

# **COVERING CINDE RELLA**

by

**Belita Renn**

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### **Credits**

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## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT *COVERING CINDE RELLA*

Covering Cinde Rella, a novella, is by Belita Renn. Please be warned, very explicit. Covering Cinde Rella is a deliciously wicked adult twist to the old Cinderella tale. Watch out you queens of historical romance, Belita Renn just stepped up to the plate and hit a winner out of the field, with Covering Cinde Rella! This was the best historical erotic romance I have read in years.

**Overall rating:** 

**Sensuality rating:** Explicit

**Reviewer:** Janalee

May 2, 2005

## **Dedication**

To all my family and friends and to my editor Vickie and  
my artist Escorpio.

## Chapter 1

*1799 London, England*

Victor Van Helson waited until the footman opened the door, and then stepped from the landau. Arriving at the rented townhouse of his prowling partner, his thoughts turned to the youngest member of the household. Rebellious by nature, Cinde Rella refused to be bound by the dictates of society. In Victor's opinion, Cinde was a hoyden. It wasn't really the girl's fault; her stepmother, Juliette, had neglected the girl. Although she had been educated, she hadn't received proper training in the behavior of young ladies of society. Nor did she have a fitting role model to follow. Widow Rella drifted from one affair to another. She had wild parties, and the only reason Cinde wasn't totally corrupted was her stepmother locked her in her chamber on the nights of the parties. Not because she wished to protect the girl from unwelcome advances, but because she didn't wish to have the competition for lovers.

Still, the girl could not be ignorant. She had to know what was going on below stairs—the smell of sexual encounters always hung over the front parlor.

Her stepbrother, John, was Victor's best friend. They had met at Cambridge, and formed a relationship on the basis of desires. Both youths had longed for the wild sexual encounters that all male youths wanted. That desire had not changed since their school days. John and Victor were

notorious rakes of the *Ton*. They seduced to satisfy their sexual lusts, gambled until the wee hours of dawn, and indulged all of their gluttonous desires.

It was a wonderful life of self-indulgence, and Victor didn't want to leave it all behind. But he knew he must conform and become respectable, as his responsibilities were pressing on him. He had to grow up, father an heir, and leave his childish pleasures behind. It was his duty, or so his family, upon learning of his father's imminent death, had told him. As the future Viscount Colebrook, he had obligations, which he was honor bound to fulfill. He had known all his life that one day he must assume the tasks, and responsibilities his father handled. Now the time was growing near, and he looked at the world with a new kind of longing. Perhaps he was clinging to his freedom, but he didn't think so. He merely longed to retain some bit of the excitement of the life he had now.

Holding his hat in hand, he smiled at Cinde as she opened the door.

Stepping back, she admitted him into the narrow alcove at the entrance. Taking his hat, she placed it on the side table, before turning to greet him.

Even Cinde, John's sister, was looking good to him. The material of her gown cupped her buttocks as she turned to place his hat on the table. Her brown hair was held back from a perfect oval face by combs, allowing a clear view of her delicate features; skin as smooth as porcelain had a slight blush on her cheekbones. A dimple peeked at the side of her mouth when she smiled, and there was as always a welcoming sparkle in her lovely eyes. Feathered eyebrows arched over green eyes and complemented her long eyelashes. The burnt gold gown she wore hugged her narrow waist, and the soft material caressed her round breasts and hips when she moved.

Devil take it, when had she grown up? Her body had filled out, and her face had lost the look of immaturity. She was a lovely young woman, now. That had happened right under his eyes, and he hadn't noticed. What a fool he was for overlooking her development into a touchable woman. Perhaps, he did need to get his head out of the bottle and take a sober look around, as he father had said.

Cinde greeted him in a soft musical tone that caressed his ears. Her sweet lilac scent drifted around her and filled his senses. Kissing her soft knuckles, he noticed how delicate her fingers were in his grasp. Victor greeted her politely, as always. She winked at him as he raised his head and offered an inviting smile, with pink kissable lips that looked as soft as a tulip petal.

Had he really seen her wink at him? Was her smile really encouraging him, or was it only wishful thinking?

His cock twitched in recognition of her physical attractions. He had to get his mind on something safe before he embarrassed himself by allowing his body to reveal his thoughts. Focusing his attention on the curl of her ear, he noticed she had a little point on the curve that reminded him of elf ears he had seen in a book. Amazingly, both ears had the points. It made her unique from the beauties that filled the salons of the city.

"There you are, old man. I only need to fetch my cloak and we can be away," John Graves called from the staircase, his voice drawing Victor's eyes to him. John's lanky legs, dressed in evening black, descended the steps. A Corinthian, John was impeccably dressed in the crack of fashion.

Hearing her stepbrother on the stairs, Cinde withdrew her hand and stepped back from Victor, as though suddenly uncertain of her welcome.

“Cinde, why did you keep Victor waiting in the hall? You should have offered him a drink,” scolding, John stepped off the stairs, holding white sheets of folded paper in his hand.

“I have just arrived, there wasn’t time for her to offer, Graves,” Victor explained, defending her in a good-humored timber. He felt John was being unduly harsh to Cinde this evening. Had he always been callous to her, and Victor hadn’t paid attention? For the first time since meeting John, Victor wasn’t certain he approved of his friend. “Shall we away, or must you quench a thirst first?”

“I need to put these papers in the safe, then I shall be ready. Won’t take but a minute. Cinde, take Victor into the parlor and give him a drink,” John ordered, before turning and walking to the door of his study.

“It’s all right, I will wait here.” He saw no reason to put Cinde out, when they would be leaving in a few minutes.

“Do please come and accept a drink. I will be punished if I make him angry.” Turning, she walked into the parlor.

Victor watched the swish of her buttocks a moment before making himself move. She had a really great ass. He could think of several things he would like to do to it. Then he remembered John had ordered her to fix him a drink.

Following with a frown on his face, Victor was curious about her statement. Did John punish Cinde? How did he punish her? “I would like you to clarify that remark. Does John punish you?”

She flashed him a startled look. “Did I say that?” Looking away, she reached for the wine decanter. “Will wine satisfy, or perhaps bourbon?”

“Wine.”

Pouring wine into a crystal glass, she cast him a smile. Then she recapped the decanter and started toward him with the glass held in trembling fingers.



Accepting the glass, his eyebrow arched. "You didn't answer my question."

"I must have forgotten. Are you going to the ball at Vaxen Hall tonight?"

He allowed her innocent smile to distract him.

"What we do is no concern of yours," John said in a stern voice from the doorway.

"She was merely making conversation while we waited, John." The hard timber of John's insulting tone had answered Victor's question.

"Stop defending her. If you want to bed her, do it, but don't go thinking you are going to escort her about with us."

"Thank you for your permission," Victor responded, dryly. He wouldn't mind leaving John behind while he escorted Cinde around.

"I don't need his permission for anything." Shooting John a glare, she grasped her skirts and swept from the room with regal grace.

Admiration for her spirit blossomed in his chest. Feeling proud of her, he flashed a smile at John. "You are a year her senior, correct?"

"Yeah, horrible little baggage." Pouring himself a bumper of brandy, John shook his head.

"You want to bed her, don't you?" Rolling the glass in his hand, the golden liquid reflected a glint from the chandelier.

John smirked. "I did years ago, not anymore. And before you ask, yeah she knows. She said she would rather sleep with anyone else in London than me. So, if you want her, go for it. She's all yours." He dismissed the subject, as though it was no concern of his.

"Do you think she does? Sleep around, I mean." Holding his breath, Victor hoped for an affirmative answer.

"Hell yes, every gentleman she sees, I would imagine."

“Is that why it bugs you, because she turned you away?” Pleased, he bit his lips to prevent a smile from forming. Cinde was available to his lust.

John shrugged and took a drink. “No, it is because she has lived under the same roof as me for ten years. I’m a form of family.”

“So, why are you mean to her?”

“I don’t want her developing a fancy for me, now that she is active. She might see me as a way out, if she cannot find a man to wed her once she gets with child.”

John’s horrified tone made Victor chuckle. “You are a terrible stepbrother.” Emptying his glass, Victor set it on the side table. “Come on, the ball awaits.”

“Are you really going to give up this good life?” John asked, following him into the hall.

Victor shrugged. “I have to grow up sometime.” Fetching his hat from the hall table, he wondered if Cinde liked adventurous sex. Watching him slip on his coat, Victor wondered if John would disown him as a friend if he pursued Cinde.

They weren’t rich and had no hall porter to open the door. John saved his money for clothing, gambling and whoring.

“I disagree. Why must we grow up? I am not going to be tied to one woman when I can have dozens.” Opening the door, John walked out. He waited and closed the door after Victor quit the townhouse.

“Are you holding doors for me, now?” Startled, Victor’s eyebrow arched.

John chuckled. “Well, you are soon to be a viscount.”

He laughed. “Come on. Let’s have some fun.”

The ball was in full swing when he spotted her across the room. His penis twitched to life and began growing. She had a

lovely figure in a soft gown that caressed her curves. Flowing brown hair reached to midback, and her lush pink mouth was made for kissing. The satin mask covered the bridge of her nose and had oval slits that made her eyes appear exotic. The rest of her was luscious, young and smooth, and more important and exciting, she was alone. She had made an extra effort to conceal her identity by powdering her hair.

Unmasking her identity was a challenge he was willing to undertake. Having vast knowledge of the available young women in London gave him an advantage in his quest. He had found his entertainment for the evening, and she was perfect. First, he would unmask her, not literally, but the silent knowledge would add to his pleasure. Second, he would get her to dance, and then he would seduce her. Strolling in her direction, he sipped from his glass of wine, watching her delicate hand lift her own glass to her lips.

Curious as to her identity, he found he was more interested in bedding her. Nodding to the people he passed, he continued walking. Allowing anyone to stop him for a conversation could defeat his goal. Were he to dally overlong, she might find another acceptable gentleman for the evening. He wanted to be the gentleman she chose.

Watching the regal way she dismissed the gentlemen that stepped close to whisper—no doubt suggestive—phrases in her ears filled Victor with pleasure. Those she found uninviting departed with defeated shoulders. Then he noticed something familiar about her movements. Scanning her exposed features closely, he looked for something to trigger a memory, and he spotted the pointed tip of her ear.

\* \* \* \*

The ballroom was filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen of the realm, all wearing masks. Cinde longed for this to be the night she would finally learn about sexual

pleasure through experience. Her body ached with a longing to be filled; her juices flowed between her thighs. Adding to her pleasure, this was a masked ball, so she could be any seductress she wished. She spoke to several gentlemen, but none of them suited her fancy.

She wanted someone she could lust after, someone with a body like Victor's. She had a crush on Victor last year, but he never looked at her twice. Disappointed, she had watched him leave time and again with John. Always polite, he had never looked at her as though he was really seeing her. It was more like he was observing everything through a glaze of disinterest. Finally, she had decided that if she couldn't have Victor, she would take the next best thing, incredible sexual delights. In the past, she had plenty of opportunities to experience rushed, secretive sex inside a carriage. Somehow, that hadn't seemed exciting enough. She wanted more than rushed sex. There had to be a way to dive into the sensations and thoroughly enjoy them. She wanted to try something wild. Then she had heard of the wild masked balls at Vaxen Hall and knew she had found her solution.

Still, it had been a long wait.

Glancing around the room, she spotted John. "Shoot," she whispered. Her mouth formed a pout. Without a mask to conceal his identity, he was dancing with a masked woman. He could cause difficulties. Still, she could always retain her mask. She danced with a pleasant gentleman, only because he caused a pleasant spark of appreciation in her body. However, he didn't appear to have the ability to bring the spark high enough to form a flame. She turned aside another gentleman who didn't even attempt polite conversation.

He went straight to the proposition. "Let's find a nice corner so you can suck my cock."

Lifting her chin, she turned her face away. “What an utterly boring suggestion.” Accepting another glass of wine from a passing waiter, she spotted John leaving over the man’s arm. She felt wild and giddy inside, and she knew tonight was the night of dreams. This had to be the night she could fulfill some of her fantasies. Perhaps it was only excitement over the fact that she had seen John leave the ball with a lady on his arm. She wouldn’t need to worry about him spoiling her evening. Now, she could be as wild as she wished. Rubbing her hand down the line of her hip, she thrilled at the awareness of her sensitized flesh. Her body was more than ready.

“What would please you tonight?” a deep voice queried softly behind her ear, and then warm lips pressed against her neck. A shiver of awareness raced through her body. Now this was a voice that could curl her toes. If his body matched his voice, she had found her lover for the night.

“What do you mean?” Breathless, she turned to face a tall, muscular gentleman in a black mask. He had a delicious looking firm, strong body, just like she wanted. Licking her lips, she gazed at his mouth with unchecked hunger. Tonight, she didn’t need to control her desires. They could rage with a blue flame. *I would like to have those lips on my body.* A delicious scent wafted from him. She inhaled it deeply, almost tasting him on her tongue.

“Inhaling my scent. A necessary part of arousal, don’t you agree?”

Standing before her with a satisfied expression, his gaze slid down, caressing her breasts and hips. The cat-like rumble in his voice made her think of an animal on the prowl. He moved with the grace of a stalking predator as he walked slowly to the side, leading her to the location he wanted, all without touching her. He had a natural authority that pleased

her. Attempting to appear casual, she followed as willingly as a love-starved puppy, the natural opposite of his prowling cat. Secretly, she was panting like that pup, too.

“Yes, I believe scent is very important,” she whispered, purposely stepping close to his masculine frame as she followed him. It was a light scent, fresh as spring air and as arousing as relaxing naked in the warm sun. Her clit felt as though it was swelling and parting her labia. Shifting her feet, she parted them to ease the pressure. The extra space gave the ache room to increase; it was fuller now, stronger, and deeper in her cunny. A slick feeling revealed that her juices were wetting her opening. Her breath felt heavy and more difficult to draw into her lungs. Tightness formed in her chest, and her breasts tingled with anticipation. The hard pounding of her heart caused the vibrations shaking her body. Anticipation was all the more thrilling when a gentleman made it obvious, with his eyes and the seductive timber of his voice, that he wanted her in his arms, nude and willing beneath his naked body.

“Would you dance with me?” A slow, knowing smile parted his lips, revealing his confidence in his appeal to the opposite sex. He knew her answer, but, as it was part of his seduction, he queried. Confident of his appeal, he was not yet sure she would be a willing sexual partner. Therefore, he would continue the seduction until he was certain of her eager agreement.

*Be held in his arms, yes.* Smiling she gazed into his navy blue eyes. “Is that another necessary part of arousal? Dancing, I mean.”

“No, but it will allow us to learn if we flow well together around the dance floor.” He presented his arm and slipped it around her waist. “Besides, I cannot wait to hold you in my arms.”

Chuckling, she accepted his arm around her waist and allowed him to escort her to the dance floor. Placing his hand on her lower back, he drew her against his hard body, until she was touching him. She could feel the hard shaft of his erection pressing against her stomach. Holding her scandalously close was another of the benefits of being at a ball at Vaxen Hall. Having no need to pretend to resist was another. Placing her hands on his broad chest, she felt the heat emanating from his body permeating and warming the black superfine he was wearing. The smoothness of the material could be felt through her white satin gloves. Where he touched her back, it felt as though his fingertips were magically passing through the material and touching her flesh.

Pressed together and moving slowly around the floor, there wasn't much of a chance for a misstep. He hummed with pleasure in his throat. "I do believe we flow well."

"I agree." Her body reacted to his pleased sound, as though drawn by a strong magnet. Her insides lurched toward him with longing.

"I knew we would be a perfect match, before we even began dancing."

"Did you?" Her heart sang with excited joy. She wanted a man like this in her life, strong, and masculine without being overbearing. *What is he seeking in a woman? Could I fulfill his dreams?*

"I also knew you would like the feel of me beneath your fingers." His hands warmed her back, the fingers caressing her flesh through the material of her satin gown.

Her heart thumping in her chest, she felt the heaviness of her juices pooling in her sheath. She chuckled. "Did you know you suffer from overconfidence?"

"Do I? Well, I suppose it's because I feel certain that we suit."

*Does he mean physically? Does he want me as much as I want him?* “What makes you certain?” She held her breath while waiting for his response.

His shoulder shrugged beneath her fingertips. “I suppose it’s instinct. When I saw you across the room, I was attracted to you so I watched you.”

Arching an eyebrow, she looked at him suspiciously. “While you watched me, you saw me do something or heard me say something that made you believe we would match well?”

“I didn’t hear your voice until I approached you. With part of your lovely face concealed, I had to determine if it was mere physical attraction, or if there was something more drawing me to you.”

Chuckling, she shook her head. “More? I hardly think so.”

“Then I shall have to convince you.” The music ended and she stepped away when he released her. Then he took her hand and led her to the side of the dance floor. They stopped near a small table with a collage of flowers in a pot.

“What type of pleasure are you seeking this evening? Allow me to fulfill your dreams.” Raking a finger down her throat, he smiled, dipping his head down close. His lips were close enough that all she had to do was reach out with her own to kiss him. His soft breath was sweet as wine. Their breaths mingled.

He must have felt the rapid pulse in her veins beneath his fingertips. Did she dare tell him the truth, and admit her desires? Parting her mouth on a silent sigh, she rolled her head to the side, allowing her long powdered hair to fall over her shoulder. Deciding to be the seductress she had planned, she chose to be bold. “I don’t know for certain, something exciting.” She waved a hand. “Perhaps you care to make a suggestion? I would like to do something different. Something



shocking.” There, she had given him the opening to make an ungentlemanly suggestion. Would he take her up on her blanket offer and suggest a night of wild sexual fulfillment with a stranger, perhaps under the stars? As a smooth, mature gentleman with his appeal to the opposite sex, he would surely know everything to make her dreams come true.

His eyebrows lifted. “You wish to be dominated?”

“Dominated?” Reaching up a finger, she stroked it across his soft lips. That wasn’t the suggestion she had in mind, but it did sound intriguing.

“Commanded. Told what to do?” His deep voice grew husky. “As a slave would be commanded.”

*Commanded, with no choice, now that did sound intriguing.* She could think of several prohibited things she could be ordered to do. “Yes.” She smiled in relief. Finally, she had found someone that understood her ignorance, and could guide her through the learning process. She looked at him through her dark lashes. “Would you be interested in instructing me?”

Turning his head, he glanced around the room and speaking softly so his voice wouldn’t carry, he asked, “Have you done something like this before?”

“Yes,” she answered on a breath. It was only a small lie, and if he were instructing her, he would never know. There was scandalous behavior in her history, but nothing quite as bold as this. Also, it would be foolish to reveal her ignorance if she wanted him to love her and not pat her on the head and send her home to her stepmother, like the last gentleman she had chosen for a lover had done.

He glanced over the crowd, and then looking back, he narrowed his gaze on her, assessing her words. His deep voice serious, he watched her with incredibly beautiful eyes. “You

are certain? I do not wish to do anything you might find...offensive." His dark eyebrows arched in query.

She laughed softly. "I am certain." Feeling the seductress she longed to be, she stepped closer to his body. "Perhaps you can think of something...unusual." *Like having sex in the garden, instead of a bedroom.* "Perhaps, involving the moon," she breathed.

He smiled and taking her arm, he pulled her close and spoke in a seductive murmur. "I believe I can fulfill your wildest fantasies. Both shocking and involving the moon."

Her heart leapt in her chest. "My wildest? You promise?" Slipping her fingers over the edge of his lapel, she stroked the soft superfine between her fingers. "Could it be something no one else has ever done?"

"I believe I can fulfill your desires. If you agree to be my sexual slave for the night." His dark blue eyes studied her features. Raking her hair aside, he ran his fingers over the edge of her ear. "You do understand my meaning?"

*He had said sexual slave!* "Oh yes." She nodded.

"I said sexual slave," he repeated.

"Yes, I heard. That will be...perfect, but I must keep my mask."

Dropping his head, he claimed her mouth. Soft lips stroked her mouth, the hot tip of his tongue pressed between the break in her lips. Slick with his moisture, his tongue penetrated her mouth. Moaning softly from pleasure, she slipped her arms around his waist, and snuggled against the warmth and security offered by his solid frame. Heat suffused her body, her juices began making her lower body feel heavy and wet, and her clit throbbed with enthusiasm. His kiss was everything she had dreamed, seductive and drugging, making her forget everything and leaving room in her mind only for the hypnotic spell his mouth was weaving on her body.

Smiling, he ended the deep seductive kiss. "You are not to speak." Removing the cravat from around his throat, he revealed the strong column of his neck. "Here." Moving behind her, he tied the scarf over her mouth. "This will prevent you from temptation."

Looking around she was startled to see they were still in the middle of the ballroom at Vaxen Hall. "What are you doing?" She spoke behind the soft material of his neck scarf. Why was he starting here? Weren't all seductions conducted in the dark? Weren't they going some place dark?

Sighing, he removed the scarf. "I told you not to speak." Glancing around, he stopped a passing waiter and took a napkin from his tray. "Now." Tearing off a third, Victor tucked the excess in his coat's inner pocket and then began rolling the napkin with long nimble fingers.

She watched with serious confusion and a troubled expression. "I don't want to be hurt." She thought it best to make that clear.

"I won't hurt you. I only wish to pleasure you. Open for me." Placing the napkin in side, it covered her tongue and filled her mouth. The material touching her teeth put her on edge and sent a shiver through her body. Thankfully, the feeling quickly passed, as her teeth adjusted to the feel of the cloth. The rolled piece of napkin forced her to keep her jaws separated, but she was able to close her lips. *Good, she didn't want to be drooling—that was hardly sexy.*

"Comfortable?"

The hunger in his eyes when he studied her mouth, filled her with renewed excitement. She had longed for a man to look at her as though he could eat her up with his eyes, as though she was a feast. This masked gentleman had already fulfilled one dream. He was certainly living up to his vow of satisfying her desires. Glad she had followed her instincts and

chosen this man as her lover, she silently praised her good judgment.

Opening her mouth to respond, she remembered she wasn't to speak, as he had commanded. Smiling, she nodded.

Smiling, he pressed his lips over hers. Then moving behind her, he wrapped the cravat around her face, and positioned it over her lips. Securing it by tying the cloth behind her head, he adjusted the knot, until he was satisfied with the fit. "Try to talk now."

She made a mumbling sound.

"Excellent." He opened the front of her gown to her waist, and then spread the material. The material of her chemise was sheer, exposing her breasts to his view. Eyes wide, she glanced around the room to see if anyone was watching. Knocking his hands away, when he reached for the laces of her sheer chemise, her feathered brows drew down in a warning frown. Was he intending to expose her to the crowd? No doubt, it had been done a hundred times in the past. This crowd wouldn't be shocked; still she didn't want to be considered one of the many. She wanted to be different, original. She wanted him to be original.

"I haven't forgotten you want something unusual, or to be commanded. Be patient. I was just taking a peek at this delectable body you have hidden away; although, I must praise your choice of gowns. This soft material caresses your body each time you move. It is titillation that screams 'make love to this body, it is ready and willing'. You are, aren't you, my lovely slave? You're hot and needy already. I can smell your excitement."

Grasping her hands, he tugged them behind her back, holding them firmly, yet gently. Standing slightly to the side and behind her, she was able to see him turn and speak to a

man standing close by, "I say, old chum, may I borrow your cravat?"

Shaking her head, she mumbled behind the cloth, without effect. His hands were strong, and she was unable to pull free. Quickly, he wrapped the cloth around her wrists, tying them loosely in place so there was no strain on her shoulders. Remembering her open gown, she glanced down. The material was gaping from the forward thrust of her breasts and her arms being pulled behind her back.

"Ah, we have a domination going on," a male said behind her back. "Mind if I watch?" He chuckled at his joke.

"I would like more than that, I wish your assistance."

"No!" Shouting behind the scarf, she shook her head.

"Delighted, old fellow. Feeling weak in the knees?"

"Hardly," her masked gentleman said. "Help me lift her onto this table." They dragged her wooden-legged to a narrow table and lifted her onto the tabletop. After setting her bottom on the wood surface with a muffled thump, he rubbed his hands up her back. Wondering what he was doing, she stared at his face.

"If you continue to resist me, I will have to punish you." Warning in a pleasant tone, he winked. "No bloomers. You came prepared." Lifting her skirt, he tucked it behind and beneath her hips to keep it raised. She felt a cool draft of air touching her exposed legs and pelvis. Eyes wide, she tried to slide from the table. It was arousing her, but she didn't want it to. She didn't want all these people to see her having sex. Was he going to do her right here? She could feel her juices leaking from her body and wetting the material of her gown beneath her bottom. It was a small thing, compared to her exposed crotch. Still, the leaking juices forced her to admit, if only to herself, that this was exciting. An advantage of the

fluff of her lifted skirt, it concealed that he had opened the front of her gown.

“Hold her legs open wide.” Her chosen gentleman held her arm, holding her in place, while two men pulled her thighs apart in spite of her resistance. They chuckled at her resistance. Cool air touched her exposed sex like caressing fingers. Her arousal climbed. Heat climbed into her face, and she moaned in disbelief. This was not what she expected, but the ache in her body wasn’t to be denied. Her body, and some part of her mind, loved this. Perhaps it was the mix of pleasure and humiliation after all the years of being humiliated without any enjoyment. Or perhaps it was that after all the years of humiliation, deep down it didn’t truly bother her anymore. Some part of her mind shrugged the humiliation part aside.

“She did ask to be dominated?” one of the helpers queried her gentleman, for it was obvious to all she was unable to speak.

“She did, or I wouldn’t be doing this. She wants something different.”

There was that pleasant reasonable timber again that convinced one to believe every word he said. This man really knew how to use his voice effectively. It was the same timber he had used when asking her if she wished to be his sex slave.

“Ah, so you came up with a plan. I would say this has to be original.” The helper stroked his chubby fingers over her thigh. “Nice skin, soft as butter.”

She didn’t look at him. She didn’t want to see the smirk on his face while he stroked her flesh. However, she did recognize his voice; he was one of the gentlemen she had refused earlier. He probably really loved this.

“Yes.” Her gentleman agreed, stroking his fingers over her inner thigh. She noticed he had removed his gloves. *When*

*had he had time?* His left hand slid up her thigh, touching her with a feather-soft caress that made her flesh jump with excited pleasure. And then his fingers were there and he touched the curls covering her mound, causing her clit to throb in reaction. Closing her eyes, she moaned as his finger slid down and over her clit. The insides of her sheath throbbed and clenched. His warmth and then the cool air made certain she knew her whole cunny was exposed. Her eyes flew open to the crowd standing before her.

A crowd of men turned to look and advanced toward the table. Closing her eyes, she longed to be anywhere else. If he was going to cover her and enter her body, he needed to do it fast. Blocking the sight of the gathering men did not stop her from imaging them seeing her wet cunny, the glimmering juices reflecting light on the short hairs surrounding her slit. The thought made her juices flow and leak from her opening.

“Gentlemen,” her lover said with an authoritative timber, calling for their attention without needing to yell, “I need at least ten able men to lick this cunny and five ladies.”

Silently, she gasped, lifting her eyes to his masked face. Had he really said what she thought he had? He was smiling at the crowd. Again she tried to struggle from the table. With her hands tied, her lover holding her arm and two strong men holding her thighs wide, they had her in their control. This was what she had asked for. It only proved how ignorant she was of the things that were acceptable here and the domination proceedings. Should she relax and try to enjoy it? Or curl up in embarrassment?

The heat of a blush burned her flesh, but she couldn’t curl and hide with them holding her. She felt as though she were blushing all over as her insides warred with the idea of enjoying what was about to happen to her. She had asked for wild, and he was providing it. She couldn’t be angry with him

for doing what he thought she wanted. *He must think I'm a really wild woman, a real seductress.* This thought pleased her. She wanted to be a seductress at least once in her life. Therefore, he had fulfilled yet another of her fantasies. She had to admit he knew what he was doing.

"I'm first." A lanky man advanced from the crowd. His mask prevented her from knowing his identity, but she feared it was one of John's friends. There was something familiar about his build. She could only pray no one recognized her. Tipping her head forward, some of her hair slipped forward to conceal the sides of her face.

"Very well. After you have finished, you shall take my place in exchange for the honor. Gentlemen, this is an virgin cunny, never been touched by a male, and the lady wanted to be pleased in a shocking way. I believe, with your help, we can satisfy her lusts."

Several people in the watching crowd chuckled.

What made him think her cunny was virgin after she had told him she had done something like this before? Or was he just trying to entice the crowd into complying with his wishes? She decided it was the latter. A group of men rushed forward, forming a circle of gawking eyes and eager, masked faces. She peeked at the first man's masked face as he advanced, then closed her eyes as he lowered his head between her parted thighs. Hot, wet and soft, his tongue licked her from opening to clit. Her body jumped from the shock of sudden sensations as wet pleasure sizzled through her cunny. He paused to suckle her clit and it throbbed against his tongue. Closing her eyes from the sheer glory, she thought she would die from the intense pleasure.

Moaning softly, she had never felt the like before. Her head fell to the side against her lover's strong torso. His heady



scent filled her nostrils as the lanky man lapped back down her slit, making it pulse and throb.

Her pelvis jerked and jumped in reaction to having a tongue on her most intimate parts. It was embarrassing, and delicious, a taste of heaven on earth. Maybe there was something to this domination stuff. She would never have been brave enough to ask for this, or to do this on her own. She shouldn't enjoy it when she was embarrassed like this, but she did. Feeling her juices pooling, leaking, and making her body feel languid, she leaned against her masked man for both moral and physical support.

"God, you don't know how hot watching you being licked by someone else makes me," the masked man said close to her ear, his warm breath brushing her neck.

He didn't whisper, so those standing close could listen to their conversation. She noticed they avidly listened to every intimate word.

"But I am going to show you later, when I fuck you and come in your ass."

Her eyes flew open, and she looked into his passion darkened eyes that were almost black. She shook her head. She didn't want him to do that to her, did she? Even in a mask, he looked perfect, mysterious, and handsome. Grasping her chin, he kissed her mouth through the scarf, pressing firmly against the cloth.

"I understand that in domination you must pretend to object. I think I can tell when you are serious. I hope I'm not doing anything wrong." The man between her legs withdrew, and the cool air caressed her exposed flesh again. The muscles in her sheath clenched in objection. Although she didn't know if it was the loss of the tongue her body was reacting to, or the avid eyes watching. "I feel as if I will die before I can finally thrust into your hot cunny."

Couldn't he whisper when saying things like thrusting into her cunny while standing beside these men?

Another tongue touched her cunny. Her body jerked, but they held her fast on the tabletop. He nibbled at her clit, and then lapped the juice from her opening. Behind the cloth, her deep moan of pleasure was easily heard by all surrounding them. There was a thick circle of watchers now. It looked to be most of the crowd in the ballroom.

"You like this." Releasing her chin, he smiled down at her. "I hoped you would. It's all for your pleasure, my lovely seductress, only for you." Looking down beneath hooded eyes and watching her being suckled by another man, he began to pant. The first man moved to relieve him of her arm, forcing her to rise off him, where she leaned for support. He moved behind her, pulling her back against his chest. Sliding a hand over her shoulder, he slid it down inside her chemise and curled it over her breast. His fingers pulled and rolled the hard nubs, sending sparks of new pleasure through her body to her cunny.

Peeking through her lashes, she glanced at the face advancing toward her and leaning down. It was youthful, and his tongue was soft. A young buck in his early twenties was licking her labia, clit and slit. This was probably his first taste of the wickedness of London's Vaxen Hall, and she was helping him earn his town bronze while he was helping her.

Her masked man squeezed her breast and plucked at her swollen nipples. The sensations from the two mens' touch met deep in her womb, spearing her with pleasure. She rubbed her cheek against the warm chest behind her, enjoying his strength. Accepting his support, she knew he wouldn't allow anyone to harm her.

The man behind the young buck grabbed his shoulders and pulled him away. "My turn." He shoved the young buck to the side.

She didn't want to, but she recognized Herbert Tousel's scratchy tones. She couldn't stop the juices leaking from her body at the idea of another tongue touching her, but she didn't want it to be Herbert. She rolled her head back against her controller's chest and looked into the eyes of the man mastering her.

"I can see how wet you are, I know you probably want to come, but you must wait." Speaking softly, he kissed her on the forehead. "Please wait for me."

Herbert's tongue touched her. Flinching, behind her bound mouth she made an angry sound. Hard and wet, the tip of his tongue plunged into her opening. Groaning, she couldn't stop her hips from bucking against his face.

"That's enough, my turn." Her wonderful man interceded.

She was relieved when Herbert moved away. But her man moved slowly and another jumped in and started licking her. Her clit throbbed when what she thought was a man began to suckle it. She glanced down as a deep moan was torn from her throat. A mass of curls tied in ribbons was between her legs. *Yuck. A woman.*

Again, she turned to her companion for assistance. Another man was stepping in and grasped her thigh to hold it open. The first gentleman that had licked her moved to the side to watch. Straightening her shoulders with his hands, her chosen lover lifted her back off his chest, and stepped away before she could let her feelings be known.

He appeared beside her, his avid gaze watching the woman licking her clit. The hard protrusion in his pants twitched, and he licked his lips. "Oh, I am going to fuck you

hard after this,” he promised softly. Stepping up behind the girl, he moved her aside. Then dipped his head between her thighs and licked the juices from her cunny. A thick finger probed her sheath, pushing in and out, as he suckled her labia and nipped at her clit.

Bucking against his face, she felt as if she were dying from need. For a moment, she felt embarrassed. Desiring to enjoy this delicious humiliation, she felt confused. Leaning heavily toward enjoyment, the embarrassment was drifting away on the waves of desire surging through her body. She wanted him to take her now, replace that teasing finger with the hard cock she saw pressing against the front of his breeches. Whimpering with need, she hoped he would receive the message.

Standing, he kissed the scarf covering her mouth, before moving aside to watch the next tongue licking her clit.

Eight more women and she lost count of how many men suckled her clit and licked her weeping opening. She was aching and begging for someone to make her climax. But they each stopped too soon, and the cool air and absence of stimulation for the short time it took for them to change places was enough to stop her climax. Whimpering, she needed to be fucked badly. At this point, she really didn't care if it was her chosen gentleman, or someone from the crowd of watchers. The people standing at her side shifted often as people moved in for a closer look at her cunny being licked. She wondered if whores were this excited by strangers making love to them and decided it was probably the reason they became prostitutes.

Her masked man moved in again and suckled her, and then he probed her, fucking her with his finger as he rose and looked deep into her eyes, and then he kissed the scarf covering her lips softly, almost lovingly. Thrusting into her

with his finger, his thumb rubbed her swollen clit. She cried out behind the gag.

His mouth suckled her earlobe. Then he spoke softly in her ear. "I never knew you would give me such pleasure. I am glad I approached you, Cinde. When I spotted you, I couldn't believe the sudden lust flooding my body. I have admired you, but I never imagined fucking you, until tonight. After this night of pleasure, I plan to pursue you right to the altar. Believe me, I'll not let you go. I want you in my life and in my bed."

Whimpering, she hunched against his hand, even though she was cringing inside that he knew who she was. Which was a silly concern, as lovers always knew whom they were bedding. Why should the two of them be different? The only problem was she didn't know who he was! She wanted him so badly, she felt like she was dying from her need to climax. She would gladly beg, if she were able. Instead, all she could do was plead with her eyes and signal her desire with her groans. He was handsome and had a perfect body, her knight in shining armor, yet she didn't know who he was. It had to be someone she knew, but who?

"Thank you, men." Her gentleman dismissed the men holding her thighs. "Wrap your legs around me," he instructed her.

She felt the head of his penis probe her opening and moaned in relief. He was going to fuck her here, before all these men and women. The thought excited her. She wanted him so badly, she didn't care who watched.

Grasping her breast, he pulled and twisted her nipple between his thumb and index finger. The juices from her cunny glistened on his fingers. The lust flowing through her body made her forget her concerns over her first penetration, until he entered her.

He thrust into her and lifted her from the table, while she groaned, dropping her head against his shoulder. Walking with her impaled on his shaft, the men parted, allowing them space to pass between them. Buried deep inside her aching sheath, he held her buttocks as he walked her across the middle of the crowded room to the opposite side and into a side chamber.

There was no door for him to close. It was a sitting room, arranged before the hearth as any home parlor. She assumed it was used for private gatherings. Sinking to his knees, he laid her on her back, placing her on the rug between the hearth and settee. Withdrawing from her body, he rolled her over. Lifting her by the hips onto her knees, he flipped up her gown exposing her buttocks to the cool air. Then he licked and pinched her throbbing clit. Groaning, she arched up to meet his mouth.

Moving his mouth away, he shoved his finger into her sheath and rubbed it in her juices before withdrawing. Spreading her legs, he moved between them until his thighs bumped against her. Pulling his pelvis back, she felt him position the tip against her slit. His engorged cock slowly slid back into her throbbing sheath. She could do no more than moan in pleasure. His finger rubbed the juice from her cunny over her anus, and then he was easing his finger inside the tight sphincter.

“You are as tight as a virgin. I may not have been too wrong when I told them you were a virgin, huh? Oh, lovely lady, you feel so good clenching your muscles around my cock. I am so horny for you, I feel ready to explode. Watching all those tongues lick your pretty pink cunny was driving me wild with lust.”

Thrusting hard and fast, he pounded into her cunny. His scrotum hitting her clit increased her passion. Withdrawing

his finger and penis, he pressed his finger against her clit and began rubbing it, hard. "Relax." He pushed his erection slowly into her anus. "Relax, sweetheart, relax," he encouraged in a soothing tone. She tried to relax, and the friction from his finger on her clit helped. She moaned and pushed against him as he slid inside her anus. She cried out behind her gag as a sharp pain tore through her anus.

"That's all of me, you beautiful woman, it's over; I'm in." He thrust slowly into her, his finger working her clit. "I couldn't come in your cunny. So I have to come in your tight little ass. Oh, yes, here I come."

Pumping his seed into her, he cried out with wonder as the sperm sped from his scrotum through his penis and into her tight anus. As soon as his seed was spent, he withdrew and thrust into her cunny. Driving her over the edge by pinching her clit, she began to climax and her body shook with the force of it. It was heaven after the sharp pain of losing her virginity. Screeching behind her gag, she pushed her cunny against him, grinding against his hard shaft, needing all of him. When her muscles locked and she couldn't move, he rammed into her until she collapsed from exhaustion.

"Seeing you bound and gagged is exciting." Rolling her onto her side, he slid between her legs and licked her clit with slow laps, simultaneously soothing and exciting.

"I have to admit, this is my first time with domination. I think I gave you an unusual treat. You haven't done this before, have you?" His head lay against her thigh, his breath caressing her cunny as he gazed up at her bound face.

She shook her head, moaning as he dropped his head and continued to make her clit throb with his wonderful tongue. It was amazing how many different ways one can make the tongue feel. She had a lot to learn, and it looked like she had acquired a skilled master to teach her.

Her heart clenched—it had really all been for her, even if he received pleasure.

She was getting wet again, and her cunny clenched and throbbed in spasms from her hard climax. If he continued to lick her, she was going to want him inside her again. It certainly felt as though her clit was swollen and hard with desire again. With each stroke of his tongue, her mind screamed, *I'm all yours. Anything, anything, you want is yours.*

“I may decide to do this occasionally at a masked ball. Of course, we would have to arrive separately so no one would know you. I enjoyed it more than I expected. It will make a change for us. I am glad to know you enjoyed it, too. Ah, you wouldn't want it all the time, would you? I don't know if I would be comfortable sharing you all the time.”

Lifting her head, she shook it, and then dropped it against the floor. Exhausted and limp from the first loving, her body began aching for a second.

“Of course, I will continue to find new and exciting ways to satisfy your needs.”

When he slid his finger in her sheath, she moaned from the sudden shift of sensations.

“Lusty, aren't you? It's a good thing I am too. Let's do something with your hands.”

*Finally.*

Reaching around her, he untied her hands, retaining his hold on her wrists, and then pulled them over her head. Straddling over her chest, he tied her hands to the leg of a settee.

He smiled down at her revealing his delight in her helpless situation. “Now, I can get at your breasts. Would you like me to bring some of the men in to suckle your breasts?”

She shook her head, growling behind the gag.



He chuckled. "You really like domination, but I believe that was a real *no*. We shall save that for next time then, shall we? I am going to give you what you want. I hope I will always give you what you want. I will certainly try." Dropping his head he suckled her turgid nipple through her chemise, dragging on it with gentle suction. Pushing her chemise beneath her breasts, he exposed her to his passionate navy blue eyes dark with desire. "You have beautiful breasts," he said, awe in his voice.

Spreading her legs, he slipped between them and entered her slowly. "We shall go easy this time."

She moaned as the friction burned; her flesh tender from losing her virginity. Moving slowly in and out, he built their lust again. As the pressure built in his body, he increased speed.

"Come for me, sweetheart."

It took only a moment for her to realize he could control her climax—when he hit a special spot, her body sang out in jubilation. She was more than ready when he touched that certain spot inside. Hitting it over and over, in mere moments, she was crying out. Climaxing, her body clenched and released around his hard shaft.

"Good, now you need to raise your hips." Grasping her buttocks, he encouraged her to rise. Eyes widening, she shook her head vigorously. Withdrawing from her cunny, he pushed slowly into her sore anus. "Easy, remember to relax, pushing helped." Rolling her eyes, she pushed and yelped with the pain. He pushed in until his nest of curls was crushed against her sphincter, then he cried out as he spent his seed into her anus again.

Leaning onto her body, he untied her hands and then her mouth.

"If we are to continue, you must find another way to become satisfied," she said and moaned. "My buttocks cannot take that every time you cum."

Smiling, he winked. "I'll see what I can do. Still occasionally..."

Frustrated because she didn't know his identity, she tugged off his mask. Victor Van Helson, her brother's best friend, gazed at her with languid eyes!

"No wonder you recognized me."

He frowned. "Are you saying you didn't know who I was?"

"Oh, no, I was fairly certain. I just needed to make sure," she lied. "I saw John leaving, so I knew you had come, too." Why hadn't she wondered about his location? She had known they arrived together. She had been so relieved to recognize John and see him leaving, she hadn't thought further. Deep down she had longed for it to be Victor, which made her certain it was not him at all. She was never that lucky, but this time, she had been.

Smiling, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply. "The night is not yet over. You promised to be my slave for the night."

"I don't think my buttocks can handle another time," she bemoaned.

He chuckled. "Sorry, sweetheart, didn't mean to be rough. I tried to be gentle. I was going out of my mind and could not control myself. Will you forgive me?" He sounded sincere.

"I don't know. You promised not to hurt me," she said and pouted.

"Let's see if I can convince you." Sliding down her body he began suckling and licking her clit. "Forgive me." He pushed a finger into her sheath. "If you don't, as my sex slave,

I can still punish you for not forgiving me.” Removing his finger, he stroked it over the tender flesh of her anus.

“As long as you continue licking my clit, I will forgive you,” she said, quickly.

His laugh was filled with triumphant masculine pleasure. He pleased her for several more minutes before rising. Snatching up his mask, he positioned it over his face. “Shall we go?” Holding down a hand, he assisted her from the floor.

“Go? Where?”

Buttoning the front of her gown, he dressed her as though he were her maid while he brushed light kisses where his lips landed on her face, nose, lips, cheeks and eyelids. “We are going to the graveyard.”

## **Chapter 2**

“Graveyard? What on earth for?”

“You made me promise unusual, remember. This is no longer unusual.”

“It’s alright, really.” She adjusted her mask into a better position.

“Silence or I will gag you again.” Holding her hand, he led her from the sitting room. “I don’t want anyone to recognize you by your voice. You know there were some people between your legs tonight that you don’t want to know your identity.” He murmured softly for her ears alone.

She held her tongue until they were safely inside his landau.

“I suppose by people I don’t want recognizing me, you meant someone like Herbert Tousel?” Sitting by his side, he draped a possessive arm around her shoulders and pulled her against the warmth of his body.

“For one.” He nodded. “He is your stepmother’s present lover.”

Her upper lip curled. “Yuk, you could have stopped him.”

“What excuse do you suppose I could have given?” His fingers began opening her gown.

“I don’t know, but you knew who I was, so you could have thought of something.”

He shrugged. "Think of it as charity, yours was probably the loveliest cunny he had ever tasted. Besides, no one will ever suspect you as being the lady back there, so there was no harm done. And I did stop him, as soon as you let me know to do so," he defended.

"And if they discover my identity?" She removed her mask and laid it on the seat.

"Then you will have talked." Pushing her gown off her shoulders to her waist, he lifted her onto her feet.

Having no wish to fight him, she allowed him to move her about as though she were a puppet. "Stepmother will never forgive me if she learns. When he ends their affair, she will blame me. What are you doing?"

"Undressing you." Shoving her gown to her feet, he lifted her from the pooled material. "Much better." Settling her onto his lap in her sheer chemise, he caressed her swollen nubs until the coach stopped at the entrance of the graveyard. "Stay here." Sliding her to the seat, he climbed from the coach and closed the door. The curtains were closed so she could not see what was happening.

"That will be all for now, Carlos. Climb down, and wait at the pub down the street for me to come for you."

The coach rocked, and then began moving. Peeking out the window, she saw that they were moving down the path between the gravestones. When he stopped and climbed down, she peeked out the window.

"Come on out, we are alone."

"Are you certain?"

"I looked around as we drove in."

Opening the door, she grasped his hand, and stepped down. Taking her hand, he led her through the gravestones. "Why am I walking in the middle of a graveyard in my chemise?"

“You’re right.” Taking hold of the shoulders, he shoved the sleeves down. She squealed as he continued to shove it down to her feet. Moving her aside, he grasped the material and tossed it over a headstone. The full moon revealed her light skin in the darkness.

“All right, what am I doing standing in a graveyard in my stockings and slippers?” Her amused tone was apparent in her voice.

“Well, if I catch you, you are going to sit on a cold, no wait, straddle a cold gravestone while suckling my cock.”

Squealing, she took off running. Laughing, he allowed her a head start, before running after her. Having the advantage of longer legs, he quickly gained on her. Stopping on the far side of a gravestone, she puffed for breath, holding up a staying hand.

“I think I win.” A saucy smile spread his lips. Slowing to a walk, he continued to advance.

“Wait.” Puffing, she waved her hand. “I need to catch my breath.”

He continued to advance at a lazy stroll.

“Wait.”

Shaking his head, he circled the gravestone. Sprinting off, she attempted to escape; he quickly caught her up in his arms. Swinging her around in a circle and laughing, he squeezed her to his chest. “I win.”

“You cheated.”

“You lost, slave. Straddle that stone.” Settling her onto her feet, he indicated a low stone.

“This is cruel. It’s cold.” She touched her fingers to a low stone.

“You shouldn’t have run.” Grasping her shoulders, he pressed her down onto the stone.

She hissed as her hot flesh touched the rock.

“I said straddle.”

Tossing him a glare, she rose and changed positions, straddling the stone without sitting. When she looked up again, he was removing his erection from his breeches.

“What if I hadn’t run?”

“I would have caught you, and you would have straddled the stone.”

“You are a mean master.” She pouted.

“It won’t hurt you, and the cold will help the swollen skin of your anus and cunny. If I had known you were unprepared for my entry, I wouldn’t have let myself get so carried away. I would have introduced you gently.”

“Oh.” Easing onto the cold stone, she gasped as the cold connected with her hot skin.

He tapped her mouth with the soft tip of his penis. Parting her lips, she allowed him to slide inside.

Tossing his head back, he groaned. “Where have you been all my life, slave?”

“Right under your nose,” she teased.

“I must have been a blind ass.”

“*Um-hum.*” Busy exploring the hard muscle beneath the soft outer flesh with her tongue and teeth, she didn’t pause to speak.

“Are you going to rub it in for the rest of our lives?”

“*Um hum.*”

He chuckled. “You do know, you just agreed to marry me?”

“*Huh?*” She began pulling away from his cock, but he grabbed the back of her head, and shoved back inside her mouth.

“Oh no you don’t. Suck, wife.”

She suckled, licked and nibbled, torturing him as he had her until he grasped her shoulders and tossed his head back.

He howled as he pumped his seed into her throat. It filled her mouth and spilled down over her breasts. Swallowing what remained in her mouth, she pulled back and licked her lips.

"I don't know how you are ever going to explain to the children what you were doing when you agreed to marry me."

"I didn't agree to anything. I happen to have every intention of being courted and proposed to properly, before I agree to wed."

"Ah, you are a stubborn wench. Very well, let's go then." Taking her hand, he helped her from the stone. Once she was standing, he released her hand and walked to the chemise on the tombstone and snatched it up. Walking to his side, she held out her hand to accept the undergarment. Tossing it over his shoulder, he clasped her hand and started walking.

"Wait a minute, let me put on my chemise first."

"You don't need it."

"The night air is cold." She complained, skipping along at his side.

"You are my slave remember, and I want you naked. I'll walk faster to speed your blood." She was forced to run along at his side, as he stretched out his long stride.

"Victor?"

"Yes, slave."

"You expect me to call you master now?"

"It wouldn't hurt. Your punishment might be lighter." He paused to toss her chemise inside the coach.

"Punishment? I haven't done anything wrong," she complained.

"Doesn't matter. If I want to punish you, as your master, it is my right."

"I didn't agree to this. You promised no pain, and you have already hurt me. Therefore, our deal is off."



Grasping her waist, he lifted her onto the side step of the landau that led to the footman's seat.

"Climb," he ordered.

Pressing her lips together, Cinde complied.

After climbing onto the top, Cinde settled on the seat and crossed her arms in rebellion. Climbing up the side of the coach, he joined her on the seat.

Leaning her over the top of the roof, he spread her legs wide, and moved between them. Her buttocks clenched in objection. She had a good idea what form of punishment he had in mind.

"If you hurt me again, I will not agree to your escort," she warned. "Ever."

Spreading her cheeks, she felt his fingertips smooth over the sphincter of her sore anus.

"Victor, please, I cannot take anymore."

He stroked her again and pressed his finger into her vagina and lifted his wet finger away. Then spread the cream over her sphincter.

"Please, master," she caved in, afraid of the pain his entry would cause.

She felt and heard him moving between her spread legs. Glancing over her shoulder, she attempt to see him, but couldn't. "Please, master," she pleaded.

His hot, wet, slick tongue licked her from opening to opening. It was a soothing caress, and felt heavenly. Moaning, she twisted, attempting to see him. "You mustn't do that." But she knew he would do anything he wished. Victor was also a rule breaker. The thought pleased her.

He tongue returned, soft and caressing, lapping over her sphincter and soothing the burning flesh. She was certain she was hot to the touch, in spite of sitting on the cold stone. As she tried to rise, he pushed her back down with a hand on her

back. Without a word, he continued to lick and lap her sphincter. It was actually quite exciting and very arousing. She could feel her sex beginning to ache again and her juices were beginning to wet her opening again.

“Victor, I will die if someone catches us. Could I at least fetch my mask?”

“No, look at the moon.” Slipping a finger into her vagina, he pumped it in and out while continuing to lick her in that decadent manner.

Now, she knew why they called it decadent—it was self-indulgent and wicked. Twisting her head, she glanced up at the moon hanging overhead. “It’s big and bright, and anyone approaching could see what you are doing to me.”

“Once they learned you are my slave and being punished, they will think nothing of it. Besides, you asked for the moon to be involved. I am fulfilling my promise.”

She snorted. “That is the most self-serving excuse I have ever heard of for risking my total humiliation.”

“Shut up, close your eyes, and feel. You will soon forget your location.”

“You’re not going to stop, are you?” Laying her hands flat on the roof, she pushed her shoulders up. And fell back down when he pinched her clit. “Ouch.”

“Stay put.” His tongue moved down and licked her pain away, and then moved to her slick vagina, thrusting inside. Moaning her pleasure, she hoped he would stay there, but he didn’t. After a few moments, he moved back to her anus, and using both hands, he held her cheeks apart while licking her.

It was beginning to feel really good, and she was relaxing. Laying her head on her hands, she moaned her pleasure at his continued administrations.

Finally, he rose and shoved his erection into her sheath. Moving slowly, he rocked against her buttocks, his scrotum

bumping against her exposed clit. First she felt the bump, then heat and cool air when he withdrew. Then the pressure against her clit again and again as his huge erection pumped into her sheath. Heaviness pooled in her pelvis, she ached, and throbbed around and against him. Then suddenly, her whole body clenched, the coil of her climax shattered in her body like the sudden burst of fireworks.

“Oh, Victor,” she whispered.

“Hold on, my sweet, I am getting ready.”

“No,” she breathed it in a plea, her head lifting off the coach. “Don’t climax.”

Chuckling, he pulled from her body, then tossed his head back and hissed as he spilled his seed onto her buttocks. He fell across her back. “Don’t climax?” he queried in an amused voice. “When I am in your delightful body? Do you think I’m some kind of god? I’m human, sweetheart, and I cannot resist a climax.”

“Can we get down from here now?” She was still uncomfortable about their exposed location. Anyone could walk into the graveyard.

“No.” He rolled off her back, and drew her into his arms. “I want to gaze at the moon for a minute while I regain some strength.”

Snuggling against his side, she opened his shirt. “So you are a moon worshiper and gain your sexual strength from the its rays,” she teased.

“Yes.” A contented smile spread across his lips.

She splayed her fingers through the short curly hair on his chest. “I have never been as debauched as I am with you.”

He chuckled. “You think I don’t know a virgin when I enter one?”

“You knew? Well, doing this would be considered debauched by anyone, virgin or not.”

“Probably. We do it extremely well, though.” Rubbing his hand over her stomach, he gazed at the sky.

“Victor, I would like to see your body.”

“You would?” Turning, he kissed her hair. “Then you shall.” Sitting up, he helped her rise and then climbed down first. Catching her hips as she climbed down, he lifted her from the side of the coach and carried her to the door and placed her inside. While he climbed on top, and drove from the graveyard, she dressed. When he went inside the pub to fetch his driver, she slipped from the coach and ran up a side street. Hailing a hackney, she gave her address and climbed inside.

As the coach drove down the street, she glanced out the back window. Victor was stopping a hackney and looking inside for her. Smiling, she settled back against the seat.

Her night of adventure and pleasure was over, but she had some wonderful memories. Her only regret was that she hadn’t seen his naked body.

The following morning, a basket of flowers arrived addressed to her. The card read, “Catch you later, wife.” There was no signature to give the sender’s identity away.

“Who sent the flowers?” John asked, walking into the parlor.

“There was no name on the card.”

“You’re funning me. Someone put out that much blunt and didn’t even sign their name? What a fool.”

“Cinde, fetch tea, and don’t forget the cakes this time,” her stepmother, Juliette ordered.

Leaving the parlor, she strolled down the hall to the kitchen. They had a cook, Mrs. Teller, so Cinde prepared the trolley with dishes, cakes, and the tea set, while Mrs. Teller made the tea. When Cinde rolled the trolley into the parlor,

Victor was sitting on the settee. As there was no other available space, she was forced to sit by his side.

"I have good news for you, Cinde," Juliette said, while John smirked behind his hand.

"Indeed, what, stepmother?"

"Lord Helson has asked to escort you to the garden party at his parents' home this afternoon."

Passing Victor a cup of tea, she smiled. "That is very kind of you, my lord." Although Victor had not yet received his title, Juliette insisted he be addressed as *lord*. "I regret I cannot attend."

"Why ever not?" Juliette demanded. Her stepmother sat stiffly on the edge of her chair. Her dyed-blond hair up in curls on top of her head was attractive, but the pinched look on her narrow face was not.

"I am to visit Madam Phoebe's to fetch your new gown for the ball."

Moving to her stepmother's side, Cinde passed her a cup of tea and a plate with cake.

"Oh dear, I had forgotten." Her stepmother shifted her gaze to Victor. "And I have already accepted Lord Helson's invite. John will have to fetch the gown," she decided.

"Now, wait a minute." John straightened in his seat. Lifting a cup, Cinde carried it to him. He was staring at his mother and accepted the cup absently. "I also have plans to go to the garden party."

"You attend many; it will not harm you to miss one." Juliette dismissed his protest.

Flattening his lips, John cast Cinde a hard glare, and then the mirth returned to his eyes. He turned to Victor. "When I gave you...leave to see Cinde, I never expected you to take me up on the offer."

"I hadn't thought of it before you did. I suddenly realized she was the one person I trusted not to chase me because of my future title." Relaxed in his seat, Victor appeared completely content with the situation.

Cinde, however, was a ball of nerves. Last evening, she had been foolish in thinking it over. Truly, she had not believed he would pursue her. Thinking it had all been talk one lover said to another, she had gone to sleep clutching the memory of their evening to her heart.

Not knowing how to act around him for the first time since they met two years ago, she sat in silence, allowing the people around her to work out the situation.

Grumbling, John accepted the situation, while Juliette continued talking about the garden party.

"Is your father able to attend the party?" Juliette asked.

"No, but he insisted mother go ahead with it. He plans to watch from his balcony."

"What a charming man. Do give him my best wishes when you see him." Juliette was being charming now that Cinde was no longer opposing her wishes. Apparently, she approved of Victor courting Cinde.

"Thank you, I will. Actually, we have consulted a new physician since Burke could do no more for him. This gentleman believes he can pull father through this illness."

"Wonderful." Cheerfully, Juliette clapped her hands like a debutante.

"Oh, Victor, I am so pleased for you," Cinde added.

"Cinde, do not address your betters so informally."

"Actually, Mrs. Rella, I asked Cinde to address me by my Christian name last evening."

"I suppose it is acceptable, after all, you have known each other for some time. Cinde, you should go up and make yourself presentable for the viscountess."

Replacing her cup on the trolley, Cinde rose and quit the parlor. In her chamber, she removed her gown and chemise, and then washed before donning fresh clothing.

Dressed in pale yellow silk and matching slippers, she descended the stairs. Victor came through the open doorway, and met her at the base of the staircase. He was so handsome, her heart clenched. Feeling proud that he wished to escort her anywhere, she smiled. Accepting his hand, she stepped from the stairs and moved to the side table to don her bonnet. After tying the ribbon, she was prepared to depart.

Placing her hand on his arm, they quit the townhouse with John and Juliette standing in the parlor door watching. She waited until they were outside before speaking.

“Why are you doing this?”

“I promised you would see me naked. You didn’t expect me to go back on my promise merely because you did.”

“I did nothing of the kind.” Nearing the coach, she closed her mouth. His footman assisted her into the landau and she settled on the squabs. While Victor stepped inside, the coach rocked as the footman climbed the side.

“You ran away. I say that was breaking your promise to be my slave for the night.”

“I had to go home sometime. How long did you expect me to stay?”

“Until I escorted you home.” Wrapping his arm around her shoulder, he tilted up her chin as though she were a doll. Inhaling his scent, she felt the tension building within her body. He licked her lips and she giggled. “You still owe me time,” he said.

“No.” She smiled against his lips. Pushing out her tongue, she tasted him.

“*Hm*, I want more.”

Licking her lips, her heart thundered in her chest. "Are you really going to allow me to see you naked?" She spoke against his soft lips.

"Have you changed your mind?"

"No," she breathed, growing aroused by the feel of his lips against her own. The soft strokes reminded Cinde of him licking other parts of her body.

"Then you shall see me naked." Reaching for his waistcoat, he began releasing the buttons.

"Not now."

His hand stilled. "You prefer a certain location?"

Dropping her head, she did not wish that he see the excitement in her eyes. "Well, I would like to be able to see all the way around your body."

"Ah. That can be arranged." Closing the button on his waistcoat, he then settled into a relaxed position.

"Do you need your stepmother's permission to wed?"

"No, you know I am of age."

"Oh, yes I had forgotten, you are what, four-and-twenty?"

She nodded, lifting her eyes to his mouth. Continuing upward, she met his dark blue gaze. She felt hypnotized and thrilled, as he lowered his head and claimed her mouth.

Twisting to hold her more firmly against his chest, he plundered her mouth with an ardent kiss. The strong band of his arm held her secure against his chest. Soft puffs of his breath feathered across her cheek. He tasted of berries, sweet and fresh. With each breath, she inhaled the scent of mint and her own lavender. Sliding her arms around his neck, she held on as the world shrank to a bubble that included only the gently rocking coach.

Wrapped in their private world, the landau reached his parents' home quickly. She released him with regret as the



coach slowed and stopped. After assisting her from the coach, he wrapped his arm around her waist and guided her across the lawn. They circled the townhouse and entered an opening between high hedges. Inside the concealing hedge, the soirée was already in progress. Moving straight to his mother, Victor released her to bend down and kiss the viscountess. Then Cinde stepped forward to greet her. Victor's mother was a small woman with a sweet countenance with a soft, modulated tone of voice.

"Victor has told us of the good news about your husband. I hope the new physician is able to help the viscount."

"Thank you, dear," Viscountess Colebrook said pleasantly.

"Mrs. Rella sends her best wishes, also," Victor supplied.

"You must tell her we appreciate her kind thoughts," she said to Cinde.

"Viscountess?" A servant stepped to their side and spoke softly to claim her attention.

"Excuse me while I handle this."

"Actually, I have something I wish to show Cinde. We shall return shortly."

"Take your time. As long as you are enjoying yourselves, that is all that matters." The viscountess kindly sent them on their way.

Turning her toward the entrance into the garden, Victor escorted her outside the hedge, and then around to the back of it.

"Where are we going now?"

"There." He pointed across the lawn to the gazebo beside the trees. "The top is flat, that is our destination. The trellis on the backside can be climbed." They walked around the gazebo, and Cinde inspected the trellis. There were light scratches on the boards he indicated she should climb.

“I’ll catch you if you fall.”

“Alright.” Grasping the board, she started up. “Do you mind telling me why we are doing this?”

“No, I don’t mind. But I would rather show you.”

Managing to reach the top without falling, Cinde pulled her body up and over the decorative railing at the top. When she glanced down, Victor was watching her from below. A few minutes later, he joined her on top of the gazebo.

“Now what?”

“Sit.” He began removing his coat.

She gasped. “Are you planning to undress here?”

The coat dropped to the rooftop, and he began opening his waistcoat. Nervously, she glanced around to see if anyone could see them. If someone looked from the windows of the townhouse, they would be caught. But she couldn’t see over the hedge, so she didn’t believe anyone could see them from the lawn.

“What about the house windows? You said your father would be watching from the balcony.”

Dropping the waistcoat, he began opening the buttons of his shirt. Her mouth was watering with anticipation.

“Relax. Father was sitting in the garden window. I spotted him before we departed.” Dark hair appeared in the opening of his parted shirt. Parting her lips, she panted between them. Now no thought of stopping him entered her mind. Shrugging his broad shoulders out of the shirt, his strong arms came into view.

“Oh my,” she breathed.

His hands moved to on his breeches. He slid them down slowly, revealing his navel, then his hip bones. The smooth line of his flat stomach with the line of hair that reached down from the middle of his chest. Inhaling a deep breath, Cinde let it out slowly. The nest of his pubic hair came into view, and

then suddenly, his erect penis sprang from the side where he had held it beneath the material of his breeches. Smiling, he bent and shoved his breeches down his muscular thighs. Ridding himself of his boots, he stepped from his breeches. Standing in only his stockings, he turned in a slow circle. His back was muscular, and his buttocks firm and nicely rounded. His calves were firm and his feet large, but the most astonishing part of his body was the large erection, reaching to his waist.

“You cannot go to your mother’s garden party like that.” Keeping her eyes on his erection, she shook her head.

“I was hoping you would help me with this little problem.” He advanced, and then squatted on his knees at her side.

Placing her hands on his warm flesh, she marveled at the feel of it. Lifting her face, she moved forward into his arms. Slowly, they sank to the rooftop. The decorative railing provided them with a modicum of privacy. In no time, they had her undressed. When she slid into his arms and against his body, she was eager to experience the wonders of their naked flesh. Lying on their sides, they caressed each other. His hand on her body, touching her breasts, her ribs and stomach, was more arousing than the public licking she had experienced. Wild for him, she could not touch or kiss him enough. Her lips slid over his smooth flesh, licking and kissing. Raking her fingernails through the hair covering his strong thighs and arms, she explored all of him. Caressing his soft flesh and feeling the firm muscle beneath was too arousing. Her sheath wept, and her clit throbbed with anticipation.

“Please, Victor.”

Lying on their sides with their legs entwined, he slid into her sheath. Lying face to face, her right hand was free to

continue her exploration while he touched her. His thrusts were slow and she met his pelvic advances.

Sweet and gently, he loved her as he had not previously. Each slide of his erection into her slick sheath made her quiver with love for him. The crush she had thought had gone away had only been smoldering deep inside. His slow loving brought it blooming to the surface. His tender kisses and caresses brought tears to her eyes.

Seeing the tears, he kissed them away. "What is wrong, sweetheart?"

"Nothing. That is the problem."

"Aw, sweetheart." Drawing her close, he kissed her deeply. His deep plundering kiss was filled with gentle emotions. Her tears stopped and her urgency grew. Holding tight to him, Cinde thrust her pelvis hard against him. Pounding against him, her insides coiled tightly before her climax burst free.

"Oh, Victor, I love you."

He hissed deeply, containing his voice because of their location, and pumped his seed into her body.

Panting heavily, she smiled at him.

Victor stroked a finger down her breast. "Marry me, sweetheart. I enjoy slipping around, but I want you in my arms when I go to bed at night. I want to sleep with your flesh touching mine. I simply want you."

Cinde sat in silence for a long moment, waiting for him to continue. When he didn't, she swallowed and lowered her face to gaze at their clothing on the rooftop. "I don't think I am ready."

"You said you love me. I don't understand."

"Shush, someone is coming."

The sounds became voices. "I would have sworn he would have come down here to show her the view," a woman's voice said.

"Where else would they have gone?" a gentleman queried.

"Perhaps to the stables. He has a new horse," a male voice said. The sounds of them moving away gave Cinde enough courage to peek through the railing.

"They're gone now. We should dress." Sitting up, she began dressing. Slipping her chemise and gown over her head, she wiggled them down her body. Then she rose to her knees to slide them over her hips.

His eyebrows wrinkled, Victor began dressing. He couldn't understand why she was resisting marriage when she loved him.

### **Chapter 3**

Suddenly, Victor smiled. After helping her rise from the rooftop, he gathered her into his arms. Kissing her gently, he held her firmly against his body.

Releasing her, he climbed over the side and down to the ground. "All right, come on over."

Glancing over the side, she saw him holding his arms ready to catch her. Finding a foot hold, she lifted her leg over while holding onto the railing. Gripping firmly with her hands, she raised her other leg over and began the downward climb. As soon as he could reach her, Victor lifted her from the trellis. Settling her on her feet, he leaned down and smoothed her skirt. While he was down there, he took the opportunity to stroke her calf.

"Victor," she scolded.

Straightening, he assumed an innocent expression. "Yes, my dear?"

"Perhaps you should show me the view, just in case."

"Good idea." Holding her hand he led her up the gazebo steps, and pointed beside the tree. The land fell away allowing a vista view of the far mountains. Grasping her shoulders, he turned her. "That's enough. Anyone seeing your kiss swollen lips is going to know we were not interested in the view."

She bit her bottom lip. "Perhaps, I should go home."

"No, just bite your lips like you are doing now, it will provide an excuse for their condition." Taking her hand, he

led her down the steps, and circled her waist with his arm. They strolled around the hedge with their bodies pressed against each other. She felt so good against him; Victor knew he had made the right choice.

Reaching the opening in the hedge, he dropped his arm from her waist and presented his arm. Escorting her through the hedge, he pressed his free hand over her fingers resting on his arm. Crossing the lawn to where he had seen his father, he scanned the windows. When there was no sign of his father, he lifted his eyes to the balcony. His father waved. Dropping his gaze to Cinde, he knew he didn't want her to see his father on the balcony. She would know he had been able to see them on the gazebo. She would worry and wonder if they had been seen. Turning her away from the house, he guided her toward the refreshment table.

"I love you, Cinde, please agree to marry me," he asked stiffly.

Stopping abruptly, she stared up at him. "Do you believe this proposal is something I could tell my children?"

He swallowed, taking both her hands into his, and sank to one knee. People around them gasped, and silence fell over the garden.

"Cinde, I know this is rushed, but I feel strongly about this. I want you to be my partner for the rest of my life. I vow to do all within my power to make you happy. Cinde, will you agree before all these people to become my bride?" Gazing intently into her lovely eyes, he held his breath. "I love you," he spoke softly, breathless.

Her gaze locked with his, she waited a long moment. He wondered if he had forgotten something again.

A breath swished from her body. Her fingers gripped his firmly, a smile spreading over her lips.

"Yes."



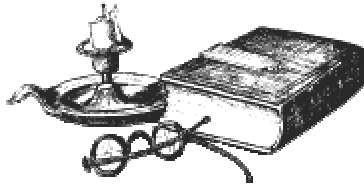


## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Belita Renn is a dedicated romantic. She lives in Georgia with her family. A collector of gargoyles, she does craft, studies psychology, which she says goes into “dry storage.” A relative of actor Buster Keaton, she has written under the name Belita Keaton, and Kim Parson. A retired hairstylist and real estate agent, she writes full-time and spends most of her free time doing research and promoting her work. Visit her website to learn everything she has been up to at [www.BelitaRenn.com](http://www.BelitaRenn.com).

The main question most people want to know is, why erotica? Answer. Sexual situations are a real part of life, a natural part of life. It should be included in our writing. Belita’s first Sensual Romance was released in February 2005, but she has half a dozen under contract with various publishers including [www.whiskycreekpresstorrid.com](http://www.whiskycreekpresstorrid.com). With reviews stating she is a recommended read that reveal the quality of her writing, this author is expected to provide us with hours of pleasure. Watch for her books.

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