

Hostile Takeover

Ch. I: Innocence Lost

by *Whispersecret* ©

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Fiona Sheridan didn't usually make a habit of lusting after her father's business associates. According to her father, it was supposed to be the other way around.

"Always make the best use of your assets, Fiona," her father would always tell her. Right. Her assets. He meant her body. Contrary to the popular reed-thin look, Fiona possessed an abundance of lush curves, which usually drew the eye of male and female alike. If her father's guests were occupied ogling her tits, they couldn't properly concentrate on business. At least that was the theory. Oh, he never came right out and said he intended her to be a distraction, but whenever she was home while her father conducted business, she was required to be present.

Like tonight. Mr. Rockwell had come to stay for the weekend and talk business, and Fiona played hostess as she had since her mother had died two years ago. But something was different this time. Her father made a point of going over her wardrobe and earmarking certain outfits that she would wear for the duration of Mr. Rockwell's stay. That was a little out of ordinary, even for her father.

Then again, Mr. Rockwell was not like the other businessmen her father usually invited over. Daddy's usual colleagues were pot-bellied and balding, but Rockwell couldn't be more than thirty-four or thirty-five. He seemed trim and fit, and had a full head of dark hair. He stood at about six feet three, and was handsome too, with a swarthy tan and deep-set eyes that made her think of the pirates of old.

The strange thing was, he didn't seem to be here for business. She'd been watching him. Neither he nor her father had talked over one piece of paper, unless you counted the sports page of the Saturday newspaper. They'd gone riding, done some target shooting, toured the wine cellar—in fact, they'd done some prime male bonding.

Mr. Rockwell seemed to be watching her too. At odd times during the day, she felt like he was staring at her. When she turned to check, he made no attempt to hide the fact that he was admiring her. His lips would tilt just slightly and he would incline his head at her. She found that flattering, yet at the same time disconcerting.

Now, after dinner, her father and Mr. Rockwell played a friendly game of pool and Fiona sat at the wet bar, watching. She pretended to be interested in the game, but her attention was actually directed toward her father's guest.

Rockwell leaned on his pool cue, waiting for his turn. He seemed at ease, concentrating on the game, so Fiona took the opportunity to admire his broad shoulders, wondering just how muscular he was under his shirt. When her eyes wandered up to his face, she was startled at the intensity with which he returned her gaze. For one heart-stopping moment, she felt like he was going to lunge across the pool table and devour her whole. A second later the look was gone as if it had never been there, but her heart was racing and she suddenly felt unreasonably hot. She turned around to get a cold soda from the fridge and to avoid looking at him again.

Fiona was used to men staring at her, but that look had been much more than friendly appreciation. Her breathless reaction frightened her. Still a virgin at nineteen, she wasn't very familiar with potent sexual feeling. So far, the guys she'd dated had all been transparently out for her body and/or her money. Her father, Frank Sheridan, owned a multi-million dollar textile business that had been in her mother's family for generations. She wasn't about to gift her virginity on some immature, money-grubbing frat boy. When she made love for the first time, she wanted it to be special. Magical.

She sipped her soda, wishing she could go up to bed. Knowing her father wouldn't like that, she fantasized about a romantic candlelit bedroom where her dream lover would woo her with skill and whispered words of love. Her eyes closed and she smiled a secret smile.

"Tired?" Rockwell's deep voice startled her out of her reverie. He stood not two feet away. Her father was busy lining up his next shot.

"What?" She sat upright on the barstool. She must have sunk down during her daydream.

"You looked like you were falling asleep. Don't stay up on my account."

Remarkably, her father agreed. "Absolutely. If you're tired, baby, go to bed."

"All right." She edged away from Rockwell, smiling nervously. "Good night, Mr. Rockwell."

"Good night, Fiona." He paused and smiled at her, his hand wrapped around his pool cue. "Sleep well."

Fiona left the billiard room, feeling distinctly uneasy. Something about the way he had said good night gave her the shivers. She hurried up the majestic staircase and down the hall to her suite of rooms. After changing into a cool sleeveless nightgown and picking up her book from the nightstand, she snuggled into bed to read.

Fifteen minutes later, she was snoring softly, dead to the world.

* * *

At one-fifteen in the morning, Rockwell made his way down the west hallway, his arms laden with candles. He also bore a supple leather satchel on his shoulder. His assistant/body guard, Whitcomb, walked with him.

When Rockwell reached Fiona's room, he turned to the big man next to him and spoke in a low voice. "No one disturbs me."

"Yes, sir."

"Bring Sheridan up here. She'll probably need his reassurance. After that, make sure he stays in his room. The old man is to go nowhere, not even to take a piss, unless I give the order."

"Yes, sir."

Whitcomb nodded and left to follow orders.

Rockwell opened the door to Fiona's room quietly. Sheridan had told him she was a heavy sleeper, but it didn't hurt to be cautious. He wasn't quite ready for her to wake up.

He eased the door shut behind him. The room was dark, lit only by the shafts of moonlight coming in from the windows. He padded about the room, placing candles in clusters on the furniture near the bed and then making the rounds again to light them. When he was done a flickering warm glow filled the room, illuminating the lovely figure of the young woman on the bed.

She lay in the center of the large canopy bed, her arms spread out across the pillows, as if she were making a snow angel. Her lush body was concealed beneath the bedcovers, and her luxurious, long black hair made a pool of silk on the pillow. Rockwell felt his cock twitch as he imagined what it was going to feel like when he gripped her hair in his fists.

Not yet, he told himself, but soon enough.

He attached his special restraints to each of the four bedposts. Each tough plastic casing held a mechanism that allowed him to control his captive's range of movement by increasing or decreasing the amount of slack in the cable. He reached for the coverlet and drew it back carefully. She stirred, but didn't waken. He smiled, not wanting her to know he was there just yet.

Tightening the belt on the robe he was wearing, he approached the bed. *Christ, she's beautiful*, he thought. Full lips, creamy skin, bright green eyes fringed with dark sooty lashes. He rested his gaze appreciatively on the skimpy nightgown she wore. The garment was appealingly innocent, decorated with lace here and there, with tiny white buttons on the bodice. Beneath it, her nipples hardened from the sudden coolness of the air. Rockwell knelt on the bed. Working swiftly, he gently fit the pliable neoprene bracelets to her wrists and ankles. Fiona barely even twitched.

Then, unable to hold himself back any longer, he finally reached out and brushed his thumbs over her taut nipples. He cupped her full breasts in his palms, squeezing slightly and continuing to rub the stiff peaks. When she moaned softly in her sleep, his hands spasmodically closed more tightly on her tits.

"Mmmm..." She shifted her body and licked her lips.

"Yes, Fiona," he murmured. He leaned over and slid his hands along her arms until he grasped her wrists lightly. His face was a mere inch from hers.

"Wake up, Fiona, wake up for me."

Her brow wrinkled slightly as she opened her eyes slowly, focusing on him above her.

"What the--?"

Fiona couldn't believe her eyes. It was Rockwell, clad only in a robe. She tried to sit up, but discovered with alarm she was bound to the bed. The bastard had tied her up!

She strained uselessly against her bonds and screamed. "HELP! Help me, somebody! Daddy!"

Rockwell clamped a hand over her mouth, effectively silencing her. "Shhhhh," he said soothingly. "No one is going to save you, Fiona."

Fiona didn't believe him. She glared at him, waiting anxiously for someone to respond to her scream. No one came. Minutes passed, and still no one came.

"You see? No need to scream." He removed his hand from her mouth and smiled indulgently at her.

"What the hell is going on?" she spat.

Unbelievably he lowered his head and nuzzled her neck, answering, "It's called a hostile takeover, my dear." He nipped her earlobe sharply with his teeth, making her gasp. "Your father and I made a little business deal."

Rockwell shifted his weight and put his hands back on her breasts, kneading them through the thin material of her nightgown.

"Take your hands off me!" she gasped in outrage. "Conducting business with my father doesn't entitle you to feel me up!"

"This time it does, Fiona. God, you taste good," he said, his breath hot against her neck. "Like strawberries." She strained in an effort to get away from his mouth, which made him chuckle.

"What are you talking about? You're insane."

"I'm taking over your father's business, Fiona."

"What? That's impossible."

"You were part of the deal."

"You're lying! My father would never do that."

He rolled her nipples between his fingers as he chuckled again. "You don't know your father very well. I assure you he has. In the fine print of an addendum to the contract he signed tonight, he gave you to me."

"I don't believe you, you bastard. He doesn't know you're in my room. You've drugged him or something. Daddy! DADDY!"

Fiona thrashed about on the bed, shrieking at the top of her lungs. Rockwell stood up, shaking his head, and opened the bedroom door. When she turned her head and saw her father standing there in the doorway, she went still. Suddenly her blood felt icy in her veins. Her hands and feet felt frozen. Fiona's brain refused to function. *This cannot be happening.*

"Daddy?"

"Do what he says, Fiona," her father said coldly.

"Daddy? No! What do you mean? You can't be serious!" It was finally beginning to dawn on her that what Rockwell said was true; there was no other explanation for her father's behavior.

Rockwell shook his head again and firmly ushered her father back into the hallway. Fiona could hear them talking in low voices, but she couldn't make out what they were saying.

Shutting the door behind him, Rockwell came back in. The dark corporate pirate bore down on her, a blaze of hunger in his slate gray eyes.

"Your father wrangled an extra million out of me by promising you're a virgin. That was an unexpected bonus, and I was glad to pay the extra money."

He tossed the covers completely off her with a flick of his wrist and the cooler air of the room hit her bare legs. Even so, she felt hot -- hot from the sweep of his eyes along her body.

"If you knew me, Fiona, you'd know that there are two things at which I excel. Two things that drive me. Business and sex. With this sweet little deal I get to satisfy two cravings at once."

He climbed onto the bed next to her and laid his hand on her belly, crunching up the material of her nightgown in his fist and pulling it up until her skimpy panties were showing. "I won't hurt you, but I will have you, Fiona. Nothing you say will stop me. Nothing you do will change the fact that I'm going to fuck you. Very soon...and very well."

Her mouth wouldn't work. She tried to talk, but nothing came out. She could only watch silently as he slipped his hand under the elastic of her panties and pushed a long tapered finger through the curly mound of her hair. When the finger reached the moistness that had begun to gather between her pussy lips, she shuddered as pleasure suffused her body, despite the fact that she was scared to death.

Rockwell smiled as he felt her wetness. "Good, this will make it easier for you."

He bent down then and took her nipple in his mouth right through the fabric of her gown. As he sucked on it, his finger continued to probe her pussy, massaging her own creamy arousal into her skin. He pushed his finger farther inside her to verify her virginity, satisfied when he felt a barrier to his intrusion.

Fiona's breath quickened and she realized that she was enjoying his touch. That made her feel dirty and she bucked against him, taking him by surprise.

"Damn you! Get off me. You can't do this!"

"Yes, I can, Fiona." He smiled evilly. "I will."

"You bastard, when this is over I'll drag you to court. You're going to spend the rest of your life in jail! What's wrong with you? You must be some kind of sick man to have to buy women to fuck. Can't you get women on your own--What are you doing?" Her eyes widened and she gasped.

She looked up at him as he straddled her body. He grabbed some pillows and shoved them behind her head. Through the gap in his robe, she could now see his hard cock. This close to her face, it seemed already impossibly large, but she hadn't really seen a cock this close before.

"I'm going to shut you up."

"You mean gag me? W-with your belt?" she stammered, her eyes wide.

He grinned and removed said belt and tossed it aside. "No. Not with the belt." He moved up until his cock was inches from her face.

"Y-y-you can't. You can't! I've never done that before." She strained uselessly against her bonds.

"There's a first time for everything," he assured her. "I'm sure I won't be disappointed."

He took his cock in his hand and thumbed the head as he pressed it to her tightly closed lips. Stroking her lips with the silken head, back and forth, a creamy drop of pre-cum oozed out. He smoothed it over her tightly closed lips, while she stared up at him mute, defiance blazing in her eyes.

"Open for me, Fiona. Open your mouth."

She narrowed her eyes and gave a curt shake of her head.

Out of patience, he took a handful of hair with the other hand and shook her head roughly. "Open!" he bellowed.

Shocked by the vehemence in his voice and the sharp pain in her scalp, she opened her mouth. The moment she did, he pushed inside, engorged and pulsing.

With a deep breath, Rockwell recovered his control. Looking into her frightened eyes, he stroked slowly in and out only an inch or so, to accustom her to having a hot cock in her mouth. She looked up at him, her eyes wide and filled with fear, so he spoke to her soothingly.

"That's it, sweet thing," he groaned. "Lick it, use your tongue..."

She couldn't. All she could do was look up at him, in a daze because a man was fucking her mouth and she was helpless to do anything about it.

Rockwell braced himself on the headboard with his hands and rocked his hips back and forth, going deeper and deeper with each stroke. She heard his long and controlled breaths. She heard the wet sounds as his cock slid in and out of her mouth. And, oh, God, she heard the tiny, whimpering sounds coming from her own throat.

"Relax, Fiona," he said. "I'm going deeper. Ahhhh, God, that's incredible..."

Fiona clenched her hands into fists as she felt him push his thickened rod to the back of her throat, gagging her just as he promised. His eyes were closed now. She could see a sheen of sweat on his face.

"Christ."

Rockwell sucked in a ragged breath through his gritted teeth. He just kept picturing that wide-eyed look of alarm on her face when she realized he was going to push his cock into her mouth. That image, along with the feeling of her innocent lips wrapped around his rock hard shaft, drove him closer and closer to climax...seven, maybe eight strokes and he couldn't help himself; he gave a hoarse shout when his cum erupted from him in hot, vital spurts. He gripped the headboard as the profound

pleasure radiated from his cock and balls and washed over his entire body.

When at last he looked down at her, he saw his cum leaking out of the corners of her mouth, and his flat abdomen bore spatters of it. Smiling down at her, he smoothed her brow gently.

"Very good, Fiona. Marvelous, in fact. I'm going to pull out now, but I want your mouth open."

As he withdrew from between her glistening lips, he watched her with narrowed eyes, to see if she would obey.

Lifting her chin in rebellion, she spat his cum at him, spraying his stomach with it. Her eyes blazed in silent defiance. Rockwell wanted to smile; he rather appreciated her spirit. However, it wouldn't do to let her see that, so he suppressed his smile and sighed instead.

"Open your mouth," he repeated.

She just stared at him. Shaking his head, he found a nipple and pinched it sharply. She cried out, and then finally obeyed, glaring at him. With his hand, he milked some more cum out of his cock and let it dribble onto her tongue.

"Swallow it, Fiona."

He watched her throat closely as she reluctantly complied. "That's it."

He rose on his knees and let out some slack in her restraints. Turning away, Fiona wiped her face on the pillowcase as he stretched out on his side next to her, one knee bent. His cock, still heavy with blood, lay on his thigh.

"Come and lick me clean. I've loosened your bonds." He gestured negligently at his flat stomach, spotted white with his spunk. "You'd do well to obey. You really haven't any choice, and you won't like what happens if you decide to rebel. I do find it enjoyable to take a struggling woman, but it doesn't have to be that way. Come now. Do it. Lick the cum off my stomach."

Her eyes full of loathing, she bent over him and lapped at the droplets on his skin. He watched her pink tongue dart out to take up the thick splatters of cum and felt himself getting hard again.

Fiona shuddered with a mixture of revulsion and excitement as Rockwell leaned forward and grasped the back of her neck. He pulled her up to him and kissed her, pushing his tongue into her mouth. She could still taste the lingering pungency of his cum.

With a low chuckle, he rose off the bed, grabbed his satchel, and disappeared into her bathroom. She heard the tap running. While he was gone, she took the opportunity to check her restraints. There was enough slack now that she could examine them closely. Frowning, she flicked the switch back and forth, succeeding only in loosening and tightening one side. She couldn't find anyway to free herself.

Rockwell's low laugh of amusement startled her.

"You can't open them. I have the only key. You're mine until I let you free."

He carried a bowl of steaming water, several towels, and a can of something tucked under his arm. After setting these things down, he adjusted her wrist restraints so her arms were again outstretched and then removed her ankle restraints completely. She immediately clamped her legs together tightly, causing him to frown.

"Lay on your back and spread your legs," he ordered as he finally shed his robe. His voice was soft, but it was clearly a command, not a request.

She watched as he then pulled something from a previously unseen satchel. When he flicked it open with a practiced flip, she realized it was an old-fashioned razor, the kind with a wicked looking straight blade. Her heart began to pound in fear.

"Wh-what are you going to do?"

His face held no hint of what was to come, and Fiona was too terrified to even imagine. Quaking with fear, she parted her legs obediently while he set the bowl and towel on the night stand.

As he leaned over her, she felt his fingers comb through the dark triangle of hair on her mound, tugging gently.

"I prefer bare pussies, Fiona, so I'm going to shave you. I'm quite good at it." He looked at her a moment and swore, "Damn nightgown."

With a yank on the hem, he pulled her gown taut and swept the razor upward, slicing the material neatly up the middle. Two more cuts at the shoulders and she was essentially nude. She closed her eyes to shut out the naked lust she saw on his face.

"Much better."

He laid some towels under her bottom and then took a steaming washcloth from the bowl. She gasped when he covered her pubic area with the hot towel. The heat felt sinfully good but it did little to diminish her fear, especially when he turned his back on her and sharpened the razor on a flat stone and then on a strop. The repetitive scraping slap made Fiona cringe.

When he removed the towel, he dispensed some shaving gel into his hand and spread it over her mound, anywhere she had hair.

"Don't worry, Fiona. I'm very skilled with a blade. If you keep still, you won't be hurt."

He took a few slow deep breaths, and then at last, with a serene look on his face, he proceeded to draw the blade over her skin.

Fiona tried to do as he said, but when the cold, sharp steel touched her pussy lips, she wanted desperately to flinch. She was frightened out of her wits, and yet...it excited her. As he scraped the razor over her soft folds and secret crevices, she didn't even breathe, exhaling only when he rinsed the blade in the warm water. Sometimes he used his other hand to pull at her skin to make it taut. Through it all she could feel a wanton pulsing between her legs.

"You're getting wet," he observed with a smile.

Fiona felt her face burn with shame. Rockwell aroused her more than she'd ever

been aroused before, and the underlying fear she felt from his dominance and control only added to it.

He nudged her thigh impatiently. "Wider."

She opened her legs even more. Each time the razor touched her she wanted to shrink away from keen edge, but at the same time a naughty thrill raced through her. Fiona couldn't understand why her body was reacting like this. What was wrong with her that a man who was forcing her to be his sexual plaything could excite her? She had no answer.

When he laid the razor down and dipped a clean washcloth into the hot water, Fiona released the breath she'd been holding in an explosive burst. She was finally able to relax as he bathed her, rinsing away all the gel and hair. She felt enormously relieved that he was finished, but apprehensive about what was to come.

After he cleared away the shaving implements, Rockwell examined his handiwork. Fiona now had a bare pussy, all silk and softness. Her pouting pink flesh glistened, free of the curling hair that had graced her mound a short while before.

Suddenly he was overwhelmed by a hunger for her sweetness; the need to feel her satiny pussy lips with his tongue consumed him. More than anything he wanted to feel her buck against his face as he licked her, teased her, sucked the intoxicating syrup directly from her virginal opening.

He made a low sound deep in his throat as he lunged forward and buried his face between her thighs. Fiona flinched in surprise. He had his hands on the backs of her knees, pushing up and back, keeping her legs spread. His tongue, hot and slick, slurped at her, delving between the folds of her lips, edging around her sensitive clit.

Fiona felt him circle her swollen entrance with his lips. She'd never let anyone get this close to her pussy and was shocked at the intense pleasure suffusing her body as he gorged himself on her. She felt her control slipping away as her hips moved off the bed toward his glorious sucking mouth. With each lick, each loud slurp, she felt hotter and more desperate for release. She had played with herself many times before; she knew what an orgasm felt like, but this was far more intense than anything she'd ever achieved with her own fingers. Rockwell was driving her into a frenzy. All she could think about was grinding her pussy against his face in a wordless demand for a climax only he could give her. Her whole world centered around his tongue and lips and what they were doing to her. She didn't like the harsh guttural sounds she was making, but at this point she didn't care. She was going to cum. Oh, God, was she going to *cum*!

Rockwell knew when she was close to climaxing; he'd been gauging the increasingly urgent undulations of her hips. Every time her pussy pulsed against his chin, his cock throbbed in eager response. He thrilled to every strangled whimper she struggled to suppress. When she finally approached the peak of excitement, he stopped, leaving her teetering on the edge of a violent, all-encompassing orgasm. She twisted against her bonds in panting frustration, but he only smirked at her, his face glazed from her streaming juices.

"Goddamn you, you sick fuck!" she cried.

"You want me, don't you, Fiona?" He looked at her vulva, marvelously swollen from the onslaught of his mouth. He touched a fingertip to the pouty opening and laughed

when her pussy convulsed, almost pulling at his finger.

"No!" she said through gritted teeth. "You're making me do this!"

Rockwell laughed again. Despite the fact that her snatch was dripping, she was denying her own obvious pleasure. Very well, he thrived on challenge. He teased her even more by drawing his finger around the outer edges of those baby-soft lips, amused by the pulsing spasms this caused.

"You're going to ask me to fuck you..." He placed a hand behind her knee, raised one of her legs up, and rubbed her clit with the fleshy pad of his finger.

"No!" Fiona panted, her body tense and unmoving except for the reflexive twitches of her steaming pussy.

"Yes." He moved up the bed until his knees hugged her flanks. Then he leaned forward and slicked up the underside of his cock and with her juice. "You'll beg me to take your virginity..."

"No! Stop it!" Fiona gasped for breath, sweat trickling down her temples into her hair. She was biting her lip and she'd turned her head aside.

"...beg me to pound you senseless..."

"No, no, please..." she sobbed as he slid his cock against her sensitive clit.

"...to give you the orgasm you so desperately want."

As he stroked her slowly with the hot length of his shaft, he sucked in a breath, fighting his own urge to cum. What a release it would be to shoot his load over her stomach and breasts, to watch it land in steaming spurts on her skin.

No. He would deny himself until later.

With an iron will, he lifted her other leg up and concentrated on driving her to desperation instead.

"Feel that, Fiona," he said, "my thick cock sliding against you."

She let out a whimper when he pushed his hips in a rapid series of thrusts. The friction against her sultry wet lips was driving her mad.

"Think how it would feel to have it inside you, filling you. It would feel so good...so...fucking ...good. All you have to do is say the word. Just tell me you want it."

She stubbornly said nothing, although her breath came in quick pants and her hands were clenched into fists.

She needed more convincing and Rockwell was happy to oblige. He released her leg and moved over her straining body. With a smooth pivot of his hips, he pushed just the head of his prick into her. Balancing his weight on his arms, the only part of his body that touched her was his cock.

She jerked her gaze to his. "Oh, God, no! No, please don't!"

He saw such terror in her eyes, that he gave in to an irrational urge to comfort her. "That's only the head, Fiona," he said softly. "Just relax, and it will feel good. I promise."

She closed her eyes and made an incoherent noise in response.

Since his words had no affect, he decided to show her. Rocking his hips, he entered her again and again, letting only the head go inside. Her pussy was so tight his cock head made a loud sucking sound as it went in and out. Watching her face carefully, he altered his speed, sometimes pulling out and sliding the length of his cock against her twitching clit, only to slip inside again just that bare inch to tease her some more. Eventually he felt the unconscious shifting of her hips in a rhythm that augmented his movements. This grudging response told him she was letting go of her inhibitions, going beyond her maidenly fears, and getting lost in the pleasure.

"I can tell you like it, but I want you to tell me." He leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Tell me you like the feel of my cock."

She kept her eyes closed, her mouth shut.

"You want it deep inside you, don't you, Fiona? This teasing is driving you crazy." Again, he moved his hips quickly, making her pant and thrash. "The only way to get satisfaction from me is to say it. The only way I'll let you cum is if you beg me to fuck you."

His cock head throbbed as he nudged it in and out of her tight entrance. As she edged closer and closer to a climax, he pushed her more urgently. Tiny beads of perspiration formed on her forehead and she was panting harshly, but continued to keep her silence. He was sweating himself from the effort it took to withhold his own explosion.

When she had built up to climax again, he again denied her the release. With a quick jerk of his hips he withdrew, leaving her swollen pussy aching and empty.

"No, no please! PLEASE!" She arched off the bed toward him. He moved away, but kept her primed with soothing strokes of his finger on her clit.

"Please, what?" He pinched his cock just below the head, squeezing it tightly to postpone his own climax. He wasn't immune to the teasing himself. The glossy, buttery feel of her pussy lips against and around the tip of his prick was torture. His cock pulsed hotly in his fist, but he did not cum.

"Oh, God!" she gasped hoarsely, struggling with her pride. Fiona hated needing something from him, but she wanted to cum so badly now that she didn't care. Her pussy ached and throbbed with urgency. She could barely breathe for the harsh need that clutched her.

"Fuck me, you sick bastard." Her voice was so soft he barely heard it.

His gray eyes bored into her green ones as he shook his head at her. "You can do better than that."

She gasped as he shifted down and licked her between her legs again. The feeling of his tongue on her was intense, as if every nerve in her body was focused in her erect clit. In no time at all he brought her back up to the edge and let her hang. After the

urgency receded, he did it again. And again. Until she couldn't think anymore, and her entire being was one desperate, quivering mass of need.

"God, Rockwell, fuck me! Please, please fuck me!"

He rubbed his soft tongue against her aching clit, making her jump.

"Tell me more," he growled against her thigh.

"PLEASE! Please shove it in me! I need your cock--please give it to me!"

He sucked one of her pussy lips gently and pushed a finger in her juicy twat. She couldn't stop her body from bucking up against him. "More," he coaxed.

"Oh, fuck! I need your hot cock in my pussy, Rockwell. I need it. Please, please fuck me hard. I'm begging you, please!"

She panted as he slid up and dipped his tongue into her belly button.

"Oh, yes! YES! Stuff it in me!" she gasped, her breasts heaving.

He moved up even farther, sucked hard on a nipple. She almost cried.

"Fuck me now! Fuck me hard!" Fiona urged him with her legs, wrapping them around his waist.

With a savage smile of victory, Rockwell positioned himself above her, nestled his cock at her entrance...and pushed.

She was so slick with sweet fluid that if she hadn't been a virgin, he might have slipped right in. As it was, her passage was very, very snug. He was glad because he wanted this to be excruciatingly slow; he wanted to feel her maidenhead tear under the onslaught of his rigid cock.

"Oh, God," she whimpered.

As soon as he started pushing inside her, Fiona wasn't sure she wanted this after all. His throbbing thickness just kept coming, deeper and deeper until he butted up against the supple, virginal barrier--not hard enough to rip it, but enough to test its resiliency. She writhed under his body, trying to scoot away from the steady, painful pressure of his invasion. She'd never had anything in there thicker than a finger.

"N-n-n-no...," she panted. "You're hurting me—" She whined as he pushed again.

"Damn it." He stopped, breathing hard. Wedged a couple of inches inside her, his cock pulsed a harsh demand; he ignored it. "Jesus Fucking Christ, you're tight. Relax and it won't hurt so damn much."

Reaching down, he fingered her clit, bringing her up again toward a climax. Patiently he aroused her again, using just the right amount of pressure, slicking up the button with her juices, and when she was ready, this time, he let her cum.

With a keening cry, she strained against her bonds, stiffening beneath him as the orgasm crashed through her body. Her vice-like cunt convulsed around him, squeezing him mercilessly. Surprisingly she even called out his name. While she was in the throes of her orgasmic spasms, he bore down on her again with inexorable

pressure. This time he didn't stop when he felt the vigilant resistance of her virginity; he reveled in the feeling of her maidenhead ripping away from the snug walls, pushing inward deeper and deeper. He was obsessed with a relentless, single-minded need to be buried inside her.

"Yesss," he hissed. At last, his balls nestled against her anus as he ground himself against her with a rumbling moan of pleasure.

Rockwell began to move--slow, deep strokes, rhythmic and penetrating. She was incredibly tight, but he held back. He knew the longer he forced himself to wait, the more intense his climax would be.

He looked down at Fiona. The more he moved, the more her face seemed to relax, though she seemed to still be fighting the building pleasure. When her legs stole around his hips and she rocked upward against him, he knew she was beyond the pain.

"It feels good, doesn't it, Fiona? Eight inches of rock hard meat inside you. Can you feel every inch of it fill you up as I push into you?" He gradually increased the tempo of his strokes. The friction of their fucking was almost electric. When she let out a gasping cry, he moved faster.

"Cum, Fiona. I want you to cum again for me." He thrust into her in earnest now, his hips pumping like a well-oiled machine. His sweat dripped onto her jiggling breasts. From the corner of his eye he could see her fists opening and closing. Her panting cries spurred him on.

"Almost there..." he grunted into her neck. "I'm going to cum inside you, Fiona—"

At his words, her body went rigid for one moment. Then she bucked up against him, collapsing into wracking shudders as her second orgasm overtook her. He exulted in the low, wrenching climactic sounds she made. When her cunt clenched him in tight, undulate, repetitive grips, his head dropped forward and he came.

With a guttural cry, he exploded inside her. His cock convulsed as his spunk erupted from him in powerful, prolonged spurts. Every muscle in his body tensed. He pictured the thick white bursts gushing from the head of his cock, and suddenly he had to see it for himself. He pulled out and jerked on the shaft so that he could watch. As if in slow motion, a long arc of his cum jetted out and splattered her stomach. Again and again, the creamy essence landed upon her until she glistened with it, the drops shiny and separate like liquid pearls.

Looking at the turgid organ in his hand, he saw that it had been christened with her virginal blood. His fingers and palm were streaked with it. The sight of that crimson stain on his skin filled him with satisfaction.

"Christ, Fiona, you're a great fuck." He reached out and squeezed her breast, smiling when she gasped and her cunt spasmed. "And it's only going to get better."

Fiona fought tears of shame as she realized that he wasn't going to be satisfied with taking her virginity. Rockwell had an agenda. She had no idea what it was, but she did know her ordeal was far from over.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. II: Fiona's Papa Bears Witness

by *Whispersecret* ©

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If only every business deal could end up with me fucking a gorgeous virgin, Rockwell thought. He sat back on his haunches, amused because Fiona was pretending to be asleep. She lay there, her long black hair in glorious disarray on the sheets, her stomach dotted with his sperm. Between her legs, he saw more of his spunk, along with a little of her virginal blood, seeping out of her pussy. He dipped his finger into that sticky warmth, coated it, and then almost lovingly wiped it on her lips. She immediately flinched and opened her eyes, betraying the fact that she had not truly been sleeping.

"I'm going to release you, Fiona."

Fiona's eyes flashed with excitement. Maybe she'd been wrong, and it was over after all. Maybe he would leave and she could try to forget this hateful assault had ever happened--try to convince herself that she hadn't enjoyed it.

Rockwell rose from the bed with the fluid, masculine grace of an athlete. Despite the fact that the man had just force-fucked her, she had to admire the perfection of his body. She imagined he must work out in a personal gym every day to have developed a physique like his. Each muscle in his body was beautifully defined.

Her eyes were drawn to his cock, streaked with her blood and their mingled juices. Remembering how it had filled her body and driven her to a violent climax, she flushed hotly and her pussy twitched as if it yearned for more.

No, she told herself, I didn't enjoy it. I couldn't have. My climax was a purely biological reaction, my body's reflex to stimulation. That was all -- because no decent woman would enjoy what I just went through.

Rockwell chuckled, and she snapped her gaze to his face. He looked amused, as if he knew exactly what she'd been thinking. His stance reeked of arrogance, and his penis, although hanging at rest, seemed to mock her. As she looked at it, she could have sworn it flexed. Her eyes flicked up to Rockwell's face and then back down. There was no mistaking it. His cock was rising again, filling with blood.

"I'm going to let you wash in a moment. But first, you will lick me clean as you did before." As he spoke he leaned over her, unlocked her restraints, and freed her wrists from the bracelets.

"You can't be serious," Fiona said.

He merely looked at her.

Again, he was asking her to perform some depraved act. The mere thought of sucking his dick clean of her blood and their secretions was disgusting.

He stood next to the bed, waiting as she rubbed her wrists. She knew he would not tolerate much delay, so she scooted off the bed and took his hardening cock in her hands. From the first tentative lick, she recognized the distinctive flavor of his cum,

pungent, salty, strangely rich and earthy, even powerful. There was the sharp coppery taste of blood, and behind that was a tangy, fruity essence that must be her own. Fiona felt uncertain as she licked and sucked him. The combined flavors were not entirely unpleasant; she almost liked the taste, which made her feel distinctly uneasy.

Rockwell's prick throbbed with renewed need as he watched a variety of expressions play out over her face. She had obviously been uncomfortable with the idea of tasting herself on his prick, but he could see that now she was starting to like it. Her tongue flicked out with more enthusiasm. She seemed to be taking the time to fully appreciate the nuances of the flavors in her mouth. When his cock and balls were completely clean, he pulled out and stroked her head gently in praise. His shaft was wet with her saliva, and as much as he wanted to pump between her lips again, he would not cum in her mouth now. Yes, he had an amazing libido and had been known to fuck all night long, but he wanted to pace himself.

"Enough," he said. "Go and wash. Take as long as you like, but use the shower, not the bath."

With a slight gesture of dismissal, he turned his back on her. She wasted no time in scrambling off the bed to run into the bathroom. Fiona couldn't believe her luck. There was a phone in her bathroom. She could lock the fucking door against Rockwell. By the time he broke it down--and she had no doubt that he would--she could call the police.

Too late she realized that the knob on the bathroom door had been completely removed. She picked up the phone; it was dead. Damn him. He'd thought of everything.

As she hung up the phone, she told herself that a way to escape would come along. She just needed to be ready to act. For now, at the very least, she could rid her skin of the dried flakes of his cum. She turned on the water for a shower.

While Fiona was busy in the bathroom, Rockwell walked to the intercom on the wall. He pressed a button.

"I hope you're there, Sheridan."

A weak voice came over the speaker. "I'm here."

"Did you listen?"

"God help me. Yes." Fiona's father sounded drained, as if he'd just been defeated in battle. And so he had.

Rockwell chuckled. "I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did."

"Fuck you."

Rockwell laughed again. So the old man still had some fight in him.

"Bring up some brandy. And then stay there by the intercom until further instruction. The night is young and there is much more to be experienced." Rockwell jabbed another button, locking the intercom on transmission only.

Ever since his wife died, Frank Sheridan's business had been in trouble. She had always been the brain behind the company's success. That was why he'd married her in the first place. When Rockwell came along and initiated a take-over bid, Frank knew immediately that he would sell. He'd been screwing things up for a year and it showed in the earnings reports. When Rockwell made an offer, not wanting to appear desperate, Frank ordered his team to propose a half-hearted counteroffer. And so it began.

One day the negotiations were dragging. Neither side seemed to be making any headway. Rockwell, apparently uninterested, fiddled with paper clips and let his subordinates do the talking.

Suddenly, Fiona burst into the room like an explosion of springtime. Every single man in the room straightened up in his seat. She wore a sheer, billowing blouse unbuttoned to the waist to reveal the tight tank top and a short skirt.

"Fiona, what a surprise," Frank had said, not in the least surprised. He had arranged for her entrance. It wasn't uncommon for him to use his daughter's striking beauty to distract his business adversaries. He nodded with approval when he noticed her nipples were erect.

She stopped short, as if she hadn't known that the room would be full of people.

"I thought you'd be ready for lunch by now, Daddy. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt."

Rockwell stood, buttoning his jacket. "Not at all. I think everyone here would agree that this type of interruption is quite welcome."

Fiona smiled as Frank made introductions. Frank noted with satisfaction that Rockwell showed a definite interest in his daughter, and when the meeting broke up, Rockwell remained behind and agreed to lunch with them.

The next day Rockwell had insisted on a private meeting at Sheridan's country estate along the James River. Frank spent the entire morning wondering what Rockwell had in mind. He'd told Fiona to make sure she stayed at the house that day. She'd grudgingly agreed.

Once he arrived, Rockwell didn't waste any time. He followed Frank into the study and handed him a thick file. Doffing his jacket, Rockwell poured himself a drink.

"I'll wait while you read the documents."

Frank read them--twice, actually, because he wasn't sure if he'd actually understood. This couldn't be right.

"I don't think I understand," Frank had said, frowning as he scanned the papers a third time.

"Come on, Frank. Don't be stupid. I want your daughter for a week--to use as I wish. In exchange, I will defer to every single original item that you listed during the initial negotiations, and pay the full purchase price."

While truly flabbergasted at this turn of events, Frank Sheridan didn't hesitate.

"She's a virgin, you know," Frank said cannily. "Three million more for her cherry."

Rockwell didn't bat an eyelash. "Ridiculous."

"Two, then. I guarantee she'll be worth it."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand," Rockwell replied.

Sheridan frowned. "Did I mention her tits are like—"

Frank had to break off because Fiona herself breezed in. She was wearing an almost scandalous bathing suit and a diaphanous cover up. Frank smiled inwardly. *Atta girl*, he thought. *Impeccable timing*.

"Hi, Mr. Rockwell. Nice to see you again. I'm going to the pool, Dad. Want to have lunch out there later? Say an hour?"

Frank smiled. "All right, baby girl. Rockwell, why don't you stick around for lunch."

"Yes, please do, Mr. Rockwell." Fiona turned her bright green eyes on Rockwell and beamed at him.

"Very, very tempting, but I'm afraid not." Rockwell smiled down at her and shook his head. "I think I may have urgent business with my banker, but perhaps I can get a rain check."

After Fiona sauntered out, Sheridan practically rubbed his hands together in greed.

"Three million," Frank stated firmly. The man would have to be made of granite not to have felt something when he saw those tits.

After a little more dickering, they agreed on one million, a couple of minor conditions, and the deal was done.

Now, in the privacy of his bedroom, Frank was sitting on the floor, directly beneath the intercom. He leaned back against the wall, filled with shame. He knew he was no paragon of virtue. That was obvious; he'd pimped his own daughter to Rockwell for a million dollars.

But it wasn't like he was some deadbeat father who couldn't put food on the table. For nineteen years he'd given her everything her heart desired, and when he died she and her brother would inherit everything. After the deal with Rockwell closed, the estate would be worth roughly fifty million dollars, even after the government gobbled up its share. That was certainly worth something. Plus, he'd made damn sure she wasn't going to be hurt. The contract specified that Rockwell would "inflict no bodily injury resulting in physical marks, beyond light bruises." Some father he would be if he'd allowed Fiona to be harmed. No, this was only a little harmless sex.

However, he still hadn't meant to jerk his own cock as the sounds came over the intercom. He just hadn't been able to stop himself...

"That's it, sweet thing...lick it, use your tongue...I'm going deeper. Ahhhh, God,

that's incredible..."

Listening to that bastard fuck his daughter's mouth, hearing Rockwell's explosive groan of release as he came, had given Sheridan a painful erection. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't control his arousal as he pictured what was happening to Fiona.

Thankfully, while Rockwell had shaved Fiona, his hard-on had waned. But then, when he realized that the man was eating Fiona's pussy, he became excited again.

Frank unfastened his pants. He was just going to give his stiff prick some room--that was all. His dick was so hot that when it popped free of his briefs the air felt sublimely cool. Without the fabric of his pants rubbing it, surely his hard-on would subside.

"You want my cock inside you, don't you, Fiona? The only way to get satisfaction from me is to say it. The only way I'll let you cum is if you beg me to fuck you."

Frank bit his lip in an effort to resist the urge to stroke himself, but he couldn't shut out his daughter's moans. Her insidious sounds of pleasure needled their way into his brain and down to his aching penis until he could hardly breathe. He felt surrounded by the hot, heavy sounds of fucking. His mind was filled with images of Fiona's voluptuous naked body writhing in ecstasy as Rockwell pleased her with his prick and tongue.

"Oh, fuck! I need your hot cock in my pussy, Rockwell. I need it. Please, please fuck me hard! I'm begging you, please!" And a moment later, *"Oh, yes! Yes! Stuff it in me!"*

That was *his daughter*, for God's sake! His baby was getting fucked for the first time, and his degenerate prick was hard as a rock.

Frank heard her gasp, *"Oh, God...."* He could hear the anguish in her voice. The sound of it tore him up inside, even as it drove him wild with lust. Rockwell's cock was inside her. He was filling her with his rigid dick, and Frank was hearing it all.

"It feels good, doesn't it. Eight inches of rock hard meat inside you. Can you feel every inch of it fill you up as I push into you?"

The sounds became more and more frenzied. Frank knew that Rockwell was vigorously pumping now. Even if he couldn't actually see the images of the fucking, his brain supplied them. Desperate to relieve his almost painful erection, Sheridan choked his cock in a merciless grip, but once he had his hand on it, he couldn't resist anymore.

"Cum, Fiona. I want you to cum again for me."

Out of control, Frank masturbated to the sounds of his daughter getting fucked for the first time. He moved his hand with forceful jerks. His own harsh breathing unnaturally loud to him.

Then he heard the sounds of his daughter cumming. *Oh, God, my baby girl*, he thought as he pumped his hand, *she's cumming as that bastard fucks her.*

Moments later Rockwell's hoarse cry pushed Frank over the edge. He thought about

Rockwell spurting streams of spunk into his daughter's tight cunt as he yanked on his cock with demonic zeal. His own incestuous orgasm was long and intense. Jets of his cum spouted onto the Aubusson carpet.

Rockwell's laughter echoed in his ears as Frank sat sprawled on the floor, stunned at what he'd just done. He'd essentially just fucked his own daughter by proxy. Frank stared at the evidence of his vile act. His hand was decorated with gooey white gobs. A foot away, his priceless antique carpet bore blotches where it had already soaked in. *How could I have jerked off thinking about my own daughter?* Frank sat there, immobile, incapable of rational thought until Rockwell's demand for brandy finally roused him from his guilt-ridden stupor.

Frank stuffed his dick back in his pants and went to fetch the brandy for Rockwell. To his great surprise, a great hulk of a man stood outside his bedroom door.

"Who the hell are you?" Sheridan demanded.

"Let's just say I'm your supervisor."

Frank stood straighter to communicate his customary authority, but it was difficult. This man was at least six feet five inches tall and roughly the size of a refrigerator. As Frank silently challenged the stranger, he saw a glint of ruthlessness in the man's cold blue eyes.

"I'm here to make sure you follow orders," the man said.

Frank cursed under his breath. Had this guy heard him masturbating? His face flamed red at the thought of this intruder witnessing his perverted act. Without a word, Frank strode toward the staircase. The big gorilla fell into step behind him.

The walk down the stairs and through the mansion to the library cleared his head a little. At least he didn't have to deal with any of the servants. He'd dismissed them all for the night. He wasn't sure what he'd do in the morning when they reported for work.

In the library, the liquor cabinet held a varied selection of brandies. After deliberating, he chose the most expensive one, knowing that Rockwell would most likely know if he tried to pass off an inferior brew. Plus, King Kong was watching closely. He hesitated one moment and then impulsively grabbed a bottle of bourbon for himself.

"Make yourself useful," he said to the guard. "Get two of those glasses."

As Frank returned to Fiona's room with the liquor, he told himself to get over his feelings of guilt. It wasn't as if he'd actually touched her. Now that would be sick. He told himself that everybody jacked off. *Everybody*. In fact, he doubted whether any red-blooded man would have been able to resist under those circumstances.

Yeah, Frank thought, most men probably would have been pumping their meat at the first moan. I held off for a long time.

Frank began to feel a little proud of himself for resisting so long. Besides, fantasies were only fantasies. No harm in them whatsoever. After he'd reconciled the act in his mind, Frank started to anticipate more voyeuristic self-pleasure. He actually hadn't cum that hard in months.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. III: Taming Fiona

by *Whispersecret* ©

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When Frank Sheridan delivered the brandy to his daughter's bedroom, Rockwell ordered him to return to his "post" and then closed the door on him. He examined the bottle by the light of one of the many candles in the room. Sheridan hadn't skimped. *Smart man.*

Rockwell set the bottle and glasses on the side table. Bright light spilled from the bathroom where Fiona was still in the shower. She would be vigorously scrubbing away all traces of his cum from her body. He decided to check on her.

The shower was luxuriously oversized with twin nozzles and a built-in marble bench. Through the steamy glass doors, Rockwell had a hazy view of Fiona. She was facing away from him, just standing under twin jets, letting the opposing streams of water pour over her. She'd pinned her hair up, allowing him a tantalizing view of her back and deliciously rounded ass. His mouth almost watered as he thought about licking between her cheeks, feeling the puckered hole of her anus with his tongue.

Time for Round Three.

Rockwell took a moment to stab the appropriate button on the bathroom intercom. Then, his eyes on her lush naked body, he started stroking his hardening cock.

She hadn't noticed him yet. Reaching for the soap, she began to rub the white bar over her skin, working up a lather. She soaped her arms and shoulders, caressed her own breasts, making the nipples stiffen. Fuck, she had a great set of tits. He couldn't wait to squeeze them again, feel them overflow his hands, feel the hard nipples rub his palms. His mouth went dry when she reached down to wash her pussy. Her fingers delving between her legs and then around and between the twin globes of her firm young ass finally drove him to movement.

With a swift jerk, he opened the shower door and entered the steamy enclosure. Fiona spun around with a gasp. When she noticed his raging hard-on, thrusting outward like a steel pole, she backed up against the tile.

"What are you doing? I thought you said I could take a shower!" In a charmingly modest gesture, she crossed her arms across her soapy breasts.

Rockwell gave her a predatory smile. "Turn around."

Clutching the soap, she did as she was told, which was encouraging. The hot water cascaded down on them both now and the heat felt marvelous. How convenient that she had a shower large enough for a group. He placed his hands on her hips and stroked her smooth soapy skin. The head of his stiff prick poked her ass cheeks. Stepping closer, he nestled it snugly between.

"Let's fuck, Fiona." He knew Sheridan would be listening by now and he wanted her father to know what was in store. "This time you tell me how you want to do it."

Rockwell slid his hands up her torso until he had her full breasts in his grip. He squeezed them to his heart's content, groaning when her nipples stiffened. As he rolled them between his fingers, he bent over and bit her neck gently. Fiona began to pant and he felt her hips move against him.

"Tell me how you want it, Fiona. Tell me exactly how you want me to fuck you."

Keeping one hand on her plump breast, he slid the other down and found her clit. Tweaking her nipples and stimulating her stiff little button, he soon had her squirming with pleasure in his arms. Her cleft was slippery with her arousal, inviting him to slip a finger inside her.

"I was going to fuck your ass tonight," he said huskily, "but I think I'll save that for later." Rockwell was startled to feel her cunt clamp around his finger as he said that.

"What was *that*?" He chuckled. "You like that idea, don't you?"

She only turned her face away.

He took his finger from her pussy and circled the pinched hole of her virgin ass. She shuddered in his arms and a low moan rippled from her throat. Smiling to himself, he slicked up his finger and pushed it into her asshole. She moaned louder. Keeping his finger in her ass, he reached around with his other hand and plunged a couple of fingers into her pussy.

"You're wet, Fiona," he murmured into her ear. "Very, very wet for me."

"No," she mumbled weakly. "No, don't...don't make me..."

Rockwell pumped his finger in and out of her asshole and laughed. "I don't have to make you do anything at all, my dear. You're soaking wet for me, and not just because of the shower. Your clit is throbbing against my finger and your heart is racing. It's quite obvious you want me to fuck the hell out of your ass."

Fiona took him completely by surprise when she elbowed him sharply in the ribs. She jerked herself out of his embrace, causing his fingers to pop out of her cunt and anus. Her eyes blazing with fury, she spun around and faced him.

"Shut up, damn you! Just shut up and stop it! I don't like any of the things you're making me do!" she shrieked. "This—this isn't my fault!"

Her voice shook with emotion. Her chest heaved from the fervor of her outburst. "You're holding me against my will. Just taking me whenever and however you want. There's something wrong with you. *You're* the one who's sick! You — you're the psychotic asshole getting his kicks from raping a defenseless woman!"

A muscle twitched in Rockwell's cheek. He stared at her, unblinking. As she stood under the pelting stream of water, she took a tiny step backward, apparently realizing she'd made a mistake.

"I don't think you understand the situation here, Fiona." He pinned her with a rigid stare and took her by the arms, holding her in a steely grip. "I am in charge here. You are here for my enjoyment. *I bought you.*" He paused to let that sink in. "What's more, you liked what I did to you before. You fucking loved it, but you're too afraid to admit it."

She gaped at him in shock and shook her head vigorously.

"Yes, Fiona. Don't lie to yourself. You begged me to fuck you."

She shook her head again and covered her ears with her hands. "No! Stop saying that!"

He grabbed her wrists and yanked her hands away from her ears. "You came, Fiona." His face was inches away from hers. His voice came out with all the force of a locomotive. "You came *twice*. I fucked you and you liked it!"

She was crying in earnest now, her naked body shaking. She stammered almost hysterically, "NO! I'm n-not like that! I'm not! No woman in her right mind could like that, you sadistic son of a bitch!"

"You haven't the slightest idea what sadistic is, Fiona!" he shouted. "But you're about to learn."

Rockwell was unable to control his anger. He had done his best to help her enjoy this as much as he was, and she was throwing it in his face. All he could think about was teaching her a lesson.

He forced her down to her knees and jabbed her face with his pole. She flinched from it, so he fisted a hand in her ebony hair and pulled back so that her chin tilted up and he could clearly see her luminous green eyes.

"Suck it." His voice left no room for indecision on her part.

He braced himself, with the other hand against the tile wall in front of him and his feet against the marble bench. This angled his body for more extreme penetration. His lips twitched in a triumphant smile as she opened her mouth and he shoved his cock inside.

This time, his sole intent was to use her for his own pleasure. Plunging deeply, he concentrated on the sight of his prick disappearing completely into the carnal heat of her mouth. His heavy balls slapped against her chin each time he rammed himself down her throat. After only a couple of minutes, with a tortured groan he pulled out, leaving her coughing and gasping for breath. His crimson cock stood up at an angle, throbbing and wet.

"Stand up and turn around."

After she obeyed, he grasped her hip and pushed on her shoulder to bend her forward. A couple of nudges with his foot got her to spread her legs. Perfect. Clearly visible, her shaven pussy was a pouty, sleek target. Bending his knees slightly, he angled the head of his cock at her entrance and shoved.

This was not the provocative, indulgent coupling he'd given her earlier. He paid no attention to her pleasure; this time he didn't care if she came or not. All he wanted was to exert his mastery over her. This was pure animal fucking-- male using female with aggressive fury. He pounded against her so hard that her feet fleetingly left the floor with each thrust. He punctuated his invasion with loud rhythmic grunts, partly because it felt so damn good, and partly because he knew Daddy was listening in.

"You're so...*uuh!*...fucking...*uuh!*...tight," he ground out the words between grunts.

In a matter of moments, he felt his cum surge up through his shaft and shoot out like a geyser. As he spurted deep into her pussy, he held her immobile, her face pressed up against the tile. The water continued to cascade down their bodies in scalding rivulets, the steam sequestering them in obscurity.

After catching his breath, he pulled out. Fiona slumped to the floor of the shower where she curled up in the corner, her legs bent and her arms wrapped around her knees. He tried to ignore her. Picking up the soap from the floor where she had dropped it, he washed himself vigorously.

He was still angry. He'd been more than ready to indulge her and fuck her ass until she sobbed her pleasure. She'd so obviously wanted that, and he had felt strangely eager to please her. He had felt almost impatient with the need to make her cum again and again. But then she'd pissed him off, refusing to admit that she wanted him.

He glanced at her. Fiona was huddled in a sodden little ball on the floor and he wondered if he'd made a mistake. Rockwell cursed inwardly. Admitting he was wrong wasn't something that came easily to him, but he couldn't deny the fact that he now doubted his rough treatment of her had been deserved.

He rinsed, left the shower, and grabbed a towel for himself. *This is ridiculous*, he thought as he dried off. He *would not* feel badly about what had just happened. Fiona had needed that lesson so that she could move on and fully enjoy what was to come. He delighted in giving women as many climaxes as they could endure, but Fiona was clinging to some antiquated persona of purity and goodness. She had no business adhering to such nonsense when clearly she possessed a highly sexual spirit with the potential to enjoy so many varied pleasures.

He watched her through the steamy glass as she got to her feet sluggishly and opened her mouth under the shower nozzle, letting it spill over with hot water. Then she buried her face in her hands and cried, her shoulders rounding inward and shaking with her sobs. He felt a lurch in his heart as he watched her.

"Fuck," he said under his breath.

After a long moment, she finally turned off the taps. He fetched one of the gigantic bath sheets for her and held it open for her when she opened the shower door. Silently she allowed him to enfold her within its fluffy confines. He took another smaller towel and dried her hair with it. He was completely mystified as to where this protective behavior was coming from, but he couldn't muster any resistance. With an arm about her shoulders, he guided her to the bed.

"No restraints for now." He gestured for her to get under the covers and then poured her a glass of brandy. "Drink this. Then we should both get some sleep."

Fiona drank deeply of the brandy. She wasn't normally a fan of the stuff, but she wasn't going to be choosy. Anything that would dull her senses at this point was welcome. The liquor lit a fire as it traveled down her throat and she savored the warmth of it in the pit of her belly.

She should have been furious. The man had just raped her in her own shower. He'd unloaded his sperm in her and left her there on the floor. But she just couldn't work up the energy required for a rage. She could barely move at all. Her arms and legs felt leaden and her mind seemed numb. The clock read four forty-five. No wonder

she felt so exhausted.

Rockwell walked about the room, extinguishing the candles. He left only one burning next to the bed.

"Where are you going to sleep?"

"Here, of course." He joined her under the covers, lounging comfortably with his own goblet of brandy.

"Of course," she said tiredly. "What was I thinking? There are only ten other bedrooms you could use."

She scooted down until her head rested on the pillow, then primly pulled the covers up to her chin. There was a residual stickiness on her inner thighs and her pussy ached a little. She tried to ignore it. As she closed her eyes, she thought about turning away from him, but who knew what ideas he'd get from that. She closed her eyes firmly and tried to sleep.

Rockwell took his time finishing his brandy. It wasn't long before her rhythmic breathing signaled her descent into dreams. Looking at her lovely face, relaxed in repose, he felt strangely sated--almost content or even peaceful, if that were possible for him.

Usually there wasn't a waking moment when he wasn't thinking in some way about extending his already tremendous reach in the corporate arena to make more money. He ate, drank, and breathed business. Even during sex he would sometimes find himself reasoning out the answer to a problem. In fact, his appetite for sexual satisfaction was the only thing that equaled his lust for wealth and power.

But since he'd arrived, the outside world seemed nonexistent, as if he and Fiona were suspended in a dimension of desire and sensuality. He knew his vast corporate organization continued without him, as well it should. He hired only the most competent executives, who, if put to the test, could probably run everything for several weeks without him. But for once, his mind was free from the burdens of business. He wasn't sure that he was comfortable with that.

After pinching out the flame of the last candle, he took a deep breath and lay down himself. Perhaps he had over-exerted himself tonight. A good night's sleep and a hearty breakfast should do the trick. By mid-morning his vigor would be restored, he would be his old self, ready for further carnal exploration with Fiona.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. IV: All To Himself

by *Whispersecret* ©

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When Fiona woke up the next morning, she was pleasantly surprised. Someone had brought up a tray of Belgian waffles with strawberries and whipped cream, coffee and juice, and a fluffy omelet. For a moment, it felt like an ordinary morning. Then the lurid memories of last night came back to her in a rush. The cock sucking, the

taking of her virginity, the savage fucking in the shower – all of it.

Rockwell frightened her, even from the first moment she'd seen him in her father's boardroom. She hadn't understood what she was afraid of then, but she did now. At first it had been his animal magnetism that made her uneasy. Something about him kept her attention even if she was trying to ignore him. Now, of course, it was much more than that. He was making her face the depth of her desire for him and what she felt when he touched her. She was beginning to crave his attentions.

Rockwell lounged at her antique secretary near the window. He was calmly reading *The Wall Street Journal* while he ate from his own tray.

"Ah, you're awake," Rockwell said over the folded edge of the newspaper. "Eat your breakfast. I want you to take me on a walk of the property."

She was flabbergasted. He didn't want sex? She opened her mouth to make a smart remark about his virility and then promptly shut it. That would be asking for it.

She glanced at the clock. It was almost eleven. Feeling sluggish, she sat up and rearranged the pillows behind her.

It didn't take her long to eat most of the food on her tray. She didn't see any point in refusing to eat, and she was unusually hungry. Then again, she wasn't accustomed to fucking into the early hours—or fucking at all, for that matter. Maybe ravenous hunger was the norm for sex maniacs.

As she finished her omelet, she asked the question that had been on her mind since the beginning. "How long do I have to stay with you?"

"You are mine to play with until midnight Friday. One short week." He raised his coffee cup to her and drank.

His answer forced her to remember that her own father had given her to Rockwell, like a present. The whole idea was medieval, as if she were chattel and her whole ordeal here was merely a detail in a transfer of property. Her father had used her as a distraction for business, but she never imagined he'd stoop to this. Knowing he had chosen to sell her to Rockwell made her want to scream or cry, but she did neither.

"What about the servants?" she replied. "They'll ask questions."

"I assume your father has taken care of that. It's really not my concern." He returned his attention to his newspaper, and she realized she had been dismissed.

She got up to dress. Continuing to lay naked in the bed was courting disaster. As ridiculous as it seemed, she picked up Rockwell's robe from the floor and put it on. It didn't matter that he'd already seen parts of her body she'd hardly even looked at herself. She didn't want to give him any more excuses to attack her.

Rockwell folded his newspaper and set it aside. Then, to her dismay, he grabbed a piece of toast from his plate followed her into her spacious closet. As she decided what to wear, he pawed through her clothes, peeking into her underwear drawers and looking over her large collection of shoes. He obviously intended to stay while she got dressed.

"Wear a dress," he said, taking a bite of the buttered toast.

She stopped in the act of pulling a pair of shorts from a drawer. He lounged on the divan in the middle of her huge closet and watched her.

"No bra or panties," he added.

She already knew it was useless to argue. She chose a thin sundress as instructed and put it on. He nodded in approval.

"Can I at least pee without an audience?"

He smirked. "Of course."

She jerked on the dress and went to the bathroom. Although the doorknob and locking mechanism had been removed, the door remained shut when she closed it. Walking around without panties felt strange. Every step she took brought a breath of air up under her skirt. If she still had pubic hair, it probably would have tickled.

That thought reminded her about the razor. *You idiot, Fiona!* she scolded herself. *You forgot about the goddamned razor!* A quick search of the bathroom told her he'd taken it away. She wouldn't have had the slightest idea what to do with it if she had found it, but it would have given her a measure of confidence to know something that he didn't.

But another idea came to her. Maybe she could escape after all. She just needed a few moments alone in her bedroom.

They were just walking out the front door when Fiona turned to him and said, "I forgot my sunglasses."

"Oh, Christ. Hurry up," Rockwell replied. He rolled his eyes in irritation.

She hurried up the curving staircase and down the long hallway to her room. The bed was unmade. The sheets were marred with proof that last night had not been a dream.

She went to her antique secretary and dug out a little scrap of paper. On it she scribbled, "Please help me! Call the police! A man has me prisoner at Sheridan Hall. Fiona Sheridan." Then she picked up her sunglasses and shoved them onto her head. Before going back downstairs, she folded the paper up into a small square and tucked it in her shoe.

If she was lucky, people might be boating or riding along the horse trail, and maybe she could get help. She thought about what she would do if they did encounter anyone while they were walking. Maybe she wouldn't even have to use the note...

Rockwell stood at the bottom of the stairs with his arms crossed, leaning against the banister. After last night, he looked strange to her in clothes. Fiona was loath to admit that he actually looked damn good in his shorts and shirt. He certainly seemed far less menacing clothed than he had naked. No doubt because he wasn't brandishing an angry red cock at her and demanding satisfaction.

Once outside of the mansion, she led him across the vast expanse of lawn towards the river that bordered the estate on the eastern edge. They could have ridden. Her

father kept six horses available for himself and guests, and Fiona was quite a horsewoman, having ridden since she was five. He probably didn't want to take the chance that she'd take off at a gallop.

Rockwell's voice interrupted her thoughts. "You have a brother, don't you, Fiona? An older brother, Conrad?"

She turned her head sharply to glare at him. "Yes," she said. "What about him?"

Rockwell slid his hands into his pockets as he walked beside her in the sunshine. "I heard he's staying with friends in Fort Lauderdale. The Krafts, isn't that right? I suppose Florida is still a magnet for young people in the spring."

"What, now we're going to be all chummy and talk about our families?" she said sarcastically.

He stopped in the middle of the meadow and turned to face her. She stopped too and planted her hands on her hips.

"Next thing you know, you'll be wanting to plan a Fourth of July picnic," she quipped.

He ignored her sarcasm. "It was my understanding that Conrad is to return in your father's plane on the fourteenth." Rockwell's steely gray eyes seemed like chips of flint. He rubbed his chin absentmindedly as he said, "I hope that everything is in working order on that plane. Flying is one of the safest ways to travel, but...you never know."

At Rockwell's words Fiona felt an arrow of fear shoot up her spine. She immediately recognized the implied threat; Conrad would be killed if she tried to escape. Her only brother would die in a plane crash, a victim of a lamentable "accident." Fiona felt sick.

"I understand. I won't try to leave." Even if her father used his family for his own gain, Fiona never would.

"Good girl," he said, resuming the walk. "Now, take me to the river. I love rivers."

Two hours later, they were no longer on Sheridan property, having wandered a mile or so from the mansion. Rockwell had wanted to get close to the water's edge, so once they crossed the horse trail, he'd found a gap in the shrubbery leading to this semi-secluded spot. Along the riverbank to either side, trees and bushes provided dappled shade and some concealment from the well-used riding path. She could almost see the trail through the brush.

Rockwell stood at the bank of the river, skipping stones over the water like a little boy, while Fiona sat on a large slab of rock. If she stretched her legs a little, she could get her toes wet in the river. Anyone looking at the two of them would think that they were a couple spending a leisurely afternoon together. No one would ever suspect the truth.

With a sigh, she drew her feet out of the water. *Too bad they didn't have any food*, she thought. All this walking had made her hungry again, and the flat surface of the rock she was sitting on would have made a good place for a picnic.

Not knowing when Rockwell would decide it was time to return, she decided to lay

back on the rock and let the warmth of the sun relax her. Her eyes closed, she reveled in the feel of the spring breeze, causing the hem of her dress to flutter against her leg. Somewhere birds were calling to each other, perhaps trilling a spring mating call. She stretched her arms above her head thinking this wasn't so bad after all. The coolness of the rock slab beneath her was a sharp contrast to the heat of the sun's rays on her skin. Maybe she had time for a cat nap. Despite her hunger, the warmth of the day was making her drowsy.

Rockwell's hands on her bare ankles jolted her from her languorous state. Her eyes popped open and she raised herself up on her elbows. Rockwell leaned his waist against the huge rock on which she lay. His predatory gaze swept over her legs just before he ran his hand along her calf up the inside of her thigh. From where he was, he could almost reach her mound.

"You can't be serious," she said. She clamped her legs together, which only trapped his hand between her thighs.

He moved his fingers slightly, reaching further, seeking to touch her more intimately. "I rarely joke, Fiona. And never about sex."

Without further comment, he withdrew his hand and with an agile leap, he joined her atop the rock. For a moment, he stood and shaded his eyes, looking at her and smiling. Unfortunately, she was already very familiar with that particular smile. Her fears were confirmed when he straddled her waist and reached for her tits.

"I wanted you this morning, but made myself wait. Sometimes waiting intensifies the pleasure."

She scoffed. "Then why don't you wait until next month?"

A mischievous grin crossed his face, while he kneaded her breasts, squeezing and molding her with his hands. Her nipples stiffened, inviting him to lean down and clamp his lips around one. With a low moan, he suckled her through the material of her dress, flicking the sensitive nipple with his tongue. When he drew away, he blew on the wet fabric, causing Fiona to gasp sharply at the sudden chill. Her pussy twitched in response, and she felt her breathing quicken.

"I knew you would be an ardent lover," he said as he rolled her nipples between his fingers. "You're amazingly easy to excite, Fiona. I'll bet you're already dripping."

"You wish."

He arched an eyebrow. Reaching behind him, he hiked up her dress and exposed her genitals to the warm summer day. The sunshine felt warm on her shaven mound, but she still shivered. He pierced her with a sharp look, a silent command, which she obeyed. Her legs parted for his probing fingers, and he laughed when he found she was indeed very wet. Fiona shifted her hips. He wasn't putting his full weight on her, but the unyielding rock slab wasn't the most comfortable surface.

Her attention was drawn away from her discomfort as Rockwell's fingers took up a rhythmic stroking. Slicked up with her dew, their soothing, provocative tempo caused an ebb and flow of pleasure to slowly build inside her. As if by magic, he held her gaze and she was unable to look away from his storm-gray eyes. Despising her weakness, she rocked against his hand and low sustained moans issued from her throat.

From this perspective, he seemed huge, towering over her, his head seeming to reach the heights of the sky. He unfastened his shorts, released his cock from its confines. Unabashed, he stroked it in front of her face. She watched in wicked fascination as his hand moved over the velvety skin and the shaft became thick and long, roped with veins and ramrod-stiff.

"Why do you fight it so much?" he asked. He pushed a long tapered finger easily inside her snug, squishy passage. "You're wet and swollen. Your pussy sucks my finger because I excite you--I satisfy you. Your body knows it, Fiona, even if you don't. I make you cum harder than you ever did with your own fingers. And when I leave, you will miss it--miss me and what I made you feel."

She closed her eyes, as if by doing so she could shut out his words. *This man is using me for his own sexual gratification. How can it feel so good?* she wondered, biting back a moan. He pumped his finger in and out, exerting exquisite, teasing pressure on her clit with the pad of his thumb. Her breath came in short bursting pants and her body seemed to unfold in moist invitation. *What's wrong with me?*

Last night she'd tried to attribute her response to simple biology. She told herself a woman's body obviously became aroused if it was stimulated in the right way. It wasn't her fault that she liked what he did to her. It wasn't.

But today out in the bright sunshine, she wasn't quite as sure as she had been last night.

He was watching her face, as he always did. She wondered what he saw. Surely he wasn't seeing the real Fiona. The real her was being smothered by some primitive instinct, some uncontrollable hunger born from--

"Luke, you are so full of shit!"

A loud male voice came from a short distance away. Alarmed, Fiona looked at Rockwell. He put a finger to his mouth, signaling her to be quiet. Rockwell was completely motionless above her, except for the hand that still worked at her pussy. She tried to reach around him to flip her dress back down, but he caught her wrist and shook his head.

Another male voice replied, "I am not! Swear to God, she came four or five fuckin' times. By the time we were done, she was beggin' me to stop. Said she couldn't take anymore."

"Then you were on drugs and hallucinating," the first voice said, "or she faked it."

Rockwell pulled his finger out of Fiona's pussy as he peered through the shrubbery. He saw two young men, maybe eighteen or nineteen years old, continuing their good-natured banter as they trudged through the underbrush toward the river. They toted a large ice chest and some fishing gear.

"Get off me!" Fiona hissed. She craned her head toward the voices but they were coming from behind her, out of her line of sight.

Rockwell stretched out beside her on the rock and whispered in her ear. "They don't even know we're here." Then he propped himself up on one elbow, leaned over and sucked her earlobe into his mouth. She shuddered when he stroked her upper lip with the finger still shiny from her pussy juice. Her own sweet tangy scent wafted up

into her nostrils. Smelling it made her feel wicked and tingly at the same time.

Fiona turned her head to the side and tried to scoot away, but her dress was pinned under his hip. She felt the puffs of his breath as he chuckled silently into her neck.

"Relax, this'll be fun," he whispered. "Haven't you ever wanted to fuck in a potentially dangerous situation?"

"What the hell do you call the last eighteen hours? A walk in the park?" she hissed.

He buried his laugh against her chest. She almost laughed herself. Something was seriously wrong with her. She was sharing a joke with her captor.

Rockwell nuzzled her neck like a lovesick swain, undoing the small buttons on the bodice of the dress. In the background, Fiona could hear the intruders unpacking their gear, popping open cans of beer or soda. They had to be close. Their conversation was completely understandable. As Rockwell's hand stole into her dress to cup her breast she heard them predicting the number of fish they were each going to catch. Fiona's heart pounded with the thrill of knowing that perhaps only a thin line of bushes separated them from each other.

One of the fishermen flipped on a radio and some head-pounding hard rock filled the air. The music might drown out the stifled moans that were escaping her, but Fiona knew from experience that neither she nor Rockwell were the quiet type. Rockwell down right shouted when he came.

"They're going to hear us!" she whispered urgently.

"They *might* hear us," Rockwell replied, "That's the best part."

Rockwell moved over her and captured her mouth with his, cutting off anything else she might have said. His tongue, thick and hot, swept in and slid against her own. She hated to admit it, but when he kissed her, she felt the effects all the way down to her toes. She couldn't help but kiss him back. When she pushed her own tongue between his lips, a growl rumbled in his throat and he angled his mouth, deepening the kiss. Their heavy breathing sounded abnormally loud to her and she battled between closing her eyes in abandonment and watching the bushes for signs of discovery.

Suddenly Rockwell lifted his head.

"What?" she gasped. "Oh, God, what?" She blinked at him, thinking that maybe they'd been found.

He gave her a one-sided smile. She realized she was actually hugging him tightly to her. She had one of her legs wrapped around his hips to pull him closer.

"Oh, God," she whispered, flushing to the roots of her hair, "What are you doing to me?"

His reply humiliated her. "Nothing you don't already want."

He dragged his tongue and lips down her body and pushed her legs apart. Knowing what was in store, she shamelessly raised her hips to meet his mouth. *Oh, yes, please.* He teased her with fleeting touches of his lips and tongue on her inner

thighs, into the twin hollows flanking her moist hole, even darting in to taste her creamy heat.

"God, Rockwell, please..."

With lazy swirls of his tongue, he circled her clit without touching it. She twisted her hips, seeking direct contact, but he dodged her easily. His mouth seemed to be everywhere but where she needed it. She abandoned the pretense of propriety and twined her fingers in his hair to guide him.

"I—please...God in heaven, please..."

Rockwell savored the sweet sound of her voice begging him. His cock throbbed against his stomach as if announcing its need to be inside her. But he wanted to hear more.

He lifted his head briefly. "What, Fiona? What do you want?" As he sucked on one of her pussy lips, his coaxing whispered words disappeared into her musky folds like smoke.

"Please, I—"

Slurrrrp. He dragged his tongue from the puckered entrance to her ass to just short of her clit. She writhed in exquisite torment.

"Ohhhhh, fuck! I--I want you to"--He lapped her pussy softly again and again—"Oh, God, lick it!"

Slurrrrp. Her hips were up off the rock pushing at his face. "Lick what, Fiona?" Again he edged his tongue around her sensitive bud.

Suddenly, she seized his ears tightly and cried, "Lick my fucking clit, damn you!"

With a smile, Rockwell obliged her, and she responded with loud lusty sobs of pure animal passion. Her legs clamped around his head so tightly he thought he might suffocate in the musky Eden between her thighs. Rockwell mercilessly drove her to the verge of coming and let her hover there momentarily. Then, as a reward for her pleading surrender, he gave her the push she needed.

With a wrenching grip on his hair, she bucked against his face as her pussy contracted in an earthy, insistent, throbbing cadence. It sucked at his chin greedily even as it bathed him with a flow and gush of cum.

There is nothing like a woman coming on your face, Rockwell thought.

Then he heard, over and above Fiona's hoarse cries, a furtive, whispered, "Fuck, yeah!"

Rockwell pushed two fingers into Fiona's pussy and pumped, eliciting a fresh chorus of moans from her. Her intoxicating scent was in his nostrils and the tangy taste of her lingered on his tongue. He made a show of rolling his head and stretching his neck as he looked around with a sharp eye. If he hadn't been searching, he wouldn't have seen them. Through the bushes he saw two young men, one of them still shooting cum from his cock with frantic jerks. The other, more restrained, pulled on his prick more slowly, perhaps hoping the show wasn't yet over.

Rockwell decided to provide him with an encore.

Pulling his fingers from Fiona, he brought them to his nose and inhaled, while looking directly at the spot where the young man stood spying. The sliding hand froze; the kid knew he'd been spotted. Rockwell waited to see if he would bolt. The horny lad stood his ground. His satisfied friend had collapsed to the ground silently and was wiping himself off with his t-shirt.

Rockwell gave the kid a nod and then turned his attention to Fiona. She had almost caught her breath by now. Rockwell got to his feet and stretched. He pulled off his shirt, folded it into a plump bundle.

"Fiona."

She sat up groggily. Her back was to the voyeuristic pair. "Oh, God."

He tossed the rolled up shirt down in front of her. "Kneel on that."

He flicked a glance at the kid. He was still there, still pumping his hand.

Rockwell took Fiona's hand and tugged. Like an automaton she knelt onto the cushion he'd made for her. Rockwell stood close to her. With her dress gaping open in front, her breasts pressed against his thighs. Placing his hand on her head, he turned her just slightly so that the watcher got a good view.

"Open."

When Fiona opened her mouth, Rockwell settled the head of his cock on her full lower lip. With slight movements of his hips he coated her lip with his fluid. Her tongue darted out to the hole at the tip. For just a moment, a thin thread of clear pre-cum hung suspended between them, breaking when she pulled her tongue into her mouth. She moaned.

With a fleeting glance toward the bushes, he slowly fed her every rigid inch, tipping her head back and pushing her lower for full penetration. This time she didn't even flinch when he pushed into her throat.

"That's it," he said, stroking in and out smoothly. "That's very, very good."

She was being so compliant that he decided to press his luck. He stopped moving.

"Suck," he said.

Miraculously she did. Like a professional, she drew him into her mouth, wrapping her lips around him, sliding her tongue against the sensitive ridge. She moved her head to and fro, even looking up at Rockwell as she sucked him. There was something strange glittering in her eyes, some foreign emotion he couldn't identify.

"Fuckin' suck it." Beneath the music still blaring from the stereo, Rockwell heard this hushed exclamation from the bushes. It gave him an idea.

He had originally intended to share Fiona in a couple of days with one or two of his men, but here was opportunity knocking in the form of two randy kids. He enjoyed watching and issuing orders from the sidelines. But for some reason, today he balked at the thought, which puzzled him. He didn't feel like sharing her. In fact, he felt a little possessive.

Well, fuck that. Women had two uses in his life. Some women were adept in the business world. These he hired and put to work. Some were suited more for personal pleasure. These he played with until he was tired of them. The rest of them he didn't bother with. He was not the kind of weakling who got attached to women. He took them until he'd had his fill and then moved on. Fiona would be no different, and by God, he would prove it.

Knowing the young kid was watching, Rockwell gestured with a quick jerk of his hand. The kid didn't move. *Idiot*. Rockwell gave a more emphatic wave of his hand.

The kid's friend called out in a low anxious voice, "Luke, what the hell are you doing!"

Luke ignored him and boldly raced over to the rock slab where Fiona still sucked on Rockwell's cock. The kid wore a fraternity t-shirt and some ragged knit shorts, which he had yanked up during his mad dash.

Apparently seeing the kid's approach from the corner of her eye, Fiona jerked back in surprise. Shoving aside the little doubtful feelings that rose up inside him, Rockwell got a handful of Fiona's hair and gave it a gentle pull as a reminder that he was in charge here.

"Luke, you like what you see?" Rockwell asked.

His eyes bulging with disbelief, Luke nodded. "Fuck, yeah."

"You want some?" Rockwell continued to pump into Fiona's mouth.

"You fuckin' kidding me, man?"

"I don't joke about sex."

"Oh, man, this is unbelievable."

Luke enthusiastically clambered up onto the slab to stand next to Rockwell. Once there, he whipped out his cock again and fondled it, his eyes on Fiona's soft lips and Rockwell's staff sliding between them.

For a minute or so the two stood there: Rockwell, his hands at his sides, slowly fucking Fiona's mouth, and the kid jacking off and watching. His friend had conquered his fear enough to come closer to the scene.

With a nod to the other kid, Rockwell said, "You want a turn too?"

"Oh, man! Oh, man!" Luke's friend ran a shaky hand through his hair. "Are you crazy? You gotta be crazy." He climbed onto the rock, standing slightly to the side. "Doesn't she mind?"

Slowly Rockwell released his grip on Fiona's head, wary that she might pull away and embarrass him. She didn't. Rockwell shrugged and caressed Fiona's cheek.

"Fuckin' A! Me first, Eddie. I was here first," Luke said, edging closer to Fiona.

"This is crazy," Eddie said nervously.

Rockwell smiled slightly and pulled out while the kid, like a relay runner, took his

place and pushed in. Luke gave a forceful grunt. His eyes were glued to the site where his eager prick disappeared into her mouth.

"Fucking unbelievable," Luke exclaimed. "Are you seeing this Eddie? Fucking holy Christ."

Eddie stood by, his eyes bugged out in shock. "I see it, but I don't believe it."

Rockwell stood slightly behind Eddie, looking over the kid's shoulder. Pointedly ignoring the rising irritation he felt at seeing someone else's cock in Fiona's mouth, he said, "She can take it deep, Luke."

"Oh, yeah!" Luke commenced a furious series of spasmodic thrusts, spurred on by the goading of his friend. Fiona had to grab onto his thighs to keep from being knocked over.

Rockwell felt disgusted. Luke jerked his hips like a dog with a bitch in heat, all spunk and gusto, with no finesse. He was a kid with little experience, as was obvious when he almost immediately came. Rockwell scowled. The kid's face was all screwed up as he shot his load. He kept chanting, "Oh, fuck...oh, fuck...oh, fuck..." like a mantra.

Rockwell's anger finally surfaced when he saw Fiona swallowing. With a rough shove, Rockwell pushed Luke aside.

"You're done. Now get the hell out of here," he snarled, unable to curb the menace in his voice. He laid a proprietary hand on Fiona's shoulder and jerked his head at Eddie. "You too."

"Wait a minute!" Eddie whined. "I didn't get my turn!"

Luke took a step back, stuffing his dick back in his pants. "Hey, man, you're the one—"

"I said, fuck off!" Rockwell roared. He clenched his hands into fists at his sides in an effort not to start hammering on the two of them.

Luke glared at Rockwell for a tense moment. *Bring it on, kid*, Rockwell thought. *I'll kick your sorry ass.*

But the kid backed down, jumped down off the rock and took off toward the brush, shouting obscenities as he went. His friend followed, fleeing like a frightened puppy with his tail between his legs.

"Rockwell?" Fiona's lips were swollen and her cheeks were pink, whether from the sun or from excitement, he didn't know.

"Button up. We're going home," he ordered as he fastened his own shorts.

"But—"

"No discussion!"

Fiona looked bewildered, but he wasn't in the mood to analyze or explain what had just happened. All he knew was that he was pissed off and wanted a good stiff drink. Sheridan kept a well-stocked liquor cabinet back at the mansion.

A gourmet lunch was waiting for them when they returned. Rockwell sat down with the double whiskey he'd fetched and ate without talking. Fiona didn't feel much like striking up a conversation either.

She had always dreamt that making love would be something warm, and wonderful, a glowing, tremulous experience. In her girlish fantasies, she imagined that her heart and her mind would guide her to find someone to love and to make love with. Physical intimacy was supposed to be a deep expression of love between two people, an act that lifted your heart and soul until you felt like you would burst with joy.

Rockwell had taught her something altogether different. In his reality, sex was a ravenous, overpowering animal that seized you and battered down your defenses with pleasure and wanting, until you didn't want it to ever stop. The force of her longing frightened her.

Something was wrong with her. Enjoying what your captor did to you was perverse. She felt like she should fight her body's cravings. She tried so hard to resist the excitement he forced on her. She kept telling herself that he was a monster and he was raping her and she couldn't possibly like it.

But she couldn't deny it any longer. She did like it. She loved it. Every time he looked at her with that predatory grin, she felt a surge of wetness between her legs. His mouth on her pussy drove her wild. Even now, just thinking about it made her want to grind herself down on the chair.

Rockwell stood up and tossed his napkin on the table. "I have some business to take care of," he said curtly. "You know what will happen if you try to leave without my permission."

Fiona nodded. She hoped she wasn't blushing from the provocative thoughts she'd been thinking. "I won't try anything. I promise."

"You're free to do what you want for now, but meet me at the stables at four, dressed to ride. I still want to tour the estate."

Without another word, he strode from the room, leaving her alone.

Fiona finished her lunch and went to her room intending to take a nap. She was used to getting more sleep than she had last night, and knowing Rockwell, his plans for tonight probably didn't include a lot of sleeping.

When she got to her room she found the bed had been made, the sheets changed. Rockwell's restraints still hung from the four bedposts. Looking at them made her feel tingly. His robe sat folded at the foot of the bed. Fiona took off her shoes, took a throw blanket from the closet and lay on the bed, but she couldn't settle down. She couldn't help thinking about the incident at the river.

He had kissed and caressed her out in the open and in broad daylight; anyone could have seen them. That thought alone made her hot. Then, those two guys had shown up, escalating the chances that they'd be seen. She pictured them getting hard as they listened or even peeked at Rockwell going down on her. These thoughts excited her immensely, magnifying the sensations that were flowing over her.

Fiona opened her eyes, looked up at the canopy of her bed, and sighed. She was aroused. Maybe a little self-stimulation would relax her enough so that she could sleep. Glancing toward her bedroom door, she slid her hand under the blanket and began to rub her clit as she thought about those two guys spying on her.

She would never have guessed that being watched would turn her on to such a degree that she could openly, and loudly, enjoy being eaten in public. When Rockwell had mercilessly driven her, teased her to the point of begging him to lick her clit, she had been unable to control her lewd moans even though she knew those two men would probably hear her. The orgasm that followed was so intense she thought that she might have lost consciousness for a few moments, because when she came to she was on her knees with Rockwell fucking her mouth, like he had last night.

That first time had been terrifying. His huge throbbing cock had repeatedly cut off her breath, and when he had cum, the thought of his hot sperm wiggling its way to her stomach was loathsome.

Fiona continued to caress herself as she thought about how, at the river it had been different. Millions of women sucked cock and liked it. Was something wrong with her if she turned out to be one of them? How could it be so bad if no one was hurt by it? She opened her mind to the idea that cock-sucking just might be something she could grow to enjoy, like caviar. At one time caviar had seemed repulsive to her; now she found she loved and savored the delicacy whenever she could.

Once she had thought of it that way, a sexual part of her bloomed, like a rosebud in time lapse photography. A secret, sexual Fiona emerged to overpower the old one. This new Fiona decided liked the feeling of Rockwell pulsing powerfully inside her mouth. She savored the virile, male taste of him, the power she felt from his thrusts. The knowledge that soon he would bathe her mouth with hot cum caused her entire body to tingle with anticipation, as if by swallowing his essence, part of his strength would enter her to be absorbed into her being.

Fiona gasped quietly as the thought of Rockwell cumming in her mouth triggered her own orgasm. Beneath the blanket, juice surged from her pussy. She continued to flutter her fingers against her clit until the last quivering spasms faded away. For a while she just lay there until her breathing slowed.

Fiona smiled and rolled over on her stomach, stretching like a lioness. Rockwell had more than introduced her to the pleasures of sex. He had liberated her. She was no longer a frightened disillusioned virgin. She was a woman open to exploring whatever it was that excited her.

And belonging to Rockwell was more exciting than she could ever have imagined.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. V: Retaliation

by *Whispersecret* ©

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Rockwell had developed a raging headache. After leaving Fiona at the table, he

stalked around the mansion in a foul mood because he didn't want to leave her at all. He wanted to be with her so much that it terrified him. He was not a one-woman man. He never let his desires get the better of him. Instead, he harnessed his desires and controlled them. The command he had over himself was a large part of why he was as successful as he was, and he'd be damned if some nineteen-year-old girl with great tits was going to make him lose his head.

He stopped at Sheridan's room to check on things. Whitcomb was outside as expected.

"What's he doing?" Rockwell asked.

"He's been quiet. I think he's sleeping," Whitcomb replied. "Not surprising, considering." The giant guard sneered in disgust.

"Considering what?" Rockwell decided to find some kind of pain reliever. Fiona's bathroom had to have some; he remembered a medicine cabinet there. Frowning, he rubbed the bridge of his nose in an effort to relieve the pain throbbing in his temples.

"Considering he spent the night jerking his meat while listening to you and his daughter."

"WHAT?" Rockwell jerked his head up.

"Yeah. The bastard must've cum three times, and I had to listen—"

Rockwell didn't wait to hear the rest of Whitcomb's complaint; he pushed the guard out of the way, threw open the door, and stormed into Sheridan's room. Frank Sheridan was on the bed wearing only a shirt. He had his hand on his erect penis and was slowly stroking it, but he bolted upright when Rockwell burst in.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Rockwell demanded.

Sheridan sat up and hastily shoved something behind him, his face rapidly turning red. "Get out of here, Rockwell!"

"You sick bastard. What the fuck are you doing?" Rockwell strode over to Sheridan and grabbed him by the shirt, clenching his hand into a fist, not sure whether to smash it into his face or his gut.

"Nothing!" Sheridan protested. But the flaming red stain on his cheeks betrayed him.

Rockwell jerked the man off the bed and shoved him hard to the floor, then pushed the bedclothes around looking for whatever it was that Sheridan had tried to hide.

Sheridan quickly scrambled to his feet. "I said get out of here!" His voice was whiny and panicked.

Rockwell turned to glare at him, his face mottled with rage. "Stay back or I'll pound the shit out of you."

A corner of something black peeked out from under the pillow. Rockwell grabbed it. A micro-cassette recorder. He cast a swift, sharp glance at Sheridan and then pushed the play button.

Fiona's pleading voice came out of the tiny machine. "...*your hot cock in my pussy,*

Rockwell! I need it. Please, please..."

When he looked at Sheridan, he was cowering against the wall. "I-I didn't do anything anyone else wouldn't d-do!" he stammered in his own defense.

"You sick son of a bitch!" Rockwell raged. "You taped me and your daughter so you could fucking jerk off?" He hurled the tape recorder against the wall, where it hit a hanging tapestry and fell to the floor.

Rockwell pulled back his fist and slammed it into Sheridan's paunch. The man doubled over with a grunt of pain, but Rockwell didn't stop. He followed with a savage uppercut to the chin, pulverized Frank's nose with a direct hit to the face, and then hauled back to hit Sheridan again.

"Sir!" It was Whitcomb. He had a grip on Rockwell's wrist, staying his punch.

Rockwell blinked. His knuckles throbbed.

Sheridan made a pathetic picture. Wearing only his shirt, he slumped on the floor, bleeding from his nose and lower lip. He was moaning piteously.

Rockwell shook his head at Whitcomb, who stepped back.

"You disgust me, Frank," Rockwell spat. "I should have known you were a bastard when you tried to jack up the price because of her virginity."

Frank moaned.

"I made you listen so you would suffer, you incestuous piece of shit." Rockwell ran his hand through his hair, and winced when the movement hurt his injured knuckles.

"I am no angel, Frank, but you might just be the most perverted asshole I've ever met. You listened to me fuck your *daughter* and you liked it. You liked it so much that you jerked off to it. Your own daughter! That's sick, Frank, really sick."

Frank covered his face with his arms and moaned some more.

"And then you taped it so you could jack off to it over and over and over. Your own daughter, Frank. Christ! Want to know what I think? I think that if I let you, you would have fucked her yourself, wouldn't you, Frank? You would have stuck your dick inside your own daughter and loved every minute!"

Rockwell kicked Sheridan viciously, and the man cowered, curling his body into a ball.

"What I can't believe is that a deviant mother-fucker like you, raised that beautiful girl. How the hell did she turn out to be such a treasure with you as her father? Huh? Answer me that." Rockwell looked at Frank with utter contempt. "Fiona doesn't deserve a fuck-up like you for a father, Frank. Her mother must have been a hell of a woman, because Fiona's a good girl, despite the defective genes she inherited from you."

Rockwell picked up the recorder and popped the tape out as he gave orders to Whitcomb. "He stays here. If he tries to escape, shoot him." Rockwell put the tape in his pocket.

Whitcomb nodded. "Yes, sir. With pleasure, sir."

Rockwell knelt and pushed his face up to Sheridan's. In a low, menacing voice he said, "Don't think he won't do it, Frank. I have more money than God. I could throw your headless body on the steps of the precinct and get away with it scot free." Rockwell gave him one last withering glare. "Funny thing is, I'm fairly sure Fiona would thank me."

Rockwell stood up and exhaled loudly. Then, he spun on his heel and left the room--but not before snatching up a ceramic figurine and smashing it into the intercom on the wall.

Whitcomb followed him out and closed the door. In a low voice he said, "Sir, I'm sorry. You can fire me if you want to, but I can't—I won't murder for you."

"I know, Whitcomb. I didn't mean it."

Whitcomb breathed a sigh of relief.

"Anyway, Frank Sheridan is a chicken shit coward. I'm sure he's in there afraid to even breathe wrong around you." Scowling, Rockwell shook out his hand and flexed his fingers. "All the same, make sure he doesn't get out."

A little after four, Fiona met Rockwell at the stables. When she arrived, she saw no grooms about, but Rockwell awaited her with her mare and her father's gelding already saddled. She could tell immediately by the way he sat atop Goliath that he was no stranger to horses. She shouldn't have been surprised. He seemed like one of those insufferable people who was good at everything and was almost always right.

He looked marvelous in his riding clothes. The trousers especially hugged his firm buttocks and thighs. Unbidden, the memory of those muscles flexing as he fucked her caused her to flush.

Goliath chose that moment to pound the dirt with his hoof and toss his head. Rockwell reined him in with a curt remark. "Knock it off."

"That's Goliath," Fiona informed him. "He's probably the most headstrong mount in the stable."

"Once he figures out who's in charge, we'll get along fine." Rockwell walked Goliath around in a tight circle, and Goliath wasn't being cooperative. His tail slashed through the air and his hooves cut into the ground, but Rockwell would have none of it. "Damn it, Goliath! I'm not in the mood for this!"

Fiona mounted her mare. Cinnamon gave a soft whicker of greeting. Fiona patted her neck and reined her away from some wild grass she was eating. "None of that, you naughty girl."

"What exactly did you want to see?" she asked when he finally got Goliath under control.

"Nothing in particular. Just take me around the perimeter of the property."

She nodded and urged Cinnamon away from the river this time, back toward the

main road. The Sheridan property spanned about twenty acres, bordered by the James River to the east and the highway to the west. The mansion itself perched on a low rise. Back in colonial times much of the land was used for farming. Now, a good portion of the outer reaches had been recaptured by nature, whereas the area close to the house was kept in manicured gardens and large sweeping lawns.

In an effort to lighten his mood, Fiona pointed out various historical sites as they rode. A row of slave cabins had occupied a place near the stables. They had long ago been leveled. A Civil War battle had been fought in the southeast corner of the property. After they had ridden a while, Rockwell started to loosen up. The frown lines in his forehead disappeared and he started asking her questions. In fact, many of the questions he asked, she had no answer for. She had never been very interested in history.

Fiona wondered what it was that had been bothering him. Something about the incident at the river had upset him, and she had no idea what. By all rights, she should be the one who was outraged. She was the one who had been passed like a marijuana joint for someone else's pleasure. And yet, while part of her condemned the whole event as something from a bad porn flick, there was a part of her, that newly discovered ungovernable part, that thrived on it.

Even so, she was disappointed that Rockwell hadn't cum in her mouth back at the river. That little bastard Luke had, and almost immediately. He'd jerked his hips in that ridiculously spastic thrusting action, as if he were having some kind of epileptic fit. After he'd shot his load, Fiona had wanted to spit the unfamiliar dick out of her mouth, but it was pulled out.

That's when the shit had hit the fan. The other boy was supposed to take a turn in her mouth, and knowing that her brother's life hung in the balance, she'd been prepared to cooperate. But, in no uncertain terms, Rockwell had angrily told them to beat it, which was strange to say the least. Obviously, Rockwell had invited the voyeurs to come join in, and yet, before the second man had had his turn, he'd changed his mind. The question was why?

At that moment, Goliath chose to leap forward suddenly with a harsh whinny. Rockwell cursed and wrestled with the reins as the gelding danced sideways, wrenching his neck in an effort to express his will. Fiona enjoyed watching the struggle between them. The determined expression on Rockwell's face was wildly exciting, reminding her of how he'd looked when he'd taken her virginity. Slowly but surely, Rockwell exerted his dominance and Goliath settled down.

Unfortunately, Fiona was the one who was worked up now. That telltale tingling between her legs and the shivery heat that crept up her neck told her that she was becoming aroused watching Rockwell subdue Goliath.

"I want to let him run for a while," Rockwell said. "He's getting obnoxious." He gave the animal a certain amount of leeway as they plodded along, but remained firm.

Goliath seemed to be under control, but was restless, tossing his head and snorting in defiance. There was a certain edginess to his gait, a lingering rebelliousness to the way he slashed his tail. Fiona could sense the gelding's urge to be free.

She nodded and eagerly urged Cinnamon into a gallop. Her current state of arousal seemed to call for physical action, and if all she could get was the incidental clitoral

stimulation from riding Cinnamon, then so be it. Knowing Rockwell's appetite for sex, it wouldn't be long before her own personal itch would be scratched. Maybe she could lure him into the bushes again for a quick romp.

Rockwell quickly followed her lead. They took off toward the river with Fiona about three lengths ahead, but Goliath didn't like being held back and put on a burst of speed. It wasn't long before Rockwell was even with her.

"The rock!" he called out.

She nodded. They would race to the rock by the river. His gray eyes glittering in challenge, Rockwell flashed her a devilish grin, then bent low over the saddle and turned his attention back to race. Fiona burst into laughter as she tightened the grip of her thighs and leaned forward. Her mare was no slouch when it came to speed; Cinnamon stretched out and did her best to catch up.

Spurring their mounts with raucous shouts and whoops Fiona and Rockwell raced along the meadow until they veered onto the riding trail they'd walked along earlier that morning. At one point, Fiona got close enough so that she could have reached out and touched Goliath's streaming tail, but she never caught up completely. Goliath reached the rock slab just moments before Cinnamon did. Rockwell was laughing when she pulled up.

"That was incredible," Rockwell exclaimed, slapping Goliath's neck in appreciation. "Great race!"

A carefree, exhilarated expression had transformed his face from brooding and inflexible to almost boyish in its light-heartedness. Looking at him now, Fiona felt like she was glimpsing a part of him that he rarely let out.

They let the horses walk a little to cool down. When the animals had caught their breath, Fiona and Rockwell dismounted and led them to the river's edge, where they drank deeply.

"You're a wonderful rider," she said. They both looked out on the river as the horses drank.

"I tried riding on a lark when I was in England once years and years ago. I actually thought going along would help clinch a business deal, and it did, but it also hooked me for life. I have an estate in—"

Suddenly, she saw a fleeting movement out of the corner of her eye, and Rockwell went down face first into the water. A moment later she felt a sharp pain in her temple and she blacked out as well.

When she came to, it took her a moment to remember what had happened. She looked around and realized she hadn't been out very long. Two young guys were pulling an unconscious Rockwell out of the water by his arms. She recognized them as being the same two from the rock. Luke and his buddy, Eddie.

Rockwell's head was bleeding, his blood mixed with the river water stained his white shirt pink. He didn't look seriously hurt, but she couldn't see much from where she lay. Luke and Eddie were arguing with each other.

"I'm telling you they'll never find out who we are." Luke said. He yanked the drawstring out of his shorts and started tying Rockwell's wrists with it. "There's just no way."

"Luke, I can't help it. I think this is a very bad idea. That guy looks rich. Did you see the gold Rolex on his wrist? He could hire some detective to track us down."

Luke scoffed. "There's nothing to track down. All they know is our first names. Even if they get some sketch artist, there's no way they could know where we live. We live hundreds of miles from here. It's just you and me on a fishing trip. Neither of us have police records. There's no license plate to pin down the state." He tightened the knot around Rockwell's wrists with a vicious jerk. "There's no way in hell they can find out who we are. Now put the fucking blindfold on him."

Eddie tied one rag around Rockwell's eyes while Luke gagged him with another. Then, after dragging Rockwell completely onto the shore, they dropped him and turned their attention to Fiona. Her heart pounding, she closed her eyes, not wanting them to know she was conscious.

"Eddie, my man, I'm gonna be generous," Luke said as they approached, "You can have a go at her first, since I already did her mouth before."

"I dunno, Luke. What if...what if she bites my dick off?"

Luke laughed. "She won't. Didn't you see her before? She loves it. HE was the asshole who fucked everything up. I'll bet when she wakes up, she'll love the fact that there's two of us to do her."

Fiona could tell from the tremble in Eddie's voice that he was practically drooling. "Oh, man, that would be so cool."

One of them came up behind her and hooked his arms around hers. The other started tugging on her boots.

With Rockwell out of commission for who knew how long, Fiona realized she was on her own. If Luke and Eddie thought they could get away with raping her, they had another thing coming. Rockwell using her for sex was one thing. She liked what he did to her. He had finesse and he was damn good at it. These two juvenile ass-wipes were something else.

She gave a soft, sighing moan and licked her lips, before finally opening her eyes. Eddie was just tossing the second of her boots away and starting on her pants. He froze, his face reddening. That meant Luke was the one holding her arms from behind. They must have hung around fishing all day because Eddie was still wearing the same clothes.

"Hi," said Eddie, while Luke sneered.

"Sleeping Beauty wakes up."

"What's going on?" she asked, trying to sound a little groggy.

"What's going on is we're gonna fuck your brains out, bitch," Luke boasted. "Your asshole protector is tied up and out cold over there."

As Eddie pulled her pants off her legs and tossed them aside, she looked over at Rockwell. He still wasn't moving. Damn. She forced out a laugh.

"Fuck him," she said. "He ordered me around like he thought he owned me." Which was true.

Eddie glanced over her shoulder at Luke with a glint of nervous hope in his eyes, then he looked at Fiona. "You aren't gonna scream or anything?"

"I don't seem to have a choice here. I may as well enjoy it." She gave him the once over. Eddie sported an erection and even had a small damp spot on his shorts.

"Damn straight you don't have a choice," Luke said. With his knees pressed into her back, he tightened his hold on Fiona. "Eddie's first. He got gypped out of his turn before."

She looked at Eddie, who was sweating as he wrestled her panties off. "You want me to blow you, like I did your friend?"

His jaw dropped open and a wad of gum fell out onto the dirt. "Holy shit. Y-yeah. I sure do."

"Come here." Fiona pulled away from Luke a little to get on her knees. Rockwell hadn't moved.

Eddie came close, yanking his shorts down. His penis sprang out and he grabbed it and pushed it toward her mouth. He sobbed out a ragged cry as she took the head into her mouth. Luke released one of her arms, fondled her breast through her blouse and laughed.

"Suck him good, baby," Luke said into her ear as he ripped her shirt in an effort to get to her tits. His hot hand pushed inside and clutched at her.

Like a bimbo from a porn flick, she cooed over Eddie as she slurped and licked. "Oooh, your cock tastes so good. I could suck on it all day. I wanna taste your cum."

Eddie started babbling. "Oh, man, oh, man. This is totally not happening."

As Luke pinched her nipples, Fiona noticed Rockwell stirring. Unfortunately, if she could see him, so could Luke. She had to do something drastic.

"Luke, honey, lay down so I can straddle you. I want your hot cock in my pussy." Looking up at Eddie, she murmured against the tip of his cock, "And you--fuck my mouth, Eddie. I wanna feel your cock ramming down my throat."

Eddie's eyes went wide and he gave a nervous excited laugh. "All right!" He took her head in his hands and started thrusting with childlike gusto, while Luke got down on his back, threading his legs through Fiona's. In this position she was pretty sure Luke's range of vision was limited to the darkening sky and her back.

She felt Luke's hand groping between their bodies, probing for her opening with his penis. When he found it, he surged upward with a loud grunt and gripped her hip with his free hand. Now she was being fucked in both her mouth and her pussy, but the two inexperienced frat boys couldn't get the rhythm right. Eddie pulled at her head, Luke yanked on her hips, and Fiona felt like she was being jerked around like a

marionette. Thankfully, Eddie came about fifteen seconds later. He squeaked and twitched as his penis spurting into Fiona's mouth. When he was done, he fell down on the dirt and moaned. Fiona spit his cum out in a stream onto the dirt.

Luke, on the other hand, was determined to make this time last. She looked at him over her shoulder; he lay there, that same smarmy look on his face.

"Oh, yeah, Luke. That feels so good," she moaned.

Like hell it did. Her knees, grinding into the dirt and gravel, were killing her.

"You love it, baby," Luke said, grunting with effort. "I knew you would. You're such a fuckin' slut. You'll take it any way you can get it. Am I right?"

She faked a moan in response and glanced at Rockwell. He was sitting up, but his head was drooping and he swayed like he was going to conk out again. Shit. She couldn't wait any longer; she had to make her move now.

"After I fuck your cunt, bitch, I'm gonna do your mouth again. If you do a good enough job, I might even decide not to kill youuuUUU--" Luke's voice rose an octave as Fiona reached down, seized his balls in her hand and squeezed hard.

His shriek alerted Eddie that something was wrong. "What the—"

"Shut the fuck up, Eddie." Fiona snapped.

She kept her brutal grip on Luke's sac and lifted herself off his dick. When she turned around to confront him, his face was gray, contorted with pain, and all that came out of his mouth was high-pitched whimpering. He still managed to try to hit her, but she dodged his half-hearted swing and squeezed harder. Luke arched off the ground and let out a wail.

"Don't, Luke, or I swear I'll squeeze you so hard your nuts will shoot into orbit!"

Luke jerked his head in assent as he lay there sweating, his lips white around the edges.

"Listen close, boys. I'm going to take my friend and go home and you're going to do the same thing."

"Okay, okay," Eddie babbled. "Just calm down!"

"I'm very calm. See? I'm even smiling." She gave them a humorless laugh.

"Now, before you start thinking you're free and clear, you should know that my friend and I have enough money to finance a small war. Which is enough to ruin your pathetic lives and not even miss it."

"But you don't—" Eddie interrupted.

"Know who you are?" Fiona laughed. "Don't kid yourself, Eddie. Unfortunately for you, Luke was stupid enough to wear his Tau Alpha Zeta fraternity shirt. Tracking the two of you down wherever you live will be a piece of cake."

She nodded at Eddie. "Eddie, you little shit, go untie my friend, or I rip Luke's balls off."

Luke let out a strangled wail as Eddie scrambled to his feet and pulled his shorts up.

"Okay, okay. Sure, whatever you say!" Eddie was nodding his head like one of those toy dogs on the dash of a low-rider car. While he raced to Rockwell and freed him, she turned to Luke, who looked like he was about ready to pass out. He might be incapacitated now, but she didn't dare let go of his balls. He was one mean son-of-a-bitch.

Fiona heard a cry of pain. When she turned her head, she saw Rockwell, shaking out his hand and striding toward her. Eddie was sprawled on the ground. Rockwell was filthy from his dunk in the river and the blood on his face and shirt.

"Get out of the way, Fiona, so I can kick the crap out of him." Rockwell's voice was flat and hard.

Fiona hesitated. Rockwell put on a good show, but after having been in close contact with him for the last almost twenty-four hours, she noticed the waver in his step and the dazed look in his eyes.

She let go of Luke. He immediately curled up into a tight ball with his hands between his legs and cried like an infant. He wasn't going to be a problem anymore tonight.

Fiona stood up and, trembling, went to Rockwell. He held open his arms for her and she stepped into them gratefully. He felt so strong that Fiona wanted to live in his embrace. His now familiar smell made her feel so safe.

"No, please, let's just go home," she said into his chest.

"I want to know if they hurt you, Fiona." Even though he held her, Rockwell stood rigid, like a pillar of granite. His voice sounded barely restrained. "If they hurt you, I swear to God I'll kill them here."

"No! No, they didn't hurt me!" Fiona shook Rockwell's shoulders slightly to get his attention.

"They hit you." He touched her temple and she winced, which made his brows draw together ominously.

She waved his hand away. "I'm fine, I swear. I'm fine. Please, let's go. Leave them alone. Please." She tugged at his arm, hoping to draw him toward the horses, which stood about fifteen feet away under the cover of a tree.

With one last contemptuous look at the both of them, Rockwell relented and went toward the horses. Fiona snatched up her pants and boots and yanked them on. She was afraid that if she took too long, Luke might squeak out some lame-ass parting comment and Rockwell would storm back and choke him.

Mounting quickly, she waited just long enough to make sure Rockwell was coming, and then she dug her heels into Cinnamon's flanks and cantered toward home.

Once back at the mansion, Rockwell sent her to her room, saying he had to secure the house. Fiona immediately pulled off her filthy clothes and threw them in the garbage. She used her bidet for a long time and thanked her lucky stars that Luke hadn't left his sperm inside her. Then she showered with water as hot as she could stand it, as if the heat would burn away any traces of what she had done. She

scrubbed her teeth with a huge glob of tooth paste. Finally, she wrapped herself in Rockwell's thick robe and lay on the bed. Moments later she was asleep.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. VI: The Courtship

by *Whispersecret* ©

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Rockwell thought it unlikely that Luke and Eddie would seek retaliation, but he wasn't going to be able to relax until he had taken every precaution. While he and Whitcomb waited for the arrival of some additional hired security, they walked the perimeter of the mansion, examining every single window and door. They checked and rechecked the alarm system.

When the armed security people arrived, Rockwell gave explicit directions. He wanted the Sheridan mansion to be tighter than the White House tonight.

"You've got their descriptions. I doubt they'll come here, but if anything bigger than a cockroach gets past you, I'll have you all fired from your jobs."

The extra personnel dispersed, and Rockwell took Whitcomb aside.

"Lend me your gun."

As confident as Rockwell was that the precautions he'd taken would be more than enough, he wasn't going to take chances. The gun would be a little extra insurance.

"Which one, sir?"

"Whatever's the smallest. The Glock, I guess. Remind me how it works again, and skip the wisecracks about where the trigger is. I'm not in the mood."

Whitcomb pulled the sleek automatic from his holster and reviewed loading, unloading, and the operation of the safety. Rockwell practiced everything himself a couple of times and then let Whitcomb return to his duties.

With the gun tucked in his waistband, Rockwell trudged up the stairs. He found Fiona asleep on the bed. She had obviously showered--her hair was wrapped up in a towel and she was wearing his robe. He considered cleaning up himself, but couldn't seem to muster up the energy yet. He just needed to rest a few minutes. That was all.

He pulled a chair up next to the bed and sat heavily in it. His first thought was that sitting down had been a mistake. It was still early, only seven, but he was exhausted. The side of his head hurt like the devil, but wasn't anything serious. He was more emotionally drained than anything.

Nothing he'd ever felt in his entire life had prepared him for the rage that gripped him when Fiona was at the mercy of those two young fucks and he was helpless to do anything about it. When he'd come to, the first thought he had was for Fiona's safety. He'd heard Luke's foul verbal attack and his blood had boiled in his veins. *That little fucker is going to die*, Rockwell thought as he'd struggled to free himself.

I'm going to rip his balls off and stuff them down his throat.

But Fiona had beaten him to it. He marveled at how decisively she had taken control of the situation. What a woman she was, and only nineteen, for Christ's sake. If she hadn't acted, there was no telling what might have happened.

He took her hand in his.

"Rockwell?" She stirred, squeezing his hand slightly.

"I'm here," he said softly.

"Good," she murmured softly with a drowsy smile. "I like...you with me." She drifted back to sleep, her grip on his hand gentle, but secure.

I must be hungrier than I thought, he thought to himself when he felt a strange cramp in his gut. Without disengaging his hand, he leaned forward and rested his head on the bed. *I'll just close my eyes for a minute until the food comes.*

When the maid came with the tray twenty minutes later, she found them both asleep, their hands still clasped.

Fiona woke up the next day, and found Rockwell asleep in a chair next to the bed. He looked so peaceful. The way his arm was stretched out toward her reminded her of Michelangelo's depiction of Adam reaching out to God on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

She unwound the towel from her head, amazed she'd fallen asleep with it still on. When she ran her fingers through her hair, she found it was still damp. Obviously, Rockwell hadn't showered. He was filthy with dirt and blood. His hair was especially matted with it.

Carefully she eased herself off the bed and went to run a bath for him. She was sitting on the edge of the tub, adjusting the water temperature when she heard him shout.

"Fiona! *Fiona!*"

She came out of the bathroom to see what was wrong and saw him dashing toward the door to the hall, a gun in his hand. His eyes were frantic.

"Rockwell, I'm here."

He jerked his head toward the sound of her voice. His long strides ate up the distance between them as he shoved the gun into the back of his pants. He took her face in his hands, kissing her again and again on her lips. Fiona was flabbergasted by how worried he seemed.

"God, Fiona, when I woke up and didn't see you, I thought for a second that those bastards had gotten you."

There was a frightened little catch in his voice. Before she could decipher the crazy look in his eyes, he pulled her roughly into his arms.

"It's all right. I'm all right," she murmured, sliding her hands up his back and leaning against him. As she rested her cheek on his chest, he hunched his shoulders as if to shelter her. He clutched her tightly, as if he didn't want to let her go. His hot breath drifted through her hair.

"I ran a bath for you. After you soak a while, I want to get a good look at your head. They hit you pretty hard."

She freed herself from his embrace and led him by the arm to the bathroom. He came along willingly.

"Into the tub. Go on," she told him firmly after she turned off the water.

The panic Rockwell felt upon waking had faded; it was finally sinking into his sleepy brain that she was safe. For a moment he just stood there, breathing deeply and looking at her. Hazily, he decided he liked seeing her in his robe. A feeling of possessiveness crept over him and he felt his lips curve in a smile.

She frowned at him. "What are you waiting for?"

You, came the unbidden thought.

His mind immediately recoiled from that idea. *Where the hell had that come from?* He closed his eyes and deliberately cleared his mind.

"I don't usually take baths."

"Well, today you are."

Clearly exasperated, she proceeded to strip him of his clothes, muttering about how filthy they were. He could have stopped her; he was perfectly able to undress himself. But he reluctantly admitted to himself that he liked the attention she was giving him.

Moments later he was naked, sliding into the hot water. A groan of pleasure escaped him as he submerged himself completely. As the liquid heat surrounded him, a lazy languor saturated his mind and body, and he gradually let go of the rigid control that he normally wore like armor. His cares seemed to seep out of his pores, leaving him floating in a sea of relaxed freedom.

When at last he sat up, Fiona was grinning at him. He gave her an indulgent smile. He couldn't remember the last time he felt this good without sex.

She squirted some shampoo on his head. "Hold still or you'll get soap in your eyes."

"Ow, shit, that hurts," he complained as she worked up the lather. The huge knot on the side of his head was still painful.

"Stop being such a baby and be quiet. You need to be clean. Now, rinse."

When his hair was free of soap, she got up on her knees beside the tub.

"Ow." She winced.

"What's wrong?"

"My knees are scraped up. It's nothing really. Let me look at that head."

She examined the extent of his injury with gently probing fingers. He examined her pert tits just inches away. His cock gave a little pulse. He ignored it. He didn't really feel like sex right now, too busy enjoying Fiona's coddling.

"This doesn't look too bad. From all the blood, I thought it was going to be a lot worse. I don't think it even needs stitches."

"Good, because I don't have a hell of a lot of confidence in your sewing ability-- Society Girl," he added, suddenly taken by the urge to tease her. He turned his attention away from her body and soaped up his chest. She had closed and re-knotted the robe anyway.

"Hey, what makes you think I can't sew?" she asked, indignant.

"Can you?" He stopped soaping and regarded her with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, no." She frowned. "But—"

He laughed. God, it felt good. Laughing felt damn good.

She got to her feet and stood there with her hip cocked. Her brows were drawn together in a frown and her arms were crossed like she was angry.

"You're hopeless," she said with a smile.

A strange lump rose in his throat. Her sea-green eyes were like springtime, full of welcome and promise and youth. When he looked into them it felt like his dark, indomitable heart felt was being bathed in sunshine and hope. An unfamiliar pricking behind his eyes made him blink several times and he was having trouble breathing. His first thought was that he might be having a stroke, but there wasn't any real pain.

He was depraved. He knew that. He'd lived his life taking what he wanted from women according to his own strange sense of honor. And he'd always been satisfied with his lot. He had never harbored a vain wish for the kind of love normal people sought. He knew that wasn't for him. But Fiona was changing that. *Had* changed that.

He realized how much he wanted her. Not just in his bed, but in his life.

Suddenly, he felt like a kid, happy, hopeful, and brimming over with dreams. Possibilities for the two of them blossomed in his mind. At his estate in England, he could show her all his beautiful horses—the Arabian stock, the thoroughbreds, the ponies he kept for no good reason. He knew she would delight in riding across the endless green meadows. He could practically see the glee on her face as she saw the foals romping in the pasture. His whole body ached as he pictured her curled up by the fire in his Colorado chalet, naked except for little fur boots. Her hands were wrapped around a mug of cocoa, laughing at something he said. God, he wanted that. He wanted to make her laugh.

"I beg your pardon, but was that a laugh?" Fiona said, snapping him out of his reverie. "I thought you didn't joke around."

Happiness suffused him. He laughed and said pointedly, "I thought you hated my guts," he said. "You said I was a sadistic son of a bitch."

"I do. You are."

"Then why are you hovering over me like a mother hen?"

"I'm n—" She stopped and her arched brows drew together. "I'd like to think I'd help any hurt animal."

"So now I'm an animal."

She gave a toss of her head. "If the fur fits..."

He laughed again and leaned back in the tub. He'd done far too little laughing in his life, and she made him laugh even when she was insulting him. A dopey grin took over his face, and for once he didn't feel compelled to turn it into a smirk or wipe it away completely. He let it reach down to touch his dormant heart like sunshine on a struggling sprout on the forest floor.

Their eyes met-- hers twinkling with mischief, his glowing with a newfound warmth and a tentative spark of hope. As his grin faded away, an awkward silence followed. Rockwell couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from her face and for a while she looked at him just as intently. He wanted to pull her into the tub with him and kiss her senseless, thrust himself into her young body until she screamed with pleasure and the water sloshed out of the tub to spill out onto the marble floor.

But it wasn't just about sexual gratification anymore. Ironically enough, he wanted her to seek him out for something other than sex.

Finally, she broke eye contact. Fiddling with the sash of the robe, she turned into mother hen again.

"Wash behind your ears. I saw some dried up blood there. I think I need to go see about breakfast."

Fiona was confused. Rockwell had come into her room last Saturday night and told her about the deal he had made with her father. Then for almost twenty-four hours he'd seemed obsessed with sex, like he was determined to pack in a lifetime's worth into the one week he'd paid for. He'd been aggressive and demanding, tyrannical and rough, yet so damn exciting. She got wet just thinking about it.

And now for the last few days, ever since the Luke and Eddie fiasco, he hadn't done anything more than hold her hand. He was like a different person. Every morning he would have breakfast with her and they would talk pleasantly over the morning paper, discussing newsworthy issues. She rather liked debating points of view with him. Their conversation was lively and interesting, covering a wide range of topics. It was a nice change from the college boys she usually talked with, who seemed to be interested only in beer and girls, not necessarily in that order.

After breakfast, Rockwell would disappear for a few hours to work in her father's study, and every time he actually apologized for leaving her. She would have understood if the minute he had finished his work he came and ravished her until

she was breathless, but he didn't. And it was getting old.

After his morning work sessions, he would come out of the study and suggest some sort of activity. One afternoon they drove into town and she showed him around. To her surprise, he turned into this wacky cliché tourist. He dragged her to places she had never even visited herself, and she'd lived in the area all her life. Podunk museums, funky little theme shops, hole-in-the-wall restaurants. He must have examined every historical marker within a five-mile radius. He even bought a silly paperweight that said, "Virginia is for Lovers." The strange thing was, she had fun.

Then there was that business at the travel agency. A poster for the Great Britain caught his attention and he'd pulled her into the office. He pawed through the pamphlets, while she wondered how many more souvenir shops they'd have to hit before they went home.

"Fiona, look at this. Tell me what you think." He held out a brochure with a skier on the front. Emblazoned on the cover was, "Ski the Rockies!"

She shrugged noncommittally. "It's all right."

"What about these?" He handed her a couple more, advertising the Caribbean and "Historic England."

"What is this? Do you get a commission from this place or something?" He just laughed and went to talk to one of the agents.

Fiona looked them over. They all looked tempting. She liked to travel, but hadn't gone anywhere since her mother died.

Rockwell came back. "Well? Which one do you like best? I haven't taken a vacation in six years. I'm long overdue, and I need your opinion."

She sorted through them again. "Well, it's the wrong time of year for skiing."

He smiled at her, took the Colorado pamphlet, and tossed it over his shoulder. "You're right. What about England? Or sailing on the Caribbean?"

"Sort of you against nature? The Old Man and the Sea kind of thing?" She gave him a sidelong glance.

"For one thing, I'm not old. For another, I like sailing on big yachts, not fishing in a two-man dinghy."

She shrugged. "Well, Europe during the summer is going to be crowded with camera-laden tourists." She eyed the bag he carried containing his fifteen-pound Virginia ham and the tacky paperweight. "Of course, you'd probably fit right in."

He shook his head. "For England I was leaning more toward visiting the countryside, not London."

Fiona glanced back and forth between the brochures and rattled the one on the Virgin Islands. "If it were me, I'd go here. Anywhere on the ocean. I love the sea."

He seemed satisfied with her answer. They left the travel agency and he veered directly into another t-shirt shop. How many collector spoons and souvenir shot glasses could he look at? *Enough is enough*, she thought. With revenge on her mind,

she asked if she could try on one of the shirts. The shopkeeper showed her to the bathroom in back.

When she came out wearing the t-shirt, sans bra, she said, "What do you think?"

Rockwell's eyes about popped out of his head. She had purposely stimulated her nipples so that they stood out in relief under the cotton, and for an instant that familiar I-want-to-fuck-your-brains-out look came over his face. Fiona felt a rush of desire and a flicker of hope. Now maybe he'd touch her again and everything would be back to what passed for normal with Rockwell.

But he rubbed his hands over his face, turned to the goggle-eyed shopkeeper and said, "How much for the shirt?"

Fiona wanted to scream.

Another day they had argued over who made the better James Bond, Sean Connery, Roger Moore, or Pierce Brosnan. So they decided to have a Bond-a-thon. Dashing off to the nearest video store, they came home with every Bond flick on the shelf and a mountain of movie-theatre candy and microwave popcorn. As per Fiona's suggestion, they rated each movie based on the actor's portrayal of the famous secret agent. Ingenuity, sex appeal, calm in the face of danger, wit, and whether or not the females uttered those famous words, "Oh, James!" all figured into the final tally. It was well into evening before they averaged up the scores and found that Sean Connery edged out both Moore and Brosnan, much to Fiona's surprise. When the winner had been declared, she grudgingly admitted that she hadn't ever seen any of the older films. When Rockwell looked pained at the reminder of how young she was, she just laughed.

"You're only as young as you feel, Rockwell. And if your performance in bed is any indication, you're not over the hill yet."

He smiled at that, and Fiona nurtured a lame hope that tonight he would touch her again and make her feel that explosive pleasure she only felt in his arms. She even reached for the zipper on his pants with the intention of initiating things herself, but the telltale twinge in her stomach that had been plaguing her for an hour flared painfully.

"Stomachache?" he asked, sitting up when she grimaced.

She nodded, her hand pressed to her abdomen. It was obvious from the pile of crumpled candy wrappers and empty popcorn tubs that she had overindulged. She felt like a little kid except for the fact that an upset stomach didn't quite negate the very adult arousal that still plagued her between her legs. She was prepared to ignore her little intestinal upset and was heartened when he announced that he was taking her to bed.

But when he got her there, he didn't give her the sex she craved. Instead, he left to find a heating pad and some milk of magnesia. After she reluctantly took the medicine, he sat there stroking her brow and murmuring softly to her until she fell asleep.

That was yesterday. This afternoon, she felt one hundred percent recovered and one hundred percent determined to get satisfaction before the day was over. Rockwell had suggested a meandering ride and then an outdoor picnic. Wearing a skimpy

sundress in the saddle was out of the question, so instead of underwear, she wore a bikini under her riding clothes, and she shaved off the stubble that had begun to grow back on her mound.

On her way down from her room, she saw one of the servants coming up the stairs with a tray of food. She wondered who the food was for. It certainly wasn't for her. The cook was supposed to have prepared a basket of goodies for their picnic.

The servant brought the tray to a large hulking man who sat outside the door to her father's suite of rooms. He took the tray and waved the servant away. Then, instead of eating the food himself, he took it into her father's room.

Fiona realized she hadn't even given one thought for her father since the night Rockwell had taken her virginity. She'd assumed he was off spending some of the money he'd made off the business deal. She dashed down the hall.

"Daddy?"

The giant guard came back out and shut the door, a slight frown on his face. He plunged his hand inside his jacket and Fiona flinched, but he only pulled out a phone. "You shouldn't be here, miss."

"Daddy, are you in there?"

"Fiona! Call the police! They're going to kill me!" Her father's terrified voice was muffled from behind the door.

"Shut the fuck up in there!" the guard shouted. Then he flushed. "Sorry about the language, miss."

She faced the man squarely. "What's your name?"

"Gus, miss. Gus Whitcomb."

"Gus, you have to let me see him."

He shook his head and punched a number into the phone. "No, miss. Can't do that." He shook the phone. "Damn battery."

"Please, I just want to talk to him. Surely there's no harm in that. He probably just wants to see that I'm okay. He's probably been worried."

Fat chance, she thought. *He was the one who sold me after all.* She immediately felt contrite. He was her father, though. What if they really were maltreating him?

"Please?" She tried to look really pathetic.

Gus frowned. "It would only be for a couple of minutes..."

"That would be great."

"I gotta listen, too. Otherwise no go."

"All right, all right. Let me in." She didn't have much time. Rockwell was waiting for her.

Gus opened the door. Her father stood right there as if he'd been listening.

"Fiona!"

"Oh, my God! What happened?" Her father's face was covered in bruises. He winced when she touched his swollen nose.

"Rockwell beat the crap out of me."

"What?"

"Never mind that. I'm fine. You have to get me out of here. He threatened to have me killed!"

Fiona glanced at the big guy. He stood in the open doorway like a stone pillar with arms, his face implacable.

"You must have misunderstood. Rockwell wouldn't do that."

"What do you mean he wouldn't do that? He did! He's nuts, Fiona. If I try to get out, that ape is supposed to kill me! I'm a prisoner in my own damn house."

"Oh, really! Join the club, Daddy." She stabbed him with a sharp glance. "At least you weren't sold like a piece of property."

Her father had the grace to flush with guilt. "But I was going to give you the money, baby girl." His tone was wheedling and childish, very unlike his usual tone of command.

"Save it, Daddy. You made your bed, so to speak, and you can lay in it until the week is done."

Her father snorted in disgust. "While you go and fuck Rockwell six ways 'til Sunday."

Fiona narrowed her eyes and said in a low, menacing voice, "Don't you dare try to make me feel like a whore, when you're the one who made me one, *Father*."

"You're the one who's defending him. I wonder why. Liking it a little too much?" His face twisted into an ugly sneer.

Fiona felt so furious she couldn't think of a nasty enough reply. She spun on her heel and stalked from the room. The guard closed the door behind her. For a minute, all she could do was stand there shaking.

"*He* should talk," the guard said in a low voice.

"Pardon me?" She whipped her head around to look at him.

"Your father shouldn't talk about liking it." He had again taken his pillar of stone stance, but the kind expression on his face looked out of place on such a forbidding giant of a man. "Ask Mr. Rockwell about the tape."

"What do you mean? What tape?"

Gus just shook his head. "Just ask him."

Hostile Takeover

Ch. VII: Without Words

by *Whispersecret* ©

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By the time she got to the stables, she had calmed down. She found it hard to believe that Rockwell had threatened her father's life. What could Daddy have done to warrant that? Why had Rockwell hit him? And what was that mysterious tape that the guard mentioned? These questions pestered her until they arrived at a suitable picnic spot, where they set up their blankets under a tree.

She intended to talk to Rockwell about all of it, but he took her by surprise when he asked, "What are your plans for the future, Fiona?"

"The future?" She stopped unpacking the food for a moment.

"Yes." He took over the task of setting out the sandwiches and fruit that had been packed for them. "I remember your father mentioning that you were no longer in college, and I've been wondering what you intend to do with your life."

She busied herself with uncorking the wine. "This is going to sound stupid, but when I was little, I wanted to be a cruise director, like Julie on that show, *The Love Boat*."

He chuckled as she poured the wine. "I take it that's not your life's ambition anymore."

She shook her head.

"Then what is?"

She fiddled with the sandwiches. "Oh, good, lobster salad. Wait until you taste this. You'll think you died and went to heaven." She unwrapped hers and took a big bite. "Oh, yum."

Rockwell tried it and shrugged his shoulders. "It's delicious, but answer my question."

Fiona swallowed her bite. "You'll think it's silly. My father always told me I'd be wasting my time."

"Your father is an idiot. Tell me."

"I want to study the ocean. I've always been fascinated by those underwater explorer shows, but Daddy thinks that any pursuit that doesn't involve a making a profit is worthless."

"Why don't you do what you want anyway?"

"I was going to, but all of a sudden he seemed obsessed with finding me a rich husband. He refused to pay my tuition and started parading me around in front of his associates, like a prize heifer."

"Let me guess. This was about a year ago when he started doing this?"

She paused in mid-bite. "Yes. How did you know?"

"That's about the time when his company really started to go sour." Rockwell sipped his wine.

"What did you want to be when you were a little boy?"

He seemed taken aback by the question. "Me?"

"Yes, you. You *were* a boy once, weren't you? Or did you spring fully formed from the sea?"

"Of course I was a boy once." He swirled the wine around in his plastic cup. "I didn't really think about that kind of thing when I was young."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I just didn't." Rockwell cleared his throat. "You know, you're right. This is the best lobster salad sandwich I've ever had."

Fiona cocked her head to the side. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong."

"Then, why don't you want to talk about this?"

"Who said I didn't want to talk about it?"

"Come on, I told you my secret dream to be a cruise director."

"All right, Fiona. You want to know what I dreamed about when I was a kid? I'll tell you." He tossed his sandwich onto his plastic plate. "I dreamed about growing up and moving out on my own. Having my own place. A place I didn't have to share with anyone else."

"Brothers and sisters always under foot?" she asked, surprised by the vehemence in his voice.

"Not exactly. See, not everyone was born into a life of privilege, like you."

"I know that."

"No. You don't. Not really. You'll never know what it's like."

Fiona bit her lip. She could see this was a tender subject with him, but she wouldn't give up.

"Tell me," she said softly. "I want to know."

He shoved his plate away and lay on his back, crossing his arms under his head.

"Where shall I start? My dad was a loser, in prison for life. I assume because he killed someone, but my mother never did tell me for what crime. Mostly because she was drunk most of the time."

"Oh, God," Fiona whispered.

"My sister, brother and I did all right. My mother had her lucid periods. She generally kept food in the house, bought us clothes, paid the rent. But one time she left to go collect her welfare check and didn't come back. I was the oldest, so I took over. I told my sister and brother that she'd be back soon and that we would have to take care of ourselves until she got back. We did okay for about a week until we started running out of food. My teacher got suspicious when I started bringing boxed macaroni to school for lunch. Not soon after that people from Children's Services came and took us into custody. No one wanted to take three kids in at once, so we were separated. I never found out what happened to my mother."

"What about your sister and brother?"

"Deb is married to a chef. She lives in Colorado. Drew's in investment banking in London."

"My God. You own a multi-billion dollar company, and you came from that nightmare childhood. You poor th—"

"Don't," he snapped. "I don't want your sympathy."

He got up abruptly, went to Goliath and yanked a book out of the saddle bag. When he returned to the blanket, he turned his attention to his book and his lunch without another word.

Fiona ate her own lunch. He was right. She would never know what it was like to have lived like that. Her heart went out to the little boy he had been. And she found herself admiring the man that he'd become.

Some time later when she was finished with her lunch, she looked at Rockwell. He sat with his back against the tree, one leg stretched out, the other bent. He looked so devilishly handsome in his jaunty straw hat. She was hoping he would just move his leg just a tiny bit more to the side, because she was sure that then she could get a glimpse inside his shorts. There was something thrilling about getting a secret peek.

She lay on her side, propped up on one elbow, and watched him for ten minutes. Nothing. He seemed absorbed with his reading—a little volume about the establishment of the Jamestown colony that he had picked up during their little jaunt to town. She sighed, accepting the fact that no peek was forthcoming. Even so, she felt a little twinge between her legs.

Maybe it was time for some action on my part, she thought.

"I think I'll get a little sun," she said, standing up and stretching.

He glanced up at her briefly. "That's fine."

She anticipated the look on his face when he saw her little swimsuit surprise. As she unbuttoned her blouse, she even played out a little fantasy in her head about how he would lose control and take her hard and make her cum and cum. Just like the good old—well, day. (She couldn't say "days", since there had really only been one day of sex.)

She shrugged off her shirt. The skimpy top of the bikini hugged her breasts, the luscious mounds almost overflowing the tiny triangles of fabric. There was no way he

couldn't notice them. She looked at Rockwell.

He was still reading his book.

Fine, she thought, *let's see if he can ignore this*. After taking off her boots and socks, she turned around, and unfastened her pants. With a decided shimmy of her hips, she slowly wriggled the trousers over her rounded bottom and down. She hoped he was enjoying the gradual exposure of all that feminine flesh—the generous swell of her hips and cheeks, the long, sleek line of her thighs and shapely calves. She hoped the sight of the scanty bikini bottom skirting over her behind was driving him wild. She hoped that he would stand up, drop his own pants, take her by the hips and drive himself into her like an animal.

She risked a look at him through her legs while she was bent over. He had his hat tilted over his face and his arms crossed over his chest.

He appeared to be sleeping.

She immediately straightened and turned. How dare he fall asleep while she was putting on her little strip show? She kicked aside her pants in annoyance. By all rights his cock should be hard as a--

Fiona frowned and peered closer at his groin. There was a definitely bulge there. He *had* seen her. Nobody got a hard on from reading colonial history. That meant he was pretending to sleep! Damn it, he was the one who had stirred the sexual feelings of her body, and now he was denying her any pleasure at all for no apparent reason. Well, screw that, she thought.

Her first thought was to straddle him and rub herself against him—force him to acknowledge the fact that he wasn't sleeping at all. But then, she came up with a more diabolical idea. Carefully positioning herself in his line of sight, she stretched out on the blanket, her legs parallel to his, her feet next to his hip. With a fiendish smile, Fiona smoothed her hands over her torso, moaning, oh so softly, just to get his attention. She could feel that familiar warmth begin to radiate from her pussy, down her legs, up over her chest and along her arms. Slowly, she let her hands slip down below her navel. With a slow rhythm, she rubbed the flat of her hands over her mound, punctuating her movements with soft sounds of pleasure. Rockwell had already demonstrated himself to be a man with an enormous sexual appetite, and Fiona wondered just how long he'd be able to withstand the blatant exhibition she was putting on. Hopefully, not long.

As she imagined just what he would do when he finally lost control, it soon became more than a show. Her bathing suit was getting soaked, and she began to feel anxious for the throes of an orgasm, even if it was self-induced. She inched her fingers under the elastic band of her bikini bottoms. The silky slit was slick with juices. The hard little button of her clit ached for stimulation.

She didn't hold back any moans or soft sighs as she rubbed herself. In her mind she replayed every lick and thrust they'd shared, especially his forceful grunts when he came. Those urgent sounds always thrilled her. When she finally reached the peak, her fingers against her clit, it was with the image of Rockwell spraying his cum on her stomach after he'd taken her virginity.

Almost immediately she lifted her head and peered at him. He hadn't moved—the hat still covered half his face. His arms were still crossed negligently over his chest.

But there was a tightness around his lips that betrayed the fact that he'd witnessed her entire show. Sitting up, she saw that his dick was still rock hard.

She swept her arm across and knocked his hat off.

"I know you're awake, you bastard! What the fuck is wrong with you? Why are you doing this?" She hated how shrill and shaky her voice sounded, but she couldn't seem to even it out.

"Fiona, what are you talking about?" He uncrossed his arms and blinked at her in surprise.

"You did this to me. You worked so hard to make me crave your touch, your mouth, your fucking cock. And you succeeded. You and Daddy made me into a whore—and incredibly high-priced whore, but a whore just the same. And now you don't seem to care for what you've created."

She snatched her shirt off the ground and yanked it on. Her hands were shaking so hard it was difficult for her to fasten the buttons. The words continued to rush from her mouth like an angry mob, driven by wrath and unstoppable. She gave a bitter laugh.

"My God, when we went riding that day, I was trying to figure out how to seduce you! Is that your game? Is that how you really get your kicks? I'll bet that's it. You find a virgin to be your sexual Pygmalion. Then the minute she seems to act like the sleazy slut you were training her to be, you shun her and watch her make a fool of herself. Groveling at your feet for one lousy kiss.

"Well, fuck you! I don't want to be a whore! I did those two guys because I *had* to! I didn't want to. I didn't like it. *I hated it!*" She sucked in short little sobbing breaths, unable to stop her shaking. She was mortified at her outburst, but it was impossible to take the words back.

"Fiona." He was directly behind her, his hands planted on either side of her. She could feel the warmth from his body on her back. But he still didn't touch her.

"I just didn't know what else to do. *I didn't know what else to do,*" she sobbed. "You—you were out c-c-cold, and I thought--I thought if I could only just keep them happy until you woke up, until you could help me..."

She tucked her legs up next to her and twisted away from him, feeling suddenly vulnerable and tawdry in her bathing suit. Tears spilled down her cheeks to splash unheeded on the bare skin of her thighs.

"And now you can't bear to touch me anymore. I don't even know why you're still here. Why don't you just leave me alone?" Her barely audible words floated down and seemed to disappear into the blanket and soak into the ground beneath. She waited for him to stand up and walk away. She wanted him to. Then she could just sit here forever and not face another soul ever again.

"Do you want me to leave?" His low voice was soothing. His warm hands clasped her shoulders.

Fiona bit back a sob as new tears welled up. Her pulse pounded in her ears, and every molecule in her body ached for him. She struggled between wanting to lean

back against his strong chest and wanting to curl up in a protective ball like a sowbug. He removed that choice from her when he pulled her back against him and enclosed her in the circle of his arms.

"Shhh, shhhh, my sweet Fiona," he murmured, rocking her gently. "It's all right. Don't cry."

Comforting crying women wasn't something Rockwell was very familiar with. He rocked her because he'd seen that in the movies and it seemed like a good idea. He'd never cared whether a woman cried or not before, but for some reason, Fiona's tears wounded him. Every sob was a stab in his gut. The worst part was he felt responsible.

He kissed her temple. "How could you think I don't want you?" He chuckled softly and pressed more kisses onto her neck. "My God, every time I look at you I immediately want you. It's been that way ever since you breezed into your father's boardroom."

His hunger for her was like an animal inside him tearing to get out. He'd been ruthlessly suppressing it for days, walking around in a perpetual state of excitement with relief for it in plain sight. Even something as innocent as the simple tilt of her head turned him on. A little girlish giggle at something he said. The way she put her lips to a glass as she drank—God, that inflamed him so much, he'd taken to averting his eyes every time she picked up a cup.

To make it worse, she was more than willing. Her covert glances, her charming awkward attempts to seduce him—that cock-teasing little episode in the t-shirt shop. Hell, it was amazing he hadn't already succumbed. There had been countless opportunities, none of which he'd taken. And why? He had some stupid notion that she might want him for something other than sex.

It took every ounce of strength he had to refrain from shoving her down on the blanket right now to give her what they'd both wanted for the past three days. His whole body cried out with the need to take her here, part her thighs and plow into her, but his mind, his heart demanded something else. This time was going to be different. This time wasn't going to be just sex. He wanted to communicate everything he was feeling for her with his body because that was what he knew best. He had never been very good at talking about his feelings. He wasn't sure he could utter the words. He couldn't even think them.

With painful deliberation, he swept his hands up her torso to cup her heavy breasts in his palms. His cock surged against the fabric of his shorts; he pressed its firmness against her back.

"I want you right now, Fiona. Sometimes I want you so badly it hurts. It scares the shit out of me how much I want you."

He rained kisses on her neck and along her shoulder. As her nipples stiffened in his palms, her breathing became ragged and she turned her head, offering her mouth for his kiss. His lips moved against hers with gentle pressure, his tongue asking for entrance with soft probing strokes. When she parted her lips, he deepened the kiss gradually. His tongue slid against hers in a tender dance and she practically melted in his arms.

When he broke the kiss, Fiona turned to look at him. He bent his head to kiss her

again, and she pulled back slightly with a hand on his chest. Instead of insisting, he merely returned her gaze patiently.

"Fiona, let me make love to you."

Once again, Fiona felt confused. A tremendous amount of sexual energy hummed from his body. His eyes smoldered with banked desire; Fiona could feel the insistent pounding of his heart. But he was allowing her to set the pace. She had pulled away and he was actually willing to stop. This was so completely opposite from the man she first met only a few days ago. The Rockwell she knew didn't kiss like this, softly and with tenderness. He demanded response. What she didn't give, he took. He drove her relentlessly to sexual ecstasy even if she didn't want it. But not today.

Today he was asking.

With her heart in her throat, she nodded.

She offered her mouth to him and he filled it with his tongue. His arms stole around her, surrounding her with strength and making her feel like he wanted to hold her forever. Slowly he removed her shirt, his eyes drinking in the sight of her in her bikini. Her nipples tightened with anticipation when he tugged at the strings of the top.

"Every time I look at you, I see something else that is beautiful about you."

He lowered his head and kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her chin.

"Like right here. This place above your breasts..." His lips roamed over her skin, leaving a trail of fire in their wake. "This is what other men see that makes them wonder what you hide beneath your clothes."

There was a whisper of sound as he untied the bottom string of the bikini top and it slid off her body to fall on the blanket. "And today you're letting me see and touch and feel..."

Fiona shuddered as he trailed his fingertips along the sides of her breasts and tugged on her erect nipples. When she felt his mouth on the turgid peaks she moaned aloud, and leaned back. She drew him with her until they were down upon the blanket, his body over hers. His mouth moving over her breasts sent streaks of fire through her veins.

"I want to feel you, too," she said breathlessly. She reached for the buttons on his shirt. As quickly as she could, she undid them all and shoved aside the fabric so she could touch his skin. He shrugged off the shirt himself.

"Your pants--take off your pants."

He did as she asked and in a moment was back down with her on the blanket. By then she'd taken off her bikini bottoms and flung them aside. It seemed like it had been much longer than three days since she'd felt the hot length of his naked body against hers. Everything felt familiar, but different. He took his time, kissing every square inch of her body, slowly, tantalizingly, driving her mad with every stroke of his tongue.

She tried to touch him too. She longed to feel him throbbing in her hands. She

wanted to swallow him whole and take his spurting fulfillment down deep in her throat. He wouldn't let her. When she reached for him, he drew away. When she asked him to let her suck him, he said no. He gave her everything of himself, using his body and softly murmured words, and took nothing back.

By the time he nudged her legs apart she was writhing beneath him, panting with need. He lowered his body until his face was nestled between her thighs.

"Oh, Rockwell, oh, God, yes..."

She was glad that she'd taken the time to shave for him, especially when he placed his entire mouth over the smooth mound and laved her with his tongue. Fiona's body quivered as he sucked at the baby soft skin of her inner thighs and tickled her lips with the slippery tip of his tongue. Her wetness flowed from her pussy, down between her cheeks to drench the blanket. Rockwell made soft noises as he slurped her nectar, drinking it, drowning in it.

"I love the taste of you, Fiona. I want to lick you for hours."

Her whole body vibrated with desire as he teased her, kissing her everywhere but the one place where she desperately wanted his mouth. She shifted her hips this way and that, seeking the contact, needing it. She was aroused to such a fever pitch that when he finally slipped his tongue between her wet lips and touched her clit, she lost it. He stayed with her until the orgasm waned, his tongue flat against her. He grunted against her steamy flesh and squeezed her thighs with his hands. When she came down, he quickly brought her up again to peak again. And again. Over and over he made her cum until she couldn't take anymore and she begged him to stop.

Raising his head, he smiled at her. The storm clouds in his eyes were gone. The tension that always lurked in the lines and creases of his face had dissolved. All that was left was a sort of calm essence, a distillation of Rockwell. It was as if she could finally peer through the haziness and see only him.

As he slid up and took her limp body into his arms, Fiona sighed, exhausted and trembling. There was no mistaking it--Rockwell loved her. He hadn't said so, but his feelings came across loud and clear just the same. When he touched her, his fingers sent tendrils of emotion along her skin. His tender, selfless lovemaking nurtured those tendrils, until his love was woven into her very being, around her heart and inside it. She felt it with every breath, every pulse beat. And it seemed to soothe away all the self-loathing, the shame and the guilt that had settled inside her. This man loved her.

She felt at peace when she closed her eyes and let oblivion take her.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. VIII: Uncertain Heart

by *Whispersecret* ©

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Fiona had tried to convince Rockwell to stay with her under the stars for the night.

Their lovemaking had created a sort of magical circle around them that she was reluctant to leave. If they returned to the mansion, she would be forced to remember the things she had purposely ignored. But he told her that if they did not go back, Whitcomb would send out a search party.

So, they rode quietly back to the mansion as twilight approached. With each moment that passed, Fiona felt the warm enchantment of the afternoon fade. A brisk breeze kicked up as the temperature dropped, and the sunshine scents of the meadow vanished to be replaced by encroaching nightfall. The questions that plagued her before the picnic crept again to the forefront of her mind. The closer they got to home, the more fidgety she became.

"What happens now?" she asked.

He gave her a smile that made her heart skip a beat. "It's funny that you ask, because I've been thinking about that. I think we should get the horses taken care of, snatch whatever food we can from the kitchen, and closet ourselves in your room. We could pretend you're Cleopatra and I'm your love slave—"

"Rockwell, I'm serious."

"So am I." He grinned at her again, but when he saw the look on her face, his carefree smile dimmed. "What's wrong?"

"I need to know why you hurt my father."

She saw a muscle twitch in his cheek.

"He said you threatened to have him killed."

"Do you actually think I would do that? Christ, I'm not a fucking mobster, Fiona. I don't take contracts out on people."

"But you monkey around with planes."

He looked at her blankly and then closed his eyes when he realized what she was referring to.

"That was an empty threat. I would never hurt your brother. My God, Fiona. You have to believe me."

"What about the tape?"

"Whitcomb told you about the fucking tape?" Rockwell's outburst was so harsh that Goliath tossed his head nervously. The horse's skittishness didn't stop Rockwell from continuing a stream of angry cursing.

"Yes. Whatever is on that tape, he thinks I should know about it."

Rockwell tightened his grip on the reins and scowled. He didn't say anything for a while.

Then he sighed. "Just remember that I didn't want to tell you."

He waited until she nodded.

"In a way, it's all my fault," he said. "I honestly had your best interests in mind."

"Just tell me."

"I made your father listen over the intercom while I took your virginity." He cleared his throat. "I thought if he heard your pain, he would feel guilty about selling you to me. I thought if he had any shred of human decency left, that he would regret his actions and that after I was gone, he would be a better father."

Fiona snorted in derision.

"It sounds ridiculous now, I admit, but I swear to you that was my motivation. I talked with him over the intercom. He sounded defeated, and I thought that I had succeeded. But I was wrong. When I went to check on him later—" he glanced at her, his brow furrowed.

"Go on," Fiona said through gritted teeth.

"When I went to check on him, I found he had recorded us. And he was masturbating to the sounds of us in the shower."

For a moment, Fiona couldn't think.

"You're lying," she whispered. "My father would never..."

Rockwell pulled a micro-cassette out of his pocket, and held it out to her. "I've been holding it for safe-keeping."

She felt numb as she took the tape and stared at it. He just had to be lying.

"I didn't want to tell you, Fiona, but I probably would have had to sooner or later. He's sick and depraved. He gets off on the sounds of his own daughter being taken against her will. You can't live in that house with him."

"Who the hell made you guardian of my well-being?" she cried. "You're the asshole who bought me in the first place! "

"Oh, come on, Fiona! Your father would have found someone else to pimp you to and you know it."

"No! You're—you're wrong. Daddy couldn't have..." She shook her head adamantly. "I can't believe you would make up something like this. Why would you make up something like this? Why can't you stop playing these mind-games with me? This afternoon I thought--"

She pressed her lips together and choked back a sob.

"Fiona—" Rockwell nudged Goliath closer and reached out to touch her, but she jerked away.

"No! Just leave me alone. I don't want to listen to anymore!"

With that, she thumped her heels on Cinnamon's flanks and left Rockwell behind in the wake of her disbelief.

The next day when she awoke, she found Rockwell dressed and packing his satchel.

"I'm sorry, but I have to leave, Fiona. There was an fire in my building in New York. Some of janitorial people were hurt." He zipped up the leather bag and looked at her. "I'm sorry. There's so much I want to tell you. I want to stay, but I can't. I'll come back as soon as I can. I promise."

She turned her head away and said bitterly, "Well, I'm paid for until tomorrow at midnight. Maybe you can get back in time for a farewell fuck."

"Fiona..."

She wouldn't look at him, but she could feel him standing there staring at her. Finally, he gave up and left the room, closing the door behind him.

After he left, she felt empty. She didn't know what to do with herself. Half of her was glad he was finally gone. The other half wanted him to come back.

She showered and ate. She vegetated in front of the television and watched soap operas she'd never heard of. She sat and tried to read, but found she was too fidgety to sit still.

She wandered around the house. Everywhere she went she was confronted with memories of Rockwell.

In the study, she found he had left papers and files there. His laptop sat on the desk awaiting his return. There was even a little notepad where he had doodled, perhaps while talking on the phone. When she saw her name there with little swirls and curlicues, her heart gave a little zing in her chest. She curled up in the enormous chair and comforted herself with the thought that the last person who had sat here was Rockwell. With a sigh, she traced the letters of her name where he had written them. So he had been thinking about her while he was in here working.

When her eyes fell on a tiny cassette player, she crossed her arms over her chest and stared at it for a moment or two. *Should she play the tape, or not?*

With a shake of her head, she started for the door. No, she would take Cinnamon out for a long hard ride. Maybe the wind in her hair would clear her mind.

But she stopped, her hand on the doorknob.

Damn it. She went back to the desk and snatched up the little machine. She had to know. Back in her room she got the tape and slipped it into the player. She wasn't sure what she wanted to hear, or if she wanted to hear nothing at all; she was really screwed either way. When she pressed the button, the quality of the recording was poor, but her voice was readily recognizable.

"What are you doing? I thought you said I could take a shower."

With shaking hands, she turned off the tape. Rockwell had told her the truth.

She felt physically sick. She thought back about how her father interacted with her. Had she ever seen any lasciviousness in his eyes? Had he ever brushed against her inadvertently? Snuck into her room and peeked at her perhaps as she showered? The idea made her skin crawl. Her own father...

She went directly to his room. His guard was missing. The key was in the lock. She turned it and flung the door open.

Her father was curled up on his bed, sleeping. At the sound of the door slamming against the wall, his body jerked. He twisted in the bed to look at her.

"Fiona?"

After one look at him, Fiona's anger deflated a little. In an undershirt and pants, he looked so tired, so old. His gray hair was mussed and along with the purplish bruises he still had on his face, he had heavy bags under his eyes. His shoulders slumped in a rounded hump, and his eyes looked empty. He was nothing like the vital, confident man she was used to.

"How did you get in here?" he asked. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and sat up. "Where's the guard?"

"I don't know," she said truthfully. "I don't know anything about that. I came here to ask you about the tape."

"The tape?" Slowly he got off the bed and looked at her quizzically.

She held out the small recorder. He frowned and shook his head, still puzzled.

"Rockwell said you taped us and—" she closed her eyes, unable to utter the words.

"Taped you? Why on earth would I want to tape you?"

"He said you—you liked listening." Just saying it made her want to throw up.

Her father gasped in outrage. "The man is a lunatic. *He's* the one who came to *me*, Fiona. He offered an insane amount of money for the company and even more for you. The whole thing was his idea. I refused him at first, but he was obsessed with you."

Her father's face looked tortured, and his voice was riddled with regret. "That was my fault, baby girl. I was the one who showed you off to him. I only wanted to distract him--you know, like we always do--but he's sick, Fiona. He got fixated on you and threatened to ruin me completely. He has the means to do it. He could ruin me, and then you and Conrad would be left with nothing. I couldn't let him do that.

"I know what I did was wrong, Fiona. You have every right to hate me. But I did it for you. You and Conrad. Everything I've ever done has been for the two of you."

Fiona didn't know what to believe. Everything her father said was plausible.

"But what about the tape?" she asked.

Her father took the tape player from her and turned it over in his hands. "He told you *I* made the tape? No. It's probably some sort of trophy for him. You know, like those serial killers who keep some little memento from their victims. He's obviously a sick man. He's trying to corrupt my own daughter against me! I almost feel sorry for him."

"What the fuck!" Gus' booming voice startled Fiona as he burst into the room. He took a few steps toward her father, who cowered and backed away until he stood by

the bed.

Turning to Fiona, Gus reached a meaty hand out toward her. "You shouldn't be in here, miss. Get out right now."

Fiona hesitated a moment. She wanted to ask her father what they were going to do, but she couldn't as long as Gus was there. She resolved to come back later. Gus had to sleep sometime.

"I'll be all right, Fiona. It's all right," her father said in a shaky voice.

Still uncertain in her heart, Fiona nodded and left.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. IX: Familial Devotion

by *Whispersecret* ©

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Frank turned off the TV. He wasn't in the mood for Letterman tonight. Since he didn't have a glass, he tilted the bottle of bourbon and chugged a couple swallows. He savored the burning sensation of the liquor searing his throat. He'd had the bottle since the night Rockwell had made him fetch that brandy like a damned servant. It was still almost two thirds full.

Today was Friday. He'd been cooped up in his room for a week. This was not what he had planned.

He never wanted to be in business. His wife had always run the show. He was only there as a figurehead, and that was the way he had liked it. Now that she was gone, he wanted no part of it. He'd given it a try, but failed miserably. That was why he'd sold the whole fucking company to Rockwell.

Now he was supposed to be a free man with no responsibilities. No more company obligations dragging him down. No shareholders' meetings. No corporate lawyers and accountants pestering him about every petty little thing. Nothing but a big fat bank account and free time. But no. He was locked up in his own house, being treated like some sort of criminal with an armed guard and rations. He hadn't even been outside for days.

He took another swig of bourbon. At first he'd spent his time calculating how he could get revenge on Rockwell. The man had to pay for what he was doing. No one treated Frank Sheridan like this and got away with it. Frank concocted plan after plan, but none of his crazy ideas seemed plausible. He knew he wasn't a mental giant, and he wasn't really eager to spend the money he'd made from the sale of the company just to get back at Rockwell, when his plans for revenge could easily backfire. So, Frank finally resigned himself to ride out his confinement and when it was over, to take his money and set himself up on the French Riviera or some other exotic place where women pranced about the beach half-naked.

The more he thought about it, the more he liked the idea. *Yeah*, Frank thought, taking another swig, *the Riviera*. He could picture himself laying on a lounge chair,

baking in the sun and watching the young French beauties, their sun-browned tits jiggling as they paraded past. On either side of him would be his two well-paid mistresses. They would be young and nubile, one blonde and one brunette. He would promise to buy them whatever they wanted, and in exchange they would be his sex slaves.

Frank started getting hard thinking about it. Gulping down some more bourbon, he looked through his collection of porn videos. There was nothing there he hadn't already seen about a hundred times.

Then he remembered the tape.

The cassette recorder was on the dresser when he'd left it. His dick throbbed as he remembered the hot recording of Rockwell and Fiona. He'd just give himself a quick little jerk off before he went to bed.

Mindful of what had happened last time, Frank took the recorder and brought it into the bathroom with him. The most he could do was shut the door. He couldn't lock it because they'd removed that mechanism days ago.

After turning on the shower, he pressed play. Rockwell's rough voice came out of the tiny speaker.

"Let's fuck, Fiona."

Oh, yes. This was almost his favorite part.

"This time you tell me how you want to do it."

He quickly laid the recorder on the counter and shucked his clothes. Stepping into the shower, he soaped up his dick and started stroking.

"I don't have to make you do anything at all, my dear. You're soaking wet for me, and not just because of the shower. Your clit is throbbing against my finger—"

"Oh, fuck!" Frank moaned as he pumped his hand. The fact that he was in the shower too was especially delicious. Precum oozed out of the head of his penis. This was better than he remembered.

"--your heart is racing. I think it's quite obvious you want me to fuck the hell out of your ass."

Frank moaned loudly as he stuck his hand out of the shower and grabbed the recorder to crank up the volume. He could barely hear it over the sound of his own shower going. When he had it turned up to full blast, he could hear Rockwell reminding Fiona how many times she'd cum and how much she'd liked it. He slowed down because he knew his favorite part was coming up and he wanted to time it right.

"Stand up and turn around."

This was it. Panting hard, Frank stepped up the pace of his jerks. With his left hand he massaged his balls and used his imagination to picture the scene being acted out on the tape. In his mind he saw their wet naked bodies. Rockwell fucking Fiona from behind, like an animal. Grunting, humping her wildly. He could practically see the

flesh on her hips shake as Rockwell pounded into her.

Once again when he heard Rockwell's harsh shout, Frank came, thinking about the man's thick cum filling his daughter's fresh hot cunt. Frank's prick jumped in his hand as he ejaculated onto the wet walls of his shower stall. His heart was racing and his legs felt weak as he rinsed off.

When he came out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist, to his shock he found Fiona standing there with a plate of his favorite cookies.

"Fiona, baby girl! I was—I was just taking a shower." He walked to the bedside table and picked up the bottle. Seeing her so soon after he'd cum shook him up. He needed a drink to brace himself.

He knew his face was flushed, so he said, "I made the water too hot." Then he gave a little laugh.

She put the plate down and sat on the bed, frowning. "Gus let me in so I could give them to you. They're white chocolate chip." Her voice sounded a little strange, but he thought he might have gotten some water in his ear during his shower.

"You know I love your cookies, honey." He took one and ate it, making a big show about how scrumptious it was.

"You know, Daddy, I've been thinking. I think you were right when you said Rockwell made the tape himself."

"Of course, I'm right." Relief washed over Frank. Fiona believed him. He took another drink to wash the cookie down. Bourbon and chocolate didn't go well together, but he didn't have a choice.

"*He's* the sick one, not you, Daddy. But I just can't understand why he would tell me such a disgusting thing."

Frank sat down next to his daughter. She was wearing a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt. He could see her bra through the cotton. "I told you, he's a lunatic. I mean, what kind of sicko thinks about that sort of stuff? Jerking off to the sounds of your daughter getting raped..."

Frank draped a fatherly arm around her shoulders and hugged her to him. She laid her head on his shoulder at first, but then he felt her stiffen and pull away.

"Fiona?"

She was looking at him with horror. Her mouth hung open and she scooted away from him.

"Oh, my God," she said in a low voice. "How did you know he said that? That you—you masturbated to it?"

Frank just stared at her. *Shit.*

"When I was here before I didn't say anything about masturbating!"

"Fiona, listen to me."

She lurched off the bed. *Damn it, she was overreacting.* Frank lunged for her, grabbing her by the arms.

"Let go of me, Daddy!"

"Not until you listen to me."

Frank struggled to push her down onto the bed; he had to make her listen. She fought him hard, and he ended up having to straddle her stomach, one hand holding her wrists, the other over her mouth. By the time he had her immobile, her shirt had ridden up and his towel had come off.

Frank stared at her. He forgot all about explaining his actions. Her chest heaved as she tried to catch her breath. He felt the skin of her waist between his thighs, and as he leaned over her to hold her wrists, his testicles brushed against her. Frank felt his dick start to stir again.

Fiona's eyes widened and she began to struggle anew. Her terrified squeals were muffled under his hand. Since he couldn't move either of his hands, he shifted his hips so his penis rubbed against her stomach. Blood coursed through his veins straight to his dick. He suddenly felt like he was thirty again, full of vigor and ready to fuck.

"Come on, Fiona. Just let Daddy do it this once. Please, baby girl."

Frank squiggled his way down her body. The string tie on her sweats had come undone, and as he moved down, her pants inched off her hips. He couldn't believe his luck when he saw she wasn't wearing any panties. Still, it wasn't going to be easy when she was fighting him like a cornered animal.

"Stop it, Fiona," he said harshly into her ear. "I don't want to hurt you, honey. I just want to make you feel good. Don't you want me to make you feel good?"

He tried to push his knee between her legs, but she was holding them tightly together. "Just let Daddy have a little bit of what you've been giving Rockwell. Come on, honey."

Miraculously she parted her legs. Frank shifted his weight immediately, but then felt a sharp pain. She had tried to knee him in the groin, but only partially succeeded. Without thinking, he swung a fist at her and clipped her on the chin hard enough to daze her.

Frank was upset that it had come to this. He hadn't wanted to hurt her. She was his daughter. He loved her. Now she was going to have an ugly bruise on her chin.

On the bright side, at least now she was acquiescent.

Licking his lips, Frank yanked the cups of her bra down and clutched her tits. He felt a surge of fiendish heat in his groin. Not knowing how much time he had, he shoved her legs apart. Her pussy was beautiful, so pink and pretty and bare. He took his dick in his hand, and leaned forward.

'Get off of her, Frank, or I'll blow your fucking head off."

Rockwell stood in the doorway, his hands wrapped around the handle of a gun, which

was pointed straight at Frank. Behind him, the hulking guard had another bigger gun trained on him.

"I got him, sir," Whitcomb said. "Go and see if she's okay." The guard waved the barrel of the gun at Frank. "Move away from her, dickhead. I want to see you face down on the floor."

Frank did as he was told. His penis had shriveled up and he longed to grab the towel to cover himself up, but he didn't dare reach for it.

Shoving the gun into his waistband, Rockwell hastened to Fiona's side. As he knelt on the bed beside her, she blinked groggily. Then her eyes widened in recognition.

"Rockwell?"

She surged into his arms and buried her face in his neck. "He—he tried to—" she broke off sobbing.

"I know, baby, I know. Shhhhh..."

He held her tightly and kissed her hair, thanking God that he'd arrived in time. Whitcomb had called him that afternoon and said that Fiona had been in her father's room and they seemed to have reconciled. Rockwell got a sick feeling inside and dropped everything to return to Virginia. When he got here, he was furious with Whitcomb for having deserted his post to come meet the car. Together they raced up the stairs to Frank's room, where they found Frank about to shove his prick inside his daughter's limp body.

Fiona drew some deep breaths, trying to quell her sobbing.

"Everything you said was true, Rockwell. Everything. I should have believed you."

"It's all right, Fiona. He's not going to hurt you. No one's going to hurt you. The police are on their way and he'll be punished."

She lifted her head, looking suddenly determined. In a tight voice, she said, "Damn right, he'll be punished."

Before Rockwell knew what was going on, Fiona pulled the Glock out of the waistband of his pants and stood up.

"Fiona, no!"

She aimed the gun at her father's sprawled naked body. Frank saw her and cringed on the rug.

"Oh my God," he wailed.

Fiona's hand shook so badly, Rockwell wasn't sure she'd actually hit the bastard even though she only stood three feet away. He heard the faint sound of sirens in the distance as he took a careful step toward Fiona.

"I hate you, Frank," she said in a shaky voice. "I should shoot you here and now and be rid of you forever." She swiped the tears from her face with her free hand.

"Fiona, no! I'm your father! Please, honey!"

"You're a lousy excuse for a father!" she cried.

Rockwell took another step toward her, his eyes glued to her finger on the trigger. As much as he wanted to see Frank Sheridan dead on the floor, it would mean a hell of a lot more explaining to the police and a big bloody mess to clean up.

"Fiona...give me the gun," Rockwell said softly. "Please, love..."

Her arm drooped a little. He came up behind her and slowly closed his hands over hers on the gun. "Come on, Fiona, let the police take care of him."

She nodded silently. Gently he lowered her arms and took the gun from her.

Hostile Takeover

Ch. X: No Longer Alone

by *Whispersecret* ©

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Rockwell trudged up the stairs at last. The police were finally gone, taking Frank away with them. The hired security people were on the job patrolling the house, and he'd sent Whitcomb to his own room and told him to sleep as long as he wanted.

Fiona had been expectedly stilted while the police talked to her, and she'd barely spoken two words to Rockwell since he'd taken the gun from her. After the initial questioning, she had gone upstairs, wanting to call her brother and tell him what had happened.

He thought about leaving her to herself tonight after what she'd been through, but he wanted to see her. He just couldn't wait until morning. He paused outside her bedroom door. His heart was pounding so hard he swore he could hear it.

She knew now that he hadn't made up the story about her father. He wished to God she hadn't found out the truth the way she had, but there was nothing he could do about that now. It was over. Rockwell was fairly sure Frank would adhere to the arrangement they'd made before the police had arrived. If Frank pleaded guilty to attempted rape and kept quiet about Rockwell's keeping him prisoner, he would get to keep the money from the sale of his company once he got out of prison. Thirty three million dollars was a pretty good incentive for good behavior.

Would Fiona blame him for what happened? He wouldn't fault her if she did. She'd been the helpless victim of his self-centered sexual appetite. When he had greedily stolen her innocence, he had stomped on whatever dreams she might have had. When she resisted, he had ruthlessly beaten her down. He'd threatened her brother. He'd endangered her life, and in making Frank Sheridan listen in, he'd fostered a forbidden lust in her own father.

She, of all people, had seen his dark side, and he, of all people, had no right to expect anything from her except rejection or even out and out hatred.

But ever since he could remember, he'd yearned for someone to love him, even though he'd shielded himself from the tremendous hurt that often came from

reaching out. Success, recognition, affection, even boundless sex—none of those could equal love. It was the only thing that could fill the void in his life. And Fiona was the only woman he had ever wanted it from.

So, with his heart in his throat, he opened the door to her room.

Instead of the darkness he expected, dozens of candles flickered. Fiona was pacing in the center of the room, but she stopped when he opened the door. He just stood there in shock. She was wearing his robe again, loosely belted, and as she walked toward him, he saw she was naked underneath.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked him.

He shook his head dumbly. *What was going on?*

"It's twelve fifteen. According to the contract, I'm no longer yours."

He combed his fingers through his hair. He didn't know what he was supposed to say. He had come in here with the intention of saying a hell of a lot, but now he couldn't think of a single thing.

When she was a foot away from him, she stopped and looked up at him. She was so beautiful in the candlelight, more beautiful than when he had first seen her in this room, stretched out in the bed like a green-eyed angel. His mouth went dry.

"I wanted to thank you for saving me...Jackson."

"What—what did you call me?"

"Jackson." Her eyes twinkled at him. "That's your name isn't it?"

"Well, yes, but—"

She touched his lips with her fingertips, silencing him. "You know, all this time I didn't know what your first name was. I finally found out tonight when the police were questioning you." Her lips tilted in a slight smile. "Jackson. I like that."

"Fiona, what's going on?"

She pulled his shirt out of his pants and proceeded to pull it up and over his head. He obliged her by lifting his arms.

"I'm trying to thank you for saving me."

When she reached for his belt buckle, he stopped her. "Don't. You don't have to do that."

"I want to."

"I don't. I don't want your gratitude, Fiona."

"What *do* you want, Jackson?" She lifted her eyes to his and let her hands drop to her sides.

Rockwell clenched his teeth. He rubbed at his unshaven chin. This was it. This is what he came here to tell her, but he felt shaky and scared. A cold sweat broke out all

over his body. He felt like he was going to vomit.

Fiona smiled at him. She kept her eyes on his, steady and unwavering, and in her sea-green gaze Rockwell saw a vision of himself, altered somehow. Like every one of his character flaws were diminished. All of the shadows he kept hidden from public view were banished. What he saw was so intense, he wanted to look away. But he couldn't. In her eyes, he discovered an unconditional acceptance that humbled him. It made him want to live deep inside her forever, free from his own faults and weaknesses.

"What do you want, Jackson?" she murmured.

Rockwell took a long, deep breath.

"You." His voice sounded raspy, like he'd been wandering the Sahara for days without water. He cleared his throat and tried again. "I want you, Fiona. I love you."

Her face lit with happiness. She reached up, pulled his face down, and kissed him hard. Over and over she kissed his mouth, and Rockwell could only stand there, dumbfounded until she stopped and said, her words caressing his lips, "I want you too, Rockwell. I love you too."

It took a while before her words sunk into his brain. By the time he finally realized what she had said, he was on the bed, flat on his back. His pants were already off and she was kneeling between his thighs.

She loved him.

When Fiona's velvet lips crept around his cock, Rockwell moaned. Wet and coaxing, they pulled at him. Within seconds he was fully hard, impervious to anything but the almost unbearable pleasure she was giving him. Her flowing tresses trailed along his abdomen, and he reached down to tangle his hands in the silky strands, as if to reassure himself that she was really there.

"Fiona...God, baby, that feels so good..."

She drew him into the hollow of her mouth, her lips tight around him. Sensation upon sensation spread from his groin through his whole body until he felt like he was drowning.

She loved him.

Her hands cradled his balls. Her mouth drove him toward the edge. Just when he was approaching the point of no return, she lifted her mouth off him and her luminous eyes met his. She must have sensed his imminent orgasm, because she gripped him tightly in the circle of her fingers. He gasped, desiring the release, but at the same time wanting to prolong the pleasure.

He sat up, breathing heavily. His cock was on fire. His whole body was ablaze with desire.

"Come here," he said hoarsely.

She shed the robe and smiled at him. His heart almost stopped beating. God, he loved her.

Rockwell took her by the shoulders and, with a deft twist, flipped her over on her back and pinned her beneath him. His rock hard cock was smashed between their bodies. She was panting, her eyes bright with excitement.

"You're mine," he growled.

"Yes, Jackson."

She parted her legs for him. He grinned and insinuated himself in the steamy vee between her thighs. His cock was poised at the entrance of her willing body. Precum flowed from him like syrup onto her pussy lips.

"Forever," he insisted. His eyes bored into hers.

"Forever."

With a moan, he pushed inside.

While Fiona's cries of passion filled his heart with music, their bodies moved together in a dance as ancient and as splendid as love itself. She lifted him from his shallow existence to a surreal paradise, where he wanted to be a man she could admire, who deserved her respect, who earned her love. He thrust into her again and again, claiming her, loving her, inviting her into his soul, until at last, she dug her fingers into the flesh of his shoulders and her body bucked against his. Seeing her in the throes of orgasm brought on his own.

"Fiona...I—I love you!" The words burst from his lips as he experienced the most potent climax of his life. Rockwell felt like his entire being collapsed in on itself like a black hole, and then burst and expanded in a sun-bright, beautiful explosion. Her legs were locked around his waist. He could feel her pussy clenching his cock rhythmically as his essence flooded her body in a pulsing rush.

"I love you...*I love you.*"

Epilogue

Three years later.

There were days when Rockwell woke up and still couldn't believe his good fortune. Today was one of those days. He stood on the lanai of the oceanfront home he shared with Fiona and sipped his drink, anxious for her arrival.

Having lost a lot of the drive to succeed in business, Rockwell sold off most of his holdings. He did keep a select few companies, not wanting to completely cut himself off from the corporate world, but the companies he held onto were easily managed from home with only occasional trips away required. Besides, he wanted to be near Fiona, and it just wasn't feasible to move his headquarters to Maui, where he and Fiona now made their home.

Rockwell had funded a research vessel, staffed it with a an able crew and a couple of well-respected, retired oceanographers, and put Fiona on board with them five days a week to work and learn as much as she could in and around the Hawaiian islands. She'd been on cloud nine ever since, dividing her time between her hands-on education and him. Surprisingly enough, he spent a good deal of his time with Fiona on *The Love Boat*, as she called it. He found the study of the coral reefs very

interesting, and, after getting his diving certification, he conducted his own personal research on the mating habits of puffer fish.

Now, after two and a half years, Fiona had decided to take a break of undetermined length from her studies. So while she was wrapping things up on the ship, saying good-bye to her mentors, the crew, and the various sea creatures she'd "made friends with," he had come home to make certain everything was ready.

He'd made a trip to the local florist and made sure there were vases full of her favorite tropical blooms in every room in the house. Lani, their cook, had a replenished stock of lobster, and at Fiona's request, he had gathered a large collection of wallpaper sample books and furniture catalogs. The remodeling work on the house was finally finished and she finally had time to concentrate on the decorating. The shipment of James Bond videos even arrived on time. Thank God for overnight deliveries.

When he heard her drive up, he put his drink down, snatched up the orchid lei he'd bought for her, and hurried to the door. She beamed when he draped the lei around her neck and greeted him with an enthusiastic kiss that warmed him to the tips of his toes and made him think briefly about postponing dinner for an hour or so.

She seemed to read his mind because she said with a laugh, "Jackson Rockwell! You'll have to wait. I have to go to the bathroom *right now* and I'm starving."

He followed her down the hall, watching her round behind as she walked and thinking that maybe he could change her mind.

"Do we have any lobster salad left?" she asked. "Do you think Lani would be upset if I asked her to make that for me?"

"Lobster salad again? Fiona, if you eat any more of that stuff you're going to sprout claws. You're single-handedly killing off the species."

"I can't help it if I'm craving lobster salad."

"Why can't you be like other women and crave something less exotic, like pickles or chocolate?"

"I'm special. Now go away and let me pee in peace."

Rockwell laughed. He'd anticipated her request and a pair of lovely lobster salad sandwiches already awaited them. *Just how long did pregnant women crave certain foods?* he wondered. Did he have five more months of lobster salad in his future?

When Fiona found him a few minutes later on the lanai, she kissed him again and stepped into his arms. As she snuggled up against him, he felt the slight swell of her belly.

"When do I get to feel it move?" he asked, rubbing her stomach.

"My book says any day now. For me, at least. I don't know when you'll be able to feel it."

"What does your book say about making love? When do we have to stop?"

"Well, supposedly we can keep doing it right up until the end if we want to."

"You're kidding me." Rockwell frowned. "I don't know about that. I mean, what if— what if he can see me? You know, when I'm inside you..."

Fiona laughed. "*She* can't. Some other paranoid father asked the same thing, and the author of the book said that's impossible."

"Well," he said, grinning, "if you're sure..." He slid his hands up her torso and leaned down for a kiss.

"I'm sure," she said laughing, "but I want my lobster salad. Remember?"

"Oh, all right." He released her reluctantly and they sat down at the table, which overlooked the lagoon. "I suppose I can eat it one more time, but *I* get to pick dessert."

"Let me guess. I'm dessert."

"Now you're getting the idea."

She laughed and began to tell him all about her last day on *The Love Boat*. As she talked, a feeling of utter contentment washed over him. This was everything he'd ever been afraid to dream of. He had a wife who loved him despite his many faults. She was going to have his baby, which thrilled him more than he ever thought possible. And as if that wasn't enough, her sexual appetite rivaled his own.

He didn't know what he'd ever done to deserve this, but as long as Fiona loved him, he didn't care if he had to eat lobster salad everyday for the rest of his life.

Thousands of miles away, Frank Sheridan was sitting on a plastic bench in a concrete room, eating creamed corn and mystery meat stew. He had four more years left on his sentence, and he didn't plan on doing a thing to jeopardize his parole. If he survived prison, a huge amount of money waited for him. Which meant continuing to cooperate with his cellmate, Bubba McCoy.

Bubba was into domination and kept Frank as a sort of jail pet. Ironically, he dubbed Frank, "Baby Girl." Fortunately for Frank, Bubba was very possessive and protected Frank from the rest of the prisoners. Unfortunately, Frank had to get real good at sucking cock and bending over to grab his ankles.

I hope you enjoyed reading "Hostile Takeover" as much as I enjoyed writing it. When I started this three months ago, I had no idea that my idea of a father selling his daughter to a corporate pirate would turn into this long and involved tale. I originally intended it to be a short vignette. I guess this just goes to prove that I am a romantic at heart and I like happy endings.

* * * * *

The Best Laid Plans

by [Whispersecret](#) ©

Jackson Rockwell had the evening all mapped out. First, he and Fiona would put four-year-old Benjamin to bed. Then, as they sipped a quality cognac near the crackling fire, he'd casually brush the side of her breast with his knuckles. She'd gasp and smile at him like she always did. And after that, he'd planned to just improvise. When he and Fiona visited their chalet in Colorado, at least one of the nights was usually reserved for making love next to the fireplace.

But apparently tonight was not that night.

Instead of caressing the soft warm body of his beautiful wife, listening to her breathy sighs, tasting her delicious skin, he was perched precariously on the sloping roof, trying to sound like nine reindeer, a sleigh, and a fat man.

It all started when Benjamin had declared his intent to stay up until Santa came. That would have been fine. The little scamp could try all he wanted, but Jackson had purposely prolonged the snowball fight that afternoon to tire the boy out. Unfortunately, Fiona had had plans of her own to decorate cookies after dinner. Consequently, when bedtime rolled around, with all the tasting and finger-licking that had gone on, Benjamin was hyped up on cookies, hot chocolate, and that unique anticipatory adrenaline that electrified children on Christmas Eve.

"I won't try to look at him," Benjamin said. "I promise. I just wanna *hear* him. Please please please please please please," --big breath-- "please please please please please!"

"Bedtime is bedtime," Jackson said, "even on Christmas Eve, young man."

Benjamin pulled his brows together and scowled at his father, and Jackson scowled right back until he realized that his son was attempting to skewer him with a pint-sized version of his own long-perfected, no-nonsense stare. Jackson felt a little zing of paternal pride. *Well, look at that*, he thought with a chuckle. Little Benjamin was a Rockwell, all right. Fiona must have noticed this too, for her amusement clearly sparkling in her eyes.

Benjamin must have discovered that his scowl wasn't working, so he changed tactics. He turned to his mother.

"Please, Mommy?" he said in a cajoling voice. "I think I'm still hungry, so we can eat some more cookies by the fire and hide—" Then his little eyes grew big. "THE FIRE!" he cried in alarm. "We have to turn off the FIRE or Santa will get COOKED UP!"

Fiona quickly reassured him, "Santa is fireproof," but Benjamin would have none of it.

"NO, Mommy! He'll get cooked up! He'll get cooked up! We have to turn it OFF!"

"All right, all right. Shhh. Daddy will go take care of it."

Jackson sighed. As he turned off the gas under the smoldering pine, he saw his plans for fireside nookie, well, go up in smoke. But he was not yet defeated. Their bedroom had a perfectly good fireplace; he'd just lay a fire there instead. True there was no bearskin rug, but sometimes you just had to make sacrifices.

When he returned to the kitchen, Benjamin ran up to him, excitement shooting from his eyes like the foam darts he liked to pelt Jackson with. "Daddy! Mommy and me are gonna stay up and listen for Santa!"

Jackson caught Fiona's eye and mouthed over Benjamin's head, "Are you crazy?"

Fiona smiled and shook her head. "Trust me," she mouthed back. Then to Benjamin she said, "Now, you go get in bed, and I'll be there in a minute."

"Okay, Mommy. Hurry up." Benjamin scurried away. "Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy..."

"Fiona...", Jackson began.

"Shhh..." Fiona held up her hand, her eyes on Benjamin's little figure disappearing as he scooted around the landing and out of sight.

"Okay, it's safe. Now here's my idea." She took Jackson's arm and steered him toward the front entry. "Oh, this is so perfect! It can be a new Rockwell family tradition. I promise it won't take long."

"What won't take long?"

She pulled his coat off the hook and handed it to him. "Just put this on. Your gloves too."

Jackson obeyed. "Am I going out?"

"Yes. Come on." She pulled him toward the stairs.

"I thought I was going out."

"You *are*!" She gave him an exasperated look. "Just come on."

Baffled, Jackson followed her upstairs to their third floor bedroom. Fiona opened one of the small windows and leaned out.

"This is perfect. The chimney is right there." She turned to him with a bright smile.

"You want me to go out there? On the roof?"

"Yes, but not right away. Give me some time to get back down to Benjamin's room. I just know once he hears Santa, all his doubts will disappear."

Jackson frowned. "Is he still bothered by what that kid said last week? I thought he'd gotten over that."

"No. He keeps asking if I believe in Santa, and I keep telling him yes, but he's not convinced. This is where you come in. If you just stomp around on the roof a little and I confirm for him that it must be Santa, I think that'll do the trick."

"Fiona, I am not going out on that roof."

"Please, Jackson?" Fiona pleaded. "Please please please please please?"

Jackson laughed and said, "Absolutely not. Besides, he's probably already asleep."

As if on cue, Benjamin called out, "Mommy! I'm waiting!"

Jackson groaned. "I should have spiked his hot chocolate. Just kidding." he added when Fiona's eyes flashed.

"Please, Jack. This is what childhood and Christmas is all about. It'll take you two minutes. Just two short minutes to give your son a magical Christmas memory that will last a lifetime."

"Christ, Fiona. Can you lay the guilt on any thicker?"

She sidled up to him and smiled. Her hand rested on his chest and she looked up at him, a lazy invitation in her eyes. "If you do this eensy weensy thing for me, I promise I'll make it worth your while."

Jackson felt a slight tightening in his groin at her suggestive tone of voice, but he said, "It's freezing out there, Fiona. And windy."

She took his hand and drew it down between her legs. "But it's so very warm and cozy in here."

Jackson's reaction was immediate. His heart rate revved up and his cock went from semi- to rock-hard in a matter of seconds. Fiona's mouth curved up in a smile of feminine triumph.

And that was how he ended up here, crouching on the roof of their chalet, risking life and limb for the sake of the Santa Claus myth.

Because Jackson enjoyed the absence of traffic noise here in the mountains, their home was isolated by a long private drive and their property covered about ten acres. The forest was silent; like in the famous poem, not a creature was stirring. So complete was the quiet that surrounded him that it was easy to imagine himself the only human being alive. Yet he knew that inside the house, his wife and son were in Benjamin's room, awaiting "Santa's" arrival. He'd better get cracking. It had to be ten degrees and he didn't want to be out there any longer than necessary.

The roof sloped sharply, so he kept one firm hand on the sill of the open window as he took a couple of steps back and forth. He had a loud conversation with imaginary reindeer and huffed out a couple of ho-ho-hos for good measure. He was about to go back inside when he spied a twig with a pine cone caught on the upper part of the gable. Jackson grinned.

I'll just toss that in the fireplace later along with an armload of snow, and in the morning Benjamin will find that as additional evidence that Santa was here.

Congratulating himself as a genius, he reached for the twig. Almost got it. He took a tentative step and reached farther. And farther. And lost his footing.

He scrambled for a moment, reaching for the window sill, but it was no use.

"Fuck!" he swore as he slid down the roof to the second floor balcony, missed the cushy chaise lounge by mere inches, and landed right on his ass. Pain exploded up his spine. For a moment he just sat there until the pain receded, cursing both himself and that stupid pinecone.

"Next year," he vowed as he stood up and brushed off the snow, "we spend Christmas in Tuscany. The palazzo at least has a flat fucking roof."

He pulled on the sliding glass door and swore again when he found it locked. He looked up at the roof. A clear path in the snow showed where he'd slid down. Obviously he would never make it back up. It was too steep by far. In fact, he was lucky he hadn't broken his neck. He considered rapping on the door, but feared Benjamin would come investigate along with Fiona and then he'd have to explain what he was doing outside. Finally, to add insult to injury, he realized his fall had been completely unnecessary; the balcony was littered with twigs and pine cones galore.

He glanced at his watch, wondering how long he was going to have to wait until Fiona came to investigate. He began to worry that she'd fall asleep next to Benjamin and he'd be stuck out here. Just as he was trying to figure out if he could climb down to the ground and go in through the garage, Fiona poked her head out the third floor window. "Jackson!" she hissed when she spied him. "What are you doing down there?"

"I fell."

"Oh, God, are you all right?"

"Yeah. For the most part. Just come down here and open the door."

"I'll be right down."

Jackson was soon wrapped in a blanket shivering by the cooling fireplace with a snifter of cognac in his hands. Fiona sat next to him on the couch, explaining what had transpired with Benjamin.

"Oh, Jack, you should have seen his eyes light up when he heard you up there. I should have set up the video camera. I've never seen him so excited. When you were talking to the reindeer, it was so hard to keep from laughing. He whispered to me, 'Mommy, go to your bed! You're not supposed to be awake!'"

Fiona snuggled up to him and a feeling of contentment washed over Jackson. "I suppose if it made you and Benjamin that happy, a bruised ass and a few minutes of cold was worth it."

"You fell on your ass?"

"Don't you dare laugh."

Fiona pursed her lips tightly, but her green eyes danced with mirth.

"While we're on the subject of ass," he said, "I seem to recall you saying you'd make

it worth my while. Doesn't the Bible say, 'An eye for an eye, an ass for an ass?'"

He let his knuckles brush against the side of her breast, just like he'd planned. And she gasped and smiled, just like he'd planned. Jackson threw off the blanket, not feeling least bit chilled now.

"I think it says a tooth for a tooth, Jackson."

He grasped the bottom of her turtleneck and pulled it over her head. "I like my version better."

"Me too," she murmured as he tugged her pants off. "But don't you think we should wait a little while? Just to make sure he's asleep?"

"No. I don't."

Jackson's cock pulsed as he gazed at her luscious breasts cupped in white lace. Her nipples had gotten bigger since she had Benjamin. They'd darkened too, to a decadent hue that resembled the secret shadowy center of a damask rose. As they tightened up he reached for her. He moved his hands in slow circles, feeling the hardened tips against his palms.

"It's only been a few minutes, Jackson."

He thumbed her nipple and licked his lips in anticipation of tasting it. "He's asleep, I tell you. He must have hurled about a hundred snowballs at me today. He's exhausted."

"I don't know...I think I should check on him."

Resigned, Jackson took his hands off her. He knew she'd never relax if she thought Benjamin might walk in on them.

"Go on then, but make it fast."

Fiona gave him a peck on the cheek, got to her feet, and hurried off. Jackson enjoyed the view of her satin-clad derriere bouncing as she dashed up the stairs. He sighed and took a sip of his cognac. He occupied himself with thoughts of what he wanted to do to her when she got back. His cock stayed stiff, and he undid his pants to give himself some room.

When she still didn't return, he went to find her. He'd never been very good at waiting, especially when he was waiting to make love to Fiona. Just as he gained the landing between floors, she came skipping down, her breasts jiggling in a way that instantly captured all his attention.

"What took so long?" he asked, his eyes riveted on her almost naked form. God, she looked so ripe in just a bra and panties.

"I rigged an alarm on Benjamin's door. I took some of the bells off the second floor Christmas tree and hung them on his doorknob. That way we'll hear him if he--."

Jackson cut off her explanation by pulling her into his arms and planting his mouth on hers. He delved between her lips with his tongue, demanding a response.

A wave of desire swept through Fiona . She adored when he took her by surprise like this. When he took charge and left her with no doubts that he wanted her right at that moment, it reminded her of that intense period before they were married.

Before she knew it, Jackson had her on her back on the stairs. He yanked her panties off and tossed them aside. The raw hunger on his face as he looked at the smooth skin of her mound made her gasp. His intensity always took her breath away.

With a growl, he dove down and devoured her, nibbling, sucking, slurping. Not wanting to wake Benjamin, she struggled to keep from crying out. Sharp bursts of pleasure darted through her body as he lashed her clit with his tongue, driving her toward a swift and stunning climax. Before she was even finished coming, he'd moved up and plunged inside. His cock filled her and she arched her back.

Jackson fixed his eyes on hers. "God, I love you, Fiona."

His fierce declaration fueled her passion, and she felt herself gaining on a second orgasm. He pumped his hips like a machine. He claimed her lips in another fierce kiss. The corners of the stairs prodded her in the back as--

Jingle-jangle.

They both froze for a split second. Then Jackson pulled out. Glancing up the stairs, he managed to shove himself into his pants, which he'd never bothered taking off. Fiona rolled to her stomach and looked up too.

"Benjamin?" she called softly.

No answer.

Jackson took her by the hand and pulled her to her feet.

"Come with me," he growled.

She had to jog to keep up with him as he hastened toward their bedroom up on the third floor. When they got there, Jackson shut the door and locked it, then turned to her with a fierce gleam in his eye.

"Get on the bed."

She obeyed while he stripped off his clothes. He took hold of her ankles and levered her legs up toward her head, inching forward until his knees flanked her hips. Then, with a deft movement, he slipped into place and invaded her again. Her wet body welcomed him, and knowing that they were now outside of Benjamin's earshot, she let a cry of pleasure escape her throat. With six, maybe seven long strokes, she was coming again. Quick sharp jolts like slaps struck her and then almost immediately she was building back up.

"Jackson! God, I—"

She couldn't finish. Jackson captured any words she might have uttered with his mouth on hers. He drove her toward a third peak with hard, rapid jabs against her G-spot. Her body tensed and then shook as the orgasm engulfed her. Jackson fought to keep his own at bay; he didn't want to come yet.

While she was still incoherent, he pulled out, a self-satisfied smirk on his lips. Nothing gave him more pleasure than pleasuring Fiona. She had always responded with such utter ardor, even when she'd been fighting it. He rolled her over and lifted her hips. Her tight, puckered halo awaited him. He slathered his thumb with her copious juices and gently but inexorably pushed it inside her anus, even as he pushed his cock inside her pussy again to slick it up.

She moaned into the coverlet as he withdrew his thumb and replaced it with head of his cock. Even though he longed to shove inside, he controlled himself. With great discipline he inched his way in, gritting his teeth against the almost unbearable pleasure. His heart pounded and a trickle of sweat ran down the side of his face as he watched his thick shaft disappearing bit by bit into her tight, dark-pink opening.

Fiona murmured his name over and over. The husky sound of her voice heated his blood and made it that much harder for him to hold back even as he pushed forward. He gripped the twin globes of her ass and gritted his teeth as he, at last, sunk all the way inside. The feeling of his groin pressed up against her soft bottom was bliss.

Catlike, she arched her back and turned her head to look at him over her shoulder. "Now move, damn you," Fiona urged softly.

More than happy to oblige, Jackson pulled back and slowly slid back in. Fiona drew in a shuddering breath and shivered with delight.

"God, that's good," she moaned.

"It gets better," he promised, leaning over her back and reaching around to dab at her clit.

She whined a little and pushed back against him, and again, her response heightened his desire. Unable to resist, he moved faster. The snug circle of her anus gripped him with each inward stroke as if reluctant to let him inside, and then just as reluctant to let him go. The unique, exquisite paradox jacked up the tension inside his body until he felt as anxious as a thoroughbred at the gate. Their bodies grew slick with sweat, his stomach sliding against her back. He panted in her ear as he fucked her with desperate urgency.

"God, Fiona, almost—"

But she could only gasp as another orgasm ripped through her. He'd brought her up one last time with his fingertips on her sensitive nub. When he felt her body go rigid beneath him, he exploded. Shock waves wracked him as his cock emptied into her with spasmodic jerks. As always, he was astounded at how good it was with her. There was no other woman in the world who would ever compare to Fiona. He was constantly rediscovering how much their love and commitment to each other added to their sexual union.

"I have to lay down," she gasped, and collapsed on the mattress.

Jackson followed her down, unwilling to be separated from her just yet. For a few blissful moments, they lay spoon-fashion. Their heart rates slowed bit by bit. The heady rush of orgasm faded slowly into the subdued shimmer of satisfaction.

"You amaze me," she said. With his eyes closed, her voice seemed to glow like the aurora borealis and her loving praise warmed his soul.

Jackson hugged her close and brushed his lips against her shoulder. "The feeling's mutual, love."

"Do you suppose that there are many couples are as happy as we are?"

Jackson smiled and shook his head slightly. "Very few, I think."

A few more moments of silent communion passed before Jackson finally withdrew from Fiona's body. After they'd both cleaned up, Fiona settled herself against him, laying her head on his chest. Jackson pressed a good night kiss against her hair and closed his eyes. Life was good.

He was almost asleep when he thought he heard the faint jingle-jangle of Fiona's jury-rigged Benjamin alarm. Well, he wasn't averse to some Christmas cuddling from Benjamin now that he and Fiona were finished. He waited for the knock at the door, but it never came. Jackson finally drifted off to sleep, thinking he must have been dreaming after all, because jingling sound seemed to have come from above rather than below anyway.

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