

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Cynthia Rayne

LOVE, HONOR
and
OBEY

ELLORA'S CAVE

Quickies

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Love, Honor and Obey

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Cynthia Rayne

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Chapter One

Carrie Langdon was a jangled mass of nerves.

She sat across from Justin Sinclair, CFO of Langdon Enterprises. He always unnerved her, probably because he was rich, powerful and had an aura of smug superiority. Not to mention the fact that he could make a Greek god look ugly.

Every time she looked at him, she pondered what it would be like to go to bed with him. She couldn't help it—something about him called to her inner vixen. What a pity that the vixen was trapped in the body of a bookish professor.

She looked down, embarrassed to see that her nipples had stiffened in response to the cool blast of icy air conditioning above her head. That and her wayward thoughts about Justin.

"Ms. Langdon?"

She looked up. "Yes?"

Justin looked so perfect that she felt unkempt in comparison. He was tall, clean-shaven and had artfully mussed blond hair. He wore a tailored, pressed, three-piece, pinstriped business suit that did little to disguise his athletic body. Even his expertly knotted tie complemented the cobalt blue of his eyes.

Justin picked up a file from his large mahogany desk. "Ms. Langdon? Are you all right?"

She cleared her throat. "Oh yes, I'm fine."

She was here on business, the business of marriage to be precise. She sucked in a breath and blew it out, trying to regain her composure.

Justin withdrew several crisp white sheets of paper from the folder. "Here is our prenuptial agreement." He handed the legal contract to her. "You should probably have your lawyer look it over."

She placed the piece of paper back on his desk. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Sinclair."

"Please, call me Justin. Do you feel you don't need a prenuptial agreement, Carrie?" He flashed a condescending smile. "I assure you that it's standard practice these days."

Carrie gathered her courage. Her fingers dug into the wood of her seat as she forced herself to say it. "No, I'm saying a prenuptial agreement isn't necessary because we aren't getting married." She winced. So much for the carefully rehearsed speech she'd worked on. At least, she'd finally spoken up.

Justin leaned back in his chair, seemingly surprised for once. And...disappointed? "Why the change of heart?"

"Do I really need to give one? Isn't it enough that I don't want to go through with it? This marriage was about commerce, not love." *Okay, maybe it could have been about mind-blowing sex, but that's clearly not going to happen.*

"I see."

She thought he would be relieved. After all, she looked far different than the wispy-thin blonde women she'd seen on his arm. Surely, he'd want to marry one of them, a trophy wife of his very own like all of the rest of her father's executives.

"Why not?"

"Er, it's complicated."

"I have the time. Your father told me he had made you aware of the clause in his will. You won't receive your trust fund until you're thirty if you don't agree to marry me."

“Yes, and I didn’t want to argue with him at the time. He was very sick and I didn’t want to upset him. Besides, do you *actually* want to marry me?” Carrie asked incredulously. “Why does it matter to you?”

“I’m thirty-six years old and I admit I long for some stability in my life. I’d like to have a wife and children.”

He sounded as if he were speaking about a shopping list of items he needed to purchase. “There are easier ways to *acquire* a wife and children. Don’t you want to marry someone who actually wants to marry you?”

Justin grinned, a light entering his eyes. “Who knew you had a temper? When I saw you with your father, you always seemed so meek and mild.”

“You know nothing about me.” It was true. Their only interaction had been exchanging pleasantries at social functions since he’d become her father’s CFO four years ago.

His blue eyes turned to smoky gray. “But I intend to learn all about you, Carrie. I am not letting you out of this agreement without a fight.”

Carrie’s heart sank at the news. She really didn’t want to blow all the money she owned to fight this in court, nor did she want to wait four years. She’d already earmarked some of that money for an educational endowment she intended to start in her father’s name—the sooner she got on with it the better. Not to mention the negative press fighting the will would receive in local circles.

Carrie’s jaw tightened, her ire rising by the minute. “I suppose I don’t have a choice, do I?”

Justin smiled widely, looking smugly satisfied with the news. “I suppose you don’t have a choice.”

“I’m sorry. Shouldn’t you be tying me to the train tracks when you say that line?” The anger brought out her sarcastic side.

Justin raised an eyebrow. “There’s an interesting idea.”

She frowned.

"Don't be a spoilsport. No one likes a sore loser."

"Or a sore winner," she chimed in.

"Then it's settled. We're getting married. Now that we've seen to the legal aspect of this marriage with the prenuptial agreement, I suppose we should deal with other practical matters." He withdrew a checklist.

She watched incredulously. It seemed that Justin could treat marriage as though it were a legal contract. She could picture him drafting the list, mentally calculating all of the steps it would take to marry her. It seemed so cold, so clinical.

He looked up from his orderly list. "What about the living arrangements?"

"What about them? This is a marriage of convenience and I want to keep my apartment in the city," she said. "It's near campus." Carrie taught English at Silver State University.

Justin cleared his throat and stared down the file with almost maddening decorum. He seemed too damned calm to be discussing marriage. "That is hardly appropriate if we are married. You should probably move into my home, it's right on the lake." He paused to smile. "I have a beautiful view."

"Why? This isn't a real marriage."

His expression grew harsher, possessive. "I assure you it will be, in every sense of the word." He paused meaningfully. "What about sex?"

She flushed. "What about it?"

His eyes locked with hers. She'd never seen a more penetrating stare. She felt as though he sized her up, figured her out. Swallowed her whole with his eyes alone. He leaned back in his chair. "Have you heard anything about me?"

Carrie frowned. "My father always said very complimentary things about you. He—"

Justin shook his head. "Not from Hal, from anyone else? About my personal life?"

Carrie could feel a blush heating her cheeks. "I used to wait in the lounge for my father and the assistants sometimes talked. I've heard rumors that you date quite a bit, but nothing else." She'd managed to ignore most of their conversations.

"Are you certain that you haven't heard anything else?"

Carrie shook her head. "Why? What are you driving at?"

"I'm about to tell you, but I'm relieved that I've been so discreet."

Carrie couldn't follow the conversation. He didn't seem to make any sense. "Discreet about what? That you date a lot? This isn't the 1950s, Justin, you can date who you like."

"I'm talking about my predilections." He got up and walked to the window, staring down below like a king surveying his kingdom. "Can I count on your discretion?"

"Of course."

"I am a man with very particular desires."

This was a very odd conversation, especially to be having with a man she'd never dated. But of course she wouldn't need to be told these things if they'd dated before. "Meaning?" she prompted.

"I like to be in control, Carrie, and that needs spills over from my career pursuits and into my personal life."

"I'm not sure I understand what you're saying." Was this some sort of code for liking traditional gender roles? Because she'd be damned if she stayed at home and vacuumed in pearls like June Cleaver. Put simply, it would be a pretty unusual day for that to happen. Pigs would be taking flight. Hell would have an ice storm.

"I like to control women."

"Say what?" *That was a boatload of sexual politics that came out of nowhere.*

"I believe you heard me."

Carrie sucked in a breath. "You mean, er, sexually. You're into sadomasochism?" She could feel the blood rush into her cheeks. *Oh my God. Justin is a great big pervert.*

He pinned her with the eyes of a predator, his features taut. Hungry. "Yes, I am dominant and I must confess a particular enjoyment for bondage. You must know what that involves."

"A little." She could feel her face fill with warmth. Carrie was hardly a naïve woman. She'd stumbled upon a site or two on the internet. A great lover of literature, she'd even read the memoirs of Marquis De Sade and *The Story of O*, but she didn't know quite what to say. While she might have been titillated by what she read, she didn't know if she could ever engage in those sorts of activities. Plus, her inner feminist just about had a heart attack from the symbolism alone. "Does that mean that you hate women or —"

Justin shook his head fiercely. "Quite the contrary. I like feisty, capable women, but I like a little control in the bedroom. I love women and I like seeing them blossom sexually."

She blew out a breath. She wasn't planning on blossoming anytime soon with Justin, so it wouldn't come up, but she wanted to play devil's advocate. "Okay, but what does this mean for me? You're telling me that you plan on engaging in, er, activities with other women, or —"

"No, I believe in fidelity. I intend to engage in these activities only with you," he said, a small smirk on his face.

She didn't quite know what to say. "I see. So, you definitely don't want a marriage of convenience?"

Again, he gave her that intense hungry look. "No, I want all of you."

Curious. He looked at her so intensely, but she couldn't understand his interest in her. A part of her—a very small, wicked part—began to wonder if she could use his predilections against him. It might perhaps be grounds of annulling the marriage portion of her father's will, but she would never stoop so low.

It would dishonor her father, his company and herself in the process. Justin had entrusted her with the information and she refused to betray the confidence. His sex life was his business.

"Well, I've never participated in that kind of activity, so I wouldn't expect anything like that from me." Truth be told, she'd only had a few sexual encounters, mostly in college. While they had all been interesting, they hadn't been particularly earth-shattering.

A slow smile spilled over his face. "I would be honored to teach you, but I must make certain that you and I are well matched, before we both commit time and effort to this venture. If we are working at cross-purposes, we are doomed to fail. Are you willing to try?" Justin asked, striding toward her purposefully.

Carrie blinked. "What? Here?" She'd intended to turn him down today. She wasn't really dressed for love in the afternoon. She hadn't shaved her legs and she'd worn a pair of panties that were less than sexy. Not that that mattered of course. She exhaled. Still...weird that she would even think about what underwear she wore.

"Yes, here. Now. Go to the window and press your hands to the glass. Just like before. How you were standing when I walked into the room."

"I don't think that I can do this."

"Don't think. Go to window. Now." His expression suggested that he wasn't kidding.

Carrie sat there for a moment, unsure of what to do. He spoke with such authority, and maybe because she'd lived with an autocratic man all her life, her natural inclination was to obey. But she managed to restrain herself. "I don't think so."

"Then you should walk out of this room and forget about the marriage. I won't be forced into some celibate union."

Carrie leapt to her feet. "Forced? You're the one forcing me into this situation."

"No, you could make the choice to wait until your thirtieth birthday."

"It's my money, not yours," she said desperately.

He got closer to her, invading her space. "Do you think any of this is about money for me? Do you have any idea how much I make? You are what interests me, not your money."

Carrie gasped, and not from fear or even anger. She could feel a traitorous warmth seep into her cunt at his words and his tone.

"Now go to the window or walk out the door. I'm not asking again."

Part of her wanted to tell him where he could go, but she had to admit that she was curious. Yep, she felt like Alice in freaking Wonderland. She'd really slid down the rabbit hole and she was playing footsie with the Cheshire Cat, if the cat were a really sexy, somewhat dangerous control freak. Carrie got up and stood on suddenly shaking legs.

She placed her palms on the cool glass and nervously waited.

* * * * *

Carrie thought her heart might stop. She'd never been so nervous—or so turned on. Everything about this encounter was deliciously wrong.

He came up behind her and pressed himself against her back so she could feel his weight, smell the fresh scent of his cologne. Justin unbuttoned her shirt, placing a kiss on every inch of skin that was revealed.

"What are you doing?" she murmured.

"Touching you. Learning you."

"Oh," she said breathlessly. She could hardly breathe or think.

"I don't remember giving you permission to speak." He pulled the garment from her body and tossed it on the floor.

Carrie felt so exposed. The air conditioning vent above her softly blew over her skin, causing her nipples to tighten beneath her clothing.

Then he undid the catch on her bra, letting her large breasts free.

Carrie instinctively folded her arms over her chest. Why was she letting him do this? She barely knew the man.

“Shh, let me see.”

Carrie reluctantly let go, putting her arms at her sides. She didn’t want to admit it, but after she’d read some bondage erotica, she’d had a few sexual fantasies about being mastered, taken.

“Good girl. You are so beautiful. I knew your breasts would be deliciously ripe, just like the rest of you.” Justin squeezed one in the big palm of his hand, holding her in his grasp. “Now flatten those tits against the glass.”

He released his hold on her and Carrie shivered as her breasts pressed against the cool glass. She couldn’t fathom why she was here letting Justin touch her so intimately, but somehow, it freed her. In obeying his rules, she’d broken some of her own, yet she didn’t seem to care.

She felt as though she’d been released, was free to explore her own sexuality. He’d somehow given her permission to act on her own fantasies.

“Such a good girl,” he crooned. “So obedient.” Justin roughly shoved a hand beneath her skirt and tugged at her white cotton panties. “Hmm, what do we have here?”

“My u-underwear,” she murmured.

Justin tore the fragile cotton away, leaving her completely bare. “From now on, no panties. I want you ready for me at all times.”

Carrie shivered as she imagined him claiming her body whenever he wished. She’d never felt anything like the mastery of his touch. Besides, the thought that other men might be able to see her drove her wild. Even though she knew his office was so far up the tower that it was unlikely.

"Check. I'm going commando." She'd meant the words to sound sassy, but they came out breathy.

"You are luscious," he growled.

She shook her head. "No, no I'm not. I'm pretty ordinary, actually."

"Are you contradicting me?" he challenged. Justin grabbed her and spun her around. "You have everything that I could want. Inside and out. Beautiful face. Big brown eyes, smart little black glasses. Kissable mouth. Big breasts with large pink nipples. Smooth, supple skin and a hot pink cunt, all wet and ready for me."

"No."

She could feel her eyes well with tears. No man had ever told that she was beautiful before, not like this. Even though the words were earthy, the sentiment was real. His arousal and appreciation of her body was honest and blunt.

Carrie had always been a cerebral sort of woman who not many men appreciated on an aesthetic level. She'd never really had an easy time dating and having this much attention overwhelmed her. Silent tears streaked her cheeks.

Slowly, Justin stroked her. "Why do you cry, sweet?"

She shook her head, struggling for the words. "I'm not really sure."

"It's okay. I understand." Justin enfolded her in his arms and kissed the top of her head. "You feel overwhelmed?"

"Yes, I do, and confused. Why am I responding like this to you?" It felt odd yet right to be naked in his presence and subject to his whims. She didn't need to mix their relationship with sex. They hadn't even had any relationship before and now everything was so complicated.

"Because you are a natural submissive. I've always suspected it, but I couldn't very well ask you." He grasped her neck, pulling her head back and holding her still while he plundered her mouth, demanding that her tongue dance with his. He pulled back

when she was breathless. "I've wanted to hold you, touch you like this for a very long time."

She shook her head to clear it. "Submissive? What do you mean? I'm educated. I'm independent. I don't need a man!" She barely reined in the urge to stick her tongue out at him.

Justin grinned. "Yes, I know how fiercely independent you are, but you have soft side. You like powerful man."

"I don't need a man."

"But you want a man around for one thing, at least."

"I have a battery-operated device that does a fine job," she snapped.

He scowled, but she couldn't tell if he was serious or not. "Such a bad girl. Are you back talking me?"

Carrie scowled. "You mean am I voicing my own opinion? Why, yes, then I am back talking you."

"I need to give you a lesson." He swatted her on the ass. "Teach you to love, honor and obey me."

Rather than being offended or even surprised, she grew even more aroused. That was a new one.

"I thought that might get your attention. Lie down on my desk, naughty girl."

Carrie shivered in delicious anticipation, but held firm. "No." She shook her head widely.

Justin's expression no longer held a note of teasing. "Now."

Again, she had the urge to obey. She gingerly lay down on his desk, while he sat down in the chair between her legs. Without needing to be told, she splayed her legs for him. Surely, she must have taken leave of her senses.

And it felt divine.

"Would you like to come, Carrie?"

Her hands gripped the sides of the desk. She hadn't had an orgasm with a man in, well, a very long time. "Yes," she said quietly.

She could hear the smile in his voice. "How could I deny you?" With expert fingers he combed through her pubic hair. "I'm glad you still have your hair. It makes you look womanly. I don't like it when women look like little girls." He parted her pussy lips with two fingers, tracing the supple skin with expert fingers.

Her hips rotated, seeking more contact with his hand. Dear God, she felt like letting him slide deep inside her.

Justin swiveled his finger, moving in slow, achingly thorough circles, massaging her clitoris with just enough pressure to make her gasp.

She arched her hips, seeking more contact with him, but he reminded elusive. "Oh God!"

"Do you like that, Carrie?"

"Yes! Yes!" She swayed in time to the tune of his wicked fingers. She wanted more. Much more.

Justin pushed two thick fingers inside her, claiming her. "You are so tight and hot. You crave this, don't you, Carrie? Do you want me to hold you down? Fuck you into submission?"

"Yes! Yes, I do!" In that moment, she might have promised anything to get him to keep touching her.

Growling, he slid his fingers in and out, causing her to squirm and moan. He moved faster, fiercer. Demanding a reaction from her. With a sigh, she came, whimpering his name.

When she settled down, he loomed over her, arms on either side of her body. While she watched, he slid his slick fingers in his mouth, devouring a taste of her. He licked his fingers clean as he pinned her with her eyes. "Will you marry me, Carrie?"

Carrie was awash in sensation, confused and dazed, but one thing was clear. She wanted to see where this led her. "Yes," she murmured. "I mean, no. I don't know I mean." As soon as she said the words, she scolded herself in her own mind, but she couldn't seem to say anything else.

Justin grinned. "I'm only accepting your first answer. I think we should get married. We suit each other, Carrie, whether you realize that or not."

She wanted to say something, but she couldn't, unable to contradict him, at least not now. She'd had the most incredible orgasm of her life and she decided to enjoy it. There would be time for contemplation and blaming herself later.

"Yes?" he prompted.

"Nothing." She looked around them nervously. She couldn't believe she'd allowed him to touch her in his office. *What if someone had come in? What if someone had heard them?* She could feel his cock pressing against her belly, pulsing and eager.

He stroked her throat possessively. "I want you, but now is not the place or time. I'm going to put your clothing to rights and call a cab for you. We'll have dinner tomorrow evening and finalize our wedding plans."

* * * * *

Obsession.

Carrie Langdon had been his obsession for years and he'd finally gotten a taste of her.

That night, Justin lay awake in his bed, contemplating Carrie and the wonderful turn his life had taken. Since the moment he'd clapped eyes on her, he knew that she had the right balance of submission and defiance that he craved.

But he hadn't been able to pursue her right away. Her father had been his boss, and Justin had been forced to merely fantasize about her for years. He imagined taking her in every way he could conceive of, bending her to his will, dominating her body and winning her heart and mind in the process.

Justin had been planning this for years.

When her father began to voice offhand concerns about her future, he had convinced the old man that he must push her to marry someone. He'd dropped heavy-handed hints about his need for a wife, for a family and more stability in his life and Hal had gone along with all of it, even that ridiculous stipulation about being married before receiving her trust fund.

Justin didn't care if it wasn't fair. He wanted Carrie and he meant to have her. Besides, he knew that he would be good for her. Justin wanted to draw her out of her self-induced isolation, help her become the vibrant woman he knew she could always be. He longed to bring a smile to her face, to share her laughter.

And today, *today* he had taken the first steps to making her his. Soon, he would place his ring on her finger. The thought alone caused both his heart and his cock to swell.

Some cravings needed to be satisfied right away.

Justin slid down the white cotton sheet that covered his body and pulled aside his boxer shorts. His cock rose, fierce and proud, from a thicket of blond curly hair. The veins stood out prominently, cording down the sides and the head already dripped with viscous fluid. His balls were already strung tight against his body, urging him on.

He grabbed a bottle of lube from the nightstand and slathered it on his penis, imagining it was Carrie's sweet honey surrounding him. He wanted Carrie badly, dreamt of having her beneath him. With a groan, he fisted his hand around his cock and began to pump. He took his time, gliding his hand up and down the moist shaft, massaging the underside of the head slightly.

The scent of her still clung to him. He had lingered in an agony of need since he'd sent her away. Every instinct he possessed insisted that he fuck her right there on his desk or bring her home with him and complete what he'd already begun. But it hadn't been time. He'd wanted to let her adjust to her situation, to him. Justin rolled over onto his stomach and rubbed his cock against the mattress.

In his mind's eye, he thrust into her waiting body.

He saw Carrie lying beneath him, arms and legs bound to the bedpost, her ass balanced on the very edge of the bed, completely helpless and open. Her breasts bounced in time with his harsh thrusts as he slid his cock in and out, claiming her. Then, he would sample her mouth, entwining his tongue with hers. Stealing her breath from her body. When she finally came, he would embed his cock deep inside her. Join her body with his. He needed to be part of her, because she had already become part of him. That was what he ultimately wanted. Possession and to be possessed at the same time.

Justin continued to rub his cock against the bed as he imagined being inside her, claiming her forever. His hips arched up as he squeezed the head, milking his pleasure as he came with her name on his lips.

* * * * *

Two days later, Carrie sat across from Justin at *Le Bistro Du Beaujolais* picking at her beef tenderloin with Roquefort butter. If she weren't so distracted, she would have loved the restaurant with its charming bistro look and French cuisine, but she was deep in thought and confused by her own actions.

She wondered if she could really do this. She had to get Justin to call off the wedding, but part of her would regret it. She'd never had an orgasm like the one she'd experienced at his hands. He'd overwhelmed her and she felt more attached to him than she would have thought possible.

When he'd touched her, she lost a little of herself. She wasn't sure what came over her. She'd evidently lost her mind. Was she actually contemplating becoming his wife and even his sex slave? Submissive? Toy?

Madness.

All of this was madness. She didn't belong with him, but when he'd touched her, it had been a revelation. She'd never felt anything quite like the mastery of his touch. The

way he controlled both her body and her mind had aroused her beyond what she knew herself capable of. Carrie felt as though she'd found exactly what she'd been looking for. She wondered if the reason she'd never felt particularly sexual was because she'd been with the wrong men. Men who were sensitive, polite and, in the end, boring.

"Did you take a look at the bridal magazines I had sent over to your office?" Justin asked.

Carrie nodded. She'd skimmed through a few of them, feeling like a fraud, but she couldn't help but page through the magazine, stare at the beautiful gowns and daydream about what kind of wedding she could have.

Carrie had never thought she would marry. She wasn't the sort of flighty woman who fell in love easily and hadn't ever wanted to compromise her independence by settling down with a man. She'd seen her mother lose her identity to her father, who had been fanatic in his quest for more prestige and a higher position.

She enjoyed men, but she didn't really want to be in a permanent union, at least that was what she'd always thought. Especially to a man who was legally obligated to marry her.

She stared at Justin, eyes narrowed. "Why are you marrying me?" she asked. After she said it, her eyes widened, embarrassed by the question. She felt uncomfortable because she showed an interest in him, not to mention the way she'd brought it up. *Sheesh, a few minutes around him and I begin babbling.*

"I told you I have my own reasons."

"Enough with the vague answers. I know it isn't for money. You are a very wealthy man."

"I've already assured you this has nothing to do with money." He looked at her again, that heated look that caused butterflies to take flight in her stomach.

She took in his appearance. He looked particularly delicious in his blue shirt and linen trousers. There was no denying Justin's attractiveness, but that gave her pause for

thought as well. Why didn't he marry a woman who didn't have strings attached? A more beautiful woman? Surely there were many who shared his predilections.

Nothing added up.

"Then what does it have to do with?"

"I don't think you're ready to hear that," Justin said gently. "At least not yet. So, have you picked out a dress?"

"No." She took a forkful of beef, but then set it down again. She didn't feel like eating. Besides she couldn't have what she really wanted. Namely, him. She found his touch dangerously addictive.

"Is there something wrong with your food?" Justin asked. He took a sip of his pinot noir.

Here we go. She had to make an ass of herself. Carrie threw down her napkin. "It's horrible. The beef is tasteless, the butter is too salty, and it's cold." Truthfully, the beef was perfect, but she couldn't admit it.

Justin raised an eyebrow, but he didn't appear perturbed. "Then I'll have the waiter take it back and bring you something else. Dessert, perhaps? Do you like *crème brûlée*?"

She loved *crème brûlée*, but Carrie crossed her arms over her chest. "No."

He leaned across the table, gripping it on either side. "I don't think I like your tone, little girl."

Rather than finding his tone insulting, her imagination caught fire. She remembered the way he had mastered her body before and she started to feel dizzy, hot. She waved at her face. Between her legs, her pussy began to swell and warm for him. "I'll say whatever I feel."

"Yes, but you'll pay later."

She gulped. "What do you mean?"

"I'm going to spank your ass for being so disagreeable tonight." He sighed, as though the thought alone pleased him, as though he'd anticipated it all evening.

Carrie had to admit that the image of being splayed across his lap while he smacked her ass appealed to her. It probably wasn't PC but it also happened to be hot as hell, but she couldn't give in. Justin had her on a sexy but slippery slope. She'd end up falling hard for him and lose control of the situation. "That is not going to happen."

Justin grinned, all arrogance. His icy hot blue eyes nearly melted her clothing off. "We'll see."

"What do you want from me?"

He licked his lips. "I want to consume you. I want everything from you, everything that you're willing to give and even some things you probably aren't."

She turned crimson.

"Tell me, darling, are you wearing panties?"

Carrie forgot about everything but Justin. He had a way of making her good sense take a five-minute break. "Yes."

"Such a bad girl. I told you not to wear panties any longer." He clucked his tongue. "Take off your panties."

"Now?"

"Now. Go to the bathroom and take your panties off."

Carrie got to her feet and took off for the bathroom on shaking legs. She must be insane, she thought as she slipped into a bathroom stall and removed her silky black panties. She smoothed her black skirt, grateful that it came down to just below her knees. Carrie pressed her hand against the stall door. Her heart pounded in her chest, thundering wildly.

When she left the stall, she washed her hands and examined her face in the mirror. The red, summer-weight sweater echoed the color of her face, but her eyes were liquid. Lustful. Between her legs, her pussy had swelled and grown wet for him. When she walked, she felt her clitoris, swollen and needful. The slightest movement brought a rush of pleasure.

Could she really do this? She had to admit that she wanted him. Why was she doing this? A sane woman would have thrown her wine in his face and walked away.

She couldn't. She wouldn't. What's more, she didn't even want to.

Instead, she walked back to the table and pressed her panties into his big hand. "Good girl," he purred as he tucked them in his pocket. "Now sit down next to me."

Carrie slipped in beside him. She could feel wetness against her thighs as her imagination dove into bed. His bed.

"Open your legs," he whispered in her ear.

Carrie opened her legs, thankfully hidden by the tablecloth. While sex in public appealed to her, being arrested for public indecency did not. Justin pulled up her skirt, looking between her legs. "Your pussy's wet," he rasped in her ear. "Do you know how delicious you are? How good it tasted on my tongue?"

"I-I—" She ducked her head, too embarrassed to speak.

"It's okay. I don't want you to talk, just take a sip of your wine."

Carrie's hand trembled as she took a sip of the wine.

Justin placed his fingers between her thighs and stroked her. He slipped inside her and massaged her clitoris in a small circular motion.

"Oh God," she whispered. It was so decadent, being in this candlelit bistro while he caressed her. Her hips moved involuntarily. "Stop. Someone is going to see."

He spoke low in her ear. "It's dark in here, intimate. No one is paying attention and what if they did? Isn't this pleasure worth it?"

"But I'm going to come soon," she murmured, eyes squeezed shut. "They might hear."

"I want you to come for me." Justin pressed his finger against her clitoris sharply and she gasped. He captured her mouth with his to disguise the noise.

She ground slowly against his hand as he swallowed the small sounds she made. To anyone looking, they seemed to be kissing, caressing but nothing more torrid. Justin

kept his arm very rigid, so as not to cause suspicion. He finally circled her one last time with his thick finger and she came, sighing against his mouth.

Afterward, she rested her head on his shoulder. Carrie couldn't be sure, but she thought she might be happy.

Chapter Two

Justin had imagined seeing Carrie in his home several times, most of them involved her sprawled on his bed naked and bound. But she looked adorable lying there on his huge sofa, curled into a ball.

While he'd lusted for her for years, he was surprised by the tenderness she inspired in him. Justin wanted to take care of her, especially since she'd lost her only family when her father died.

After she'd sagged against him in the restaurant, she'd been lethargic and fallen asleep in the cab on the way home. He decided to take her to his house. He'd wanted her for years and she was finally here.

Carrie was here. *In his home.*

She blinked and then rolled over to face him. "I fell asleep."

Justin smoothed her hair behind her ear. "Yes, you did. How do you feel?"

She bit her lip and smiled in an adorably naughty way. "Satisfied."

He couldn't help the surge of pride that went through him. He always aimed to please and bringing her pleasure felt especially delicious. As soon as she admitted that she'd enjoyed playing with him, sadness entered her eyes. "What could be wrong with pleasure?" he asked.

"I...Justin...I don't know what to do," she whispered. "About this...about us."

Justin sat down on the couch with her and coaxed Carrie's head in his lap. He always felt the need to touch her, to be more intimate. "Talk to me."

"I guess I just didn't expect to...like this so much," she murmured. Tears began to fall down her face. "What's wrong with me? Why do I like this so much?"

"Like what?" Justin needed her to admit her feelings and work through the shame.

"The way you touch me."

He stroked her jaw. "Maybe you need to let go. Let yourself feel once in a while. Are you having second thoughts?"

"Truthfully, yes." She sucked in a breath. "About us. About everything." She shut her eyes. "I'd hoped to marry you and then promptly divorce you." She sighed. "There, I said it."

Justin smiled. "I'm not surprised. You are a terrible liar. I figured it out right away."

"Okay, so we're done, then." She tried to sit up but he pressed her down.

"Not even remotely. What can I do to convince you to do this?"

She bit her lower lip nervously. "What do you expect from me?"

"I like submissive women in the bedroom, but not everywhere, Carrie. Are you afraid that you will lose your identity to me?"

"Yes."

"That won't happen."

"Am I going to be some sort of sex slave? Is that what you want?"

"No, it is not that simple. Do you have any doubt that you enjoy this?" Justin asked.

"No."

He ran a thumb over her lips and pressed it against them, seeking entry. "Suck."

Obediently, she sucked his thumb as their eyes locked on each other.

Justin groaned. "Are you ready to suck my cock?"

"Yes, sir."

He smiled. "You don't have to call me sir, sweet. I love playing a little rough, but we are equals, even as I dominate you. Call me Justin."

"You have no idea how happy that makes me."

He stroked her cheek and she closed her eyes as he did.

Justin turned her over and released his cock. He brushed it against her smooth lips. "Lick it, sweet. I want to feel your tongue on me."

Carrie ran her tongue over the head, seeming to savor the salty taste of his pre-cum. Then, she slid him fully into her mouth and began to suck in earnest. *Dear God, she had a talented mouth.*

"I see you've done this before," he said hoarsely.

She swirled her tongue around the thick veins that crossed his cock, before taking him deep into her mouth once more.

"Now relax your hold, Carrie, I want to slide it deep inside your throat."

Carrie relaxed her throat and leaned back as he fully penetrated her, sliding deep inside her mouth and eventually her throat,

She was impossibly tight. Hot. Like gliding into a warm pool.

Justin growled as he began to fuck her throat. He fisted his hand in her hair and held her still while he claimed her. The sight of his cock sliding in and out of her mouth nearly undid him. She looked delicious and helpless.

He wanted her with a passion that nearly killed him.

Justin removed himself from her mouth and yanked her forward so that she straddled his lap. He needed to be inside her, needed to fuck her, claim her body.

"Oh God!" she gasped, as she slid down on his cock.

"Christ." She was everything that he had imagined, her cunt impossibly tight and hot. He needed her more than he could handle. His need for her thrilled him, frightened him. Burned in him like a fire licking in his throat. The words had to come out. He couldn't hold them in any longer.

I love you.

He had to tell her. Had to. Justin wanted to say it more than anything. He'd been longing to for years—he thought about it all the time. Sometimes, he had fantasies of

saying it, just that. *I love you*. He fantasized about gathering her up in his arms and telling her and then taking her home with him.

Telling her now would probably scare the hell out of her, but he couldn't stop himself. He couldn't hold it in anymore.

Justin stilled the movement of Carrie's hips and made her look at him. He cupped her face in his hands.

"I love you."

Her eyes widened, but she said nothing back.

"I love you and it's okay that you don't love me, because you will. Very soon."

"I-I—"

"Shh," he whispered. Justin kissed her, putting all of his hunger and his longing into it. "I love you and you aren't getting away from me. You're mine and I love you, and I will do everything in my power to make you happy."

With that, he slid his fingers between their bodies and rubbed her clitoris the way she enjoyed it. He could feel her inner muscles squeezing him, milking his cock like a soft vise grip. Her eyes were dazed with pleasure but he made her look at him, wanting to share the moment they truly joined with one another.

Then he couldn't think any longer, all he could do was feel.

* * * * *

Carrie gradually came awake. She knew she wasn't in her own bed. For one thing, the sheets felt like silk under her skin. For another, she could smell the spicy scent of Justin on the feather pillows.

She rolled over on her back and stared at the ceiling for what felt like forever. She could hear Justin in the kitchen. The deliciously sharp scent of freshly brewed coffee lingered in the air. But she couldn't hide in here forever. Eventually he would come for her and he would expect an answer, except that she couldn't give him one. She didn't know how she felt.

Justin loved her.

Oh God.

She didn't know what to say. Justin was the first man who'd ever told her that. Part of her was absurdly pleased by his admission and the other was terrified. It was all coming so fast. Marriage, love—dear God, she hoped she wasn't pregnant. She hadn't even used a condom with him. *How irresponsible was that?* Justin made her lose all sense of reason.

She felt a need to put the brakes on this relationship.

Besides, she rationalized, how can he love me? He doesn't even know me. Justin had probably got carried away in the moment as well.

With resolution, Carrie got dressed then walked into the kitchen. She found Justin making a garden omelet, seemingly oblivious to her presence. He looked ineffably sexy standing there in a pair of jeans, with a towel slung over his bare shoulder. He stood at the stove, busily whipping up some eggs, with his back to her.

His skin was kissed by the sun, and she had the urge to wrap her arms around him and kiss him, tracing the line of his back.

"Good morning."

She jumped. "Oh, uh, good morning."

"Go ahead and pour yourself a cup of coffee."

Beside the stainless steel coffee maker was a red coffee cup. She added some sugar and cream to the cup and filled it with coffee.

"Are you hungry too?"

"Oh, yes, well, I worked up quite an appetite." She smiled sheepishly.

"Have a seat, Carrie, and I'll serve you breakfast." The kitchen was bright and airy and everything seemed so clean she was afraid to touch anything. She sat at the edge of the glass table.

She felt a little like she didn't belong in his well-ordered life. Carrie was an English professor and her life was about art and literature and the human experience. Justin inhabited the cold worlds of finance and business.

Justin sat down beside her with a black plate in his hand with the omelet artfully arranged in the center. "Your breakfast, my lady."

"Aren't you eating too?"

Justin smiled. "I already ate. I got up at five and went for a jog."

"Wow. That's really disciplined." She took a bite of her omelet. It was delicious, filled with cheddar cheese and crisp garden veggies.

"So we haven't talked about last night."

The eggs suddenly tasted like ashes in her mouth. She placed her hand on his arm. "No, we haven't. Justin, I can't—"

"Shh. There's no need to explain. I can see the way this is headed, so I'm not going to push. At least not now. Finish your breakfast and then join me in the bedroom, okay?" Justin pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

She put her head in her hands. "Oh yeah, this is going to end well."

* * * * *

When she finished eating, she wandered into the bedroom to find Justin lying on the bed with an assortment of toys next to him. His jeans rode low on his hips and she could make out the line of his eager erection beneath the tight denim.

He looked her up and down, every inch the hungry predator. "Tell me, Carrie, have you ever had anal sex?" Justin asked.

Carrie's breath caught and she shook her head. She'd always wanted to try anal sex but never found a partner that she trusted enough to try it with. "No, I haven't."

"Then I'll be your first."

Her heart began to pound harder.

“Strip.”

She slowly stripped off her clothing, teasing him a little as she did. She stripped off her shirt and then slipped her bra off, holding her hands over her breasts before turning her back and then letting go.

“Turn around,” he said hoarsely.

His cheeks hollowed as her breasts came into view. “You have magnificent breasts, full and firm.”

They already felt heavier, more plump. “Thank you.”

“Now on to the rest.”

She shimmied out of her skirt and slid it down her legs, letting it pool at her feet.

He patted the bed. “Crawl on the bed and get on all fours. Thrust that luscious ass of yours out. I want to see it.”

Carrie crawled down on the bed and thrust her ass out. She felt both ridiculous and incredibly sexual at the same time. Justin gave her a newfound appreciation for her body. He liked her lush curves and the roundedness of her body.

Justin slapped her ass, causing her to yelp. “Do you like being tied, Carrie?”

She’d often had fantasies of being tied down. “Yes.” The thought of this big man dominating her, holding her down made her pussy swell and liquefy. Her clitoris was enlarged into a hard little kernel.

He pulled two silk scarves from her his nightstand drawer and tied them around her wrists before tethering them to the iron bedposts. Justin paused at the end of the bed and snaked his fingers through her hair, pulling her head backward and kissing her ferociously. “The urge to tie you down, tie you to me is overwhelming.”

She trembled. “I—”

“Don’t talk. I’m going to ease you into this.” He picked up the lavender dildo from the bed, so she could see it. It was a little thicker and longer than his middle finger. He

coated the dildo with lube and then coated his fingers. "Here, I'm going to get you ready."

Justin climbed on the bed behind her and grabbed her hips. She felt vulnerable, tied to the bed with her ass in the air, waiting for him to claim her. He massaged her anus, lubing her with the gel and slowly working his fingers inside. His finger slowly penetrated the tight ring of muscles. She gasped as he entered her. Then he stroked his fingers in and out, getting her used to the feeling.

"How does it feel?"

Carrie moaned. "Good. Bad. Both."

He continued to stroke in and out. "Should I stop?" he growled.

"Please don't."

"God, you feel like a glove. Tight and hot. I can't wait to get my cock inside you."

She shivered as she imagined it. "I don't want the dildo inside me. I want you."

Justin groaned. "I don't want to hurt you." He slowly removed his finger from her ass and replaced it with the slender dildo that he'd lubed.

She hissed a breath out as he gently moved it back and forth in her ass. Soon, she pressed back against him, thrusting her hips in time with his movements.

"I need more!" she whined. "Please give me more!"

Justin eased the first dildo from her puckered hole and replaced it with a thicker toy, again coated with a liberal portion of lube.

She winced as she adjusted to the sheer size of it, but soon she found she wanted more. Justin began to move it in and out, setting a faster pace. *Dear God.* "Justin, I'm about to explode."

"Not without me, you aren't."

She blew out a long breath as he removed the second dildo from her ass and replaced it with his slicked cock. He felt so much better than the dildo—his cock was smooth and hard at the same time, like velvet-coated iron.

He entered her gently, inch by inch sinking into her, past the tight muscles and then deeper inside. She lowered her head as he began to thrust in earnest, claiming her.

It hurt, but the pain was slight and tinged with decadent pleasure. She was so aroused that her thighs were wet. He reached between her legs and stroked her, bringing her to climax almost immediately.

Justin continued to thrust, riding out the wave of his pleasure, crying her name as he lost himself inside her.

Moments later, he eased himself from her body and pulled her head to the side, kissing her soundly.

"I love you."

"Justin, I can't —"

"Please hear me out." He undid the bonds and pulled her against his body, holding her tight. "Do you know how beautiful you are?"

She looked down, unwilling to meet his gaze. "No, I'm really not."

"Yes, you are. I know you are smart and cerebral, but you are passionate too." He laughed. "It's funny. I'm supposed to be the stuffy businessman, but you are doing a good impression of that right now. You can allow yourself to feel."

She could feel tears spilling down her cheeks. Carrie shook her head. "I'm really not who you want."

"I do want you. I love you. Why can't you accept that?"

"Because the only man who's ever really loved me has been my father. I'm too heavy, too smart, too —"

"No, you are perfect." Justin kissed her again, licking away the tears on her face.

"I loved you the moment I laid eyes on you. Let me prove it to you." He went to the wardrobe and pulled a wedding gown from a hanger. "I bought this for you when your father told me about the provision in his trust fund. This is how sure I am about marrying you. We were meant for each other."

The dress was beautiful. It was white as snow with an empire waist, and the bodice had delicate crystal beading. It was exactly what she would have picked. Perfect. Like Justin himself.

Her desire for him warred with her emotions. The urge to run nearly overwhelmed her. The muscles in her legs tensed as she quelled the urge to leave. Carrie wasn't sure if she could handle this anymore. It was all coming at her so fast.

"Come here." He stood her up in front of the cheval glass mirror and placed it over her, molding it against her body.

It would fit like a glove, but she wasn't looking at the dress. She met his eyes in the mirror.

"You aren't looking at the dress," he said softly. "Why are you staring at me so intently?"

"I'm sorry. I'm just thinking."

"About what?"

"About us. About this."

"That doesn't sound like a good thing." He rubbed her back. "You look nervous."

"Justin, you don't even know me," she said desperately.

"Yes, I do." Justin sunk to his knees in front of her, while she clutched the dress to her body. "I've watched you for years and I'm hopelessly in love with you. I've steered every conversation I ever had with your father back to you so I could learn more about you."

"But you —"

"Please, let me finish. I know that you are a brilliant professor. I've even snuck into a few of your lecture hall classes so I could hear you speak."

Carrie smiled. "You did? But why didn't I notice?"

"Because I wore a ball cap and sat in the back."

"*You* in a ball cap? Did you take pictures?"

"No," he said, shaking his head. "I know that you drink three cups of coffee every morning and you fill it with both cream and sugar."

She gaped at him. "How did you know that?"

"Because I go to Starbucks. I think that you should consider buying stock in Starbucks."

"I have an addiction," she said with a laugh.

"I love *that* about you. I love everything about you," he said quietly. "I also know how kind you are. How you volunteer every month at the soup kitchen in town."

He knew a lot more about her than Carrie had realized. Justin seemed to know her pretty well. She narrowed her eyes. "Why do you love me?"

"Because I do. I can't think about anyone else. You are the only woman I see." Justin pulled a small velvet box from the bureau drawer and got down on his knees. "I love you, Carrie, and I know that you are starting to fall for me. I know this is crazy. It's coming at you too fast, but we have time. We'll have a long engagement, but let's not stop. We fit together. I know you feel it too." He opened it to reveal a platinum ring with a princess-cut diamond.

She was touched. "Justin, it's beautiful."

"Will you marry me, Carrie? Will you be my wife?"

Carrie didn't want to stop either. This relationship felt right, even if it scared her to death. "Can we take this slow?"

"Yes, we can slow down, but I know that we'll work out in the end."

"Well, you've got confidence in spades." She smiled at him, feeling happy. "Yes, Justin, I will."

Epilogue

Six months later

On a chilly January night, Carrie cuddled up to Justin in his big wrought iron bed with crimson sheets. They spent a lot of nights that way, relishing being with one another. He'd been right about their relationship in the end.

Carrie knew she'd fallen in love with him a month into the relationship, but she'd still insisted on a slower courtship.

Justin kissed the top of her head. "Do you really love me?"

She playfully rolled her eyes. "Jeez, it's been months and you're still gloating."

"Say it," he said, using his huskier, more commanding voice.

"Yes, I love you, Justin Sinclair," she said, pressing a kiss to his chest. She held up her finger and stared at her lovely diamond engagement ring. "I'm dying to marry you."

She turned to see him grinning down at her. He'd been not so subtly hinting that they get married nearly every day. "When? Tomorrow?"

"Seriously?"

"Of course I'm serious. I majored in math and business in college. I never joke," he said, straight-faced.

"No, I want the white gown, the pretty cake, and a whole lot of presents."

"Fine, but no more than six months. I can't wait to call you Mrs. Sinclair."

Carrie grinned.

"So, are you going to promise to love, honor and obey me?"

She hugged his arm. "You have the first two. But the last one? Hmm. In the bedroom, I will."

"Let's test that theory then." Justin threw the covers off the both of them. His breath hissed between his teeth. "Have I told you how delicious you look in my bed?"

"You might have mentioned it," she said, keeping the smile from her face. Carrie knew he was going to touch her, master her once more.

Justin vaulted off the bed and stalked to the end of it, before grabbing her ankles and pulling her so her ass was even with the edge of the bed. "I've been dying to do this for months." He removed some items from the nightstand drawer. "Are you all right with this?"

She nodded, already feeling warmth spreading throughout her body. She'd come to relish his dominance, she craved it. He lashed each leg to the wrought iron bedposts with lengths of rope, so that she was completely spread for him. Her pussy and ass were completely exposed.

Justin grinned down at her. His cock had already grown to huge proportions, rising from his groin like an ivory tower. Then he lashed her wrists together, with her arms above her head.

He stared down at her, his eyes hazy. "Look at the way your breasts are offered up to me. Like they're on a platter."

Justin pushed them together so that the nipples were close together and then he began to suckle, first one and then the other.

Carrie writhed, arching her back and offering him all of her that he would take.

Justin nipped her nipples, abrading them with his teeth.

Then he ran his hands along her body, teasing her. He leaned over her and kissed her mouth, capturing her tongue with his and then letting it go. "God, I love seeing you here like this, completely helpless." When he pulled away, she had trouble catching her breath.

Carrie moved against the restraints, because she knew he liked to see her vulnerable. "What are you going to do to me?"

"You don't have names for the things that I'm going to do to you, little girl." He pulled the purple dildo out and let her see it. "I'm going to fill you up completely." Justin massaged her asshole with the lube, coating every inch with the viscous substance before brushing it against her.

She hissed at the cold, squeezing her cheeks together, but she had no defense against him. Truthfully, she didn't want one.

His fingers slipped inside her, easing the way for his entry. Then he pushed the dildo deep inside her ass.

Carrie moaned at the fullness of the counterfeit cock. "Oh, Justin, please."

"Do you like that?"

"Yes! Please!"

Justin stroked in and out, nearly pulling out of her tight hole, but then stopping just short.

She couldn't stand it. She'd never felt so vulnerable or so exposed. So decadent.

"Justin, please! I need you inside me."

He sank deep inside her pussy, filling her with his cock. She needed him inside her all the time, loved feeling part of him, and she'd never felt anything like being filled to capacity by him.

Then, he began to thrust, hard and fast, giving her no quarter. She could feel him pressing against her inner walls and she angled her hips so that his pelvic bone ground against her clitoris.

Justin leaned over her, bracketing her body with his arms and fastened his gaze on her, even as he pumped her sex. "I love you."

"I love you too."

Arrogance dripped from his smile. "Good, then you'll marry me tomorrow."

She groaned, shaking her head. It was so hard to think, she wanted nothing more than to feel. "No, I can't. What about the wedding?"

He stopped moving, just to torture her apparently. "Sure, as long as you can put together one in twenty-four hours."

"Justin!" she wailed. "It isn't fair to use sex against me."

"I'm a businessman, Carrie, and I'm using whatever means necessary to seal the deal. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

She groaned, unable to move, unable to come. "Fine. Yes, I'll marry you tomorrow, you impossible man!"

"I knew you'd see things my way," he crowed, finally beginning to move inside her once more.

"Sure, but you had to use coercion to do it," Carrie said, with mock annoyance. She really didn't care about the wedding. She knew the marriage was going to last a lifetime.

"Yes, but now you're going to get a reward." Justin began to move again.

Soon, Carrie received her reward.

When they'd both recovered themselves, he eased the dildo from inside her and they snuggled beneath the covers. Justin kissed her suddenly. "All we need is the cake right? We already know the dress fits."

Carrie laughed.

"I got distracted earlier. Did you promise to love, honor and obey me?"

"Well, maybe in the bedroom." She kissed him hungrily, wrapping her arms around him. When she pulled away, she crawled on top of him, cinching his already stiffening cock between their bodies, rocking Justin a little. "Okay, definitely in the bedroom."

Justin raised an eyebrow. "Uh oh, I think the bride is about to come."

"Mmm...and the groom."

About the Author

Cynthia's first erotic book was written when she was thirteen. Of course, the most risqué thing that happened in the book was a chaste kiss, but it was the talk of her middle school!

She is now a multi-published author. Cynthia is convinced that her muse is a wanton woman who is shameless in her desires but is forced to live them out through the written word.

Cynthia is happily single and currently lives in Ohio with her black cat, Magic. She works for a state university full-time and writes whenever she can. In her spare time, she enjoys dating, shopping with her gay boyfriend, reading trashy romance novels, drinking an obscene amount of coffee, and going to movies.

Cynthia 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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