

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

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*New York
Moment*

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New York Moment

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NEW YORK MOMENT

Diana Hunter

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Chapter One

Aidan Quincy picked up the phone and left his terse message—"One hour. Be naked and in position." He dropped the receiver into the cradle.

He had no doubt his sex slave would be there. She always was. One of her finest attributes. Hadn't needed much training. Willing to please from the start. Wanted her limits pushed, so he pushed them. Hard. He liked pushing her until tears of need filled her eyes and she begged him for release.

He hadn't asked if the slave had other plans. It didn't matter. That's why he kept her. She never disappointed him. Aidan buzzed his secretary.

Outside his office, Penelope Templeton stood and straightened her modest skirt. She almost hadn't applied for this position. No one hired secretaries anymore. Employers had finally wised up and realized the worth of the woman who guarded the boss's door. "Administrative Assistant" was the title most companies used, with a salary commensurate to the title. Aidan Quincy, she had learned, didn't run his business according to conventional wisdom. But the salary was impressive with or without the title and Penny had fallen under his spell, just like every other female in the building. Although determined not to fall for him, the sexual side of her couldn't resist the pull of those dark eyes that arrowed straight through her professional secretary image to find the wanting woman underneath.

Composing herself and stuffing her sexuality back into its box, Penny opened the large oak door to enter the obviously male domain of her boss.

Rich paneling lined two walls of the corner office, both hung with expensive original paintings. The other two walls seemed nonexistent at first, their floor-to-ceiling glass providing a panoramic view of the city laid out at their feet. From her boss's

corner office at the top of the Quincy Building in Manhattan, Penny could see for miles. The western window overlooked the Hudson River, the thin line often obscured with ships and pleasure boats. The southern window faced the length of the island to the south. The Quincy family enjoyed the rare privilege of sharing the airspace over New York.

But the incredible view served only as a backdrop for the office itself. One piece of furniture dominated the interior space, much as the occupant dominated any room he entered. A huge mahogany desk, the top currently littered with paperwork, sat against the left wall, the intricate carvings along its front showing not only excellent workmanship, but expensive taste as well. Arranged so the user could look out over the city, it also gave him the advantage of position. No one ever caught Mr. Quincy by surprise.

Penelope set her wire-framed glasses more firmly into position, her prim and proper stance businesslike and professional. "Yes, Mr. Quincy?"

"Cancel all afternoon appointments and tell the limo to be ready in ten minutes."

"Yes, sir." Penny stifled a sigh. He was going out. She backed through the double doors, closing them as she went.

Aidan saw the disappointment on her face and smiled inwardly. He might dally with his slave, but she would wear Penny Templeton's face in his imagination. This one was much harder to bend to his will. The fact that she had hoped to be used this afternoon was a very large step for her. And one Aidan would keep in mind.

Aidan watched his slave struggle in the tight bondage he had put her in. In a vindictive mood, he had tied the ropes painfully tight against her body. She would wear his marks today.

Before him, the woman lay on her stomach, hogtied and moaning in her need. Aidan had started softly, binding her feet together as she sat in the straight chair and giggled. He had not smiled at her, however, and she had settled down. When he'd told

her to stand, and had crossed her hands behind her and began to wrap the rope, she was still grinning. But when he'd pulled her upper arms together and forced her elbows to touch, she'd cried out in protest. For answer, he'd grabbed a red rubber ball gag and shoved it into her mouth, being sure to seat it well back in her mouth before belting it tightly around her head, effectively cutting off anything she might have to say about what he intended to do to her.

The slave had beautiful breasts that begged to be tied. Normally Aidan loved to play with them, caressing them, tasting, tormenting. But not today. Today he wanted her bound and helpless. Wrapping the cord around each breast several times, he modified their shape so that they became large and bulbous, the large areola stretched and sensitive to his every touch.

Forcing her out of the chair and onto her knees caused a rush of power to surge through him and his cock grew in response. But it was not time yet for that. He wanted more. So he had pushed her down onto her stomach, wrapped a cord around her bound ankles and pulled them up to meet her hands. With another cord looped through the strap of the ball gag and tied to her wrists, she was bent backward and up into a "U" shape that was beautiful to see. Only then did he take the chair she had vacated, pulling out his cock to rub it absently as he watched her squirm on the floor before him.

The slave's intermittent moans were the only thing to escape from the tight bondage she was in and Aidan's thoughts drifted back to the look on his secretary's face when he'd told her he was leaving for the afternoon. He grinned. His training of Penny Templeton, slow and subtle, was bearing fruit. From the moment Miss Templeton had walked into his office, her efficient professionalism encasing her like a suit of armor, Aidan had known there could be only one satisfactory result.

The slave hogtied on the floor in front of him had been eager and willing to crawl and demean herself from the very beginning...very willing to have her breasts bound and her body used as a toy for his pleasure for the past three months. But as he listened to her moans increase in intensity, Aidan realized that he was bored with her. While it

was true that he could count on this slave to be available whenever he needed her, as he watched her writhe in her bindings, he realized he wanted something different. Something harder.

Penny Templeton was his challenge. Prim, proper and wound up tighter than a Swiss watch. All she needed was the right motivation and her spring would unwind into his hand.

The fact that she worked for him had made the challenge even harder. How to seduce her? How to turn her into the same quivering mass who lay on the floor before him and not get a harassment suit slapped on him? Aidan grinned at the slave on the floor, imagining Penny in the same binding, seeing the same begging hardship in her eyes. His slave wanted to come, but he applied the same philosophy to her as he did to himself. In fact, the same philosophy he used in his business dealings. So much so that the mantra was a part of his personality – “the greater the anticipation, the greater the reward”. He left the slave writhing on the floor as he considered his slow, relentless seduction of Miss Penny Templeton.

Aidan took a perverse delight in the fact that his secretary had no clue about his goal. In fact, her unwitting fall into his trap would signify his ultimate success.

Of course, he hadn't hired her specifically to seduce her. He'd hired her first for her impeccable qualifications and skills. It hadn't taken long, however, before he noticed her finer attributes. The way she walked into his office – respectful, competent, and with a way of tilting her head so that she always seemed to be looking up at him from lowered eyes. Or the way she always seemed to anticipate his need for a file, or a refresher for his coffee.

Oh, yes, Penny Templeton was born to be a submissive. And he was determined to take her to the next level – to make her his sexual slave.

A month after hiring Penny, followed by several days of deliberation and planning, Aidan decided he was ready to put his careful plan into action. Three weeks ago he had maneuvered her into a casual dinner for two over late-night work. Two weeks ago, a

second dinner, this time at the relative safety of a large chain restaurant. By the time he got to the third dinner in an intimate setting in a forgotten corner of the city, Penny's cool exterior had showed signs of thawing. And last Friday night? She had fallen several stories off her high perch, not only allowing his fervent caresses, but returning them as well. While he hadn't hit a home run, his accomplishment would be considered at least a triple in any locker room in the country.

How sweet had been the look on her face when the afterglow wore off and she realized what she had done. Making out with the boss wasn't so prim and proper. He wasn't above using it to start bringing her mind in line with his kinkier predilections.

The sweetest moment of all, however, had been that look on her face this afternoon when he told her he was leaving for the day. He'd seen the disappointment in those brilliant blue eyes. Oh, yes...Penny Templeton was coming along quite nicely.

The slave on the floor had stopped moaning, apparently accepting the fact that she could not escape. Aidan knew the position hurt her...and suddenly he didn't want to waste any more time and effort on this one. She bored him, but he still had a raging hard-on and Penny's face in his mind. Grabbing his slave by the shoulders, he hauled her up so her face was level with his cock. Unfastening her head, he gave her back some movement and took out the ball gag. Before she could protest, he shoved his cock down her throat, leaned back in the chair and guided her head to suck him dry.

The explosion came when his imagination conjured up the image of Penny bound and servicing, not just him, but others as well. Several men stood waiting their turn with Penny's bound body, every hole open for use. With loud groans, Aidan emptied himself into his slave's throat, the sounds of her gags music to his ears as he pounded his cock into her mouth and forced her to swallow his parting gift.

* * * * *

Dressed and sated, Aidan sat in his limo, watching the crowds trying to cross the street and dodge turning taxis. He had spent the obligatory aftercare time with his slave

and told her there was someone he wanted her to meet. She was a good slave to him and understood that their relationship had never been about anything other than sex. She preferred there to be no strings. Besides, she told him, she knew their time together was over. Aidan had been calling her less and less frequently lately and she had been tempted to make the move to another herself...but if he knew someone else who could take care of her the way he did, she'd be very happy. Aidan kissed her, knowing she enjoyed the finer things in life he provided for her, gave her several names and told her to take her pick. He'd be happy to set up introductions and let her take it from there.

Amid the crowd outside his limo window, a slender woman trying to make her way in the crossing caught his attention. She was stuck on the curb, buffeted first by a man who pressed on, never acknowledging his rudeness, then by a large woman carrying several bundles. He grinned as he recognized the way Penny set her jaw, lowered her shoulder and prepared to bulldoze her way into the intersection before the light changed. He'd seen that look on her face before, usually when dealing with persistent salesmen. His finger was on the button to lower the window even as he told his driver to wait.

"Penny! Miss Templeton!" When she turned and scanned the line of waiting vehicles, he gestured through the lowered window to get her attention.

Even in the twilight he could see the sparkle in her eyes. With the shapeless beige coat she wore, Penny looked as if she had stepped straight out of a nineteen twenties nightclub for flappers. The cloche hat, a sky blue that complemented the brightness of her eyes, covered her curls, but he already knew the reddish-blond tint of her hair.

Penny raised her arm in greeting and started over to the limo, but at that moment the light changed and she backed up when a turning cab threatened to run over her foot.

Aidan's driver added another impediment. "Sorry, sir, but I need to drive on."

A horn blared to emphasize the point. As the limo rolled forward, Aidan called to her. "Stay put. We'll circle around and pick you up."

He saw her nod once before losing her in the crowd. In the darkness of his limousine, Aidan leaned back and contemplated his next step.

Penny stood on the sidewalk, watching the company limo disappear down the block. As she watched it make a right turn at the next cross street, her eyes narrowed even as her heart jumped into her throat. Had Mr. Quincy really just called her "Penny"?

She shook her head. He made her so confused. From the very first moment she'd seen him, she had fallen under his spell. She was no country hick, however, to think she could move to the city, meet a rich man, marry and live happily ever after. Maybe she didn't grow up in this city, but she was worldly enough to know trouble when she saw it. And Aidan Quincy was trouble.

Penny checked her watch and shifted her gaze up the street. It sure made life easier to have every other street one-way. Other cities could learn from New York's grid. Out of habit, she gnawed her lower lip as she thought about what she was doing.

She had almost walked away from the job when he had offered it to her. The attraction she felt for Aidan Quincy, right from the first moment of the interview had scared the daylights out of her. No one in their right mind had an affair with the boss. Even if he was single. And rich. And drop-dead handsome. But in the end, his charm had won her over. That and the way his deep-set blue eyes looked right at her. Not past her the way most men's did. Mr. Quincy's gaze was steady and she knew he was truly listening to her and her questions.

So she had accepted the position, keeping her fantasies about her raven-haired boss to herself. Never did she let on she was attracted to him, keeping instead a reserved and professional demeanor, even when he'd taken her out to dinner last month after a hard day struggling to make a proposal's numbers work out right.

As a matter of habit, she always double-checked his columns of figures as she typed the numbers into the project's database. When she'd found three worksheets with three

different totals, she'd known something wasn't right. To reward her after they spent the entire day in his office, going back over all the hard copy worksheets he had scattered on his desk, searching for the problem, Mr. Quincy had suggested a relaxed dinner for two. She had accepted, reining in her fantasies about spending time outside work with her very hunky boss. Cool and aloof was her motto. Even when circumstances had led to not one, but two more dinners with him.

Well, it had been her motto—right up until last Friday night. She still couldn't believe she'd made out with him in his office. What had she been thinking? Everything she'd said she wasn't going to do had gone right out of her head as soon as he had put his hand on her back and pulled her to him. And when his lips closed over hers, the trained professional who should've slapped his face and run off into the night had become a horny slut who had spent too many nights alone with only a vibrator for company.

Penny shifted her stance on the sidewalk, letting the crowds of New York swirl past her, the hordes as unaware of her as she was of them. Putting the thought of a vibrator in the same sentence with Aidan Quinn had sent Penny's mind into a realm she would love to explore much more fully.

Last Friday night, Aidan had kissed her—more than kissed her. If she had found a hickey on her neck the next morning, she wouldn't have been surprised. The two of them had made out on the couch in his office like two teenagers...

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"Thank you for your help, Penny."

Aidan stood beside her, the scent of his cologne making her senses reel. They'd spent the last hour finding and correcting a mistake he'd made early in his calculations. Now that the document was corrected, she really ought to be heading home. In the end, it was his blue eyes that got her. She knew plenty of men with blue eyes and she never melted when they looked at her. Why did Aidan's glance turn her into a puddle?

If she wasn't careful, this could so easily lead to another dinner with him. Her heartbeat quickened as she put the papers in order. Just how far did she want this to go? There was no denying he made her feel important. As if her ideas had merit. As if she had a brain. Yet, he also looked at her as if he realized she had more to give him. Not only did he seem to appreciate the expertise she could give his company, but through small gestures over the past few weeks, he had made it clear he appreciated her femininity as well. Just as she appreciated his masculinity.

She loved watching the no-nonsense way he had about him—the way he took command of a room just by entering it. Aidan Quincy was one of those men born great, and though she tried to deny it, Penny wanted to be near him as much as possible.

Like now. His suit coat had long since been cast aside, the sleeves of his crisp white shirt rolled up out of the way. While they had been working, it had been easier to ignore the muscles of his forearms, the strength of his hands, the wonderful way his pants fit his perfect ass.

Penny shook her head. *No. Stop looking. Take the papers and get out of here.* She gathered up the folders and turned to go. His hand on the small of her back sent a shiver along her spine and she paused.

"Penny, don't go. Not yet."

The small lamp on his desk cast an island of light in the darkened office and Penny stood frozen like an animal caught in its rays as Aidan leaned in and kissed her.

His lips, soft and sensuous, pulled her in. The papers started to slide as her body responded against her better judgment. For several heady seconds, Penny allowed herself the unrestrained joy of feeling his lips on hers.

Aidan hadn't intended to kiss her. Not yet. He hadn't thought Penny was quite ready for him to move her to the next step. But what was intended as a simple touch bloomed into more much faster than he expected. Was it the catch of her breath as she turned to face him? The smoldering passion in her eyes as she stood there with the folders held like a shield against her heart?

Her lips against his gave way, inviting him to take her deeper. Aidan didn't press his advantage, however. His heart beat hard with the excitement of the chase. He tried to figure out what made this woman so special. It couldn't be the way her reddish-blond hair curled around her ear or the set of her shoulders as she sat typing up his reports. And it wasn't the way her eyes twinkled when she laughed at his jokes or the soft sound of her chuckle as she turned away unwanted visitors.

All those were external qualities and he'd seen them dozens of times in dozens of different women. No, what intrigued him about Penny Templeton was something deeper...something about the way she made him feel.

He moved his kiss from her lips up along her cheek to nibble on her ear, pausing there to whisper, "Penny, you are so incredibly sexy—you excite me more than any other woman ever has."

His breath was hot and wanting, and Penny didn't care if the words were true or not. She felt beautiful because of his words and wanted to believe them. When he pressed her against the desk, she dropped the folders onto the desktop, work forgotten as his hands explored the contours of her back.

Then somehow, they were across the room, sitting, then lying on the couch that sat against the window, her blouse half off and Aidan's white shirt somewhere on the floor. Her hands couldn't get enough of the sculpted planes of his muscles, the broad expanse of his shoulders, the power she sensed coiled tightly inside him just waiting for the right moment to explode against her.

Part of her brain tried to warn her she was making a mistake by making out with her boss on his office couch. But, as he unhooked her bra, Aidan's moves were smoother than any teenage boy Penny had ever kissed in the backseat of a car. And smoother than any other lover she'd had since. And then his hand closed over her breast and all warnings were drowned in the heat that radiated from his touch.

Not until his hands moved lower did the little voice in her head shout out again, this time with a force so strong that the words popped out of her mouth before she had time to stop them. "No. Aidan. No, I can't."

Aidan sat up, his penetrating eyes looking deep into her soul. Penny felt as though he could see all the way down to the dreams she kept hidden from everyone. Dreams even she couldn't bear to look at very often lest she seek to sate the desires he threatened to awaken.

Apparently satisfied with what he saw, Aidan slid off her and held out his hand to help her sit up as well. The cooler air against her naked breasts gave her a chill and her cheeks turned bright red as she suddenly realized how carried away she had gotten. And with her boss no less. Fumbling, she tried to close her bra and button her blouse even as she tried to remember when they had come undone.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Quincy, I shouldn't have... I don't want you to think..."

Except she had and he would. She'd shown herself to be a floozy with one thing on her mind. All he'd had to do was kiss her and she'd practically had sex with him. So much for her carefully crafted reputation.

"Penny..." He smiled down at her and took over the task of buttoning up her blouse. Feeling like a child, Penny put her hands down and let him dress her. "Seems to me we're going to have to work out an arrangement, what do you say?" He didn't wait for an answer, but continued. "Since you've shown yourself to be a bit of a wanton, might as well take advantage of that, hmm?"

Aidan grinned at her and there was just enough light that she thought she detected a twinkle in his eye. What was he getting at?

"I think we need to add a third buzz to our coded system, don't you? One for business, two means I don't want to be disturbed. Those are already set. Yes?" He paused and Penny nodded, unsure where he was going with this. Aidan stood and put out his hand to help her up. She took it, standing and straightening her clothes, clearing her throat and putting her professional self back together. With a shake of her shoulders

to set them back in place and a toss of her head to complete her transformation, she once more became the prim and proper career woman. That's when Aidan dropped his bombshell.

"Three buzzes will mean I need you to come in here for sex."

She took a step back, appalled. "What?"

He laughed, a deep, rolling belly laugh that shook his entire frame. "Oh, Penny. The look on your face. I was going to see how long I could get you to go along with me, but that look was just too wonderful." He took her hand as he led her back to the desk. "I thought you were going to hit me." Without another look at her, he started collecting the papers she had dropped earlier.

Penny's shoulders relaxed and her smile slowly turned into a grin as she realized she'd been had. "Three buzzes for sex. Good one, Mr. Quincy."

For a moment, she thought he was going to say something, but then he simply handed her the folders. "Miss Templeton, there is one thing I do want you to know, and this I tell you in all seriousness." He stepped closer. "You are a wonderfully sexy woman and you should enjoy that part of yourself, not try to hide it as you do."

"Thank you, Mr. Quincy." Penny tried not to stammer as she took the papers and made as dignified an exit as she could under the circumstances.

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That had been a week ago. He continued to treat her respectfully as he always had, making no apology and no reference to their time together. Once she thought she caught him giving her ass an appreciative glance, but she couldn't be sure.

At first, his ignoring of what had happened between them unnerved her. Perhaps she had only imagined his kisses and the heat of his hand on her back? But that one glance was enough to confirm the passion had been very real. Mr. Quinn—Aidan—was playing a game and Penny had to admit, she liked it. A lot. There was something

incredibly arousing about working with a man all day long without a hint of attraction or sexuality between them—yet knowing it was there, lurking just under the surface.

And what was worse, Penny wanted it to happen again. Friday night, in jest, Aidan had playfully set up that code with the buzzer, although he hadn't used it once in the intervening week. Each time the buzzer had rung twice, she'd found herself on the edge of her chair, waiting for the third. But it hadn't come. She didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed. Mostly she was disappointed. The buzzer might be an old-fashioned communication system, out of place in the twenty-first-century modern business office, but some things never changed.

Not that she really expected him to want her that way. Not when he could have any woman in the city he wanted. She was only a lowly servant in his vast empire. Okay, maybe not so lowly, being secretary to the CEO. But certainly not in his league as far as marriage went. If Aidan Quincy wanted her for sex, then that was all he wanted.

She shuddered at the thought of marriage. Her dreams didn't really go so far. Even if she was in love with him, which she didn't think she was, their worlds were far too different. He lived in the rarified atmosphere above the clouds where he could look down the ordered canyons of the city and see the tiny dots moving along the city's streets. To him, she was just one of those dots.

But he was just so...persuasive. She knew she should have run at the first brush of Mr. Quincy's fingers over her back, fingers that drifted lower than was professional, except it had felt so incredibly wonderful. It had been far too long since she'd let a man close enough for a caress and her body hungered for it even as her mind screamed, "Bad idea!"

Standing on the corner now, the colors of autumn blazing from the scraggly trees that lined the street, Penny's breath caught as the limo came around the block, hugging the curb. Aidan had come back around for her as promised. The sleek limo pulled up beside her and the uniformed driver got out and came around to open the back door. Bending down she saw Aidan's grin glimmering from the dark interior. The driver held

out his hand and Penny accepted the assistance into the waiting carriage. With the genteel demeanor of a lady who kept her emotions tightly corseted, she sat beside her boss, determined to show nothing more than her cool professionalism in spite of the hammering of her heart.

The driver closed the door and Penny turned to Aidan, composure locked in place, all thoughts of having sex with him neatly tucked into their little box and closed up tight. "I don't really need a ride home, Mr. Quincy. I usually take the subway and live only a block away from the station down in the Village." She forced herself to think of him as Mr. Quincy. Not Aidan. Aidan belonged in her fantasies, Mr. Quincy in the office. But they weren't in the office now. Which name should she use?

Aidan barely spared a glance at her before turning his attention back out the window. "I know. But if you really didn't want a ride home, you wouldn't have waited while I circled the car around, nor would you have allowed yourself to get into the limo, Miss Templeton."

He had her there. Heat crept into her cheeks. She felt his eyes turn to her, watching her, seeing right through the excuses she gave him, although he did not speak again. Penny stared at her hands and tried not to fidget as silence filled the space between them. He'd called her Miss Templeton. She took that as a signal. Did he regret the lapse they had shared just a week ago? If she were honest with herself, what she truly wanted was to jump him right here in the limo—to have passionate and wild sex as they drove through the streets of New York City. To be daring and bold and throw away convention. But what did Aidan want?

The rush-hour traffic stalled. Aidan turned his attention away from the window and spent several moments just watching her. But her cool professionalism would not allow her to give voice or action to her desires so Penny simply kept her head down and clenched her hands together on her lap.

Aidan's fingers touched her chin and with gentle pressure, forced her to look at him. "You are a beautiful and sexy woman, Penny Templeton. But you prefer to hide

that truth, don't you? You prefer the mask of unflappable competence. You'd rather show the world a confident, independent, self-reliant woman who runs an office with calm efficiency rather than let anyone see the wanton who lurks just under the surface."

Penny tried not to melt under the honest gaze of those cobalt eyes or notice that a small lock of his hair had fallen down over his forehead in a sexy Superman curl. He spoke the truth, but she wasn't about to admit it.

"That is the other side of you, isn't it? An uncivilized side."

His words were a statement of fact and the butterflies in Penny's stomach fluttered. How had he seen? How did he know about the passion inside her that begged to be unleashed? She stared into his eyes, mesmerized, willing him to read her thoughts, unlock her secrets and unlace her emotional corset. His voice, soft and seductive in the darkened interior, threatened to do just that.

"But inside you, where you keep your darkest passions, you're tired of being in control all the time. The men in your past have never appreciated that, have they? They see what you want them to see—a woman who's independent and unflappable. A woman exuding confidence and control."

He pulled her face toward him, examining her as if he were reading beyond the surface. "But what they haven't seen is the wanton inside you that desires to give up that control. The side of you that aches to throw rational thought to the wind. The inner you that hates being cool and professional and burns to be a woman of passion."

His lips closed over hers and Penny whimpered her need. How did he know so much about her? She had never confided any of that to anyone, and yet, Aidan Quincy knew her. Knew the real her. Her lips parted, inviting him deeper, wanting him to unlock the passion she kept buried deep.

Chapter Two

Aidan felt Penny give way and, accepting the promise of her invitation, deepened their kiss as the limo crawled through the streets of New York. He loved the taste of her as his tongue plundered her mouth, circling and dancing and savoring every nuance. His hard work was paying off. Penny Templeton was ripe for the taking. Training her into a life of sexual servitude would be his greatest accomplishment.

Penny wore a dark blazer under her coat and Aidan slipped his hand beneath it, reveling in the silky material of her blouse as he slid his fingers over her back. With a deft pull, he loosened her blouse from her skirt's waistband and slid his hand up along the smooth skin of her back. She put a hand on his chest and tried to squirm away from him.

"Mr. Quincy...I...we shouldn't..."

He didn't let her complete her thought. "Do you truly want to stop, Penny?" He nuzzled her ear before pulling back, wondering if he'd miscalculated. Had he pushed her too far, too fast? His voice harder than he intended, he dropped his hands, and said, "If you want me to stop, I will instruct my driver to take you straight to your apartment and I promise, I will not touch you again."

Several emotions crossed Penny's face as the lights from the theatre marquees flooded the interior of the limo with light. *Patience, man. Let her come to this on her own.*

To his disappointment, the cool professional woman won the argument. She cleared her throat and set her chin just as she had when trying to cross the street. "Aidan, I'm in a no-win situation. If I have an affair with you, eventually I'll lose my job when you tire of me. And if I don't have sex with you, you'll fire me. No matter what, I'm out of a job. It's only a matter of time."

Her hair was tucked behind one ear. Aidan reached up and slipped it free to hang along her high cheekbone. He didn't need the lights from the street to show him her color was high.

"And if I assure you this has nothing to do with your job?"

Penny gave him a skeptical look so Aidan changed tactics. He was not the type who gave up easily. There was something about the tilt of her head as she looked slantways at him that made him laugh. "I want you just as much as you want me, Penny."

He softened his voice, pitching it to that low, romantic tone that had worked before. "You have to tell me you want this, Penny. You have to *tell* me you want me to take you right here in the limo. That you no longer want control."

She moaned her response, her head dropping back against the seat and Aidan stifled a grin. Penny reminded him of a wild animal, one intrigued by what he offered, but scared as well. She was not a woman to be rushed. The challenge made him hard and he shifted to ease his cock in his pants. Taking a chance, he slid a finger along her breasts, tracing the outline of the lace against her skin.

"The driver...I can't..."

He didn't take his eyes from her. "Ahmed, the window."

Silently the window rose between the driver and the seat where they embraced. They were alone in an oasis of passion surrounded by a world of lights and populated by the eyes of millions.

Such beautifully full lips she had...lips that begged to be kissed. He envisioned those lips wrapped around his cock, her eyes open and filling with tears as he used her mouth. He would bind her body just as he was binding her mind to his.

An unfamiliar warmth rose in his chest as he rubbed his thumb over the soft redness of her lips. Body and mind he had conquered before, then left when excitement turned to ennui. But this new feeling seemed to be centered closer to his heart.

Unable to figure it out and not wanting to lose the moment, he leaned closer to his prey. “Penny, you are a beautiful woman. Proud, independent, confident. You’ve spent your life telling yourself you could do everything. Haven’t you?”

She nodded, her breath coming in shallow drafts as he gently seduced her in the concrete valleys of New York.

“And you have. A well-paid position in a very successful firm, a three-room apartment in SoHo. But something’s still missing, isn’t it, Penny?” He slid his other hand behind her head to cradle her neck, reveling in the soft caress of her hair along the back of his hand as his words wove their spell.

“You don’t need a man to take care of you, but a man who will tame those passions that you control. The passions deep inside. You’ve spent years burying them under layers of responsibility.” He leaned down to nibble along her collarbone, finding the little hollow of her neck delicious. He paused there until she whimpered again. Her hands, which had slid up along his arms, tightened, he felt her struggle within. She would not fall into the next phase of his seduction as easily as he’d originally thought.

Good. Her independence was exactly what he was after. Subduing a woman who had no self-esteem to begin with was just abuse. But conquering a woman who knew her own mind, getting her to subjugate her will to his—that was true victory. He pressed his attack, planting small kisses along the side of her neck as he pulled her closer and whispered in her ear.

“Bury passion long enough and it atrophies. It shrivels up and transforms into an old, dusty memory. I would hate to see that happen to you.”

An image floated through the haze in Penny’s mind—a wrinkled-up old woman wearing her face, still living alone in the same three-room apartment, never having visitors, never going out. Not even a cat to keep her company.

She fought to erase the image. It wasn’t true. She’d had plenty of boyfriends in the past and the sex had been great. Like a slide changing in a PowerPoint presentation, the

old woman faded, replaced by the face of her last boyfriend. She stifled an inner sigh as she faced facts. All right, the sex hadn't been great. It hadn't even been just okay. It took two to create great sex and she just wasn't that great in bed. The passion was there, ripping through her heart, but she just never knew what to *do*. There they'd be...him nibbling on her ear and her with her eyes closed, loving the tingles that shot through her system. She'd rest her hands on his shoulders and lie there, loving his touch...and then he'd complain because she wasn't moving. Or else she wasn't moaning enough. Or just not doing whatever it was she was supposed to be doing. When Paul had called her a cold bitch and slammed out of her apartment, Penny had faced up to the fact that she just didn't have whatever it took to give a guy a good time.

Making out with Aidan the other night had been the exception. Never once had he belittled her clumsy attempts to kiss him, if he had even noticed them. He had simply taken the lead—somehow partly undressing her in the process. She was expected to do nothing but accept his caresses. For the first time in her life, sex had lived up to all the promises of Hollywood and romance novels.

Now Aidan's tongue snaked along the outer rim of her ear and a soft sound purred from her throat before she could control it. So Aidan wanted to unleash her inner passion? He was well on the way to achieving just that. Her hands tightened on his biceps again, indecision ripping her heart.

Aidan's lips hovered over her neck, his hot breath making her heart pound. Still, she couldn't bring herself to give in to his advances, much as she wanted them. Her career would be finished. The alarm bells went off in Penny's head even as his hand slipped under her bra to cup her breast, his thumb sending tingles through her nipple straight down to her pussy. She wanted...what? To be loved? To have wild sex? To have a career? Whoever said a woman could have it all was a romantic fool. No one could have all three.

Fighting the fog in her mind, she pulled back, putting him at arm's length, steeling her heart for the refusal she needed to give him.

"Aidan, I know what you want. And God knows I want to give it to you. But I can't. I need this job. If we had an affair, it would be all through the company. Forget my reputation for a moment and think of your office. I'd lose all the power I have. Instead of being 'Prim and Proper Miss Templeton, Harridan Extraordinaire', I'd end up just being the boss's mistress. My credibility would be shot.

"Besides, it's the hunt that excites you. Not the conquest. And I can't work with you after you've conquered. Making out with you the other night was bad enough. If we go further, then seeing me around the office will just be a reminder of something you're bored with and pretty soon you'll find you need a different secretary."

Aidan's eyes narrowed. He dropped his hands and sat back, apparently considering her words. "It isn't just the job that's stopping you."

Penny sighed and let her head fall back on the seat again, idly watching the lights of Times Square that invaded the darkness of the limousine. She was silent for two blocks as she wrestled with her inner demons. As the gigantic billboards gave way to smaller storefront signs, she turned back to him.

"I don't know how you do it, but you always see past me. You're right. It isn't just the job, although that is a big part of this."

She reached out to caress his face. Stubble roughened his cheek as the day wound into darkness. "Mr. Quincy...Aidan. You are a passionate and powerful man. You deserve the best."

"I don't settle for anything else."

"I know. Aidan, making out with you last Friday night was incredible for me. But you already know that." She floundered and tried again. "It's just...I'm not the best when it comes to sex." Her hands knotted on her lap and she stared at them as she finally blurted it out. "I'm just not that good in bed and you deserve better."

His laugh was rich and deep and she usually loved to watch the way his cheeks dimpled and his eyes lit up when he found something funny. But not this time. Her head drooped lower as he laughed at her admission.

Aidan saw his mistake immediately and his laughter stilled. This one had a wound he hadn't been aware of. The bud of that unfamiliar feeling opened slightly inside him. His eyes hardened. This incredible woman had been hurt and a primitive feeling welled up inside him. He wanted to protect her. No, more than that. He wanted to find whoever had damaged her and punch his lights out.

Gently reaching under her chin, he raised her head until she turned and faced him. Even in the fading light, it wasn't difficult to read the anguish in her eyes.

"Miss Templeton, believe me. I know what hides in you. I've seen the raw passion most men are unable to handle. What you gave me last Friday night was something few women have the ability to give."

"What did I give you?"

"Yourself."

She frowned, obviously not understanding his meaning. Aidan dropped his hand as he sat back and considered the best approach in getting her to understand her submissive side. Deciding that a pedantic tone would be a less threatening way to broach the subject, he cocked his head and studied her as he spoke.

"There are basically two classes of people in the world—those who dominate and those who don't. The dominant ones are the first to have their hands up in class, the first to get the good jobs, the first to become head of their own companies. Agreed?"

She nodded, seeming to be calmer now that he had moved away from her. This was definitely a safer tack. He continued.

"Those who don't have dominant personalities are shoved aside all the time. Their opinions are never heard, they never get a word in edgewise, and they end up in dead-end service jobs. Am I right?"

She took longer to answer this time, obviously thinking through several people she knew as if to find an opposing argument. Finally, though, she nodded her head in agreement and Aidan closed in for the kill.

“Hogwash.”

She opened her mouth in exasperation and he held up his hand to stop her. “They’re stereotypes, Penny. Now, stereotypes can be useful, but you also need to understand that not every dominant and submissive personality will fit into those categories. For example,” he changed his tone to nonchalant, appearing to talk to the dark window that separated them from the driver, but in truth, keeping her in his sight, gauging her reaction to the concepts he was introducing, “a man who uses a woman for his own sexual gratification, but belittles her into thinking she is no good in bed, is not a dominant personality, but a submissive one.”

She took the bait. “How can you say that? If he’s lording it over her, being ‘Mr. High and Mighty’?”

“He’s just a submissive who’s bought into the stereotype that all men are bossy.” Aidan turned to face her again. “He’s a bully who can’t get it up unless he pretends he’s better than the woman he’s with. That doesn’t make him better than her...or make him dominant.”

Penny nodded slowly as she accepted the idea Aidan proposed. It wasn’t she who was out of place, it was the partners she had chosen?

“Penny.” Aidan cupped her chin in his hand again, once more running his thumb over her heart-shaped lips. “You are a sexual submissive. Do you understand that?”

She took a deep breath, letting it out slowly as her eyes narrowed. Ignoring the tingles his touch set off in her, Penny shook her head. “I don’t let people tell me what to do in my life.”

“Of course you don’t. You’re not submissive in the workplace. You have a job to do and you know how to do it. You’re efficient and professional and you can handle anything I throw at you. You see? The stereotypes don’t work. You’re not a pushover.”

Penny grinned. "No, I'm not a pushover." He had no idea the number of sweet young things that managed to find their way to his office every day, hoping to catch a glimpse of the "Rich Available Bachelor". Her emphasis on professional behavior, however, quickly sent them on their way.

"But you *are* a submissive in the bedroom."

His voice was soft and seductive again. He rested his hand on her thigh, the hem of her skirt under his fingers.

"What happens in the bedroom has no bearing on what happens in the workplace. There, you remain the wonderful secretary you've always been. But if the buzzer rings three times..." He left the sentence unfinished and Penny knew what he meant. When he sent the signal to her, he wanted her to come to his office as his lover, not as his secretary. She should be incensed at the thought, but instead, found excitement in being at his beck and call. Almost like being a sex slave. In spite of herself, liquid heat coursed through her.

His next words almost made her come right there in the car. His voice, soft and seductive, whispered in her ear. "It takes great strength to submit to someone else's will, Penny. Give yourself to me and I will guide the slut that hides in you. Let me feel the passionate woman I know you are."

Her panties were soaked from her juices and she shifted, not wanting him to know how his words arrowed straight to that inner passion she kept bottled up inside. But her movement made his hand slide between her legs and his fingers slipped under her skirt just as he leaned forward to capture her lips in a kiss.

Her mind reeled as he pressed his advantage. Of their own volition, her arms came up to hold him close. Her lips gave way before his onslaught and the laces of the corset she kept around her emotions loosened. All the arguments faded, all her questions became unimportant. All that mattered was the feel of his hands exciting her body and his tongue claiming her mouth.

Street after street slipped by as Aidan undressed her, his warm hands holding her tightly to him in the backseat of the limo. She reached to unbutton his shirt, but he stopped her, his kiss preventing her from asking why. And when his fingers rolled the nipple of her bared breast, sending tingles that scattered her thoughts, the question was forgotten.

Aidan spent quite a bit of time on her breasts, nuzzling and sucking first one, then the other deeply into his mouth, flicking the sensitive tip with his tongue. Penny couldn't help but cry out, digging her nails into the rich, dark cloth of his suit. Her head spun with his seduction and the laces of her control slipped from their knots.

She stood on the edge of coming, savoring the way his touches made her body dance. Every time she came too close to the edge, he would change his tactic, prolonging her stay in the clouds. Leaving her breasts, his mouth cycled back to the little hollow at the base of her throat, making her gasp for breath as she sagged into his arms.

The limo continued to make its way through the streets of the city and Penny had a fleeting thought for the driver, safely behind the privacy screen. Did he know what they were doing? Did he understand his boss was seducing her on the other side of that thin partition? Did he know she wasn't just another floozy?

Or was she? She opened her eyes to see Aidan's gaze on her, predatory and hungry. He would devour her, she realized, and with the flip of her stomach, she understood she wanted him to. There was no fighting his inexorable assault on her senses. She had only one option—surrender. And when his fingers slid along the side of her hip now and circled down to find her clit, she spread her legs and invited his explorations, feeling every inch the sexual slut as the limo rode through the streets of New York.

Aidan smiled when she moaned as he slid his middle finger under her satin panties and down along her slit. Her hands had fallen to her sides as her body gave itself to him, a piece of clay to mold as he saw fit. Power surged through him to see her abandon

her public mask. The time to cement his hold over her was here. Capturing her mouth in a hungry kiss, he paused only a heartbeat before plunging two fingers deep into her vagina. Her cries into his mouth echoed in his soul as her body fought to accept him. Slowly at first, then with increasing speed, he pumped his fingers in and out of her, driving her body to his will. She twisted and writhed in his arms, unable to push away from the torment she hated and wanted.

With a gasp, her body stiffened and Aidan knew she stood on the edge. With a low growl, he pushed deep once more, satisfaction washing over him when he felt the muscles of her pussy contract around his fingers. But now was not the time to let up. He let her ride the wave through several contractions before pumping his fingers into her pussy again, renewing the wave of her orgasm. Then, when that one began to subside, he pressed his thumb on the sensitive hood of her clit and was freshly rewarded with yet another wave of contractions and cries.

Taking mercy on her, he let her come down, her breath ragged and uneven. Gently removing his fingers from between her legs, he held them before her nose, letting her breathe in her own musky scent. When her eyelids fluttered and opened, fighting to focus on him, he gave her one instruction. "Clean them."

Power emanated from him and Penny opened her mouth obediently even as her stomach tightened in embarrassment. Was this what he meant by sexual submissive? If so, she could get used to orgasms like those. Had she really just been such a slut to come in the back of a limo while being driven through the streets of New York? She tasted her own juices on his fingers and knew she had. More laces loosened in her tightly corseted control and she licked the cum from his fingers, relishing the taste of his skin mixed with the proof of her passion.

"You enjoy being a slut, don't you, Penny? You want to be used, and used often." Aidan's hand reached behind her head to gently grab a fistful of hair, guiding her head

so she was forced to look out the tinted window at the busy streets. She hadn't even noticed they'd circled around and were once again in the middle of Times Square.

Out of habit, her hands came up to cover her breasts, even though she knew no one could see her. Aidan's voice in her ear pushed her limits.

"Put your hands down, Penny. Press your naked breasts against the window."

Trembling, she lowered her hands and tried to turn around to see his face. But his hand in her hair prevented her. Her heart jumped into her throat and she felt the butterflies beating against the barrier of her stomach as she suddenly understood what he wanted from her. Control. Total control of her every action, every movement.

While a small portion of her mind argued the concept, a huge part of her begged to accept his terms. Her pussy, sopping from its recent use, twinged again as she considered his command.

Arching her back, she moved toward the glass, whimpers strangling in her throat as she closed her eyes. With a deep breath and quick movement, she pressed her naked breasts against the chilled glass.

"Now open your eyes."

The effort was great. She didn't want to see that the world was staring at her. Through her tightly closed lids, she could still see the bright lights that surrounded them. The limo had stopped moving.

"Open them, Penny. Look out the window."

Swallowing, she did as he bid her. Outside the window, the hawkers and hustlers who cajoled the tourists streamed along the sidewalk, all of them oblivious to her wantonness. Taxis sped by, carrying occupants on their important affairs, while she had sex with Aidan in a fancy black limousine.

"Such a slut, you are, Penny. Putting yourself on display for thousands to see. All I'd have to do is open the window."

"No!" She pushed back toward him, and when he released her, turned to face him, pleading with him. "I can't do that. Please don't ask me to."

He smiled as the light changed and the car moved again. "I won't. Someday *you* might beg *me* to let you show off your attributes, however. But not tonight."

Pulling her close, he comforted her, smoothing down the hair he had mussed and holding her in his arms. "I don't think I'd ever ask that," she murmured into the safety of his chest.

"Oh, you'd be surprised." He planted small kisses on the top of her head and nuzzled his lips against her forehead, his hands stroking her, calming her as he introduced another concept to her imagination. "At some point in your sexual ecstasy, you'll reach a point where you would be willing to do anything I ask of you, just to be allowed to come."

Penny remained silent, finally looking up at him with questions in her eyes. He nodded. "It's a wonderful place to be, but only if you're with someone you trust." Gently he brushed the backs of his fingers over her cheek. "Do you trust me, Penny?"

Swallowing hard, she nodded. "I do."

He leaned forward, his lips brushing against hers in the darkness. Outside the lights had once again faded and Aidan surreptitiously pressed a button on the console beside his seat to send a message to his driver. When the car made the next left, he shifted positions and slid down the zipper on his pants.

Penny felt more than saw his movement and her gaze slid down, drinking in the sight of him as he pulled his cock into the open air. A smile played at her lips as she shyly reached forward, running her fingers over the velvety-soft skin, ridged with hardness as he came fully erect. Long and thick, his cock stood out a full eight inches from his open pants.

"Kneel on the floor." His voice was husky and the command almost a growl. There was plenty of room and Penny slid to the floor in front of him, feeling every inch the

slut she wanted to be. But when she reached to take him in her hands, he took them and pressed her hands behind her back as he did so.

“No hands,” he instructed, pulling off his tie and using it to bind her hands behind her. “Use only your mouth and make me come.”

Penny wanted to tell him she didn’t know how to do that. That all her other attempts at fellatio had ended in disaster. Every time she tried, her partner had pulled out of her mouth and pushed her away, using his own hand to come all over her breasts. She never understood what she was doing wrong, only that she’d never satisfied them.

The car turned a corner and out of habit, she tried to put a hand out to balance herself. Only Aidan had tied her hands behind her. The overwhelming feeling of vulnerability made her feel giddy and she swayed. Aidan’s hands grasped her shoulders, firmly holding her upright.

Penny hadn’t expected bondage to be part of sex with Aidan, but she liked it. Every woman had fantasies, but Penny hadn’t ever considered actually acting on them. And here she was, bound, on the floor of a limo, kneeling before a man as a sexual slave. Her pussy throbbed again.

She examined the magnificent cock before her, a smile playing about her lips as he pushed his boxers down to give her a clear view of his balls as well. Penny still didn’t know what she was doing when it came to oral sex, but without her hands, she’d have to invent some new techniques. Always the optimist, she hoped she’d stumble on the right ones. Licking her lips, she clasped her bound hands behind her back and bent to her task.

Gently she let her tongue slide from the bottom of his shaft all the way to the tip, her warm breath forcing a moan from him as he settled deeper into the seat. When he leaned back, his hands at his sides, a small thrill of satisfaction shot through her. She loved his taste. Definitely masculine and heady.

Turning her head to the side, she sucked his balls into her mouth, exploring the sac with her tongue, rolling his testicles around like marbles. She liked the sensation and grinned, but quickly became serious again when her smile almost allowed them to escape. A glance up reaffirmed her sense that he was enjoying himself—his eyes had closed and his breathing was becoming erratic.

The hardness of his cock rubbed her cheek and she couldn't resist rubbing back, the smooth skin feeling as soft as down along her skin. The temptation to taste it became too great and she slid her tongue along the bottom of his cock, from the base all the way up to the tip, leaving behind a hot trail of wetness.

But she didn't pause when she came to the tip. Instead she encircled that glorious bulb with her mouth, breathing out and warming him just a second before she enclosed her lips around his cock, sealing him in her mouth. Her tongue danced over the tip, slowly at first, then with increasing need as she explored every crevice and smooth surface. Aidan moaned and a frown furrowed his brow as he raised his hips to force himself deeper.

Penny took the hint. Wetting her lips and wrapping them tightly around his cock, she slid over the rise of his skin, then backed up over it again. Letting her tongue go still a moment, she allowed her lips alone to give him pleasure as she descended a second and third time. Each push forced him deeper and deeper into her mouth and down the back of her throat. She gagged and pulled out a bit, then tried a second time, this time relaxing the muscles that prevented his entrance.

But still she could not get the pace right. He was fighting her tempo and she didn't know what to do. This always happened. It was at this point the guy usually pulled away from her and she just sat beside him as he came. Aidan, however, apparently had a different idea. His hands grabbed the sides of her head and forced her into his pace.

"Let me use your mouth. Let me fuck it the way it needs to be fucked."

His language enflamed her passions. She opened her mouth even wider and felt his cock slide past the gag reflex with ease, cutting off her air. He pulled back and she

grabbed a breath, and then he plunged again. Over and over he thrust into her throat until he was so deep, her nose brushed the hairs at his groin. Tears were in her eyes from his use of her and her pussy flooded with her own need.

Aidan stared at the woman bound and naked and on her knees in the backseat of his limo, the lights of the city once more shining in on them. Penny's eyes stared up at him in complete submission as he took possession of her mouth. Power surged through him and he felt the heavens split open. His cum spurted down her throat in waves and she did nothing to stop him. He felt the muscles of her throat constrict and relax as she swallowed the gift he gave her, pumping him dry. Just where he wanted her to be.

Closing his eyes, he let his head fall back on the seat, savoring the moment. His body quieted and he felt his heartbeat return to normal. His cock grew limp in her mouth, yet Penny made no effort to move away from him. After a moment, he looked down at her in surprise.

She had nestled into the space between his legs, sitting on her bottom now. In her mouth, she still held his cock, her tongue cleaning every drop of cum from it. And when she was finished, she laid her head along his leg and simply held his cock in her mouth, loath to part with him.

Aidan felt that odd feeling in his heart again. No one had ever held him with such care and tenderness. Hell, no woman had ever just held his cock in her mouth for no other reason than to hold it. Instead of being angry with his use of her as he had expected, she had accepted his force and returned his passion with gentleness. He looked at Penny with a new light in his eyes. Just who was taming whom?

The limo glided to a stop and Aidan glanced out the window, glad he had sent that message to his driver. He did not want his time with Penny to end. She was coming along much too nicely.

"We're here. You need to get dressed now." Ahmed was already coming around the corner of the car and Aidan slammed his hand down on the lock. Although the

driver was accustomed to seeing his boss's women friends in all states of dishabille, Aidan quickly freed her, suddenly not wanting Ahmed to see Penny that way.

Penny looked up at him, then seeming reluctant, she released his cock from her gentle hold and rose. She was in the process of sliding her arms into her blouse when her gaze happened on the brownstone outside their door. "This isn't my apartment."

"No, it's one of mine."

Penny stared at Aidan for several long seconds before she shrugged her shoulders into her blouse and began to button it up. A faint feeling of dissatisfaction tried to worm its way into the incredible time she had been having. "Aidan...I cannot come into your apartment. You were supposed to take me home."

"And I did. To my home."

She sighed. "Yes, I see that. But I'm not going in." She grabbed her skirt and after a few gymnastics managed to pull it up over her hips and zip it. Sitting beside him, she gathered her things and balled them up in her hands, all the while trying to explain without hurting his feelings and destroying any hope she had of a real relationship with him. "We had a wonderful time here in the car and I'm not going to ruin it by spending the night with you."

"How would it be ruined?"

Her face fell, the animation of her refusal to go in fading as if someone had pulled the plug and turned out her light. After several false starts, she finally sighed and told him the truth. "Because if I go to your apartment and have real sex with you tonight, you'll tire of me quicker. Remember, I understand you better than you think. It's the hunt that excites you, not the conquest."

A slow smile of understanding spread across his face. "You are an incredible woman, Penny Templeton. You harbor an amazing passion. At a time when most women would enjoy being 'conquered', as you say, you hold back. Do you know why?" He didn't let her answer, but continued. "Because the hunt excites you as well."

The shy smile was back. "I do like being chased, I will admit."

He slid his arm around and pulled her close. "And caught on occasion?"

In answer, she only raised her face to his, inviting his kiss. He obliged, satisfaction racing through him when he tasted himself on her lips. He deepened the kiss, not surprised at all when, this time, her tongue entwined with his. A vision of her hogtied and begging fastened itself in his imagination. Someday he would get her there. His mantra repeated itself in his head—"the greater the anticipation, the greater the reward". Penny Templeton was definitely both. He would take her to places even he had only dreamed of. This was the one he wasn't going to let get away. Ever.

Breaking from the embrace only long enough to lower the window a few inches, Aidan gave Ahmed directions to Penny's apartment. The driver nodded and returned to his seat. In moments the limo was in motion again.

The twinkle in Penny's eyes gave away her mischievous spirit. She curled up into Aidan's arms and idly twined her fingers into his. "Now, what shall we do with the twenty-five minutes it will take to get to my apartment?" *And the twenty-five after that? And the twenty-five after those?* Penny's mind went into overdrive, imagining the future with a man like Aidan in her life, a dominant man who could take her places she had only imagined. A wicked little smile played about her lips as she considered the several paths their lives might take—all of them filled with sexy nights and proper days.

Aidan looked at the little minx in his arms, realizing for the first time he might have unleashed a spirit that could best him in the end. Far from troubling him, however, the mischievous glint in her eyes fascinated him. Finding her depths would provide him with challenges for a very long time. Maybe forever.

He pulled her close, wrapping his fingers in her silken tresses and bending to pour his hot breath into her ear. "I suppose I can think of something."

About the Author

For many years, Diana Hunter confined herself to mainstream writings. Her interest in the world of dominance and submission, dormant for years, bloomed when she met a man who was willing to let her explore the submissive side of her personality. In her academic approach to learning about the lifestyle, she discovered hundreds of short stories that existed on the topic, but none of them seemed to express her view of a d/s relationship. Challenged by a friend to write a better one, she wrote her first BDSM novel, *Secret Submission*, published by Ellora's Cave Publishing.

Diana 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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