

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Arianna Hart
Screw Cupid

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies
Valentine
Vixens

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Screw Cupid

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SCREW CUPID

Arianna Hart



Chapter One



Happy Valentines Day!

Don't have a significant other to spend Valentine's Day with?

Who cares? Screw Cupid!

Follow the link for a sensual celebration and spend Valentine's Day like never before.

Reannah Mason stared at the E-vite on her monitor for the millionth time. She'd received the strange invitation over a month ago and still wasn't sure what she was going to do about it.

At first she'd thought it was from her best friend, Molly, until she'd followed the link. Molly might be a practical joker but even she wouldn't go this far. The directions included a medical form she'd had to have her doctor sign declaring she was on birth control and free of any and all disease.

Her face flamed as she remembered bringing that piece of paper into the office. Thank God her gynecologist had a sense of humor.

After she'd ruled out Molly as the sender, Reannah began discreetly asking around to see if anyone else received the anonymous invitation. She'd struck out there too.

Of course, if someone had asked her whether or not she'd gotten an invitation to what amounted to a Valentine's Day orgy she'd probably deny it with her dying breath.

Almost against her will, she clicked on the link again and reread the directions she'd practically memorized.

The party begins at ten p.m. and not a minute sooner. Your costume and mask will be delivered the day of the party. Anyone attempting to enter without either mask or costume will be refused admittance.

This is for consenting adults only and absolutely no coercion will be tolerated.

Transportation to and from will be provided. You may leave at any time – not that you’ll want to.

And remember, what happens at The House of Eros stays there.

If this was a prank, it was a damn expensive one. Sending costumes and transportation—even if they were cheesy—wasn’t cheap. Who would go through all that trouble and expense to stage such a joke?

“Screw Cupid? That sounds interesting.” A deep male voice vibrated through her body and lodged in her pussy.

Reannah immediately closed the screen and spun around in her cubicle to face Kiefer Brown—her worst nightmare, and her darkest fantasy.

“Didn’t anyone ever tell you it was rude to read over someone’s shoulder?”

“You sit in a cubicle in the middle of fifty engineers and programmers. If you didn’t want anyone knowing what you were reading then you shouldn’t have opened it up at work.”

His hazel eyes glittered with good humor—as usual. Kiefer always seemed to be laughing at some joke only he knew the punch line to. It annoyed the hell out of Reannah because she was sure the joke was on her.

“So, what was that, anyway?” He leaned a hip against her desk, invading her personal space.

“Nothing. Just a prank someone sent me.” She tried to breathe as shallowly as possible to avoid inhaling his spicy fragrance. His cologne haunted her midnight fantasies.

"Looks interesting."

"Hardly." *If he only knew how interesting...*

"So I take it you're not into the whole Valentine's Day shtick?"

"What ever gave you that idea?"

"Maybe it's the fact that you're wearing black when even the most clueless geek here has at least a little bit of red on. Or it could be that you still have your Christmas decorations up on your cubicle instead of a bunch of foil hearts like everyone else. Or—I'm going out on a limb here—it might be because you have a picture of Cupid with a big 'X' through him on your laptop." He picked up the stress ball on her desk and tossed it from one hand to the other.

Reannah had to tear her eyes away from the hypnotic sight of those long fingered hands fondling the glob of plastic. *How would it feel to have those fingers on her breasts?*

Christ, she needed to snap out of it! "I always knew you were bright."

"So, what gives? I thought all girls loved getting flowers and overpriced boxes of candy from their sweethearts on V-day."

"You thought wrong." If she had a sweetheart she'd have loved to have gotten flowers and chocolate. Unfortunately, it had been so long since her last serious relationship she'd forgotten what it was like to celebrate February 14th with anything but dread.

"Don't tell me you're alone this year?" He put his hand to his chest in mock distress. "I don't believe it. With all these guys panting after one of the few women in the company you couldn't find a date for Valentine's Day?"

Being a technical writer for a computer software firm meant the male to female ratio was about fifty to one. Great odds on paper but the reality was slightly different. Half of the men she worked with were either too young or already in committed relationships. The other forty-nine percent were so consumed with computer games and cyber worlds they didn't have a clue what to do with a real, live woman.

That left the one percent currently sitting his world-class buns on her desk.

Kiefer Brown knew his way around a sales pitch but his value to the company went way beyond bringing in clients. With his good looks and charm to smooth the way between brainy geeks and savvy businessmen, Kiefer had helped make Zera Technologies Inc. one of the most sought-after software firms in the business.

Of course, half the time all he had to do was walk into the room and the bid was as good as theirs. Reannah had been at sales meetings with him and watched as he turned female accountants into putty in his hands. If his wavy, golden brown hair and hazel eyes didn't grab their attention, his killer smile and voice smooth as melted chocolate did. Before he even started the pitch he'd already closed the deal.

She knew the only reason he flirted with her so much was because she was one of the few females at Zera. To him it was as natural as breathing, it didn't mean anything. And if she ever responded to one of his blatant invitations, he'd run so fast in the opposite direction he'd leave skid marks on the carpet.

Been there, done that, outgrew the t-shirt.

"Earth to Reannah?"

"Huh? What? Sorry, I was thinking about something else."

"Then I'll ask again. Do you have plans for tonight?"

He wasn't asking her out, was he? No, he couldn't be. His little vulnerable act was probably just the set up to a joke. He more than likely had plans with that knockout he'd taken to the Christmas part.

"I'm going to a party." The words popped out of her mouth before she'd even realized she'd made a conscious decision to go.

Who was she kidding? She wouldn't have gone to her doctor and gotten the form filled out if she wasn't planning on going.

"Oh, well have a good time."

"I'm sure I will."

His face lost a little of its usual good humor and for a second Reannah thought maybe he really *was* going to ask her out and she'd blown it. But his smile snapped back in place seconds later so she must have just imagined it.

"I guess I'd better get going then so you can leave on time." He tossed her the stress ball and straightened from his perch.

"Thanks. Have a good weekend. I'll see you on Monday."

"If not sooner."

Now what did he mean by that?

Kiefer hustled to his office and shut the door behind him. Being the top salesman had its privileges and having his own office instead of a six-by-six cubicle was one of them. He scrolled through his inbox at a furious pace.

Ah, there it was. He knew the picture he'd seen on Reannah's monitor looked familiar. He'd gotten the same E-vite and almost deleted it as spam, but for some reason hadn't. Curiosity had made him click on the link to see what the deal was. After he'd read all the cloak and dagger directions, he'd thought it was a joke but saved it anyway.

Now that he knew Reannah was going, he was willing to revisit the idea. He skimmed through the oddball directions then glanced at his watch. If he wanted to make the deadline he had a lot to do in a short period of time.

His cock hardened as he thought about finally getting his hands on Reannah's delicious body. He'd been after her for months and she hadn't budged an inch. All his usual tactics and charm had failed miserably to get him more than a lunch date with her. That woman had him so tied up in knots he hadn't been able to concentrate on anyone else.

What was it about Reannah that captured his attention to the point of enforced celibacy? She wasn't *that* gorgeous. Granted, her red hair and green eyes were unusual

and her body was pleasantly curvy, but so were a hundred other women that he had contact with on a regular basis.

But none of them made his mouth water and palms sweat whenever he got within five feet of them. Every time Reannah bent over in her low-slung jeans showing the scrap of lace peeking out from under her waistband, his libido shot through the roof.

A relaxed dress code had never been such a mixed blessing before. Maybe if Reannah was forced to wear a boxy suit instead of hip-hugging jeans he wouldn't be so consumed with her?

Kiefer pictured her with her wildly curling red hair pinned into a tidy bun, wearing a boring blue suit that came down to her knees. His imagination took off and the hemline jumped to mid-thigh. Instead of boring flats, she wore stiletto heels and garters.

Heat pooled in his crotch as he fantasized about her unbuttoning the demure white blouse to reveal a lacy black bra underneath. His erection threatened to split the zipper on his khakis as his dream Reannah stripped down to a lacy thong and straddled his lap.

The shrill ring of his cell phone had him jumping out of his leather chair like a scalded cat.

"Kiefer Brown," he answered a little breathlessly. He felt like he'd just been caught with his pants down—literally instead of in his dreams.

"Keef, that lawyer we've been trying to nail down wants to meet tonight. I know it's Friday and Valentine's Day but do you think you can get over to his office?" Paul, Kiefer's boss, didn't sound very enthusiastic about the meeting.

"Not this time. I have too much to do before tonight. In fact, I might knock off a little early."

"Got a hot date, huh?"

"Something like that."

"I understand. God knows Cathy would kill me if I canceled our reservations tonight. I'll tell him we'll meet with him on Monday."

Guilt nudged Kiefer. "If you think we'll lose the deal, I can try to rearrange things." He didn't know how, but Paul had been good to him and Kiefer didn't want to miss a million dollar deal because he was horny. It wasn't like him to push aside a potential business deal for his personal life but damn it, he wanted to be at that party with Reannah.

"Nope. Don't even think about it. This guy has been dicking us around for months. He can wait a few days to make us jump through another hoop. Have a great time and don't worry about a thing."

"I'll try not to," Kiefer replied, faxing the form to his doctor's office.

He had a feeling all his worries were going to be over very soon.

* * * * *

She couldn't do it. There was no way she could go to a party dressed like this. Reannah twisted in front of the full-length mirror and tried to pinpoint exactly what it was that made her want to run for cover.

The boots came up to mid-thigh and had heels like ice-picks, that was the first problem. Although, the long, button-down skirt covered most of the boots so she didn't look too much like a dominatrix. She didn't want to examine why one would provide thigh-high boots if they were just going to be hidden under a long skirt. The obvious answer—because someone would be seeing her without the skirt—scared the hell out of her.

The skirt was actually demure, if one ignored how it clung to her hips. It was the corset and shirt—or lack thereof—that made her nervous. The directions that came with the box of clothes were quite clear about how she was supposed to dress. The white silk shirt went on first, then the corset cinched up over it.

Since she didn't have anyone to help her get dressed, she tied the corset down the front. It was made of the softest black leather and red lace—and looked absolutely decadent. The bones sewn into it pushed her already abundant chest halfway to her chin.

A situation the shirt did nothing to hide.

The silk top was exquisitely feminine with cap sleeves and an indecently low neckline. It was the neckline that was giving her fits. Trimmed in delicate lace, the shirt showcased her enhanced cleavage. The edging barely covered her nipples, heck, in some areas pink showed through the lace.

With her red hair spilling over her pale shoulders she looked like she was waiting to get ravaged. Christ, she was freaking pirate bait.

But wasn't that the point?

Reannah picked up the black leather mask that came with the outfit and twirled it in her hands. Was she really going to do this? Common sense screamed *No!* but the lonely part of her soul shouted it down.

She'd been alone for so very long. Was it too much to ask for one night of companionship? No one said she had to do anything she didn't want to. The invitation clearly stated this was for consenting adults only and no coercion would be tolerated.

Once again, she wondered who could have invited her, boring Reannah Mason, to an orgy. Whoever it was had to know her damn well because the clothes fit perfectly. Even the boots were made to order, with the left one a half size smaller than the right. There were only a handful of people in the world who knew that about her, and she trusted all of them.

So, someone who knew her well and therefore knew how lonely she'd been, had arranged for her to go to this wild party. A party where she'd be disguised the entire time, as would everyone else.

No one would know she was boring Reannah Mason, especially dressed like this.

She didn't have to *be* Reannah Mason tonight.

A shiver danced down her spine and sparkled through her bloodstream. For this one night she could act on all the secret fantasies she'd hidden away from everyone. Sure, most of them had Kiefer Brown in the starring role, but she could pretend for tonight.

Wasn't that what this was all about? By wearing the mask and the costume she could pretend to be anyone at all.

And better yet, she could pretend to be with anyone at all.

With determined steps, Reannah marched to the bathroom and wet a hairbrush. Tonight she was going to be a vamp, a sex goddess, pirate bait even, anything but herself. And the first step was taming her hair. If she wanted to be someone else, she couldn't have her distinctive red hair announcing her identity.

She yanked the wet brush through her curly hair repeatedly. When it was almost dripping wet, she slopped a handful of gel through the mess. The combination toned down the bright red color to a deeper auburn. To disguise herself further, she wrapped the sticky strands into a bun at the base of her neck.

The severe hairstyle accented her high cheekbones making her appear almost delicate. She looked nothing like herself. When she tied the mask over her green eyes, her own mother wouldn't recognize her.

Thank God.

Siren red lipstick completed the outfit just in time. The car her unknown host provided pulled up to her house as she fastened the heavy velvet cape at her throat.

"I can do this. Tonight, I'm only going to think about my pleasure and not worry about tomorrow." Nerves twisted in her stomach despite her pep talk. This just wasn't like her, no matter what happened in her secret fantasies.

"It's perfectly safe and no one will make you do anything you don't want to," she reminded herself.

But what about the things she really *wanted* to do and had never dared? Who'd stop her from doing those? And would she want them to?

Chapter Two



The limo driver was silently polite as he escorted her over the icy walk and into the back of the long black car. If it seemed odd to pick up someone in a velvet cape and leather mask, he didn't show it.

As she slid into the plush leather seat, Reannah tried to figure out who her mystery host could be. The driver wasn't going to give her any clues, he'd closed the privacy window the second he slipped behind the wheel. She could always use the intercom but she doubted he would answer her questions.

Who could have sent her that invitation? It obviously wasn't random. The person had her email address and home address. Although, anyone who knew how to use a computer could probably figure that much out. No, this was someone who knew not only her shoe size but also her secret yearnings.

They also knew her well enough to realize she'd never go to a "sensual celebration" unless she felt one hundred percent safe.

As the nearly silent car purred through the darkened night, Reannah tried to let go of her fears. She'd told Molly what she was doing so someone knew in case her body turned up in a gutter somewhere.

Oh, that's comforting.

Maybe this wasn't such a great idea. She reached for the intercom button to tell the driver to take her back. As she moved, her cape knocked an envelope to the carpeted floor.

Miss Reannah Mason was written in flowing script on the front.

Her hands shook as she broke the seal and slid the heavy parchment out. After clicking on an overhead light, she read the note.

Dear Miss Mason,

I'm so happy you chose to join me tonight for my Valentine's Day celebration. Your every wish and desire waits at the end of this ride. Rest assured, your invitation has come at the bequest of someone who loves you very much. Your safety and pleasure are assured.

Regards,

Cupid

What the fuck? Cupid? This was ridiculous. Who loved her so much they'd arrange for her to go to an orgy? It wasn't exactly something she'd talked about at family gatherings.

The only person in the world who knew even a tiny bit about her deviant sexual desires was Molly, and she'd denied any knowledge of the invitation.

But she *had* encouraged her to go to the party. Repeatedly.

Reannah tapped the note against her chin. If she hadn't been so wrapped up in solving the mystery of her host, she'd have paid more attention to Molly's behavior. It had to be her. Molly would never encourage her to do something this stupid if she didn't know who was behind it.

Come to think of it, Molly had insisted she get a pedicure and bikini wax last week too, before she'd even decided to go to the party.

The sneak.

Relief flowed through her and the tension leaked from her shoulders. Now that she'd solved the mystery she could relax and enjoy the ride. The only other time she'd been in a limo had been for her grandfather's funeral. And that one certainly didn't have a stocked bar.

Helping herself to a vodka tonic, Reannah toasted Molly silently and knocked back the liquid courage. A night to explore her every wish and desire, huh? Heat spread from her stomach to her thong-clad pussy.

She had *a lot* of wishes and desires. Most of them centered around Kiefer and her in a bed. Hell, in a bed, on the floor, against a wall, anywhere. She'd been imagining him in a variety of positions and locations for the last year. But all of them had his cock lodged deep inside her by the end.

Just the thought of him had her nipples pebbling up against the silk and lace of her shirt. The combination of sensations made her squirm. She'd been celibate for so long, her body became aroused at the mere thought of Kiefer. Her thighs grew damp and she clamped them together to stop the ache.

Why not relieve it instead?

What? She couldn't do that. She was in the back of a car for heaven's sake!

She glanced at the privacy shield in place. There was no way the driver could see in, right? A thrill of excitement made her clit throb.

Could she really take care of the need burning through her right here, right now?

She caught her reflection in the window and almost didn't recognize herself. Her lips looked swollen and pouty and her cheeks were flushed with suppressed desire.

Yes. She could do this. She *wanted* to do this.

Her hands trembled with excitement as she spread the cape and lifted her skirt. The velvet felt cool against her rapidly heating skin as she pulled the hem up to reveal the leather thong that matched the corset.

Leaning back into the seat, she let her fingers drift over her mound as she visualized Kiefer wearing nothing but silk boxers. In her mind, it was his fingers pushing aside the scrap of material covering her swollen clit. His hand drawing moisture from her slick pussy lips, and his finger driving into her needy channel.

A gasp escaped her lips as the pressure built inside her. She swirled her thumb over her nub as she thrust harder. The scratchy lace teased her nipples as she writhed against the cool leather seat.

Hot, she was so hot.

"I've wanted you for so long. You're the only one I want." The phantom Kiefer whispered love words in her ear as he pressed kisses against her fevered skin.

"Let me touch you. Let me love you. Let me make you mine."

Her breath came in gasps as she spun tighter and tighter. Fire burned beneath her skin and sweat beaded up on her forehead as she lashed her head back and forth.

"You're mine!"

"Yes!" With a strangled cry she exploded.

Street lights shone dimly through the tinted car windows as the limo exited the city limits. Reannah was too boneless to worry about being taken so far from home.

She couldn't believe she'd just masturbated in the back of a car. Well, tonight was her night for firsts, and by God she was going to experience as many of them as she possibly could.

Her pulse had almost returned to normal by the time the limo turned onto a gated drive. Spotlights revealed an enormous mansion with fluted columns and a veranda on the second floor. The circular drive wrapped around a marble fountain complete with a water spouting Cupid.

Considering it was February in New England, the water pouring from Cupid's mouth had to be heated to keep it from freezing. Anyone who would pay to heat water for a decoration had to have serious money to burn.

As the limo crawled up the brick drive, Reannah gazed at the statues that were spotlighted along the walkway leading to the house. The first one was of two lovers entwined in a passionate embrace. Then next had two lovers in a classic "sixty-nine".

Reannah's eyes widened under her mask as she realized the statues got more and more risqué the closer they got to the house.

She was almost afraid to examine the two flanking the ornate front door.

What did you expect? You're going to an orgy, not a garden party.

Nerves grabbed hold of her and shattered the calm she'd felt after her explosive orgasm. What was she doing here? Dressed like this?

The car slowed to a stop and Reannah reached out to tell the driver she'd changed her mind but it was too late. Before she could chicken out he'd opened the door and helped her out of the car.

If he suspected she'd made free with her fingers while she was alone he didn't show it. He was as silent and stoic as when he'd arrived at her door.

"Please allow me to walk you to the door, miss."

"T-thank you." *I think.*

She walked up the marble stairs to the front door on shaking knees. Butterflies danced in her stomach the closer she got to the house.

What if Molly wasn't behind this? What if it was a big mistake?

Her hand trembled in the chauffeur's grip as he handed her off to a uniformed doorman.

"Welcome to the House of Eros. May I take your wrap?"

The doorman held the door open and Reannah saw a tiled foyer with a curved staircase in the background.

"No thank you. I'm still a bit chilled, I'd prefer to hold onto my cape for now."

"As you wish. If you give me your handbag I shall secure it at the coat check."

Even though he phrased it politely, it wasn't a request. She'd forgotten she'd held her purse clutched to her chest. Did she want to give it up? It had her cell phone and wallet in case she ran into trouble.

"You may retrieve it at any time, miss. I assure you it will remain safe."

Was her anxiety that obvious?

More nerves danced along her spine as she held onto her bag. Obviously no one here wanted her emergency twenty bucks, but if she needed her cell phone to call a cab in a hurry she'd be out of luck.

"May I keep my phone in case of an emergency? It doesn't have a camera in it or anything, but it would make me feel a little better if I had it."

The doorman shifted his feet uncomfortably as she dug out her phone and showed it to him.

"Please," she implored.

"I assure you, you're safe in the House of Eros, but if you insist on keeping it please refrain from using it where others can hear you and turn it to vibrate."

Relief rushed through her almost making her sag against the textured wall. "Of course. Thank you." Before he could change his mind, she tucked it into the pocket of her skirt.

She handed her pocketbook over, feeling a little more at ease. If she had to make a run for it she could always replace her credit cards. At least with her phone on her she could call for help if she needed it.

"Please make yourself at home. The night is yours to do with as you wish. Refreshment stations are scattered throughout the house and any unlocked room is available for use. If you wish privacy, make sure you lock the door or others will assume you wish to either be watched or joined. Enjoy."

Reannah swallowed a gasp at the idea of someone watching her...do what?

Guess I'm about to find out.

Her heels clattered loudly on the tiled floor and echoed through the foyer. As she approached an arched doorway with a naked cherub emblazed upon it, she heard the low thump of music and the hum of conversation.

Now or never Reannah.

She took a deep breath and pushed the doors open.

And couldn't believe her eyes at the scene in front of her.

The sunken living room was easily the size of a grand ballroom. Low couches were scattered in shadowed nooks around the room while a full bar stood against wide French doors that led to a darkened patio. The lighting was dim and candles by the hundreds flickered throughout the room. The scent of vanilla mingled with perfumed bodies and the distinctive scent of sex.

A waiter wearing leather pants with a matching leather mask—and nothing else—approached her with a tray of champagne glasses.

"Refreshment?"

"Thank you," she took the delicate flute and downed it before the bubbles could finish tickling her nose.

The waiter didn't even blink, just took the empty glass and handed her another before moving on. Reannah took a moment to appreciate his fine ass clad in tight leather before she moved off to the side.

She needed a minute to take in her surroundings before she entered the room fully. There had to be a hundred people in various states of undress. Everyone wore a mask like hers but that's where the similarities ended.

Some men were dressed as pirates, with wide sleeved shirts and leather breeches. Other men had gladiator costumes on, their oiled chests glinting in the firelight. One man was dressed as an English lord complete with ruffles and a codpiece.

Unless he had a pair of socks down there, the codpiece provided some serious advertising for him.

The women were even more spectacularly dressed. She saw a can-can dancer kicking her leg up over the shoulder of the pirate. Her frilly skirt flipped back to reveal her shaven pussy framed by lacy garters.

A statuesque woman wore a silken toga that left one large breast bare. A situation the gladiator was taking full advantage of as he swirled her nipple with the cherry from his drink.

In the corner by the bar, a woman wore a leather outfit that looked like nothing more than a series of belts strapped from her hips to her breasts. She had boots like Reannah's and carried a whip. Reannah watched in amazement as the belted woman used the whip to pull a woman in a peasant dress between her legs.

Apparently the peasant didn't mind because she unbelted one of the straps and began licking the whip wielder's pussy.

A rush of cream flooded Reannah as she watched the leather-clad woman writhe and moan as she sank to the floor. She had to take a drink of champagne to wet her suddenly dry mouth when the gladiator and toga-girl joined them on the floor.

The woman in the toga knelt over the belted woman's face with her silken sheet hiked up over her bare hips. While she played with the belts over the woman's breasts, the gladiator pulled off his skirt, revealing an enormous erection.

Several people cheered as he drove his cock into the woman in the toga while the belted woman alternately licked his balls and the woman's clit. Another man dressed in leather flipped up the skirt of the peasant girl and flogged her naked ass.

Reannah's face flamed with heat but she couldn't pull her eyes away from the titillating scene. Her pussy lips swelled around the leather thong she wore as she watched the peasant girl drive her finger into the leather woman's slit. The sounds of their moans mingled with the slapping of the gladiator's balls as he drove into his partner. The slick slurping of fingers and tongues inside dripping channels added to the auditory foreplay.

Her nipples pebbled up as she watched toga-girl suck on the leather woman's swollen buds. What would it feel like to have that many people giving her pleasure? Or watching her receive that much pleasure? Reannah shivered at the thought.

It might be exciting to watch but she didn't think she could ever lay herself out like that, in public. Showing up here today was about the most daring thing she'd ever done, and it was a far cry from public sex.

One of the women cried out her release and someone else joined her. The pirate and can-can girl joined the crowd surrounding the group and blocked Reannah's view. It was probably for the best anyway. She'd seen more than she could have ever imagined and she hadn't even walked all the way into the room yet.

Well, what was she waiting for? She said she was going to take tonight to do the things she'd always wanted to, why was she standing on the sidelines? If she wanted to ease the ache throbbing between her legs, she should find an attractive, willing partner and go for it.

But not quite yet.

She did take another step into the room. The plush carpeting cushioned her aching feet and softened her steps. These boots weren't meant for standing in that was for sure. Her toes were pinched and her arches ached from the stiletto heels.

Reannah looked around for a place where she could sit and observe for a little bit longer and get off her feet. A narrow hallway paralleled the living room. She saw a tiny room off to the side and went to inspect. It had a comfortable chair and a basin of warm water with a pile of washcloths next to it. It seemed safe enough. At least it was unoccupied and best of all, had a place she could get off her feet without, ah, *getting* off her feet.

The mask and flickering candlelight distorted her vision some so she missed the wide window opposite the chair until she sat down. What was a window doing in an interior room?

Her eyes practically crossed when she got her answer.

As soon as she settled into the chair the thin blinds covering the window rolled back to reveal a sparse bedroom containing an ornate, wrought iron bed with a blood-

red comforter. A muscular man more gorgeous than any she'd seen outside of a magazine knelt on the bed as naked as the day he was born.

His cock stood out from a nest of light hair and practically pulsed with a need Reannah could see from her vantage point. She wondered if he realized he was on display and thought about vacating the room but remained frozen as another equally gorgeous man entered the room.

Reannah couldn't hear what they said to one another but saw the kneeling man laugh and crook his finger in a blatant invitation. The newcomer wore a loincloth over his ebony skin and his muscles gleamed in the dim light. His leather mask almost blended in against his tightly cropped hair, giving him a mysterious appearance that made Reannah's heart race.

Apparently, it did the same thing for the blond because his cock grew even larger. Reannah's mouth dropped open as the dark man dropped his loincloth and displayed the biggest cock she had ever seen. It was easily as long as her forearm and had to be as wide around as a beer can.

The thought of something that large piercing her brought a quiver of alarm as well as a tingle of desire but that was nothing compared to what it did for the blond. He hauled his dark partner onto the bed and pressed him flat. The contrast of his steely hard sable body against the soft red blanket was both incredibly beautiful and infinitely seductive.

She wished she could hear what they were saying but the window didn't allow noise to slip through. All she could do is watch—which was probably all her overloaded libido could handle right now anyway. Reannah settled back in the chair and let her hand drift to her soaking pussy as the blond stroked his lover's well-defined abs.

Her breath came out in a gasp as the blonde wrapped his large hand around the darker man's cock. She didn't want to blink in case she missed what might happen next.

Fire sizzled through her veins and sweat popped out on her brow as she watched the blond draw the almost purple tip of the darker man's penis into his mouth.

The black man's head whipped back and forth on the silken bed as the blond moved between his legs. Reannah swallowed hard as she got a front row view of a tight ass and ropey thighs. Testosterone oozed from the room as muscles bunched and rolled in pleasure.

Reannah had never seen two men have sex before. Had never really thought about the sensuality of it, but now that she was a witness to it she couldn't look away. There was a masculine beauty to two such gorgeous specimens giving each other so much pleasure.

The blond's head pumped up and down as he sucked on his lover's cock. The darker man clenched the blanket in his fists making his arms bulge and the tendons on his neck strain. Reannah could see the sweat glisten on his chest as he arched up with release. His whole body shuddered and bucked with the force of his orgasm.

With her heart beating a rapid tattoo, Reannah swirled her fingers over her clit faster and faster. Pressure built inside her and threatened to explode but she held it off. She didn't want to take her eyes off the scene in front of her for even the few seconds it would take for her to come.

And what happened next made the wait so worthwhile.

The blond released the darker man's cock with a final lick and reached for something on the floor. The black man lazily rolled to his side, his cock still impressively large even when it was no longer fully erect. As Reannah watched in anticipation, the ebony man crawled to his knees and presented his seriously muscled ass to his partner. The blond coated his penis and his lover's anus with some sort of lubricant that he retrieved from the floor.

She couldn't hold off the onslaught of pleasure a second longer when the blond pushed inside his lover. From her vantage point she could see two sets of rock-hard thighs thrust in a rapid pace as they each strained to achieve their pleasure. Reannah's

hips bucked her pussy against her fingers as her release tore through the thin control she'd used to hold it back.

Her eyes closed against her will, but branded on her eyelids was the image of two brawny chests pumping in rhythm as massive shoulders bulged with the force of their desire.

When she opened her eyes the blinds had closed over the window and she could see no more. Her thighs were sticky with her juices and her body felt boneless. Suddenly, she realized what the basin of water and washcloths were for and was grateful for them.

Her hands shook as she moistened the thick terrycloth square and washed away the evidence of her orgasm.

Cripes, I've come twice and I haven't even taken off my clothes. That's better than my last three boyfriends combined.

One thing was for certain, her feet no longer hurt. In fact, she wasn't quite sure she could even feel her toes. And she was definitely no longer nervous.

It was time for her to stop watching and start experiencing everything Cupid had to offer. As soon as she remembered how to walk.

Chapter Three



Where was she?

Kiefer kept getting distracted in his search for Reannah as he spied luscious breasts and creamy thighs everywhere he turned. If this was what people were doing in public, he could only imagine what they were doing in the private rooms upstairs.

And he had a damn good imagination.

He thought he'd spied Reannah lurking in a corner watching the impromptu ménage earlier but by the time he made it across the room she'd disappeared. Damn it, he didn't rush around like a lunatic just to watch her go off with some other guy. Or girl for that matter.

Although, he wouldn't mind seeing that, come to think of it.

He was on his second circuit of the room and third beer when he spied her coming out of one of the viewing rooms. Blessedly alone, thank God. Her face was flushed and her chest heaved practically out of her shirt but she was alone.

Not for long.

He'd known it was Reannah the second she'd stepped into the living room. Even masked and with her beautiful hair disguised his body had reacted to her presence immediately.

As he drew closer to her, his cock practically burst through the leather pants he wore. Her shirt didn't so much cover her cleavage as display it. Her rosy breasts lay over the lacy shirt like a delicious buffet just waiting for him to dig in and enjoy.

And enjoy it he would, as soon as possible. But he had to be smart about it. If she suspected his identity she might turn tail and run. Or worse, refuse him. He'd gone to great lengths to darken his hair and figured he'd use a fake accent to disguise his voice.

He wasn't going to hide forever, just until she was so overcome with lust for him she wouldn't turn him down yet again. It might backfire on him but it was a risk he was willing to take to get a chance to be with her after all these months.

"A lovely lady like yourself shouldn't be alone," he whispered in her ear with his best Irish accent. "Can I offer my services as an escort?"

Her eyes widened under her mask as she looked him over from the tip of his wide-brimmed hat to the points of his heeled boots. He held his breath in anticipation. This was the moment of truth, would she see through his disguise and send him away or not?

"You look more like a highwayman than an escort." She smiled coyly at him and didn't move away.

Kiefer released his pent-up breath as quietly as possible.

Step one, done.

"I'm not sure if I'm supposed to be a highwayman or a rock star. Do highway men wear leather pants?"

"Maybe. I've never met one before, although I've had some definite fantasies about them..."

His cock tightened and his body tensed as she trailed off. "Then I'm most definitely a highwayman. A masked avenger in the night. I steal from the rich and give to the poor and make free with the ladies."

"Isn't that Robin Hood?"

"Who cares? As long as I get the ladies, or lady, I'm not particular about the details."

"And who says you're going to get the lady? I don't recall you asking?"

"I'm a rogue scoundrel, I don't ask." And with that he scooped her up in his arms and threw her over his shoulder.

Cheers rang as he carried her up the curving staircase to the private rooms above. Her hips were over his shoulder and he could smell her feminine arousal. The musky scent shot through him with all the effect of a bullet, destroying his composure and shredding his control.

He'd wanted her for so long and now he had his chance.

Please, Cupid, don't let me screw this up.

It took him three tries before he found an unlocked door and an unoccupied room but when he kicked open the door he knew he'd found the jackpot. Leather cuffs dangled from the headboard of the brass bed and various implements of delight littered the floor.

When he spied the whipping post in the corner near the balcony his brain almost caught fire. The image of Reannah's rounded ass sticking up while she knelt with her hands tied to the post danced through his head, tempting him mercilessly.

A little snicker sounded over his shoulder and brought him out of his lustful dreams.

"Do you think this is funny, wench? You won't be laughing when I have my way with you."

"Oh no, don't hurt me. I'll do anything you say." The effect of her plea was ruined by the laughter in her voice.

"You're damn right you will." He dropped her on the gold lamé bedspread and gasped as her breasts almost bounced out of her shirt.

"What do you want me to do Mr. Highwayman?"

"Take off your cape and let me look at you."

She climbed off the bed and waited until he lay back on the pillows. Once he was settled she unfastened the ties at her throat and let the heavy material fall to the floor.

Without the shielding of the wrap he got the full impact of her outfit and was dumbstruck. The blouse left her shoulders bare and the corset cinched her waist impossibly tight. She looked demure yet tempting as sin. His mouth watered at the thought of what she hid under the long skirt.

Time to find out. "Your skirt offends me, take it off."

"And if I refuse?"

"I'll tear it off you, wench."

She shivered and he was afraid he'd gone too far, then he noticed her chest rising and falling with her heavy breathing. Her nostrils flared with desire and tiny drops of perspiration glittered above her mask.

Reannah Mason, technical writer was a closet sub. Who'd have thought it?

Lust, hot and furious tore through him at the thought of dominating this woman he'd wanted for so long.

"Don't make me ask you again, slave."

"Y-yes master."

Her voice was thick with desire and her hands shook as she unbuttoned the skirt slowly, starting from the bottom.

Kiefer didn't live the BDSM lifestyle, but he wouldn't mind playing the game with a willing partner. And by the rosy glow suffusing Reannah's skin, she was more than willing.

It took every ounce of strength he had to keep his hands by his sides as she revealed first the thigh-high boots and then the leather thong hiding her pussy from his greedy gaze. For a moment all he could do was stare at the picture she made, standing in the dim light with her silken skin and black leather.

With his mind turned to pudding it was hard to think about what to do next. He wanted to throw her on the bed and lick every inch of her succulent body but didn't want to rush her.

His muscles clenched as he forced himself to keep his distance from her. Before he could decide what to have her remove next, the thong or the corset, the doorknob turned and started to open.

Shit! He'd forgotten to lock the door!

Kiefer pounced off the bed and slammed the door closed before the person on the other side could get a good look at his Reannah. After he made sure it was locked he turned to find she had slipped into the shadows. Apparently she didn't want any company yet either.

"Come here, slave."

She stalked forward, her creamy thighs gleaming above the black boots. "Yes, master."

"Hold onto the whipping post and don't let go until I tell you."

Her breathing hitched as she did as he directed. Heat came off her in waves, stoking the fire raging inside him to a fevered pitch. The scent of her perfume merged with the musky fragrance of her desire and drifted through his nostrils. He breathed deeply, wanting to inhale her very essence.

"Close your eyes," he ordered, his voice husky.

To make sure she complied, he picked a silken scarf off a nearby chair and gently secured it over her eyes.

Now he could feast on her beauty without fear of her discovering his identity.

And Lord was he hungry.

The lack of sight immediately heightened all her other senses. Reannah couldn't believe how turned on she was. The highwayman reminded her so much of Kiefer, except his hair didn't have Kiefer's golden highlights and his voice wasn't quite the same. But oh, his body. Not that she'd ever seen Kiefer in tight leather pants, but if she had, she was sure he'd look the same as the man standing behind her now.

Could that be why she was so willing to let go of her inhibitions so quickly? Because he reminded her of someone she trusted?

No. It wasn't because he reminded her of someone she trusted, it was because he reminded her of someone she *wanted*. She couldn't have Kiefer, but for tonight she could pretend that this sexy stranger was the man of her dreams.

Dreams? Ha! More like deepest darkest fantasies.

How often had she thought of Kiefer controlling her with ecstasy? Hundreds of times.

But she had no idea how much better the reality could be.

"Not so feisty now, are you wench?" He slapped her bare bottom hard enough to leave a sting but not hard enough to hurt. Much.

"No, master." She had to bite her lip to keep from laughing whenever she called him master. It was hokey, but very exciting too.

His warm breath brushed over her shoulder and made her nipples perk to attention. The corset restricted her air supply and she felt almost lightheaded. As his hands brushed lightly over her chest and slipped under the lace of her shirt she knew her dizziness had nothing to do with lack of oxygen and everything to do with the man touching her.

She waited breathlessly for him to make a move. Her knees quaked as she wondered what he'd do next. Would he tear off her clothes or undress her slowly? Would he fuck her from behind or maybe spank her again? She wasn't sure how she felt about that, but the initial slap had sent a bolt of heat straight to her pussy.

Her nipples tightened as he continued to fondle her breasts under the shirt. When he pinched one bud hard, she gasped at the sting but the pleasure that shot from the tender point afterward made the slight pain more than worthwhile.

"It's too bad you can't see yourself right now. Your nipples are as red as berries and your breasts look like the finest cream. I've never wanted dessert so much in my entire life."

Reannah couldn't answer, couldn't form words in her lust fogged brain. His warm voice caressed every nerve ending even as his fingers plied her breasts. The most she could do was let out a whimper when his soft lips nipped along her bare throat. She could feel a faint hint of stubble along his jaw and the slight rasp teased her with thoughts of what that would feel like on her nipples.

Or between her legs.

She clamped her thighs together to stifle the ache blooming there. The feel of his fingers manipulating her nipples caused ripples through her entire body. Her pussy quivered with every tug and stroke and she swore she was about to come from his ministrations.

Christ, I'd like my clothes off for at least one orgasm tonight!

"Not yet, my sweet. I have a lot more planned for you tonight."

Oh dear, had she said that out loud?

He stepped away from her, dropping his hands.

The air felt cool against her nearly naked ass without his body behind her. Reannah could hear him moving around but didn't know what he was doing. It sounded like he was gathering things onto the nearby table so they'd be in easy reach but she couldn't imagine what he was getting. The scarf covering her eyes frustrated her as much as it excited her.

Almost.

"Now, slave, you've been a very bad girl."

The crack of a whip made her jump half a foot. He wouldn't really use a whip on her, would he?

Of course he would. She didn't know anything about this man, hell, she didn't even know his name. Just because he resembled Kiefer didn't mean he was Kiefer. For all she knew he could be a sadistic bastard who loved to hurt women.

Nerves doused the raging fire that he'd built earlier. But before she could step away, he laid a gentle hand along her cheek.

"This is just fun and games, if you get nervous, just say the word and I'll stop. Okay, luv?"

"Y-yes."

Her shoulders relaxed and tension slid from her body, until he cracked the whip again.

Now she felt a tension of a different sort. Right between her legs.

"How should I punish you, slave?"

Her highwayman ran the whip over her chest, teasing her nipples with the handle. It felt like soft leather and not in the least bit uncomfortable. The tail slipped over her shoulder and skimmed her back.

"I think you need to be properly prepared for your punishment." Without another word he yanked her shirt down her arms, freeing her breasts from their silken confinement. "Ah yes, much better."

He eased her arms out of the sleeves and placed them back on the post when he was satisfied. The cool air brushed her freed nipples and sent tingles rippling through her. The whip snaked down her chest and her highwayman pulled it tightly between her legs. Reannah's breath caught as his fingers brushed her swollen pussy.

He slid the whip down her torso and over her clit, rubbing against the thong with enough pressure to tempt but not to push her over the edge.

"Bend over," he growled in her ear.

She did as he said without the slightest hesitation. Her breasts swung freely in this position. The whip wrapped around one mound and pulled tightly, not enough to hurt but enough to force the blood to her nipple.

The constriction made her throb with need with every beat of her heart. His hand kneaded her bound breast, heightening the burning sensation in the tip. It felt swollen and needy for his touch.

Just when she thought she'd explode, she felt his head slip under her upraised arms and his hot mouth latch onto her nipple. Reannah's knees buckled at the wet heat of his lips. Waves of hot lust radiated from that one small point throughout her entire body, obliterating any fears or concerns she might have once had.

His teeth grazed her skin lightly sending shivers down her spine. A whimper of protest slipped from her when he removed his mouth but it quickly turned into a gasp of surprise. He's eased a ring of some sort around her nipple and it amplified the pressure on her swollen tip.

The sensation increased dramatically when he released the binding of the whip from around her breast. All the blood that had built up under the tie rushed toward her be-ringed peak.

Reannah shook with desire as he repeated the process on the other breast. Sweat dripped off her face and her hands clenched the post like it was the safety bar on a roller coaster.

"What should I call you, besides master?" she asked weakly. She desperately needed an anchor to keep herself from flying apart.

He hesitated as he moved behind her and she wondered if she had blundered in asking him his name.

"Just call me Ian."

"Yes, master."

Ian. That meant his lilt was Irish. Was Kiefer Irish? She wasn't sure...

Any other thoughts flew out of her mind as his hot tongue traced the line where her ass ended and her thighs began. Cream gushed from her pussy and she had a moment of embarrassment about her state.

"Um, delicious." He lapped her juices with little flicks of his tongue along her thigh, inducing more fluid. "You're so wet. Is that all for me, little slave?"

"Y-yes."

"I can't wait to sink my cock into all that creamy heat. But not yet."

Damn it! She was ready to beg him to fuck her and he wanted to play? The rings on her nipples sent pulses of fire through her with every breath she took. The glide of the whip along her pussy tormented her with its light touch. And his mouth, God his mouth was an implement of torture if there ever was one.

"I think you'd better remove your thong before it gets lost in those pouting pussy lips."

"Yes, master." *Thank you God!*

Her fingers fumbled as she unclenched them from around the whipping post. It was hard to get the leather thong over the boots with her eyes closed. At one point she almost fell, but Ian was there to catch her against his rock-hard frame.

While she removed her thong, he'd stripped. Reannah felt another moment of severe frustration at the binding over her eyes. She could feel his bare chest and legs but couldn't see them. What would he look like without those leather pants?

Pretty damn good, she bet.

"Spread your legs," he ordered once she'd finally removed the hated underwear.

She did as told and shook in anticipation. Was he finally ready to end this game and fuck her?

Apparently not, because he moved between her legs and ran something along her inner thigh.

"Have you ever used a dildo before, slave?"

What? She didn't want a fake cock, she wanted *his*!

"N-no." A vibrator, yes, but never a dildo.

"Then let me tell you about this one. It's rather unique actually. Instead of looking like a fake dick, it's shaped like a cone. It's made out of some sort of plastic that has give to it but it's still hard enough to do the job." He ran the cool object over her pussy lips. "And do you know what job that is?"

"To go inside me?"

"Absolutely."

He slid the dildo just inside her channel. Reannah's inner muscles tried to grip the smooth material and pull it in deeper. God, she wanted to be filled. She was aching inside.

"Not yet." He slipped it out and she cried with the loss.

Her legs trembled with need and her hands ached from clutching the post so hard. She wanted to weep, to beg, to do whatever she had to in order to get him to push the thing back in. To push *himself* inside of her.

"What do you want, slave?"

"You!"

"Not yet."

She ground her teeth in frustration, ready to scream her impatience. How much building up could she take before she exploded?

The feel of his hair brushing her thighs spiraled her even higher. His breath on her pussy pushed her even hotter.

And when he drew his tongue along her needy clit while he shoved the dildo into her grasping channel she reached the outer limits of her control.

Her head twisted from side to side as she pressed her hips closer to Ian's magical mouth. He furiously pumped the rod in and out while he flicked his tongue faster and faster.

Reannah couldn't hold back the storm raging through her. Didn't want to hold it back. She let it thunder over her, igniting every atom of her being as she shot to the stars.

"Now that is a beautiful sight. But I'm not done with you yet."

"More?"

"Much more. On your knees, grab onto the leather cuffs and assume the position."

Position? What position?

He slapped her ass again and she got the idea. It took a Herculean effort to get to her knees but she knew it would be worth the effort.

With her ass in the air and her breasts hanging low, arms overhead, she waited for Ian's next delight.

He didn't disappoint her. His hand caressed her butt cheek, drifting toward the tiny bud she'd never explored. Her breath came out in rush as he traced the opening, setting that nerve-rich area aflame.

Just when she thought he was going to do more than flirt around the surface, he came down with a stinging swat. Reannah's heart almost burst out of her chest as heat seared from her rear end to her core. She wiggled her butt, eagerly awaiting another spank.

Ian complied, quickly peppering her *derrière* with soft strokes and stinging slaps. With every stroke her body grew more and more needy.

"Let go of the cuffs," he ordered before biting her ear.

Reannah let go of the cuffs and let her upper body fall to the floor. Ian maneuvered behind her, wrapping an arm around her waist and leaning her over it.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes!" she sobbed, more than ready for anything.

Ian plunged into her from behind, his cock sinking deeply into her pussy. Reannah reared back, trying to get him as deep as possible. He reached around and flicked her blood-filled nipples that were still constricted by the rings.

One hand worked its way down her stomach to her curls and parted them. Sobs tore from her throat as he continued to pound her very depths as he flicked her clit. It was too much for her to handle and she rocketed to completion with a scream.

As she continued to ride the wave to the stars, she could feel Ian's thighs against her own, hear his harsh breathing as he fought for his own release. His hands clutched her hips, pulling her tightly against him until with a muted groan, he powered out three quick strokes and collapsed against her back.

Ian kissed the back of her neck as her legs crumpled beneath her. She lay on the floor, completely boneless, and unable to move. As he eased the scarf off her face, he kissed her and she could taste her arousal on his lips.

His hands cupped her face as he gentled the kiss, teasing her with soft nips and flickering licks along the inner edge of her lips. Her heartbeat ramped up again at the sheer romance of his touch. He didn't even know her name yet he kissed her like the most cherished of treasures.

Too bad it wasn't really Kiefer.

Stop that! You can pretend for tonight.

Reannah poured all her longing for Kiefer into kissing him back. She reached around and dug her nails into his well-formed butt and pulled him closer. Surprisingly, she felt his cock growing against her leg.

"Do you want me again so soon?"

"How can you ask?"

Amazed, she stroked his chest, soaking in every inch of his beautiful body that she could finally see. Having sex blindfolded had been an incredible sensual experience. Watching his cock grow as she stroked his gorgeous chest was a veritable feast to her

senses. He'd wadded up the scarf in a ball and tossed it back and forth as he watched her caress him.

Something about the action tweaked her memory but she pushed it aside when he wrapped the scarf around the back of her neck and pulled her on top of him.

"You're going to drive me insane, do you know that? That corset thing pushes your breasts up so temptingly. I don't know whether I love it or hate it."

"If it turns you on, I love it."

"Oh, it turns me on all right. Too much."

She raked her nails down his sides and trailed them over his pelvis. When she reached his steely cock, she eased it inside her still quivering pussy. Instantly, the barely banked fires flared to life.

Every cell of her body celebrated his entrance inside her.

"Wrap your legs around my waist."

She did and gloried at how much deeper he could get. Ian got to his knees and grabbed her ass, lifting her hips even higher to meet his thrusts. Reannah arched her back and stared at his muscled chest over her.

His eyes blazed through the mask, staring down at her with an intensity that burned her.

"You're mine now. Do you hear me? Mine!" He captured her mouth with a soul-stealing kiss and his spicy scent washed over her.

"Yes!" she screamed as another wave of release swamped her.

Her body convulsed, bowing her body with the sheer power of her climax. Hips bucked against hips as he ground into her clit to push her orgasm even longer. The pleasure rolled on and on like waves in the ocean, eventually slowing but never seeming to stop.

After an eternity, Reannah collapsed against the plush rug, too spent to come any more. She lifted her heavy eyelids to watch Ian reach his own peak. The muscles of his

shoulders stood out as he supported himself over her. His chest glistened with sweat and again, his musky, spicy scent washed over her.

Her befuddled mind screamed at her but she was too passion soaked to make any sense of it. The vein in Ian's throat pulsed rapidly as he threw back his head with a roar of completion.

The dim light shone upon his beautifully sculpted cheekbones and jaw.

His very familiar cheekbones and jaw.

Chapter Four



"That was incredible," he groaned against her throat. "More amazing than I could have ever dreamed."

"And how long have you dreamed about having sex with me, Kiefer?"

Reannah pushed his heavy body off her. She had to bite back a cry of dismay as his heavy cock slipped out of her. "Is this some kind of joke to you? Are you the one who sent me the invitation?"

She searched for her cape but couldn't find it in the dark. Needing something to cover her nakedness, she grabbed at the tacky blanket on the bed and wrapped it around her. Her face flamed in embarrassment as she pulled the nipple rings off and threw them on the floor.

"It's not like that, Rea. Honest. I didn't send you the invitation. Hell, I don't even know who sent it to me. I thought it was spam until I saw it on your computer today."

Kiefer pushed to his feet and reached for his pants. The muscles of his abdomen rippled as he jerked on the leather trousers and Reannah felt her body heat. It didn't care that she'd just been made a fool of. All her body cared about was repeating the mind-blowing sex she'd just had.

"So you decided to come to the party and what? See if you could get lucky?"

"I told you, it's not like that."

"That's what it looks like from my end. Did you think it would be funny to see me, boring Reannah, technical writer, in fetish wear?"

"No, damn it! I thought if you didn't know it was me I'd actually have a chance to touch you without you running away."

“W-what?” What did he mean?

“Don’t give me that dumbfounded look. I’ve been after you for *months* and you run away whenever the conversation moves beyond work.”

“I thought you were just playing me. You have women calling you constantly. They hand you their phone numbers at sales meetings. I’ve seen it happen.”

“I wasn’t playing you. And I throw those numbers out as soon as I get out of the meeting. I don’t want a one-night stand with someone who only sees me on the surface.”

“So you came to an orgy for a meaningful relationship?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“No. I’d hoped if you let me past your guard once, you might do it again after the party.”

His eyes pleaded with her to understand and Reannah had to sit down to gather her thoughts. This was just too weird. Here she’d been dreaming of Kiefer for months but had stayed away because she thought he was a player, not to mention the fact that workplace relationships were always a nightmare. She’d honestly thought he just flirted with her because she was one of the few women at Zera.

“Rea, talk to me. Please. Tell me I haven’t blown any chance I might have had with you, however slim.”

“I’m just trying to come to terms with everything.” Now *that* was an understatement. “Why me? I’m so boring compared to the women you hang around with.”

“Who do I hang around with?”

“That gorgeous blonde you brought to the Christmas party? What was her name, Barbie? Bubbles?”

“Bitsy. I only brought her because you turned me down. I wanted to make you jealous.”

Boy, had that ever worked. She'd seethed with envy over the stunning blonde bombshell for weeks.

"I thought you were playing a joke on me. If I said yes you'd laugh and tell me you were kidding." Humiliation made her face flame.

"I'd never do such a thing. That's terrible. I can't believe you'd believe I'd do something so juvenile and cruel." He paced in front of her, clearly agitated.

"Let's just say not everyone has your moral convictions and leave it at that."

"Oh man." Kiefer whipped off his mask and knelt in front of her, taking her hands in his. "I meant every word I've ever said to you. Meant every invitation and compliment. You've had me tied in knots for months now."

His earnest hazel eyes blazed into her and she couldn't look away. She was grateful for the mask to help her hide from his gaze. Could she really believe him?

Her brain screamed at her to remember how humiliating it was to be the butt of a frat boy's joke.

Her heart insisted Kiefer was different.

"Please." He rubbed her knuckles with his thumbs. "I know after this stunt I don't have any right to ask for your trust but I am anyway. I'd have done anything, *anything*, to get you to notice me. To let me touch you. Now that you have, I don't want to ever stop."

"Really?" Her heart flipped over.

"Really. Even when you didn't know it was me, I couldn't help but celebrate finally kissing you. Touching you. Tasting you."

Reannah's brain went down for the count. Her heart expanded until she thought her chest couldn't contain it anymore.

"I hated lying to you about my name. I wanted to hear my real name on your lips when I drove into you. When you flew over the edge."

He brought her knuckle to his mouth and twirled his tongue over it. Flames shot from her finger to her groin in warp speed.

She took a deep breath for courage as her stomach twisted at the risk she was about to take. Screw it, if she couldn't risk her pride for love on Valentine's Day, when could she?

"I-I went with you because you resembled the guy I've had a thing for for months."

"Who?"

She shrugged the blanket off her shoulders and knelt on the floor with him. "This sexy sales guy I thought would run in the other direction if he knew how I really felt. How much I wanted him and how often I fantasized about him touching me."

"I'd like to hear a little more about those fantasies." He untied the corset with blinding speed and pushed the contraption down her hips.

"I can tell you, they had nothing to do with boots that made my feet hurt this much." She made a face and tried to stand but got tangled in the blanket.

"Then by all means, take them off. But promise me you'll wear them for me again."

"Liked the dominatrix look, did you?"

"It almost gave me a heart attack."

Reannah sat back on the bed and unzipped the boots, grateful to get them off her aching feet.

Kiefer rubbed her toes as she eased off the second heel.

"God, that feels good. I may keep you around after all, you have great hands."

"Honey, my hands aren't the only great part about me." His eyes glinted devilishly over her foot as he sucked on one of her toes.

Fire. He must be part fucking dragon to have so much heat in his mouth. Molten lava ran from her foot to her pussy. Since when were feet erogenous zones?

"Take off your mask. I want to see all of you when I make love to you."

“And what makes you think you’re going to make love to me?” She teased taking off her mask and undoing the binding that held her hair in place.

“I’m a salesman, I go into every pitch assuming I’ll win the deal.” He ran his thumb over the arch of her foot. “Take off your shirt, please. My hands are busy.” His fingers feathered up her calves and stroked the backs of her knees.

“When do I get my turn? You’ve already seen all of me. I want my turn to play.”

“Far be it from me to keep a woman from her playthings. Be gentle with me.”

Kiefer lay down against the pile of pillows at the head of the bed without the least hint of embarrassment at his nudity.

He obviously didn’t have a thing to be embarrassed about. Thick muscles bunched at his shoulders and pecs. He wasn’t built up like the men she’d seen in the viewing room, but was firm and well defined.

Her breath hitched as she ran her fingers over his six-pack abs. Was there anything better looking than a well-built torso? Trailing her hand lower, she grasped his hardened cock and decided maybe one thing might be more attractive.

“It really wasn’t very nice of you to keep me from seeing this before. I feel cheated.”

“Don’t lie to me, wench. You enjoyed every second of it.”

Reannah moved between his legs, running her fingers over his hard, hairy thighs. “Maybe I did. But I’m enjoying this quite a bit.”

“Me too,” he gasped as she brought her mouth down to trace the smooth glans.

She tasted the mingled flavor of their earlier passion and rolled it over her tongue like a fine wine. Fresh cream gushed from her pussy and her breasts felt swollen with need.

Drawing him in deeper, she rubbed her nipples against the roughness of his legs and hummed her pleasure. Goose bumps chased down her arms as she bobbed up and down on his cock. Using one hand to wrap around his length, she cupped his balls in her other one and gently rolled them in her palm.

"I'm getting lonely up here."

"Are you complaining?" She lifted her head off his shafted and stared at him.

"No, but one taste of you wasn't enough. I want more. Come here."

Heat coiled in her belly and spread to her breasts and pussy. Her thighs quivered as she placed her dripping core over his mouth and lay across his chest. Their heights were so well matched she was able to draw him back into her mouth without straining at all.

Thank God.

"Are you using the dildo again?" she asked when she felt something press between her slick pussy lips.

"Nope, my finger. This time nothing is going in you but me."

Her inner muscles spasmed around his finger as he drove it into her and continued to lick her clit. It was almost impossible to concentrate on his pleasure when he was driving her out of her mind with his mouth. She sucked as hard as she could, pulling him deeply to the very back of her throat, wanting to give him as much pleasure as he gave her.

If his sudden exhalation was anything to go by, she thought she succeeded. And then she couldn't think anymore. Kiefer pushed a second finger inside her and stroked the bundle of nerves that pushed her over the edge. She barely remained conscious enough to release him before another screaming orgasm ripped through her.

She reached for his erection again as the tremors subsided but Kiefer pulled her away.

"I can't take any more. I want to be in you when I come."

Wordlessly, Reannah squirmed around until her pussy was poised to let his cock inside her. With no masks between them, real or emotional, she stared into his eyes and slid him home.

Kiefer let out a guttural moan and brought his hands up to knead her breasts.

"God, I've wanted to see you like this for so long. Your hair tumbling wildly over your naked body while you bounce on top of me. I can die a happy man." He reared up and captured a nipple between his teeth.

"Not yet you can't." Another orgasm threatened to push her over the cliff.

His chuckle vibrated through her rib cage right to her heart.

"I don't plan on leaving you any time soon."

He circled her clit with his finger as he pushed upward to pierce her to her very soul.

"Look at me, my lovely Reannah. I want to be the last thing you see as you go over the edge."

She forced her lids to open and was mesmerized by the emotions brimming in his hazel eyes. "Come with me," she whispered, barely able to speak.

"Always." He thrust up rapidly while she rocked against him, clinging to the edge of the cliff until she felt him tighten beneath her.

Letting herself go, she fell into Kiefer's gaze and didn't care where she landed.

* * * * *

"I know it's six o'clock in the morning but I had to thank you," Reannah babbled into the phone as she waited in the limo for Kiefer to get some things from his condo. They were headed back to her place for a weekend of breakfast, lunch and dinner in bed.

"What are you talking about?" Molly's voice was rough with sleep.

"For the party. It was more than I could have ever imagined. But how did you manage to get Kiefer an invitation too? What if he hadn't shown up?"

"Rea, it's six a.m. and I'm not a morning person on a good day. What party?"

"The Screw Cupid party? You know. The one you so conveniently convinced me to go to? I know you set it all up. I don't know how but I'm glad you did."

"Honey, I had nothing to do with it."

"Come on, Mol. The joke's over."

"I'm not kidding. I had nothing to do with the party. I just thought you needed to get out and stop moping so I told you to go. I didn't arrange the invitation though."

"But—but they had my shoe size right. And they invited Kiefer too..." she trailed off.

"Must have been someone else because it wasn't me. Glad things worked out for you though. I'm going back to bed."

Reannah hung up the phone, stunned as Kiefer climbed in next to her.

"What's wrong? Are you having second thoughts?"

"No, of course not." She gave him a lingering kiss, tasting the strawberries and champagne they'd shared earlier. "I just called Molly to thank her for getting me an invitation to the party and she didn't know anything about it. I was sure she was the one who invited me. Who invited you?"

"I have no idea. The E-vite came from Cupid2007. I didn't pay too much attention to it until I saw you had one too. Then I knew I had to go. I figured it must have been someone you knew."

"Trust me, other than Molly no one, and I mean *no one*, would ever believe I'd go to a party like that."

"I'm sure we'll find out eventually. But in the meantime, let's just enjoy the gift fate dropped into our laps. Or rather, our in-boxes."

He kissed her again, leisurely nipping at her lips and teasing her with his tongue. The ride passed in pleasurable silence as they explored one another in the dim predawn light.

It wasn't until a discreet cough and a cool breeze snapped them out of their spell that they realized the car had even stopped. With her face flaming, Reannah collected

her purse and pulled the cape over her disheveled outfit before accepting the chauffeur's hand.

"Thanks again. And please pass our gratitude on to our host," Kiefer said to the driver as he captured Reannah's hand.

"Of course, sir." The driver tipped his hat and handed Kiefer a card printed on the same stationery she'd seen earlier.

Before Reannah could ask him about it, the driver climbed into the car and pulled away.

"What is that?" she asked, her breath clouding the frigid morning air.

"I don't know but why don't we open it inside. I'm freezing."

They shuffled into Reannah's kitchen and she put on a pot of coffee before Kiefer opened the letter.

"Well, what does it say?"

"You're not going to believe this."

"Try me."

"Dear Ms. Mason and Mr. Brown,

Thank you so much for attending my sensual celebration. I hope you found your every wish and desire in each other.

Sincerely,

Cupid."

"Get out of town! Let me see that." Reannah snatched the note out of Kiefer's hand and read it herself.

"How could he have known we hooked up? Everyone was masked."

"I don't know and I'm not going to worry about it. I've got you now and if Cupid is the reason why I'll happily celebrate Valentine's Day for the rest of my life."

"You and me both." She sat on his lap and held his face in her hands so she could control the kiss. "You know, this isn't going to be easy with both of us working at Zera. I know there's no rule about employees dating but it can still get awkward."

"I know. I'll talk to Paul and see what he thinks, whether I should be switched to another office or what. But I'm not giving you up."

"But—"

"But nothing. Let's deal with that when the time comes. For the next two days, the only thing I want to worry about is whose turn it is to be on top."

"I believe that it's yours, master." Reannah tossed her cape over his face and took off for the bedroom.

A thrill raced through her as she heard Kiefer in hot pursuit. Cupid really had given her every wish and desire.

And then some.

About the Author

Arianna Hart lives on the East Coast with her husband and three daughters. When not teaching, writing, or chasing after her children and the dog, Ari likes to practice her karate, go for long walks, and read by the pool. She thinks heaven is having a good book, warm sun, and a drink in her hand. Until she can sit down long enough to enjoy all three, she'll settle for the occasional hour of peace and quiet.

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

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