

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

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**CHEYENNE
McCRAY**

T*A***B***O***O**
the Job

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Taking the Job

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TABOO: TAKING THE JOB

Cheyenne McCray

Author's Note

Taking the Job incorporates only elements of Domination/submission and BDSM. It is not intended to accurately portray a true BDSM or Dom/sub relationship.

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Chapter One

Rain pounded down on Elsie Meyers as she hurried into the towering office building where Bennett Consulting offices were located in downtown Tucson. She loved rain and its clean scent, but right now she'd give anything for it to have been a nice, dry desert day.

"Damn, damn, damn!" she muttered as she reached the glass doors and yanked one of them open. In the space of time it had taken her to get from her car to the building, she became totally drenched. Her cream silk shirt was plastered to her skin, and her mauve linen skirt kept hiking up her thighs, damn near exposing her garters, her guilty little secret – wearing such sexy underwear beneath her clothing.

Thank goodness she'd swept her hair up and fastened it with a clip so at least she wouldn't look like a drowned poodle. The natural curl in her red hair went nuts when it got wet. It was bad enough she was going to be attending her job interview looking like she'd taken a shower in her clothing.

Both the security guard on duty and the information desk clerk looked at her with interest, but she ignored them and took quick strides to the elevator bank. She inhaled a deep breath as she waited for the car and her nerves jumped when it dinged. On the way up she hitched the strap of her black, faux alligator briefcase up on her shoulder and tugged down on her skirt, hoping she looked halfway presentable. She'd really wanted to impress the owner and CEO of the company with a professional appearance – so much for that.

Once she got off at the floor for Bennett Consulting, she'd find a bathroom and touch up her makeup. God, why didn't she think of that when she was on the bottom level?

Because you're going to be late if you don't hurry, that's why!

John Bennett had agreed to an early evening interview because her current work schedule wouldn't allow her the time it would take to sit down and discuss her qualifications with him. She was a software design consultant and her contract was going to expire soon.

When Elsie stepped off the elevator, she came up short. *Damn!* It opened right to the reception area, not a hallway where she could run to the restroom and check out her makeup.

She touched her upswept hair and found that an errant curl or two had escaped and she gave a frustrated sigh.

A gray-haired woman about the same age and build as Elsie's grandmother rose from her chair behind the receptionist's desk, her eyebrows cocked, making Elsie wonder if her skirt was on backward or if her makeup had melted all over her face.

"Just leave a wet T-shirt contest?" the woman said with amusement in her tone.

"Wha—" Elsie looked down at her silk cream blouse and felt heat rush to her cheeks and to the roots of her hair. The silk was practically invisible against her skin, her satin bra standing out as clearly as if she was wearing nothing over it. And, "Oh, my God," she said as she saw her nipples hard and pointed through the material.

She looked at the receptionist in horror. "I-I—"

"Ms. Meyers?" came a deep male voice from her left.

Her skin prickled with more heat. If it was John Bennett, she was going to die of embarrassment. The floor might as well swallow her up right now.

Don't let it be Bennett! Don't let it be —

"John Bennett." He held out his hand as she slowly swiveled toward him and her eyes met his. "Right on time."

"Uhhh," was the only sound she managed to get out as heat flooded her body.

A zinging sensation zipped straight to her belly when he shook her hand. Something flashed in his blue eyes but quickly vanished as he released her. God, the

man was gorgeous. Neatly cut blond hair, broad shoulders beneath an expensive business suit and a blue tie that matched the blue of his eyes.

And he looked somewhat familiar...

He politely kept his gaze on her face and not on her wet blouse as he released her hand.

"Are you leaving for the day, Theresa?" he asked the older woman who still wore an expression of amusement.

"If you won't be needing me, Mr. Bennett," the woman he'd called Theresa said, "I'll head out into that lovely storm. The rest of the staff has already left for the day."

Bennett nodded and smiled. "Enjoy your grandkids while your daughter's in town."

"I will—the little monsters." Theresa swept by Elsie with a smile. "See you Monday."

As Theresa punched the button for the down elevator, John gestured toward a tall mahogany door at the corner of the expansive room filled with cubicles. "The heat's on in my office, so you should warm up, Ms. Meyers."

Not that her body wasn't on fire already with embarrassment and from the intense look in the gorgeous man's eyes—and the fact that she was practically naked from the waist up. Thoughts of him warming her up, personally, filled her mind and her cheeks were on fire.

Elsie took a deep breath as she clutched her briefcase strap with one hand and walked ahead of him as he'd indicated. She imagined the heat of his stare on her back as she preceded him to his office.

After she entered, she felt like an automaton as she walked through the door then seated herself on one of the thickly padded arm chairs in front of his desk. She perched on the edge of her seat, her back ramrod straight, her briefcase at her feet. Water

droplets trickled down her spine, ending at the waistband of her skirt. She was going to leave a damned wet spot on the chair when she stood up.

And if her libido didn't calm down from being close to John Bennett, the wet spot wasn't going to be just from the rain.

His office was all mahogany with rich navy carpeting and upholstery. Everything from the globe by the window to the shelves of books with various forms of artwork. It was everything she imagined an executive's office would look like. Through the large windows the rain could be seen pouring down on the city and fat droplets splattered on the panes. The room smelled of polish, wood and new carpeting.

The sound of the door shutting met Elsie's ears and her heart thumped in her throat at the soft footfalls coming up from behind her before he reached the chair beside her. To her surprise he sat in it rather than behind his desk.

When Bennett was seated he still saved her from further embarrassment by not staring at her chest. He leaned casually in the chair and gave her a devastatingly handsome smile that had the effect of making her nipples tighter and her folds grow wetter.

Oh my God.

Even though her nipples had to be standing out like mountain peaks, she cleared her throat and sat up even straighter in her seat, if that was possible. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Bennett," she said, managing to get words out of her mouth for the first time.

"Yes, a pleasure," he echoed, "but call me John. May I call you Elsie?" He eyed her as if making a monumental appraisal while not staring at her breasts. "I've seen you somewhere before, but I can't quite grasp the occasion."

"You look familiar to me too." Good, words were coming from her head to her mouth. Maybe she could do this. "And Elsie is fine."

Goddamn, the woman was gorgeous. Without being obvious about it, John took in her upper body, her slim shoulders, the graceful curve of her throat and her delicate features. Her hazel eyes seemed to almost shift colors, and the curls that had escaped her upswept red hair looked so damn sexy. When he'd followed her in, he'd watched the way her small ass swayed and had studied her long, toned legs. He wondered exactly what she wore beneath that skirt. Thanks to the rain, he knew what she wore above it.

Now that he was face-to-face with her, there was no missing that her nipples were hard and obvious through her transparent shirt—*thank you, rain gods*—and the curves of her large breasts made his mouth water and his cock harden.

He shifted in his seat, trying to ease the pressure against his zipper, and hoped she didn't look at his lap. Images flashed through his mind of his collar around her throat, her ass pink from his whip and driving his cock in and out of her pussy from behind as he bent her over a spanking bench.

Fuck. He had to get his thoughts and erection under control.

On top of that, some serious sexual undercurrents snapped between the two of them like an electrical wire. By the look in her eyes and the tentative way her tongue darted out to touch her bottom lip, he was positive she was as attracted to him as he was to her.

Just by looking at her and her mannerisms, he had no doubt she would make an excellent submissive.

To gain some semblance of control, and to ease the tension, he commented about the weather and said he was sorry she'd had to come out in such bad weather—even though he wasn't, sorry that was. She looked too damn delicious with her shirt plastered against her chest.

He asked her if she enjoyed her current position.

"It's been challenging," she said in her bedroom voice that made him think more and more about what she would be like naked, maybe even tied down to his bed. "But I've truly enjoyed it. I'm sorry the project is coming to an end."

"Why are you interested in a position with my consulting firm, Elsie?" he asked, letting her name slide over his tongue and enjoying the taste of it.

She still sat rigidly in her seat, and he wondered how to get her to relax. "I've made the decision that I would rather work with a consulting firm than strictly on my own," she said.

"Why is that?" He was tempted to rub his cock with one of his hands, it ached so badly. Wild fantasies of marking her as his own continued to spin through his head. Jesus Christ, he couldn't remember being this affected by any woman.

Elsie's eyes shifted from hazel brown to green as she tilted her head to the side. He wondered if she made that movement consciously. "I'd rather be consistently in the field than having large breaks in between consults."

"Reasonable." He leaned forward and braced his forearms on his thighs. "Would you be interested in an inside consulting position? I'm looking for a software designer for an in-house project." Hell, he'd make up a job to keep this woman nearby. He'd made it a rule to never be involved with any of his employees, but if she worked as a consultant, she wouldn't technically be an employee...

"Yes," she said without hesitation and his cock stirred. Having her close...that would be dangerous and challenging all at the same time.

"What are your qualifications?" he asked.

"Let me give you my résumé." Elsie leaned down to pick up the black briefcase she'd brought with her.

As she started to sit back up, he watched her fumble with the catch as if her hands were shaking. The clasp made a clicking sound as it opened.

In the next moment she gave a little cry as the briefcase slipped out of her grasp, and the contents tumbled out and rolled across his carpeted floor.

"Let me help." John got out of his seat and knelt beside Elsie as she frantically scooped up items and put them into one of the briefcase's pockets.

"Really, I'm fine." A strangled sound came from her throat when she looked up to see him holding a suede flogger that had fallen out of her briefcase.

It was at that moment he remembered exactly where he had seen her before.

"Uhhh..." Elsie's face flamed while she tried to form a coherent sentence as her brain took a holiday from sheer embarrassment.

She was still on her knees as he crouched beside her, just inches away. He didn't give her the black and red leather flogger. Instead, he gripped the handle with one hand and ran the fingers of his other hand through the strips of suede.

He was so close she felt his body heat, and her heartbeat ratcheted up a notch from the way he was holding the flogger—as if he knew his way around one. What if he...

Elsie cleared her throat as he stroked the flogger then met her gaze. "Fetish Ball, Las Vegas, two months ago," he said in a dark, dangerous, sensual voice.

The briefcase slipped from her fingers again, but she barely noticed the contents rolling away.

Oh. My. God.

Not a single word would come out of her mouth, not that her heart would let any words pass.

He suddenly seemed closer than he had before and the spicy scent of his aftershave caused the furious churning in her belly to increase.

John took the flogger and traced it down the side of her face and she closed her eyes. He moved the soft leather straps lower, along the curve of her neck to the opening of her blouse as he spoke.

"You were wearing a black leather corset that barely kept in your breasts, and a black leather thong that showed off your ass perfectly." As he continued she shook from the sensuality in his words and the way he stroked her with the flogger. Her eyes still closed, she pictured everything he was saying as it had been that night. "You had on the sexiest high heels that showed off your long, gorgeous legs as you were spread out, strapped to a St. Andrew's cross. God, you looked beautiful as you were being flogged. Your ass so pink and perfect for fucking."

Elsie gasped and he paused and rested the flogger at the curve of her neck. "You were wearing another Dom's collar."

She licked her lips and opened her eyes but she couldn't meet his gaze. He knew. God, he knew.

"Do you still have a Dom, Elsie?" he asked in that deep, penetrating voice that made her thong even more soaked.

She shook her head. The relationship between her and Terry had ended not a month after that fetish ball.

"Good." John caught her off guard with his statement and she raised her gaze to meet his. He stroked the flogger from the curve of her neck to the opening of her blouse, but this time moving it beyond. "Are you looking for a new relationship, a new Dom, Elsie?"

She opened her mouth then shut it. She remembered him now. He'd been standing off to the side, watching her being flogged by Terry, her Dom. John had been wearing the same sexy but dark smile that tipped the corner of his mouth now, and he'd been dressed in tight black jeans and a sleeveless black suede shirt. She could still remember his finely carved biceps that were now hidden by his suit jacket.

"Are you, Elsie?" He repeated her name each time he spoke to her, as a Dom would. "Answer me."

His voice was so compelling, so masterful, that she couldn't have stopped herself if she tried. "Yes," she whispered.

John traced the flogger around one of her nipples, causing her whole body to heat more than it already was. She gasped and nearly lost her balance from where she was kneeling, but caught herself by grasping one of his arms. His biceps flexed beneath her fingertips as he skimmed his hand up her shoulder and her neck to cup the back of her head.

"I'm going to kiss you, Elsie." His mouth was so close to hers now that the warmth of his breath feathered across her lips. "Unless you tell me no."

Her heart dropped from her throat to pound like crazy against her breastbone.

"Tell me what you desire, Elsie." He nuzzled the corner of her mouth. "I want to hear you say it."

It took a great deal of effort but she finally got the words out in a whisper. "I-I want you to kiss me."

A smile of pure male satisfaction curved his lips before he claimed her mouth with his own.

The moment his lips touched hers, she moaned. His tongue delved into her mouth, expertly touching and teasing and experimenting with her and their kiss. He held the back of her head firmly with one hand while the other grasped her ass so tight the flogger he still held dug into her flesh.

The moans rising up within her grew as he intensified the kiss, mastering her. She completely and totally gave herself up to him.

Before she knew what was happening, he had lowered her onto her back on the carpet while he was still kissing her. One of his knees slid between her thighs, spreading them and causing her skirt to hike up, almost to her pussy.

John groaned as he continued to tease her, tempt her, taste her with his kiss. As he straddled her, he began to explore her body with one of his hands, palming her breasts one at a time through her wet silk blouse, then pinching each of her nipples, almost as hard as she liked it. She arched up into him and gave a cry into his mouth when he pinched her nipples so hard they hurt. Yeah, that was it.

Elsie's moans became louder as he slid his hand down from her breast to her thigh. He slid his fingers up and over her stocking to her garter belt, and he smiled against her lips.

John moved his hand higher up her thigh, and she caught her breath as he whispered against her lips, "Oh, sweetheart, what have we got here?"

Elsie stilled beneath John's touch, but her rapid breathing and the darkness of her hazel eyes when he raised his head told him she wanted this.

Shit, this was crazy. He was crossing into taboo territory by taking things so far with a woman he was interviewing. But it felt so right. So good. And she seemed to feel the same way.

She audibly caught her breath as he skimmed his fingers along the bare skin of her thigh beside her garter, pushing her skirt up higher. He moved slowly, giving her every opportunity to put a stop to what they were doing.

Instead, she slid her hands up around his neck and brought his head closer to hers so that their lips met. He kissed her softly then drew away. "That's not how the game goes, is it, Elsie," he stated. "You do what I tell you when I tell you."

Her eyes widened but she didn't argue.

Some of the things that had fallen out of her briefcase rolled under his desk as he adjusted himself so that he was more firmly on top of her.

"I want to see your hair down." He moved his hand from her thigh and traced her lips with his fingertip.

"But the rain will have made it all curly—"

He shook his head. "Don't make me tell you twice, Elsie. Do you want to be punished?"

She bit her lip and shook her head as she reached up and tilted her face to the side so that she had access to the clip. She slid it free, and a few of the curls started to escape.

He smiled and knelt between her thighs so that he could use both hands to fluff out her hair and spread it behind her like a fire-red halo. It was long and curly, and adorable around her face.

John looked down at the place he had hiked her skirt up to her upper thigh—to where he could almost see her mound. He braced his hand to the side of her head and studied her. Her cheeks were pink, her parted lips swollen from his kiss, her eyes heavy-lidded and dark with desire.

He braced one hand to the side of her head and brought his other back beneath her skirt, where he pushed it up farther while keeping his gaze focused on hers. She gasped as his fingers crept higher.

“Put your hand on mine, Elsie.” His words came out deeper and gruffer than he’d intended. “Guide my fingers to where you want me to touch you.”

Her eyes widened and she hesitated. He gave her a firm look, meant to tell her to follow his instructions. If she was a good submissive and wanted him to be her Dom, she would need to obey him without pause.

She eased her hand down to cover his and he could feel her trembling fingers as she guided his from her garter to her mound.

Jesus Christ. She wasn’t wearing any underwear.

The curls of her mound tickled his palm as she moved his hand down until his fingers rested on her folds.

His heart pounded a little faster and his cock ached beyond measure. How he wanted to unfasten his zipper and plunge into her pussy now—he could barely restrain himself.

He teased the outside lips of her folds with his fingers, not delving into her wetness yet. And he knew she’d be wet. “What do you want me to do now, Elsie?”

The way her cheeks turned pinker made her look even more desirable. “Touch me. Rub my clit.”

John gifted her with a smile of approval and slipped his fingers into her slick folds. "You're so damn wet, Elsie." He stroked her clit and she gave a soft moan. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

Again she stilled, her lips parted as another moan escaped her and she locked gazes with him.

"Do you?" he repeated. "Say it, Elsie."

"I—" Her voice came out in a harsh whisper. "I-I want you to fuck me, John."

He smiled, slid two fingers into her slick channel and began pumping them in and out so that his knuckles met her folds. She cried out and arched her back, raising her chest and drawing his attention to her large breasts beneath her wet blouse. He lowered his head and bit one hard nipple through her shirt and bra and she cried out from the pain of his bite.

"Did you like that, Elsie?" he murmured as he moved his mouth to her other nipple.

"Yes." She gasped as he bit her other nipple. "A lot. I like everything you're doing to me."

He gave another satisfied smile and pounded his fingers in and out of her pussy at the same time he bit and sucked her nipples through her shirt and bra. She moaned and grasped his biceps, digging her fingers into his suit jacket.

"Oh God." Her whole face was flushed as she writhed beneath him. "I'm so close to coming."

"You know how it works, Elsie," he said as he slipped his fingers from her core. "No orgasm without my permission."

She shuddered and whimpered as he brought his fingers from between them and slipped them into his mouth. He sucked her juices and drank in the scent of her musk while he watched her.

“You taste so fucking good, sweetheart.” He braced both hands to either side of her chest. “Unbutton your blouse.”

Her throat worked as she swallowed, but her fingers moved from his biceps to the buttons of her blouse at once. She fumbled with the buttons but gradually her blouse fell to the side as she pulled the hem out of the waistband of her skirt. Her bra barely restrained her breasts that almost overflowed the cups. When her blouse was unbuttoned, he helped her rise up as much as she needed to so that he could slide the material off her shoulders and fling the blouse on one of the chairs.

God, he loved when a woman wore a front clasp bra. He unfastened it and she bit her lower lip as he eased it completely off her, setting her breasts free so that she was naked from the waist up.

“Damn, you’re beautiful,” he said just before he leaned down and licked one of her nipples. She gave a sound between surprise and pleasure, then moaned when his mouth covered her nipple and moaned again as he bit the taut bud.

He loved the taste of her skin, her juices. And right now he wanted to taste all of her, especially her pussy.

Chapter Two

Elsie's mind was spinning. She couldn't believe what was happening. She'd come to John Bennett's office for a job interview, and now she was beneath him as he suckled her nipples and teased her clit again with his fingers. His mouth was hot against her chilled skin and the warmth was spreading throughout her.

She didn't even know this man, but it felt as if her body did, and she couldn't have stopped all of this from happening if she tried. She didn't *want* to stop it.

He went from biting and sucking her nipples to sliding his mouth down the center of her belly, closing in on the waistband of her skirt. "Arch your hips," he said as he licked a path along the material.

When she obeyed, he reached behind her and unfastened her skirt, eased the zipper down and slid her skirt down her hips. The sparks in her belly became more frantic as he stripped her of her skirt and tossed it aside. Now all she was wearing was her stockings, garters and her heels. Her pussy and the rest of her were completely bared for him. She was nervous, yes, but she liked the way he looked at her and she didn't feel the need to cover herself. No, what she wanted was his mouth and hands on her and his cock inside her core.

He studied her with obvious approval and pressed her thighs apart with his palms, spreading her wide. "That's better."

As his gaze took her in, he shrugged out of his suit jacket and threw it on top of her skirt. He loosened his tie, took it off, and it ended up on top of his jacket. He undid the first couple of buttons on his shirt, just enough to tease her with a glimpse of his golden skin and his muscles bulging beneath his shirt.

"I want you naked too, John." Her pussy was growing wetter beneath his scrutiny.

He shook his head. "Only when you've earned the right. I *am* going to have to punish you."

She looked at him in surprise.

John gave her a wicked look. "For fucking a total stranger."

Elsie opened her mouth to respond, but words failed her once again, this time as he went down on her. He buried his face against her pussy, running his tongue from the sensitive spot between her anus and her clit. Without realizing what she was doing, she buried her hands in his soft hair and held onto him as he licked and sucked her folds and her clit. He shoved fingers from one hand into her core and began ramming his knuckles against her folds as he had earlier.

And then to her shock, he slipped a finger from his other hand into her anus.

She gasped and arched her hips as he pounded inside her pussy and anus while licking her clit. Her whole body was on fire and she writhed beneath his welcome assault.

John raised his face from her folds long enough to say, "Pinch your nipples, and I want you to pinch them *hard*."

He watched as she did as he instructed and cried out as he began licking her clit and pounding inside her from both directions.

Moans spilled from her throat as she pinched her nipples and watched him between her thighs. Fireballs ignited from the sparks in her belly and she could feel the heat at every nerve ending in her body.

"John." She couldn't stop moving as he mastered her body. A climax was building up so fast in her body she was afraid she would explode from it. "I'm going to come. Please let me come."

"No, sweetheart." He raised his head and she wanted to cry because he wasn't licking her clit. "You're an experienced sub. You know how to control your orgasms."

Elsie thought she was going to scream. Yeah, she'd become good at holding back her orgasm until her Dom gave her permission to come, but she didn't remember being this on fire, having this same need ever before. Maybe it was the situation, that she didn't even know John. Maybe it was the way he took command of her body. Whatever it was, he had her writhing and ready to climax at any moment.

She pinched her nipples even harder, the pain both a distraction and an addition to the torture he was inflicting on her.

"Put your palms on the carpet, Elsie." He raised his head again. "And don't move."

Don't move? Is he insane?

Her entire body trembled with the need to come as she placed her hands down on the carpeting. She bit her lower lip and struggled not to move as he continued pounding his fingers in and out of her anus and her pussy while licking her clit. Tears formed at the backs of her eyes, the need to climax was so powerful.

John stopped and withdrew his finger from her ass and his others from her pussy before pushing himself to his feet. She shuddered from the loss of contact and from relief that she didn't have to fight off her orgasm. As he unfastened his belt and pulled it from its loops, the firestorm in her belly intensified. Was he going to fuck her now? Or punish her?

"On your knees, Elsie," he said, holding the belt in his hands.

She eased up so that she was on her knees in front of him, her heart pounding like crazy. He walked behind her and she tensed, a tremor running up and down her spine, waiting for the spanking she was certain was coming. Instead he brought her arms behind her back, wrapped the belt around her wrists and fastened it. She tugged at the restraint, but he had her bound tightly.

He moved so that he was standing inches from her face. He unzipped his pants and released his long, thick cock.

John felt like his erection was bigger, harder, and ached more than it ever had before. Something about this woman drew out the beast in him. He had the primitive urge to throw her down and fuck her until she screamed loud enough for the security guard ten flights down to hear.

He grasped Elsie's wild red mane in one fist and brought her lips close to his cock. She moaned as she swirled her tongue around the head of his erection and he couldn't hold back a groan. He nudged her closer and she slid her mouth over his. "That's it, sweetheart," he managed to get out. "Take me deep."

Jesus, but her mouth felt so hot and wet. She made little whimpering sounds of pleasure as she applied suction then licked the circumference of his cock. He clenched his fist tighter in her hair and began thrusting in and out, fucking her mouth but taking care not to go too far.

He looked down to see the bound woman looking up at him with her hazel eyes, the color having shifted to look almost blue. The pain in his cock only increased as he watched his erection slide between her lips.

Goddamn, but he was getting close to climaxing, and that was something he couldn't do. He was the Dom, he was in control, and he wasn't about to let her see him lose it.

When he took all that he could of the velvet wetness of her mouth, he drew his cock out and tried to catch his breath and keep his body shaking from need without looking like that was what he was doing.

Maintain, Bennett. Keep your cool.

She looked so beautiful with her hands bound behind her back, only wearing garters, stockings and heels, her face tilted up, her lips parted and her hazel eyes dark with desire.

He couldn't take much more before he had to be inside her, had to fuck her with everything he had. But first things first.

“Kneel on that chair, Elsie.” He gestured to the one she’d been sitting in, what was it, minutes, hours ago? “Facing away from me and leaning over the back of it.” Her eyes widened as he scooped up her red and black suede flogger he’d discarded earlier. “It’s time for your punishment.”

Elsie still couldn’t believe he was going to punish her for having sex with a stranger, when *he* was the stranger! But at the same time she anticipated the sting of her flogger, the slow burn that would eventually take her to heaven.

And she had no doubt that he knew that’s what she wanted.

John took her by the arm and helped her stand. She got to her feet as gracefully as she could with her wrists bound behind her back and she moved to the chair. He assisted her as she climbed onto the seat and knelt so that she was half hanging over the back of the chair. The smooth wood was cool but hard beneath her belly.

Shivers wracked her body as she felt the soft touch of the flogger at her nape before he trailed it over the curve of one of her shoulders, then the other. He lightly brushed her spine with the suede straps, lulling her into relaxing, even though she knew what was coming soon.

His slow movements continued as he seemed to caress every curve of her body. He reached her ass and lightly swatted her, just teasing, sensual slaps of the leather over her ass. She bit her lower lip in anticipation of that first hard slap of the flogger.

“You have such a fine ass.” He moved the flogger back and forth over her skin in a movement that increased her desire to reach climax. “You’ve been fucked in the ass before, haven’t you, Elsie.” It was a statement.

“Yes,” Elsie admitted with no problem. She enjoyed the different sensations of fullness.

He moved the flogger lower so that he was caressing her thighs. “Have you ever been fucked by more than one man at a time?”

She shook her head, her long hair whispering across her bare shoulders. "No."

"But you've fantasized about it." Again, a statement.

Elsie hesitated and he paused in his movements with the flogger. "Yes." The word came out in a hoarse whisper. "I've been curious what it would be like."

The flogger reached the backs of her knees and she found herself trembling. "Would you like me to arrange for your fantasy to come true, Elsie?"

Her breath caught in her throat. Did she? It was something she'd imagined more than once – what would it feel like to have two men inside her at the same time?

"Answer me, Elsie," he said as he moved the flogger back up to her ass. "Do you want to be fucked by me and another man? I want to hear you say it."

She swallowed. "Yes," she managed to get out. "I want to be fucked by two men at the same time."

"We'll see," he said before the first lash fell across her ass and she screamed.

Sparks of heat erupted from the pain of the first lash. The heat traveled like a wildfire through her body, racing to the roots of her hair. Even her ears tingled.

And it almost made her climax at the same time.

Shit, he'd struck her harder than she'd expected. Tears stung the backs of her eyes as she waited for the slow burn of pleasure that rolled over her in the next wave as he rubbed her ass with his palm. His touch made it hurt more, yet soothed her at the same time.

"You've misbehaved, Elsie." John leaned over her back and she felt his rough clothing against her bound wrists and her soft skin. "You shouldn't be naked in the office of the man you were interviewing with, about to let him fuck you." She shivered as he pushed her thick hair over one of her shoulders and kissed her nape. "Isn't that right, sweetheart?"

She nodded and moaned at the same time from the featherlight movements his lips made over her neck.

"Answer me, Elsie." He palmed one of her breasts and kissed a path down her spine.

"Yes." Her pussy grew wetter with every touch, every movement he made. "I shouldn't be here."

"But you want it, don't you, Elsie." A statement again.

Her whole body vibrated with the need to come. With the need to have him inside her. "God, *yes*."

He gave a soft laugh that tingled along her spine. "You definitely deserve your punishment. Don't you think?"

"Yes." She squirmed and tugged her wrists against her bonds as his lips skimmed the place he had struck on her ass. "I need you to fuck me, John. Please."

"Uh-uh." He darted out his tongue and licked her still stinging skin. "That's not the way it works."

He drew away and before she even had time to tense in anticipation, he snapped the flogger against the other side of her ass. She cried out again, heat flowing through her body and her pussy growing wetter. It was all she could do to hold back her climax as pleasure followed pain.

Again he stroked the spot he had flogged, and again he pressed light kisses against her burning skin. "You should see how beautiful your ass looks when it's pink from your flogger." He licked her ass cheek. "Why were you carrying one in your briefcase, Elsie?"

The heat in her body magnified. "I-I picked it up from Terry's house—my old Dom—and kept forgetting to take it out of my briefcase."

"Or did you leave it on purpose, I wonder."

She looked over her shoulder in time to see him move back and raise the flogger.

John was magnificent. His short, dark-blond hair complimented his high cheekbones, and his broad shoulders and chest looked powerful beneath his dress shirt. His re-fastened pants hid his cock that she so badly wanted inside of her.

His gaze met hers. "Face away from me, Elsie."

The tenseness in her body magnified even though she knew she should relax her muscles. It was going to hurt a lot more if she didn't.

Too late. He snapped the flogger between her ass and her thigh, once on each side in rapid succession. She screamed and moisture flooded her eyes. The burn intensified when he didn't pause and struck the backs of her thighs, then her ass again, in places he hadn't flogged her before. Each time it was in a different location.

She perched on the precipice of her orgasm with every stroke, every burn and the resulting sting of pleasure.

When he finally stopped, she sagged in relief. Fire raged through her body. The tenseness coiled in her belly and the ache in her pussy had her so on edge it wouldn't take much to throw her over.

Elsie heard the rustle of clothing and the sound of something being torn open. Her folds grew wet enough that she felt moisture on the insides of her thighs.

She moaned as he molded his body to hers, his clothing scratchy against her burning skin and his chest pressing her bound hands tighter to her back. He kissed the curve of her neck as he rubbed his erection in her folds.

A shudder of desire wracked her body. She needed his cock inside her so badly she could almost scream.

"What do you want me to do now, Elsie?" he murmured as he dropped kisses down her shoulder.

"Fuck me." A moan rose up inside her from the contrast of his sweet kisses and her burning flesh. "I need your cock."

"It's time for your reward," he said just before he slammed his cock into her core.

She cried out at the exquisite feel of having him inside her, stretching her, filling her. Terry had nothing on this man, and she'd thought Terry had been big.

Slowly, John began thrusting in and out of her and she whimpered with every movement he made. She burned from the lashes, burned from need, burned from the way he felt inside her.

"Ever been fucked during an interview before?" he asked as he kept up his maddeningly slow pace.

The thought was incredulous. "Of course not." The words were a gasp as they came from her throat. "I've never even had sex with anyone I've worked with."

John's thrusts increased and he gave a sound of satisfaction as his balls slapped against her pussy. "Why me, Elsie?"

"I don't know." She moaned and wished her hands were free so that she could grip the chair and push back against him to meet each of his strokes.

He slowed. "Don't you?"

"I—uh." Her mind was whirling from the need to come and every sensation bombarding her all at once. "The—the moment you took my hand I felt something."

He moved his palms up from her hips and grasped her breasts as he picked up his pace again, pumping in and out of her at a faster rate. "I wanted you the minute I saw your blouse plastered against your skin, your nipples poking against your bra. I wanted to fuck you right then and there."

Elsie moaned. The way he put the emphasis on "fuck" made her all the hotter. And she was already about to burn out of control.

The sparks in her belly had rolled into the fire consuming her body. Perspiration had broken out on her skin and she was breathing hard and fast. Her whole body shook with the need to climax as he pumped in and out of her. His cock was so big and hard, so filling and long. He reached every sensitive spot inside her.

"I need to come. Please, John," she moaned. "Let me come."

“Hold, sweetheart.” His thrusts became harder, deeper.

Oh God. Could she last much longer? In the last couple of years as a submissive, she had learned how to hold back her orgasm. But this was different. It was John, and he was taking her to limits she’d never felt before.

He pinched her nipples hard and whispered by her ear. “Come, Elsie. Come now.”

She screamed. Her orgasm hit her so hard she thought she was going to fall over the back of the chair. The heat she’d been feeling swirled into a maelstrom of fire in her body and in her mind.

Everything that they were doing and what he’d done to her magnified the impact of her orgasm. The fact she was fucking the man she was interviewing with and only wearing heels, stockings and garter belt, the burn of the lashes against her ass and thighs, her hands bound behind her back, the rough feel of his clothing against her, his fingers pinching her nipples, and his cock ramming in and out at a furious pace—everything was driving her out of her mind.

He slammed into her so hard he forced her belly against the back of the chair. Her mind continued to spin and fire never stopped flaring in her body. Wave after wave of her orgasm traveled over her from toes to head and her orgasm wouldn’t stop, not with him continuing to slam into her.

A sob tore from her throat. She couldn’t take it. He was driving her further than she’d ever been.

When she thought she was going to scream again, John shouted. He pressed his hips tight against her burning ass and she felt the throb of his cock inside her core. Her pussy spasmed and spasmed, clenching down on his cock.

With a loud groan he moved his hands from her breasts and braced them on the back of the chair, to either side of her. His weight pressed against her bound wrists and her back. He felt comfortable, solid, but heavy.

After a moment, he drew away and she looked over her shoulder to see him dispose of a condom in the garbage can beside his desk. His eyes were wild and his

shirt wrinkled as he tucked his cock back into his slacks and zipped them up. She sighed in disappointment that he hadn't been naked with her, but at the same time it had been erotic feeling the roughness of his clothing against her sensitive skin.

Her pussy went on spasming while she looked at him and the feral gleam in his eyes as he reached for her. She didn't know what to expect as he helped her to her feet, and was pleasantly surprised when he took her mouth in a wild, possessive and dominating kiss.

Again his tongue mastered her, claiming her, and it was all she could do to stand. Her perspiration-coated body was smashed against his body as he grasped her by the ass and ground his growing erection against her belly. Smells of sex and sweat and his spicy male scent filled her senses.

John reached around her and unfastened the belt binding her wrists as he kissed her. The belt fell to the floor with a soft thud. Her wrists and arms were sore from being behind her. He brought them between them as he broke the kiss and started massaging her wrists and working his way up to her shoulders. She was already boneless from her orgasm and everything else she'd just been through, and his massage made her want to drop into a puddle of liquid heat.

His smile was so damn sexy as he looked down at her then brushed her forehead with his lips. He was a good six inches taller than her five-foot six-inch height. Only his big hands on her arms kept her standing.

As he massaged her he nuzzled her hair and audibly inhaled. "Some kind of flower – orange blossoms maybe? Whatever it is, you smell so damn good, sweetheart."

Elsie just released a deep, shuddering sigh and leaned against him, enjoying his hard, muscular chest against her soft breasts. His shirt had a clean, starched smell that lingered with his spicy scent.

John worked his hands up her shoulders to her neck and then cupped her face. "You are so beautiful, Elsie." He brushed kisses over her nose, her cheeks, her jawline, to her ear. When he backed away he slipped his fingers into her curtain of hair and

fluffed it over her shoulders. "I love your hair down." He let his hands trail from her hair to her neck. "And I love the sprinkling of freckles on your shoulders," he said as he ran his palms up and down, from her upper arms to her throat.

As she looked up into his blue eyes, she gave a sated sigh again. "Where do we go from here?" she said softly.

He brushed his mouth over hers and tickled her lips when he spoke. "Are you a lifestyle sub or a bedroom sub?"

When he drew back to look in her eyes she smiled. "Definitely only when it comes to sex. Otherwise, watch out."

With a grin, he said, "The flogger triggered your response to me."

"My body was already responding to you." She gave a soft laugh. "But I never dreamed *this* would happen."

John cupped her cheeks and kissed her again. "We played that I was your Dom tonight. Will you be my sub?"

She didn't even hesitate when she responded, "Yes."

"Good." He raised his head and looked at her. With a wink he added, "By the way, you're hired."

Elsie laughed. "When do I start?"

"As soon as possible."

Chapter Three

John could hardly maintain his focus as he pumped iron in his home workout room, working on his biceps. All he could think about was Elsie Meyers and all that they had shared last night. Goddamn, it had been incredible.

After he'd helped her dress and pick up *almost* all of the items from her briefcase, he'd walked her out to her little blue sports car and gave her one last kiss. It had been dark by the time they made it out of his office building, only the yellow glow of the parking lot light illuminating her wet features. It had still been raining, but neither of them seemed to care as their kiss lingered on.

Reluctantly he let her leave and stared in the direction her car had headed long after it disappeared from sight. He'd asked her to spend the last night with him, but she'd refused. Instead, she promised to go with him tonight.

Sweat trickled down his spine as he set the pair of dumbbells down. He flexed his biceps then picked up her flogger from off one of his workout benches. He ran his fingers through the straps as he remembered how deliciously pink her ass had looked and then how hot and tight her pussy had been around his cock. The orgasm he'd had—shit, he didn't remember anything so fucking intense in all his life.

It was Saturday and a bondage party was taking place later at his friend Aaron Richard's home, starting around eight. Tonight he was going to fulfill Elsie's fantasy of two men at the same time—and then he wasn't so sure he wanted to share her anymore. He owed his brother Drew—the only one of his three brothers who was single now—for the time with the Nelson triplets, a night almost as hot as what he'd experienced with Elsie right in his office. Amazing how one woman could outshine every other sexual experience he'd ever had.

Just thinking about tonight had his cock coming to full alert and pressing against his gym shorts. At least the material had some give – yesterday his business suit hadn't and he'd felt like his erection was being strangled as he'd dealt out Elsie's punishment and pleasure.

He adjusted his cock and tossed the flogger back on the bench before picking up a dumbbell to work on his triceps. One glance at the clock on the wall of the workout room told him it was closing in on noon. It was going to be a hell of a long day.

* * * * *

Sparks continued to bounce around in Elsie's belly as she glanced at the clock again. John had said he'd pick her up around eight, and it was getting close to the time he would arrive. She didn't know what to do with herself before he got there. She'd eaten a little something since he said there would just be hors d'oeuvres at the party he was taking her to. He'd suggested they go out to dinner before the party, but she'd already promised her sister they'd go clothes shopping – which had given her the perfect excuse to pick out her ensemble.

Her fingers trembled a little as she brushed down the skirt of her little green halter-style dress that made her hazel eyes seem greener, set off the creamy color of her skin and showed the sprinkling of freckles on her shoulders that John had appeared to like. Just remembering the way he had skimmed his fingers over them made her shiver and the ache between her thighs intensify. She'd arranged her hair up in an elegant knot, and imagined him pulling the pins out and setting her hair free again.

She still couldn't believe she'd had sex with the man she was interviewing with for a job. Instead of discussing her qualifications as a software design engineer, they'd ended up exploring her qualifications as a sub.

Considering how take-charge and independent she was in life, sometimes it struck her as strange that she was so submissive when it came to sex. The moment she was near her Dom, her sub qualities came forth and she reveled in letting him take control.

She'd only had two Doms before John, and they'd lasted only about three months each. For some reason neither man had filled a need inside her that she still couldn't identify. They'd parted ways amicably, and she still considered Terry and Jason as friends.

When the doorbell gave its familiar trilling sound, Elsie nearly jumped out of her skin. She looked in the mirror one last time, used industrial-strength hairspray to hold back a lock that wanted to escape, and then dabbed on her orange blossom perfume.

She took a deep breath, squared her shoulders and headed to the front door. She opened it and about melted on the spot. John wore his devastatingly sexy grin, along with black jeans and a black leather sleeveless shirt, like what he'd been wearing when they'd seen one another at the fetish ball in Las Vegas. She had a feeling he wasn't into silver studs. It just wasn't his style.

"Hello, gorgeous," he said as he took her by the waist and softly kissed her.

Elsie sighed and barely restrained from sinking against him and wrapping her arms around his neck. She could kiss this man all night long. "Want to come in for a sec?"

John followed her inside to her spacious kitchen where she drew out a bottle of Merlot and two wineglasses. He hitched his shoulder up against the doorway as he watched her pour them each half a glass.

He took the glass she offered him and she said, "To floggers."

With a chuckle, John shook his head and clinked his glass to hers. He swallowed, letting the Merlot warm his throat. Then he set the glass down and reached into his back pocket. "I have something for you."

She raised her brows then her lips parted as he brought out a long, thin jewelers box. "I can't accept anything, John," she said as he took her hand and pressed the box into her palm. "We've barely met."

"And fucked," he said with a teasing glint in his eyes. Her cheeks heated immediately. "Just open it."

Face still warm, she lifted the lid of the box and gave a soft gasp. "It's beautiful. But—"

"Do we need to start counting punishments already?" He raised an eyebrow.

"No, but—"

"This is your collar." He took the box from her and extracted the gold filigree choker that was about an inch wide and long enough to fit around her neck. "I want you to wear it to show that you're mine."

Elsie opened her mouth then closed it again as he moved behind her and slipped the choker around her neck. It fit snugly. And it felt right.

John took her by the shoulders and turned her around to face him. "Beautiful," he said in a voice husky with primal desire. "Will you wear my collar, my sign of ownership?"

She brought her fingers to her throat and touched the delicate choker. "Yes."

Another sexy smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. "I like your hair down," he said and reached up as if to take out her pins.

Elsie took a step back and shook her head. "Not yet. We'll save that for later."

"All right." His stare was intense as he reached for her. "But come here."

Instinctively she obeyed, stepping into his embrace and wrapping her arms around his neck. He grabbed the silky material covering her ass. "You don't know how much it turns me on to see you wearing my collar."

"Show me," she said as she reached up to kiss him.

John took possession of her lips, thrusting his tongue deep inside her mouth as he rubbed his erection against her belly. She grew wet between her thighs and even more so when he slid his hands beneath her dress and palmed her naked ass.

"Jesus Christ." He pulled away from her and looked into her eyes. "You're only wearing a garter again. Damn, woman. I don't know if I'm going to be able to wait to be inside you."

She gave him her naughtiest grin. "Maybe you should fuck me right now?"

It obviously pained him to shake his head, saying no with that movement. "You have to wait for your reward, and you know it."

A teasing pout started to form on her lips when he slid his hand in front of her and slipped his fingers into her wet folds. Elsie gasped and grabbed onto his biceps to hold herself steady as he rubbed her clit, raising her need so powerfully that she was ready to climax already. She knew he wouldn't let her, so she kept it to herself and just squirmed against his hand.

He finally drew his fingers from her folds and brought them beneath her nose so that she could smell her own musk. The sparks went crazy in her belly again and more moisture flooded her pussy when he slipped his two fingers into his mouth and sucked. The mere act made her knees weak as she imagined him going down on her again.

With a smile of pure satisfaction, he leaned down and kissed her, and she tasted herself on his tongue. He palmed her bare ass again. "We'd better go before I throw you across your kitchen table and fuck you right here, right now."

* * * * *

John's gut tightened when they reached Aaron's place. The closer he came to the time to share Elsie, the more he felt like resisting. Strange. He glanced at her and she seemed a little rigid as she sat against the butter-soft leather seat of his Jag. She was so Goddamn beautiful, it was like a punch to his solar plexus to look at her.

The way she'd swept her hair up exposed her delicate neck, making him want to explore it with his mouth and fingertips. Her makeup was applied just enough to accent her high cheekbones, and her full lips were a glossy deep red, begging to be kissed.

Aaron had an expansive home in the Foothills and a hefty bank account from his talent for stock trading. He'd ridden the last wave to its peak and bailed before the market had crashed. John managed to pull out before it was too late, but not quite as soon as Aaron had. The man had enough cash to have the most "interesting" parties.

John parked the Jag off to the side of the wide, circular driveway, behind a row of other vehicles. Most were luxury cars, as the guests ran in the same circle as Aaron and John. What happened in Aaron's home stayed in Aaron's home. No one who participated in these particular get-togethers had any intention of sharing their activities with anyone outside their circle.

John walked around the front of his Jag to the passenger side of the vehicle, opened the door and helped Elsie step from the car. It took all his restraint not to pin her against the car and fuck her on the hood, voyeurs be damned. Considering she was wearing no underwear beneath that sexy little dress, all he'd have to do would be unzip his jeans, pull out his cock, throw her on the hood while pushing up her dress and drive into her core.

He shook the images off, took Elsie's hand and headed across the cobblestone driveway to Aaron's home.

Elsie held her free hand to her belly and gripped John's hand tight as they walked into the foyer of a gorgeous home that looked as if it had come right out of the pages of a magazine. A chandelier glittered overhead and in front of her spread a luxurious room with a sweeping staircase, oil paintings gracing the walls and fine works of art arranged throughout the room.

People mingled, sipping glasses of wine and eating tiny sandwiches, crackers with pâté, cheeses of all varieties, fruit and elegant miniature desserts. John introduced her around and some men kissed the back of her hand where others simply shook it. Laughter and chatter whirled around her and the room smelled of perfumes, cologne and food.

It was like no kind of bondage party she'd ever been to, especially with the way these people were dressed. They looked like they were simply at an upscale social event with lots of sequins, diamonds and other jewels. But there were subtle differences. Such as women wearing extremely short dresses that barely covered their asses, incredibly

plunging necklines and obviously no bras as many of the women's nipples were large, hard and obvious. Beneath some dresses she could tell they had on nipple rings from the soft outline of the material. She wondered what else these people might be wearing under their clothing.

Another clue was that a number of women wore collars, but so were some of the men. Most of the men wore jeans or nice slacks or black leather. There were no obvious piercings or other signs that these people were involved in the fetish world.

The home was two stories, and she noticed men and women coming from upstairs looking a bit rumpled and walking a little funny, as if they'd just been paddled.

Thoughts of what might be going on up there made her wetter between the thighs. Maybe she should have worn underwear.

John guided her through the crowd, his hand at the small of her back. His touch felt warm and sizzled through her. She found it difficult to believe she'd just met the man yesterday and had sex with him!

"My brother Craig and his fiancée Jessica," John said, bringing her back to reality as he introduced her to a man about John's age, and a woman who looked like she couldn't be *that* far out of high school. Maybe a couple of years into college at the most. She was gorgeous with long dark hair and brilliant green eyes. Jessica had a smile as brilliant as her eyes—it was no wonder Craig had fallen for the beauty.

As they walked away, John told her that Craig was a college professor—and Jessica had been one of his students. Elsie grinned and shook her head, wondering how *they* had gotten together.

After she'd met his brother Craig, John introduced her to another brother, Dave, who happened to be a police officer. He was newly married to the blonde, blue-eyed woman with him, whose name was Erin. She was friendly and outgoing, and Elsie liked her immediately.

Elsie began to wonder how many brothers John had when they came to a stop before a gorgeous hunk of a man who just about took her breath away. As far as she

was concerned, John was more handsome, but this guy wasn't bad at all. He had wavy blond hair that reached his shoulders and coffee-brown eyes. His body was sculpted, absolute perfection.

"My brother Drew," John said as the man reached out and took her hand. "He's a professional personal trainer."

No wonder he had the body of a god.

Elsie tilted her head up to look at John and smiled. "Just how many brothers *do* you have?"

"You've now met them all. Drew's the only one who's not married or engaged." John took her hands in his. "And you're going to get to know Drew better than any of them."

Elsie's eyes widened. "Wha—"

John silenced her with a swift kiss then murmured against her lips, "I promised to make your fantasy come true."

She could so easily lose herself in his kisses, but her mind was whirling. Was John really going to—to share her with his brother?

When he raised his head, Elsie's lips parted to say something when Drew took her by the waist, brought her around to face him. And took her mouth in an absolutely scorching kiss.

Oh. My. God.

The man knew how to kiss, and as he pressed his body against hers, she felt his erection press hard against her. She pulled away, gasping for breath, and he winked.

Her heart pounded so hard her chest ached as John took her hand and led her toward the sweeping staircase. Drew walked on her other side and her belly twisted as the three of them made their way to the second floor. Her knees were shaking now, enough that she wondered how she was even walking.

At the top of the stairs on the landing, John grinned and grasped the hand of another great-looking man. "Elsie, this is Aaron, the owner of this magnificent playground."

Aaron was even taller than the Bennett brothers who stood a good six-two or so. Aaron must have been six-six, had eyes as gray as clouds before a storm, and the build of a professional basketball player, lean and powerful. He took her hand, and instead of kissing her knuckles, he turned her palm up and kissed the inside of her wrist. He darted his tongue out against her skin and she shivered.

When he released her, she was trembling from the sexual tension the three men exuded as they surrounded her. She looked up at John who now had a stormy look in his blue eyes as he looked from Drew to Aaron and back to her.

"Why don't I show you to my favorite room?" Aaron asked with a sinfully delicious smile.

Oh shit.

John wrapped his arm possessively around her shoulders as they walked down a long hallway, but Drew cupped her ass in one hand and she knew John couldn't see his brother more than copping a feel.

Elsie had been to plenty of bondage parties where things were more open. She'd never had sex in front of anyone, had never allowed her Dom to do any more than flog her in front of a group of people. Being spanked in front of a crowd had always turned her on and her sex with Terry had been absolutely incredible once they'd left.

Here the doors were closed and everything was private. She could still hear orders being shouted, cries of ecstasy as well as screams, but all the sounds were muted. As they walked down the corridor, they passed several people who looked sated and well-fucked.

Her mind was now spinning out of control as the four of them rounded a corner and entered a beautiful room that was all rich burgundies and cream.

Elsie jumped when Aaron shut the door behind them and she heard the click of the lock. She backed away from John and looked at the three powerful men who had feral looks in their eyes...and she felt like their prey.

She swallowed and looked at John who took her in his arms and kissed her forehead. "Is this what you want, sweetheart?"

From the tingling between her thighs to the carnal thoughts flowing through her mind, her body was more than ready. But she wasn't so sure her mind was. She'd had anal sex before but had never been with more than one man at a time. And three?

Three very gorgeous, hunk-a-licious men.

The opportunity of a lifetime.

"We'll take it slow, Elsie." John rubbed his palms up and down her shoulders. "Any time you want us to stop, you can say your safe word and you and I will go back to your apartment."

She met his clear blue eyes and hesitated before she slowly nodded. "Computer," she said. "My safe word is computer."

John kissed her like he'd never get enough of her. At the same time she felt one man's strong hands undoing the ties to her halter top while the other man palmed her ass and squeezed her globes.

"Damn, she has a great ass," came Drew's voice from behind her, and she knew it had to be him kneading the cheeks.

"Fucking gorgeous," Aaron murmured as the ties fell away and he took her by the waist and started trailing his lips along her nape to her spine.

John continued to kiss her, his chest pressed to her breasts, keeping the halter top from falling down just yet.

Her body was on fire, her mind whirling and whirling. She was lost in a storm of emotions, touch, taste, and sound. The whole of it nearly overwhelmed her.

Computer! Computer! Computer!

No... No, no, no!

She *wanted* this, and John was gifting it to her.

His mouth was hungry as were the hands and mouths of the men touching her from behind.

Drew kissed her on the opposite shoulder than where Aaron was teasing her with his lips and tongue.

Her skirt was raised up and over her ass and Drew said in a rough voice, "Holy shit. She's not wearing anything under this dress."

"Not a fucking thing but those stockings and heels," John murmured against her lips. He pulled away from her and let the front of the halter dress fall to her waist.

Heat rushed through her at the feel of six male hands on her body, exploring, worshipping her.

"Nice and pink. Good work, bro." Drew spread her ass cheeks wide. "I can't wait to fuck you in the ass, baby."

Tingles prickled her skin at Drew's statement then she made a strangled sound of surprise when Aaron slid one of his hands around her thigh, through the trimmed curls of her mound and into her slick wetness.

"Damn, she's wet," he said as he stroked her clit.

John palmed her full breasts and pulled and pinched her nipples *hard*, causing her to moan even louder than she already was.

Someone tugged on her dress and it whispered down to land around her heels.

"Perfect." Aaron nuzzled her ear as he continued to stroke her clit. "She's so damn perfect."

John's mouth took place of one of his hands, the warmth and wetness adding to the fury of sensations raging through her body. He continued to pinch and pull the other nipple while his free hand glided down her belly and between her thighs where he shoved two fingers into her core and began slamming his knuckles against her folds.

“Oh...*God*.” Elsie couldn’t say anything more as the men took total control of her body.

She grasped her hands in John’s hair as he suckled her other nipple and continued to pump his fingers in and out of her pussy.

Aaron withdrew from her folds and clasped her face in both hands, turning her head slightly so that she was looking to the side and she was looking into his slate gray eyes. He gave a groan before he kissed her hard, savaging her mouth with his. He tasted different than Drew and John—all three men had their own unique masculine flavor. And she could almost tell them apart by the feel of their hands.

Drew slowed the exploration of her body as Aaron kissed her. Drew’s lips slowly moved up her body as he pressed them against the back of her knee, slid along her thigh, and then he bit her ass cheek, hard.

Elsie cried out into Aaron’s mouth, but he swallowed the cry and only kissed her harder.

She gave another cry as Drew moved one of his fingers to the tight ring of her anus and pushed his way inside her. Even without lube, his finger felt so good as he reached inside her for that sweet spot. She’d been butt-fucked by her other Doms—but this...all she could think was, *Oh my God*, over and over again.

Aaron kept kissing her but moved one of his hands back to her folds and began stroking her clit, rubbing circles around it, then flicking it in ways that made her shudder with need.

She was under sensory overload. John suckled and pinched her nipples while finger-fucking her pussy. Aaron kissed her while rubbing her clit. Drew played with the curls of her mound with one hand while ramming his finger in and out of her anus with his other hand. He nipped at her ass cheek and John bit her nipples. Aaron even sucked on her lower lip hard enough to hurt.

Her whole body shook and she could feel her orgasm sweeping toward her like a great storm.

"I'm going to come," she cried against Aaron's lips. "Please let me come."

"No." John's words were definite, powerful. "If you do, you'll be punished."

Elsie fought against her orgasm but the men never let up. When she couldn't take it any longer, all she thought was, *Who gives a fuck about being punished...bring it on!*

Chapter Four

Elsie ripped her mouth from Aaron's and climaxed with a scream that must have torn through his entire home. The orgasm hit her with the strength of a tsunami and she felt as if she was being dashed against the rocks with the water's powerful force. She felt a swoosh in her head and her entire being wanted to dissolve and splash on the floor as if she was made of water.

But she couldn't let go and collapse into that boneless mass like she wanted to. Her body bucked and she thrashed against the three men, trying to get them to stop everything they were doing to her.

But John dropped to his knees, moved Drew's hand out of his way and started licking and sucking and laving her pussy and lapping up the juices flooding from her body.

The sonofabitch! He wouldn't let up and tears rolled down her face and she sobbed from too much sensation. Too much, too much!

"Pl-please," she begged. "I can't take any more."

Wrong thing to say to a Dom. If you told him you couldn't take it any longer, he'd show you just how much more you *could* take.

That damned Drew kept butt-fucking her with his finger and Aaron was now palming her breasts as he kissed her.

Finally, when she was certain she was going to die, John let up and stopped licking her pussy. He stood and took her face in his hands, stealing her from Aaron and kissing her hard. The other two men stopped their assault on her body and she totally lost it.

She sagged against John and started to fall, but he caught her by her upper arms and held her. The scents of her musk and the smell of testosterone and cologne seeped through her senses.

John brushed curls that had escaped her clip out of her face. "You were such a bad girl, Elsie, that I'll have to find the perfect punishment for you."

All that came out of her mouth was a soft whimper. He scooped her up in his arms and she let her head loll against his chest. What had they done to her? They'd sapped her strength as if they had taken it as their own.

Vaguely she realized the men were all still clothed as she watched Aaron and Drew walk ahead of them, and felt John's soft suede shirt against her body. There was no way she was leaving this house under her own steam. He'd have to carry her home. Right now she didn't even care if she was naked when he did it.

But he took her into an enormous bathroom, everything in granite, mahogany and the richest fixtures she'd ever seen. Candlelight flickered from every available surface. A huge whirlpool took up one corner of the bathroom and Aaron was already filling it with water and the whirlpool gave a low hum as he started the jets. The spot lighting was low and she gave a tired and very sated smile as she looked at the three hunky men. How could a girl get so lucky?

Her gaze fixed on John as he looked down at her. Yeah. How'd she get so lucky as to find *him*? Forget everyone else, as long as she could be with John.

Lazily she watched Aaron and Drew remove her high heels. Somehow they figured out how to unfasten her garter belt and rolled it down, along with her stockings, and tossed them onto her shoes.

John settled her onto one of the benches in the granite whirlpool. It was a good thing the surface she was sitting on was textured because otherwise she would have slid right down beneath the water.

"Mmmmm..." slipped from her lips as she watched the men undress. All those muscles and firm bodies.

Her eyes widened. *And oh my God! Look at the size of those cocks!*

All three men were hung so well that she didn't think she'd be able to take all three of them at once. 'Cause she knew that's exactly what they had planned.

If that kind of experience was *anything* like what they'd just put her through, there was no way she was going to survive. Not to mention John planned to punish her. What exactly was he going to do to her?

The men eased into the tub, John on one side of her, Drew on her other and Aaron directly across. The whirlpool was large, yet intimate.

John put his arm around her shoulder and kissed the top of her head. "Are you all right?"

"Sure." She sank against his side. "If feeling like you've been hit by a tsunami and washed out to sea is feeling all right."

He gave a low laugh. "Oh sweetheart, we haven't even begun yet."

The way Elsie looked up at him with her lips parted and her eyes widened made him harden even more beneath the water. Such beautiful hazel eyes that looked so green in the candlelight.

She started to open her mouth as if to say something, but closed her mouth, holding back any words that might have come out. Smart girl. She knew if she begged for leniency she'd only get more.

If he didn't know they'd taken her to Heaven and back, he wouldn't push her. But he had no doubt she'd enjoyed everything they'd given her.

He kissed her softly, then more urgently. As her kiss increased in tempo with his, he could feel and sense her body come more alive, could feel her strength returning. She wrapped her arms around his neck and held on to him as he deepened the kiss and she made soft little whimpering sounds.

When he pulled away, her lips formed a small pout.

"I have something those lips can wrap around right now," he murmured. Elsie raised one eyebrow then looked at him with hungry eyes as he raised himself on the

next bench seat up so that his fully erect cock was out of the churning water of the whirlpool.

He took Elsie by the shoulders and moved her so that she was positioned on her knees between his thighs. She reached up and grasped his erection with her small hand and brought her mouth closer to it. Her eyes remained fixed on his as she slipped her mouth over his cock.

John gritted his teeth and held back the instant need to climax in her sweet mouth. Goddamn she felt good, like wet silk. Slowly she began moving up and down his length like she had in his office. She played with his balls in one hand and then noticed Drew had moved closer, taken her other hand and wrapped it around his cock.

"That's it, baby," Drew said as she moved her hand up and down his erection and continued sucking John's cock.

Aaron moved to the other side of them and grasped her other hand, bringing it to his cock so that she was running her hands up and down both Drew's and Aaron's erections and sucking John's.

"Just right," Aaron said in a low voice as he tilted his head back.

John felt an insane possessiveness over Elsie but kept it to himself as he enjoyed the feel of her sucking and licking his cock. To try to take his mind off the orgasm building inside him, he grasped the back of Elsie's hair and pulled the pins out. He tossed each one aside and they clattered on the bathroom floor. Then he fluffed her red hair out so that it fell to her shoulders and tumbled down her back. All she was wearing was his gold collar and her creamy skin was bared as was the light sprinkling of freckles across her shoulders. God, she was beautiful.

When he knew he was on the fine edge of self-control, he brought his hands to her face and cupped her cheeks. "That's enough, sweetheart."

Drew took her hand and easily brought her to him in the buoyancy of the water. "My turn," he said as he grasped her hair and brought her lips to his erection. As she

took him inside her, John wanted to kill his brother. Such an intimate act by Elsie should be his and his alone.

She gave a soft moan as she concentrated on sucking Drew's cock, John distracted himself by lowering to the next seat and pinching and pulling Elsie's nipples. She groaned around her mouthful of cock and John increased the pressure on her nipples.

Aaron eased behind her, moved her thick hair aside and kissed her nape before letting his hands roam her body. John looked at his brother Drew, whose jaw was tense and his hands fisted in Elsie's hair. Suddenly Drew jerked his erection from Elsie's mouth. "That was so good, baby," he said through clenched teeth. "But I have other plans for my cock and where I plan to put it."

John let out a low growl and Drew looked at him with an expression that turned amused, probably because he could see the possessiveness in John's gaze.

Aaron was already bringing Elsie between his thighs and John's gut clenched as she went down on him. Her head bobbed and her hair floated on the whirlpool's roiling water.

"Where'd you find her?" Drew said as he eased back down so that his cock was underwater again. "She's a fucking babe."

It took a great deal of self-control to calm the jealousy raging through him but John forced a nonchalant look on his face. "She came in for a job interview yesterday. Things went...well. Better than either of us expected."

Drew gave a low whistle. "I'll say. She can interview with me *any* time."

John clenched his fist under the water and Drew grinned. "There's something about Elsie that's gotten under your skin. I've never seen you look or act like this."

John sucked in his breath but didn't bother to say anything. Instead he glanced at Elsie going down on Aaron. That only made the pain in his gut more intense.

He moved behind her and pulled her away from Aaron who raised an eyebrow and settled down lower in the whirlpool. John brought her to the opposite side of the whirlpool and held her in his arms.

Elsie tilted her head up to look at him and smiled. He brushed his mouth over hers and trailed his lips to her ear. "I think you've had too much fun, enjoyed sucking their cocks too much. I might just have to punish you a little harder than I'd planned."

Even though it was warm in the bathroom, Elsie shivered. All three men were wiping her down with the softest, thickest towels she'd ever remembered feeling. By the time they finished, the ends of her hair were toweled dry and her skin was only slightly moist.

"I've decided on Elsie's punishment." John looked at Aaron then Drew. "She needs to be spanked by all three of us as she came without permission when we were pleasuring her."

And torturing me, she thought as her belly sparked with fear and anticipation. She could always use her safe word if it was too much, but she wanted to live out this fantasy, this one time, too much to let it go.

"You've got it," Aaron said as he went to a stocky velour-covered chair. She watched in surprise as he flipped it and folded it in half so that it was positioned like a spanking bench. He moved some hidden pieces of wood and arranged a place for her to kneel.

She glanced up at John, her heart beating a lot faster now. His expression had turned stern, the expression of a Dom ready to deal out punishment. "In position, Elsie."

Automatically assuming the role of a sub, Elsie said, "Yes, John," and immediately crossed the room to the velour-padded spanking bench. She was acutely aware of her nakedness, the only thing on her body was the gold filigree collar marking her as John's.

She knelt on the padded board and leaned over the back of the A-framed bench. Her belly pressed against the apex and her ass was high in the air. She still felt sensitive due to her flogging from last night, and she knew this was going to *hurt*.

"Do you know why you're being punished, Elsie?" John asked as he stood close to her and rubbed his palm over one of her ass cheeks.

Elsie nodded, trying to relax her body as she prepared herself for what was to come. "I climaxed when you ordered me not to," she said, her face turned so that her cheek rested against the padded velour. Blood was rushing to her head and she was starting to feel a little lightheaded.

"That's right," he said just before his hand landed on the ass cheek he'd been rubbing.

Elsie screamed and then again when he spanked the other side of her ass. It burned so damned bad. The heat flushed over her, starting as a sizzling pain where he spanked her to spread through her body and reach face, her arms, her legs.

One slap after another landed on her ass and she cried. She didn't dare beg him to stop or he'd just have her spanked more. Gradually the pain evolved into sweet pleasure too that made her pussy wet and a tight sensation grow in her belly.

She took a breath of relief when John stepped away, but tensed again when he said, "Drew, your turn."

"My pleasure."

Elsie waited for the first slap, but instead she felt his lips and tongue on her stinging ass, soothing her in one spot. And then he bit her.

The pain was intense and caused her to cry out. He made soft growling sounds as he bit her again, sucked her flesh then bit her again. Even more tears rolled down her cheeks. It always amazed her how pain could turn into pleasure. She'd never had a man bite her ass after being spanked before, and despite the pain it was somehow erotic.

Drew stopped biting her and placed soft kisses on every spot he had bitten, which caused her to moan. He pulled back, and in a low voice said, "She's yours now, Aaron."

Elsie sagged against the spanking bench. How much more could she take?

Aaron didn't wait. He spanked her fast, unlike John's slow, methodical slaps. Aaron's were short, sharp, and stung with every contact against her ass and her thighs. She cried, hurting but wanting to come all at the same time.

Abruptly the spanking stopped and Elsie felt strangely exhilarated despite the pain radiating throughout her body. Her pussy ached for John to be inside her. She wanted to feel that fullness again as he stretched her wide and took her deep.

He helped her back to her feet, caught her as she stumbled and brought her around to face him. His kiss was strong and urgent, his mouth taking hers and for a moment she lost herself in the swirl in her mind from his kiss.

John broke their kiss and she caught him around the neck as he grabbed her by the thighs and raised her so that she could wrap her legs around his hips. Her thighs burned from her spankings where he touched. Over his shoulder she saw Aaron and Drew, both men with intense desire in their eyes. Aaron's a smoky brown while blond-haired Drew's brown eyes looked almost black.

When they reached the bed, John turned and eased them both on the enormous bed so that she was straddling him and he was looking up at her. She caught her breath. She'd never had her Dom allow himself to be beneath her. They'd always been in the dominant position.

His blue eyes were intense as her folds cradled his cock, wetting it. A foil package landed on the bed beside them and Elsie glanced up to see Drew already sheathed and spreading a generous amount of lubricant over his erection. She swallowed, looking at Aaron's naked cock, knowing what was coming next.

With shaking fingers she took the foil package that she picked up off the bed, tore it open with her teeth and drew out the soft rubber. Heart pounding, she eased back so

that she could roll the condom down John's erection. She was so wet, so horny, so ready for this moment.

"That's it, sweetheart," John said as she rose up and he grasped her waist. She caught her breath as he slowly slid her down his cock, thick and long and filling her completely.

Automatically she started to ride him, loving the feel of him moving in and out of her pussy. She loved him there, loved him inside her.

Then Aaron was in front of her, kneeling on the bed, and Drew behind her, his cock nudging the tight ring of her anus.

She tensed and her eyes widened. This was really happening.

But John said, "You can do this, baby. You can do it and you're going to love it."

Elsie groaned as Drew brought her ass cheeks wide and started to fill her from behind. She'd had plenty of anal sex and had had plugs inserted, but nothing as big as Drew's cock. Her muscles clamped down on him as he pushed his way into her and she groaned louder when he completely buried himself deep inside her. Her ass burned from the contact of his hips against her sore flesh, but the pain of his entry and the pain of her spankings blended into sweet pleasure.

"Oh God," she moaned. The two cocks were so deep inside her she felt as if they were almost touching.

Drew and John began to slowly fuck her and she moaned with every thrust. It was unlike anything she'd ever experienced or had expected to experience in her lifetime.

John brought her face down to his and kissed her hard before Aaron fisted his hands in her hair and drew her up so that his cock was pressed to her lips. She opened her mouth and let him slide inside her. He gripped her hair tight as he fucked her mouth and John and Drew fucked her pussy and ass.

They moved their hands over her at the same time they kept up their slow, rhythmic strokes. The sensations were wild, intense, unbelievable. The three men filled her up so completely. Her ass and thighs stung, adding to the pleasure of the moment.

Her orgasm was coming toward her, another thunderstorm even bigger than the last. She knew when she came this time that she was going to lose all control.

The men began to fuck her faster, building up what was already at an alarming high inside her. Without thinking she began to fight them, fight what they were doing to her.

"Hold on, sweetheart," John said as he drove up, harder and harder.

Her eyes watered and her moans were swallowed with Aaron's cock deep inside her mouth.

"That's it." John gripped her stinging hips as Drew continued to pummel her ass. "Hold on, hold on."

Elsie was close to crying. Her whole body was tense and she felt like she was going to explode.

"Come now, sweetheart," John said, and that was all it took.

Elsie's body felt like it was coming apart. Aaron grunted and his come filled her mouth and she automatically swallowed as she thrashed. When Aaron pulled his cock from her mouth, she let out the scream that she hadn't been able to let loose until that moment.

She felt both Drew and John climax, their cocks pulsing inside her as her body clenched around them both. It seemed to go on forever, the pleasure and the pain, until finally she collapsed as they rolled to the side and she was sandwiched between Drew and John.

Darkness slipped over her and she faded away.

Chapter Five

Elsie snuggled up to John as they lay in his bed. He had his arm around her, and her face rested against his muscular chest. She was absolutely exhausted from the “party” last night. The fact that she’d had sex with three men just blew her mind.

But right now she was cuddling the man she truly wanted to be with. He smelled so good, so masculine. After she’d passed out last night, she’d woken in John’s arms and Drew and Aaron were gone. He’d helped her dress and they’d left and gone straight to his home. She’d felt kind of tipsy, as if she’d had too much to drink, and she hadn’t had any alcohol.

Once they reached John’s home they took a luxurious bath and then he tucked her in bed, his big arms wrapped around her, holding her tight. The scents of clean linens and soap from their bath last night was comforting along with John’s masculine scent that made her feel as if she was home.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” John said in a gravelly voice as he pressed his lips to her hair.

“It is.” She snuggled closer and discovered it could be a *very* good morning if the size of his erection was any indication.

John pumped his hips, rubbing his cock against her belly, and she gave a soft moan. He matched her with a loud groan as he rolled her onto her back and slid between her thighs. Being on her back made her ass burn deliciously from last night’s spankings, adding to the wet heat in her pussy.

He nuzzled the curve of her neck. “I wish I could fuck you with nothing between us,” he murmured.

She was on the Pill, but she never took chances no matter how much she trusted a man. Not until they were both fully vetted.

John reached into the drawer of his nightstand and pulled out a package. In moments he had his erection sheathed and drove straight into her before she had a chance to prepare to take him in.

With a loud gasp she arched her back and wrapped her thighs around his hips. He pumped his cock hard and fast and Elsie gave soft cries with every thrust. The feel of him inside her and the continual burn of her ass and thighs drove her closer and closer to a powerful climax.

This time she let the energy shoot through her, skyrocketing to tingle at every nerve ending of her body. She shouted loud and long and John followed her moments later with a loud groan, a few more slams of his hips and the pulse of his cock inside her core.

John sank against her, his weight heavy but welcome. Elsie gave a contented sigh and he raised his head and gave her a sensual smile. His blond hair was sleep ruffled, his blue eyes heavy-lidded, his muscles corded and powerful as he braced himself above her and he had the shadow of a beard—she'd never seen anyone as sexy as he looked right at that moment

* * * * *

It was only a matter of days before John knew he was head over fucking heels in love with Elsie. Love at first sight? *Bullshit*, he'd always thought. Now he couldn't imagine life without her and her sweet personality, the ever-changing colors of her hazel eyes and her flame-red hair. So elegant and refined during the day, and so hot and wanton at night.

He'd had plenty of relationships, and mostly throwaway where he and the woman would have a fling and part ways amicably. He'd never wanted more than that. There were too many good-looking women to enjoy to be tied down to one.

As he stared out his office window he wondered what Elsie was doing right at this moment. They'd decided it *wasn't* a good idea for the two of them to work together.

They'd be going at it like fucking bunnies all the time. He rubbed his cock through his slacks. That pink rabbit with the drum had nothing on them.

The sky was cloudy, threatening to rain like it had the day she'd first walked into his office. What was it? A week ago? God, it seemed like it had been months instead of days.

Right this minute she was still at work consulting for the company where her contract was about to run out in the next week or so. She'd told him that often between jobs she'd take time off—usually her contracts were lucrative enough that she could afford it.

He just needed to convince her to take that time off now and spend it with him instead of spending it looking for a full-time position, or even another contract job. He hadn't taken a vacation in who knew how long, and he had an efficient staff that could manage without him for a couple of weeks. Hell, a month even.

John drew his cell phone out of its holster and pressed the speed dial number he'd programmed in for Elsie's cell.

She answered on the third ring, her voice breathless and low as she said, "Hi, John," in her sexy fuck-me voice that made him harder than ever.

He adjusted his raging hard-on through his slacks. He could picture her in his office now, on her knees, sucking his cock.

"What are you doing, sweetheart?" His words always seemed to be low and husky when he spoke to Elsie. He felt like he was in high school again. It was like he could barely speak around her.

John imagined her twirling a strand of her red hair around her finger. "Staring at a computer screen and thinking about you."

A groan rose up in his throat that he barely held back. "And what were you thinking?"

"About going down on you in your office with your whole staff on the other side of that door." Her words made him groan again. "It would be so hot just knowing they had no clue what we were doing—or maybe they'd be trying to guess if I was fucking their boss."

"You're being a very bad girl, Elsie." He couldn't stop rubbing his erection through his slacks. "Teasing me will only get you punished."

"Who, me?" she said and he pictured her doing her best to look innocent. "I would never tease you about wanting you to come here, where I'm working, and do me in this backroom."

"Oh, I definitely think you've earned a punishment...or two." He leaned forward and toyed with a pen on his desk. "Any plans for the first couple of weeks in February?"

He imagined her tucking the strand of hair behind her ear. "Well, no."

"How about skiing in Colorado?" To his surprise he actually felt *nervous* about asking her and what her response might be.

A pause. "I—well...I don't know how to ski."

He smiled. She wasn't saying no. "I'll teach you, sweetheart."

"I'm scared to death of anything fast, John."

"Bunny slopes," he said, thinking of that pink rabbit and almost laughing. "We'll keep things slow and easy until you're ready to move faster."

Like their relationship. Zero to sixty as far as his heart was concerned, but he knew he'd have to take it slower with her.

"Sure," she said after another pause, and he blew out a breath of relief. "But I'll warn you in advance that I'm not crazy about snow."

"How about hot chocolate and popcorn on a bearskin rug in front of a warm fireplace?"

She laughed. "Okay, the idea definitely has merits."

"Good. I'll make arrangements," he said before she blew a kiss over the phone to him and he grinned like a fool.

* * * * *

A snowball exploded in John's face and he wiped icy snow out of his eyes with the back of his gloved hand. "Wench," he said with a grin, the warmth in his chest heating any chill the snow could cause. "You'll pay for that."

"Wench?" Elsie nailed him again, dead on, before he had a chance to scoop up his own snowball. "I was captain of the softball team." She planted one between his eyes, but not before he got her in the chest. "Starting pitcher."

"Yeah, well I was first string offensive tackle," he said just before he dove for her and tackled her into a snow bank.

Elsie giggled as she squirmed beneath him and tried to free herself. As he looked down at her, she took his breath away. Her cheeks were pink from the cold, her lips red, and her ever-changing hazel eyes almost blue like the sky.

Snow slammed into the side of his head and he jerked back to see that she'd taken advantage of his momentary lapse and got him good with a handful of snow.

She wriggled and laughed some more, but he held on and pulled her down so that she was beneath him again and he had her gloved hands pinned above her head in the snow.

"Hey, no fair," she said with a gleam in her eyes.

"All's fair in love and war, sweetheart," he said as he started to tickle her through her ski jacket, under her arms. He'd discovered she was *extremely* ticklish.

Elsie laughed and screamed as she fought against his hold. "Nooooooo." She was laughing so hard she could barely get the word out.

"That's your first punishment," he said as she giggled so hard she was having a hard time breathing. He let up on her and stopped tickling so she could catch her breath.

Her breath rose and fell beneath her ski jacket. “What f-f-for?” Her lips were starting to turn blue from the cold. He’d take care of that.

Instead of answering, he kissed her slowly, letting his mouth warm her lips before he kissed her more deeply. Elsie sighed into his mouth and relaxed her body. He released her lips and cupped her face in his gloved hands, holding her still so that he could take her more thoroughly. His ski pants strangled his cock and he ground his hips between her thighs. She made soft little moans and wrapped her arms around his neck.

He picked her up by her ass that was probably still sore from a spanking last night—it had been at least a week since her last one. She wrapped her thighs around his hips and smiled at him as he carried her toward their cabin.

They were in Aspen and staying at a cabin owned by John’s friend. It was huge—could hardly be called a cabin by traditional standards—but it had a cozy feel to it.

When they were in the cabin, John got a fire going in the massive fireplace that also served as a fireplace in the master bedroom. She had peeled her gloves off and was shivering while he stoked the fire. Even though they’d had a ridiculous amount of fun the last couple of weeks in Aspen, snow still wasn’t her favorite thing. With Elsie, anything was his favorite, as long as he spent the time with her.

He was in such deep shit when it came to Elsie. Way over his head.

When the room was toasty—aided by the state-of-the-art heating system his friend had installed in the luxury cabin—John helped her strip out of her snowsuit. She was still chilled and as he slowly took her clothing off he kissed every cold part on her body he could find.

He pushed away her hood and released her hair. Elsie sighed as he started with her nose, kissing it before moving to each of her ears.

“John,” she said on top of a moan. “You’re a useful man to have around.”

“Am I?” He brought his mouth to her lips and warmed them with a kiss.

"Definitely."

He raised an eyebrow and pulled back. "And how is that?"

"Shall I count the ways?"

"I'd love to hear them."

She pinched her brows as if deep in thought. "Let's see... You have excellent interviewing skills and you handle group situations almost as well as you work one-on-one."

John grinned and shook his head.

Her eyes turned a smoky gray. "Not to mention your ability to control a heated...situation."

He took her down to the soft, faux bearskin rug in front of the fireplace so fast she gave a yelp of surprise. He tugged down the zipper of her snowsuit then pulled off her boots, peeled off her snowsuit, her flannels next, then her underwear.

She twisted a lock of her hair with one of her fingers while she stared up at him, naked and beautiful in the firelight. Every time he looked at her like that, she stole his breath. Her red hair was spread out in a wave of fire against the brown bearskin, firelight flickering on her pale, creamy skin. The only thing on her was his gold collar, which to his pleasure she wore all the time. Her freckles sprinkled delicately across her shoulders and her breasts were large, her nipples hard and ripe for tasting. His gaze lingered on the fiery curls between her thighs. Speaking of tasting...

"You're dripping," she said with a teasing smile, and he looked down to see that he was still in his snowsuit.

He solved that problem in a hurry. In no time he was naked and between her thighs. Together they'd taken care of being tested, so they no longer needed any kind of barrier between them. Damn, how he loved the silky grip of her pussy around his cock.

John rubbed his erection in his fist as he looked at her and she reached for him. He shook his head, spread her thighs wide and went down on her.

She tasted so sweet. No wine could match the flavor of her juices. She moaned and writhed as he licked her and sucked her clit. He pounded his fingers in and out of her pussy as he relentlessly pushed her toward the edge.

“John, please,” she begged.

He loved it when she begged.

“This is your punishment for that snowball fight.” He looked at her as she squirmed from the loss of contact between his mouth and her pussy. “No coming until I say. Understand?”

She had a pained expression but nodded and he started devouring her again. She sobbed, squirmed and cried, but he didn’t let up until *he* couldn’t take it anymore.

He plunged his cock into her pussy in one hard motion, causing her to cry out. She grasped his ass, digging her nails deep in his flesh as he thrust hard. Her cries became louder and longer and perspiration gleamed on her forehead from fighting against her orgasm so hard.

His own climax built inside him, a hard concentration in his groin that threatened to shoot through his body and out the top of his head.

When there was no stopping his own orgasm, he barely got out the words, “Come, sweetheart,” before he exploded inside her. She cried out at the same time he did and he felt the hard contractions of her pussy around his cock as he throbbed inside her. He thought he was going to pass out from the intensity of his orgasm.

Moments later he was cuddling her by the firelight, never wanting to let her go.

Chapter Six

Elsie shook her head as John hobbled into his living room on his crutches. “You look so cute,” she said with a grin. “And to think *I* was the one worried about breaking my leg.”

He gave her an evil look and she sniggered again.

When he was settled on the couch with his broken leg resting on a chair, she curled up beside him and laid her head on his shoulder. He felt so warm and solid and smelled of the outdoors and his comfortable masculine scent that she’d come to love.

He’d broken his leg their last day in Aspen when he’d decided he wanted to ski down one of the more treacherous slopes. That’s what he got for being a he-man.

Elsie sobered a little. She’d been so scared for him when she saw him tumble down the slope. It was like a piece of her had crashed against that mountainside.

They’d had to stay an extra day so that he could get his leg set in a cast that went up to his thigh. They’d changed their plans and had driven back—since he couldn’t fly with a newly broken leg—and had arrived in Tucson just an hour or so ago.

John stroked her hair, which she’d left down just for him despite the fact that it was curly and unruly as hell.

“It’s Valentine’s Day,” he murmured, his warm breath feathering against her ear and causing her to shiver.

“Oh yeah.” In all the “excitement” she’d forgotten. “Sorry. I didn’t get you anything.”

He turned his face so that they were close enough for him to brush his lips over hers. “There’s one thing you could give me.”

Mischief was in his eyes and he brought her hand down to rub his erection.

"I'll just bet."

"It's in my jeans pocket," he said, a definite spark to his gaze.

"Uh-huh." To tease him a little more she slipped her finger into the pocket closest to her and ran her fingers along his cock through the thin material of the inside of the pocket.

"The other side," he said, sounding like he was clenching his jaw from the torture she was inflicting on him.

To humor him, and to have a little more fun, she reached across him—and immediately felt a bulge that had nothing to do with his erection.

A warm flush stole over her skin and she paused.

"Go on," he said.

She met his eyes as she dug it out then held the jewelers box that matched the one he'd given her before that had contained the gold choker. Only this one was the size of a ring box.

Her heart pounded. It wasn't what she thought it was. It couldn't be. No. Probably a pair of earrings to match the choker was inside the box. "When did you have time to get me anything?"

"I picked it out before we left," he said quietly. "Open it."

Elsie swallowed and lifted the lid of the box—to see a beautiful square diamond flanked by emeralds.

Her gaze shot to his, her lips parted, but she had no idea what to say. Her mind spun as if she was in a dream world.

"Your Valentine's Day gift to me would be to say yes." John took the box from her hand and drew the diamond from it. He slipped it on her ring finger. "Say you'll marry me, Elsie."

"I—wow." She held her hand to her forehead as she looked at him. "It's only been six weeks, John."

"Long enough for me to know you're the only woman I want in my life." He held both of her hands in his. "Say yes."

Warmth spread through her body and even unfroze her mind and her words. Six weeks had seemed like a lifetime with John. A lifetime she wanted to continue to share with him.

"Don't leave me hanging, sweetheart." He stroked the side of her face. "We can have as long an engagement as you want, but I'm not letting you go."

A smile spread across her face and she threw herself against his chest and wrapped her arms around his neck.

At the same time she almost knocked his broken leg off the chair and he laughed. "I guess that would be a yes?"

She moved her mouth to his and kissed him thoroughly, letting her mouth, her tongue, her lips, tell him everything she wanted him to know.

When she pulled back, she smiled and said it anyway. "Yes." She laughed and hugged him again. "Most definitely yes!" Then she drew away, paused and gave him a mock-serious look. "Under one condition."

John cocked an eyebrow. "And what's that?"

Elsie couldn't help a teasing grin. "From now on you have to let someone else do all of your interviews. The only interviewing you're going to be doing is with *me*."

"Ditto." He rubbed the ring on her finger. "I love you, sweetheart."

She gave a huge sigh of happiness. "I love you too." She straddled him and started unfastening his belt. "Let me give you your other Valentine's Day present..."

About the Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Cheyenne McCray has a passion for sensual romance and a happily-ever-after, but always with a twist. Among other accolades, Chey has been presented with the prestigious Romantic Times BOOKreviews Reviewers' Choice Award for "Best Erotic Romance of the Year". Chey is the award-winning novelist of eighteen books and nine novellas.

Chey has been writing ever since she can remember, back to her kindergarten days when she penned her first poem. She always knew one day she would write novels, hoping her readers would get lost in the worlds she created, as she did when she was lost in a good book. Cheyenne enjoys spending time with her husband and three sons, traveling, and of course writing, writing, writing.

Cheyenne 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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