

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

RED
GARNIER

SPIN
DEVIL

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorasave.com

Spin Devil

ISBN 9781419910838

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Spin Devil Copyright © 2007 Red Garnier

Edited by Kelli Kwiatkowski

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication May 2007

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

Content Advisory:

S - ENSUOUS

E - ROTIC

X - TREME

Ellora's Cave Publishing offers three levels of Romantica™ reading entertainment: S (S-ensuous), E (E-rotic), and X (X-treme).

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. This story has been rated E-rotic.

S-ensuous love scenes are explicit and leave nothing to the imagination.

E-rotic love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination, and are high in volume per the overall word count. E-rated titles might contain material that some readers find objectionable – in other words, almost anything goes, sexually. E-rated titles are the most graphic titles we carry in terms of both sexual language and descriptiveness in these works of literature.

X-treme titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Stories designated with the letter X tend to contain difficult or controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

SPIN DEVIL

Red Garnier

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Frisbee: Wham-O, Inc.

Chapter One

It had been four years.

The six friends had parted ways after college with a last night of drinks, dancing and sex. Cleo Sonterra remembered the night full well, for it was the night she and David had made love after months of flirting, taunting and teasing. He'd made love to her in his dorm room, in a small ruffled bed, with the lights turned off. Cleo had expected him to be thorough and tender, but in reality he'd been shaky, clumsy and too drunk to think coherently. Her lack of enthusiasm hadn't helped matters much, and that was only because she'd been thinking of someone else entirely—someone she *shouldn't* have been thinking of at that moment.

It was the first time Cleo and David had sex—and the last.

It had been a night such as this, friends gathered out on the beach with a bonfire that blazed high and mighty toward the dark skies. Tonight there was no massive fire except for the flames blazing in the six pairs of eyes present, and that was merely a reflection of the flickering orange lights from the dozens of steel lanterns scattered over the sand.

They sat in a circle on thick old blankets strewn around the sand, the lulling sound of the ocean's waves crashing against the shore a very distant second to the loud sounds of their laughter. Several yards behind them stood the two-story contemporary beachfront house where Jason now lived. His home encompassed a good stretch of beach on the east coast of Florida.

The six friends were playing an old college game, this time with a plush red devil—complete with pitchfork and tail—that Luella had brought from Los Angeles. It was a strange little toy, covered in smooth, shiny red satin and a bit too heavy for its size, with

dark, beady eyes that seemed to stare right through you. Despite the toy's strangely unsettling appearance, all of the friends had been more than willing to give it a spin.

So the devil had replaced the bottle, and the truths and dares had become extreme and, yes, devilishly sinful. This was no longer a game played by college students. It was a game played by consenting adults who were very drunk...and maybe just a little horny.

Personally, Cleo had had her reservations about attending the reunion. First and foremost because she had no desire to see their group "leader", a man with absolutely no affection for her – and one with no scruples, either. Sebastian Russo cheated at cards, lied at his leisure, stole to prove that he could, smoked, drank, cursed and whored to his liking. He had always teased and taunted Cleo mercilessly for being what he considered a "damned prude" – as if he were an authority on the subject, when he had zero principles to speak of. He clearly couldn't comprehend why Cleo preferred to cuddle at home with a book rather than get drunk every single day – like *he* usually did. And although her friends, Luella and Haley, didn't drink that often either, Sebastian would *only* tease Cleo about it.

Yet no matter how much she dreaded facing him, Cleo missed her friends as much as she missed her college years. Every moment they'd shared – the tender, the wild, the sad, the first and the last. Luella and Haley had even threatened to fly up to Seattle and haul her down to Florida if she didn't get her butt down here to their reunion.

"You *have* to come. We all want to see you, we really miss you, sweetie," Luella had said on the phone a few weeks ago. "Even all the guys have been wanting to know if you're coming...well, except Bas, but you know how he is."

Of course Cleo knew how he was, and just knowing he probably didn't *want* her to go, because to him she was just a "damned prude" who would only spoil his fun, Cleo decided she *had* to go. She couldn't – and wouldn't – let the fear of facing one man keep her from enjoying a lovely reunion with the rest of her friends.

When Cleo first arrived at Jason's place, she'd felt awkward and shy, noting how each of her friends had grown during the past years. All of them looked more mature, the years gone by somehow etched in their brows, the spark of experience glimmering in their eyes. But now, hours later, she gazed at each of them while they drank and smoked and dared and laughed, and realized that time had not changed them. They were still the dear, reckless friends she'd known before.

Jason was still as handsome as she remembered, with his tanned jock's body and regal blond hair. He played professional golf now and she'd often seen his familiar face on TV, brow usually furrowed in concentration as he focused on his swing. Jason rarely found fault in anything, and his easygoing, carefree manner accounted for the dozens of times someone had pulled him aside to spill his or her guts to him, treating him like a shrink. Jason didn't mind at all. In fact, he seemed to enjoy having an excuse to laze around quietly and do nothing more than nod.

Being his complete opposite and a man who inspired nothing but shivers, Sebastian Russo was as dark as night, and as reckless and rude as ever. For some cruel reason the years had only enhanced his masculinity, something he seemed blatantly aware of—and which he used to his advantage. His eyes, those coal-black eyes, hawk-like and narrowed under the vicious slashes of his eyebrows, served as weapons to issue unspoken threats and bend his targets to his will—be they man or woman. There was strength in his face, in his brow, in the straightness of his nose and the firmness of jaw, as if he'd been cast in iron—which could account for his seeming inability to smile or grin or laugh.

He wore his thick mass of silken black hair longer now, falling past his ears with a light curl at the ends. His hair and his luscious full lips were his mildest characteristics—though not necessarily the least threatening. The truth was, just by sitting there, Sebastian managed to engulf the space surrounding him like a black hole—consuming and overpowering everything around him. Cleo had no idea what he

did for a living but she imagined it was something that fit his vicious black heart. Maybe even killing for hire.

Then there was David—tall, distinguished-looking David, who was a man with ideals, with goals. A man known throughout college for his kindness and sensitivity as well as for his hard work and ambition. No matter how big a salary he was earning on Wall Street, he still looked every bit the studious, clean-cut frat guy Cleo had always known. Of course, he'd grown even more gorgeous during the years, his sculpted face now firmer, stronger, having lost some of the boyish qualities that Cleo had found so attractive when they'd met during their first year at college.

Next was Luella, who'd highlighted her light brown hair with silky blonde streaks. Though she now looked every inch the bombshell with her new boobs, she was still the same foul-mouthed smoker Cleo knew so well. Enjoy life to its fullest was Luella's motto. There was probably nothing she wouldn't try and no feat too impossible for her to tackle. Even if it *was* impossible, she'd never let that keep her from trying. She worked in real estate now and she sometimes slept with her clients to celebrate a purchase, so she thought her job was "fucking great".

Then came the spirited, talkative Haley, a recently confessed fashion freak since she'd lost a few pounds. Now her body, although petite, was curvaceous and enticing, her long, wavy hair blazing red under the glow of the flickering lantern lights. She was a publicist at a tobacco company and had brought free smokes for them all—which had been, for the most part, consumed by Sebastian.

And finally Cleo. Shy, sweet Cleo, who wore the same solid, conservative dresses she used to wear—the ones that hid her uncomfortable C-cup breasts rather well—and her shiny black hair in the usual neat bun at her nape.

Unlike Haley and Luella, Cleo disliked colorful, revealing clothes, and because they were so uncomfortable and impractical, she religiously stayed away from high heels. She preferred flat, pretty sandals. Rather than wear heavy makeup, she used gloss on her lips and a natural blush to add color to her cheeks. Her face was too doll-like to

accept much makeup anyway. Her lips were heart shaped, small and pouty, while her eyes were big, dark brown in color, framed by rows of eyelashes Luella and Haley had repeatedly sworn they'd kill for. Her hair was long, though she rarely wore it loose, and it was so dark it made her skin look even fairer, a porcelain white that was unfortunately much too sensitive to see the sun for long.

None of her friends had ever been bothered by her plain appearance except *him*. His face had turned into a dark, unyielding mask of disapproval the moment she stepped on the beach. And if she thought she'd be able to see him again without being the least bit affected, she'd been sorely mistaken.

She'd had two beers up until now, only because the occasion warranted she drink something, while the rest of her friends had had dozens, and it was hard to keep from smiling at their antics and their dares. The retirement home where she worked seemed worlds away from here, her drunken friends proving a stark contrast to the solemn, somber old people she looked after. When they misbehaved, the old people smuggled chocolates into the home and played harmless pranks on some of the nurses, while her friends...were another story.

"Okay, spin it!" Luella called.

Needing no more prodding, Jason took the devil between his thumb and forefinger and with a flick of his wrist sent it spinning over a large Frisbee they'd set on the sand in the center of the circle. It suddenly stopped, the pitchfork pointing straight at Sebastian, the tail at Cleo. Cheers erupted, yet Cleo couldn't help but feel rather nervous.

"Sebastian, it's time to pay the rent, old boy," Luella said with a wicked smile twitching her lips.

"Come on, Cleo, give him a good one," someone encouraged.

Smiling shakily, Cleo looked into Sebastian's deep black eyes. He sat with one leg folded and an arm resting on top of his knee, a cigarette clasped tightly between his

thumb and forefinger. His blue jeans were old, faded white over his thighs, and his dark brown leather jacket was slightly torn at the elbows.

Cleo was grateful that she was able to keep her voice steady, since she'd always seemed to have trouble speaking directly to him. "Truth or dare, Sebastian?"

His smile was slow and lazy. "Dare. Of course."

Everyone laughed and Cleo glanced around the circle, her brain racing with thoughts. How did one dare a man who feared nothing? How did one dare a reckless, crazed man who acted like he had a death wish?

The cigarette blazed bright red as Sebastian took a drag, his eyes narrowed above the billow of smoke. It was impossible to dare the devil himself, so she just said the first thing that came to mind. "I dare you to...kiss Luella. On the mouth."

His chest heaved when he grunted. "Is that the worst you can do, Cleo?" He flicked his cigarette into the air. He looked like the devil incarnate, and though they'd all been friends, Cleo had always been secretly afraid of him – because he had the power to hurt her. And he always did.

David laughed beside her. "That really sucked, Cleo."

"Not for *me* it doesn't suck! *Thank you, sweetie!*" Luella said excitedly, sinking the bottom of her beer into the sand before she turned to Sebastian next to her.

Sebastian faced Luella with a wan, lazy smile, so sure of himself and his disgustingly potent sex appeal. He looked casual and confident, as if he did this sort of thing every day, which was probably a correct assumption.

Cleo watched as his big tanned hands cupped Luella's cheeks and he bent forward to kiss her. No matter how many times Cleo had watched Sebastian kiss someone – which at college had been more times than she'd cared to count – it never failed to shock her. His victims always unfailingly reacted the same way – in a way Cleo thought the feminists in the country would greatly disapprove.

It was as if he hypnotized them, and within seconds they would be limp in his arms and breathing fast and furiously. He, on the other hand, would drop his hands as if he'd finished doing something as mundane as brushing his teeth, and look as unmoved as a mountain during a storm.

Cleo had thought about this repeatedly during the years. Although Sebastian's eyes were enough to send a woman running for cover, she wondered what it was about his mouth and those strong, powerful lips that could melt almost anything they touched.

Luella was no exception to this power, and by the time the kiss ended she was limp and flushed and gasping for air. Cleo, meanwhile, fought with her own share of emotions, among the fiercest—one she hadn't felt in exactly four years—was envy. The sick, green slime was slowly winding its way through her veins like poison.

Sebastian turned to look at Cleo and she felt even more agitated by his stare. A winged black eyebrow rose in inquiry. "There. Does that suit you, Sister Cleo?" There was no mistaking the mockery in his voice.

Everyone laughed at his words except Haley, who said, "You're always such a jerk, Bas."

Luella was too busy struggling to breathe to even notice.

While Cleo...she was used to his insults. And she had never been frontal about her defense.

This was not the time to do things differently.

She tried unsuccessfully to swallow back a lump of thick saliva stuck in her throat, rendering her speechless. At one point during her college years Cleo had wished she had the balls to tell Sebastian up front what she thought of him and his mockeries, but she was unfortunately a traditional woman, and she had *no* balls.

"I need another vodka," Luella mumbled, still visibly shaken by Sebastian's kiss.

Haley reached for the plush devil toy to spin it once again. Silence befell as they all watched it twirl around and then stop, the tail to Jason, the pitchfork to Haley.

Jason chuckled wickedly, his eyes narrowing at her. "Truth or dare, babe?"

"Dare!" Haley shouted in a burst of enthusiasm.

"That's what I'd hoped." Jason took a swig of his beer and watched her through lowered lashes for several long, endless seconds. "I want you, Haley, very slowly...very gently...to pucker up those lips of yours...bend down...and *kiss my ass, baby!*"

"Eeeew," Haley said, her face contorted with disgust.

Everyone hooted with laughter until Haley stood up and mumbled a curse on her way to where Jason was now standing, midway in the process of dropping his pants.

"You are so gross, Jason," Luella said, and yet out of sheer morbid curiosity, she kept her eyes glued to his pale white buttocks as Haley bent down to kiss them.

The moment Haley pressed her lips to his butt, Jason made a lascivious face. "Oh yeah, yeah, lick it baby, suck it baby, yeah." Haley smacked her hand on the side of his ass to silence him.

Jason's eyes widened. "Hey, I kinda liked that. Can you do it again?"

"You're so funny, Jason," Haley said, all sarcasm as she pulled away from him and headed to sit next to Luella, glowering the whole time. Her cheeks were flushed and though she was scowling, there was an indisputable spark of heat in the depths of her eyes.

"You can't say you didn't like it, Haley," Jason said, the image of solemnity as he zipped up his pants.

"I did not." Haley brushed the back of her hand over her lips to prove it, making Jason laugh.

"You did too."

"If I get to dare you, you're going to have to kiss mine!" she threatened.

"Gee, I would love to."

"Okay, let's keep this shit moving," Luella said, bored already, since she was the kind of person who got extremely bored when she wasn't the center of attention. Before

anyone could reply, she spun the devil once more. Cleo swallowed hard when it stopped – the pitchfork staring her in the face, the tail toward Sebastian.

A rope of fear stretched in her insides and coiled around her heart like a noose.

She didn't dare lift her gaze.

"Truth or dare, Cleo?" Sebastian's voice was soft as the breeze itself.

Every time he spoke her name she wondered why it should sound like an indecent proposal. Everything about him, even the way he spoke, distressed her somehow.

"Dare." She didn't think twice. It simply had to be dare. If she opted for truth, he'd want to know private things, personal things, and Cleo would rather die than confess anything about her life to her longtime tormenter.

"Are you sure you want me to dare you, Cleo?"

His voice was low, and Cleo finally forced her gaze to meet his. He was probably enjoying every second of this, the jerk. It seemed like he lived only to taunt and tease her mercilessly, but she couldn't let him know how he affected her. She was certain that casual coolness was the smartest way to go. "Of course. You don't scare me, you big bully," she teased, grateful for the fact that she sounded more convincing than she felt.

His smile was wicked, as if he were enjoying a private little joke. Which she next learned, he actually was.

"I dare you to let me fuck you any way I want to."

Chapter Two

Cleo froze for a whole minute, uncertain if he was toying with her or serious. His expression was unreadable, his jaw set firmly. Cleo was certain she heard a thump when her heart dropped to her toes.

"I'll fuck you Bas," Luella instantly volunteered.

Sebastian's magnetic black eyes didn't flicker from Cleo's face, now growing whiter by the second. "Thanks baby, but I want Cleo."

At the moment, Cleo's main mission in life was to not die of asphyxiation. Her throat was closed and dry and she felt lightheaded and nauseous from lack of oxygen. She drew in a small little breath while her mind reeled with thoughts. Bad boy, mean-looking, cussing, drinking, whoring Sebastian wanted *her*. He could have—no, he *had* had—every available female, student *and* faculty, on the University of Miami campus. Why he had chosen her as his little private sex toy, not the siren Luella or the spirited Haley, was as inexplicable to Cleo as why her pulse had quickened at his words.

"You're...you're joking," Cleo said when she was finally able to speak. And though she'd hoped it wouldn't, her voice shook drastically. This *had* to be one of thousands of Sebastian's demeaning, not-funny-at-all, revolting little jokes.

"I'm very serious, Cleo."

He said it so calmly, so casually, as if all he had to do was ask and he'd have any woman for the taking. He didn't seem to know for some reason that Cleo was *not* his toy and that she was *not* a whore.

If Cleo wanted to hone her self-assertion skills, now was a good time to do so.

She shook her head firmly, not caring if she was breaking some unmentionable rule of this stupid, silly game. She was not going to participate in anything like this, *especially* if it involved Sebastian Russo. "No," she said.

“No?”

“No, Sebastian,” she repeated.

Sebastian looked only mildly concerned and with his eyes still fixed on hers, commanded, “Hold her, guys.”

The guys obeyed him as if he were the boss of them, as if he were the king and they his subjects, leaving Cleo completely speechless as David clasped one of her wrists and Jason forced the other behind her back. “What are you doing?” she screeched, fighting to free herself, only to have them both none-too-gently lock her arms behind her. Jason winked at her, as if this were all just fun and games. Jason thought *everything* was fun.

“It’s no use fighting, Cleo. You wanted a dare. You got it.” Rising to his full six feet, two inches of intimidating body mass, Sebastian crossed the circle toward her with a wide, pleased smile on his lips.

“No,” Cleo said, trying to break free from her captors. “No. Let me go. This is not funny.”

“It’s not meant to be funny.” Sebastian’s voice was dry and humorless.

Wide-eyed, she watched him approach, as big and dark as a shroud of blackness. Cleo felt like a virgin girl about to be sacrificed to the Lord of Hell. He walked toward her deliberately, slowly, as if he wanted to punish her, make her suffer with every step he took. The lone diamond earring he wore in his left ear sparkled blindingly in the lantern light. She wanted to tear it away and fling it at him, see if she could wipe that infernal smirk off his face. Her pulse drummed against her temple, making her head pound, nearly deafening her.

“You’ve always been a chickenshit, haven’t you, Cleo?”

“No, Sebastian,” she said firmly, her eyes blazing as she met his steely black gaze.

“Let her go, Bas, she doesn’t want you—but don’t worry. *I do,*” Cleo heard Luella say. Her voice sounded oddly distant, as if Luella were speaking from somewhere else, somewhere far away.

Sebastian's gaze bored into hers, bottomless and fierce. And when he spoke, she knew his words were meant for her only. "Of course she wants me. She's always wanted me."

"That's not true!" Cleo cried.

David snorted beside her and Cleo whipped her face sideways to look at him. "David?" she asked breathlessly.

David shook his head, smiling. "That's bullshit, Cleo," he said.

Jason bent forward to look at her, his eyes sparkling with mirth and lust. "Come on, Cleo baby. You've been at each other's throats for years. Give him a break and just admit it."

"I won't admit anything!" she cried, turning to Sebastian, her chest heaving, her eyes shooting daggers at him. "I won't take my clothes off, Sebastian. I won't do it."

"That's all right. I think I can dispense them without your assistance." With little effort he tore her cotton sundress, ripping the fabric off her body as she cried out a protest and struggled to free herself. From afar, Haley and Luella also protested, too drunk to think coherently or understand the *real* issue here, instead shouting something about expensive women's clothes and how Sebastian ought to pay for that.

When Cleo almost yanked her shoulders out of their sockets from her efforts, she stilled her arms and thrust her legs into the air, kicking wildly, shrieking while Sebastian, deftly avoiding her blows, reached for her panties and tore them off her like paper. Cleo cursed both him *and* his bitch of a mother and he seemed amused by that as he reached for her bra, the last shred of cloth that covered her. The sound of the fabric tearing echoed in the night, until a deathly silence befell and all they could hear were the ragged sounds of Cleo's breathing as she went completely still, fully naked now, her body exposed to the sky and wind like an offering.

"Shit, will you look at the size of those tits!" Jason said beside her.

Gasping for breath, Cleo fought to free herself once more. "Let go of me!" she screeched.

The men yanked her arms farther behind her, their fingers digging into the tender flesh of her wrists as they forcefully stilled her.

Sebastian's eyes roved over her body in a silent caress that heated the insides of her treacherous body like a forest fire running out of control. Her body shook with wanting but Cleo knew better. The last time her body begged for chocolates she'd given in – and ended up red and bloated with allergies for weeks. She wasn't about to listen to its demands now, not now when it had *no* idea what was good for her.

"My God, you're beautiful." Sebastian choked on the words, his gaze greedily absorbing every detail of her body. She could swear his eyes touched her, for she could feel them brushing over her hot, fevered skin with the gentleness of a feather.

Beside her, David and Jason looked at their leisure, their gazes shining with lust at the sight of her ripe, round breasts.

"I could suck those babies forever," Jason mumbled.

"Sebastian," Cleo begged softly, her eyes pleading with his. "Please don't."

Something flickered in his eyes, something dark and haunting. "Save the begging for later, beautiful. And stand up so I can look my fill."

"No!" she squealed, even as she was hauled upright by her captors.

Cleo felt her legs tremble beneath her and found she could only remain on her feet because of David's and Jason's support. Sebastian circled her, his eyes missing nothing. She yelped when he slapped a hand to her buttock, bouncing her muscle with the hit and making her skin sting afterward.

"Hmm. Nice."

He smacked her other buttock with a harsh slap and she bit her lower lip to muffle the whimper that came. His finger dipped into the crevice between her cheeks, up and down, slowly following the curve of her rump, and Cleo swore she would faint.

Then Sebastian resumed his circling once again, his steps painfully slow as he walked around her.

Cleo's eyes landed on the plush red devil that lay untouched on the sand a few feet away from her. It was as if the thing had possessed them. That harmless little toy had turned this game into a nightmare.

"Look at me."

Cleo gritted her teeth, refusing to look at Sebastian, instead keeping her gaze fixed on the toy devil, the least menacing of the two. At least *that* devil wasn't a hypocrite. At least that devil carried its pitchfork and tail and didn't pretend to be something it wasn't, while Sebastian sometimes did, and it was cruel.

Cleo remembered many times – too many to forget, even though she'd tried – when Sebastian had been good to her. He'd hugged her when she'd missed an exam, kissed her temple oh-so softly. Studying had been of utmost importance to Cleo and he'd occasionally let her cry about her college tragedies in the comfort of his arms. And yet after every one of these surprising, unexpected moments, he would transform in the blink of an eye and become...mean. He would then mock her, tease her, sneer at her, making the memories of those too-brief tender moments as painful as his taunts.

He'd even danced with her once. Sebastian despised dancing, but he'd done so because she was the only girl at the party sitting down lonely and with a lump in her throat...

When the song started, Cleo held Sebastian nearly at arm's length, keeping a safe distance between them, like she'd do with anyone else. But he wasn't anyone else. He was Sebastian Russo, and he immediately protested, a low vibration rumbling in his chest as he grabbed her waist and pulled her forward. "Please don't, Bas," Cleo said shakily, but he pressed her to him anyway, despite the slight push of her palms at his shoulders.

He was taller by at least a head, and far bigger and stronger. His grip was not in the least bit gentle and she shouldn't have been aroused by the harsh, possessive way he held her waist. But it did arouse her. Uncomfortably, embarrassingly so.

Cleo kept her eyes averted, taking care to look at the couples dancing beside them instead. Just being near him made her feel needy and she had to check back the impulse to cling to his massive, hard male body as it soothingly rocked against hers.

"Put your arms around me, Cleo," she heard him say. His voice, so near, so husky, moved her more than any love song ever could. It made her sex tingle and for that disturbing feeling alone, she locked her arms straight and pushed back slightly, needing to put more space between them. Space to breathe.

"I'm fine, thank you," she said, keeping her arms stiff on his shoulders, her eyes roaming. "Thanks for dancing with me. I know you didn't really want to."

"Stop looking at everyone else and look at me."

Cleo had to quickly come up with a plausible excuse for avoiding his gaze, so she said, "I was just wondering where Luella and Haley are. Do you see them?" Glancing past his shoulder, she busily studied the crowd.

"Cleo." Lean, muscled arms slid around her waist, yanking her body closer to his at the same time he bent his head and whispered, "Come here."

At the unexpected flood in her panties and the sudden racing of her heart, Cleo's instincts told her to step back. When she tried, his arms tightened around her, causing all sorts of whirlwinds inside her while she kept her eyes away from his face and her palms pushing at his chest. She started to babble. "Look, there's Mrs. Schmidt – did you ever take classes with her? She's such a good teacher...but I don't think I see Luella or Haley anywhere. Where could they be?"

Every muscle in his body suddenly turned to stone and he stopped dancing completely. "It's no fucking wonder no one wants to dance with you, Cleo."

He said it so stiffly his lips hardly moved when he spoke. Cleo didn't know why he should be angry – she'd been nothing but nice. She was always nothing but nice to him.

She stared at his lips, her stomach clenching horribly. "Why do you always have to insult me, Bas?" she whispered, hating that her voice broke.

He gripped her chin and forced her to meet his gaze, his eyes glowing with anger. "Go and find your friends."

Cursing under his breath, he left her alone in the middle of the dance floor and headed off to dance with another. With a woman Cleo hated right then and there, a whore he fairly made love to on the dance floor, right in front of her eyes. And his eyes sought out hers in a silent dare, in defiance, as the woman rubbed her scantily clad body against his very notorious erection. His eyes, those cruel, piercing black eyes, remained fixed on Cleo as he roamed his hands freely over inches and inches of soft, supple female flesh. Those same strong, calloused hands that only moments ago had touched and melted her suddenly cupped that whore's rump and pressed her to him, his beautiful dark head bending forward as his thick, magnificent lips swooped down to capture hers.

Cleo had wanted to die.

"I said look at me, Cleo."

Cleo's mind snapped back to the present. How many times had he spoken those very same words to her? Dozens, maybe even hundreds of times. She was certain if he asked her to disappear completely it would have been a far easier request.

Gathering her courage, she slowly looked up at him and shuddered at the darkness of his eyes. The flickering lantern light from below etched his features into hard planes of light and shadows. He looked unyielding and vicious and frightening.

"You should have chosen truth."

Cleo drew in a deep, audible breath at the direct contact of his hand on her skin when he cupped her hip. "But I'm glad you didn't." He slid his hand up to her ribs and ran his thumb along the bottom curve of her breast. "You're really going to get it this time, Cleo." His free hand grasped her jaw, his thumb and fingers digging into her cheeks as he squeezed, forcing her lips into a pout. "And you're going to get it from me."

He sounded crazed, angry – desperate.

He kissed her forcibly, his lips covering the plump flesh of her pouted lips, kept open only by the force of his grip on her cheeks. He thrust his tongue inside her mouth and Cleo swayed backward, only to be steadied by a pair of hands on her elbows. His tongue ravaged her, and when she heard the sounds of his deep, haggard breathing, she knew with frightening certainty that one way or another he would take her tonight. The thought made her heart leap, whether in fright or inexplicable thrill, she didn't know.

Sebastian pulled away from her, panting hard and visibly straining to recover.

For many reasons – one very important one in particular – Cleo wanted to scream at him. She'd never done anything to him, had never done anything to anyone. Why did he hate her? Why did he want to punish her, hurt her?

She'd *loved* him, damn him. Desperately so. Despite how he'd hurt her, humiliated her, laughed at her. It shamed her to admit it, even to herself. It had taken her almost four years to forget him, to pick up the pieces of her battered, sorry little heart.

"Lie down, Mother Cleo," he sneered, slamming his eyes into lethal slits. "And open your legs."

Cleo knew that begging him would be like fueling his hatred, nurturing this sick, festered need of his to humiliate her. So instead she turned to Jason, met his deep blue eyes with her own.

"Jason please...let me go."

"It's just a game Cleo, just relax," Jason said with a smile.

"No, it's not!" she yelled.

She turned to David, her former study companion and one of only two men in her entire life who'd held her naked in his arms. "David, please!"

David's dark brown eyes slowly studied her features. "I'll stop this, Cleo. If you really mean it, I will. But we both know you don't, do you?"

Cleo lowered her eyelashes, not bearing to look at him. David knew, of course. He *knew*. That last night in college, Cleo had spoken someone else's name when David had

made love to her. It had been just a whisper, almost painful to speak aloud, but by the way he had stiffened she knew he had heard it clearly. Cleo was *still* embarrassed about it, and she still wanted to believe she hadn't spoken that name out loud in an intimate moment.

Her voice broke. "David, I just—"

"Zip it you three!" Sebastian thundered. "Sit down and open your legs for me, Cleo. I'm coming in...and I'm coming inside you."

"You bastard!" she screeched furiously, wanting to rip his eyes out, but Jason and David held back her wrists and pulled her downward, forcing her to sit on a blanket.

Sebastian chuckled a slow, mirthless laugh. His laugh sounded old, as if it had rusted from so little use.

Slowly kneeling before her, he placed his hand over her knee. She jerked at his touch, her heart pounding against her breast like a mad little thing. Splaying his fingers over her knee, he slid his hand upward, shifting his thumb to her inner thigh. His touch was firm, possessive. It scorched her, *all* of her, even her heart, as if he'd taken what was left of it and flung it into the fiery red pit of a volcano.

She knew he should make her sick. She *knew* she should cringe at his touch, but instead her body felt like liquid. Like she had wings to fly and was floating above the ground as if by magic. Still she despised it, despised the way he made her feel and the hundreds of times he'd made her cry. So she slammed her legs shut, trapping his wayward hand in the process.

He shook his head, a lock of black hair falling on his forehead when he did so. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you didn't want me."

"I don't."

"Liar."

With both hands and with little effort, he forced her thighs open. She yelped when he cupped her pussy, splaying his fingers on her ass and rubbing the heel of his palm

against her clit. His touch ignited her. Closing her eyes, she mewled helplessly as she fought the wildness raging inside her.

“You’re very aroused, Cleo. So wet. You’ve made it a habit of lying to yourself all these years.”

“I don’t...lie. Please stop...*stop* this.”

“Do you really want me to stop?”

It was hard to look at him. Hard to look at his proud, powerful face, but she forced herself to. Bravely, she opened her eyes and met his lethal black gaze, biting her lower lip in a futile attempt to keep it from trembling. It wasn’t fair that he should know. Know how and where to touch her, to bend her will in such a way. “Yes.”

That shaky word brought a well of stinging tears to her eyes and she quickly dropped her eyelashes to hide them from him. There was no way in hell she was ever going to admit that she wanted him. No way in hell would she ever succumb to his caresses, to his domination, no matter what her body wanted. No matter what her heart said. The poor thing was badly broken and poorly mended. The little dear obviously had no idea what it was in for if she succumbed. It was *not* in its best interest and she would not willingly put herself through four more years of misery.

She swallowed the lump in her throat and drew in a deep breath. She wouldn’t let him see her cry. Why *should* she cry? All she had to do was say no and mean it, and this would be over with. Sebastian might be the meanest son of a bitch in the world but her friends—no matter how far gone and drunk—would never allow him to hurt her. And deep down, Cleo knew it.

“What is this?” Sebastian whispered, his breath hot against her face as he bent forward. She would have preferred he mock her, for the concern in his voice was even more painful. His thumbs brushed the wetness from the corners of her eyes. “Are you crying, Cleo?”

Cleo forced her eyes open with the last remaining shreds of hostility she’d clung to like a lifesaver. “I hate you,” she hissed.

The men's grips tightened around her wrists when she tried to pull away but her movements were weak, as if she'd been somehow drained of all energy. She tried once again but before even making a decent effort, went limp in defeat. Maybe it was better to stop fighting so he could finish with her already—finish the slow, painful torment he'd subjected her to for years. Perhaps when he was through she might not feel *anything* anymore. Maybe this overwhelming hate for him would be replaced by nothing but a welcome, blissful numbness.

"Baby...I want to make you shudder and scream and moan. I don't want you to cry." He cupped her face with his big, strong hands and brushed his lips against hers. Cleo lost her breath completely when he pressed his lips to hers firmly and forced his tongue into her mouth.

Fire. She was on fire...blazing under the strokes of his strong, wet tongue.

Heat flamed inside her like a furnace and he fed it with every thrust, every dark claim of his tongue. He pillaged her lips, claimed every inch of her as his own. She fell under his spell, his black magic, and even moaned when he tilted his head sideways to gain better access. He tasted of things that were hazardous, bad for your health—beer and cigarettes and man. It couldn't be good for her, feeling this. It couldn't be good for her, wanting him. All of him. All the time.

When he withdrew, Cleo was feverish and breathing harshly.

"Why don't I give you a few minutes to think about it?" Sebastian calmly suggested, seemingly unaffected by the same kiss that had left her limp, dazed and burning.

Chapter Three

Cleo shuddered when he left her, suddenly feeling cold and vulnerable, her chest heaving with each breath, her eyes wild and desperate on his retreating back.

For a crazy moment she would now promptly forget, she wanted to beg him to come back to her. Beg him to touch her, fuck her. Beg him to break the strict, self-imposed restrictions she'd lived with her whole life and make loud, crazy love to her like he had to the women who'd stumbled out of his dorm room after hours and hours of moaning. Instead, she silently watched as he paused before Luella and stretched a hand out to her, palm up.

"Let's show Cleo how it's done, shall we?"

"With you? Are you kidding me? I've *lived* for this moment."

There was a sharp spark of desperation in Cleo's eyes as she watched Luella daintily set her hand in his bigger one. He lifted her to her feet with an effortless tug and with slow, precise movements that meant he did this sort of thing very often—more often than Cleo would like to know—began to remove Luella's clothing.

He pulled the pink cotton top over her head then kissed her lips while his hands worked on the button of her tight blue jeans. Luella wore no bra, and her breasts heaved as she bent and helped him undress her. Her jeans dropped to her ankles with a soft *whoosh*. Standing in all her splendor, wearing only a flimsy pair of panties, Luella stepped out of her jeans and toward the glorious man before her.

"Nice," Sebastian whispered, eyeing her appreciatively.

Luella moaned when his hand disappeared into the soft silk fabric of her panties. Cleo's throat went dry, and although the hold of the men beside her had slackened around her wrists, she was too engrossed in the scene unfolding to even notice.

"You're so wet, so slippery, baby," Sebastian said in a hot, husky voice.

Luella's answer was a deep, loud moan and a thrust of her hips against Sebastian's probing hand.

"Bas, please," Luella begged, rubbing her breasts against his chest and rocking her pelvis against the onslaught of his hand.

"In a moment, sweetheart...but first things first."

He took Luella's shoulders and turned her around to face Cleo. He stood behind her, a whole head taller than she was, and Cleo was helpless but to watch the slow movement of his lips as they grazed Luella's earlobe while his hands cupped her breasts from behind. His fingers were long and tapered, his hands big and sleek, easily managing to cup the whole flesh of Luella's perfect silicone breasts.

"Do you see this, Cleo?" he asked softly, his eyes boring into hers. His thumbs ran circles around Luella's areolas. "This is what I want to do to you."

He buried his face in Luella's neck and nuzzled it with his lips while one of his hands traveled down past her navel, sinking into her panties once again. Cleo could clearly see the movement of his finger beneath the shimmering white fabric. It rose and stretched as the lean limb of his finger slowly thrust inside her. Moaning, Luella threw her head back, her long blonde-streaked hair falling over Sebastian's shoulder.

"See, Cleo? She likes it. So will you."

Cleo's energy was now solely directed into fighting the wild, consuming ardor burning inside her. She met Sebastian's compelling black eyes and remained silent as she watched him slowly pull away from Luella and begin to undress. She could feel his gaze engulfing her, slowly shredding away her decency, her morale, until everything she felt was nothing short of animal.

"Take off your panties, sweetheart," he uttered to Luella.

In her hurry, Luella was faster than he was, flushed and eager to be taken by him, while Sebastian took his time. When Cleo finally saw him fully naked, his clothes discarded over the sand, she swore she hated him more than ever before.

He was perfection, as tempting as sin itself. His was a body worthy of a centerfold, no airbrushing needed, no cropping or pasting. Just as he was. Tall, lean and muscled. His skin was tight over his muscles and deeply tanned, gleaming against the flickering lanterns like polished gold. Cleo all but gaped at the curves of his biceps and arms, the hardness of his pectorals, the lean, muscled valley of his stomach.

And then his cock, standing tall and proud from a mat of hair as dark as his eyes. It was a weapon, one used to claim and conquer, and to have the honor of sheltering it, to sheathe and nurture it, had to be in its very own way a small piece of heaven. Cleo remembered thinking of it, dreaming of it, wanting it madly and to no reason.

She hadn't *wanted* to want him. Of the hundreds of men she'd met in her life, Sebastian was the last man she'd ever wanted to fall for. He was everything she'd been taught to avoid, everything she'd stayed away from her whole life. There was nothing honorable about him.

If only her body would listen.

Suddenly Haley joined them. When Sebastian cupped Luella's hips from behind and slid his cock inside her, Haley knelt behind him, lowered herself between his long, powerful legs and slowly began to suck on the big, heavy balls dangling temptingly above her.

"Whatever you do, Haley baby, don't stop," Sebastian said in a low, raspy voice, his words earning him a soft little moan and a long, thorough lick to the balls from the eager Haley, who'd closed her eyes and was kissing and nipping his sac like a starved person. As if suffering from a deadly fever, Luella bent forward and brusquely shoved back her ass to receive his length completely.

For some reason Cleo was simply not aware of, Sebastian's eyes never left her. Even when she'd been absorbed studying every inch of his naked body, she'd felt his piercing black eyes on her. And now, as he rhythmically slid his throbbing cock inside Luella, shoving his hips against her buttocks and making her breasts bounce from the force of his thrusts while Haley pleased him from underneath, he had eyes only for Cleo.

She couldn't stand it, the heat of his gaze, the dark proposal in it.

Cleo closed her eyes to block the image but when she did, she found that the sight of Sebastian taking Luella from behind had been indelibly branded onto her retinas. Luella screamed like a she-cat and Cleo found little comfort in the pitch-blackness of her closed eyelids, for it was impossible to block their sounds. Her brain conjured up images as she listened to Sebastian's harsh, deep breaths, Luella's hussy little moans and Haley's low, savoring whimpers.

A moan tore from Cleo's chest when a pair of lips closed around her nipple. Her eyes opened to find David bending to take the other nipple into his mouth while Jason licked and suckled the one he'd found first. Jason groaned in agony, as if he were in a terrible amount of pain, and then she realized he'd pulled out his dick and was slowly stroking himself.

Cleo felt her sex tighten at the onslaught. Two tongues circling her nipples, two hungry mouths suckling her breasts.

"Do you like this, Cleo?" David murmured against the flesh of her breast. "Would you like us to kiss you? Pleasure you?"

She whimpered in answer and at the deep wanton sound, they both groaned, the vibrations on her flesh sending waves of pleasure through her body in torrents.

Her eyes fell on Sebastian's powerful form, his hips slamming against Luella's buttocks while she yelped in heat and need and want. Haley was now cupping his buttocks and grazing the thin skin of his balls with her teeth, slightly tugging, and Cleo watched Sebastian close his eyes and groan deep with pleasure.

She used to get both captured and enraged when she'd watched him simply kiss someone. Now, watching him with two women while she sat there naked, waiting like a captive for him to come to her, felt like dying. A war raged within her, desire, jealousy, hate and want collided and fought, made her whimper in frustration, desperation. Her sex clenched with desire while her soul seemed to shatter into a thousand pieces.

“Can I put my dick on your tits baby?” Jason asked, his voice thick and urgent as he stroked himself.

“Yes,” she found herself saying in a low, sultry voice.

Yes, because she was crazy and angry and burning. Yes, because she wanted to hurt Sebastian Russo, hurt him like he was hurting her right now, torturing her as he had sex with the other women. Loving them. Touching them. Just like in college.

David moved behind her and nuzzled her earlobe while Jason positioned himself in front of her and gently guided his cock to her breasts with a raw, frenzied look of ecstasy.

“I’m not going to hurt you, Cleo. I just want to rub my dick...here.” Cupping the sides of her full, heavy breasts, he pressed them together while he thrust his dick between them with slow, deliberate strokes. “You’ve got awesome tits, Cleo. They feel so good around my cock, so soft and big. Oh...baby...oh *shit*.”

Cleo felt feverish, aroused at the thought of Sebastian seeing her like this, of making him feel the rage, the hatred, the desperation she felt in watching him do what he was doing. She’d been watching him fondle and kiss other women for years—dying slowly each time.

“Yes...*yes, Jason!*” Cleo urged—and then she knew. Could feel it as certain as she felt her own pulse—Sebastian was watching. He was watching Jason as he rocked above her, whispering praises to her as he fondled and fucked her breasts, and all she could hope for—pray for—was that he would feel even a trace of the sheer, destructive pain he made her feel.

Thrusting faster, Jason groaned and pressed her breasts tighter together. Leaning back against David’s chest, Cleo could feel his gaze burn the top of her head as he watched in fascination the way Jason’s erect cock fairly disappeared between the huge mountains of her breasts.

“Your tits...so amazing...so soft...so damned *huge*...” Jason whispered. He looked down at her with ravaged blue eyes. “I wanna come, Cleo. I wanna come on your tits.”

The carnal look in his eyes sent a spark of heat from her sex to every nerve in her body like a thunderbolt. She trembled slightly and arched her back as Jason pumped his hips and shuddered over her, shooting his semen in several thick, creamy spurts just above her breasts. His come was warm when it spilled and dribbled down her skin, trailing a shiny path toward her nipples.

“Lick it baby,” he breathed, still shuddering slightly and rocking his hips in slow, receding efforts.

For some ungodly reason she did as he asked. She pushed up her breasts and licked her skin, her own sweat and his semen. Jason plopped down to her side, his movement revealing Sebastian’s gaze, hot and livid on her. Under his watch, Cleo made an art of licking Jason’s semen with the tip of her tongue, drawing it into her mouth ever so slowly, as if it were a banquet. It was salty, warm, with a musky scent that filled her nostrils.

Sebastian’s expression was that of an enraged, lustful demon as he watched her, narrow-eyed, his hands fisting over Luella’s hips. He was ramming into her like a primitive beast, the tight, sinewy muscles of his arms and legs rippling as he did so. Only seconds after Luella shuddered beneath him did he walk toward Cleo, his cock glistening from Luella’s juices and straining up toward the sky in defiance.

“Cleo’s mine, fucking jerk-offs. Find yourselves another partner,” he snapped.

David and Jason scrambled across the sand and Sebastian’s eyes fell to the distended crests of her nipples, shining with both men’s kisses and Jason’s semen.

Growling low in his throat, he dropped to his knees before her, cupping her breasts in his hands and brushing his thumbs over the wetness, erasing their marks. Braced back on her elbows, Cleo was no longer being held down except by the force of his fierce black gaze, and she found it was just as efficient.

She swore she hated him, and how she could hate him so powerfully when she’d loved him so deeply and wanted him so much was a mystery she would probably never in her life understand.

Gathering saliva, she spit at him, sent it splattering to his face. Snarling, he narrowed his eyes, bending forward so that his bared teeth were only an inch away from her face. "You'll regret that, Cleo." Just as quickly he spat at her pussy, and she jerked at the impact of his saliva against her swollen labia and clit. Pressing his hands against her shoulders, he brutally forced her down on the sand.

"Let me go," she hissed with more force than she thought she could manage.

"If you want to play the coy little virgin girl, that's fine with me. I'm fucking you anyway."

Lowering her voice to a mere whisper, she searched his face with wide, cautious eyes. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to."

She gritted her teeth. "Just because you *want* and you *can* do something doesn't mean you *should*!"

His fingers dug into her shoulders. "Is that what's kept you from my bed all these years?"

"That, yes! And the fact that you're a vicious, rude, crude, nasty gigolo!"

"Maybe if you'd given me some of this I wouldn't have had to sleep with half the town, baby," he gritted, cupping her cunt in his palm and brusquely rubbing in his saliva.

Cleo stiffened at the touch, biting back a moan.

When the pad of his thumb scraped over her clit, a scorching heat, swift and blinding, surged through her body in shock waves. She fought to still it, control it, tensing her muscles as it unleashed. Sebastian's thick lips were an inch from hers and when he spoke, the scent of beer wafted to her nostrils, dizzying her. "I'll bet your pussy is sweeter than any I've ever tasted before."

"No," she breathed. "You're mean. You're a *devil*, Sebastian."

“Yes, I am. And I’ve been in hell because of you.” He parted her legs farther and shoved his hard chest between her thighs, gazing down at her swollen sex with hot, heavy eyes. “You’re so horny I can smell you, Cleo – it makes me want to eat you.” Her cunt flooded with desire when he bent and grazed her curls with his lips. Then, ever so slowly, he flicked his tongue and licked her clit with a single deep stroke.

It was hell.

“Sebastian, please don’t...”

Don’t do this or don’t stop? she vaguely wondered. His touch felt so good yet at the same time, so very painful. She couldn’t think, couldn’t concentrate...could only feel. His swift, powerful tongue was now spearing inside her creamy pussy like a sword, killing her resistance with each thrust.

“Quit the chat and fuck her, Bas,” Jason called from behind. “Fuck those tits, man!”

“Yeah, we want to hear Cleo moan. Time to loosen up, Cleo sweetie,” Haley offered cheerily. “The time has *come* for you to *come*!”

Sebastian growled between her legs, not liking the intrusion of their voices, not a man who appreciated being told what to do. But his tongue remained, delving inside her and Cleo thought she’d die from the shame. She was ashamed that she was enjoying this, ashamed to admit that, yes, she’d always – *always* – wanted this man. Inside her. Fucking. Taking. Cursing. Biting.

She’d envied those women. Those loose women he always accessorized with, one on each arm, each exposing an ample share of cleavage and legs.

Cleo had been jealous but she’d swiftly smothered the feeling, telling herself repeatedly those women were whores, hussies and sluts. They had no brains and were valued solely for their bodies. Cleo frequently found herself thinking how she should pity those poor, lost creatures, and how she – Cleo Sonterra – was worth more than that, more than just a sexy body, for she had a beautiful soul. She was a giving person, intelligent and dedicated. She was worth more than those whores, more than those women who got to feel Sebastian’s hands on their naked bodies, more than those

women who got to be held in a limp hypnosis in his sleek, muscled arms. Cleo wasn't worthless because Sebastian didn't want her, didn't love her back. His lack of want didn't make her worthless. It just made him mean and stupid.

Because Cleo had loved him more than anyone *ever* possibly could.

She didn't love him anymore—she couldn't. Not after he'd crushed her heart repeatedly and rendered it incapable of such an emotion.

She didn't even *like* him.

He had no scruples. He was a beast who broke women's hearts with no regard to their feelings. Lying, cheating, stealing—he did it all for the hell of it. His laugh was always cynical and he constantly cursed the world and everything in it. He was not a man she would *ever* introduce to her parents.

Yet she'd wanted him, *still* wanted him. And perhaps more than fear him, she feared her desire, for it was wild and untamed and dangerous. And it was always there. Always this longing, this wanting.

Him. Sebastian Russo. The meanest son of a bitch who ever lived.

Chapter Four

Sebastian groaned at the feel of her body, plush, pliant and shivering beneath him. This was all he'd wanted throughout his college years and every single minute of his life afterward, and though it might have been a rough way to go about it, hell—he was drunk, he was horny and he wanted *her*. Cleo.

Her sweet pink cunt tasted like heaven to his lips. The juices spilling from her vagina all but flowed into his mouth and her muscles tightened wantonly around his tongue as he buried it deep inside her.

Growling, he cupped her buttocks and lifted her hips higher to have better access to that sweet, tight pussy he'd so often ached to taste. She rewarded him with a soft little yelp. The sound reverberated in his insides like a penance, sending a jolt of red-hot lightning to his dick.

She no longer fought him. She was now as limp and pliant as a rag doll, and yet she was hot to the touch, sweaty with the heat of her desire. It had been useless for her to fight him anymore, just as it had been useless for him to fight this inexplicable madness of wanting her.

He'd thought four years would be enough to get her image out of his mind but instead he'd been tortured, nearly gone crazy over not being able to look at her, even if just to tease and torment her.

It bugged him—*she* bugged him. At every gathering during their college years she'd hardly looked at him, hardly recognized his presence, as if he were unworthy of her precious attentions. He'd sworn to himself he'd seduce her, only to realize she was immune to him, pushing his hand back when it strayed, jerking her eyes away when he looked at her with lust and thinking he was mocking her whenever he spoke one of his very rare, very sparse compliments.

All she'd done was ignore him. Brutally so. And like a brat wanting Mommy to look his way, he'd misbehaved, wanting her to turn, to look, even if just to wrinkle her perfect button nose at him. And yet not even to do *that* would she spare him a glance.

Even though he knew with painful certainty that she absolutely, irrefutably hated his guts, she still wanted him. By God, she did. He'd be damned if he'd misinterpreted the dewy-eyed look she'd been sending his way tonight. It was a look filled with lust and years and years of wanting. He recognized a goddamned look like that when he saw one. And by God, he'd fuck her. He'd fuck her whether she wanted him to or not. He was way past caring now. All he cared about was possessing, marking her as his own, and if wanting her like this made him the devil himself, so be it.

He heard sounds behind him—a man's low growl, a woman's soft whimpering—and he imagined his friends were already screwing their drunken brains out. He didn't give a shit who was fucking who and how. All he gave a damn about was the little piece of ass he had in his hands and the cunt he was eating from, which was about the best-tasting pussy he'd had in his life. Her flavor was spicy, and it was hot and scorching on his tongue, making it tingle after a taste.

He lifted his face and looked into her eyes. Those eerie doe eyes were clouded with lust and her breasts heaved heavily with every breath she took. She had the biggest breasts he'd ever seen. Round and full, with small, perky nipples in such a soft shade of pink they almost blended with her skin. She'd been a fool to think she could hide those tits from him with those ridiculous loose dresses she wore. She'd all but made them look bigger, saucier...more enticing.

He ran his hands along her hips and up to cup that tiny little waist. Her skin was as soft as churned butter, and how that little waist could properly carry the weight of her breasts was beyond him. When his hands cupped those huge, melon-sized fruits he growled with delight. They filled his hands, overflowed his fingers, and her puckered nipples brushed against his palms, begging for attention.

He moved up to draw one perky crest into his mouth and sucked it full force, making her whimper. He sank his teeth into her skin and bit her fiercely while he sucked. He wanted to mark those breasts as *his*, and if he drew blood, so be it. She cried out, sinking her fingers into his hair, pulling him closer.

He didn't need more encouragement than that.

Snarling, he squeezed her other breast with his hand until she whimpered, her nipple taut and hard and ready. Shifting his attention, he drew the hard little pebble into his mouth and sank his teeth around it while he sucked. She screamed beneath him, a scream filled with pain and pleasure and loud enough to echo in the sky.

Sebastian felt drugged and out of control and for some unholy, sick reason, he needed to hear her whimper and moan, harder, louder, be it from pleasure or pain or both. God knows he, too, was feeling both. It was painful to touch her, painful to have watched others touch her, brutally so.

"You shouldn't have let Jason touch you," he breathed as he gazed down at her with hot, lustful eyes. Her lips were wet and swollen, and the amber specks in her chocolate-brown eyes glimmered like gold in the night.

"He asked me nicer than you did," she said breathlessly.

Grinding his teeth, he squeezed her breasts so hard they could have exploded in his hands. "I've taken all the shit from you I can take. Now you're going to admit it."

"Admit what?"

"That you're a fucking little bitch and all you've wanted is for me to fuck you."

"No."

"Say it, damn you!"

"What do you want me to say?" she screamed in desperation.

Growling, he moved forward so that his face was a breath from hers. "I want you to say you want this. I want you to admit you want *me*."

She was panting hard beneath him, her eyes fevered and her lips trembling as she gazed up at him. The rise and fall of her breasts drew his eyes and he gazed down at them in ownership, at the red marks his mouth had left and the slightly indented marks of his teeth. Her creamy skin gleamed with a fine sheen of sweat and he ached to lick it...lick her everywhere.

There were so many things he wanted to do to her. And yet he couldn't stand the pressure in his cock, the pain in his balls. If he couldn't think straight, it was because every drop of blood in his body was settled between his legs and pulsing wildly in his cock. He ached to bury it deep inside her and fuck her until he bled from the effort.

"Please, Bas..." she whispered softly.

Pulling back slightly, he scowled down at her, furious at the way the plea in her voice tugged at his insides. He'd be damned before he let that tiny, pleading little voice of hers get to him. He'd be damned before she convinced him to switch from fucking her to cuddling before a fireplace and eating bonbons while they chatted the night away. All he wanted to do, all he'd *ever* wanted to do, was take her, claim her, fuck her. He was not stopping now, not even if that voice yanked at his heartstrings and strangled him with them. "I'm not stopping, Cleo. Whether you like it or not, you're mine tonight."

"You're...hurting me," she whimpered softly.

"I'm not even touching you."

She shook her head, specks of runaway sand glittering in her hair. "You're *killing* me."

The hell he was. He framed her face with his hands and looked deep into her heavy-lidded gaze. "No. You're *killing me*."

Cleo clutched him tightly, fisting her hands in the thick mass of his hair. "*Sebastian...*"

He heard the need in her voice, low and clear and beautiful, and it robbed him of his breath completely.

There was a deathly silence while he slowly raked her face with his eyes, attempting to memorize those sweet, wholesome features which now, sweaty and hot and needy, were the most beautiful he'd ever seen.

"You want me." It was a whispered statement, delivered with more confidence than he felt. His heartbeat seemed to completely stop as he waited for her answer.

It was just a breath but he heard it. Heard it while he watched her plush pink lips form the words he'd waited years to hear.

"God help me, I do."

He'd dreamed of this moment. He'd dreamed of prim and proper Miss Cleo begging him to fuck her. In his wildest dreams she'd yelled, "Screw me, fuck me, you bastard, please!" but he supposed he would settle for anything. As long as it meant screwing, fucking, mating – her.

His lips crushed hers with shattering force, sending shudders all through her body in shock waves. A soft little whimper escaped her lips but the sound was barely audible as he muffled it with his mouth.

Behind them someone was coming, and coming hard, their shouts high and mighty as they reached their climax.

The sounds invigorated Sebastian, inviting him to seek his own release, release inside *her*, inside this woman – this reluctant little bitch. Feeling her pliant, soft body beneath his and the warmth of her skin seared him, burned his soul like a stake right through the heart.

He kissed her fiercely while a finger ambled down her stomach until it sank into the glorious place it sought – the tight, wet sheath of her pussy. She was swollen with need and the walls of her cunt clenched around his finger and sucked it in like a magnet. He was sweating profusely and every gleaming inch of his body was tense and burning for her. He wanted to sink his cock inside her and spill himself, mark her as his, but at the same time he didn't want this to end. He wanted her now – now and always.

"You feel so tight, like a little virgin, Cleo."

The words were breathed against her lips as he slid another finger inside her, stretching her walls to accommodate both. She was tight, slippery. Jerking his wrist, he screwed both fingers inside until she arched her back and moaned in pleasure. The feel of her nipples brushing against his naked chest tore a curse from his lips.

Cleo shifted her hips, wanting his hardness to fill her, but he caught her pelvis with his hand and stilled her. If she'd inched her pussy even a hair closer to his cock he'd be buried deep inside her and spilling his semen within seconds, and he wanted to take his time. He'd already waited a lifetime for this moment. He'd be damned if he didn't make it last.

She exceeded even his wildest, wettest dreams—which had been plentiful, and all of them starring little Miss Cleo. Soft, pliant and womanly, with a body fit for a porn star, a body that, just looking at it, made a man want to jerk off and come. This was Cleo, and she was moaning under him, her tongue kissing his mouth like a hungry—no, *starved*—little slut who hadn't had an orgasm in years.

Sebastian would be more than happy to oblige. He'd make her come like she'd never, ever come before. While he was going to come everywhere, make sure every inch of her plush little body had *his* mark. So that if he never had the fortune of touching her again, she would at least remember this forever—remember *him* forever.

Chapter Five

He touched her slowly, his fingers sliding in and out of her pussy with a mind-jerking lack of haste that drove her mad. She protested with a weak whimper and lifted her hips to meet his movements. Wanting more, needing more.

“You’re begging for it, aren’t you, Cleo?” His voice was gruff and thick with lust. He dragged his body downward, took her knees and bent them until her legs were completely folded, her knees touching her shoulders, her sex wet and pink and open to him. She panicked, tried to straighten her legs but he halted her.

“Let me look at you, Cleo. Don’t move.” His eyes glazed and burned with desire when he spread the labia of her sex open with two fingers and stared right into her.

She bucked with shamefulness, feeling exposed and vulnerable, but he shushed her with softly spoken, unintelligible words, gently keeping the folds open as he bent down to lick her. He drank her up as if he were in the middle of the desert and she were an oasis. Thirsty, starved, like a man gone mad.

Her toes curled with tension when a long, probing finger sank slowly into the tight back entrance of her ass. Cleo jerked from the intrusion, suddenly realizing the helpless, pitiful yelping sounds reverberating in the air were coming from her.

The combination of his finger—now slowly stroking the puckered entrance of her ass in gentle, teasing circles—and the merciless thrusts of his tongue on her oozing sex could have been enough to kill her. But she held on for dear, dear life, wanting and needing to find out what other things—bad things, good things, *any* things—he planned to do to her. It was heaven, it was hell and it was all she wanted. All she’d ever wanted. Him. Loving her. Touching her. Kissing her.

Fucking her.

He groaned low and deep in his throat, indicating with that painfully sensual sound that the excruciating pleasure Cleo felt in receiving was similar to what he experienced in giving. An ache to please him, to see his face straining with desire like it had been when Haley licked him as he took Luella from behind, burned inside her like a death wish.

Suddenly switching places, his tongue traveled lower to kiss the rosette of her ass while one of the fingers that had kept her swollen labia parted now slid deeply inside her. One finger then became two, and two became three, until his fingers spread her cunt in a way she thought would make her burst. A tension unlike any other coiled in the pit of her being and though she thought it impossible, the tension tightened further at each thrust, each touch, each kiss. She writhed as he slowly kissed and licked her ass, first teasing her with his lips then using his powerful, wet tongue.

“I can’t stand this, Bas,” she breathed, lifting her head to look at him.

But he was buried between her legs and all she could see was the silky black mane of hair at the top of his head as he cocked it sideways to continue his conquest. Before Cleo fell back against the sand, she caught a quick glance of her friends watching in a stupor as Sebastian made wild, sweet, bad love to her.

She wasn’t ashamed now...now the only thing that mattered was Sebastian.

She could have sworn she was a breath away from reaching that point, that point where all was lost to her for an infinitesimal second, where nothing mattered except a fierce, overwhelming need to just let go.

She gasped as she neared it, rocked her hips against his touch, and as if he sensed her orgasm was close he stopped weaving his magic, his overpowering black magic, and rose. In a second he settled his big body on top of hers, bracing his upper body on his hands as he gazed down at her.

Her legs were still bent, her breasts crushed beneath her thighs, her knees tight to her shoulders. Sebastian’s weight pinned her down, keeping her sex completely open and exposed to him.

Cleo writhed beneath him, seeking him, inviting him, for she knew that no one could fill this emptiness, this aching desire, except him. He moved his hips and paused, poised at her entrance where she could feel the tip of his cock lightly brush against her swollen pussy.

"Say it, Cleo," he said in a strained voice. The light in his eyes was dark and fierce and breathtaking. Their gazes locked for what seemed like an eternity.

"Fuck me, Sebastian," she finally breathed.

When he buried his cock inside her he cried out, the sound resembling that of a pained, dying animal. Cleo gasped, mesmerized by the feel of him so deeply embedded inside her, filling her, completing her. She clutched at his shoulders then spread her hands over the muscles of his back, pulling him closer.

"More, *more!*" she cried.

"You sexy little slut," he breathed, humping her with superhuman strength. "This is what you wanted wasn't it, you horny little bitch?"

"Yes, yes!" She rolled her head from side to side, desperate and straining for release. Whimpering, she slid her hands past his waist and clutched the hard, straining muscles of his buttocks, lifting her hips and urging him as deep inside her as he could manage.

"Look at me, Cleo."

She turned her face, her eyelids feeling heavy and hot as she gazed up at him. Sweat beaded his brow and his nostrils flared as he struggled for breath and stared down fiercely into her eyes. His jaw was tight with effort as he rammed inside her, veins straining against his neck.

"I want to watch when you come," he said heavily, his voice hot and broken with desire. All the while he kept thrusting and thrusting and thrusting inside her. "I want to see your pretty face when you come for me."

Her eyes widened as she reached the tip, the point, that painful second before release. “Now, Sebastian, *now!*” she cried.

With one last thrust he drove his cock straight home. Cleo clutched him tightly while he shuddered, his face contorted in ecstasy, and be it heaven or hell, she would follow him. Closing her eyes, she rubbed her sex against his hardness ever so slightly, and with that fleeting touch, exploded into a million pieces.

Fucking awesome.

No other words could describe her.

And now Sebastian didn’t give a damn if he was being a real pussy for wanting to hold her. But he did, he wanted — *needed* — to hold her as much as he’d needed to fuck her. He gathered her into his arms and pressed her face into the crook of his neck. It was odd, the way the burning, fiery desire he’d harbored for years now felt like something else. Something fuzzy, warm. A feeling as alien to him as cuddling a woman after he’d screwed her. A feeling he’d thought was solely exclusive to wimps, gays and girls. That life-is-beautiful sort of crap. It was inside him now, and damn it, it felt good.

And Cleo, in his arms, felt even better.

His thoughts darkened when he remembered she would be going back to take care of those freaking old geezers tomorrow. She would fly back to Seattle, leaving him behind. But he couldn’t let that affect him because tonight...tonight she was his. And for the life of him, he would be content with that.

For now.

It had been...

No. Cleo dared not even think it.

She should not think these things, for her brain was still clouded and hazy, not working properly — short-circuited. But try as she might, she couldn’t stop the sting in

her eyes and the feeling of having experienced something painfully beautiful. She sniffled softly when the tears came and prayed a silent prayer that he wouldn't notice. His hold tightened around her and he bent his head, pressing his brow to hers.

"What is this?" He took her chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilted her face upward. Cleo shyly met his gaze, acutely aware of her stinging red eyes and silently cursing herself for being so weak in front of him, so weak in front of a man who could break her as easily as a twig under his feet. "Why are you crying, Cleo?"

She bit her lip because frankly, she didn't know.

"Bas, are you making her cry *again*?" Luella asked, clearly concerned.

"Mind your own business," Sebastian snapped, glaring at her over his shoulder before he turned back to Cleo and tenderly rubbed his thumbs along her cheeks. "Don't cry, Cleo."

His concern tightened around her heart like a fist.

Staring into his eyes, the color of polished onyx, blazing with need and longing as he looked back at her, Cleo finally realized why she was so afraid of him – and why she wanted to cry. It wasn't him actually, but what she felt because of him. Hate. Pain. Want.

And so much love.

It was impossible to explain these strong, conflicting emotions with the same simplicity as she could explain something like a rainbow. Cleo couldn't understand them like she could understand the rightness of one plus one being two. She couldn't predict the outcome of an experience such as this like she could predict the outcome of a division or multiplication.

These feelings rioted, blended, mixed...and she could no more explain them than she could explain her own existence and meaning in this world. It scared her, the sheer intensity and power of her emotions, for she knew they had the power to lift her to the skies. Or destroy her completely.

“You regret this, don’t you?” Sebastian asked gruffly.

“No, Sebastian, I don’t.”

He pressed his lips to hers softly, tenderly. “If I hurt you, I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t hurt me,” she said, reaching to cup his hard, square jaw with her palms. She knew it the second she stared into his eyes, for she saw her heart right in them—she still loved him. Aching. Deeply. And all these years, she always had. Yes, it hurt. He angered her, hurt her...and she still loved him.

“I’m sorry baby, for everything,” he breathed as he pulled her to him and crushed his lips to hers.

She melted under his lips, under the pressure of his mouth urging hers to open for him. Her hands settled on the back of his neck while she met the thrusts of his tongue equally with those of her own.

She trembled in his arms before he pulled back, for the first time noting they were still naked. “Stay here,” he whispered.

Rising, he left her for a minute and came back wearing his jeans and white cotton shirt, his jacket in his hand. He handed it to her. “Here, put this on,” he said softly.

Cleo did so, slipping her arms into the long sleeves then pulling it closed tightly across her chest. The jacket smelled like him—leather, beer, man and cigarettes. She made it a priority to memorize his scent, drew in a deep breath and felt drugged, intoxicated by it.

Sebastian sat down beside her, wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her to his side. He eyed her profile in silence. “We’re going to have to talk about this, Cleo.”

“Yes,” Cleo agreed, nodding slowly.

He stared blindly out at the ocean for a moment and then back at her. “I just don’t know what to say,” he confessed.

She met his gaze and thought how beautiful his eyes were. How deep and dark. There was no trace of the strong, unyielding man she knew. His features were still strong, still masculine and powerful, but much less menacing to her now. "Let's not say anything then."

Tightening his hold around her shoulders he smiled, a slow cocky grin, so rare on his face yet so familiar to her – for she knew it by memory. "We'll figure it out."

"Hey, are we spinning the devil again?" Luella asked.

"Hell no, this is much better," Jason said. He was sprawled naked between Haley and Luella's nude, sweaty bodies. David sat beside them, half-dressed and pensive.

"Your June wedding is definitely off, David, I'm sorry to have to say," Luella said matter-of-factly. "Your bride will be really pissed when she finds out you fucked us."

"Just shut the hell up," he grumbled.

Haley laughed. "How convenient to consider the decency of your actions only *after* you came in my mouth, David."

"I didn't mean for it to happen." David glowered at the red plush toy, almost buried in the sand now. "Fucking spin devil."

Cleo turned to look at it, only its tail and chubby legs sticking out of the sand.

Yes, that mischievous spin devil. It had possessed them all. And yet the game and its red-tailed mascot had given Cleo something beautiful, something she could only be grateful for. Maybe the spin devil game had, in a way, helped her to admit all these feelings, wild and beautiful and scary, that Sebastian Russo stirred inside her – now and maybe always.

"I want you again," Sebastian whispered, his breath scorching her ear. "God, I want you so much."

Cleo closed her eyes at his words and felt yards of slow, dizzying swirls of desire travel along her body, spreading to touch every corner of her being as he slowly, hotly kissed her earlobe.

“I want you too,” she whispered to the air, to the wind, the sky, the ocean—and him.

“Let’s go inside.”

As Sebastian lifted a shrieking, smiling Cleo into his arms and carried her toward the two-story house, the four remaining friends looked at each other in amusement.

“Think it’s the love bug?” Haley asked, her eyes lively and glimmering.

“Yep,” Jason said, nodding in approval.

David shook his head vehemently, scowling at the toy on the sand, already forgotten by everyone except him. “It’s that damned spin devil.”

Several slaps and smacks landed playfully on the back of David’s head.

“Shut up, you old grump.”

“Get over it, babe. Wedding’s off.”

“Is that what you’re going to tell the blushing bride? ‘The spin devil made me do it?’”

David watched the couple as they disappeared inside the house. If Sebastian and Cleo could make things work after years and years of heartache, then David could sure as hell make things right with his bride.

He smiled and nodded at his friends. “Hell yeah. It was the spin devil.”

The End

About the Author

A lifelong reader of romance and erotica, Red Garnier is a lover of love, sex, and laughter. Formerly a full-time diamond expert, now her expertise lies solely in the heart and imagination, spending her days and nights grappling with chauvinistic heroes and sassy, sexy heroines.

Red enjoys reading almost as much as writing, and as a sensitive Pisces, cries wholeheartedly at the merest, silliest things. Not that she's a crybaby, but hey, she's female and warmhearted, and she does get to put up with insensitive machos and stubborn females every day—which is plenty enough to make her cry and maybe...laugh her head off.

Red is a firm believer in love being the strongest, deepest emotion of the heart, capable of making one soar to the skies—and crash on one's butt.

Needless to say, it's worth the ride. And despite all the obstacles (which are most times within our own very selves) Red believes that love truly conquers all.

Red welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com