

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Mischief
Night

Tricks
and
Treats

CRIS ANSON

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Mischief Night

ISBN 9781419913785

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Mischief Night Copyright © 2007 Cris Anson

Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication October 2007

This book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

MISCHIEF NIGHT

Cris Anson

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Outlook: Microsoft Corporation

Playgirl: Playgirl Key Club, Inc

YouTube: Google, Inc.

Chapter One

"Naked men, Miss Fortier?"

Annabelle Fortier's breath hitched. Her fingers gripped around the day's first cup of coffee. Her long legs refused to move her out of the doorway and into her office as she took in the man who stood behind her desk. Her boss Lowell Smith, the man she'd had X-rated fantasies about since she'd come to work here six months ago, held her clandestine Playgirl calendar aloft. Mr. June stared back at her, clad only in his muscular splendor and a sensuous half-smile.

Heat raced up Annabelle's face. She knew that such a provocative item had no place in an office, but the model reminded her of Mr. Smith—the piercing blue eyes, black swept-back hair, angular jaw—and she used it as a pacifier. Well, okay, as her meditation cue when her workload overwhelmed her. But she kept it inside her top center drawer. Way in the back. Closed.

For a long moment she felt like a schoolgirl caught ogling the star quarterback in the boys' locker room. Then outrage kicked in. "Why are you rifling through my desk?"

"Please come in, Miss Fortier."

Electricity arced in the air between them as his intense gaze bored into her. She had the strangest sensation he knew why that particular month was so dog-eared.

"Believe it or not," he said, a half-smile of his own breaking out, "I was looking for your calendar."

Finally Annabelle's sense of self-preservation kicked in and she strode up to him. "My calendar is viewable on everyone's computer. We have Outlook, remember? I keep all my appointments there, so anyone can see what my schedule is."

"I already checked it. It didn't show anything for this evening, and I thought that this might be your...personal calendar. I wanted to be sure before I asked you."

Not that she'd sully all those hunks by writing on them. Then the dawn broke. "Ask me what?"

"If you're doing anything tonight."

Annabelle narrowed her eyes. "Why?" If she had to go to another meeting of the planning board, she'd scream.

He indicated the calendar. "I know now that you're the right person to ask. Would you like to go to a Halloween party?"

Would she like to go to a party with Studley Do-right? Was water wet? Her mind did a one-eighty.

"I'd love to, Mr. Smith." Dare she hope he saw her as more than just a competent assistant designer? The heavy-lidded look in his eyes at this moment said he did.

"Good. It's at the Savidges' home in Wayne. Eight o'clock."

Wayne was an upscale suburb of Philadelphia, a place of sprawling mansions and outrageously high property taxes. She'd passed through it, browsed the shops on the Main Line, but had never been invited to a home in the town. This would be a treat. "Is it a costume party?"

"Yes." He glanced at the gold watch at his wrist. "Take the rest of the day off and find yourself a costume."

She blinked. She'd never taken a sick or vacation day, often worked late with him, tried to make herself indispensable to this workaholic boss. It wasn't yet noon and he was giving her all this time to get ready. Her fantasies shifted into high gear.

"Is there a theme?"

"I don't know. They're making the downstairs into a haunted house kind of thing. Here's the invitation. Directions are on the back. You'll have to present it at the door."

She would? Fighting to keep any expression from her voice or her face, she parried, "We'll be going in separate cars?"

"Mr. Savidge is our most influential client. He sent me an invitation that I can't use because of an important meeting that just came up. I didn't want to insult him by not putting in an appearance after I had already accepted."

"But if you can't go, how will you put in an appearance?"

"The invitation." He swept an arm in the direction of the invitation lying on top of the sketches on Annabelle's desk. "Each ticket is numbered in the upper right-hand corner. He'll know."

She must have looked like Dumb Dora, because he added, "We both belong to an exclusive club. That's my membership number. He'll probably be at the door himself, checking identities. No one is admitted that he doesn't know." He smiled at her, the full, kissable lips parting to reveal strong white teeth. "If he asks, you just tell him you're coming in my place."

"And," he said almost as an afterthought as he turned to leave, "I'll try to wind up my meeting early, so I might see you there later."

At least he'd dangled a carrot in front of her, Annabelle thought later as she returned home with her packages. She had gone to three costume shops before she found something that would knock his socks off—provided, of course, he would actually manage to get there before the party wound down. And since it was a weeknight, she didn't want to stay too late waiting for him. She had an important meeting tomorrow.

But seeing as how she'd lusted after him from the first day she'd interviewed, and seeing as how Lowell Smith, bachelor extraordinaire, was too involved in work to notice her as a woman—although she admitted having caught him looking speculatively at her when he thought she didn't know it—she considered this evening a golden opportunity to make him see more than just the MBA in architecture that he'd hired over twenty-some other candidates.

Did the rich keep to schedules? she wondered as she drove down Lancaster Avenue in Wayne at exactly eight p.m. Should she arrive on time? Fashionably late? Or maybe,

she thought sourly, she should concentrate on the directions to be sure she arrived at all. This was the last week in October, so darkness had long since fallen, and even though the streets were well marked, they certainly weren't spotlighted.

She found the address in short order and steered her little two-seater into a driveway which carved a semi-circle out of a lawn still green and raked free of fallen leaves. Luxury cars were parked off to the side by valets, one of whom hurried to her door. Maybe she wasn't rich, but her hair was. Instead of her usual braid or French twist that was her work style, it fell in soft auburn curls halfway down her back, accenting the vivid green of her eyes.

As she slid out of the seat, her costume rode up her long, slender legs. The valet gave her an appreciative once-over and made Annabelle feel a little better. She would have fun tonight, with or without Mr. Smith.

The front door was opened by a strikingly handsome man dressed all in black, including a cape slung across his shoulders—either a vampire or a man on his way to opening night at the opera. He held out his hand and assisted her across the threshold.

"And who do I have the pleasure of welcoming?" he said in a deliciously sexy baritone.

Oops! She needed to present the invitation. "Annabelle Fortier," she replied, fumbling in her beaded purse for the ticket.

He glanced at it. "Lowell will be joining us later?"

"I hope so," she blurted out, then added, "he was upset that he had to meet a client at the last minute."

"Understood. May I take your wrap? By the way, I'm your host, Robert Savidge."

"A pleasure." She turned and allowed the pashmina to slide off her shoulders.

"I knew Lowell had exquisite taste."

Annabelle turned around, a question in her eyes at the comment.

"You will undoubtedly be the second-most beautiful woman here tonight," he said smoothly. "After my fiancée. You look like a wood sprite, or a fairy. Or...I know, the delicate creature on that water bottle who's kneeling at the edge of a pond to see her reflection."

Annabelle could feel her face heat up at his compliment. If only Mr. Smith would see her in such a light. But maybe he did. The way he'd looked at her while holding that calendar...

She felt her costume suited her. It consisted of a short white slip with white silk squares applied here and there like dangling handkerchiefs, and tiny wings of gossamer thinness tacked on near her shoulder blades. And white stiletto sandals that wrapped up around her ankles.

"Would you like a mask?"

"I think not." She considered her eyes her best asset and didn't want to hide them, but more importantly, she wanted to be sure Mr. Smith didn't mistake anyone else for her. If he showed up.

The hint of a smile played around her host's lips then he ushered her from the foyer into a large living room. "Help yourself to something to eat and drink, then when you're ready, please walk through that door..." he indicated one on the far wall, "and enjoy our Haunted House Tour."

As a budding architect, Annabelle considered how one would make a haunted house out of this 1900s mansion. With fourteen-foot-high ceilings and a foyer bigger than her living room, she could just imagine room after room sprawling out in an H, perhaps. Or a U.

Draining the last sip of champagne, she sauntered to the door and walked through.

The door slammed shut behind her and she found herself in pitch-black darkness. Instinctively she reached her arms out and was reassured to feel a velvety wall on her left. She wasn't claustrophobic, but it was slightly unnerving.

“Okay,” she muttered. “It’s only a figment of someone’s imagination. Skeletons will pop out and clack their bones, no doubt I’ll brush against synthetic cobwebs, there’ll be maniacal laughter and rubber-hose snakes. You can do it. Move it, feet!”

They did. She trailed fingertips over the velvet, feeling it curve to the right. Directly ahead, a vignette appeared, lit by a dim blue light. Annabelle stopped abruptly. A naked, voluptuous blonde woman stood under the spotlight. Behind her, a vampire—her host?—curved his black-clad arms around the woman’s waist. Her chin was raised, exposing a graceful neck. The man dipped his head and opened his mouth, displaying, yes, she was sure, fangs. He sank them into the white throat and Annabelle flinched. Tears of blood dripped at the point of contact. The woman undulated her hips and the man slid his hands down her belly to the soft blonde hair below, and the lights faded.

Annabelle took a deep breath. *Wow!* This was like no haunted house she’d ever tripped through.

“Please keep moving,” said a disembodied voice.

Right. She was pretty sophisticated, she wouldn’t let a little thing like a naked woman being stroked and bitten and bloodied throw her off stride.

She took a few more steps, then when nothing happened, a few more. Suddenly the front of her bare thighs hit what felt like a barrier of open hands, cool and dry, one from each side of the corridor. She stopped in shock, pressed her hand against the wall to keep a grip on reality. Two other hands closed in on the backs of her legs, big, masculine hands whose fingers briefly tightened against her muscles. Their palms ran lightly down her legs, front and back, to her knees then back up, brushing under the hem of her costume and against the crotch of her panties with light, teasing strokes. Her pussy tingled, shocking her more.

Resolutely she pressed forward. The hands gave way and she almost bumped into a wall. The hallway apparently made a ninety-degree angle. Following it, she saw a red glow and another vignette. As she approached, she felt her jaw drop. Another naked woman came into view. She was kneeling on a cushioned platform, cheek resting on a

pillow, ass haystacked in the air. Her arms stretched forward. Red scarves tied to unseen posts held her immobile. A well-built man in tight leather pants and nothing else stood behind her, holding a wooden paddle.

Annabelle must have gasped, because the tableau came to life. The man swung his arm, and a resounding *smack* echoed through the dark hallway. And another, and another. The woman wiggled as if to demand more, and the man complied. Annabelle could see the red marks blossoming on the woman's pale ass cheeks and thighs as the paddle struck again and again. Then the red light darkened to maroon then black then disappeared altogether.

Wow! What kind of club did Mr. Smith belong to? Was he a regular participant in such activities? Did he think this was the best way to see if she wanted to join in the...fun? And how would he—and she—have responded if he'd accompanied her through this journey?

Oh God, that's what he meant when he'd said, "the right person to ask" while he waved Mr. June in front of her nose. He was warming her up—she hoped—for some extracurricular activity. In the back of her mind Annabelle thought it a good thing her costume was so skimpy. Just thinking of what they could do together had her blood heated until she probably had a rosy glow all over her skin. If she had worn, say, a body suit or a form-fitting cat costume, she'd be too hot to move.

Shaking her head, she continued walking. And bumped into a body.

The full Monty. A full-frontal, naked male body.

Instinctively she moved to regain her balance in the darkness, clasping massive muscled arms in her grip. Holy Hannah. Definitely a male, because she felt the probing jut of his manhood aimed right between her legs.

His hands went around her, connected with her butt, and he lifted her with the greatest ease, rubbing her against his hard-on, up and down in slow, sensuous movements. The faint scent of sandalwood and aroused male wrapped around her.

She couldn't help it. She dipped her head, lowering her lips to the side of his head and licked whatever she could reach. His neck, smooth-shaven. The lobe of his ear, which she gently tugged with her teeth.

Common sense warred with her awakening lust. Did they time how long it took to traverse this Haunted House? Who was this anonymous man? Maybe she could have some fun in the dark...

Sheesh! She must be out of her mind. What if Mr. Smith was waiting for her at the end of the tour and she took forever to come out? She'd never be able to look him in the eye again.

So with no small regret, she pushed herself away from his rock-hard pecs, his washboard abs, and felt his reluctance as he gently set her back on her feet. And just like that, he disappeared behind a hidden escape hatch.

Now she just hoped the end was in sight. What if the other guests would be watching to see her reactions? Should she act lust-filled? Shocked? Jaded? Heck, maybe they'd snicker. Or ignore her. Or maybe they'd be doing in public what had been hinted at within these black confines.

Keeping her fingers in contact with the left-hand wall, Annabelle came to an opening. Faced with the prospect of making a U-ey or following the other side of the wall, she peered closer to see how wide the opening was. Maybe the wall continued after an interval. Or it could be a doorway she should walk through.

She gripped the jamb and swung her body to the left to explore the opening, her right-hand palm out in front of her. And connected with what was unmistakably a woman's heavy, full breast. By now Annabelle was so attuned to her sensual side and the darkness was so complete that she didn't recoil. Instead, curiosity asserted itself. She stroked it, hefted its weight in her palm, grasped the nipple between thumb and forefinger to test its resilience.

The woman in turn fondled Annabelle's breasts with both hands. Lightning streaked from her nipples to her pussy and her hips jerked. She felt moisture gathering

in her panties. Any more stimulation, she thought, and it would be rolling down her thigh.

As if her hip movement were an invitation, the woman grasped Annabelle's waist, bent down and found Annabelle's breast with her mouth. It was too much. Although she was far from a prude, she'd never entertained the idea of dallying with another woman. She took a step back to give herself time to absorb the possibility of a woman-on-woman encounter.

Again, the performer took her cue from the guest and faded into the darkness, leaving her alone and tingling.

"Please enter through the opening," the same disembodied voice instructed.

It took Annabelle a moment to move her feet. She had the presence of mind to reach out both arms to discover the parameters of the darkness and found that the path indeed turned back on itself. Like a cornfield maze, she thought. Except tactile, not visual. Okay, she could deal.

Or not.

Because the sight that greeted her at the end of the short hallway infused her with a longing to hold and be held, to be kissed, caressed, to be loved.

Or at least fucked.

She shook her head to clear it. It wasn't like her to use such words. She didn't consider herself crude or earthy or promiscuous. But at this moment in time, with these stimuli, with the hope that Mr. Smith and his intense look would be at the end of her journey...

Gingerly she approached this new tableau, warmed by golden lamplight. Two men and a woman were arrayed on a bed, the woman lying face to face and on top of one of the men, the other kneeling to one side, caressing both of them. All three had the glossy bodies of models and all looked intent on their mission—kissing, touching, moving body parts one against another in apparent bliss.

Annabelle stared, entranced. Her nipples were so sensitive, so engorged, that they felt abraded by the silken slip with every breath. The aching center between her legs begged for attention and she let her hands wander down her belly to stroke it. Her breathing roughened. Her hips moved in sync with the woman on the bed.

Suddenly the man on his knees stared directly at Annabelle, and she realized she had moved so close to the tableau that the golden light fell on her as well, making her equally visible to them. He raised one hand and beckoned. Mortified, Annabelle lowered her eyes, leaned forward to rest her head on the glass—and discovered there was no barrier between her and the trio on the bed.

In shock she jerked her head up. The man's dark eyes burned into her green ones. His hand—and his rampant cock—reached for her.

She wet her dry lips with her tongue. Lord, but he was perfection, curly blond hair reaching almost to his wide shoulders, a thick splash of hair matting his muscled chest between the flat brown nipples, a thicker nest encircling his cock.

For a long moment Annabelle stood rooted to the spot, her gaze clinging to that magnificent specimen of manhood, her temperature spiking and her pussy juices overflowing her panties and trickling down her thigh.

Oh she was tempted. But no, she wasn't a wanton. It was like watching an adult movie, that was all. It was the day before Halloween, Mischief Night, and this was a Halloween party. She was there as the guest of her *boss*, for heaven's sake, and she'd better find the gumption to walk away and find the end of this tour because how would she explain to Mr. Smith that she'd participated in a sexual foursome?

Pivoting on one stiletto, she managed to grope her way down the hallway, through a couple of twists and turns in the pitch-blackness until she stumbled onto a small sign, lit by a night-light, that proclaimed, "This way out."

Relieved, but with a touch of regret, Annabelle grasped the doorknob and walked into a dimly lit room that looked like a solarium. Glass walls, glass ceiling, large plants and ferns and tropical trees in huge pots, wicker furniture with plump, brightly colored

cushions. Men and women in all kinds of costumes standing in small groups and holding glasses. A bar, a bartender.

Just what the doctor ordered.

She sauntered – she hoped that’s what it looked like – to the bar and ordered a gin and tonic, tall glass. Some of the men looked at her with avid interest, some of the women nodded or smiled, but no one acted as though she had a scarlet letter pasted on her chest.

Annabelle felt as though she’d passed some kind of test. She took several gulps of the refreshing drink.

And saw Mr. Smith approaching her.

But holy Hannah, not in her wildest imaginings did she visualize the pagan god striding toward her. His black hair, untamed and curling down to his neck – he must use a gel to keep it in place during work hours, she thought – was somewhat held down by a beaded Indian headband. His face and muscular, hairless torso were decorated with streaks of white, ochre and several other shades of a powdery substance. As to a costume, the only thing covering him was a tan leather loincloth held up by another beaded band riding low on his slim hips. She could see the unbroken line of his golden olive skin from chest to hip to thigh to moccasins on his long feet. She gulped. No tan line.

He was magnificent.

And he was standing in front of her, devouring her with his eyes.

“Mr. Smith,” she whispered, the awe in her voice evident.

“You are a goddess,” he responded, and bent his head down to brush a kiss on her unresisting mouth.

She opened her mouth, her mind, and her body language to him. Accepting her unspoken invitation, he deepened the kiss, delving delicately with his tongue. She felt the glass being removed from her hand then he pulled her to him, breast to chest, hip to

hip, thigh to thigh, and wrapped strong arms tightly around her. He smelled like fine cognac mixed with leather and earth and man. It intoxicated her more than any liquor she could imbibe.

A tiny part of her mind wondered briefly if her costume was dry-cleanable, as the war paint on his chest was probably transferring itself to her dress—after all, she was rubbing against him like a cat. Then feeling the impressive bulge of his cock under the leather loincloth, she forgot all about the complexities of clothing. *She* did that to him! To the untouchable, unemotional Mr. Lowell Smith.

She felt herself being waltzed backward. Blinking her eyes open for an instant, she realized he was steering her behind a thick patch of bamboo, in effect screening them from other guests. She closed her eyes and just let herself *feel*.

Feel the strength of his embrace, the rigidity of his cock, the thrust of his tongue now more urgent, her back against the wall and her legs being hoisted up and around his hips, skin to skin...

His hand fumbling between their bodies, fingers burrowing under the elastic of her skimpy silk panties, reaching for her clit, stroking it, dry-humping her while she writhed and angled herself closer and yet closer to him so she could —

And she did. A fierce climax overwhelmed her, shooting shards of lightning into every cell, every gene in her body, his talented mouth capturing her moans, two fingers inside her pussy, thumb rasping against her clit. And a voice trying to distinguish itself from all the thunder and fireworks exploding inside her head, a voice coming from one side of her, another pair of hands grasping her shoulders and shaking her —

“Miss Fortier! Annabelle! What are you doing?”

Chapter Two

"Mr. Smith! God, there are two of you!"

Mortified, Annabelle dropped her legs to the floor, pushed away from the Indian and found she was too wobbly to stand unaided. Her gaze bounced between the Indian and the pirate, seeing the subtle differences between them that the war paint had obscured. Or maybe it had just been her fervent desire that it be Mr. *Lowell* Smith and not some poseur who may or may not be brother or cousin or merely look-alike but could still answer rightfully to "Mr. Smith".

Which, if she'd admit it to herself, was how she'd addressed him when he'd approached. Formally, as though they were still in the office.

Well, it was his own fault, she decided. If Mr. Smith wasn't so damn prickly and rigid about office protocol, she'd have been calling him Lowell and this damn imposter, even if he was another Mr. Smith, wouldn't have tricked her into having a mind-bending orgasm under false pretenses.

Oops. Oh yeah, orgasm. Remembering how richly her juices had flowed, she surreptitiously pulled her thighs together and squeezed her Kegel muscles tight, hoping to forestall any more moisture seeping down her legs.

The two men stood on either side of her, glaring at each other while gripping one of her arms.

Ye gods and little fishes, what was she going to do now? She'd bet her next month's rent that the oh-so-proper Miss Manners didn't have an answer for this particular social contretemps.

"Beat it, Lowell. We're busy."

"You were out of line, Chaz."

“The lady made her choice. I didn’t have to tie her up to—”

“Dammit, will somebody please clue me in here?” Annabelle shoved against the Indian’s rock-hard chest. And noticed how smeared his war paint was. Glancing down to her own chest, she winced. Felt heat rise in her cheeks and up into her hairline. Could her actions have been any more obvious?

As if she’d ordered them to do so, both men looked down at her chest. The handkerchief squares that had been applied at strategic points of her costume seemed to have been dislodged in her rubbing frenzy, and small tears appeared where the corners had been sewed into the fabric. Wild streaks of paint decorated her costume. The silky garment exuded static cling, molding to the contours of her breasts. Her nipples jutted out like sore thumbs.

To say nothing of the wet patch covering the spot where the tops of her legs joined.

Mr. Smith—Lowell Smith, that is—lifted his gaze to her, the stern look on his face totally in keeping with the rakish pirate look. “You made a mistake, Miss Fortier.”

Annabelle blinked. “It was a perfectly logical assumption—”

“I’m going to teach you how to tell us apart.” Placing both hands firmly on her shoulders, he pushed her downward until her knees buckled and she found herself kneeling at eye level to his crotch.

His bulging crotch.

She’d never seen him in anything but Italian-cut suits, but those tight leather trousers and poet’s blouse with billowing sleeves and a deep vee front made him look as gorgeous and as rippled as Mr. June. Better, because he was *here*. In the flesh.

Holding her in place with one hand still on her shoulder, he loosened a jaunty red scarf he’d tied around his neck then swiftly covered her eyes with it, tying it in a tight knot at the back of her head.

“Wait a minute, what do you think you’re—?”

The rest of her words were captured by his mouth, softly nibbling at her lips with light scrapes of his teeth interspersed with mild suction.

Oh God, *was* it Lowell? Or was it Chaz? Wasn't that the name he'd called the other man? She reached out her hands for tactile clues, her mind equating pirate—leather and linen. Indian—almost naked.

Her hands were grabbed and swung behind her and tied at the wrists, all while Lowell—Chaz?—kept up a sensual assault on her mouth. Lowell hadn't introduced him, hadn't explained why they looked so much alike. Why didn't he clue her in to the rules of this game he was playing?

She concentrated on the feel of the very masculine tongue making such delicious forays into her mouth, licking its way around the edges, touching her tongue, stroking the roof of her mouth. Concentrate! Was the feeling similar to when the Indian had ravaged her mouth?

No. This was more tender, more coaxing. Lowell. It had to be Lowell. She gave herself up to the reality of finally, finally kissing her boss, and leaned forward to make her silent statement.

"Don't move." The command was roughly whispered, as if he didn't have total command of his voice. Lowell's voice. She was sure of it.

Wasn't she?

She heard the rustling of fabric and lifted her head to concentrate. Without vision, her hearing had sharpened. The slight squeak of leather rubbing against itself, the whoosh of a softer fabric. Was he disrobing in public? What kind of party was this, anyway?

Remembering the vignettes in the Haunted House, she answered her own question. This was a place where anything goes. Did she really want to be here? In this particular situation? She flexed her arm muscles but her wrists didn't budge. Tied like a Boy Scout's knot. A voice disrupted her thoughts—a deep, sexy rumble that made her body shiver in anticipation.

“Now pay attention, Miss Fortier.”

Definitely Lowell’s voice.

“Open your mouth.”

Okay, what would he do, pour champagne down her throat? Surprise her with an ice cube? Run his fingers across the edges of her teeth? Feed her a strawberry?

She felt a large hand cup the back of her head. At the same time something warm and smooth and round slid between her teeth and into her mouth. Instinctively she closed her lips around it.

Ohmigod, she was sucking on Lowell Smith’s cock!

She hoped.

The feel of it, rock-hard and velvet-smooth at the same time, thick in circumference, the vein rubbing against her tongue, made her giddy and horny. Hornier. He pushed in as far as he could go without forcing then withdrew slowly. He held the tip at the entrance, prompting her to lick the drops of pre-cum from the opening, to feel the bulbous head, the thick ridge, the veins standing out.

Oh man, she wanted to touch him, to cup his balls, to run her fist up and down that hard shaft. If he thought he was punishing her, he certainly was!

Again he pushed inside in a controlled stroke and withdrew totally. She felt bereft.

A silent moment passed when nothing happened. Then he cupped her skull again and glided his cock inside her mouth. It wasn’t the same. Oh, it was still huge and hot and rigid, but the flavor was different. The scent was different. It wasn’t Lowell.

Her heart lurched. Two gorgeous hunks – totally nude, she presumed – had her on her knees and sucking their cocks with each other’s complicity. Annabelle forced herself to take a mental time-out and consider her predicament. Tomorrow in the office, what would Mr. Smith think about her wanton behavior tonight?

Well hell, he really wanted her to do this, or else why would he have invited her here tonight? He was the one who'd forced her to her knees, blindfolded her, allowed his look-alike to join them in a *ménage*.

In subtle indication that she knew who was who, she slackened her cheek muscles and turned her head to one side. The cock slipped out. A low curse followed.

"Something wrong, Miss Fortier?"

Lowell's voice. To her side. She was right. The one who'd cursed, whose cock no longer enjoyed the ministrations of her mouth, who'd stood in front of her, had to be Chaz.

She lifted her chin. "It wasn't you."

No response came from Lowell. Annabelle tensed.

Finally, he said in measured tones, "I think we should adjourn to a sitting room."

He slid his arms to her waist and raised her to her feet. She felt the soft linen of his shirt, heard the rasp of leather against leather, and realized he hadn't gone naked, he'd just moved the garments out of the way enough so they wouldn't inadvertently brush against her and give away his identity.

Well, the Mr. Smith she'd known at work wouldn't walk naked through a roomful of strangers anyway.

But wait. Didn't he say he was a member here? So he'd known what to expect, had probably been naked and seen others naked in this very room. Her pussy began to tingle all over again.

A few twists and turns as he guided her through what sounded like small groups of people variously talking, breathing hard, grunting, murmuring or kibitzing, then the soft clink of a door closing and the sounds faded.

"Now, Miss Fortier, we will continue."

Large hands cupped her jaws. Thumbs traced her lower lip. Light kisses dropped across her cheeks, her nose, her temple. A tongue stroked her mouth, teasing her.

Annabelle had no doubt it was Lowell. By now she knew his scent, his touch, the rasp of his tongue. She tried to lean toward him, to capture that tongue, to feel his lips pressing hers as though he couldn't get enough of her. But he held her face just so, keeping her at arm's length so to speak, teasing her with just a taste, just a touch.

She moaned softly. "More."

"Patience, Miss Fortier."

Shivers raced through her at the husky timbre of his voice.

"Behind you is a bed," he said. "Take one step back and sit down on it. But first..."

Annabelle felt two sets of knuckles grasping both sides of her costume at its shoulder seam. Fabric ripped then slid down her torso, her legs, in a caress. She felt her nipples pucker even more as two indrawn breaths were taken. Hopefully they liked what they saw, her shimmery white bra cupping her 34-C breasts, the slender waist dipping in then swelling out to curvy hips covered in a matching, very wet-crotched thong.

She took the step back and sat. The luxurious feel of satin sheets tickled the backs of her bare thighs as she sank into the pillowy mattress.

Her arms still tied behind her, she kicked her feet free of the costume and wiggled a bit to get comfortable and balanced, feeling the plump globes jiggling into each other as she did. Murmurs of approval greeted her action.

"Exquisite," said Lowell.

"Agreed," replied Chaz.

Suddenly sensations bombarded Annabelle. A feathery touch down one arm, a soft wet suckling at one breast, fingertips skimming the inside of her thigh, teeth nipping the delicate skin where shoulder met throat. With each second, Annabelle's awareness of her body heightened. Tiny electric shocks zinged through her, centering on the spot they studiously avoided, the spot where she most wanted their mouths, their fingers. Their cocks.

She felt her bound wrists loosen, and the tie fell away. With a sigh of relief she moved her arms around to shake some circulation into the pins-and-needles feeling.

Annabelle shivered again to remember that two men were plying her with sensual stimulation. She'd occasionally wondered how she'd feel as the filling in a man sandwich, but had never lusted after it, never daydreamed about it.

They were fast changing her mind.

Her right hand was grasped then moved, her fingers positioned to encircle a hard, hot cock that jutted upright. The Indian? She could feel no evidence of leather or linen as a hairy thigh brushed against her arm. Then her other hand was similarly positioned, and a similarly bare leg moved against hers.

God. Two cocks, thick and long and burning, in her hands. She wanted to dip her head and capture one with her mouth. Slowly she began an up-and-down movement, both her palms sliding over the bulbous mushroom heads then back down the shafts to their roots. Felt the wiry pubic hair tickle her wrists.

Behind the blindfold she tried to discern which cock was Lowell's then quickly gave up. What did it matter? Both felt so deliciously decadent, especially as their owners continued to bombard her skin with feather-light caresses.

One of them found the front clasp of her bra, opened it, slid the straps down her shoulders. He knelt, his cock popping out of her grasp. She wiggled her arm out of the bra strap that had restricted her movement and reached for any part of him that she could touch. His head nestled between her breasts as her hand settled on his hair. His curly hair. The Indian.

His teeth closed around her nipple, biting and scraping softly. Instinctively her back arched, pushing her breast further into his mouth, and her left hand squeezed around the cock she still held – Lowell's cock – forcing a groan from him.

Annabelle reveled in the power implicit in that sound. All her senses were on red alert. Her breathing had accelerated to short, panting breaths. Her nipples zinged with every pull of the Indian's mouth, every stroke of Lowell's fingers skimming her slit

through the wet fabric of her thong. She widened the space between her knees, inviting him, or both of them, inside.

Suddenly Lowell's mouth found hers and she opened herself willingly to his searching tongue, sucking it fiercely into her mouth. Simultaneously his fingers slid under her thong and impaled her. Annabelle's head spun in sensual abandon. One man kissing her fervently while finger-fucking her dripping wet pussy, the other suckling one nipple and pinching the other. One man's scorching-hot cock fucking her fist, the other rubbing his cock against her bare thigh. It was all too much. She felt the orgasm building, building, she was seconds away from exploding into a cataclysmic reaction —

"No!"

Lowell's firm voice cut into her haze of passion. She felt herself being lifted to her feet and shaken like a wayward child being castigated. Disoriented, she vaguely noted strong hands holding her at the armpits to steady her as she regained her sightless balance on her stilettos. Her breaths came in harsh rasps. Her pussy throbbed, wept, her juices flowed down her thighs. Her stone-hard nipples ached from the loss of stimulation.

"What —?"

Fingers at the back of her head untied the scarf around her eyes. As it fell to the floor she blinked several times and found herself staring up into the intense visage of Mr. Lowell Smith.

"I want to see what it's like to have you totally dependent on me for your pleasure."

Annabelle blinked again. Was he kidding? It would be a dream come true.

Lowell's sapphire-blue eyes glowed as richly as the jewels they resembled. "Will you cede control to me?"

She had already ceded control, she realized. To both men standing naked before her, their cocks rampant and eyes full of lust, their faces and bodies similar enough to be brothers. Still, she needed some answers.

"First," she asked with a falsely sugary voice, "do you think you could introduce me to the man whose cock I just spent ten minutes giving a hand-job to while he was sucking my nipples?"

Lowell's eyebrows raised. His mouth twitched, but if he'd had the urge to smile, he suppressed it easily.

"Annabelle Fortier, meet Charles Smith, also known as Chaz."

Hiding her exasperation at the cursory intro, she turned to Chaz. Perhaps he'd be more forthcoming. "How are you two related?"

"Our fathers are twin brothers. He's my first cousin."

"And do you switch places often?"

Unlike Lowell, Chaz had no compunction to hide a brilliant smile, which he used to devastating effect on her. "Only when the subject is such a beautiful woman. When I saw you, I didn't know you knew Lowell. You whispered my name. Mr. Smith. I thought the guy who threw this party had told you who I was."

He reached to her face and stroked her cheek with his knuckles. "Frankly, I was flattered that you sought me out."

"Enough of this chatter," Lowell butted in. "If you will be kind enough to answer my question, Miss Fortier?"

Annabelle bit back a response. She knew that Lowell's speech at work tended toward the stuffy. Then a thought slammed into her. Being a member of a sex club, for it couldn't be anything else, he probably just pretended to be stuffy at work so no one would guess his true nature.

If that was the case, she thought—and said, "Yes."

A glance around her surroundings showed that they occupied a small room fitted with a large bed, two boudoir chairs and a dresser. Sort of a guest room. An ajar door led her to hope it was a private bathroom. Her eye snagged on a mirror at the far wall. The sight of herself, wearing only a thong and her heels, flanked by two gorgeous,

naked hunks with hard-ons made in heaven, weakened her knees and made her juices flow again. Her baser self immediately wanted a photo, or better yet, a video, of what would transpire here. Her saner self overruled it. She didn't want to find herself on YouTube. But yes, she wanted to watch in that mirror.

"On second thought, Miss Fortier, you may assist in bringing about your own pleasure by suggesting a way to incorporate both Smiths into your fulfillment."

Annabelle's mouth opened, but nothing came out. He wanted *her* to...

A flush suffused her skin, starting at her cheeks and flowing down to her shoulders, her breasts and, it felt, all the way to her toes. She could easily visualize herself on her knees with Lowell pumping into her from behind, and Chaz on his knees in front of her while she sucked him off.

But to put it into words? To actually say it out loud?

"I think," she began, swallowing around the dryness in her throat, "that maybe you could..."

She cleared her throat. "That is, you and I..."

Dammit, how could she just come out and say it? *Okay, Lowell, I'll lie down on the bed and you climb on top of me and...* No. She just couldn't do it.

Chaz seemed to understand her sudden shyness. He came up behind her, wound his arms around her sides and cupped her breasts. "Repeat after me. 'I can kneel on the bed and Chaz can fuck me from behind and Lowell can watch as you ram into my tight, sweet pussy'."

"That's out of the question," Lowell snapped, his narrowed eyes glued to the way Chaz was manipulating Annabelle's nipples, at the way her nipples responded.

"Then you come up with a scenario, cuz. Can't you tell she was raised to be a lady and can't articulate her deepest desires?"

The two men glared at each other with Annabelle between them. At last Lowell stepped closer, forcibly removed Chaz's hands from her breasts, and grabbed her hips, grinding them into his erection. He captured her gaze with his own intense one.

"I'll be the one whose cock rams into that tight, sweet pussy. Chaz can watch, or he can lie alongside while you jerk him off—if I let your mind stray enough to pay any attention to such a minor, secondary diversion."

From behind her, Chaz nuzzled the spot where her neck met her shoulder, nipping small bits of skin with his teeth, sending shards of electricity up and down her spine. "Maybe the lady can find some middle ground here. How about if Lowell lies down on his back and you sit on him? Your legs will be wide open on either side of his hips, and that opens up your rosebud to me. Would you like that? Have you ever had a cock in your ass before?"

Dear God, Annabelle had never been so turned on, sandwiched between two naked, thoroughly male bodies and listening to what each of them wanted to do to her. Her pussy throbbed, and her breasts felt heavy and aching.

"And remember," Lowell murmured as his lips brushed hers in a teasing, taunting kiss, "no one else in this house will give you a climax if I so decree it, since you did cede control to me. We could set you down in one of the Haunted House scenarios, to be brought time and again to the brink with no relief in sight. But regardless, you would be unfulfilled unless I allow you to come.

"The choice is yours." Still gripping her hips tightly against his engorged cock, he leaned back a little to stare into her glazed eyes. "Your wish is our command."

Annabelle gulped. "I want...I want you to...to...can I show you instead?" She simply could not utter the words.

Lowell gave a terse nod. Both men stepped away from her, and Annabelle involuntarily shivered at the loss of their scorching heat. Shaking herself from the spell they'd cast, she climbed onto the bed, positioned herself in its center on her hands and knees then beckoned to Lowell.

"Please. Behind me," she said as she swept one hand around to her rump.

Lust flamed in Lowell's eyes as he crawled over the mattress, stopping inches away from her flanks. He grabbed the elastic of her thong with both hands then ripped it on one side then the other. "We won't need this anymore."

He balled up the tattered garment and brought it to his nose, inhaling deeply. "Mmm. Smells like heaven."

Nudging her knees farther apart, he dipped his head and began dropping kisses on her inner thighs, her hips, her spine. Annabelle closed her eyes and reveled in the feel of his mouth, his hands touching her, arousing her all over.

She barely heard Chaz say plaintively, "What about me?"

Suddenly Lowell gave her ass a hard smack with the palm of hand. "You didn't forget your duty so quickly, did you?"

Her skin sizzled where his imprint no doubt showed. It was so erotic, like a direct connection between his hand and her pussy, she wanted him to do it again. Deliberately she ignored Chaz.

"Miss Fortier!" Another smack.

In reaction, Annabelle's ass lifted in a silent plea for more.

Lowell chuckled. "I'm in charge, not you. For that transgression, you will..."

He stopped speaking, stopped moving, lifted his hands from her. Annabelle waited on a withheld breath for another smack. And waited. She held back a groan on realizing he was punishing her in a different way. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from earning another punishment, for she had just come to realize a truth. Punishment wasn't merely the inflicting of corporal pain, it could also be mental, a withholding of pleasure.

"Ah, you are beginning to understand that I control your pleasure." She heard the crinkle of foil. "For that I will give you..." In one smooth stroke he slammed his cock deep inside her pussy and held himself tight against her.

Annabelle cried out in delirious pleasure as her inner muscles spasmed against him. So big, so burning hot, he filled her to bursting. Against every instinct to move, to feel him sliding in and out of her sheath, she held herself still.

"What about Chaz?" Lowell's voice.

Her muzzy brain processed the question too slowly. Chaz. There was something she had to direct him to do...

She felt Lowell's cock sliding out of her pussy. She clamped her muscles down to hold him inside, but he was stronger. On a moan she realized this was yet another punishment, for she hadn't completed Lowell's directive.

"Here," she gasped, lifting one hand to beckon Chaz in front of her.

"No." Lowell's fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hips, holding her immobile. "You must specify what you want to do to him."

"Please, I can't..."

Lowell's cock teased the entrance to her pussy. "Say it."

Oh God, she wanted him inside her, needed him to pound into her. "Chaz, I-I need you to kneel in front of me so I can — so I can suck your cock."

Her reward was another swift, hard thrust of Lowell's cock into her welcoming pussy, then another and another as he entered then withdrew. Lord, he felt good. Her inner muscles clenched around him, increasing the pleasure of his thrusts.

The mattress dipped as Chaz positioned himself at her direction. Then he guided his cock into her waiting mouth and she drew him greedily in. With one Mr. Smith in front and one behind pleasuring her in this daring new way, she wondered why she'd ever hesitated to say what she wanted.

She gave herself up to the myriad sensations, Chaz slowly easing his cock in and out of her mouth as he held her head just so with both hands, Lowell hunched over her, one hand stroking her clit and the other tugging her nipple while pounding his hips into her, his taut balls slapping into her. Her pleasure gathered, strengthened, drawing

itself together from her mouth to her breasts to her belly and, finally, intensifying into that pinpoint of feminine cells, her clit, which suddenly exploded into a thousand fiery pieces and redistributed themselves into every atom of her being.

Boneless, she wondered why she didn't collapse onto the mattress then realized that Lowell was still fucking her, his hands now holding her hips in a death grip, his breaths harsh against her shoulder, his hips pounding into her in a frenzied cadence, the slap of skin on skin resounding around them.

And Chaz was doing the same, his hips pistoning into her mouth as she increased the tautness of her lips and tongue on his cock. She reached up with one hand to cup and massage his balls, felt them tighten in her palm as his climax neared.

She felt Lowell tense and swung her free hand behind her to clutch his ass cheek, trying to hold him one more millimeter closer as he too neared the end of his control. And then Chaz was shooting his cum into her mouth and she swallowed and swallowed to capture all of it, while behind her Lowell shouted hoarsely, pounded her viciously once, twice more, then roared his own climax as she experienced another orgasm so powerful, she didn't realize she'd blacked out until she again became a sentient being aware of the two spent males keeping her tethered to earth.

Chapter Three

"Good morning, Miss Fortier, did you sleep well last night?"

Annabelle's head jerked up as Lowell—make that *Mr. Smith*—poked his head into the outer office where she was reviewing the day's calendar with her assistant. A quick scan told her he hadn't changed his persona one bit. Still the slicked-back hair, curling just the slightest at his neck. Still the superbly cut Italian suit, silk tie, hand-tailored shirt with monogrammed cuffs.

The eyes, though. His eyes seemed to glow as he looked at her. She wanted to pounce on him, but remembered her assistant Delia's presence. In her late forties, Delia Thompson had been with the firm since its inception eighteen years ago and mothered all the staff. It wouldn't do to fuel any office gossip. Annabelle was the latest hire and would be the one to go if things turned sour.

Should she tell him she'd never had a better night's sleep since childhood? That she'd even fallen asleep in Mr. Savidge's car while being driven home? That a valet had followed with her own car? That her pussy ached and her nipples hardened just from looking at him this morning?

She dipped her head in greeting. "Fine, Mr. Smith. I hope you did, too."

"I'd like to discuss the Wesley drawings with you this afternoon." He glanced at Delia. "How's her schedule, Miss Thompson?"

Delia checked Annabelle's calendar in her computer. "Miss Fortier has the morning blocked off to finish the plans for the library addition for their two o'clock meeting."

"Oh, is that meeting today? Well then, I won't disturb you. Why don't you stop by my office after they leave." He nodded to them both and continued to his corner office.

Delia sighed as she followed his exit with greedy eyes. "I'm happily married, but it's no sin to look. He's such a hunk. Honestly, I don't know why he doesn't do anything about it."

"About what?"

"The way he looks at you sometimes. Like he wants to eat you up. Then he goes into that 'Miss Fortier' routine and walks away." She shook her head. "I just don't get it."

Annabelle bit her tongue against the urge to confess that Mr. Lowell Smith had indeed "done something about it." The news would spread like a rash in a poison-ivy patch.

"Mixing business with pleasure," she said neutrally. "I'm way down on the totem pole in this firm. He's a senior partner."

"Pffft." Delia flung her hand up negligently, dismissing the argument.

Annabelle had scheduled the time today for a final review even though she'd completed the design last week. Good thing. She spent the morning at her CAD-CAM program, staring at the screen and thinking about last night and all the mischief Mr. Smith—the two Mr. Smiths—had gotten her into. How would Lowell greet her privately as opposed to the office where anyone could and did see how they interacted? Could she hold her head up if he decided there were separate standards for him and for her? What on earth was she thinking of to have allowed herself to be talked into a threesome with her *boss*? Was the Wesley account just a cover to get her into his inner sanctum so he could hem and haw and finally blurt out that he could no longer have such a wanton working for him?

Her stomach twisted in knots. He couldn't fire her. He *couldn't*. After all, he was a member of what was apparently a sex club and he'd invited her to go, gave her time off to find a costume, had bullied her into accepting his dictates once there. And he didn't even ask her about a safe word! Of course she'd never before been in a situation before

where a safe word might be needed, but she'd read more than a few erotic romances and knew her way, theoretically, around the BDSM scene.

Delia knocked once then stuck her head inside the doorway. "The Library Board is here. I put them in Conference Room B."

"Thanks." Annabelle glanced at the half-eaten turkey wrap Delia had brought her two hours ago, but it wasn't the upcoming meeting that had her stomach too jumpy to eat much. She squared her shoulders and strode into the conference room with a façade of confidence. Three hours later, she was shaking hands with the Board as they departed. They would convey their verdict to the senior partners in a few days.

Now all she had to worry about was Lowell. *Mr. Smith*, she corrected herself.

Retrieving the Wesley plans from Delia's desk, she said good night as her assistant left for the day then walked to the corner office and knocked on Mr. Smith's open door.

"Come in."

She took a deep breath and entered.

"Please close the door, Miss Fortier."

Not good. His demeanor was stern, like he'd had a hard decision to make and he'd stoically accepted the one he reached. He stood rigidly behind his high-backed executive's chair, one hand resting on the leather as if it would help keep him upright.

The door clicked shut behind her. She approached him gingerly, laid the plans on his polished walnut desk.

His mouth moved, but no sound came out. He might have said her name, but Annabelle wasn't a lip-reader and couldn't be sure. His sapphire-blue eyes glowed the way they had last night when he'd mentioned punishment.

Finally he spoke. "Are you wearing panties?"

Annabelle gasped, jerked her head around to be sure the door was still closed and no one had crept in to hear his unbelievable, totally un-PC question. "Mr. Smith, this is no place —"

"All day long," he overrode her objection, "I've burned to know the answer to that question, Annabelle. Lift up your skirt and show me."

Which came first, she wondered bitterly, the rock or the hard place? She should have known — did know — better than to fish off the company dock.

"Mr. Smith, I think it's better to keep personal matters separate from the office."

He stood unmoving behind his chair, his eyes boring into hers with an intensity she'd never seen before. No, that wasn't true. He'd looked at her like that last night. But this was the office. With staff still coming and going. And no foreplay.

Crap. *Cancel that image.* To break the spell he'd cast, she bent down and began to unroll the plans, setting his brass pencil holder at one edge to hold the blueprint down.

"Annabelle, look at me." Usually he phrased orders as a request, but the texture of his voice held an edge of domination, of command. Her head jerked up.

"This office is rather formal in deference to its founding partner. So when we are in business mode, I will continue to call you Miss Fortier and you will refer to me as Mr. Smith. But when I call you Annabelle, it means something else entirely."

Lowell stepped away from the barrier of his executive's chair, unbuttoned his suit jacket and stood at the edge of his desk. Annabelle's eyes snapped to his crotch. To the massive bulge making a tent of the silken fabric of his Italian slacks.

"Yes, you do that to me, Annabelle. Please. Sit down so I can do the same."

"Mr. Smith, you wanted to discuss the Wesley drawings. Are you ready to do so?"

The twitch of a smile came and went on his face. "Fine." He gestured to her.

She sat.

So did he. "By the way, Miss Fortier, since you've now been here six months, you've passed the probationary period. If you stop by the payroll office tomorrow to fill out the new forms, I've arranged for a fifteen-thousand-dollar raise effective immediately."

Outraged, Annabelle jumped to her feet, plunked her palms on his desk, looming over him. “Are you trying to bribe me into — into —”

He stilled, like a predator waiting to pounce. Annabelle wrestled herself back into control. He didn’t mean it like it sounded, she rationalized. He wasn’t suggesting he would pay her to be his doxy. She’d earned this raise, dammit, and it wasn’t fair of him to muddy the waters by discussing two such disparate ideas in the same breath.

But...but...

“Is that what you think?” He’d shifted into a no-nonsense voice, prickling the skin on the back of Annabelle’s neck.

She lifted her chin, straightened her spine. “What should I be thinking? ‘Oh, what an odd coincidence’? Obviously I made a massive error in judgment. You’ll have my resigna —”

“Annabelle.” Standing as well, he held up his hand in a traffic cop’s “stop” gesture. “Annabelle,” he said more softly, almost lovingly. His gaze softened, warmed on her. She swallowed hard. He wasn’t making it easy for her to leave.

“Aha, I thought I might find you in here.”

Annabelle spun around to find the founding partner standing in the open doorway. She hadn’t heard the door open.

Joseph Butler sauntered toward her, liver-spotted hand outstretched, a wide smile on his weathered, creased face. “Just got off a conference call with the Library Board. They are absolutely delighted with the plans.”

Scrambling to shift gears, Annabelle accepted his handshake in a daze. “Uh, that didn’t take long.”

“I knew they’d love it. You’ve been doing a first-rate job, Miss Fortier.” Shifting his gaze to Lowell, he asked, “Have you told her yet?”

“We had just started discussing it,” Lowell said, his suit jacket already discreetly buttoned.

Discussing what? Had he told *Mr. Butler* about last night?

"Splendid." Still gripping Annabelle's hand, the senior partner continued smiling at her. "I had suggested ten, you know, but Mr. Smith held out for the entire fifteen thousand budgeted. And after the call I just had, I'm glad he prevailed. You'll start seeing the results in this week's paycheck. Congratulations on passing your probationary period in such exemplary fashion."

"Thank you," she said weakly as he finally let go of her hand.

Mr. Butler glanced at his gold watch. It was past six, as Annabelle noted on the pendulum clock on Lowell's credenza. "Take the rest of the afternoon off," he said jovially as he walked out into the hallway, leaving silence behind him.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I jumped to conclusions."

"Perhaps I'm at fault as well," he replied. "I'm not the most tactful person nor the world's best—what's today's jargon?—people handler. I should have made your well-deserved raise the first and only subject. But," he said as he ran the fingers of both hands through his slicked-back hair, "I take one look at you and all I can think of is having you under my thrall."

Annabelle felt her pussy spasm, her juices begin to flow. She wanted that too. Wanted to rip off her panties and let him see how quickly he made her cream with just his words, with the anticipation of what he might do to her.

"By the way," he added. "Since we're putting all our cards on the table, you should know that the partners made this decision Monday afternoon. Well before I realized I had a conflict in last night's schedule."

His eyes bored into hers. "I asked you to the Mischief Night party because I'd been fighting my own inclination. I've never been a fan of office romances, but I couldn't keep my mind on my work for thinking about you." He distractedly messed his hair up a little more, leaving finger tracks in the rumple, and curls in their wake.

"It occurred to me this could be a sink-or-swim proposition. You'd get a taste of the Platinum Club and you'd either accept it or you wouldn't, and no harm, no foul back in

the office. But it wasn't until I saw your men's calendar that I dared invite you in the first place."

She shifted in her chair, looked down at her twined fingers. "I kept it because Mr. June reminded me of you."

"I wondered why it was so dog-eared." He chuckled. Then his eyes darkened. "When I saw you with Chaz, when I saw your legs wrapped around him, it took all my willpower not to deck him. Although that certainly gave me an answer as to your level of sensuality."

"The mistake I made was perfectly logical," she argued. "He looked just like you under all the war paint, and he didn't correct me when I called him Mr. Smith, and —"

"Annabelle."

She shut up.

"Now I'll ask you again. Are you wearing panties?"

A line had to be drawn. She knew it. She had to keep her — their — private affairs out of the possibility of discovery. "Mr. Smith, I'm going to close up my computer and have a celebratory drink at The Mojito." The Mojito was a bar a block from their office, popular with the white-collar crowd. She'd gone there a couple of times after work, but had never warmed to the idea of being a barfly.

"Perhaps *Lowell* would like to join me in a toast to the milestone of passing my probationary period. I would appreciate it if you would tell him that I won't be wearing any panties there."

And she walked out of his office, closing the door quietly behind her.

Chapter Four

"That was quite an exit line."

Lowell had just walked up to where she was seated at one of the bar stools. Annabelle took a sip of her mojito before speaking. "I'm sorry. I simply couldn't bring Mischief Night into the office. There's too much at stake, for both of us."

"No apology needed. I admire your courage in standing your ground."

The bartender came by. Setting a twenty on the bar, Lowell ordered a beer then leaned forward to whisper into Annabelle's ear. "Now you will tell me, Annabelle, if you are wearing panties."

She swiveled on the stool, letting her knees brush him at crotch level. "You'll have to find out for yourself."

His eyes narrowed. "Annabelle. You disappoint me."

She set down her drink and slid off the stool. "Listen to that music. Just made for dancing." Wrapping her arms around his neck, she began to sway to its tempo, brushing her body lightly against him. In her high heels, she was almost at eye level with him. She nuzzled her cheek against his then whispered into his ear, "And you can find out the answer to your question...Lowell."

Instantly she felt herself plastered to his torso, his hands spanning her waist then running down her hips to her butt and back up again. "I don't feel a panty line," he murmured.

"That's because there isn't one."

Lowell's soft groan made Annabelle smile. Her eyes drifted shut at the heavenly feel of him in her arms, holding each other tight and swaying gently to a Sheryl Crow

ballad. She'd dreamed of this too. Not just making love with him, but the closeness, the tenderness.

"One Rolling Rock, no glass."

At the bartender's intrusion, Lowell pulled away just enough to see Annabelle's face but kept his hands on her waist and spoke in a low, hoarse voice. "I wish you were wearing a roomy skirt that you could lift up when you sit down on the bar stool, so your bare pussy touches the leather. It would be almost like you sitting on my chest, your legs spread wide apart and your juices drizzling onto my skin. But in the latter instance, my thumb would be stroking your clit. I don't think they'd allow me to do that here if you were sitting on a barstool."

Annabelle swallowed hard.

Lowell's gaze roamed the perimeter of the bar. "Aha. There's a group leaving the corner booth. Quickly," he spun her around and gave her a nudge, "lay claim to it. I'll bring our drinks."

She was settling on the padded seat, her back to the wall, when he walked up. "No. Sit on this side," he hissed as he sat their drinks on the not-yet-cleaned table.

"But this way I can see —"

"So can everyone else. This isn't the Platinum Society. I'm not going to share you with anyone. Not even let them look."

"Why? What are you going to —"

"Annabelle, you have already earned a demerit by questioning me. Sit here." He pointed imperiously. "Now!"

Moisture flooded her pussy as she absorbed his dominant stance, his scowl. She slid out of her seat and into the opposite side of the booth. He crowded into it right behind her.

"Spread your legs," he ordered, wrapping his right arm around her shoulders. "I'm going to see if you obeyed me."

Oh God, she would have to have this suit dry-cleaned. She could feel how much moisture was seeping to the lining of her woolen skirt. She moved her knees apart, tucking her thigh firmly against his. And heard his sharp intake of breath. *Good.*

Breathing softly into her ear, Lowell stroked his tongue around its outer shell, making her shudder. Slowly he ran the fingers of his free hand down her arm, onto her leg, bunching up the material of her skirt until he reached the crease between her torso and leg. With every hard-won breath she fought to stay unaffected.

Until his finger touched her unclothed pussy.

Her hips jerked forward. He laughed softly into her ear. "You obeyed. That deserves a reward." With the arm he'd already flung around her shoulder he managed to tip her head toward him. He captured her mouth with his, kissing lightly, darting his tongue inside and withdrawing, all the while stroking, stroking her pussy lips, tangling his fingers in her auburn curls.

"Here, let me take these empty glasses," the waitress said from behind Lowell's shoulder.

Annabelle stiffened.

"Don't move," he whispered against her mouth. "It's too dark to see. Just stay...absolutely still..." and he pressed his thumb against her clit.

Annabelle made a rough sound in the back of her throat. Lowell adroitly captured it in the continuing kiss and rubbed with the thumb still hidden under her skirt. She squirmed, but whether to move away in embarrassment or to move closer for more of Lowell she couldn't have said.

"Excuse me, Miss, I've got to wipe up this wet spot right by your arm. That last group was a bunch of slob. Beer can stain your suit in a big way."

Lowell took that moment to plunge two fingers into her dripping wet pussy. Annabelle's arms automatically lifted as she turned into him, her right hand reaching for his neck to hold him closer to her, closer to his sucking mouth, his thrusting tongue,

his two fingers fucking her pussy right in front of the waitress and all she could think of was more, more, she needed him inside her, needed to come right this minute...

Lowell removed everything, his mouth, his fingers, his warmth away from her. Dazed, she fluttered her eyelids until she could focus on him. "Why didn't you...?"

Then her focus widened to take in the murmur of voices, the smell of stale beer and whiskey and body odors and perfumes. Oh God, they were in The Mojito and she almost came from a finger-fucking right in the middle of all of it.

Hell, she still wanted to come. "Lowell," she gritted out. "I need you! Let's get out of here."

His chuckle grated on her nerves. "You still need to be disciplined for your error of judgment back in the office."

Her eyes widened. "We agreed not to mix —"

"Correct. But you did not trust me. *That* has to be punished. I want you to know, to believe, that I will always put your welfare first and foremost. I was a fool to wait six months to inform you of my interest. No. More than interest, it was an obsession. One that I hope will never diminish. Put your hand on my cock."

She hesitated, darted a look around.

"Now! Or you'll get another punishment."

Gingerly she let her left hand settle on his thigh then creep upward to the bulge under his trousers.

"The zipper. Pull down the zipper and tell me what you find."

She let out a gasp.

"It's okay, she won't be back until I signal her." He angled his body toward the corner, toward her, and away from prying eyes. "Go on," he urged.

Annabelle discovered that she needed both trembling hands to finesse the zipper down around the warm, hard obstruction. Then gasped again.

His cock sprang free, huge and hot and...naked in her hand. Her eyes popped up to capture his gaze. Her mouth formed a big round O. "You're not wearing underwear."

"That's right, darlin'. If you could do that for me I will do the same, and more, for you."

Annabelle's eyes sparkled. "Then you'd better hold absolutely still, because there's a favor I want to return."

And began slowly stroking his throbbing cock with her loose fist, up and down its thick length, her other hand grazing the thick ridge encircling the head, smearing the drop of pre-cum around the silky skin, driving him slowly crazy until he agreed.

They had to get out of there. Fast.

Chapter Five

"I don't care what you say, Annabelle. This is a special occasion."

Annabelle looked at the face of her beloved. Six months had passed since Mischief Night, and they'd had a devil of a time keeping their relationship out of the office and in a "Mr. Smith" and "Miss Fortier" mode. No one knew, although many might suspect. The lingering looks, the flushed faces, the opportunities to be alone—they tried to avoid those. As well, he'd asked her to move in with him any number of times, but she'd always refused. She still felt she had to prove herself as a junior staff member and didn't want anyone to accuse her boss of favoritism.

They were dressed for a party. Tonight was Joseph Butler's retirement after thirty-one years as an award-winning architect. He would continue as Partner Emeritus, but was turning over the day-to-day running of the offices to his younger brother, the new Managing Partner.

She stood at the mirror in a corner of Lowell's office inserting her emerald stud earrings. She had brought a strapless cocktail dress to work, a rich emerald green silk with fitted bodice and softly flowing skirt, and changed in the ladies room. Lowell looked devastatingly handsome in a tux that fit him so well it had to be hand-tailored and not a rental. He came up behind her and murmured, "You look ravishing."

She met his eyes in the mirror. "So do you."

"Good enough to eat. No one would blame me for trying to kiss you in the office tonight." He bent down to kiss her bare shoulder, skimming a finger where the edge of her gown exposed the plump tops of her breasts. "Almost too much cleavage for everyone to see."

She smiled at him, tingled at his touch. But she wore panties. With this dress and in this milieu she didn't want to risk a wet spot. "Jealous?"

"Maybe. Do you ever think about another go-round with a third party?"

"No. Absolutely not. I don't want to share you and I don't want you to share me."

"Good. Anybody who puts their hands on you in a sexual way, I'll punch his lights out. I just want to make sure you don't miss having *ménage a trois*, the way we did at Halloween."

Annabelle sighed. "I'll say it for the hundredth time, I thought that Indian was you. And since I was already, shall we say, wrapped up in Chaz and didn't know what your intentions were, I went along with a threebie. Yes, I'll admit I was curious to see what it was like. And yes, it turned me on, but that was because you were the dominant force in that group. I would never have done it with any two other men in the world. Regardless of how many vignettes I saw in the Haunted House."

"Good," he said again.

"Of course," she added mischievously, "if someone wants to watch..."

"We'll play that by ear. I'm getting pretty possessive."

"Good," she echoed.

"And I'll say it again. This is a special occasion." He spun her around and pushed her back against the mirror then knelt at her feet. "This is just the kind of skirt I had in mind for you to wear," he said, his voice muffled under the handkerchief hem of her gown.

"Dammit, you're wearing underpants." Undaunted, he licked her clit through the silk. Instantly her pussy flooded, a Pavlovian response because she knew how well he could ravage her with his tongue. She felt his teeth scrape against her pubic bone, felt him pull her crotch aside and thrust his fingers into her.

"Lowell—Mr. Smith, stop it!" She had to brace herself against the wall, her palms flattening, in order to stay upright.

With a low chuckle, Lowell continued eating her, fingering her, licking the slit until she unconsciously spread her legs wider. When she let out a soft moan, he rose up and

with a movement so quick all she saw was a blur, she was leaning over his desk, her elbows holding her weight and Lowell about to enter her from behind.

“Lowell, no! Condom!”

He took a harsh breath. His fully engorged cock halted against her pussy then detoured to rub between her ass cheeks. “Annabelle, I want to feel what it’s like to be truly inside you.”

She tensed. “Lowell, please. You know I’m on the pill, but I don’t want to take the chance...”

“Shit,” he swore softly, then stood upright, lifting her as well. He gently turned her around, cupped her face in his big hands. “Annabelle, I love you. I want to have a family with you.”

Annabelle’s eyelids fluttered closed. “Oh, Lowell, I love you too.”

Dipping his head to plant a few soft kisses on her face, he murmured, “I wasn’t going to ask you until after the party, but...” He dug into his trousers pocket and retrieved a small velvet box. “Will you marry me and bear my children? Will you let me call you Annabelle every day? Will you let me dominate you?”

“Yes! And yes and yes. And...sometimes.”

Lifting her in a bear hug, he spun her around a few times then set her down next to the desk. “Please. Try it on.”

Annabelle opened the box and lost her power of speech. A dazzling diamond flanked by two square emeralds sparkled at her. With shaking fingers she lifted the ring from its velvet nest and slipped it on her third finger, left hand.

Perfect fit.

Her eyes were full of love as she looked up at him. “Maybe after the party we can, you know, try –”

As if he knew what she wanted to say, Lowell spun her around. Positioning her to face the desk, he lifted her skirts, jerked down her panties and plunged into her pussy in one powerful thrust.

"Annabelle," he croaked as he stayed motionless inside her. "You feel so good. I don't want anything to come between us. Ever."

"Oh God, Lowell, don't stop, Lowell please, please..." She wiggled her ass.

He began moving his hips, pumping harder and harder with each stroke until she thought she would go crazy.

"Annabelle, Annabelle, Annabelle," he chanted. "You'll not refuse me ever again. Not in the office, not at home. No more calling you Miss Fortier. You're my Annabelle and always will be."

A half dozen powerful strokes more and Annabelle exploded, holding the pad of her palm to her mouth and biting down to keep from shouting. Two, three, four strokes more and Lowell came as well, his fingers holding her hips so tight she'd have bruises for days.

"Lowell?" A voice sounded outside the door. "Don't forget, you're giving the intro. We'll be starting in five minutes."

It took Lowell a long moment to catch his breath. "Be right with you."

And to Annabelle, "See what you can do in an office?"

"Thank goodness you have an executive washroom," she retorted, making an effort to lock her knees so she could stand upright.

He thrust a wad of tissues in her hand. "I have to get to the dais and get ready for my welcoming speech. See you there."

"I'll be there as soon as I...ah...clean up."

Laughing like a carefree boy, Lowell unlocked his office door and strode out.

A few minutes later, cleaned up and makeup repaired, Annabelle followed the crowd to the largest conference room. Lowell, his eyes sparkling as much as her brand-new diamond, looked at ease on the dais, speaking without notes.

The crowd applauded when he finished, and Joseph Butler took center stage. He spoke of his firm's accomplishments, acknowledged the contributions of his partners, then said, "Of course, my leaving the firm opens up a spot for a new partner. I'm happy to say that the board has unanimously agreed on a candidate to fill it."

His eyes roved the assembled group, lit up when they rested on Annabelle.

"I'm delighted to announce the new Senior Partner, Annabelle Fortier."

Amid the cheering and applause, Annabelle took a stunned moment to process what she'd just heard. As she stumbled up to the dais, she noted Lowell whispering in Mr. Butler's ear.

Just as she got to the stage, with Lowell reaching out a hand to help her up the three steps, Mr. Butler added, "And I understand we'll have to order another set of business cards in a couple of months, as she will soon become Mrs. Lowell Smith."

Nudged to the podium to make an acceptance speech, Annabelle looked at the smiling faces of her co-workers. Apparently she was a popular choice, because the applause continued for an embarrassingly long time. Finally she cleared her throat.

"Thank you, Mr. Butler, and all the Partners. I'm honored to be chosen. I'll do my best to live up to your expectations." She gripped the podium with damp palms.

"We all know Mr. Butler is a gentleman of the old school, and we all appreciate that. He has given us respect and support, and it's an honor to be the first woman to be made Partner in this firm." Her eyes glinting with mischief, she added, "However, you won't need to worry about my business cards. I've made my mark as an architect under the name of Annabelle Fortier, and I'm sure Mr. Smith will agree that I should continue to use my maiden name for business purposes."

She turned to Lowell with love in her eyes. "In all other ways, though, I wish to be known as Annabelle Smith." Giving him a chaste peck on the cheek, she whispered for

his ears only, "And any time you call me Mrs. Smith, I'll be ready and bare-assed for you."

About the Author

Cris Anson firmly believes that love is the greatest gift...to give or to receive. In her writing, she lives for the moment when her characters realize they love each other, usually after much antagonism and conflict. And when they express that love physically, Cris keeps a fire extinguisher near the keyboard in case of spontaneous combustion. Multi-published and twice EPPIE-nominated in romantic suspense under another name, she was usually asked to tone down her love scenes. For Ellora's Cave, she's happy to turn the flame as high as it will go – and then some.

After suffering the loss of her real-life hero/husband of twenty-two years, Cris has picked up the pieces of her life and tries to remember only the good times...slow-dancing with him to the Big Band sound of Glenn Miller's music, vacations to scenic national parks in a snug recreational vehicle, his tender and fierce love, his unflagging belief in her ability to write stories that touch the heart as well as the libido. Bits and pieces of his tenacity, optimism, code of honor and lust for life will live on in her imaginary heroes.

Cris welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Cris Anson

Dance of the Butterfly

Dance of the Crystal

Dance of the Seven Veils

Discovery



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com