teetering close to the brink of paradise.

"Please, oh God, please," she whimpered hoarsely.

He eased two fingers inside her, keeping the exact rhythm with his mouth; he fucked her with his hand. Elanie wailed like a wounded animal as he pushed her over the edge, her juices covering his face and hands. He mercilessly lapped at her pussy, as she thrashed beneath him.

Hands roamed over her body, each pleasuring her in ways she had only dreamed about. The men at her sides licked and sucked her breasts and stomach, invisible fingers torturing her deliciously. She shook with convulsions of ecstasy. Their touches sent pulsing waves to her very core that ached for completion. How much more she could stand? She wanted, no needed a cock buried deep inside her. Her body burned from within. She screamed out, begging for fulfillment. They continued to ravage her flesh, completely ignoring her plea.

She heard whispering around her. Suddenly she felt her feet rise into the air, lifting the lower half of her body off the table. The ropes connected to her restraints spread her legs wider than before. The touches and licks continued as her body moved into this new position. Calloused hands stroked her thighs, as unfamiliar cocks rubbed over her nipples. A hard cock rubbed over her face. She tasted the sticky wetness at the tip as he rubbed his hardness over her

lips. She sucked him as he guided his thick shaft into her mouth, greedily licking up his creamy sweetness.

Elanie felt the familiar hands between her legs as he relentlessly teased her pussy again. He now had an unhindered access to her ass. Spreading her apart with his hands, he slid his tongue from her clit back to top of her crack. His mouth devoured her, swirling his tongue over her puckered asshole. He forced his tongue inside, stretching the narrow passage of his assault. His thumb circled her clit as he pumped his tongue in and out of her ass. Elanie screamed out, her voice raspy with lust.

The cock at her face continued to caress her mouth and cheeks. He plunged into her mouth, sliding between her parted lips with a hungry urgency. Her captor continued his sweet invasion, engulfing himself in the drugging essence of her femininity. He slipped his tongue out of the tightness of her ass, clamping down on her swollen bud as she writhed beneath him in ecstasy.

Elanie lay quivering on the table, as if giving her a moment to catch her breath, the touching ceased. The room resounded with an eerie calm, then she heard the shuffling of feet. The silence lasted for a moment, broken by a muffled buzz—a sound she recognized. First one, then two, three, and so on until the whole room filled with the low buzzing sound. Suddenly there were vibrators all over her—teasing her nipples, her lips, her legs, the back of her thighs, and the part of her back that was exposed. The pulsations tantalized her glistening flesh, bringing her closer to release. Every nerve ending in her body tingled, the overload of sensation almost

unbearable.

Her captor continued to suck her tortured flesh, thrusting his fingers deep inside her pussy. She felt a vibrator slowly teasing her asshole as he coated her with slickness. He toyed with her, easing the tip in and out. The lube and her arousal quickly loosened the tight entrance. She gasped sharply as he filled her with the humming shaft, stretching the walls of the narrow passage. He held it still, giving her time to adjust to the new sensation. A groan of blissful agony ripped from her throat as she writhed beneath him. Another vibrator replaced his tongue on her clit. He rubbed his swollen cock against her slit, coating himself with her slippery wetness.

Elanie pulled at the restraints, her hips bucking wildly as her raspy demands filled the air. "Oh hell yes! Fuck me —fuck me right now," she screamed. Sweat trickled down her thighs, pooling under her back. The husky voice screaming out in passion was foreign to her ears.

Slowly pulling the vibrator from her ass, he returned his attention to her clit. He circled the sensitive nub with his fingers, coaxing it into glorious fullness before placing the vibrator directly on top of it. He held it there firmly while the flames of passion spread over her. Hands, fingers, mouths, cocks and vibrators all touched her at the same time. Elanie shuddered uncontrollably as the fire consumed her, pushing her over the edge. Her pussy ached —wanting and needing to be fucked. It opened and closed on its own accord, begging for completion, becoming its own entity. Her juices spilled over, flowing freely between her cheeks. She quivered as his ravenous tongue slipped between her cheeks again and again, lapping up her intoxicating sweetness.

The sound of grinding gears replaced the low muffled buzz in the room. Once again she was moving, this time her legs moved lower, toward her head. They were folding her in half. Her legs trembled from the strain of her position. The man with the voice sucked her clit into his mouth, his fingers slipping inside her pussy, first one, and then another. He explored her soft depths as his tongue lapped at her clit. Elanie struggled to breath, moaning and writhing with pleasure. His delicious mouth moved away from her pussy. He had pushed her past the point of no return. She wailed as she fought against the restraints forcing her hips upward, tormented and aching with need.

She felt his hands spreading her lips wide, making room for his engorged cock. He thrust into her ruthlessly, engulfing himself in her wetness. She whimpered as his shaft slammed deep inside her. His balls slapped hard against her ass. Pulling all the way out, he slowly teased her wet cunt, slipping his head just inside the entrance. Then he filled her fully with one deep thrust, sinking into her again and again. Her breasts bounced wildly as he ravaged her pussy. She thrashed beneath him, barely clinging to the edge of rapture. His cock bucked inside her as he arched his body. He jerked violently, screaming out her name as he coated her insides, branding her with his hot cum. Elanie arched upward, growling and screaming out in frenzied release. Her muscles clamped down, locked him tightly inside while she shuddered with clenching spasms. Overwrought with emotion, the hot tears rolled down her face. She sobbed uncontrollably. She was both physically and emotionally exhausted.

He spoke a few words and it was over as quickly as it began. She heard the others leave

the room as her feet and legs slowly returned to the table. He slid up beside her, tenderly soothing her cries as he removed the restraints from her hands. Her arms encircled his neck. Their sweat soaked bodies clung together as his trembling fingers removed the hood from her face. He captured her lips in a sweet embrace, gently brushing the tears from her face.

She looked at him as he released her lips. Her eyes widened in surprise. “What the —it’s you,” she stammered, “but how ...

Chapter Ten

Elanie sat up on the leather table and wiped her eyes. “All this time it was you.”

“Yep, it’s me,” Michael’s eyes danced with mischief as he smiled obviously amused with the utter shock on her face. He brushed damp curls from her face before reclaiming her soft, pink lips in a lingering kiss. “I love you so much,” he whispered.

Their sweat soaked bodies glistened in the light, as she moved closer, draping her leg over him. They struggled to regain control of their ragged breath and pounding hearts. Elanie looked deeply into the loving face, running her fingers through his hair. Her mind raced with questions that needed answers. She broke the silence that lay between them.

“I can’t believe you did all this —the house, the clothes, the capture, and I never suspected a thing,” she said.

“I did it all for you.”

“I don’t understand though, how did...”

“How did I know?” he interrupted.

“Yes,” she nodded. “How did you know about all this?”

His face grew pale as he lowered his head. “I don’t know any way to say this, except to just say it.” His voice trembled, unsure of the outcome of his confession. “I’m ashamed to admit it, but I read your story and...”

“You what?” Elanie couldn’t believe her ears. She felt her face grow warm with embarrassment. He read her deepest fantasy...hell more than read it; they had just reenacted it. She couldn’t be angry with him, he was responsible for the most mind-blowing experience she

had ever had. She was more confused than anything. “How could you have read my story?”

“I was so upset after the argument, I came home to talk, but you weren’t there. I was desperate. I had to find you so we could talk everything out. While searching for your calendar, I accidentally bumped the monitor, causing it to pop on. Naturally I glanced up at the light, the words were right there. Not realizing what it was, I started reading. The words... your words, captured me and swept me into the story. I couldn’t stop reading; it was as if the damn thing bewitched me. When I realized what I had done, I left, afraid I had destroyed the trust between us. I was totally distraught, feeling I had betrayed you, and yet I couldn’t get the story out of my mind. I drove around for hours trying to clear my head, but it was no use, the words haunted me, sucking me deeper into the fantasy. I could see the entire scenario playing out in my mind and it drove me wild. I knew I had to act on it. It was fate. I thought about what you had written, the real meaning behind the story and knew why you didn’t want me to see the story. What I couldn’t figure out is why you didn’t think you could share this with me.”

She tilted her head, looking deeply into his eyes as she spoke softly. “Michael, I was so afraid you wouldn’t understand, or somehow think I wasn’t satisfied with you; that has never been the case. I love you with all my heart. You’re my friend, my lover, and my companion. I can’t imagine being with anyone else. It’s just in real life I’m always in control. I’m an aggressive woman, both in and out of the bedroom; the fantasy was all about losing that control. I didn’t know how to explain that to you, so I wrote the story as a way of expressing those feelings. I never meant to shut you out. I just had to get it down. The story consumed all my thoughts. I had hoped writing it would ease my mind and give me some peace. It all sounds pretty crazy

now, I'm not even sure if it makes sense, but I'm sorry for not sharing it with you. At the time, I just didn't feel I could."

"Elanie, you are the most important thing in the world to me. Well of course it makes sense. I'm just sorry I made you feel that way. I'd never intentionally make you feel you couldn't come to me with anything, no matter what." Brushing a curl from her eyes, Michael grinned at her before adding, "Especially hot, sexy fantasies like this."

Elanie laughed. "You're such a horn dog," she said, swatting at him playfully.

He laughed, dodging her hand. "I can't help it, you make me that way." His expression grew serious as he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her closer. "Promise me one thing," he whispered softly.

"Anything," she said.

"No more, secrets. Whatever comes along, promise me we'll always work it out between us. I love you for who and what you are and there's nothing that can change that."

She snuggled up to him, laying her head on his chest. "I promise."

THE END