



**BOUND TO
CHANGE**
AURORA JAMISON

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BOUND TO CHANGE

BY

"AURORA JAMISON"

CHAPTER ONE

"I've never done anything like this," Clark Holland said. He nervously licked his lips and pushed his thin, gold wire-rimmed glasses up on his nose. A thin layer of perspiration turned his nose slippery and the glasses slipped right away.

"I never have either," Diana Westbrook said, feeling a tingle of excitement throughout her body. Music welling from inside the tumbledown warehouse was loud and worked its way into her so much that it felt as if her internal organs quivered in response to every note. Or was it a different thrill she felt? "That's what makes it so exciting. The unknown. Never sure what'll happen."

"This looks like the kind of place where you could either get into a lot of trouble or be arrested. I'm not sure being arrested wouldn't be preferable."

Diana stared at Clark and wondered why she had ever agreed to come on a date with him. Her friends at work said he was a nice guy. Heaven

alone knew she needed to find a nice guy after all the losers she had dated over the past year. The last one had been the worst. Mason had never paid for anything when they went out and when he began ignoring her, that had made it even worse. If she was going to pick up the tab at bars and restaurants and everywhere else, she wanted her boyfriend to at least acknowledge her presence. The ones before Mason had been bad, all in different ways. Sid and soap had been strangers. He was allergic, he had said. She doubted that when she had bought him special hypo allergenic soap, and he had never used that, either. He couldn't bother was her guess. She wasn't important enough for him to shower once in awhile. Diana didn't even want to stroll back down memory lane and itemize the faults of the others. The list would be way too long.

They had all been losers, and she had been dumb enough to agree to dates with them. More often than not, she had agreed to more than a date. Each one had seemed great at first, then the facade had melted away like tired, dirty snow in bright spring sunlight. She wasn't even sure why she had thought Clark would be much different, but he did seem to employ minimal hygiene. And he wasn't a tightwad. He had bought her dinner at a nice restaurant, but he had just sat there listening to her babble on as if he had nothing to say. If she hadn't been speaking, the silence would have been

absolute—and that was something Diana could not abide.

But, Diana had to admit, he was good looking. He ought to wear contact lenses, and that would make him about perfect. Close to six feet tall, he moved with an easy grace she liked. The sight of his tight little butt was nice, too. When she had taken his arm as he helped her out of his low slung sports car, there had been real muscles hiding under the loose-fitting sports shirt. Handsome? Not exactly. But rugged good looks. He wore his sandy hair in a kind of dorky style, but she could get him to change that if they hung together long enough.

If.

It had taken her several dates and more than a few nights of dubious passion with her other boyfriends to figure out their flaws. She had been out with Clark for only a couple hours and had already found his. He was a wuss. Taking a chance wasn't in his makeup.

"It's a rave," she said in exasperation. "There's a kind of anarchy about it. A wildness. You're not supposed to know what's going to happen."

"I...I don't take drugs," he said in a low voice as he looked around apprehensively. "Do you?"

"Of course not. Unless you count all the coffee I drink. Caffeine's a drug. And I used to smoke."

"You don't now," he said. "I could tell. Cigarette smoke hangs onto your clothes. A

nonsmoker can always tell.”

Diana heaved a deep sigh. He might be a health nut. She had come across a couple of them, too. They tended to be so wrapped up in what to eat and what not to, which vitamins to take and what weird supplements to avoid, that they blocked everything else from their lives. They were as bad as the pretty boys who posed in front of the mirror, not for her appreciation but for their own narcissistic enjoyment.

Was it so hard to go out with a guy and want him to be into her? Diana was beginning to think it was a lost cause.

She looked around and shivered with a delicious thrill of anticipation. This was down in the commercial section of town, near the railroad tracks. Nobody she knew ever came here, even in daylight. It was a tough section with all kinds of illicit stuff going down. That made the idea of a rave in an abandoned warehouse all the more electrifying when she had seen the flyer. She wasn't that much into the music, but the entire atmosphere was one of danger. How different this was from her dull life. She got up every morning at the same time. Ate a Pop-tart for breakfast and gulped down her first cup of coffee. Strong, black. Get awake to get out into the traffic.

And at work she had another cup to keep her going. Mind-numbing work. Same old same old. Mark her initials at the bottom of a contract that

looked like every other contract. Somewhere halfway around the world a factory would turn out widgets or whatever it was she had approved. And when she pushed the paper aside, a new one slid across her desk.

Over and over, the same thing until she wanted to scream.

She wanted to cut loose with Clark. She wanted him to take her in his arms, whirl her around, slam her hard against the wall and fuck her. In plain sight of everyone else at the rave. She wanted to feel him enter her and never stop fucking her until her screams drowned out the hundred decibel music.

"Are you sure?" he said.

Diana blinked. She had been fantasizing about what she had expected from this date and that jarred her.

"I don't guess so," she said, the fantasy fading.

"Good, let's go."

"Oh," Diana said. She actually blushed. She couldn't remember the last time she had blushed, and this was because of what she had been thinking rather than any other reason. Could Clark read her mind and figure out what fantasy made her all wet? Diana pressed her thighs together as much as she could. She was really wet, and all because of what she thought, not what she did.

That made her curt with him.

"We're going in. We paid for the tickets. Seeing what's going on won't kill us."

"Well, all right," he said reluctantly. She didn't give him a chance to argue. She turned, grabbed for his hand and pulled him along behind like a kid with a party balloon. For all the action she was likely to get out of him, the balloon might be more fun.

A huge black guy in a T-shirt stretched to the breaking point stood, arms crossed over his broad chest. He said nothing. Diana looked up into his eyes. She was five-foot-five. He had to be seven feet tall. Without consciously doing it, Diana looked down to the man's crotch. A giant like this had to be hung like an elephant, and the bulge showed his package was about what she imagined it to be.

"Here," she said in a choked voice. Diana licked her lips, her mind wondering what it would be like having this stud in bed. He didn't even smile at her. All he did was glance at the crudely printed tickets she had bought from the seedy looking kid outside the restaurant and incline his head in the direction of the door.

"Are you sure, Diana?" Clark hung back, but she wasn't going to let him quit now.

"Try it, you might like it."

"How do you know? You said you'd never been to a rave before."

"How do I know I won't like it?" Diana was

ready to kick him loose the instant she stepped into the old warehouse. The insides had been ripped out long since, leaving bare walls, broken windows and rusty metal joists spanning the roof. Simple twisted crepe streamers were suspended everywhere and drifted about like jellyfish tendrils. She blinked when the lights dimmed and a black light came on, turning those ordinary streamers into something special, something truly exotic.

Something that made her quiver inside again.

The DJ worked to spin some industrial techno song she didn't know. And it didn't matter. The beat counted for everything. The driving bass worked its way up through the concrete floor into her legs, shivered and quivered and moved sinuously all the way to her pussy. Diana closed her eyes and let the vibration and the music work their magic on her. The sensations were similar to when she used a vibrator to pleasure herself, only this was beyond her control and all the more exciting because of that. The DJ was a pro playing his turntable. He seemed to single her out with a new song, giving her pleasure, building her feelings, and then he cranked up the volume with a full blast of music that almost staggered her. Her knees went weak. It wasn't an orgasm but it came close. If the DJ had come over right then and said, "How about it?" she would have thrown herself on him.

"You want to dance?"

Clark's voice jarred her. For a brief instant, she had forgotten he was even here. The lights began winking on and off in a slow, seductive tempo like foreplay. The music meshed well with the kaleidoscope of lights, and Diana could almost imagine that she really was *with* Clark. *With* him, not just standing beside him.

"Sure," she said. This was about the most aggressive he had been all night, not even choosing the restaurant. Diana wanted to make this a real date, and this was the time to change things. A cry of surprise came to her lips as he took her in his arms, confirming what she had figured out earlier. He had plenty of muscles to spare. Diana pressed closer to him as they swung through the crowd on the dance floor.

She couldn't help herself. She rubbed against him like a cat stropping its back against the corner of the sofa. Clark hesitated, half turned and stared at her as if he didn't know what was going on.

"Let's dance," she said before he could say a word. Diana closed her brown eyes and let the music wash over her like a warm tidal wave. It caught her and carried her and let her lose her inhibitions. This was a rave. Hundreds of men and women, all dancing sensuously and nobody knew anyone else. Enjoyment was all that counted.

She put her arms above her head and began a rhythmic, sinuous move that started at her

fingertips and rippled all the way down to her toes. Her hips swung to the music as she arched her back and slowly danced.

"Damn," she heard him say. "You're really something, Diana."

She opened her eyes and saw him a couple feet away, standing and staring.

"Dance," she ordered. "Dance with me." For some reason, this caused him to tense. It wasn't like she had invited him to fuck her. And the way he was acting, that wasn't likely to ever happen. She wanted a man who knew what he wanted and went for it. The way Clark reacted, he wasn't even sure what he wanted.

"I'll dance with you," came a husky voice. Diana turned and saw a scruffy kid hardly out of his teens. He had a cracked front tooth and more tats than she could figure out all over his arms and chest—and she got a good view of his chest. He wore a jean jacket with the arms cut off and the front swinging open. His chain link belt hung down and swayed in front of his crotch. Diana thought he considered himself irresistible to women. His arrogant attitude reminded her too much of Mason for her to be turned on by him.

"No," she said.

"No? How can you say no to the top stud here, bitch?" He grabbed her and swung her around. He pulled her close and tried to kiss her. Diana didn't stop to think about what she did. She simply

acted. Her knee came up into his groin with a satisfying thud. He gasped, doubled over and backed off.

"Y-you're nothing but a cheap whore. Yeah, a ho. Tell your pimp to double your price. To fifty cents." He started to continue the verbal abuse but Diana stepped closer, grabbed him by an ear and pulled his face down near her lips.

"I'd cut your miserable dick off but I left my magnifying glass at home." She gave him a shove, and he stumbled into the writhing mass of dancers.

"Are you all right?" Clark put his hand on her shoulder. She shrugged it off.

"Where were you? Beating off?"

"That wasn't a nice thing to say." The edge in his voice made her look at him for the first time. This was the most fire he had shown all evening.

"Sorry," she said. "I had to deal with that piece of garbage." She started to ask why he had stood by and done nothing, then let it drop.

Diana looked around the warehouse and saw how pathetic it seemed. Dust piled up everywhere and the shapes moving in the shadows were about the right size for big rats. The closed-in odor made her nostrils flare, and underfoot grated debris from too many years of neglect. Broken glass, dirt, things she did not want to think about—all being hidden by the few streamers blowing in the breeze coming through the door and windows and

stirred up by the hard-driving music.

She took a deep breath, aware of how her breasts rose and fell. If that didn't give Clark the right idea, nothing would.

Nothing would.

He just stood watching her as if he were looking at a bug under a microscope.

"No reason to waste the price of admission. I'm going to dance," she said. She made a point of pushing past him and going to a pair of guys talking and watching the crowd.

As she came up, both surveyed her with appreciation. Neither looked like a loser to her right now, but the one on the right was about perfect. Slim and supple, he moved like a snake.

"You," she said, reaching out and grabbing his hand. "Dance. You. Me. Now."

"For once, I don't mind being ordered around," he said. He stepped closer, put his arm around her waist. His hand was warm in the middle of her back and sent new tremors throughout her body. When his hand moved a little southward so he could cup a buttock, Diana didn't object. The way he looked at her showed he appreciated her. She was the center of his world, and it felt good.

Damned good.

They moved away from the perimeter of the area cleared for dancing and melted into the crowd. Diana caught sight of Clark out of the corner of her eye as she swung around. He stood

and watched. No sign of emotion on his face. Not upset she had asked another guy to dance. Not looking as if he would rush out and pry her loose from the guy she had picked up and assert himself.

His loss.

Diana danced furiously for twenty minutes until sweat soaked her dress to her flesh in a skintight sheath. She tried to lose herself in the music but increasingly found herself drifting away from the moment. As the music slowed, her partner moved closer. Her heart sped up. He whispered in her ear.

“Want to do a line?”

“What?” Diana stopped dancing and stepped back to stare at him.

“Why’d you think I danced with you?” he said. “You look like a cool chick. I’m here to help out phat chicks. Fifty bucks.”

“That’s the only reason you agreed to dance with me?”

This caused his eyes to widen. Then he laughed. “Hell, babe, you came to me. I thought you knew who I was. I’m the one you want at a rave. I’m the *only* one.” He patted his shirt pocket. For the first time, Diana saw how it bulged. He slid two fingers in slowly, seductively, then pulled out a small, clear plastic envelope. Inside white powder glistened.

“Peruvian marching powder, babe. Nose candy.

For you, I'll let you have it for nothing more than a blowjob. I like those pouty lips of yours. I'd like them even more around my cock."

"No," she said, backing off. Diana felt suddenly faint. Nothing had gone right. She had danced with this guy thinking he was interested in her. Oh, he was, but not the way she wanted. He was nothing but a pusher looking for someone to line his pockets with money. Or give him a blowjob.

She turned, jerked free when he tried to take her arm and stalked off. Diana was sure Clark would have left by now. She had abandoned him. No self-respecting guy would ever put up with what she'd done. Diana stopped dead in her tracks. The music swelled around her. Lights flashed. Her skin tingled from the way her clothing clung with sweaty tenacity to her body. And she stared.

Clark stood, arms crossed on his broad chest, watching her. He hadn't left. Instead, he had remained at the rave and let her continue to humiliate him by dancing with someone else.

He came to her, stride firm. She sucked in her breath. Clark would lay down the law to her and let her know what a bitch she had been and how she had pissed him off.

"Do you want to go?"

"Do I want to go?" Diana hardly believed the way he asked.

"Well, you might want to stay and dance some

more.”

She strained to find the sarcasm in his words and couldn't.

“Take me home,” she said. “I need to...”

“Yes?” He looked expectant.

“...be taken home,” Diana finished lamely. She wanted more from Clark and wasn't going to get it.

A small sneer came to her lips. He wasn't going to get it, either. She spun and preceded him from the warehouse.

CHAPTER TWO

Diana sat in her office, staring out the tenth story window. She had worked hard to get this office after surviving in cubicles for more than four years. She had a good view of a couple tall buildings, and the distant river wound its way around so that it caught the sunlight and gleamed like a silver snake. She had always enjoyed daydreaming as she stared out. Not today. She couldn't think of anything but how miserable everything had been last night.

"So?"

Diana jumped a foot and looked up guiltily. She relaxed when she saw it was her friend Jana, from down in contracts on the eighth floor. She was a legal eagle and looked over the papers Diana signed all day long as head of requisitions.

"You startled me," Diana said.

"Yeah, like you were so lost in your work." Jana reached across the desk and turned the papers in front of Diana around. She had been staring at them upside down and hadn't noticed. "Come on,

give. What's so bad that you look like your dog got run over?"

"I don't like dogs," Diana said mechanically. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Of course you don't," Jana said, kicking the door shut with her heel and sitting down in the chair across from Diana. She pulled it closer and leaned forward, her elbows on the desk. "So tell me everything. How'd it go with Clark? You mooning over him?"

Diana jumped again, as if someone had stuck her with a pin. She let out a rueful laugh and shook her head. She hadn't had time to fix her hair that morning since she had overslept, and a vagrant strand of her brown hair tumbled down into her eyes. She tried to tuck it away, but it refused to obey without a lot of hair spray. She got frustrated and finally stopped. Flopping back in her chair, she looked hard at her friend.

Jana was perfectly dressed, as befitting a lawyer. She wore an expensive gray suit with a red power scarf to let anyone know at a glance where she was on the pecking order in the company—high up. She was a strawberry blonde with piercing blue eyes and a perpetual smile on her lips unless she was coming down like a ton of bricks on somebody who told her she couldn't do what she wanted.

Diana sighed. She envied her friend. All Jana had to do was snap her fingers and the guys lined

up. Good ones, like Jana's current boyfriend, Will. The only problem with Will that Diana saw was that he was married and not to Jana. That didn't bother Jana a lot because she was getting laid whenever she wanted.

"If I never see him again, it'll be three weeks too soon," Diana said.

"What?" Jana's carefully plucked eyebrows rose in twin arches. "You got to be kidding! He's *the* catch around here. If Will and I weren't, well, you know —"

"Fucking like rabbits," Diana supplied. Jana smiled and got a dreamy look that said more than words ever could. From all she had told Diana, Will was as much a powerhouse between the sheets as he was in the boardroom. He radiated power in all directions and just happened to aim a lot of it at Jana.

For a fleeting moment Diana wondered if she could ever take up with a married man. There wouldn't be any future in it. She knew the rules. Lie like a son of a bitch about leaving the wife, then do the horizontal mambo until the girlfriend got fed up with the lies. Move on and do it again. But Jana and Will had skipped a lot of that and had gotten past the lies to enjoying one another sexually. Diana had to wonder what it was like, slipping into bed next to Will, feeling him touch her, his hands sliding between her legs to open them for his —

"Girl, snap out of it," Jana said loudly. "You've got a bad case, if ever I saw it."

"Bad case of what?"

"Horniness. You should have let Clark get you into bed. Have you seen the butt on that one? What am I saying? Of course you have. You went out with him."

"I'd have had to grab him by the collar and bum rush him into my bedroom. He was so shy."

"It was a first date," Jana said. A wicked smile came to her lips. "So what would be wrong with giving him a little hint about what you wanted?"

"Like dragging down his pants and giving him a blowjob?" Diana tried not to sound too bitter, but she was.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" For a moment, Diana wondered if her friend was joking. Then she realized she wasn't. "I want a guy to take command. I don't want to be the one who has to do everything."

"Like you do now?" Jana leaned forward a little more. "Bet you used a dildo to get off last night, didn't you? Don't bother to deny it. I can read you like a book. You were frustrated and found solace with a rubbery, bumpy friend."

"I used my vibrator," Diana said, as if that made any difference.

"Clark could have held it as easily as you." Jana grabbed her hand and pulled it across the desk, keeping it trapped when Diana tried to get free.

"A nice hand. But it would have felt even nicer wrapped around Clark's erection, wouldn't it?"

"Erection?" Diana snorted and managed to get free. "He put up with so much that I have to wonder if he can ever get hard. He let guys push him around, and when he should have dumped me, he stood and took it. I mean, he just stood and watched!"

"I don't know if I want to hear the details," the blonde said, shaking her head sadly. "You just might be a lost cause." Then she shook her head more vigorously. "No, no, I won't accept that. You're my best friend."

"So you're going to loan me Will?"

"I'm not that much of your best friend," Jana said, laughing now. "Though maybe the three of us could . . ."

"No!"

Jana laughed again. "Just kidding. I'm greedy and don't share well. Except with his wife, who is always in Europe on vacation or wherever. I think she's got herself some cute little French waiter to spend her time with."

Diana took a deep breath and let it out slowly. This was more than she wanted to cope with. She didn't want Will. She didn't want Clark. She wanted a *man*. She was tired to calling the shots and wanted someone who knew what he wanted—and took it. Nothing rough. She wasn't sure she'd like that at all, but a man who had no

problem taking charge and wouldn't let her run roughshod over him was exactly what she wanted.

She wanted a man like Jana. Or a man with Jana's personality. Or a man —

Diana closed her eyes as a headache started.

"He's always thinking about you. I can tell."

"What? I don't follow you," Diana said.

"Clark. You can tell by the way he looks at you that he's got the hots for that tight little pussy of yours. He wants to lose himself in you. There's nothing he'd love more than you."

"He has a dumb way of showing it," Diana said. She didn't want to go into it, but Clark was hardly the man for her.

"You're passing up a hottie," Jana said. "And truth to tell, there's not a lot of them around. Not in this place."

"I've noticed, believe me."

"Give him one more chance. Just one. For me. And do something with him, if you know what I mean."

Diana looked at Jana and saw her friend was sincere. The last thing she wanted to do was encourage him. He was the kind who might become a stalker. She didn't need to worry about looking out her window and seeing his face or answering the door and finding Clark rather than the pizza delivery boy there.

"I'll think about it," she said, to get Jana out of

her office. There was no way in hell she'd go out with Clark again, no matter how hard up she got. The vibrator had come with rechargeable batteries, so it might be a long time before she ever missed a man.

Diana knew she was lying to herself. She already missed a man in her life. Even a louse like Mason. Or —

"Want me to set it up for you? He's got to come down into my lair after lunch."

"No, Jana, please. Let me do this on my own."

"I know that desperate sound. You're going to wimp out. I just know it. Well," Jana said, standing. There wasn't a single wrinkle anywhere in her skirt, and her blouse looked as crisply pressed as when she had come into the office. "You think about it, but don't wait too long. Someone like Clark's not going to be a free agent long. Some of those hos down in the secretarial pool are going to nab him."

"There are other fish in the sea."

"Other fish to fry, honey, because he's that hot. Open your eyes to what everyone else sees."

Diana watched as her friend disappeared down the hall. Jana had left the office door ajar, giving just a sliver of a view as Clark went by. He slowed for a moment, and Diana's heart leaped into her throat. She felt hot and cold all over and hoped — feared — he would stick his head in and ask for another date.

"Come on, assert yourself," she whispered. She wasn't sure if she would say yes, but if was forceful enough about it, she knew she would. "All you have to do is say something like, 'I'm picking you up at six. Be ready.' That's all. Be aggressive."

Clark glanced around once more at her partly open office door, then turned and walked away with his long, sure stride. She watched his broad back and tight butt vanish when he turned the corner, heading for the elevators.

Diana sank back in her chair, spun around in a slow, circle and then reached out so her fingers tapped randomly on the keyboard of her computer. She opened her desk drawer and took out a scrap of paper one of the secretaries had given her a few weeks ago when they had been sharing stories of worst dates ever. The secretary had claimed she had given up on men because of this, an address for a computer chat room where everybody was anonymous and hot and anything went. That's what Diana had been told. It had taken her this long to reach the point of wanting to find out. Anonymous sex was better than no sex at all. She almost keyed in the long string of letters and numbers, then quickly hit the escape. Doing this from her work computer might get her fired. More than one employee had gotten into hot water misusing the computer network for personal business.

The URL promised her more than personal business. It seductively whispered “intimate business.”

The rest of the day was spent despondently, trying not to think of how miserable she had been with Clark, how happy Jana was with her arrangement with one of the married bosses and finally concentrating on what she was likely to find in that chat room.

That kept her going until she got home.

CHAPTER THREE

Diana tried to figure out what she felt as she flopped on the living room couch. Tired, sure, but disgusted, too. Nothing about her life made any sense. She wasn't bad looking. She didn't dress as well as Jana did, but she didn't run with the high-level executives at the company, either. Jana had to keep up appearances to please Will. While Jana made about the same salary, she spent most of it on clothes. Diana wasn't up to that and didn't have to in her position as contracts manager. Mostly she sat in her tiny office, approving expenditures and never straying far. She had a window now and could look out over the city, but all the people on the sidewalk below were ant-sized.

Just like the ones on the same floor of her office building. Just like the ones throughout the company. Ant-sized, all of them. Diana heaved a sigh and closed her eyes, wishing some guy would come up right now and lay a cool compress across her eyes and begin massaging her shoulders while assuring her everything would be all right. But she

simply sat on the hard sofa, head threatening to come apart with a grand prize winning headache.

There was no guy. Not even an ant-sized one. She took a deep breath, hoping it would calm her nerves. If anything, it made her more aware of how her heart beat wildly and where every ache in her body assaulted her.

The one ache that refused to go away was between her legs, deep down inside, the spot where a man's hardness should be moving slowly, building speed.

"Oh!" Diana jerked upright when a twinge passed through her loins and sent a jab of warmth throughout her body. It hadn't been much of an orgasm, but it had been there. Just thinking about getting laid had done it.

"Damn you, Clark. Why couldn't you be a *man*?" She sat up and looked around her apartment. It was nicely furnished. She was doing well. So why weren't the guys swarming around her? Why did she end up with the complete losers? Jana claimed she set her sights too high and never gave any of the men she went out with a chance. After Mason, she wasn't sure any of them deserved a chance. If they wanted the brass ring, they had to grab for it.

Only she held the brass ring and always drew back.

"Dammit," Diana raged, getting to her feet. "It's not my fault all the men are losers." She felt her

fingers tingle a little as she looked at her computer, sitting silently on the desk in the corner of the living room. One of the secretaries had given her the passwords for getting into a very special chat room, and she had actually slipped in and just watched.

"Lurker," she said softly. "That's what I am. Only I'm a lurker in life. I don't do anything. Nothing ever happens to me."

She took a step toward the alluring computer and what it promised in the sex chat room and then stopped. She had heard computers could become an addiction as bad as heroin or crack. There had even been a special on TV about a rehab clinic set up over in the Netherlands, showing it was a worldwide problem. Get used to logging on and surfing and watching and that became your life.

"I'm better than that," she said firmly, turning her back to the computer and going into her bedroom. She kicked off her pumps, carefully slipped off her dress and hung it up to keep it wrinkle-free for when she wore it again next week, then turned and looked at herself in the full-length mirror on her closet door. She pinched her sides and wondered if she was putting on weight. Ever since her scales had broken—not from weighing too much!—she had been winging it. The way she ate was a crime. Not much for breakfast, fast food for lunch or maybe a big business lunch, then

whatever she could grab on the way home. Or pizza. She had pizza and Chinese takeout delivered a lot. That could put on the pounds fast.

Diana turned slowly, critically studying her butt. She ran her hands over it, feeling the satiny panties pressed tight against her own flesh. And then she jostled her breasts. Not too big but enough for any man.

"More than a mouthful's a waste," she said, not believing it. She saw how men ogled women with big boobs. Maybe that was her trouble. Maybe breast implants?

"No, I'm me and if they don't like it, to hell with them." She swung around, grabbed an oversized T-shirt and wiggled into it. Then she pulled on shorts and left the all-seeing mirror behind. She didn't know if the brief examination had buoyed her spirits with all the positives or if it had sunk her below zero.

She glanced at the computer and felt its powerfully magnetic draw, then veered away, went to the kitchen and found a half-eaten salad from a few nights back. The spinach was limp but that didn't bother her. The pecans, raspberry vinaigrette, slices of red peppers and who knows what else were all still tasty for a decent dinner. She sipped at some white wine, finished her salad standing up, poured some more wine and went back into the living room.

"A few minutes won't hurt anything," she said,

sitting in front of the computer. A quick stab of her finger got the electronic juices flowing through it. She smiled, thinking how she always seemed to lurk on somebody's message thread and get her own juices flowing. Diana took another sip of the wine, then placed it on the desk away from the mouse and began typing to enter the name of the chat room, her username and password.

She smiled as the process once more accepted her. Now all she had to do was go from one thread to the next or find a semi-private room where the people didn't mind having a cyber voyeur read whatever they typed to one another. And it was pretty hot stuff, too. Diana doubted the people would ever do half of what was talked about—and that was the point. This was all fantasy.

Just like the fantasy she would ever find the right guy who knew how to take care of her properly.

"There," she said softly. "I've seen that guy online before." Diana was savvy enough to know that any of the screen names could be fake. This "Victor" she had found a week earlier might not even be male. It could be a woman trying on a masculine persona. Right now, Diana didn't mind. From what she had read of Victor's posts, he was the kind of guy she would never find in real life and what did it matter if he was 90 years old or a young girl out to shock?

"Good evening, Desire," came the rapid, sure

letters on her screen. "It's good to 'see' you again."

"How are you, Victor?"

"Despairing," he wrote. "Despairing that you might never again log on to this chat room."

"You'd miss me?"

"Terribly," he wrote back.

Diana considered asking if he wanted to go to the more private IM. Instant Messages would allow them to swap their pleasantries more privately—and maybe more. But she wouldn't ever ask that. Victor might get the wrong idea. She wasn't in this sex chat room to participate, not exactly. She wanted to see what other couples—and bigger groups—said. Diana was more comfortable being a lurker rather than a participant.

Before she could answer Victor, a new message methodically appeared, letter by letter, on her screen.

"I have a private room. Meet you there. And turn on your microphone."

Diana blinked, reached over and took a sip of her wine, then carefully put the glass back down. Her mind raced with the possibilities. With the fantasies. He had not exactly invited her. It was more an order, and he wanted to speak to her. Or perhaps he was arrogant enough to assume that she wanted a more private exchange with him. The details appeared onscreen so she could follow him into the private chat room.

“Anyone else there?” she typed. No answer. Victor had already abandoned the main gathering area and had logged into the individual room.

Victor’s Lair, it was called. Diana considered turning off the computer, finding a book and reading until she fell asleep. Or television. There had to be something on cable. She had 150 channels. There had to be something better than swapping lies with some pervert in a sex chat room.

Or she could do something daring.

It took her ten seconds to leave the main area and go into Victor’s Lair. It took a few more seconds for her to figure out how to turn on the microphone attached to her computer. She had never thought she would need such a thing, but the computer geek installing it had told her it didn’t cost any extra. And with the microphone came good speakers. She seldom listened to music on the computer. That was what her CD player was for, but the various beeps, whistles and strums that the computer made when it booted up and turned off told her how good those speakers actually were. And she could only assume when she spoke into the microphone, Victor would hear her as clearly as she could hear music being played.

“Come here often?” she asked.

“Only with those I find most intriguing. Like you, Desire.”

"What do you know about me?" she said. Diana tried to keep the irritation from her voice and failed. This was a come-on like she would get in some meat market pick-up bar. She had expected better of Victor and didn't know why. Watching the byplay between him and others in the chat room had hinted that he was special. He was quick-witted and funny. And there was something else she couldn't put her finger on. The others tried to be crude, but he was more subtle. That made him even sexier to her.

"I know a great deal," Victor said.

"Yeah, right."

"You drink white wine. You probably had a headache when you got home from work. You want more from life."

"You sound like a newspaper horoscope. All of that applies to everyone I know," Diana said, a little uneasy at how close he had come. She cleared her throat and tried not to sound too concerned as she spoke into the microphone. "What more could I want from life?"

"My attention."

"You're certainly an arrogant prick," she snapped. Her fingers ran up and down the side of the cool wine glass, fingers leaving smudge marks as they moved. Somehow, the feel of the slippery glass only made her more uncomfortable. She pulled back in her chair, crossed her arms and glared at the screen. All that blinked there were

their names: Victor and Desire. By going to voice mode they had removed themselves from anyone else who might go into Victor's Lair.

Anyone else he might invite. Diana had seen others invited into chat rooms where a half-dozen private conversations were carried out. One guy might be chatting up three or four women. Unless Victor had somehow gimmicked the display, they were alone. Just the two of them. That sent a new shiver up her spine.

"You have my attention. I want for you to relax."

"Trying to hypnotize me?"

"Something better. I will excite you."

"Get on with it," Diana said, feeling her pulse sped up in spite of herself. This Victor was more than arrogant. He thought he knew her and could do whatever he wanted with her. She'd show him that wasn't the way it worked.

"Women are special."

"How observant of you," she said caustically.

"You are the most special woman in the world."

She hesitated.

"How?"

"You respond in so many more ways than I can. Touch a spot behind your knee." There was a pause, then Victor said in a steely voice. "Do it. Now. Run your fingers lightly over the backs of your knees. Both of them."

Diana found herself reaching down to do it, feeling silly as she did.

"Oh." A tiny flash of enjoyment blossomed in her as she found a particularly sensitive patch of skin and massaged it.

"Continue stroking," Victor ordered. "Upward, to the outsides of your hips. Wait!"

"What?" Diana was startled by the sharpness of his command.

"You are overdressed. Take off your...shorts."

"How'd you kn—"

"Do it. Take off your shorts. But not your panties. Do it now."

Diana stood and wiggled out of the shorts, feeling as if she were putting on a show for Victor. But he couldn't see her. There was only the microphone. She made sure that he could hear the soft hiss of cloth sliding down her long legs.

"Why not my panties?" she asked.

"I want them to be soaked with your juices. I want you to cream so hard your panties are wet. Sit down."

She felt as if her legs had been cut from under her. Diana sat heavily.

"Lift your feet. Put them against the edge of your desk. Wider. Spread your legs wider."

"Why are you doing this?" she asked.

"I want to give you pleasure such as you've never known. Wider. Spread your feet wider on the edge of the desk."

Diana did as she was told and felt the pressure in her hips. She scooted down in the chair a little and stared at the microphone next to the keyboard. She turned so she could see it and speak into it.

"I've done it. My hips are hurting."

"Stroke over your outer thighs. Move up. Slowly, slowly, gently, find that special spot no one else knows about on your hips and stimulate them."

"How'd you know—?"

"I am concentrating on only you, Desire. I want you to know that no one else in the world is as important."

"Liar."

"Silence!" The command snapped like a whip in the air. "You will not say anything like that again. Are your legs spread wide?"

"Y-yes," she said, beginning to quiver now. She was starting to cream and, as Victor had wanted, her panties were getting wetter by the second.

"Move from those special spots on your hips, on your thighs and move between."

"Where?"

"Between your legs. Where you are getting wet. Your pussy. I want you to stroke over your pussy lips through your cum-drenched panties."

A new shudder passed through Diana as both of her hands moved to obey. She rubbed slowly. The friction disappeared as her fingers turned

slick with her inner oils.

"Move your fingers slowly, up and down," Victor said in his commanding voice. "But do not come. You are not allowed to come."

"Wh-why not? It feels so good."

"You have not earned it. You must do as you're told to earn the pleasure I can give you."

"It's my fingers doing all the work."

"Silence," he said. "I warned you. If you disobey or talk back again, I will have to punish you."

"Punish me?" The thought struck Diana as ridiculous. There was nothing he could do to her. If he got too obnoxious all she and to do was turn off the computer, and he would vanish into the obscurity of a virtual chat room.

"I will punish you by ignoring you. You will no longer be my sole interest. I can give you more pleasure than you think possible, and I will. You will be the solitary star burning in my night sky. Disobey me and your star will burn alone with no one to savor its beauty."

"I...I'll do what you want." The threat carried more weight with Diana than she would have thought possible. She was enjoying this too much to make Victor mad.

"Lean back, close your eyes and obey my commands," he said. "Let yourself drift as your fingers move deliberately up and down your slit. Your wet slit. The one pressing so intimately

against your sex juice soaked panties. Stroke, stroke!”

Diana did as she was told. Her hand moved faster now as sensations rippled into her loins. Her core had turned molten and yearned for more than she was getting.

“Oh, oh, yeah,” she moaned out.

“Stop! Stop feeling yourself up.”

“What? Why?”

“No questions. Do as I say. You are not yet worthy of my notice. But you will be if you do as I say. Stroke slowly.”

“A-alright,” Diana stammered.

“Desire,” he said in a seductive voice. “You are my desire. I want you to be with me always so I can watch you and watch over you and give you what you cannot give yourself. Stroke harder now.”

“Yes, yes,” Diana said. She didn’t have to be told that. It came naturally.

“Press down on your clit. Find it poking up against your panties. Stroke it. From base to tip, stroke it. Curl your finger around it and stroke, stroke, stroke.”

Diana did as she was told. Her breath came quicker now. She thrashed about in the chair. The spread-wide position caused the muscles of her inner thighs to tense and tighten. This heightened the feelings boiling about within her. Finger stroking over her pleasure button, she was almost

at the point of utter release when Victor broke her concentration.

"Do not come. Stop fingering yourself. Stop it."

"I...you're being cruel to me." Diana sobbed openly now. The sensation within her was so potent, so overwhelming. How many times had a man brought her to this point and left her? It was like climbing Mt. Everest and only reaching a spot ten feet from the summit—and never going farther. The failure of getting off left her strung as tight as a violin string!

"Tell me who is the only star in my night. Tell me whose pleasure comes first."

"Me. It's me."

"I desire only desire for my Desire."

"Oh, yes, oh." Diana shifted from side to side in the chair. She felt a hot flush on her shoulders and breasts. The soft cotton T-shirt rubbed her raw because her skin had become so sensitive. And her pussy lips ached so!

"You are right. I want only for you to experience the ultimate in pleasure. Continue fingering yourself. Rub your clit. Grab the waistband of your panties and pull hard with one hand while you massage your pussy lips with the other."

Diana was past being able to speak. She did as she was told and the world crashed down around her. Her head spun, and she neared what might be the most intense climax ever. For what seemed

long minutes, she gasped and moaned as the feelings built.

"Stop. Stop now."

Startled, she opened her eyes and stared at the computer in disbelief. Her feet slid off the desk and crashed to the floor. This caused her to slide down and broke the sexual spell that had enveloped her totally. So close. She and been so close and Victor had ruined everything.

"What are you doing? You shouldn't have stopped me when you did," she said. Sweat poured down her face and soaked her T-shirt to her body like a second skin. A resentment grew against Victor. This "bait and switch" had happened to her before. He must have gotten off and then decided to end it all, leaving her unfulfilled.

"I want more for you," Victor told her. His voice became deeper and more commanding as it echoed from the speakers. "It was only a hint of what your body is capable of experiencing. I will do more for you. Much more but you must do whatever I tell you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Diana whispered. "What do you want me to do next?"

"Attach a webcam to your computer so that I may see you."

"I don't have one."

"Get one. Tomorrow night you will have it ready to transmit your beauty to my eyes."

"But, Victor—" she began. She wasn't sure what she was going to say. Her crotch was turning cold now as the apartment's air-conditioner blew a steady breeze past it. She pressed her hand down, cupping herself, but it felt different now. She was doing this on her own and not because Victor had told her what to do.

"Good night. Think of what has happened tonight. And I will think of nothing else but you until tomorrow night."

The chat room was suddenly empty, and all Diana heard from the speakers was static. She reached out and turned off her microphone.

"He'll think of nothing else but *me*?" She heaved a deep, shuddery sigh. This was a dream come true, even if he did piss her off by stopping when he did.

She had to find out how to attach a webcam to her computer before tomorrow night.

CHAPTER FOUR

Diana stared at the pile of paper in front of her and saw nothing. She shook herself and leaned back in the soft leather executive chair, swung around and gazed out the window she had worked so hard to get. In spite of the usually inspiring panorama, she felt nothing today. Nothing about the view or her work. Only one thing filled her mind. Try as she might, she couldn't keep Victor out of her thoughts.

"Who are you, you miserable son of a bitch?" How dare he get her to point of getting off and then stop? She had considered going into another private section of the online chat room, lurking and getting off on all the wild stuff the others talked about. She didn't have to have them actually talking the way she and Victor had. Just reading their byplay was usually enough to get her hot. But after Victor had left his lair, it had not worked that way for her.

She had read some of the sexiest things imaginable, and it had left her wanting more. It

hadn't excited her. She needed more—and the only one able to give that to her was Victor. And he had left her.

"Say what you want about thinking of me first, you didn't," she muttered.

"Well, sorry."

Diana jumped and swivelled her chair around. She hadn't heard her secretary come in. Georgia Barrett stood looking contrite in the office doorway. She clutched a manila folder to her chest and obviously struggled to find the right words.

"Oh, Georgia, hello," Diana said. "I hadn't realized you were there. I should have closed my door for some privacy."

"I saw it was open and thought..."

"Never mind. I wasn't talking to you. Or about you. You haven't done anything wrong. In fact, everything's fine. Your work, good. Your—what can I do for you?" Diana knew she was babbling and had to force herself to stop. Interrupting her thoughts about Victor the way she had, Georgia had completely confused her.

"I haven't done anything wrong?"

"Not at all. Quite the contrary," Diana said. Georgia had given her the Internet address for the chat room. "Come on in and close the door. I've got something I want to ask, now that you're here."

"OK," Georgia said, still upset. She shut the door and stood in front of Diana's desk as if she

were a grade schooler summoned before the principal for some trivial infraction.

"Sit down. I'm not going to bite."

"Could have fooled me," Georgia said, almost under her breath.

"What's that?" Diana didn't tolerate insubordination among her workers. It was bad for discipline and running an efficient office.

"Can I be up-front about this, Diana? You've been one grade-A bitch lately, and I'm not sure why. Nothing anyone does is good enough. Yesterday was bad and today's getting to be even worse. Fire me if you want, but that's the truth." Georgia was living up to her reputation as having a fiery disposition to match her red hair and sharp emerald eyes. Her lips had thinned to a line, showing how upset she was. Diana swallowed hard and knew she had to make amends. It was all her fault, as much as she hated to admit it.

"I know how you feel. I never liked it when my boss was in a bad mood, too. It's nothing personal and certainly nothing about the way you've been doing your job. That's all great," Diana said.

"Well, all right," Georgia said, still not completely happy.

"In a way, my bad mood *is* your fault, though. Yours and Jana's."

"You have a tiff with her? I thought you two were best buds."

"It's not like that. She set me up with a date that

didn't go very well."

"Yeah, you and Clark Holland."

"Does everyone in the office know about my personal life?" Diana was exasperated at the way gossip travelled around this company. But then she did her share of it, although about higher-ups. It was only fitting that the secretaries gossiped about *their* bosses. And she was just one step away from the boardroom as contracts manager.

"About this, sure," Georgia said, not the least contrite. "We all were rooting for you to make it work with him."

"No, you weren't," Diana said, hearing more in Georgia's words than the truth.

"You're right. We were all hoping it would be awful. And it seemed to be." Georgia's green eyes glowed. "If you took Clark off the market that meant the rest of us wouldn't have a chance with him. But he's been in as bad a mood as you after the date. Want to talk about it?"

Diana knew better than to reveal much to her secretary. Georgia wasn't the worst gossip in the company, but only a few hints here and there and the entire date would be reconstructed and dissected by everyone during coffee break. By the time they took off for lunch, there was no telling what stories would be raging along the company halls.

"It didn't go well. Let's leave it at that."

"Do we have to? Couldn't you just give me a

hint what didn't click with you and him? I'd like to give him a spin and don't want to make the same mistake. I mean, if you're sure you and Clark won't ever go out again. I don't want to steal away a boyfriend, no matter how much I want to."

Diana had to laugh. Georgia would steal Clark away in a split second if she thought she could. But there was nothing to steal away, and she told her secretary so.

"We were on different planets. He stood and watched and that was about it. Go for it, girl. If you can make him sit up and beg, do it." Diana bit her lower lip when she heard herself. She kept referring to Clark as some kind of a dog to be trained. Sit up. Fetch. Beg. That was how she saw him. Not once did he show any backbone or confidence in himself to take the initiative with her.

"Thanks, Diana. That's a load off my mind." Georgia got a dreamy expression as she began plotting ways of getting close to Clark. Diana knew the secretary would have to work overtime to get a rise out of him, although she might follow Jana's advice about giving him a blowjob and seeing what developed from that.

For Diana, that was about as far from where she wanted to go as possible.

Victor.

"I...I want to ask you something else. Not about Clark. You can handle that yourself, I'm sure,"

Diana said, rushing on to force away the name that kept rising to torment her. Even the fleeting thought of Victor caused unwanted emotions to build within her. Needs she had denied or figured no man could ever stir after Mason. Uncomfortably, she shifted in her chair, crossed her legs and rubbed them together, then uncrossed them when this became too arousing for her.

“Are you all right, Diana?”

“Fine, just fine. Well, not exactly. And it’s more than that lousy date with Clark that’s getting me so—”

So what? Diana had no words for it. Georgia said nothing. She simply sat and watched and waited for her boss to continue. It was almost as if she enjoyed how hard this was to put into words.

“You know that chat room? The one you told me about?”

“Sure. You drop in? Some pretty wild people hang there. And you can learn a lot. Even me, and I thought I had tried about everything a guy could think up to do with me. There was one stud who wanted to—” Georgia clamped her mouth shut when she saw Diana’s expression. “Sorry. You don’t want to hear that, do you?”

Diana did, but not now. She had to find out something else before it drove her crazy.

“Do you know any of the people who log in there? I mean, not their screen names but who

they actually are?"

"There's no way. It's not as if you register your real name and put an equal sign to what everyone calls you there. Is there somebody there you really want to get to know? *Really* know?"

"Well, there might be. There's one guy who seems interesting. But it's all a game, right?"

"A game with whatever rules you make," Georgia said. "Play as far as you want to go. It's all online and over the computer so nobody can know." Her eyes widened. "Or do you want to meet somebody? In the flesh? That's a mighty big step, Diana. And dangerous."

"He seems harmless."

"They all do, but the stories I could tell you! Look, I'm sorry if I led you to believe you'd find true love there. This is for fun. Cyber sex and nothing else. You won't even catch a computer virus." Georgia smiled at her joke, then sobered. "It's not a good idea to meet up. There's even a disclaimer when you go into the chat room about that."

"I saw it," Diana said.

Victor.

"Then believe it. It's not only young girls who get themselves into a world of trouble meeting up with men they talk to in chat rooms."

"I don't want to do anything like that." Diana tried to sound convincing. How she would love to meet Victor in the flesh! The hard flesh. The erect

flesh.

"What are you asking, then?"

"This is just between you and me," Diana said. Georgia nodded, her eyes still wide with mock innocence. "I need to upgrade my computer and don't know how."

"What do you want? A webcam?"

Diana felt as if she'd had a bucket of cold water tossed into her face.

Georgia laughed at her surprise.

"A lot of the people in the chat room have them. You can see some pretty racy stuff, believe me."

"You have one?"

"Of course. But I make sure my face never gets into the picture."

Diana wondered if she got a web camera working—transmitting and receiving pictures—if she would recognize Georgia. She just might. There weren't that many redheads around the company. Then Diana remembered that the participants in this chat room could be anywhere in the world. For all she knew, most of them might live in Ireland and would all be redheads.

As that thought crossed her mind, Diana slumped. Victor could be anywhere in the world, too. He didn't have to be nearby at all. The feeling of desolation and abandonment swept over her as she realized Victor might remain only a virtual friend. Or more. Virtual lover? Was that what she

wanted out of life, a boyfriend would could only touch her with his words?

"You want to rig up a webcam for your computer?" asked Georgia. "It's real easy. If you played your cards right, you might get Clark to do it for you."

"No." Diana's reply was a bit too sharp, but it made Georgia smile just a little. A knowing smile that told Diana her secretary wanted to move in on Clark in a big way. Diana relaxed a little and said, "He's yours. I give him to you. Want me to sign a contract saying that?"

"No need. I can work my own up, if I can get his attention."

"Good luck," Diana said, meaning it. Getting Clark to do more than simply stare out into space was going to take all of Georgia's wiles. From what Diana could see, her secretary had plenty to spare. But then so did she, and her entire date at the restaurant, at the rave, the drive home—it had all been playing to an audience of one and she hadn't gotten good reviews. For all that, she couldn't give Clark very good reviews as an audience, either.

"I can grab one of the spares around the office, and you can hook it up," Georgia said.

"Me? You have to be kidding. I don't know anything about computers."

"This is easy. If you don't want Clark to do it, you can get one of the other geeks down in

computer hardware to do it. They live for this kind of thing. But if you have one set it up for you, you'd have a real problem getting rid of him."

"That might not be so bad," Diana said, thinking she might use this as a carrot to get one of those guys over to her place for something seemingly harmless that could turn into something sexy.

"They get it working, they want to play with it and you'd never be able to pry them free. If you have any computer games, that'd make it even worse. They'd want to show you everything—about playing the game." Georgia laughed.

"It sounds as if you're speaking from experience."

"It does, doesn't it?" Georgia laughed again, this time with a rueful tone ringing through. "I've learned. Let's not say anything more about that. But if you want to tell me more about Clark, I'm all ears."

Diana looked at Georgia and her considerable breasts. She was a pretty girl and well built.

"You're not all ears. No red-blooded man would ever say that. Or even notice your ears, unless he was trying to stick his tongue into one."

Georgia glanced down, then smiled. "Finding that red-blooded guy with enough staying power to make it all worthwhile is a problem, isn't it?" She stood and handed Diana the manila folder. "Work. Always more work. And I'll get you that

webcam for your...play."

"Thanks," Diana said. "Close the door as you leave, will you?"

She was soon lost in her own thoughts. Setting up the webcam couldn't be that hard? She was a college graduate and had worked with laptops and other computers. The real question after she got it working would be to see if Victor was on the other end of the line, staring at her like she'd be staring at him.

CHAPTER FIVE

Diana clutched the box to her chest as if it were a life preserver and she was drowning. She closed the apartment door and made sure it was locked. Nobody ever just walked in on her, but tonight of all nights she wanted to make certain that was impossible. She kicked off her high-heels and went straight to the computer. She opened the box and pulled out the small webcam with its trailing tendrils of wires. For a moment she panicked. There were so many cords she hardly knew what to do with them all. Then she saw the single sheet of instructions in the box. A quick glance at them—the ones in English—and she successfully identified which of the cords went where.

Dropping to hands and knees, she worked behind her computer, finding the right color connector and the proper place for it. Sitting back on her heels, she looked at the webcam. It was about the size of a coffee cup and had a single glassy eye that stared unblinkingly at her.

"Should I try it out?" She reached out and moved the webcam around so she wouldn't be in its field of view, then turned on the computer. It hummed and beeped at her and finally the screen lit up.

Diana had worried that Georgia was oversimplifying the installation. But a new icon had appeared automatically on the screen. All she had to do was click on it, and the webcam would be up and running. She did and then laughed.

How could she tell if it was transmitting anything if no one was on the other end to see? The monitor screen was blank, showing no one transmitted a picture to her, either. This was set up for a two-way communication. She had to have a partner.

"Just like sex," she said to herself. "For the best results, at any rate." Diana got off the floor and sat in her chair, calculating the proper angles where to place the camera. On top of the monitor looked like the best spot if she was in the chair and working at the keyboard. A single red light at the base of the webcam told her it was switched on.

She clicked on the screen icon again and turned it off. If Victor wasn't on the other end to see her, why waste the electricity? Diana took a deep breath and held it. Would she have the nerve to turn it on when Victor came into the chat room?

If Victor even showed up tonight. She tried to tell herself he wasn't like other guys. Mason

would stand her up and then brush off her anger when she demanded an explanation. What if Victor didn't log into the chat room tonight? Or ever again? An emptiness filled her she couldn't explain. She didn't know Victor. For all she knew he was some creepy old guy getting his rocks off with a young woman. Or Victor might be Victoria, and not like in the movie. Victor might actually be a woman wanting another woman. Diana wasn't sure what she felt about that. She had nothing against lesbians, but she knew she wasn't one.

She wanted a man. A real man. And Victor had damn well better log on tonight!

Diana sat for another minute, looking from the screen display to the camera and back, as if something would happen without her input. She gave up trying to guess when Victor would show up. Later. He had always entered the chat room after eight o'clock and was likely to follow the same schedule. That gave her time to change her clothes and eat.

Diana found herself drifting aimlessly around her apartment, not able to concentrate on anything for more than a few seconds. She kept wondering about Victor and what he was going to show her using the camera. The excitement of that unknown took away her appetite, though she managed to eat part of a cheese sandwich and an arugula salad from a week ago. She started to change out of her work clothes and somehow never quite got

around to doing it. Time passed as if it had been dipped in molasses, but eventually it was eight.

"You had better be there, you son of a bitch. You owe me plenty after what you did to me last night—what you *didn't* do to me." She went through the log in process for the chat room and eagerly scanned the list of names of those already present. Her screen name, Desire, was at the bottom showing she was the most recent to join in. But Victor's name wasn't there.

"You lousy coward. You—" Diana sucked in her breath when she saw the name "Victor" appear.

"Oh, no," she said. "What should I do now?" She didn't want to seem too eager. That would give Victor the wrong idea. He had kept her under his thumb before, and she wasn't going to let that happen again. There had to be a way of getting from him what she wanted.

"Play it cool," she said. "But I need some wine for that." She hurried to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of white wine, drank half of it, then refilled the glass. The cool wine settled inside her and began to cause a distinct warmth to spread. She was not sure if it came from the wine or her anticipation of talking again with Victor.

Diana hurried back and sat in her chair. Victor was still listed below hers, showing he had come in later. Two more names had been added to the roster in the time it had taken her to pour the

wine. Diana took another healthy swig and put the glass down. It was time to see what Victor had in mind for the evening.

The phone rang as she started to click on his name and form an electronic link so they could talk. Diana glanced over her shoulder at the phone on the table next to the sofa. She half turned from the computer, habit taking over. Letting a phone ring had never been something she could do ever since she had been a teenager. After going to work and having to field all kinds of questions, sometimes from her boss, letting it ring had stopped being an option.

"The answering machine," she told herself. "Let it pick up."

She couldn't do it. Diana grabbed for the phone on the third ring, just before the answering machine would have given its stale recorded message.

"Hello?"

"Uh, hi. Diana?"

She didn't recognize the voice at first. Then she did. Her heart sank. She hadn't expected this call.

"Hello, Clark. What do you want?" Diana turned to look at the screen. Victor was still in the chat room. For how much longer? He had to see her name there. Desire. How she desired him! But she wanted to contact him rather than the other way around. She wanted to be first so she could control when to quit. It was like making a phone

call. The caller got to dictate how long the call was, not the one answering.

She began to resent Clark in a big way.

"I, well, I wanted to say the other night was a bit strained. First date and all. So maybe you'd want to go out again. Somewhere special you really wanted to go?"

"I'm busy right now, Clark. Why don't I get back to you when my schedule is a little less hectic?" Diana tried to figure out when that would be. Never, she decided. Not for Clark Holland.

"That's okay. Can I call you next week?"

A stroke of genius hit her then.

"Sure, why not? But you might have better luck if you call my secretary. You know Georgia Barrett? She knows when I'd be available."

"Your secretary arranges your dates?"

"No, nothing like that. It's just that you'd be sure to get through."

"I got through tonight with no problem."

No problem! Diana wanted to scream. Victor's name was still on the screen. For how much longer?

"There are always conflicts, Clark. When I get home is always a question, long hours at work, you know. Georgia will be happy to talk with you." And maybe get a date with you, Diana thought. "I have to go. This is urgent, Clark. It really is."

"All right, but if —"

"Goodbye," she said, dropping the phone into the cradle. Diana didn't care if that was rude. He should have been the one to hang up when she had given him a broad hint. She had bigger things to tend to.

Victor!

She hurried back to the computer and grabbed the mouse, intending to click on Victor's name to let him know she wanted to talk in his private chat room. She was startled when the speakers said, "Good evening, Desire."

He had beaten her to the click.

"Uh, good evening, Victor. You ready to make it up to me for what you did last night?"

"I did nothing but worship you as the goddess you are," he said. "My full attention was on you and your needs. That's not wrong, is it, wanting to give you the pleasure you deserve?"

"You *almost* gave it to me. You —"

"Let's go into Victor's Lair." He cut her off. His name vanished from the screen and reappeared in a smaller box on the side, showing he was in his semi-private chat room. She muttered under her breath. He forced her to follow him again, like she was some kind of servant. She clicked on the box and her screen name of Desire popped up next to his.

"Have you done as I asked?"

Victor's words boomed from the speakers.

"You mean setting up the webcam?"

"Don't play with me," he said harshly. "That is exactly what I mean, and you know it. Don't be this way or I'll have to discipline you."

"By just going away?"

There was no response. For a heart-stopping moment Diana worried that Victor had logged off and left her, but his name still appeared in the box.

"I'm sorry," she said. "That didn't come out the way I wanted it to."

"Your apology is accepted. Turn on the camera. I want to see your beauty."

"I haven't tried this, so it might not work right."

"Do it!"

She hurried to click the screen icon. The red light on the webcam came on, but she wasn't sure anything was happening. Her screen remained blank.

"Is it working?" she asked anxiously. "Have I done something wrong?"

"You please me," Victor said. "That is not wrong."

"So you can see me? How come I can't see you?"

"That is a pretty blouse you are wearing. And the skirt looks attractive, also. You have good taste in clothes."

"Thanks," she said. "But —"

"Take them off. Now. Take them off so I may see your glorious body."

"Strip?"

"Slowly. Step back two paces and remove your clothing there so I can see your entire body, from head to toe."

"Should I play music?" Her question was sarcastic. His answer wasn't.

"Yes, music. I would enjoy watching your perfect body dancing to slow music. No lyrics. Only music."

"You are picky, aren't you?"

"Do it. Do it now." His words crackled with urgency.

"All right, I'll see what I've got." Diana pushed her desk chair back and went to her CD player. The CDs were lined up all neat and proper on a nearby shelf. She ran her fingers over the disks, trying to decide what would please Victor the most.

"The one on the bottom shelf," came his voice. "Bend over and get it."

"Bend over?" Diana smiled wickedly. She knew what he really wanted, and she was going to give it to him. She turned away from the computer and slowly bent. The skirt tightened across her ass as she reached down deliberately. She waggled herself at the webcam as she grabbed the first CD that came to hand. She wasn't even sure what it was, and it did not matter. He wanted a show, she would give him a show.

She put the CD into the player and turned it on. It was a sampler of electronic music she had been

given and had never listened to. The slow beat built in tempo until it matched her racing heart.

"Dance. Dance so I may watch every muscle in your body move. You have my full attention," Victor said.

Diana danced. She had thought she was dancing in a sexy manner at the rave. Her body had undulated like a snake, moving her hips in and out and all around as if she was having sex, but that had been a couple nights ago. This was now. She closed her ginger-colored eyes and lost herself in the music, knowing Victor was watching every move. He wasn't like Clark. He had a reason to watch but not join her because he was somewhere else. Far away?

Because of the computer, distance meant nothing. Victor was there with her, watching her every intimate move. She preened just a little for him, to keep him interested.

"Your clothing. Begin removing it. Slowly, so that I may appreciate you all the more."

"I—"

"Do it," he said firmly. "I want to see every inch of your luscious body. You are beautiful. Do not deny me the pleasure of seeing it. Strip."

She was jarred by the command but began to unbutton her blouse as she kept moving in synch with the music. Diana was sorry she hadn't listened to this CD before. It was about perfect for what she was doing. Or she hoped it was. Was she

doing it right to keep Victor's attention on her? He said she was beautiful, but he could have just been saying that. Did he really believe it?

"Lovely," Victor said in a husky whisper. "Come closer. Dance closer so that I can see you better."

Diana did as she was told. She whirled about and hastily unbuttoned the rest of her blouse, slid it off one shoulder, looked back at the screen, expecting to see Victor's face looking back. The monitor was still blank.

"Let it slid down your back. Slowly. Slowly," Victor said.

She did as he told her, dropping the blouse so she was dressed in her skirt and bra. A small smile came to her lips. She could really get him revved up by reaching back, pushing against the elastic and unfastening her lacy bra. When she heard nothing, she began to worry that she wasn't doing this right. This was the first time she had ever done a striptease and might be doing it all wrong.

"Let it drop," Victor said. That was all. Just "let it drop."

She turned toward the webcam and moved her shoulders forward so the bra straps slid down her arms. She held it on for a moment by pressing her arms close to her body, then moved so the black bra fell away to join her blouse on the floor. Naked to the waist, she wondered what he was going to say.

"Are you drinking wine?"

"What?" The question confused her. This was the last thing in the world she had expected him to ask.

"You are drinking wine. Dip your fingers in the wine. Do it!"

"Why?"

"Do it now." His voice was so strident she jumped to obey. She dunked her fingers into the glass and got them wet.

"What now? Lick the wine off my fingers? Like this?" She seductively put her index finger into her mouth and pursed her lips around it, moving it slowly in and out.

"Not that," Victor said harshly. "Stop acting like a whore."

"But, I only wanted to please you. Don't talk to me like that."

"Your nipples," Victor said, ignoring her complaint. "Get your nipples wet with the wine."

Diana did as she was told, wondering what was going on. He had interrupted her striptease for this? She dipped her fingers again in the wine and dabbed a few drops on each of her nipples. A shiver passed through her body.

"Blow on them. Blow on your nipples," he said.

A new shudder passed into her now, but it was not from the stabs of cold she felt on the sensitive flesh. The alcohol evaporated and caused her nipples to stand hard and erect.

"Take them between thumbs and forefingers. Tweak them. Keep dripping wine on them. And dance closer to the camera. I want to see you up close."

"Up close and personal," Diana muttered. She had never thought a few drops of wine could make her respond so powerfully. She was getting wet from the way he had her touching herself. And this was only her breasts, the aureolas, the nipples. What would he do when she finished the striptease for him? Her mind raced ahead considering the possibilities, and they were all incredibly sexy.

She felt as if she had turned into a giant raw nerve ending. The lightest of touches now turned to lightning going into her body.

"Dance, dance for me. You are truly the center of my universe. Come closer so I may see you better."

Diana thrust herself close to the webcam, wondering what it looked like on the other end. Her nipple had to fill the entire screen. How she wished he could bend forward and take it into his mouth and suckle. She undulated to the music and slowly worked back to get a better view of the screen. It was still blank.

"Do you want me to take off my skirt?" she asked. "Would you like to see me completely naked?"

No answer. She stopped and stared. The red

light at the base of the webcam showed it was still on.

"Are you there? Victor? Turn on your camera so I can see you."

"It doesn't work that way. I have given you a different kind of pleasure tonight. You have had my complete attention."

"Wait, you can't go like this," Diana said, almost frantic. "I want to see you!"

"No."

"When will we do this again? Meet in the chat room? Tomorrow night? Will it be tomorrow?"

"Later. Perhaps in one week."

"You can't do this to me. I want to get off! You're leaving me all aching and hot inside and..."

Diana's voice trailed off when she realized Victor had logged off and had left Victor's Lair. He was gone.

Diana sank into her chair and stared at the computer, hating Victor and longing for more of his velvet voice instructing her on what to do next to please him most.

CHAPTER SIX

Diana stared out her office window and alternately fumed and worried. It had been a week since Victor had put her on hold. She hated that. But every time she told herself she would never—ever!—turn on the webcam again and go into the chat room, she found herself weakening. Why was he treating her like this? He came on strong and then turned his back on her.

She turned and stared at the work piling up on her desk. She heaved a sigh, glanced in the direction of her desktop computer and knew better than to try getting into the chat room right now—Victor only logged on in the evenings after nine o'clock—and realized how pathetic she was becoming.

With a quick grab, she snatched up a handful of papers and stalked from her office. She slammed the door behind her so hard that Georgia looked up from her work, startled. The redheaded secretary started to say something, then saw the expression on Diana's face and clamped her

mouth firmly shut.

Diana knew she must look like a thunderstorm looking for a place to rain. And she didn't care. Not even acknowledging Georgia's presence, she walked down the small corridor formed by the cubicles of her coworkers in her department. Some heard the sharp click-click of her high-heels and looked up. Others pointedly stared at something else. Anything else. She had been a real bitch this week, and it was beginning to affect the way the others related to her.

She had become a bitch because of Victor, damn him!

Diana slowed when she caught sight of Clark. The man chatted with a new hire from HR, a cute little brunette who must have been all of twenty-two. He seemed animated. Good. Maybe that would keep him from stalking her. At least he had not called in the past week, though Diana wondered if that might have been for the best. She could have vented on him and gotten rid of him once and for all. He need never know her frustration came from another man.

A real man.

She turned abruptly and planted herself in front of the elevators. Impatiently, she repeatedly tapped the already-lit call button, as if this would make the elevator arrive faster. Diana looked over her shoulder and saw Clark staring at her. His eyes were intent. Their gazes locked, and she felt

uncomfortable. It wasn't as if she read lust in the way he looked at her. It was something else that she didn't want to explore. Embarrassed as much as if she were a teenaged girl being ogled by the entire football team as she passed by their practice field, she turned away and tried to hide the blush coming to her face. She managed to put her hand to her cheek to partially hide the blush as the doors opened and several people got out.

One nodded to her, but the others tried their best to ignore her. That suited her just fine, but she knew what was going through their minds. They saw how flushed she looked. If she was lucky, they would think she was only sunburned.

As if.

Diana tapped her foot impatiently and swayed from side to side until the doors opened three floors lower. She pushed past people waiting to enter and went directly to Jana's office. Although Jana technically was higher on the pecking order, she didn't have windows in her office. That didn't bother Diana at all now. Avoiding the distraction of window cleaners and birds and things happening out in the always bustling city made it easier for her to vent her feelings to her best friend.

"Hello," Jana said hesitantly when she saw Diana looming in the door. "You got the latest batch of contracts?"

"I need to talk."

"Oh? Anything wrong? There was one clause that was a little suspect, but nothing —"

"I don't want to talk about the damned contracts," Diana said, dropping the papers onto the other woman's desk. She collapsed into a chair, on the verge of tears.

"You look a little...distraught," Jana said carefully in a neutral lawyer voice. She got up and called to her secretary for two cups of coffee, then closed the door. "What's eating you up, Diana? I can't ever remember seeing you like this, even when you broke up with that loser boyfriend of yours."

"Mason," Diana grated out. "It's worse than that."

"Worse is certainly not good," she said cautiously. "Tell me about it. As a friend or lawyer. If it's as a lawyer, I won't be able to spread it around as gossip."

Diana looked up, glaring at her friend.

"Sorry, bad joke. You know I wouldn't gossip about you, no matter what."

Diana knew nothing of the sort, but Jana was a good friend.

"It's Victor."

"Oh, a new boyfriend? Don't tell me he's turning out to be a worse worm than Mason."

"Yes, no, oh, I don't know!" Diana felt at the end of her rope. "I can't figure him out."

"So, is that bad? You always liked complicated

guys. I always prefer my men to be more straightforward."

"Yeah, just sex and no attachments," Diana said. "It's worse than that with Victor."

"He must move fast. You sleeping with him?" Jana studied her closely and Diana felt herself blushing again, as if her guilty knowledge of what was going on could be read on her face in huge flashing pink neon letters.

"Not exactly."

"That's an intriguing answer. Are you involved with him or not? You must know that much."

"I'm involved but we've never done...that. Had sex? Not exactly."

"Start from the beginning and tell Aunt Jana all about it. Wait a sec." She called for her secretary to enter when she knocked, then motioned for her secretary to put the coffee on the edge of the desk and waited for the door to close again. "Take a sip, then launch. I've got a half hour before I need to be upstairs for a board meeting."

With Will, Diana thought with unusual bitterness. It was all so easy for Jana. She separated sex and relationships so easily.

"I got the logon information about the chat room from Georgia."

"Oh, does she know about your problems, whatever they are?"

"Everyone does. I've been awful to everyone in my department, and I can't help myself," Diana

admitted. "I ought to think of some way to make it up to them."

"Bonuses are out this year, so maybe you can throw some sort of party. After work, of course. Will has been griping about too much lost work time. But that's not what's gnawing away at you, is it?"

Diana put her coffee cup back on the desk and shifted uncomfortably in the chair. She felt unwanted responses building within her that she tried to deny. She failed. Her pussy began to turn damp at the mere thought of Victor and the way he had treated her.

"Oh, my," Jana said. "You've got it bad, don't you? His name is Victor and you haven't gone and fucked him, yet you're getting all hot and wet thinking about him. He's got you on the hook but good, girl."

"I can't help it. We hit it off in the chat room and went to his personal room. Victor's Lair. And the things he said and made me do."

"*Made* you do? Come on, Diana. He wasn't there in the room. He didn't *make* you do anything you didn't want to."

"I know," she said in a weak voice. "That's what pisses me off so much. I wanted to do what he told me."

"What was that?"

Diana told about the webcam and how she had stripped for him. Even reliving it with a few terse

words made her even more edgy. Rubbing her thighs together didn't work. She only smeared her leaking inner oils around and wanted to reach down and finger herself.

"You got off on him telling you what he wanted you to do? That doesn't sound like you at all. You're supervisor material, not rank-and-file worker drone."

"It's not me. I mean, he told me I was the center of his universe. I was the only one he wanted, and he was watching. And he was. I'm sure he never looked away for an instant."

"What's he like?"

"Dominant," Diana said.

"No, I meant what's he look like? You set up a webcam."

"He didn't turn on his end. He watched me take off my clothes until I was half naked, but he stayed hidden."

"Oh, very kinky," Jana said, a sparkle in her bright blue eyes. "I might get Will to try this with me. He's got all kinds of computer junk around that he never puts to good use, at least a good use like this. But that's not helping you any, is it?" Jana tossed her head to get a strand of her blonde hair from her eyes. "You sound like you got off on it. What's the problem?"

"I didn't get off. I got so close and then he turned off the link. He left me within an inch of coming."

"Just like —"

"Never mind," Diana said sharply. "It's not like that, not exactly. I hate myself for this, but he said he wouldn't log back on to see me for a week."

"And you're getting hotter and hotter waiting for him, aren't you?" Jana said shrewdly. "He's playing you good."

"And I can't say no. Whatever he asks, I'll do it. I just know it."

"Really sticks a fork in the 'I'm my own woman' theory, doesn't it? He says 'frog' and you jump."

"Only I strip for him and frig myself and do it on camera so he can gets his rocks off. I'm not getting anything out of it."

"Listen to yourself. You're getting a lot out of it. You want him to watch. You want him to tell you what to do. So maybe you should do something he doesn't tell you to do. Or disobey him. Tell him no nookie-lookee without getting a gander at his equipment."

"I suppose," Diana said thoughtfully. She knew that was the way to get back into control. Her runaway emotions—her outright lust—was making her into an emotional basket case. Why did Victor have to do this to her?

"Make it quid pro quo," Jana said, warming to the subject. She grinned wickedly. "Make it tit for twat."

Diana had to laugh at that. Then she sobered.

"Why do I get mixed up with men like this? They always make me feel so useless and rotten."

"Doesn't sound as if Victor is doing that to you," Jana said. "Not at all. He's giving you his complete attention."

"All I have to do is perform like a circus animal. Jump through a hoop. And for what?"

"Are you just a teeny bit wet in her your pussy right now? Is it empty and aching and wanting what only a man can offer? No dildo or vibrator will be the same. Right?"

"Yeah," Diana said sullenly. "That's exactly the way I feel. I *want* him, dammit. I *want* him to fuck me. And I don't see that's going to happen. It's all so impersonal on the computer."

"Impersonal? I don't think so," Jana said. "That webcam gimmick makes it intensely personal. Just the two of you. But you need to find what gets you off the most. So what if he's only watching? That might be all you need."

The way Diana felt deep inside put that to the lie, but she understood what Jana was saying. If she let this go on, Victor calling all the shots, she would never get off. He had left her yearning for more, her pussy wet and hungry and empty and so close to getting off. So damned close! He was playing with her. It was time for her to play with him.

How she wished she could do that in the flesh!

"You're right," Diana said decisively. "That's

exactly what I have to do. And if he calls up tonight, I'll give him a show that'll get him rock hard and then, *then*, he'll have to dance to my tune."

"That's the old Diana I know and love. You go, girl. Now," Jana said, looking at the pile of papers Diana had brought. "Is there any real work in there or were those mountains of scrap paper just window dressing?"

"I needed something to carry around so I wouldn't look silly," Diana admitted. She picked up the papers and didn't bother trying to get them sorted. Georgia could do that for her. She was in charge again.

"Scoot. I have that board meeting and want to spruce up first."

Diana thought her friend looked picture perfect. Her hair had been done recently and, except for the one strawberry strand that kept slipping into her eyes, was beauty salon done. Her suit was a somber gray that set off her shining azure eyes perfectly. Diana heaved a sigh. Jana was the clothes horse, and it showed.

But dealing with Victor required more than being well dressed. It might force her to get undressed creatively. She laughed as she left Jana's office.

"Not window dressing," she said to herself, more cheerful than she had been all week. "Window undressing. That's what it'll take."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Diana hummed to herself as she worked the rest of the day. The talk with Jana had put her in a better mood. She'd show Victor—or make him show her! She had worried that he wouldn't log into the chat room as he had said, since it had been an entire week. She had checked every night, lurking, hoping he would show up, and he hadn't for even a split second.

"A man of his word," she said, a smile coming to her lips. She liked that thought. He had said he would be back in a week and hadn't tried to sneak into the chat room and carry on with any of the others. Diana knew there were thousands of other chat rooms where Victor might be, or he could have more than a single name for this one. Everything was anonymous and nobody had said that anyone in the chat room couldn't have more than one screen name. She wondered if some of the more erotic conversations she spied on weren't conducted by one person taking both sides. That would be cyber masturbation, but she had enjoyed

the flow of words and images without regard for who was or wasn't taking part.

Tonight Victor would log in, and she would show him what he wanted—in exchange for him showing her what she wanted. It was only fair.

As she worked she considered all the ways she could get him to do what she wanted. There wasn't any way to do it other than enticing him, in exactly the same way that he had enticed her.

She looked up suddenly when her door opened. Clark Holland stood there. Her heart sank.

"What is it, Clark?"

"I wanted to talk to you earlier. By the elevator. But you looked like you were in a hurry."

"I was. Contracts. Business."

"I was wondering if you might like to go out tonight. Maybe dinner or something else. Whatever you want to do."

"Did you have anything specific in mind?" she asked. Diana knew the answer before Clark mumbled it.

"Well, no, not really."

"Sorry," she said. "I've got a lot of work to do tonight. I'm going to be up till all hours. This is really important."

"Business, huh?"

"Business," she said firmly, though it wasn't the kind of business Clark thought. It was something he would never share with her. It was the serious business of pleasure. She would get Victor off, and

then he would have to use those honeyed words of his to get her off. And she would demand to see him. He had to have a two-way channel so they could both send and receive all the pictures possible.

Oh, how she would send. How he would receive. And then they would reverse the roles! She had it all worked out in her mind.

“... Saturday?”

Diana blinked. Her eyes fixed on Clark, and she realized he had been talking. She had zoned him out entirely, lost in her sexy thoughts of tonight with Victor. She struggled to find something noncommittal to say, and then she pushed aside any attempt to be polite.

“I’m really busy, Clark. You ought to be, also. I’ve heard that the big bosses aren’t happy with the amount of lost time by employees.”

“Lost like now, me talking to you?”

“Yes.”

“Oh,” he said, frowning. “If you get done with your project and it’s not too late, call me. You have my number.”

“I’m sure I do,” she said, not meaning the same thing he did. Clark’s shoulders slumped a little as he turned and walked away. From her vantage point Diana could see heads turning, watching him as his tight little butt rolled away. Georgia looked particularly interested, but Clark had gone past her without saying a word. Diana wondered

if her secretary had spoken with Clark on his way to the office and how that had gone. Not well, she guessed, if Clark didn't bother to even slow to say goodbye as he left.

Was chased off, Diana thought. She had dismissed him like a little child, and he had gone without so much as a whimper. What a wuss.

Diana pushed Clark Holland from her mind and ripped through her work, getting it all done early. She was out of the building in a flash and going into her apartment before she knew it. Diana stared at the silent computer at the side of the room. In a couple hours it would be all lit up—and she intended Victor to be lit up, too. Only he would be turned on by what he saw. It might be harder than flipping a switch, but it wouldn't be too much more difficult. She had everything planned to the last detail.

"Thanks, Jana," she said softly. "I owe you. I owe you big time if this works."

But why wouldn't it work? She was sexy and knew it. A wiggle of her ass and a little flaunting of her tits and Victor would be begging her for more.

Diana skipped dinner as she changed clothes and got everything ready for her encore performance. She had done the striptease the way Victor had wanted. Tonight would be all her doing. She sat in front of the computer and hesitated. Doubt flooded over her until she

wanted to break out in tears.

What if Victor didn't log into the chat room as he had said? What if he was a lying bastard like all the other men she had ever gone out with? Diana reached out with a shaking hand and turned on the computer. It booted up and she glanced at the clock display in the lower right-hand corner of the screen. Nine o'clock. When Victor usually entered the chat room.

"Here we go," she said. She found the login screen, entered her user name and password. The monitor blinked once and then she was in. Desire showed at the bottom of the list of people already swapping sexy talk and considering how they would pair up. Pair up and more. Threesomes were perennial favorites and sexual acts she had no idea about also proved popular with this bunch.

Diana held her breath as she scanned the list for Victor's name. He wasn't there.

Then it was. It appeared directly under hers. She had entered the chat room only seconds before him.

Diana started to type a message to him, then stopped. Let him come to her. Let him make the first move. Seconds turned into long minutes. Nothing. How could he not notice her name? There it was. Desire. Plain as day.

She let out a lungful of air she hadn't known she was even holding when he finally responded

to her presence.

"Good evening, Desire. How is my favorite ecdysiast?"

"Ecdysiast?" Diana typed. She wasn't sure what he meant.

"You disrobe wonderfully," Victor wrote. "Follow me into my private chat room."

His name vanished from the list and reappeared in a small rectangle at the top of the screen.

"Here we go," Diana said. She went into the private room. Nothing had changed but the location of their names on the screen, but she felt as if they had entered their own private world. A special one existing solely for the two of them.

"Turn on your webcam." Rather than reading a typed command, it now came from her dual speakers. Diana hadn't even realized their communication until now had been written, not spoken. She tried to calm herself down. This was not the time to make mistakes that showed how keyed up she was.

"I will turn on the camera, but there has to be an understanding."

"I understand that you are the only one for me. I can drink in your beauty all night long and never blink for fear of missing an instant."

"You have a webcam."

"Of course, I do," Victor responded. There was an edge to his voice.

“We go two-way tonight. I want to see you.”

“You haven’t earned that privilege. You must do more to be worthy of such a reward. Isn’t my admiration for your lush body enough? I want to see your bare nipples hardening with lust. I want to see you slowly stripping, every piece of clothing sliding sensuously across your skin before falling to the floor. I want you to be so aroused that your cunt overflows with your lubricants.”

In spite of herself, Diana felt herself responding to his words. She could see herself doing everything Victor had said. Her hands drifted down between her legs as she pressed into the crotch of the skintight shorts she had changed into after coming home. A wet spot formed and spread as she massaged herself. It took great force of will to pull away.

“Turn on the camera. I want to see you,” Victor said. His voice was low, assured. He made it seem as if there wasn’t a chance in the world that she would do anything else but obey.

Diana turned on the webcam, hating herself for giving in so easily. All her plans jumbled up and changed. This small concession on her part might be swung around to her advantage. But she had to work quick.

“Your camera’s not on,” she said. Her voice quavered just a little as she felt the heat mounting within her. How she longed for more than the friction of the tight shorts across her pussy lips.

She wanted Victor's lips pressing into her pinkly scalloped ones. She wanted to feel his breath gusting hotly through her bush. And his tongue? Thrusting deep into her superheated slit. She wanted it whirling around inside.

"Diana!"

He spoke with the crack of authority in his voice. She snapped out of her fantasy and pulled her hand up, putting it on the desk next to her keyboard. The single unwinking red light on her webcam stared at her, just as Victor did. She felt his presence although she couldn't see him. But she would.

"I see that you are comfortably dressed. That is an attractive red tank top you are wearing." He paused a moment, as if studying her more closely. Diana felt her heart beating faster with the notion. He was looking at her closely, completely. No one but she existed in Victor's world and she wanted to keep it that way.

"I see how your nipples have firmed and press prominently against the fabric of your tank top. Take your nipples and tweak them. Through the cloth. Do it, Diana, do it and I will watch you forever."

"Like this, Victor?" She reached up and pressed her fingers down on either side of the lust-hard nubs until they stood out in relief. She began stroking herself, nipples caught between her fingers. Then she did as Victor had ordered her.

She caught the rubbery nips between her thumbs and forefingers and began squeezing down gently.

She had intended to be gentle and slowly build her own arousal, but the electric feel betrayed her. She clamped down hard and twisted back and forth. Lightning blasted down into her chest and spread throughout her body. Somehow, all the sexual energy settled in her loins. Diana knew what a bomb felt like now. She gasped as she continued to tug and tweak at her own nipples, thrashed about and then leaned back in the chair. Her brown eyes closed as she lost herself in the wonderful sensations raging from the tip of her head to her toes and delightfully touching everywhere in between.

"The shorts are so tight. I love the sight of you wearing them," Victor said. "But you look uncomfortable. I can tell by the wetness in the crotch. Take off your shorts."

Diana felt as if her volition had separated from her body and floated away. She started to pull off the tank top before getting entirely naked for Victor.

"No! Do not touch the tank top. Leave it on."

"But it's chaffing my breasts. They're so sensitive now," Diana protested. Her eyes fluttered open. Her monitor remained blank of any picture Victor might send. All she saw was the indication they were still alone in his private chat room.

"I want to watch as you pull off your shorts. Do it. Slowly. Do it and I will reward you with more than my full attention."

"Wh-what will you do for me?"

"Remove them." His words raked across her senses. "You have my undivided attention."

Diana quivered in response to his words. He watched her. He wanted her. But she remembered her earlier resolve and the plan she had come up with after talking to Jana. A wicked smile came to her lips.

"You'll get more than you expect," Diana said softly. She didn't care if Victor heard or not. She'd make sure that he watched carefully.

Slowly, she pushed up from the chair and turned slowly, her ass poking toward the camera. Diana began wiggling in a sensual manner, her hips swaying to unheard music. As she began working the shorts down, she heard Victor gasp. She was getting to him. She worked the tight shorts down inch by inch, revealing her milky flesh to him. The swells of her ass cheeks popped out of the material until she knew what he could see. Diana reached back between her legs, her shorts halfway down her legs, and fondled herself. She was rewarded with another gasp of appreciation from Victor.

Feeling more excited, at what she did, at the knowledge he watched her every move, she grabbed the dildo from the desk and brought it

around behind her, dragging its latex-coated length up and down in the deep valley between her ass cheeks.

She stifled a moan of pleasure. She wanted him to get off. She wanted to keep his complete attention fixed. Then she realized there was nothing wrong with getting off herself while she did that. The thick rubbery length pressed into her most intimate backdoor, but she did not thrust it in. She let it move lower, between her pinkly scalloped nether lips and then slowly slid it up into herself, inch by inch, with agonizingly delightful twists back and forth.

Diana swallowed hard at the intrusion. The thick, bumpy pillar stretched her inside, but it was no match for the real thing. She wanted to feel Victor within her. And she didn't even know what he looked like! All she knew was that she turned him on. He was panting more harshly as she began to fuck herself with the dildo.

With slow movement, she rotated her behind while she was moving the dildo in and out.

She forced herself to speak in a low, sex-husky voice.

"Do you see it all? What would it feel like, being inside me rather than letting me use a fake cock? All you need to do is come to my apartment. Come over, Victor, come over and come!"

"The dildo is wet with your juices. You are performing well for me, my dearest Desire," he

said. She heard the strain in his voice. He wanted her! He might get off watching, but she had made him want more. The entire time she was enticing him, she maintained the steady in and out rhythm. Her buttocks clenched and relaxed, giving the unseen Victor the show of his life.

"What would you like me to do?"

"Lick the dildo. Lick your own juices off."

"I need help, Victor. I need to see your face."

Diana turned and sank down to the edge of the desk chair. She pulled the rubber cock from herself and brought it up slowly to her lips. She started to do as he bid. Her tongue reached forth, but then she drew back at the last moment.

"I can't do what you want unless I see you. Turn on your webcam. Let me see your face!"

"Taste your own juices." His words were sharp, demanding. She found herself obeying, in spite of her resolve to refrain from any more of his sexual demands. "Lick it like a popsicle."

She did, giving him a real show. Her lips circled the bulbous tip and then opened as she took more of it into her mouth. Withdrawing it, she ran it across her mouth, past her throat and pressed it between her breasts.

"Show me what you look like," she said. Diana hiked her feet up to the desk, lewdly exposing herself to the camera. The single red light was like an unblinking eye watching her. But she knew there was a human eye on the other side. Victor

wasn't going anywhere when she was giving him a show like this.

"No."

"I won't show you any more unless you do. It's only fair."

"Do you want me to ignore you?"

Anger flashed in Diana. "That might be better."

"For whom? Not for you. You crave my attention—and you have it. My undivided attention. My appreciation of your beauty and your skills. Never have I seen such a sexual being so proud and lovely."

Diana wavered. Then resolve hardened. She gestured at the webcam with the dildo as if it were a laser pointer.

"Turn on your side, and we can keep going."

"You have done well tonight," Victor said, as if he didn't hear her. "I will give you what you want."

Her heart hammered fiercely. She was going to see him.

The screen remained dark.

"You didn't turn on your camera," she said.

"I will give you what you want, but first you must do as I tell you."

"What?" Diana ached for more. She feared she would lose him if she was too obstinate, but she wanted to see him. She *had* to see Victor!

"Your cell phone has a video camera on it." He did not ask her. He simply stated a fact.

"Tomorrow just before noon, go to the Le Françaises Café."

Diana nodded. She knew the place. It wasn't far from where she worked. It was a very expensive restaurant, very upscale. Victor wanted to meet her in one of the best restaurants in town. He had class, if he knew about this place.

"Go there. Be sure to have your cell phone with you. I will contact you."

"Yes, yes," she said, needing more from him. "I'll be there."

"I'll see you then."

"Wait!" she cried. But it was too late. Victor had cut the video link. The red light on the webcam went off, showing she was once more left alone and hornier than hell.

Diana rocked back in the chair, stroking over the dildo still in her grip. She lowered it to her deep, hot chasm and slowly inserted it. She couldn't get off until she pretended that Victor was still watching.

But tomorrow would be different. She would go the restaurant and meet him and take the rest of the day off from work and they would go to an expensive hotel and —

Diana let out a tiny gasp of release as the feelings that had built within her exploded.

Tomorrow. It would be even better tomorrow with Victor.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“Quit looking at the clock and pay attention,” Jana said, glaring at Diana. “This is important.”

“I know, I know,” Diana said. “You think Victor is some kind of serial killer rapist pedophile tax dodger who wants to do me harm.”

“Something like that,” Jana said. “You don’t know anything about him. You met him online, for Christ’s sake! You’ve heard the stories. Every night on the news is another one about some girl who is seduced away by some perv and—”

“Victor’s not like that,” Diana said.

“You don’t know. He’s watched you strip down to the buff a couple times. You diddled yourself with a dildo for him and *that’s* enough for you to meet him?”

“It’ll be in public. The Le Françaises is a nice restaurant, very toney. Nothing’s going to happen. It’s only lunch, Jana. Lunch.”

“That’s where Will took me the first time,” Jana said. This got Diana’s attention. There was a

wistfulness in her friend's voice she hadn't heard before. And the usually impeccable Jana had a few strands of her lustrous blonde hair out of place. The closer Diana looked, the more tiny things she saw amiss. Jana's lipstick was smeared a little bit, and her clothing looked rumpled. Someone meeting her for the first time would never notice, but Diana did.

"Did you see Will today? In some broom closet?"

"In the executive washroom," Jana said, heaving a sigh. "It was kinda scary, too. The CEO rattled the doorknob, wanting in. Will was, well, we were in the middle of it and Will had to tell the boss to wait."

"In the middle of it?"

"He was fucking me. There. Is that what you wanted to hear? I was sitting on the counter, had my knees pulled up and my skirt around my waist, and he was fucking me."

"You don't want me meeting Victor at the restaurant because that's where you and Will decided you were going to hook up," Diana said, the light dawning on her. "How many others have started going together after lunch at Le Françaises? If Victor and I become a couple, it won't take away from what you and Will have."

"I know that. It's just—" Jana took a deep breath and exhaled slowly to compose herself. "It's just that I do worry about you."

"Something else is eating at you," Diana said. "Are you and Will breaking up?"

"No.

"You answered mighty fast," Diana said. "Has Will found someone else? Other than his wife? Or has she found out?"

"It's not like that, Diana," the lawyer said. "Sooner or later, we'll break up. It's only about sex. Nothing else. He's good, damned good. And, if I say so myself, I give as good as I get. But we agreed that if we ever got tired of each other, we'd be civilized about it and just go our separate ways."

"You agreed to all of this at Le Françaises, didn't you?"

"You should have been a lawyer. That was a leading question if I ever heard one."

Diana was going to meet Victor at lunch, no matter what Jana said. But another thought came to her.

"He has to be someone who works at the company!"

"Why do you say that? Because he knows of a nearby restaurant? That's a mighty flimsy argument," Jana said.

"No, no it's not," Diana said, warming to her argument now. "He had to know something about me before the chat room. Last night, he didn't ask if I had a video cell phone. He told me to take mine."

"That doesn't mean anything. Everybody's got one these days," scoffed Jana.

"He was too sure. And thinking back, I am positive he knew I could get a webcam from around here. Georgia found one in supplies in a couple minutes."

"Common equipment for most businesses that teleconference," Jana said. "You're clutching at straws, girl. I'd go with you, but I have to meet Will. Why don't you ask Georgia to go with you? She knows about your crazy on-line romancing."

"Not all of it. But she's smart. She must have guessed what was going on when I asked her for the webcam."

"Good. It's settled. Take her with you."

"Would you have let me go along when you met Will for the first time?"

"You are incorrigible." Jana stood and hugged Diana. "Be careful. Promise me you'll be careful."

"If I can't be careful, I'll be damned good," Diana said, laughing.

"This younger generation. I don't know what it's coming to."

"You're only a year older than me," Diana pointed out.

Jana's smile faded as she said, "Really. Be careful." With that she left Diana's office. For a moment, Diana worried her friend would talk to Georgia but she kept walking, veering at the last moment to avoid running into Clark. Diana

started to close the office door, but it was too late.

"Hey, Diana, got a minute?"

"What can I do for you?" she asked coldly.

"Thought you might want to go to lunch. A bunch of us are going to that new sandwich place over on Third Street."

Diana almost sagged in relief. Third Street was on the far side of their building, blocks and blocks away from Le Françaises. The last thing in the world she needed was Clark stumbling into the restaurant as she met Victor for the first time.

"Some other time," she said. Mentally, she added, *When hell freezes over.*

"A rain check, then," Clark said. A small smile curled the corner of his lips, as if he knew a secret she didn't.

"Oh, I have to talk with Aaron and there he is," Diana said. "Excuse me, will you, Clark?" She pushed past him and hurried to the bulletin board where Aaron Lavelle thumb-tacked a note card.

"Aaron," she said, giving him a quick once over and trying not to be too obvious. "Have a second?"

"Sure, for you, doll. Any time." He winked broadly. Aaron worked in sales and had that slap-on-the-back manner of a used car salesman. But Diana thought he was hot. His broad shoulders, bulging biceps and slim waist showed he was no couch potato doing nothing but watching TV sports all weekend. He worked out. The receding

hairline was a sore spot with him, but Diana hardly noticed. He wasn't what she would call handsome, but he was certainly masculine. Masculine enough to be Victor on-line.

"I wondered what you were doing for lunch."

"You, if you're volunteering." He positively leered at her. Diana almost took a step back. Her mind raced. He was more like the kind of boyfriend she usually hooked up with rather than the Victor-type, whose subtle ways of taking control appealed greatly to her. But when she saw him she remembered he had been the one who had first mentioned Le Françaises in a meeting. He had wanted accounting to add it to the list of acceptable restaurants for wining and dining clients. Diana didn't remember how that argument had come out, but Aaron had been actively pushing it as a good restaurant.

"I thought we might go to Le Françaises. Together."

"Sure, babe. Any time, but not today. I've got those scumbags from United Import to woo. If I land their contract, we can double our sales in eighteen months. Think what that bonus will look like. I can get myself an even more expensive watch, right?" He thrust out his brawny wrist with the glittering gold Rolex on it, as if this would impress Diana even more.

Diana began to zone out as Aaron described the people he was dealing with in less than

complimentary terms, attributing traits to them weasels would reject as being over the top.

"Later, then. I have to go."

"Hey, Dee, baby, it breaks my heart but I got to give you a rain check. I'm not letting a hottie like you get away, not from the top sales stud in the company. What'd that do to my rep, right?" He made slight thrusting motions with his hips that he thought were seductive.

She smiled wanly and thought that Aaron made Clark look good in comparison. She had been so sure Aaron was the mysterious Victor, but nothing in the way he acted show any chance of that being true. He might be a good actor, but she didn't think Aaron was *that* good.

Diana glanced at the clock and rushed to her office, grabbed her purse and waved a hasty goodbye to Georgia. She didn't want to be late getting to Le Françaises. Victor had to be someone working at the company, but if it wasn't Aaron, who might it be? As she rode the elevator down, a thought came to her that upset her. From the way Jana was talking, things weren't going so well between her and Will. Walk away, still friends, not affect their business relations, Diana had heard it all.

It never worked that way. Will was married and on the prowl. He and Jana had been together long enough for him to get a wandering eye. What if it was Will who was prowling the chat room and

had come across her? Diana could see Victor as being Will. That would be one of the worst possible things that could happen. She wasn't going to steal her best friend's boyfriend away, but how could she tell Jana that Will was coming on to her? She read all the signs. Jana loved Will. She could protest all she wanted, but she loved him, in spite of him being her boss, in spite of him being married.

In spite of knowing he was a Lothario. Jana talked a good game about moving on when their affair ended, but Diana worried that it would be quite an emotional blow if she found out Will had already picked his next mistress.

"You don't know that," Diana muttered to herself. She kept up a steady stream of self-argument until others in the elevator moved away from her and finally let her leave without the usual jostling and bumping. Her stride lengthened when she got outside the building, and she headed for the restaurant. She got there well before noon and tried not to look too anxious as she stood on tiptoe, getting a quick peek at the people already seated in the most public section of the restaurant.

"Are you waiting for someone, ma'am?" asked the hostess.

Diana didn't know what to say. She was, but she didn't know who. That sounded peculiar.

"I am, but we've never met, so I don't know

what he looks like. Business, you know," she finished lamely.

"Is there a reservation, perhaps?" The hostess opened the book, poised to look up the appropriate name. How could Diana admit she didn't know Victor's real name—and last names were useless in a chat room devoted to on-line sexual encounters.

"He would have made it," Diana said, playing for time so she could think this through.

"Are you Ms Diana Westbrook? There was a reservation called in only a few minutes ago to reserve a special table."

Diana let out a sigh of relief. Victor took care of everything.

"Yes, that's me."

"Come this way, please."

"Has the gentleman making the reservation already arrived?" Diana swept the room like a radar dish, hunting for a solitary man who matched what she thought Victor looked like. From his deep, resonant voice he had to be tall. She wondered if his eyes would be jet black and piercing, with long, brushed back hair. Or he might be—

"Here you are," the hostess said, pulling the chair back for Diana. "One of our best tables. I'm sure you will enjoy the view."

"Thanks, I will," Diana said, sitting. She was at a two-place table in the window looking out over

a patio crammed full of tables and people already eating. Beyond them was the rush of the traffic in the street and the endless parade of people on the sidewalk. She certainly had a great view. All that was needed to make it perfect was Victor. Diana glanced at her watch. It was only a few minutes after noon. Maybe he was out there watching her, waiting to come in.

"May I take your drink order?"

Diana looked up. The waiter stood impassively. She wondered if Victor might dress up and masquerade as a waiter. This guy certainly fit her mental image of what the mysterious voice would be like, brought to reality.

"A white wine?"

"Yes, that'd be good," Diana said, a little flustered at having to make a choice. She wasn't thinking straight. The waiter wasn't likely to be Victor. Victor worked at her company. That was the only thing that made sense. She turned a little in the chair and studied the faces of the crowd beginning to pour into the restaurant. She hoped that she wouldn't see Will. And she didn't.

She also didn't see anyone coming to the table, although her heart beat a little faster when one older man with iron-gray hair came in her direction. She had never considered that Victor might not be her own age, that he might be older. Or, like this guy, a lot older. But he walked past, hardly giving her a glance. He joined a woman

who was probably his wife from the shopping bags piled around their table.

"Your wine." The waiter placed it on the table with precision born of long practice. "Are you ready to order?"

"Well, I'm waiting for a friend," Diana said. She glanced at her watch again. It was ten after. Where was Victor?

"I'm sorry. I misunderstood. The hostess said this was a reservation for one."

Diana's mouth opened, then closed. She felt as if she was a fish washed up on the shore, struggling to breathe.

"There must be some mistake."

"I am sure there is," the waiter said, flashing her a bright smile. "A woman so lovely would never be dining alone."

That made Diana feel even more at a loss. What if Victor was playing a cruel joke on her? Her frustration gave way to anger. How dare he!

Her phone rang.

"I'll return in a moment," the waiter said, backing away to afford Diana some privacy to take her call.

She flipped open the phone and said, "What is it?"

"Hello, Desire."

"Victor!"

"I am glad you are so prompt. Do you like the view?"

"A panorama. Where are you?"

"I am adoring you. You are so lovely."

"Then get in here, and we can talk over lunch."

"Talk? Is that all you want to do? I am disappointed."

"If you want to do more . . ." Diana was beginning to get excited. She had hoped that lunch would lead to something more intimate and had left a note on her desk telling Georgia she was taking the rest of the afternoon off.

"You want to do more," Victor said. "But you have not earned it. Not yet."

"Earned it? What are you talking about?"

"Do you see the waiter? The tall, dark one who served you your white wine? Do you think he is handsome?"

Diana turned and looked around. The waiter took the order from the older couple at the next table, carefully positioning himself to not kick the woman's shopping bags.

"Yeah, he's hot," she said. Diana smirked now. "That's you, isn't it? You're the waiter."

"You are not thinking clearly, Desire. How can I be talking to you on your cell phone and taking an order at the next table?"

Diana swung around, hunting for a man on a cell phone anywhere in the restaurant. Curiously, no one was talking on a phone at that moment. She looked out the window into the patio. A half-dozen people talked on phones there, and beyond,

along a low concrete barrier keeping pedestrians from the patio, she saw several more. But none was looking in her direction that she could tell.

"Where are you?"

"I am where I should be, Desire. And you are going to prove you are worthy of my attention. My complete, undivided attention. How do you intend to keep my eyes fixed only on you?"

"I don't know," she said, confused. Nothing had gone the way she thought it would. All her fears about Victor being Will had evaporated. And Aaron not being Victor was more than pure relief. It saved her from finding an excuse for breaking off their virtual assignments. But she had no idea what Victor was getting at.

"Then I will tell you. You will do exactly as I tell you. Do you understand?"

"I do," Diana said.

"Your skirt is very tight. That is a pleasing shade of pale green. Very cool, very sedate. You look good in it."

"Thanks, but —"

"What color are your panties?"

"I...they match."

"Your taste in clothing is impeccable. Show me."

"Show you what?"

"Your panties. Turn toward the window, lift your knees enough to expose yourself to those outside and spread your legs."

"You're out there?"

"Do it. Now. I am growing bored. You have to keep my attention by doing as I command."

"All right," Diana said, willing to play along. For a while. It excited her to think she was putting on a private show just for Victor, even if there were dozens of others who might see her. What was the chance anyone would actually see her if they were all occupied with their own meals, their own companions, their own concerns?

"Are you ready to order?"

She looked up at the waiter, suddenly aware of how she was sitting, exposing herself to those outside. Hastily pressing her knees together, she turned in the chair. The menu was on the table, unopened. She had never bothered to even look at it.

"What do you recommend?" she asked the waiter.

"The veal is excellent. The pasta primavera is a good alternative, if you do not care for meat."

"The pasta," she said. She was no vegetarian, but this seemed the safest bet for her since she had already forgotten the first menu item mentioned.

"Very good."

As the waiter left to put in her order with the kitchen, she lifted the cell phone to her ear and heard Victor's soft chuckling.

"He is very handsome, isn't he? Do you want him?"

"I want you," she blurted. Diana blushed. She cupped her hand over the cell phone mouthpiece. "Where are you?"

"Watching. You still have my full attention. I cannot take my eyes off you, although the scenery has changed. I prefer the wilderness to the current view."

"Wilderness?"

"The bush. Your bush. Turn back, open your knees and show me your panties."

Diana took a quick look at her phone. The video remained blank.

"Do it now." Victor's words crackled over the phone. "Place the camera where I may get a close-up view. Put it between your thighs."

Diana turned and looked outside again. She didn't remember which of the people she had seen before were on their cell phones and which weren't. Someone still on the phone was Victor, and he was close enough to see her. She opened her legs a bit farther, straining the seams of her dress.

She withdrew the phone and held it close to her ear. "What now?" she asked.

"Hike your skirts more," came the order. "Up to your thighs. Good. I approve."

"Wh-what are you going to do?"

"Watch you, appreciate you, consider how I can reward you for this."

"For what? Peeping at my snatch?"

“Reach under her skirt with your free hand – do not take the cell phone from your ear – and fondle yourself. Feel your labia. Press your fingers against them and stroke up and down slowly.”

Diana knew she would probably be arrested if anyone saw her behaving like this, but she couldn't help herself. She had to do as Victor told her. Her trembling fingers pressed down hard along the sides of her slit. As she rubbed, she felt herself responding. Juices began to ooze out and soak into the fabric of her panties.

“Do not stop. More. Faster. I see the dampness spreading on your crotch. Your panties are becoming wet with your arousal.”

“Yes,” Diana gasped out. She had to close her eyes because of the potent feelings building within her, but she managed to force herself to look out to see if she could find anyone watching her masturbate. There was one guy on a cell phone looking in her direction, but she couldn't be sure.

“Your pasta primavera.”

“Wh-what? Oh!” Diana looked up at the waiter as he placed the plate in front of her. She bent over a little to hide how her hand was up under her skirt.

“Will there be anything else?” he asked.

“I, uh, no.”

“Tell him there will be later,” Victor said.

“Later,” Diana got out. “This is so much. I may want to take what I don't eat with me.”

"Of course," the waiter said, looking at her curiously. She pulled the napkin down in her lap to hide what she was doing. Diana turned back toward the window.

"Wider," Victor ordered. "Open your legs wider. Good."

She knew he had to be watching since she had obeyed and he had approved. How he approved! What wasn't there to like about the show she was putting on for him? And the world. Anyone in the patio dining area or out on the street who happened to glance in her direction would get quite an eyeful.

"Slip your fingers inside. Stroke along the velvet walls of your pussy," he told her. She worked to keep the cell phone close to her ear as she began stroking in and out with two fingers. Her lubricants turned her hand slippery as they leaked out of her increasingly inflamed core. Tiny fires burst out through her womb and built into a raging forest fire that threatened to consume her.

"Do not come. Not yet," warned Victor. "You must eat. Enjoy the food. It is quite good, I hear."

"Y-you've never eaten here?"

"I would reward you by eating your pussy. But you have to justify it."

"I can't hold back," Diana gasped out. Her fingers worked around within her tightness, touching her G-spot and then delving deeper. She began moving with precisely the rhythm that

would get her off. How she wanted this to be Victor inside her! The moistness turned to a flood as her juices boiled out. Her hand was drenched along with her panties.

"You are so close to deserving even more of my attention, but you are not there yet."

"What more can I do?" Diana trembled down. Her finger slid from her pussy and pressed into the tiny pink spire of her clit. She gasped and bent forward, as if she was having a seizure. The lightning bolt that crashed through her body and mind told her this was more potent than any other climax she had ever given herself.

It was her hand on her clit and in her pussy, but it was Victor guiding her. She tried to open her legs even more to give him a better view, wherever he was. She was almost too weak in reaction.

"Take them off."

"What? Take off what? My panties?"

"Take them off and keep them hidden under the table," Victor told her.

"But how? I can go to the women's room."

"There. In the window. Where others might see, if you are not careful. If you are too blatant, everyone will notice and see your aroused pussy."

"You son of a bitch," she gasped out. "I won't do it."

"You will. And you will turn on the video on your cell phone again and hold it below the table

so I can see that you are obeying me.”

“Oh,” Diana moaned. She took the cell phone and turned the video back on, then moved it around under the table so the camera looked up under her skirt. She saw that a wet spot had soaked through the front of her dress for everyone to notice. Anyone seeing her would have to wonder, and it would embarrass her and —

“Slip them off. Take off your panties. Do it!”

Holding the cell phone in one hand, she used her other that had been so excitingly occupied earlier to grip the waistband and tug. She had to half rise out of the chair to work the panties over the swell of her buttocks. When she got them down to her thighs she sat back. She moved the cell phone around to be sure Victor got a good look at everything. If she’d had an infrared attachment, he would be blind from all the sexual heat still boiling out.

Diana tugged a little more, then got the panties past her thighs and let them fall across her calves. They were wet as they slid—wet from her own excitement. She took a quick look outside again but couldn’t decide if any of the men staring in her direction was Victor—or if they were only interested in the sexy show she was putting on for the whole world.

“You have them. Wad them up in a tight ball and hold them in your hand. Leave the video feed on. I want to watch.”

"Watch what?"

"Call the waiter over, ask for a box for your meal, then slip the panties into his pocket."

Diana's heart almost skipped a beat. In spite of the contradictions, the waiter had to be Victor! Maybe he used one of the hands-free earpieces so he could take orders and still talk on his hidden cell phone. She didn't know. But it had to be Victor!

"I've brought this for you," the waiter said, coming up with a small plastic box carrying the restaurant logo on it. "Will there be anything else?"

"There, over there," Diana said, her eyes darting to a spot behind the waiter. As he turned to look, she tucked her lime-green panties into his pocket.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I was mistaken. Sorry."

The look he gave her was a poorly disguised "I've got a real mental case as a customer" look.

Diana hastily opened her purse and peeled off a pair of twenties and left them on the table. She picked up the cell phone and listened to Victor encouraging her for such a fine performance.

"Miss! Miss! You forgot this."

Diana froze. The waiter was calling to her. He had found her panties in his pocket!

She spun, ready to explain or lie or somehow get out of what had to be a terrible situation. The

waiter held her box of pasta.

"Thanks," she said. She grabbed the box and almost ran from the restaurant. She was certain everyone saw the damp spot on the front of her dress right at pussy level. She was sure everyone out in the patio dining area had watched as she masturbated and then took off her panties. She was sure she was going to be arrested at any instant.

Diana reached the street, sweating and out of breath.

The cell phone beeped. Diana lifted it to her ear.

"You have done well. You have earned the privilege of going to the next level."

"Next level? What's that?"

Diana spoke to a dead phone. He had hung up.

CHAPTER NINE

Diana sat in front of her computer, staring at the screen showing that only a few people were in the chat room. She wished she could blank her screen name of Desire or even change her name to something else so Victor wouldn't know she was here. After an hour of sitting and staring, Diana felt more like a stalker than a participant, though she had only really gotten into the spirit of the chat room with Victor.

Victor.

The name echoed in her head—and resonated much lower. She reached down between her legs and pressed her fingers into the spot where she had stroked over herself at lunch. Her pussy quivered with need. Getting off in the restaurant had been wildly exciting. Being in public where anyone could see her thrusting her fingers into herself and stroking in a mock fucking had driven her to the heights of orgasm. Even stifling the cries as she came had been exciting. Her orgasm was hers and Victor's secret.

Victor.

That was a name she was coming to hate and love at the same time. His suggestions took on the air of orders. She felt like a slave when he told her to do something outrageous like masturbating in the window of a posh, popular restaurant. And yet she could have backed away at any time. He had no real power over her. And yet he did, as much as Diana wanted to deny it. Victor cared for her. What he did got her hotter than she had ever felt with any man. His attention caused her arousal to spike as if lightning struck her deep in her most intimate areas. Even now, just thinking about Victor made her begin to ooze her inner oils.

Stroking over her labia caused new tingles to join the fog of arousal already swirling around within her. She was confused and excited, thrilled and disgusted and every other emotion.

Victor.

He was the one who had done this to her. She wanted to please him because he cared for her. Diana believed him completely when he said he was paying 100 percent attention to her and her needs. He had to. Otherwise, how did he know so much about her? How else could he have directed her to do all she had done?

"Where were you, Victor?" Diana sank back in her chair, hiked her feet to the edge of the desk and let her knees wantonly part. This allowed her to stroke over her pubic region more easily. She

had not bothered putting on panties when she had gotten home. She had stripped off the spotted dress and just tossed it onto her bed. That was completely unlike her since she was usually neat to the point of obsession. But the sight of the dress laying on the bed, its damp spot giving mute testimony to her earlier turn-on, was the only way she could maintain the sexual tension still within her.

Her middle finger curled around and then snaked inside the hot, tight channel. She closed her eyes and sucked in her breath as she touched the G-spot, then forged deeper into her own sex. A shudder passed through her. Diana's nipples tightened and became hard, throbbing points that were chafed by her bra. That was all she wore, the lacy green bra, but it was still too much.

Withdrawing her probing finger, Diana sat up, reached behind her and unfastened the clasps. The bra snapped around her and slid off her breasts. She let out a sigh of relief as the pressure against her nubs was relieved. She tossed her bra aside carelessly, then leaned back, lifted her feet to the edge of the desk again and peered through the fleshy vee at the computer screen.

No Victor.

She cupped her own breasts and began kneading them. Her fingers lightly traced around the nipples, pressed into the bumpy aureolas and finally caught at the sides. She squeezed down

hard enough to make the nipples pop up, fully erect. Diana wished her tits were big enough for her to bend over and lick and suckle, but they weren't. She closed her eyes and abandoned herself to the feelings blowing through her body like a gentle spring breeze.

The more she stroked and probed and prodded at herself, the more that gentle breeze turned into a gale force wind. By the time it was a hurricane and she had gotten off, she was as limp as a rag.

The computer screen showing the occupants of the chat room refused to show Victor's name.

"Where'd you go, you son of a bitch?" As she said this, a cold fear caught Diana in its grip. He had warned her against calling him such names before. Although he had said she had earned his respect and his full attention before he hung up on her, he might have remembered her transgression. He might have changed his mind. He might have—

"I hate you," she said with passion, but Diana knew that wasn't true. She wanted to figure him out and see what made him tick. Not even meeting him in the flesh—how she wanted his flesh!—made it impossible. Victor was only a voice. A mocking, teasing, tormenting voice ordering her to do incredibly sexy things, but only a voice.

"You have a webcam. Why won't you let me see you? And you said I had pleased you. That I

deserved more. Give it to me, damn you!"

Naked, Diana got up and paced from one side of her apartment to the other. She felt more like a caged animal than anything else. And it was all her doing. Victor hadn't told her he was going to call or even show up in the chat room. He hadn't given her any hint when next he would be in touch.

"Call back," Diana said suddenly. She rushed into her bedroom and fumbled to open her purse. She dumped the contents onto the bed and jumped on the cell phone. Triumphantly, she held it up. "I can call the number Victor used to call me in the restaurant. *69. That's what will do it."

She punched in the numbers, then hesitated. A smile came to her lips. She'd show him. She'd give him the show of his life. Diana turned on the video and then pressed the send button.

She would get him on his cell phone and give him a picture sure to make him swallow his tongue. Diana held it out so the camera would show her naked body as the phone rang. And rang and rang. She expected a voice mail to give her the chance to let him know how much she wanted him—and his directions. The phone ran endlessly without switching to a forwarding number or voice mail.

"What kind of phone are you using?" she wondered. After letting the phone ring a couple dozen times, she finally broke the connection.

There was no way she could get the number the *69 dialed, and the next time someone called her, the chance of tracing it back would be gone.

Unless it was Victor who called her.

Diana started pacing again, alternating between pissed and worried. She had gotten hung up on men before, and it had never ended well for her. But this time it felt different. The others had done things to her that had been decidedly unthrilling. But everything Victor had said and done had turned her on in a big way. She could walk away at any time, but she chose not to. She liked the way he took charge and yet obviously was attentive to her needs.

"I earned more," she said, almost in tears. "You owe me, dammit!"

The phone rang and she pounced on it like a lion going after a haunch of meat.

"Victor?"

"You expected him to call, huh? This is Jana. I wondered if you might want to go out for a drink. I want to hear everything about lunch. And I mean every little detail."

"Oh, hi, Jana." Diana wanted to share, but she also wanted to keep the line clear. Her heart sank when she realized Jana had just erased her chance of using the call back feature to contact Victor again. But she had to admit that calling him once and getting no answer meant a second try was not likely to get her much satisfaction, either.

"You sound kinda bummed," Jana said. Something in Jana's tone warned Diana that her friend was probably upset over something, too.

"What's wrong? Will?"

Jana didn't answer for a moment, then said, "You must be a mind reader. Yeah, it's Will. Things aren't going so good right now with him. After our quickie this morning, he turned frosty. Hell, that's not the word. Downright frigid. If he had been frozen that stiff earlier, the sex would have been better."

"I'm sorry to hear this, Jana," she said. "You want to keep going with him, don't you?"

"Of course I do. He's everything I want in a man."

"Including married? To someone else?"

"There you go again," Jana said with a catch in her voice. "Telling me what I think and doing it with spot-on accuracy. You'd think I was the one having troubles getting a man and not you."

"Did he officially break up, if that's the word? He might be under a lot stress from other things."

"Like his wife? I don't know if she found out about Will and me. From everything he said, they've got an open marriage."

"Meaning he cheats and she doesn't?"

"I don't know," Jana said. She was sobbing now. "All I know is that I love him."

Diana made small talk for a few more minutes, but her mind left Jana's man troubles when she

got a closer look at the computer screen. She was still logged into the chat room. And now so was Victor.

"Yeah, well, maybe a few days apart will do wonders for both of you. Let him find how much he misses you."

"And maybe I ought to look somewhere else for a new stud," Jana said. "What's the address for that sex room you met Victor in?"

"Oh, Jana," Diana said. She licked her lips when she saw that Victor had highlighted her screen name of Desire and started it flashing. He wanted to talk. All she had to do was highlight his name and press the enter key.

"What? You don't want to share him? What kind of a friend is that?"

"Jana, look, I'm in the middle of something right now. Let me call you back later. We can talk all night then, and I may have some hot details for you." Diana knew hearing about her peculiar restaurant adventure would take Jana's mind off her own man troubles, but there might be more to tell her in an hour or two.

Victor left and went into his private room.

"Call me any time," Jana said. "I doubt I'll get much sleep tonight." She sniffed and then said, "You're a good friend, Diana. Thanks for listening."

"We'll talk more later. Bye." Diana hung up fast. She stared at her cell phone as if it might

immediately ring. But then there was no reason because Victor could talk to her over the computer. She hastily followed him into the private chat room. The red light on her webcam winked on. He was able to see that she was completely naked. How she wanted to see him the same way!

"Good evening, Desire," he said in his deep voice. The small speakers on the computer rumbled with the basso profundo.

"I tried to call you," she said, fighting to keep either desperation or anger out of her tone.

"I know. That is why I logged on tonight. You have done well. You deserve more of my attention."

"How much more?"

"Much more," Victor said. "I want you to do three things for me."

"Only three?" Diana didn't bother hiding the sarcasm. "I'm supposed to do three things for you. What will you do for me in return?"

"Give you what you want."

For a long moment Diana sat motionless. Her heart beat furiously, and she felt herself beginning to respond. She lifted off the chair a little to keep her pussy from leaking onto the seat. Being naked had its disadvantages, but not many if this was what had enticed Victor to continue with her.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Unlock your front door. Then take your

vibrator and return to the desk where I can see you on the webcam."

"That's two things. What's the third?"

"Pleasure yourself with the vibrator while you are waiting for me to arrive."

"Y-you're going to come here? To my apartment?"

"Open the door now," he said firmly. "Do it."

Diana almost jumped up and padded on her bare feet to the door. A quick twist opened the deadbolt, and then she slipped off the security chain. She looked around the apartment, trying to remember what she had done with the vibrator. She had used it until its battery was almost dead, but that didn't matter. Victor wanted her to use it until he got here. There was no telling how long that might be. She hoped the battery would last long enough.

"There!" She spotted the cream-colored vibrator on her kitchen table. She grabbed it and dashed back to the computer. Diana took a deep breath as she sank into the chair facing the webcam. She turned on the vibrator, setting it at low intensity to preserve the battery, then moved it between her breasts, lower, to her navel, and finally pressed it along her gash.

The quivery vibrations seeped into her and made her even more excited. Victor was coming here to be with her!

"Is this good?" she asked, turning a little so her

hand, vibrator and labia were all exposed to the unblinking glass eye of the camera.

"It is," Victor said.

For an instant, Diana was confused. The words didn't come from the speakers. Then she swung about. Victor was already in the apartment behind here.

She got only the briefest of looks at him since he grabbed the chair and kept it spinning so she faced the computer again. All she could see was the man's blurry reflection in her computer screen. The letters dancing about obscured any real reflection. Then it all went black.

"Don't try to remove the blindfold," Victor ordered. His hands stroked over her lustrous brunette hair, circled her ears and then moved down to her throat. She felt his strong fingers caressing her neck before moving to her shoulders. He squeezed down, kneading tightened muscles. He began a slow massage that brought squeals of pleasure from her lips.

"That feels so good," she said, almost sobbing with pleasure. "Don't you dare stop."

"You have earned my attention. I will not withdraw it now."

She gasped when his hands moved over her shoulders and down her chest. His huge hands cupped her breasts and began squeezing gently. How much better his powerful grip felt on her nipples than had her own. He expertly pressed

and touched and stroked. His feathery caresses turn harder when he caught the rubbery pink nubs and clamped down hard on them. Diana arched her back and tried to thrust her breasts more completely into his hands. She felt his palms crushing her flat. She almost came.

Robbed of sight she had to rely on all her other senses. The sensation of his firm hands moving over her naked breasts was only part of it. She heard his heavy breathing as he became more excited by what he did. And a deep whiff captured a powerful masculine scent. Oil? Aftershave? She could not tell, but it sent her pulse pounding.

Diana turned her head to the side and kissed his wrist. Then she licked it. The oily smell was stronger now, but it was not unpleasant. Perhaps it was sun screen. She started to lick him some more, but his roving hands had moved on.

"Is this pleasing you?"

"Yes!" Diana almost laughed. How could this not be pleasing to her? It was fulfillment of all her dreams. She gasped when his hands moved farther down across the dome of her belly. Her legs parted wantonly for him in silent invitation to go even lower. How she wanted to feel him inside!

"Do it, do it to me," she whispered hotly. "I want to take you all the way. Fuck me, Victor. Fuck me!"

"No."

"What?" Diana thought she had misheard.
"What do you mean?"

"You have not earned *that* yet. But you will. On your feet. Stand up."

"But —"

His strong hands pulled her erect. She heard the chair go skittering away as he kicked it.

"Stand straight. Widen your stance. Yes, there. I like to look at your naked body. It pleases me greatly."

She started to lift the blindfold, but his hand caught her around the wrist and pulled it away. Before she could resist, she realized he was drawing her hand lower. Waist-level lower.

"Oh," she said. He still wore tight pants, but she could feel his hardness through the material. "You're so big. I want to let it out so —"

"No," he denied. "You have not earned that, either. Stand up straight. If you make so much as a squeak, I will be forced to gag you."

"You can't—" Diana jumped when she felt something light move across her bare behind. It felt fuzzy, yet had a certain sharpness to it.

"That is a big spider crawling on your ass," he told her. "Don't move. Don't try to remove it."

Diana gulped. She pictured a huge tarantula crawling over her naked body. Then her initial panic died.

"That's not a spider," she said. "It's a piece of fluffy cloth. And the hard points were your

fingernails."

"Do not be too smart for your own good," Victor said, but a tiny chuckle accompanied his words. "Keep the blindfold on. This time you will feel my snake."

"Goody!" Diana clapped her hands. "I want to feel your trouser snake."

"Not that kind of a snake."

Diana almost fell when she felt something wet touch her ankle. She heard a slithery sound.

"Don't move! Stand still and you will be all right."

"But —"

"Quiet!"

Diana bit her lower lip. Fear fought with arousal as the snake began to slither around her foot. It brushed past the top of her foot, around her ankle and up her trembling calf. It left a wet trail behind as it circled her leg, moving upward. But as had happened when he had told her a spider was skittering across her naked flesh, Diana began to realize something else was wrong. She felt no snake's body grasping her leg as it worked upward. And then she remembered that snakes aren't wet or slimy. They are cool to the touch but not slimy.

The wet trail circling her leg, brushing across the back of her knee and sending tremors throughout her body, was no snake. It was a man's tongue. Victor was licking his way around

her leg, going higher, finding the inside of her thigh now. His tongue flicked out lightly, tentatively touching her sensitive inner thigh.

Diana cried out. His tongue thrust itself against her pussy lips and entered her. For a second only. Then it slipped out to flick back and forth over her clit before working upward.

"Oh, don't stop. Don't, please, please," she pleaded. "Eat me. I want your sweet mouth pressed into me there."

Victor did not answer with words. His mouth was otherwise occupied. He moved away from her sex and up to her navel. His tongue flashed out and pressed into the depression before swirling around.

She reached out and gripped his head. He did not draw back. She wanted to push him back down to give her more of his mouth love, but he resisted. She finally relented as he moved up her body. His tongue lashed left and right, leaving wet tracks that dried to a cool trail in the air-conditioning. He found the deep canyon between her breasts and lavished kisses on the insides of her breasts and up and down, top to bottom and back.

"You do that so well. You can't imagine how I've fantasized about this moment, Victor. Do me. I want more. Please, oh, oh!" Diana gasped as his mouth again answered but without words. He caught her left nipple in his lips and sucked hard

until the flesh turned hard and pulsed. Then he drove his tongue down hard, pressing it into the marshmallowy flesh underneath. She felt every beat of her heart throbbing in that deliciously trapped nipple.

"So good, you're so good. Don't stop, Victor. I couldn't stand it if you stopped now." She ran her fingers through his hair. It was medium length. In the back of her mind she had hoped to get some hint as to his identity by his hair, but most of the men at work wore their hair this length. It never occurred to her now to lift the blindfold and look. It might satisfy her curiosity but Victor might also vanish like mist in the morning sun.

She wanted more. She didn't want him to deem her unworthy of further attention.

Diana's knees went weak when he left one nipple and moved to the other, giving it identical treatment. His saliva cooled and kept the one he had abandoned rigid with lust. He might as well have applied an ice cube to her.

"I can get off on this all night long. But I want you in me, Victor. I want to feel you moving inside me." Diana's female channel was well oiled now and juices tickled down the insides of her legs where he had licked earlier. She tottered as strength began to flee from her body. She wanted to fall to the floor, lie on her back and open herself for him.

"Stand straight," he ordered. "Do it or I will

stop."

A blend of fear and anticipation coursed through her. She was afraid he meant it. And she was becoming more greedy sexually. She wanted more than he had given her so far. And he was promising it to her.

"I'll do whatever you want," she said.

"Good. You will obey me without question. Fail and you will be punished."

"How?"

She yelped when he laid his open hand across her bare buttock. She felt the warmth spreading. His hand print had to have left a bright red outline on her white flesh.

"That hurt!"

"Not as much as this," he said, swatting her bare bottom again. "Or this."

Diana groaned with pleasure. Pain. But it was so slight, and it blurred with the pleasure spreading throughout her body. His mouth on her pussy. The way he had tongued her navel and suckled at her breasts. And now this.

"More, do it more."

"No. You want it. You have not earned it. Yet."

"But —"

"Yes, it is a fine butt," he said. "Bend forward. The desk is close. Put your hands on it and lean over."

New images flashed through Diana's mind. He was going to take her from behind. She loved it

doggy style.

"Yes, do it. Take me like that."

She felt his wet lips kissing her bare ass. He licked a little, his tongue moved for the briefest moment between those fleshy half moons, and then he began kissing her other cheek.

She trembled and her innards churned with desire for him.

"Go on. I'm ready. Oh, how I am ready! I want to feel your cock inside me, Victor."

Diana waited. He had stopped kissing her. She no longer felt his tongue. In her mind's eye she pictured him unzipping his fly, unfastening his belt, lowering his pants and letting a huge erection come out. He would thrust it into her from behind at any instant.

Seconds lengthened until she could no longer stand it.

"Victor. Victor?" Diana feared that she was going to do something wrong but she had to see. She lifted the blindfold and peeked out. Nothing. She looked over her shoulder and she pulled off the blindfold.

She was alone in her apartment.

Dizziness hit her, forcing her to sit in her chair. She swung back and forth, hunting for any proof that Victor had ever been here. She couldn't find it, other than the blindfold she held in her hand.

And the incredible feelings that he had built within her from the tonguing and spanking.

“Oh, Victor,” she said sadly. “What more can I do? What more do I have to do so you won’t run off?”

CHAPTER TEN

“What did I do wrong?” Diana sat in her chair wondering what had driven off Victor just when things were getting really interesting. She placed her hand over her sex mound and pressed the heel of her hand down. The firm pressure brought back memories of what it had been like feeling his mouth jammed there. His lips kissing her tender flesh. His tongue invading her.

How she had wanted more!

Diana heaved a sigh and looked at the computer screen. Victor’s name still appeared in his Victor’s Lair, but she knew he wasn’t at his keyboard. Or did he have a laptop and travel around so he could fool her? She had thought he would be a long time arriving when he had told her to unlock her door, but he had come right in. That set her mind to racing. Did any of the guys who worked for her company live in this apartment? She had never noticed any of them, but she couldn’t truthfully say she had paid a whole lot of attention.

Until now. Diana began mentally going through everyone who lived in the building, up and down the hall, on other floors. She didn't recognize any of them as being a fellow employee. For all that, she didn't think any of the guys were all that hot. One or two had possibilities, but they never even glanced in her direction. Diana could not say for certain, but she thought the ones who were not married were gay.

"Nobody in the apartment building," she finally declared. "Where was Victor waiting? Outside in the street?" She hopped out of the chair and went to the window looking out into the street. Remembering that she was still nude, she pulled back the drape a few inches and peered out. A solitary car moved down the street slowly, as if its driver hunted for an address. But she didn't see anyone who might be Victor.

"I wouldn't even recognize him," she said. She inhaled deeply, remembering his scent. Diana could even pretend that his hands were still moving sensuously over her exposed breasts, down her belly, probing into her until she was gasping for air.

Stepping back, she let the drape fall back into place. She turned, then bent and picked up the vibrator that had rolled off the desk. As she bent, the skin stretched on her ass and reignited the spots where he had spanked her. She reached back and laid her hand over the still smarting outline.

His hand was so much larger than hers. Diana wished it was again swatting her, telling her she had been bad, then having Victor chase away the sting with his wet kisses.

Diana held up the plastic wand that had given her so much solace after she had split with Mason. A quick twist of the base set it to quivering, and then it slowed and finally died.

"Just like the way I feel," Diana said in despair. She pulled off the base, took out the battery and tossed it into the trash. She didn't have another. Considering using a dildo made her even more frustrated. With almost savage punches, she hit the proper memory speed dial on her cell phone, and Jana picked up on the second ring.

"You wanted to get a drink. Meet me," Diana said. "Twenty minutes." She didn't give her friend the chance to argue. They had a regular bar they went to after work. It was tacitly understood this was where they would meet. Diana threw on her clothes, a loose sweat shirt with her university logo on it and a short denim skirt. She slipped on kinky boots, grabbed a few dollars and shoved them into the pocket on the skirt and left. Getting out of the apartment was something she needed to do. Staying only reminded her of how Victor had crept in, then left abruptly.

As fast she was, Jana beat her to the bar. Diana walked in and saw her friend sitting at the end of the long mahogany bar already sipping at an

apple martini.

"You got here fast. Or were you already here?" Diana asked.

"The usual?" called the bartender.

"Not tonight," Diana said. "A Cosmopolitan." She usually drank white Russians but didn't feel like it.

"A new broom sweeps clean?" Jana asked. Her bright blue eyes peered at Diana over the rim of the martini glass. "The only reason you'd call up like you did was wanting to dump Victor and move on."

"I don't know what I want to do," Diana said honestly. "Do you? Have you made up your mind about Will yet?"

"I've been working on it, but nothing seems right. Stay with him and know I'm sharing him with his wife."

"At least his wife," Diana cut in. "There might be women other than her and you."

"Could be. He's a real player, but I think he's being as faithful as he can be with me."

"One mistress at a time, huh?" Diana sipped at her Cosmopolitan. It was just the change she needed. She wasn't certain what other changes she needed in her life. When it came to men, Victor was as different as anything she had ever found. He excited her and frightened her and made her moan, all at the same time.

"You have that look," Jana said, putting her

empty glass on the bar. The bartender quietly took it and quickly replaced it with a fresh martini. "Well fucked," she went on, seeing Diana's eyebrow raised questioningly. "I'm guessing Victor came over and the two of you got it on. How was it?"

Diana found herself reticent about talking of her encounter, but Jana got the details from her one at a time.

"I can see why you're pissed," Jana finally said. "He's dominating you, and you're loving every second of it. That's why you always went for the bad boys. You want to be bossed around, but the others abused you."

"And Victor isn't? He spanked me!" Diana bit her lip when she realized she had spoken so loudly. The bartender looked sharply at her, as did a couple men sitting at a nearby table. From their expressions, they were all amused—or maybe turned on at the prospect she might want them to spank her.

"Oooh," Jana said, "that sounds so kinky. I never thought you were into stuff like that. Did he tie you up, too?"

"No, of course not. He only blindfolded me."

"But you went along with it and enjoyed it," she said. "I wish Will would do something besides plain vanilla fucking."

Diana heard Jana's wistfulness. She was worried about how her affair with Will was

going — where it was headed.

“Why don’t you break it off? You don’t sound happy. There are other guys out there. Look around.” Diana swept the room with her eyes and saw any number of men avidly eyeing her and Jana. All it would take was a moment’s eye contact, a little smile and they wouldn’t have to buy drinks for the rest of the night. But Diana wasn’t going that far tonight. Not after she had sampled what Victor had to offer.

The mere thought of the mysterious, dominant man made her sigh. She had tried to turn the tables on him and get more, but he had been a step ahead of her. Two or three steps, actually. It was becoming a challenge for her, but she had to admit she didn’t mind how he outwitted her. So far. And the things he made her do.

“He doesn’t make me *do* anything,” she said so low she hardly knew she was saying it.

“What’s that?”

“Nothing,” Diana hastily said. She should be trying to help Jana with her problems. “I was thinking out loud. You might lay it on the line with Will. Get things out in the open and see what he says. Or are you afraid he’ll walk away?”

“No, yes, I don’t know what I’m afraid of,” Jana said, draining the last drop of her martini. She pushed the empty glass out, and the bartender obediently refilled it.

“You’re getting drunk,” Diana said. “This is

something of a meat market this time of night. It's not like just after work when we're usually here."

"So what? Maybe I'm looking to get laid. You are."

"What?" Diana blinked. The comment took her entirely by surprise.

"Don't play Little Miss Coy with me," Jana said. "I saw when you sat down. You're not wearing panties under that cute little skirt."

Jana's voice carried just enough to get more attention—unwanted attention. Even the bartender perked up and edged a little closer.

"Be quiet," Diana said. "This isn't the time or place for that. I...I just dressed in a hurry."

"After being with Victor. He must be really something to put a cool, calm girl like you in such a tailspin."

"I want to know more about him. What I've seen has been intriguing," Diana said.

"Intriguing? Is that another way of saying you're getting laid? How is he? Something I might like?"

"Now you've done it," Diana said, put out with her friend. "We're getting some unwanted company."

"Who says they're not wanted?" Jana spun around, letting her long legs dangle. She tossed her head just enough to disturb her blonde hair as she watched two men from a nearby table circling like sharks and then coming in for the kill.

"I don't want any part of this," Diana said.

"Why not? A little anonymous fucking isn't going to hurt you. Might do you good. It will do me a world of good. Or do you only do what Victor tells you?"

That stung. Diana realized it came close to matching what she felt deep down. She enjoyed the sex games they played, but Victor was certainly the one calling all the shots. The restaurant and the panties, then the way he came into her apartment and teased her, tormented her! And then left without finishing what he had started.

The memory of what he had told her to do and how she had so willingly done it made her tremble. It was hard to admit, especially to herself, but she wanted him to do more. She wanted to find out how far he would go—and how far she would go doing what he told her. So far, the rewards for all the risk-taking had been mighty good.

And Victor had promised it would get even better.

"Hi, beautiful," the nearest stud said, his friend already pressed close to Jana and whispering in her ear.

"Excuse me. A call," Diana said. Almost as if on cue, her cell phone rang. She didn't bother looking at the caller ID. Whoever was calling had rescued her for a few seconds, at least.

"Go into the women's room," came Victor's resonant voice in her ear.

"Victor?"

"Do it. Turn on the video, too. I will tell you what to do, and I want to see it all."

Diana looked up and shrugged her shoulders. She smiled weakly and shook her head.

"Sorry, got to go," she told the guy trying to make time with her. Before he could answer, she slipped off the bar stool and headed for the women's restroom, cell phone pressed against her ear so she wouldn't miss a second of Victor's orders.

"Is the room empty?"

"Yes, as far as I can tell," Diana said, looking around. There were three stalls, but she didn't see or hear anyone else using the facility.

"There is a plastic bag in the first stall. Have you found it?"

She pushed open the door and saw a common plastic bag like she might get at the grocery dangling from a hook on the back of the stall door.

"I have it, but it's empty."

"Fill it," Victor said.

"With what?" Diana looked around and saw nothing.

"Your clothing. All of your clothing. And place the cell phone so the camera will record every instant of you undressing."

"What? You're crazy!"

"Do it." His tone brooked no argument, but she wasn't going to do this for no reason.

"What are you after?"

"What are *you* after?" he countered. "Do this and you will earn more of what you want most."

"This isn't right," Diana said, but the notion of being naked in the women's room was titillating in a strange way. "Are you going to join me when I get naked?"

"Move the camera to the right. There. Undress."

Diana hesitated, then began slowly removing her clothing. She hadn't bothered to put on any panties or bra, so it was quick and easy to skin out of what little she had worn. As she let the short denim skirt drop to the floor around her ankles, she wondered who else besides Jana had noticed she hadn't worn any panties. Considering how the men in the bar were studying them like bugs under a microscope, she guessed there might have been a lot of them. Diana had never considered herself to be an exhibitionist, but the idea that men had seen her flashing her naked pubes made her even hotter. That she was doing this for Victor completed the puzzle.

Or so she thought.

"Put all your clothes into the bag and let it hang on the hook."

She did as she was told. In spite of the stagnant, stale air in the restroom, she found herself shivering—with anticipation. Whatever Victor had

in store for her now, she was ready for it.

Or so she thought.

"Go out to your car," he ordered. When she reached for the bag of clothes, he snapped, "No! Leave them. Go out as you are. Nude. Let the world see your beauty as I do."

"You are crazy!" Diana was horrified at the idea. Stripping in a bathroom stall was one thing but going out naked into a bar filled with leering, drunk men could get her raped, if not merely arrested.

"Do you trust me?"

"I, yes, well, I did. But this . . ."

"Do it. Do it quickly and all will be well. If you hesitate, you will never hear from me again."

She reached for the bag, then let her hand dropped.

"What the hell? What have I got to lose since I've already lost my mind?" Diana scooped up her cell phone, pushed open the stall door, eased around it and then went to the door leading into the bar. She opened the door an inch and peered out. It was close to thirty feet between this door and outside the bar. And every inch of the way was in full view of not only the bartender but any customer in the bar who happened to look her way.

Diana almost closed the door and went to retrieve her clothes when an uproar started on the far side of the bar. She couldn't tell what was

going on, but all heads turned in that direction—away from her. Diana darted from the women's restroom and streaked for the front door. She hoped she didn't run into anyone just entering.

She didn't.

The cold night air enveloped her like a blanket, the tiny breeze turning her nipples hard and making her labia tremble. She was getting wet, and the air sent ripples of frigid delight throughout her, starting at her pussy and working in all directions.

"Victor?" She held the phone to her ear. "What do I do now? I'm outside."

"Go around back. Do it now. The police will arrive in less than a minute."

Diana heard the sirens. It must have been a big fight inside. She dashed around the corner of the building just as one squad car skidded to a halt in front of the bar. Pressing her back against the cold wall, she shook all over. She was cold but the real tremors came from utter excitement. She had never believed she could get this turned on.

"Victor? What do I do now?"

"Begin walking down the alley. Do not cut your feet on the broken glass. It is everywhere."

"Thanks," she said sarcastically. "You don't think anything about me getting busted for indecent exposure, but you don't want me cutting myself."

"There was nothing indecent about your

exposure. You are a beautiful woman. And if you earn it, I will suck on your toes."

"Thanks," she said, trying to sound as sarcastic as before and not quite making it. Diana stepped carefully, avoiding the larger hunks of glass. She neared the busy street running on the far side of the bar. "What do I do now?"

"Go home. I will be in touch. You have proven your willingness to obey."

"Go home? How? Walk?" She talked into a dead phone. But as she got to the end of the alley, she saw her car parked at the curb, engine running and door ajar. Diana darted around and slid into the driver's seat. In the passenger side was the plastic bag with her clothing in it. She reached for it, then laughed.

"If I'm going to flash my titties and bush in a bar, why get dressed now?" She drove home carefully, obeying every law to keep from being pulled over by a policeman. Explaining would be hard, and she didn't have Victor to help her along.

But she did get into her clothes for the trip from her parking space into her apartment. Diana didn't want neighbors gossiping.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Diana sat in her office behind her desk, staring out the open door, sure that the next person walking by would stop, point at her and yell, "I saw you naked last night!"

When she tried to get to work, she found herself jumping at every little sound. Georgia poked her head in, and Diana thought she was going to have a heart attack.

"Hey, didn't mean to scare you," her secretary said. "Did you get the note from Jana?"

"What note?" Diana looked around her desk but didn't see it. She rocked back and saw a yellow slip on the floor near one leg of the desk. Scooping it up, she scanned it and had to laugh.

"That's funny? She sounded pretty upset when she called." Georgia hesitated, then added, "She sounded sick."

"Hung over," Diana corrected. "We were at a bar last night drowning our sorrows."

"Men?"

"What else?" Diana answered. "I think I'm

working through my problems, but Jana has a ton of them weighing her down. She might need another night out to get over it, but if she's got a bad headache, tonight might not be the best time for it."

"She was talking in a hoarse whisper. I thought she might have a sore throat," Georgia said. She grinned wolfishly. "But I sound like that after a really good night."

"How're things going with you and Clark?" Diana saw Clark down the hall, talking to Aaron. Two men she would be most happy to avoid altogether, though she had to admit Clark didn't look so bad compared with Aaron. If only the two of them could be cloned and mixed together like paint—give Clark a healthy dollop of Aaron's self-confidence and only a touch of his arrogance and he would be 100 percent improved. Considering how much of both Aaron had, he would never miss any of it and still be his own obnoxious self.

"What a loser," Georgia said. "I did everything but offer to do him on my desk, and he ignored me."

"He's shy."

"Shy doesn't cover half of it. He's got rocks in his head. I mean, don't you think that if you were a guy and some freaking wild redhead offered herself to you, wouldn't you take advantage?" Georgia put her hands on her flaring hips and smoothed out nonexistent wrinkles in her tight

skirt. For good measure, she gave a little flip of her head, sending a ripple through her coppery hair.

"Too bad. The two of you would have made a good-looking couple."

"He *is* a hottie. Look at him. What a tight little butt."

"What a tight ass," Diana said, laughing. Georgia nodded and returned to her desk. Diana watched as Clark and Aaron finished whatever discussion they had. Clark glanced in her direction, and their eyes locked for an instant. She hastily averted her gaze. She didn't want to encourage him to come down and ask her out yet again. Coming up with excuses to avoid a second date with him was wearing her out. If he didn't pick up on Georgia's undoubtedly unsubtle hints about what she wanted to do with him—to him!—then he was a doubly lost cause.

Diana grabbed for her phone as much as an excuse to keep Clark at bay as to talk with Jana. She punched in the extension and let it ring a few times. Just as she was about ready to give up or even go down to see if Jana had even come into the office, her friend answered.

"Hello." The voice was hardly more than a husky whisper.

"You're certainly the poster girl for inebriation," Diana said.

"Oh, it's you. Little Miss Traitor. Where did you go when those two nerds came over?"

“Nerds? They looked mighty good to me—and mighty fine to you, the way you acted. How many drinks did they buy you?” She knew Jana had already put away at least four apple martinis. As fast she had downed them, that was enough to give her a real buzz.

“You wouldn’t know how awful it was. You left me. Where’d you go? I saw you heading for the powder room and then you vanished like a woman stuffed into David Copperfield’s disappearing cabinet.”

Diana started to tell her, just to hear her reaction, but something told her this wasn’t appropriate to discuss over a company telephone. It might not be something she ever wanted to tell her friend, as much as she wanted to share. Diana licked her lips and remembered the chills that had passed through her as she stood naked and peering out into the bar. The sensation had been indescribable. She was doing something forbidden, and it frightened her as much as it turned her on. She had done something that would get her fired in a heartbeat if anyone higher up in the company ever learned of it. From everything Jana had said, Will would find it amusing—and then he would fire her on the spot. The company had an image to maintain and having corporate executives streaking through neighborhood bars was clearly a firing offense.

“I caught a chill and decided to split,” Diana

said.

"Some friend. I had to use a crowbar to pry those two off. When one of them came up dry with stupid one-liners, the other kicked in. If I never hear another damned pick-up line again, it'll be three days too soon."

"You're sounding better," Diana said. "More alive. You must have taken a couple aspirins."

"I ate the whole damn bottle. But it did me good getting out," Jana said. "It put everything into perspective about Will. As much as I hate sharing him, it's better than fending off wolves like those two last night. You should have at least let them buy you a couple drinks."

"I had plenty," Diana said. She hadn't had enough to get drunk, but those few Cosmopolitans might have taken the edge off her inhibitions enough to make her actually do what Victor had told her to do.

Ordered her to do.

That thought made Diana shiver a little in reaction. And he had promised her more because she had done what he told her.

"Gotta go. Later," Jana said, hanging up.

Diana had to laugh. Her friend was so hung over she could hardly work, but somehow Jana had come to a conclusion about Will that suited her. Diana hoped that it would suit Will, also.

She had barely returned to her own work when the telephone rang. She jumped and stared at it

wide-eyed. She reached out to pick it up, but her hand trembled. What if it was Victor with some new demand? She had done about everything she could imagine in public. But he might tell her to click on her video cell phone and do something else. At work it could get her fired. The dilemma grew as the phone continued to ring. If she didn't answer, Victor couldn't order her to do something that would get her fired, but he might never call back.

If she did not do as he ordered her, he wouldn't call back. Diana rested her hand on the phone, unsure what to do.

The intercom buzzed. Almost relieved, she pressed the button. Georgia's voice boomed.

"It's for you, Diana. Important stuff. That guy in New York's calling about the order."

She let out a huge sigh of relief and promptly thanked Georgia, then answered. It was good to have nothing but company business to tend to right now. But in the back of her mind, she had to wonder what Victor would demand that she do if it had been him on the line.

The day passed quickly, and she made her way to the elevator, slowing only when she saw Clark at the bulletin board going over all the notices posted there. She took a deep breath and walked past. When he saw her and smiled, she returned the smile and promptly said, "Good night, Clark. See you tomorrow."

That shut him down. Luck was with her when the elevator doors opened and allowed her to slip in before he could say a word. Clark disposed of, all the way down and all the way home she thought about nothing but Victor. He had promised her more. If she knew anything about him, it was that he kept his word. While it might not be what she expected, he had never lied to her.

She ate a quick dinner, changed her clothes into the floppy sweat shirt and denim dress she had worn the night before and sat in front of her computer. She tugged at the shoulder of the sweat shirt and sniffed. A slow smile came to her lips. Even though the sweat shirt had been in Victor's possession only a short time, it still carried his scent. It was tiny but definitely his. She would never forget it from when he had licked all over her body and tongued her pussy and then —

Her brown eyes flew wide open when she saw a familiar name in the chat room. She hastily typed in her logon and screen name of Desire so that it blinked up next to Victor.

"Go to Victor's Lair," he said.

She was ahead of him tonight.

"How dare you do that to me last night!"

"I looked after you. You were never in any danger."

"You started the fight?"

"You know I did. And I retrieved your clothing you left behind and had it waiting for you in your

car."

"But you made me run through the bar stark naked!"

"I *made* you? No, Desire, I did not make you do anything you did not want to do. I made it easier for you, but you could have stopped at any time."

"Right," she said. "Stopped in the middle of the bar all bare ass!"

Victor chuckled. It was a deep, rich, beguiling sound that stirred Diana's emotions.

"When are you coming to me again?" she asked. Diana realized she had to force out the words. They sounded hardly louder than a whisper.

"You will obey my every command?"

"Yes."

"If you do not, you will be punished."

"You'd spank me again?" Diana tried not to sound too eager. No man had ever done that, not since her daddy had paddled her when she was six for knocking a picture off the wall and breaking the frame. She closed her eyes for a moment and tried to compare the two. Her father had been angry. Victor had been disciplining her for a minor infraction.

She saw the difference immediately, and it went beyond the sexiness involved in feeling a powerful man applying his hand to her bare butt.

"I will discipline you in whatever fashion is most fitting," Victor said sternly. "You will obey

me without question?"

"Yes," she said.

"Yes? Yes, what?"

"Yes, master." The words were strange to her lips but somehow fitting. She had spent her entire working career getting to the point where she got respect from her coworkers, and now she was relinquishing her position of power to call a man she did not even know "master."

It made her pulse quicken thinking of him that way. Victor was certainly a dominant personality.

"You have done what I asked of you. I will come again tonight."

Diana kept from crying out "yes!" at the top of her lungs. Her heart almost skipped a beat, and she felt more alive than she had in years.

"You will obey me. Is that understood?"

"Yes – master."

"In one hour turn out all the lights in your apartment. Wait for me."

"What should I wear?"

"What you are wearing now. Do not take off anything nor put on any more."

"Yes, master."

Diana found she was speaking to a dead microphone. Victor had logged out of the chat room. She sat and stared at it, pulse throbbing in her neck. He was coming to her again.

She jumped to her feet and began pacing the room from one side to the other, but this did

nothing to make the time go faster. Somehow, she watched the hands on the kitchen clock move as if they were dipped in glue slowly move to only minutes from the time Victor said he would come. Diana rubbed her hands together nervously. Her palms were sweaty. Looking around, she identified all the sources of light and went to work turning them all off. Some were impossible to turn off. The digital clock in the microwave oven was intensely bright with the rest of the apartment lights turned out, but she didn't think that would matter to him.

She hoped it would not.

Diana heard someone at her door and realized with a sudden sinking feeling that she had locked the deadbolt when she had come home. It was pure reflex, but she had not left the door open for Victor.

"I'm coming, wait, I'll—" She had taken only a step in the darkened apartment when her door opened. All she saw was the silhouette of a man, the bright hall light behind masking his features. He held a key in his hand.

"Do not worry," Victor said, moving to come inside the apartment. "I will use it only when you agree."

"Last night," she said, piecing it all together. "You made a copy of my keys when you got my clothes."

"Stop talking or I will have to gag you."

"Gag me?" Diana's hand flew to her lips. She wouldn't like that. Or would she? She was too confused at the whirl of events to think it through.

"You did not address me properly."

"Master, I apologize."

He moved closer. She caught the heavy scent from him now. The faint light from the microwave illuminated his bare, oiled torso. Diana reached out with trembling fingers and stroked over the slabs of muscles on his chest. The oil caused her fingers to slide smoothly. This was the source of the distinctive odor she had smelled before. His entire upper body was slickened.

She lifted her eyes from the shadowy cuts and rips of his body to his face. Even with the faint green light, she thought she would be able to see him for the first time. She was wrong. He wore a mask like a wrestler.

"I told you before that you cannot look on my face. You must be punished for disobeying me."

"But—"

Victor reached out and grabbed her with his strong hands and swung her around so she faced away from him. She lost her balance and reached out, her hands on the back of a chair. Before she could say a word, he reached down, grabbed her ankles and spread her legs wide.

"Stay like that," he said.

"Y-yes, master."

Diana closed her eyes as he reached around her.

His strong hands slipped up under her sweat shirt and rested on her heaving belly. His fingers pressed into her flesh, then began moving, stroking, caressing.

“Oh,” she moaned out. “That feels so good.”

“Does this?”

His fingers tightened on her flesh. She gasped at the contrast between the feathery touches and the steely, harsh grip. But it changed again as his fingers began sliding downward. She felt him touching the top of her neatly trimmed pubic hair. Then his hands slid even lower. Before she could beg him to thrust a finger into her needy interior, he moved again with startling speed.

Her denim skirt dropped around her legs. With her wide stance the skirt only got down to her knees. She started to slide her feet together to get rid of the wanted skirt, but his hands pressed into her thighs, keeping them widely spread.

“No,” he whispered in her ear. His tongue flicked out and touched her earlobe as a snake’s tongue might. A new shiver of anticipation passed through her. Diana’s breathing was harsh and strained now.

“What do you want me to do, slave?”

“F-fuck me, master,” she sobbed out. His fingers had not stopped they worked around the elastic band of her panties and pulled them down, too. They slid slowly over the flare of her buttocks and cut into her thighs.

"You don't deserve that," he said. "Not yet." His tongue darted into her shell-like ear and then retreated.

"What do I deserve, master?"

"Only what I think you are prepared to receive," Victor said. She felt his oiled body sliding over her naked ass when he slipped down to his knees behind her. His hand reached between her legs from behind and worked up her legs, stroking over the quivering flesh of her inner thighs and slowly approaching more intimate regions.

Diana called out when his middle finger invaded her. He swirled around within her like a spoon in a mixing bowl, touching her velvet walls and probing deeper. It wasn't as good as she could have hoped, but it was better than feeling nothing but hollow aching.

Then he brushed across her G-spot and lightning flashed throughout her body. Her knees sagged. He supported her easily as she sank down onto his broad shoulder. He continued to tap and stroke across that buried trigger to her release until she recovered.

"Stand straighter," he said.

"Why are you doing this?" Diana wanted more from him but she wanted it *now*.

"I must prepare you."

"I'm ready! Can't you tell? I'm leaking down my legs now. Every time you touch me, I almost

come. I'm ready!"

"No, you're not," he said. "Already you have forgotten the proper way to address me."

"Master, please, oh, oh!"

His delightful hand abandoned its berth on her pubes and moved around. But when she had called him "master" he began kissing her naked ass cheeks. If she did as he wanted, she was rewarded. Wonderfully. Sensuously. Sexually.

He rubbed his oiled body against her as he stood slowly. He pushed up her sweat shirt until he could kiss her bare back.

"You're wearing a bra," he said.

"Yes, master. Do you want me to take it off?"

"You are learning," Victor said approvingly. "Ask permission."

Diana reached back to unhook the snaps and was startled when he swatted her hand away.

"What's wrong, master?"

"I didn't tell you to remove it. Leave it. I will take off your clothing if it pleases me to do so." He gripped the bottom of the sweat shirt and began slipping it upward. Diana went along, putting her arms high over her head so he could slip it off entirely. The way her panties and skirt hobbled her made her balance precarious, but when she swayed, Victor's strong arm circled her waist, holding her close, giving her a sense of security that he would never let her fall.

He pushed up the sweat shirt until it got over

her head, then he stopped. She started to put her arms down and let the sweat shirt fall away. He gave her a stinging swat on the rump.

"I didn't tell you to do that, slave."

"No, master, sorry."

His hands roved up and down her body, seeking spots that stimulated her in ways she had never thought possible. He found tiny spots on her outer hips that made her feel as if an electric wire had touched her. He hardly slowed as he passed over them to encircle her with his arms and reach around. His palms crushed down into her bra-enclosed breasts.

"That feels so good," she sighed. "You truly are a master – at pleasing me."

"When was your first time?"

Diana was too lost in the delectable feelings mounting within her to understand. He repeated the question, this time with another swat to her behind. She felt the warmth of the spanking. Every finger had left its mark, but she could not complain. He immediately rubbed over it with his oil-slick hand and followed that soothing with hot, wet kisses.

"Answer me," he said from his spot behind her. Diana's arms were beginning to go numb from lack of circulation, but it never occurred to her to lower them. That would be disobeying her master.

"I don't understand. I've never done anything like this before. Master," she hastily added. She

was not sure if she wanted him to spank her more or not. The follow-up was incredible, his fondling and kissing, but she wanted to move past this and get down to having something moving inside her thicker than his finger.

She had not gotten a good look at him in the dim light—and that had been his intention. Diana knew he wanted to remain distant, mysterious and utterly dominating. He had succeeded. All she had seen was the *luchador* mask and his incredibly muscled body. She had not even thought to look lower, to see what else he had on beside the mask.

Was he as aroused as she was by what they did? Was he sporting a hard-on to match his thick chest and strong arms? Diana wanted to make him so uncomfortable that he was the one begging for her attention.

“Answer me,” he ordered. “Your first sexual encounter. Tell me about it. In complete detail.”

He began kissing across her back, on either side of the bra strap. At the same time he kept his hands pressing down seductively into her breasts. Her nipples poked out hard and proud against the lacy bra fabric. The combination of being trapped by her bra, the pressure of his hands moving and massaging and his mouth moving back and forth across her back made her even damper between the legs.

“Why do you want to know, master?”

“Don’t ask questions.” The words were neutral,

but the smarting swat was not. He kept spanking her until she lost her balance and started to fall forward. As before, he caught her and held her around the waist. Then he reached around her and slowly slid her sweat shirt off her arms.

"Support yourself against the back of the chair again," he said. Diana did so, then he said again, "Detail what happened when you lost your virginity."

"I...I've never told anyone," she said. "It was awful."

No answer. And Victor did not touch her. She started to look over her shoulder but stopped. To do so would be to lose him. Deep down she knew he would turn and leave and she would get nothing more from him.

"I'm sorry, master. It was when I was in college."

"College?"

"I thought I was saving myself."

"Did you lie to your girlfriends about your sexual experience? Did you brag about the men you took to bed – and hadn't?"

"Yes, master. That's true."

"You lied."

"I had to."

"You lied."

"Yes, master." Diana was on the brink of tears. What was she doing wrong that made him do this to her?

"Never lie to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master. I won't. D-do you want me to tell you about my first time?"

"No," he said, surprising her again. "Your willingness to tell me without lying is all I demand."

Relief flooded her.

"I won't disappoint you, master."

"I believe you and will reward you now."

Her hopes flared. Then Diana groaned softly as he reached around her again but he took her wrist and pulled it behind her back. Then he captured the other. With a deft twist, he spun her sweat shirt around and around so that her wrists were loosely bound together.

"What are you doing?"

"Silence," he said. He edged her forward, but her legs were still imprisoned by her denim skirt and panties. Strong hands bent Diana forward until she rested her shoulder on the edge of the chair. She tried to refrain from sobbing in relief when she felt his muscular body moving behind her, coming into place. His thighs rubbed against her as she bent over.

A tiny gasp escaped her lips when she felt him grasp her hips and pull her back into the circle of his body. And there was more now, something new and exciting. She felt the long, hot pillar of manflesh stroking between her cheeks and going forward, to rest between her pinkly scalloped

labia.

"There, yes, I want it. Please, master. Reward me!"

He began moving his hips slowly, deliberately. Every stroke moved his cock along the liquid valley. The oils from his body merged with her inner lubricants and made the pistoning ever more exciting. But how she wanted him to enter her. She had to feel him inside her, burning her up with friction.

He moved faster. A liquid squishing sounded as he tapped into her inner core, but he never entered. He teased and tormented, drawing himself along her sex lips until her legs began to give way.

She struggled, unable to do more than twist from side to side because of her panties imprisoning her legs. But with her hands loosely bound behind her, she was entirely at his mercy.

Through her arousal fear arose. Was she doing enough to please him? Could she do more?

"I want to—" she started. And then Diana realized his heavy erection no longer pressed intimately against the tender flaps guarding her cunt. Victor had moved away.

"Victor? Victor!"

Diana heard nothing, and she certainly had no sense anyone else was with her in the apartment any longer. In her bound position, she managed to get her legs together and let her dress and panties

drop. She kicked free and clumsily turned. It took a few more seconds to get her hands free. She had not been secured, other than through her own efforts.

Clad only in her bra, Diana hunted through her apartment, thinking Victor was tormenting her with some sort of hide and seek. But it slowly came to her that she was, indeed, alone. He had given her just enough of what she wanted so desperately and then had left her wanting more.

She went to the door and tested it. Locked. He had left but had locked the door as he went. The message was clear to her. He was in command, and he would protect her. Diana went to the chair she had been bent over and sat, her naked legs draped over the arm. She didn't know whether to cry in frustration to feel good about what had happened that night. After all, she had pleased Victor. He would be back.

She knew it.

The next time she would please him even more and earn an even finer reward.

CHAPTER TWELVE

“You’re looking mighty fine today,” Georgia said, sorting piles of papers on Diana’s desk as she came in.

“You make it sound as if I haven’t been. Naughty, naughty telling the boss she looks like hell.”

“Oh, you look *worlds* happier than you have,” Georgia said. Diana looked hard at her secretary and wondered where the real change might be. She had to ask.

“Did Clark finally come around?”

Georgia’s green eyes widened and she grinned from ear to ear. She shook her head so emphatically that her shell necklace rattled.

“Not even. He was a real washout,” she said. “Except for one thing.”

“You finally convinced him to you wanted to go down on him?”

“Lord, no. He’s a hottie. You know that as well as I do, but he’s such a cold fish. Always standing around and watching, never doing anything.

Except this one time, and then he did me a great big favor." Georgia bent closer and lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "He introduced me to Aaron. I mean *introduced*."

This took Diana by surprise. She had tried to set up Georgia with Clark to get the man off her case. Her frown prompted Georgia to explain.

"I was hitting on Clark, and he wasn't having any of it, you know. But Clark went over when Aaron came to post something on the bulletin board. They must be good friends because they talked for ten minutes or more, then Clark came over and said Aaron was hot for me."

"Aaron's hot for anything that doesn't crawl away fast enough," Diana said, fascinated. She saw where this was going, and it all fit so neatly into what she had figured out about Clark. He really was into watching rather than doing. That took no effort other than to stay in the background, but when Georgia came on to him, he diverted her with Aaron.

"You might be right about that," Georgia said, "but Aaron's also just plain old sizzlin' hot."

"The two of you have already hooked up? That's moving fast. Was it Aaron moving fast or you?"

Georgia laughed. "Hard to say which of us wanted it more. It's been a while since I found anyone worth getting between the sheets. Clark looked like he would do when you said you

weren't interested in him anymore, but Aaron does do. Aaron does it all, in fact."

"I'm glad you're happy. Do you think this is the real thing?"

"I don't know, Diana. He's a salesman and all that macho bullshit of his takes a while to get through, but underneath he is a pretty nice guy. For all the bragging he does, he admitted he hasn't gone to bed with a woman in more than six months."

"No wonder he's got such big hands," Diana said, joining in Georgia's laughter.

"That's not all that's big, believe me. I'm not ready to tender my resignation and become Mrs. Aaron Lavelle, housewife and loving mother to a brood of munchkins, but who knows? We hit it off really well, both in bed and out."

Diana wondered how long they might last as a couple, then decided it didn't matter. If Georgia was happy right now, that was all that mattered. She found Aaron sexually interesting—and so had Diana. When she had seen him talking with Clark, though, he had suffered in comparison, but Aaron had the personality that Clark lacked. From sales records he was always breaking for the company, Aaron was a go-getter. That had to carry over into his lovemaking.

"You're the lucky one finding him," Diana told her secretary.

"Even as happy as I am and so totally oblivious

to the rest of the world around me, I see you're looking happy, too. Did you get lucky last night? Lately, both you and Jana have looked like someone ran over your dogs."

Diana had to think about that for a while. She had certainly found a man who knew how to take command and keep her interested. But Victor had yet to actually fuck her. It was as if he had done everything else to her but that. She sighed as she remembered his scent and the feel of his tongue moving all over her body—and how totally at his mercy she had been when he fastened her hands behind her back before bending her forward. But as vulnerable as she had been, he had not taken advantage of her.

Damn it!

"Things are proceeding well," she said.

"That's mighty vague."

"That's all my secretary is going to hear since she has work to do. And so do I." Diana shooed Georgia out of the office and dropped into her chair. The mountains of paper Georgia had stacked were intimidating, but somehow Diana didn't care. She was feeling good, and it was because of Victor. They hadn't gone all the way but had come close.

She hungered for his touch again, and it had been a long time since she had felt that way about any man. Idly, Diana flipped through her on-line card files, wondering if she ought to get her hair

done. Or a manicure. Considering how Victor liked to begin licking at her feet before working up her legs to her body, a pedicure might not be so bad.

And a bikini wax. That would certainly give him the message of what she wanted. Most of all, though, the sense that he actually cared for her outweighed all that superficial preparation. She wanted to get naked for him—and she had in the most embarrassing, exciting way imaginable. She closed her eyes and relived the night at the bar and running starkers outside and almost being caught by the police. But Victor had looked after her, even as he had made her do all those things.

“Made me?” Diana shook her head. “I wanted to do them. He keeps telling me I can stop at any time, but I don’t.” Her pussy began to churn as she considered how sexy everything Victor did was. He was an expert angler reeling her in—and she willingly took the bait.

How much farther would he go? What else could she do for him? Diana continued flipping through her electronic cards, considering sexy lingerie or an evening dress with a plunging neckline. Would he enjoy taking that off her? Or did it matter?

Guiltily, she pressed the screen blank button when a soft knock came at the door.

“It’s open, come on in,” she said. Diana relaxed when she saw Jana leaning against the doorjamb,

hand on one cocked hip. "You're looking about the same as Georgia."

"We compared notes," Jana said. "You have to see that she's promoted. How's it going to look if I gossip with mere secretaries?"

"There's nothing 'mere' about Georgia. Come on in and close the door."

Jana didn't need to be invited twice. She hopped around the chair in front of Diana's desk and sank into it, both legs draped over the arm. She let one shoe come partly off her foot as she kicked slowly.

"We worked it all out," Jana said. "I doubted it would happen, but we sat down and talked. I mean we only talked. None of this fight and make up in bed stuff. And after we had talked, we didn't even hop into the sack."

"So why are you so happy? That you *didn't* get laid?"

"You don't understand. Will had been feeling trapped and that was making him so edgy. I convinced him all I wanted was sex, no commitment, no claim on his spare time, nothing like that."

"So he can have wife and family and only see you when it suits him? Sounds like a great deal—for him."

"Oh, Diana, you don't get it. I'm not the marrying kind. That would make me the edgy, trapped one. Using him for sex is a good thing."

"Depends on who is using whom," Diana said, but she began to wonder about how she and Victor were getting on. She wanted to please him more and more every time he came to her, but it was always on his terms. She lured him the best she could and did what he asked to get even more concessions from him. They were so close to actually doing it, she wasn't going to do anything to screw it up now.

Most of all, being with Victor was an adventure. She never knew what he would demand of her — and it did not matter. However outrageous it might be, she knew he wouldn't leave her high and dry. He was there with her, for her, making her the center of his universe.

Even if that universe was running bare ass from a bar. Or having her hands tied behind her back as he bent her over a chair and spanked her. Diana rubbed her thighs where the tops of her panties had cut into her flesh. She had been as immobile as if he had tied her up with rope and had loved the sensation of him being completely in charge.

"You got a mighty dreamy expression. What's up with you and the pervo from the chat room?"

"Victor's not a pervert," Diana said with too much heat. She felt herself starting to blush. Nothing she could do would hide that from Jana.

"Oh, he must be having a load of fun with you."

"I'm getting off on it, too. It's all like extended

foreplay.”

“How extended?”

Diana told her friend bits and pieces of what she had done—but not about stripping before running from the bar. She would never live that down in a million years for not having told Jana right away. Besides, that was a special secret between her and Victor. Even sharing with a best friend wasn’t right.

“So you get off on being tied up and fucked? Who would have thought it? You’re such a staid looker. You could cut loose if you got the chance, but I never thought cutting loose was the opposite of what got you hot.”

“Laugh, if you want. It’s not something I ever considered. It turns out...I like it.”

“And some guy you don’t even know has a key to your apartment and ties you up and does all kinds of things to you. And you call it foreplay. Amazing.”

Diana held her temper in check. Jana’s tone was light, and she was trying to be funny, but Diana didn’t feel that this was a joking matter. She and Victor might have a different relationship, but it was a more honest one than Jana had with Will. All Jana wanted was to get laid. Diana was getting more. Victor was feeding her needs, physical and emotional, and she wanted more. So what if pleasing him was the way to get what she desired most?

"I would like to know who he is. He's got to work here at the company. That's the only explanation for him knowing as much about me as he does."

"So what does he really know? Or are you saying he was cyber stalking you when you hooked up with him in the chat room?"

"No, no, he was already there. Georgia gave me the information about logging on. And I only lurked a while—just read what the others said they'd do to each other if they were really in the same room."

"So you're pursuing him?"

"It's mutual. We hit it off. That's no different from meeting a guy in a bar and then dating. Or meeting in any other situation," Diana said.

"But he must be a perv. All this is so kinky." Jana swung her legs over and planted her feet squarely on the floor as she leaned forward. She put her elbows on Diana's desk and rested her chin in her cupped palms so she could stare directly at her friend. "It's kinky and you like it, right?"

"Right," Diana said, wanting the conversation to be over. But Jana wasn't going to let go of it.

"Do you think Will might like trying it? I could tie him up. How hard could that be?"

"Ask him."

"I wouldn't like being tied up," Jana rattled on, not hearing Diana's answer. "Being out of control

simply isn't me. That's why I became a lawyer, so I can be sure every little thing's under my thumb."

"How do you know it wouldn't excite you unless you tried it?

"Listen to you! Next thing you know, you'll be wearing six-inch spiked heels, be all laced up in a leather corset and wielding a whip. Madam Diana."

"You wouldn't want to let someone else call the shots, even for an hour or two?" Diana wondered what it was like when Will and Jana were in private. If Jana never let herself go, shuffled off all her inhibitions, how did she ever really enjoy sex? Diana realized then how lucky she was finding Victor. She could throw caution to the winds and let him take complete charge—and know she was still the center of his attention. Everything he had told her to do increased the sexual tension between them. In a way, Jana was right that this lengthy buildup was foreplay. Diana could not wait for the explosive delivery .

That would be the orgasm of a lifetime.

Her pulse quickened in anticipation of it, whenever it came. Whenever she came. Whenever Victor got her off. Diana self-consciously rubbed her thighs together when she realized how liquid it felt between her legs. Just thinking about Victor and his promises got her hot.

"I don't trust anyone that much. I'm surprised you do, too. All helpless and unable to stop Victor,

no matter what he does to you. I still think he can be dangerous. He could be doing all this to win your trust, then kaboom! You watch your ass, girl."

Diana nodded, but she was thinking that she would rather have Victor watching it for her.

"Got to run. Can't meet up with Will today, but he said we could do a nooner tomorrow. Something to look forward to," Jana said. She got to her feet and was out of the room in one smooth move. "Ciao, baby," Jana said airily. She slowed and blew a kiss to Georgia, then hurried on.

Diana wouldn't trade Victor for Will, even if they paid her. She set to reducing the piles of paper, only looking up a little before lunchtime to see Clark standing and staring at her. She thought this was creepy but didn't say so.

"Hi, Clark. What can I do for you?"

"I heard that Aaron and Georgia are looking for a double date tonight. I thought maybe you and me, we could join them. I think they're going to a nightclub, but if you didn't like that, we could do something else."

"Clark," she said, motioning to him. "Come in and close the door. Don't sit down," she said sharply when he started to sink into the chair Jana had used earlier in the morning. "Stop asking me out. Once or twice, that's acceptable. Keep doing it when I've made it clear to you I am not interested and that's harassment."

"But we went out."

"Once. To a rave and you didn't dance."

"I did. We—"

"Clark, I am not going to argue. We went on one date. Period. That was our first date and our last."

"Are you sure?"

Diana heaved a sigh of resignation. Getting through to him was impossible. Maybe if she drilled holes in his head and poured in dynamite it might have an effect. She sucked in her breath, then paused.

"That new aftershave?"

"No, same one."

"I guess so. It's...nice," she finished lamely. The scent had confused her for a moment, and she wanted this over and done with it.

"Thanks."

"As I was saying, you are not to ask me out again. You will only speak to me on business matters here at work. We can be polite, we can even be friends, but it is strictly a business friendship. Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes," he said meekly.

"I'm glad. Now please leave. I've got a lot of work to do before I knock off for the evening."

Clark silently left. Diana pretended to be hard at work on her paperwork, but her mind had already turned to what she would be doing that night. Victor. Either in the chat room or using his

key to come into her apartment. She had seen him, all muscular and oiled and stripped to the waist. And she had felt his cock. Tonight would be the night she got him entirely naked and in bed with her.

And she didn't even care if he wore that damned mask. This was going to be *her* night and *her* reward.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The phone rang, jangling Diana's nerves. She stared at it, wondering if she should answer. She clutched her cell phone in her hand, then looked over at the phone on her desk and knew she shouldn't bother. Let the answering machine pick up. It was probably some salesman ignoring the do-not-call listing she had on the telephone.

The answering machine clicked on and ran through its mechanical-voiced message.

"Come on, Diana," Jana said. "Answer. I need to talk to you. It's important. It's about something Will found out. I think it has some bearing on your situation. You know, with Victor. Come on, girl, answer your damned phone!"

Diana reached for the phone, then settled back. Victor called on her cell phone because it had the video capabilities, and she wanted to stay alert for him. Talking with Jana might help pass the time as she waited for Victor to come—and she knew he would tonight. She deserved it. She had earned it by doing whatever he said.

"He might be a real pervert, Diana. Come on, answer. If you're out, here's hoping you've picked up some cool guy and are making whoopie with him and not Victor. Call me when you get back. It's important."

"Yeah, important," Diana muttered. She should have found out what Jana had learned from her boyfriend, but somehow that would spoil everything. In any company there was always a strong undercurrent of gossip. If Jana had mentioned what Diana had been doing with Victor, it was bound to tap into some flowing current of gossip. And like most gossip, it probably had only a slender hair of truth hidden away in it.

Diana slumped in her chair, staring at the cell phone in her hand. She might try calling Victor. When the cell phone rang, she jumped a foot and started to press the talk button. She stopped when she saw on its caller ID that Jana had moved over from the apartment phone to the cell. Diana pointedly ignored the ringing until voicemail offered to record a message. Diana just hoped that Jana didn't get spooked when she couldn't get through, even on the cell phone, and came over. That would spoil everything.

The ringing stopped and Diana saw that Jana had left a message for her on the cell phone, too.

She dropped the small phone onto the desk next to her other phone. Too damned many ways

of being interrupted. Diana kept glancing at the computer screen for any hint that Victor had entered the chat room. Her screen name of Desire remained all alone tonight. Although there were a dozen people who frequented the chat room, none had shown up tonight.

"Left all by myself, even on-line," she grumbled. Diana kept looking at the blinking red light on her answering machine and felt the strong pull of calling Jana back and finding out what Will thought he knew.

Did she even want to know who Victor was? He had to work at the company, or did he? He might only be a supplier whose business brought him to the offices a lot. That would go a long way toward explaining why she had not been able to figure out Victor's identity.

"He drops in now and then but doesn't work there," she said, nodding. That made a good deal of sense. Even as she worked through the intricate maze of "what-ifs" she picked up her sweat shirt and held it to her cheek.

Victor had touched it. She still detected his faint scent lingering on the fabric. Diana rubbed it against her cheek and remembered how he had used the sweat shirt to tie her hands behind her. No one had ever done that before. She had been hot before, but his lightest touch after he had secured her had almost been enough to get her off.

She closed her eyes and pressed the sweat shirt

to her face, inhaling deeply. The oil from his body had to give the material its distinctive aroma. How the slickness of his flesh sliding over hers had inflamed her passions. Victor knew exactly what to do and say to make her come totally alive.

Diana frowned when her cell phone rang again. She flipped it open, then her eyes widened and all trace of irritation vanished.

"Victor!"

"Turn off the lights. I will be there soon."

"How do you want me to dress? Is there anything special I can do for you? Lingerie? Sheer stockings and a garter belt? Totally naked? What do you want?"

"The lights are to be out. Nothing more." The phone went dead.

Diana realized he had not told her when he would arrive. The last time he must have been just outside her door. She wondered if he might have an apartment in the same complex. No one else from her company lived here, but maybe some supplier did. That made sense to her. A supplier who noticed her, maybe moved into this apartment building, then met up in the chat room. Diana shook her head. Too many details didn't fit. Georgia had told her about the chat room. Unless Georgia and Victor were somehow conspiring, her meeting with Victor had been entirely accidental.

But he knew so much about her. How could she explain that?

She got up and began turning off the lights in the apartment until only the ghostly green glow from the microwave clock lit the rooms. Diana headed for the door to position herself where she would get a better look at Victor when he came in. Seeing him stripped to the waist and oiled down the way he had been had robbed her of her usually good powers of observation. Tonight, she would be ready to take in every dimple and mole, every rip and cut, all of his muscular body.

Diana positioned herself near the door just as it opened. She sucked in her breath and held it as the door swung back slowly. She had a mental checklist of everything to look at, every detail to memorize about Victor and his hard body.

She forgot everything when he stepped into her darkened apartment. Before, he had worn a wrestler's mask and been bare to the waist. She didn't even know if he wore the mask tonight. He certainly wore a tightfitting polo shirt. That was as much of a description as she would be able to testify to in court because he was not wearing any pants.

He did have a huge hard-on that caught and held her attention as if her eyes were iron and his cock was a magnet.

Victor came forward swiftly, his strong arms circling her. He was a little taller. She knew that because she tipped her head back slightly, and he bent down and kissed her on the lips. She clung to

him fiercely. This was their first kiss. Everything else had been sexy and sexual, but they had never really kissed.

And he was good at it.

Her lips parted slightly and her tongue ventured out, almost shyly. His bolder one engaged hers in an erotic duel that took them from mouth to mouth in an incredible tumbling dance that stole away her breath. His hands worked up and down her back before ending up cupping her buttocks. With a powerful pull, he crushed her body against his.

Diana tried to sort it all out and failed. Her emotional circuit breakers were overloaded. Victor was the kind of man who knew what he wanted and went for. And he wanted her!

"I've waited so long," she whispered when he broke off the kiss to nibble at her ear.

"I only called minutes ago."

"No, no, I've waited my entire life for a man like you. Let's go into the bedroom."

"What did you say?"

"We can—"

"You did not address me properly," he said sternly. "Have you learned nothing?"

"But I, we, I mean—" Diana was too flustered to think straight.

He spun her around and put his hands on her waist to hold her still.

"You did not address me as 'master.' What

should be your punishment?"

"Whatever you want, master," she said. Diana was still confused but got out the words. They seemed to please Victor. His hands relaxed a little on her waist and then snaked around. She had worn a short blue cotton skirt and a white blouse. She had not bothered with any underwear to speed up her encounter. She had not thought Victor would want to linger, to draw out their meeting as he had done before.

"That's the proper answer. You will do whatever I want, won't you?"

"I'm your slave," she said. Quickly, she added "master" when his hands tightened on her again. She wasn't sure which she liked better. Victor holding her tight or Victor letting his hands slip around freely so he could caress her.

"Oh, yes," she sighed when she felt those forceful hands slipping to the front of her blouse. Diana tensed a little as his hands pressed into her breasts. The cloth held her nipples firmly as he crushed down with deliberate strength. "Yes, master, that feels so good. I—"

She let out a cry of surprised when his hands moved a few inches, gripped each side of her blouse and then yanked. Buttons went shooting out as they ripped away. She was left exposed from neck to navel, all the buttons torn free.

"That is better," he said. She closed her eyes and leaned back against him. His hands found all

the right places on her chest. He slid one thick finger up and down in the deep canyon between her tits. Every touch was electric. He switched from fingertip to fingernail and changed the sensations arrowing down into her chest. She let him support her more and more as weakness caused her knees to give way. While one of Victor's hands fondled her, the other worked down across her heaving belly. His hands slid under the waistband of her skirt.

"More, master, do more," she urged, loving every instant of this. She had gotten hot thinking about what he would do when he arrived. Now that he was here, fantasies were hardly matching the soaring reality. Diana gasped when one hand clamped down and mashed her breasts flat and the other crept lower through her neatly trimmed pubic hair and found her already erect clit. The dual stimulation caused her to tremble all over.

And then he was raging at her.

"Slut! You aren't wearing panties! You didn't wear a bra. What is it you expected from me?"

"I wanted you to fuck me," she stammered out.

"You didn't address me properly!"

"Please, Victor, don't—"

He pulled her blouse back down over her arms, pinning them behind her. Before she could protest, he pulled out a long black strip and whipped it around her. She sighed as he drew the black silk around her, covered her chest with it and began

sawing it back and forth. The sleek cloth stimulated her breasts, her nipples, every part it touched. She sighed with pleasure again, fear gone. Then he moved it up and fastened it around her eyes, blindfolding her.

"Please, master, I want to see you. Don't do this."

"Sensations are more acute if you don't know what to expect next. But you are learning. You addressed me as I wished."

"Thank you, master," she said.

"Do you want to know more of me?"

"Yes! Yes, master!"

He spun her around so they were facing one another. She reached out and pressed her hands into his shirt. She felt the muscles beneath, the strength, the dominance. Not knowing what he wanted her to do and acting on her own, she let her fingers work their way down until she came to the bottom of the knit shirt, about waist level. The smooth skin she found was made all the slicker by oil. She felt a tiny thrill when she ran her fingers back and forth, feeling his six-pack abs begin to ripple under her touch.

Emboldened, she worked lower. She gasped at the size of his erection. When he had come into her apartment it had been all she could see. Her fingers circled it as it began to buck with need.

"Suck it. On your knees and suck it," he ordered.

"Yes, master," Diana said eagerly. He must have read her mind. This was exactly what she wanted to do!

Her grip on the fleshy pillar tightened as she sank down. She wished she could see it rather than feel it, but quickly enough it didn't matter. Her lips parted just enough to take the heavy plum-sized tip between them. She felt his knowing hands lace through her brunette hair and push her down gently. Diana opened her lips and allowed him to guide her face forward.

His hardness slid easily into her mouth. The taste made her breath come faster. As he probed farther, she began using her tongue on the sensitive underside until he shifted weight from foot to foot.

"Enough," he said, pulling her back until only the end two inches remained within her mouth.

Diana muttered her protest.

"When was the first time you gave a man head? Do you remember?"

She could only nod since the thick cock remained within her lips. And she did remember. Her first actual intercourse had been miserable but she had given her boyfriend a blowjob at her senior prom. That had excited her immensely since they had done it just outside the door to the school gym. If anyone had come by they would have seen. Something about that exhibitionism had sparked Diana's desires and lent an almost

frantic effort to sucking.

His name had been Tom. She remembered him as if she had just said hello to him that morning instead of never seeing him again after they had graduated from high school twelve years ago. She was thirty now and still got excited giving a man head.

"You are remembering, slave? Good. Show me what you did then."

Diana remembered how Tom had moaned and hopped about and then leaned back against the gym wall while she took care of his tasty length. Victor had begun showing that restlessness she caused. How fast could she get him off? Or should she try to make it last? The taste, the smell, his strength, the sheer size all conspired to make her want to leave his erection within her mouth all night long.

Her tongue whirled around, touching the delicate underside of that fleshy pole. Then she began bobbing her head, taking him into her mouth a fraction of an inch more each time she went down on him. Diana worried a little if she was doing this in the best way to please Victor, but he said nothing. He didn't even grunt, but the renewed jerking of his cock convinced her she was using her mouth to perfection.

Or so she thought until he pushed her away.

"Stop."

"What's wrong? What didn't I do right? Please,

let me keep going, master." She swallowed hard, wishing she was tasting more than fear in her mouth. Adding "master" had been almost an act of desperation. She had been too engrossed to remember.

She felt another length of silk cloth around the back of her neck. Victor began moving it from side to side slowly. Tingles passed from her neck all the way down her spine and then began building a hollow aching even lower. She was glad she had not worn panties now, no matter how upset Victor had been. Wetness leaked from her onto her inner thighs from her naked pussy.

"Stand. Now!"

"Yes, master." Diana shot to her feet, only to be swung around. If he hadn't supported her, she would have lost her balance. It was hard moving fast when she was still blindfolded. Victor captured one wrist and brought it around. Using the new piece of cloth, he tied a quick knot around her wrist. She felt the long ends dangling down. Before she could figure what he was doing, he had attached another cloth to her other wrist.

Diana stood there, blindfolded, with cloth knotted on both wrists and the taste of his manhood lingering on her lips. She reached out to touch him but couldn't find him.

"Master, where are you? What do you want me to do?"

"You have pleased me. I want to reward you."

"Reward? What?"

"Come to me. Follow my voice."

She did, hands outstretched to keep from bumping into anything. This was like the children's game of Blindman's Bluff. She homed in on Victor's constant comments, about her fine breasts, her flaring hips, the way her legs looked. And more than the words, he sometimes touched her. The flick of his finger over a nipple, the stroke of his tongue down her spine, all added to her excitement.

"Where are you?"

"At my front door, master," she said. She had bumped into the wall and felt the doorknob against her thigh.

"I am opening the door so anyone passing by in the hallway can see what is happening in your apartment."

"I'm naked to the waist!" she protested.

"And you are wearing only a short skirt with no panties on underneath. That shows how much of a slut you are, doesn't it? Why not let everyone know?"

"The door's open?" Diana couldn't tell. She reached up to pull away her blindfold, but Victor caught her wrist.

"No. Not that." He forced her hand down until her fingers again circled his erection. "Keep your hand on this." Victor moved back and she followed, moving her feet slowly.

"Do you want me to suck on it again, master? Please. Let me!"

"No. You have a more fitting reward awaiting you."

She wasn't sure where they went in the apartment, but she thought they moved from one side to the other and back until he reached out, cupped her breasts and pushed her backward. Losing her balance, she fell backward, crying out. Diana landed hard in her desk chair and felt it roll under her. She grabbed the arms to steady herself. And Victor grabbed her.

She felt him expertly tying her down to the chair arms, using the dangling silk cloths he had already fastened around her wrists.

"This is my reward? You're tying me up?"

"Yes," he said softly. "Keep your voice down. The apartment door is wide-open. And so are you."

Diana let out a gasp of delight as he reached behind her knees and lifted her legs, parting then and exposing her bare pussy. She tried to reach out, but the silken bounds kept her from running her fingers through his hair as he had hers when she was going down on him.

Spread wantonly, exposed to anyone passing by in the hallway—would there be many at this time of night? She didn't know!—and tied down, she was powerless to stop Victor. She felt his hot breath against her belly, then he moved a few

inches lower. His tongue parted the top of her labia and toyed with the pink spire of her clit rising there. He lapped and licked and tongued her until she was reduced to a moaning wreck.

"Oh, no, yes, master, oh, that's so good," she sobbed out.

His tongue penetrated her.

Diana thrashed about but was restrained by the cloths around her wrists. Victor lifted her legs and draped them over his shoulders so he could push his face down into her crotch. Diana's thoughts began to fragment as desires soared within her. All the times she had been eaten out combined failed to match this single event. His knowing oral organ probed and stroked, teased and then retreated so he could suck her labia into his mouth. He caught her sex lips with his oral ones and sucked her juices from deep inside her heated core. Then he stroked up and down with his tongue before gently nibbling with his teeth.

The contrast of hard and soft, wet and hot and the sudden flow of air to cool her proved too much for her. Diana cried out in utter release.

"Oh, Victor, master, I've never felt like this. But did anyone see us? In the hall?"

Her hammering heart slowed, and she was better able to hear again. But there was nothing to hear. She strained but her wrists were still bound. Her skirt had been pushed up into a roll around her waist, leaving her exposed.

“Victor? Victor!”

She heard nothing moving in her apartment. Was there someone out in the hall? Fear surged. If someone saw her and called the police, how would she ever explain this? Telling the truth would get thrown out of the apartment for certain, but such a report might get her fired from her job.

“Victor, free me. Please. Master, please!”

She tossed her head, trying to get free of the black silk cloth blindfolding her. He had tied it too securely. But the bonds on her wrists proved easier to escape. Carefully tugging, she got her right-hand bond free from the chair arm. She ripped off the blindfold with her freed hand and looked around for Victor.

He was gone. She swung around in the chair and looked at her apartment door. Closed. He had either never opened it or had closed it as he left. She would never know which it was. A curious flood of anger and relief, arousal and satiation, flooded her. Diana sank back into the chair and hiked her feet to the edge of the seat so she was lewdly open.

If only Victor were still here.

She got her other hand free but left the black silk tied around both wrists for the rest of the night to remind her of how turned on she had been when Victor had first tied her.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Diana lay back in her bed and held up her hands. The black silk scarves still dangled from her wrists. She idly moved them back and forth, letting the air carry them out like banners announcing her lust. She sighed. How she longed for more from Victor. He played with her, toyed with her, gave her only enough to make her want more.

Was that so bad? Diana could not say if it was or if she was reaching the end of her rope with him.

She laughed out loud.

"End of my rope," she said, lowering the silk scarves so they trailed over her face. She closed her eyes and was instantly carried back to the night before. The feel and scent on the scarves sparked memory of Victor and all that he had done. This was about the longest foreplay she could ever remember, and it was working. The idea of foreplay was to build the sexual tensions.

Victor was doing that. And then some.

Diana slowly moved the ends of the scarves down across her naked tits, felt the tickle and worked lower. The merest brush of the scarves over her sex caused new tremors throughout her body. Alternating hot and cold stabbed through her. And he had introduced this to her.

The exhibitionism had always been there in her sexual arsenal, and she had never realized it before Victor. The way she had given her prom date head had thrilled him and excited her. It wasn't until Victor forced her to think about it did she realize what she had been missing all these years. She rubbed over herself until she moaned with pleasure.

The restaurant. How she had blatantly exposed herself to anyone outside the picture window was a crime—and it had gotten her off. Slipping her wet panties into the waiter's pocket had been a trip, too. When he finally found the "tip," did he have any idea who had put them in his pocket? Diana found herself torn by hoping that he did and wishing he never guessed. She might have to go there on a business lunch sometime.

"If he did figure it out, I bet I'd get dynamite service!" Diana laughed and then moaned as her fingers kept moving lower, where Victor's mouth had been the night before. He knew all the right places to tongue her. More than this, he had found the right tempo. He didn't just lap like a cat going

after a bowl of cream. He was better than that. With expertise undoubtedly honed over long years of pussy eating, he had varied what he did and where. Her G-spot still quivered from the quick touches from his fingers and questing tongue.

She slipped off one of the silk scarves and rubbed herself with it. Then she slowly pushed it in, stopping only a tiny edge thrust out between her pinkly scalloped nether lips. Diana took a deep breath, imagined it was Victor crouched in front of her, then began pulling it out. The knots bumped and stroked along the velvet walls of her sex before popping free, totally drenched in her juices.

She had felt a thrill as she did this, but nothing compared with Victor tying her up and telling her what to do. Like the exhibitionism, Victor had shown her more exciting ways of having sex other than flopping on her back, spreading her legs and letting a guy do as he wanted until he got off. That way seldom got *her* off.

Victor pushed her to the brink, teased her back, then pushed her over the precipice of real orgasm. And if she only did what he told her, she had the feeling the best was yet to come.

How could she continue to please him?

She sat upright in bed and said angrily, "Why should I bother pleasing him? I don't even know who he is." That mystery had gnawed at the edge of her mind for some time. When they had only

met in the chat room, it hardly mattered who Victor was. But now that things were getting more intense, she really wanted to know.

Diana got out of bed, stripped off the scarf on her wrist and quickly dressed, picking something casual. The tank top worked, but she short shorts didn't. She looked through her closet until she found a pair of black jeans.

"Oh, no," she muttered, finding it hard to wiggle into them. She didn't think she had put on weight, but it was possible. Eating was haphazard lately, and she worked so hard that she did not even kept track of what day it was. A quick look at a calendar on her bathroom wall assured her that she had today off. It was Saturday. She finished dressing, aware of how taut the jeans were in the rear.

"Good thing I didn't put on any panties," she said, turning this way and that looking at herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. "The pants are so tight they would never have buttoned." She combed her hair and applied just a touch of makeup and was ready to track down what she needed to discover Victor's identity.

Grabbing only a piece of dry toast for breakfast, she found her purse and was out the door in minutes. She slowed and then stopped when she came to two neighbors talking in the hallway. They looked over at her and smiled. Diana tried to see any hint that they might have witnessed Victor

and his antics the night before.

"Morning," she said.

"Hi, Diana." The woman was older. Diana tried to remember what she did for a living. Teacher? "You're looking radiant today. New makeup or are you finally sticking to that exercise program you mentioned a couple weeks ago?"

This set Diana back. She remembered saying she was getting a gym membership but had done nothing about it. No time. The only possible explanation for the woman's "looking radiant" had to be how she felt after spending so much time with Victor.

"Thanks," Diana said. "Uh, did you—either of you—hear or see anything last night? Around midnight or after? I thought there was some kind of disturbance about then."

The two looked at each other and shook their heads.

"No, nothing. What do you think it was?"

"Might have been my imagination." Diana smiled in relief at not having her next door neighbors see Victor licking, lapping and tonguing her pussy. If he had actually left the door open at all. "Then again, I might have dozed off and had a dream."

She bid them goodbye and hurried down to her car. She opened it and settled into the driver's seat, then froze. Something was wrong. She looked around and saw a slip of paper sticking out from

the glove box. Opening it revealed a single rose.

Diana took it and sniffed. The heady fragrance made her a little dizzy. Only when this passed did she take the slip of paper that had fluttered to the floor and read it.

"Tonight," was all that was written on the page. All except for a V at the bottom.

"Victor," she said. "You might tie me up and do awful things to tease me, but you're a romantic at heart." She rubbed the rose against her cheek, then put it onto the seat beside her. It seemed like a betrayal what she intended doing, but she had to find out who he was. She just had to.

Driving too fast, she made her way through the light morning traffic until she got to Georgia's house. It was small and well kept, her inheritance from her deceased parents. Diana looked at the simple house and sighed again. She wished she had time to take care of a house like this, but it proved to be almost beyond her ability just feeding herself. No time. Always something better to do with her time. Work. 24/7 for days on end.

She glanced at the red rose once more, then hopped out of her car and quickly went up the uneven flagstone path to Georgia's front door. Diana knew she should have called to let her secretary know she was on her way over, but too much crowded out simple courtesy. She knew Georgia was at home because her car was parked in the driveway.

After the third time pressing the doorbell, Diana heard faint sounds inside the house. Georgia opened the door and peered at her. She wore a housecoat and from the way she—almost—held it shut, nothing else.

“Georgia, sorry to disturb you so early. I need your help.”

“Help? Oh, hi, Diana.”

“Who is it doll?” came a deep voice from the direction of the bedroom. “Get rid of them and come on back to bed. I’m all hard again.”

Georgia smiled brightly and said, “Aaron. He’s a real tiger.”

“Oh, didn’t mean to interrupt anything.”

“Don’t worry, Diana. It’s taken him a while to get it back up, but then this is the fourth time.”

Diana was impressed. She wondered how that would compare with Victor and had no idea. But it would be fun finding out—if she could ever get that far with him.

“You said you had a digital camera I could borrow any time I wanted. Tripod, everything I’d need to shoot pictures in the dark.”

“Oh, yeah, the digital camera,” Georgia said, rubbing her eyes. “It’s got this infrared setting on it. Never saw it in any of the operating manuals, but a guy down in advertising told me about it. Wait a sec.”

Diana didn’t even mind that Georgia closed the door and didn’t invite her inside. From the way

Aaron was growling, Georgia would not want to take too long. She was back in less than a minute, holding a big gadget bag.

"Here you are. You can figure out how to use it. The memory card, batteries and everything else you need's already in the camera. Point and shoot. See you Monday," Georgia said, closing the door without waiting for Diana to thank her.

As the door clicked shut, Diana heard her secretary lightly running back to the bedroom.

"See you on Monday," she said softly, "if you're not too worn out." Diana pawed through the bag and saw everything she would need to set up a little photo trap of Victor whenever he came to her apartment again.

She hoped it would be as soon as that night.

* * * *

Diana stepped back and surveyed her handiwork critically. Georgia's camera was hidden to one side of the door leading into the apartment. When Victor came in, his picture would be snapped. She had figured out how to use the infrared setting but worried that she wouldn't be able to identify anyone from the shimmery green image. Diana decided it was better to leave the lights on and get a real picture. She had her CD player on louder than she usually listened to it so that any noise from the camera would be drowned out. Victor

would never know he had been captured on the digital card.

All she had to do was wait. And that proved hard. She paced around, at loose ends. A quick check on the chat room showed the usual participants—except Victor was not there. Diana logged out, deciding to check later. She didn't want to be in the room before Victor.

"Where are you?" she muttered. The wait became longer and longer. After midnight she wondered if he was ever going to get there. Staring at her door was like watching a pot and waiting for water to boil. It wasn't going to happen.

But then Victor had not said he would return tonight. She had only assumed he would. The rose in her car, the terse note, the suddenness with which he had left last night, all of it told her to expect him tonight. But he had never said he would be here.

"The hell with it," she said, getting up. She checked to be sure the camera was all lined up, just in case he came in while she was in the bathroom, then went down the short hall. On one side was the bathroom. On the other was her bedroom. Something seemed out of place, and she was at a loss to figure out what.

Uneasy, she switched on the bathroom light. The counter was a little messy because she hadn't cleaned up that as she usually did. Other than

things being out of place because of her rush, it was as she had left it. Or was it?

Her eyes fixed on the toilet. The seat was up.

She started to call out, but a hand clamped over her mouth. Another circled her waist and pulled her close.

"I am disappointed," came Victor's resonant voice. He released her—a little. His hand fell away from her mouth, but the other remained around her waist, keeping her from turning to face him.

"Why?" she asked. Diana held down her fear. She had never thought Victor would get into her apartment any way but through the front door. He must have entered through her bedroom window while she was occupied setting up the camera.

"You are not stupid, slave. You tried to take a picture of me."

"You never said not to."

"There you go again. You have forgotten your training already, slave."

"S-sorry, master. Wh-what are you going to do?" Real fear surged through Diana now. She remembered Jana's call and her friend's worry that Victor might be some kind of weird psycho pervert.

"I must punish you."

"Please, master. I deserve it." Diana was startled that those words escaped her lips. She wanted to make amends for what she had done, in spite of her all-day effort to set up the camera.

"Yes, you do," he said. She had hoped for a hint of mercy. She got none from Victor. He reached around and took her wrists, pulling them behind her back. She did not resist. If anything, she felt her heart accelerating and her breath coming in short, harsh pants. She was getting turned on.

Diana glanced into the bathroom mirror and saw Victor over her shoulder, intent on binding her wrists together with one of his black silk scarves. She heaved a sigh of resignation. He wore his complete mask so that she couldn't even tell what color his hair might be. But his oiled torso gleamed and accented his muscles.

"Am I the first one you've done this with, master?"

"The first to be punished?"

"Oh!" The exclamation escaped Diana before she realized. He had secured her wrists, not so tightly that circulation was cut off but tight enough that she couldn't work free. Then he bent her forward at the waist. For a giddy moment, she thought she was going to lose her balance. He supported her.

He supported her even as he reached around and popped the button on her jeans. He pulled them down around her ankles. Her own jeans hobbled her more effectively than if he had tied her feet together.

"Don't move, don't cry out," Victor said. Diana shivered in anticipation as his warm hand stroked

over her bare bottom. "Yes, this is how I shall punish you."

"Spank me, master. I've been bad." Then Diana bit off her pleas when she saw him pick up a toilet brush with a long plastic handle. "Wait, no, oh. Oh!"

She staggered as he began a slow, methodical whipping. Every time the handle of the brush landed on her milky skin, a shot of pain rocketed into her. Perversely, the pain from the brush bending a little as he struck her repeatedly, made her pussy drool. The whipping turned her on in a big way.

"Oh, master, I want more."

"And you shall get more," he said. But he varied the blows now with a hot hand stroking over her ass cheeks. Whack! Soft caress. Whack, whack, whack! Kiss. He administered his own form of discipline on her until Diana was at the point of orgasm. When he dropped behind her and began kissing the backs of her knees, Diana began struggling. She wanted to be free to return the kisses, the caresses, the velvet touches.

She couldn't. He had bound her too well.

"Please, master, I want to please you!"

Victor laughed and then began working up the backs of her legs with his feathery touches and wet kisses. Across her well-spanked butt and up. She felt his hands slip over her back, then around and up toward her breasts. She began to totter

from all the emotions building inside her. She knew what a dam felt like with flood waters pouring down. Like that dam, she was nearing her breaking point.

And just as she was going to come, Victor stopped. His touch vanished. His kisses were no longer lavished on her naked flesh. She felt abandoned and hated the feeling.

"Please, please," she sobbed. "Don't leave me." She was sure Victor had stepped away from her and gone, either through the window or out the front door – after making certain she would never get his picture digitally captured. But she was wrong.

"On your knees," he said. He had moved around her into the bathroom. From the sounds, she guessed he had lowered the toilet seat lid and sat on it. "Now! You have done as I ordered. It is time for you to be rewarded."

"Master?"

"Down!"

Strong hands on her shoulders pushed her downward. She dropped to her knees, expecting to hit the hard tile floor. Instead, her knees landed on the bath mat. Victor must have moved it just for her. He hadn't abandoned her. He still cared!

"Scoot forward. No!"

She had not been able to move without the bath mat sliding under her. Victor grabbed her upper arms and pulled her forward so she slide on the

bath mat—in the right direction. His bare legs slid on either side of her body. Most of all, she felt heat boiling up from inches under her chin. She looked down and his erection waiting for her mouth to engulf it.

“Master, what do you want me —”

He did not allow her to finish. Pushing her face downward, she quickly encountered his thick erection. Eagerly, hungrily, she gobbled it up. She opened her lips and tried to entirely swallow him.

“Slowly, do it slowly.”

“Y-yes, master,” she said, hardly able to hold back her excitement. She had done well enough pleasing him that he was allowing her this moment with his cock in her mouth.

A million things roared through Diana’s mind but it all came down to how much she wanted to pleasure him. That she got off on giving head was her reward. Unable to use her hands, she wobbled about as she tried to find a more stable position. It didn’t matter. Victor held her where he wanted. She bobbed up and down like the crazy bird that dunks its beak in a glass of water. Like that bird she kept rising and falling, taking more of his manhood into her mouth with every dive downward.

Her tongue swirled and she loved the taste. When his hands began stroking through her hair, no longer guiding her rhythm but giving her added stimulation, she knew she had truly made

him happy. This caused her to speed up, to increase the lapping of her dextrous tongue around his hardness, to suck until her cheeks went hollow with the effort.

She heard Victor make a small sound and then came a torrent into her mouth. Like she was dying of thirst, she greedily sucked up every drop.

"You have done well, in spite of your futile effort to take my picture. I will give you another reward."

"What, master? Are you going to—"

His powerful grip under her arms half-lifted her, then sat her heavily on the cold tile floor. She stared at him in anticipation, not sure what he was going to do. He rolled her over onto her belly so her hands would not be trapped under her, but she could not see what he did in this position. A tiny clinking sounded in the small bathroom and then she felt his hands grasp her ankle. He pulled so that she went flat onto her face. With her hands bound the way they were behind her, she was increasingly uncomfortable.

"There," he said. "Do not remove it."

She felt a coldness around her ankle before he released it.

"What should I do now?" she asked. But Diana knew Victor was not going to answer. He moved past her into the hallway. From there he turned and went into her bedroom.

Hope flared. He wanted to continue this liaison

in bed! Since he had not said anything, Diana struggled to roll over and get her feet under her. She made her way to her bedroom but the warm breeze blowing through told her Victor had left through the window, the same way he had entered her apartment.

She sighed and began wiggling her hands to get free. It took several minutes because he had so expertly tied her, but she finally slid her wrists through the silk bonds. No disapproving voice warned her to stop. As she had thought, Victor was gone. She went to the bed and sat on the edge.

"Gone. Again."

She looked down and saw a metallic glint from around her ankle. Twisting about, getting her foot up to the bed so she could see what he had given her, Diana had to smile.

A silver metal-linked bracelet had been fastened there. On the name plate had been engraved "Desire."

"Desire," she sighed. "That's all I have." Diana ran her fingers over the ankle bracelet and smiled. It was more than she had ever had before. And it promised still more in the future. For now, that was good enough.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Diana sat in her apartment all day Sunday waiting for Victor to return. Or to call. Or to go on-line. He had simply vanished after giving her the ankle bracelet. Come Monday morning, she went to work feeling disconsolate, and it showed.

"You look worse than ever," Georgia said as Diana came in.

"Thanks," Diana said. "I needed that. Sure cheers me up." She lifted the gadget bag with the camera and other equipment and dropped it on her secretary's desk. "Thanks for the loan."

"Didn't work, whatever you were going to do with it?"

"No, it didn't," Diana said. "What's on the plate for today?"

"Business already? I can understand why you don't want to hear about my weekend with Aaron. We never got out of bed—and it was worth messing up the sheets. He—" Georgia stopped and looked hard at Diana. She stood and put her hand on Diana's arm. "It'll get better. Right? Think

positive thoughts or whatever those corporate trainers always tell us.”

“I never listen,” Diana said. “They’re always too boring. That’s why cell phones were invented.” She waggled her thumbs around to show she text messaged during the endless pep talks the big bosses thought fired up the employees.

“And who do you text message?” Georgia’s green eyes fixed on her.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Suit yourself, boss,” Georgia said. “Want me to get Jana on the phone?”

“Jana? Is she running into trouble with that new contract? The one I bounced back to her?”

“Could be.”

“Get her.” Diana went into her office and sank into the leather executive chair. She slid back and forth, her ass cheeks still tender from the spanking Victor had given her. How was it he could leave reminders like this and then simply vanish? He had left his mark on her—literally. She swung around and thrust out her leg to look at the shiny ankle bracelet. Men had given her jewelry before, far more expensive jewelry, but it had never meant to her what this simple hunk of metal did. And then Victor did not follow up on it. His timing was terrible. He could have gotten anything he wanted from her.

Diana sighed as she swung back to face her

desk and the paperwork Georgia had already piled there. The sorry thing was, Victor *did* get whatever he wanted from her. It just wasn't all that *she* wanted.

Or was it? She frowned as she remembered how innocently all this had started and what she had done at Victor's behest. Some of it was pretty wild. And she had gone along with it, hesitantly perhaps, but it had all excited her more and more. Even being tied up and forced to give him head had thrilled her more than simple sex with most men.

Most men?

Diana had to admit she had never attained such sexual heights with any man before. Victor got into her head and found the things she wanted most and denied, even to herself. He pulled them out of the dark, dusty corners of her mind and made her examine them. It had been years since she had thought of Tom and how they had gotten it on at the prom. Or how she had lost her virginity. Good. Bad. But Victor had not pried details from her as a condition for sex. All he had done was bring it up to the forefront of her brain, to get hot, to contrast.

To want him even more.

"A rose," she said, heaving a deep sigh.

"So your mystery man's moved on to giving you flowers?"

"Hi, Jana," she said, seeing her friend lounging

indolently in the doorway. "Come on in."

"I guess I've missed more than an act or two. Last I heard, he was creepy and a pervert going to kill you and leave your naked body in a culvert somewhere."

"That was your take on it," Diana said tiredly.

"You don't seem too happy about how things are going."

"Unlike Georgia's love life, mine's hit a brick wall."

"Oh, too bad. About yours. Good for Georgia. From the water cooler talk, I take it she's hooked up with Aaron Lavelle?"

"Really crazy how that worked. I tried to shove Clark off on her, thinking she would keep him from bugging me all the time. But he introduced her to Aaron. And that's all she wrote."

"You haven't seen many tabloid papers lately, have you? They write everything." Jana scooted her chair closer and leaned on the desk, as she usually did. "So what's being written in your soap opera life? Victor obviously didn't kill you."

"You were being overly dramatic," Diana said. "No, he came by on Saturday, and I haven't heard a peep from him since. On-line, telephone, note, nothing."

"So Saturday night was the big night, huh? Tell me all about it. And don't skimp on the details. Titillate me."

"Why? You looking for something to inspire

Will?" Diana wanted to shift Jana away from endless discussion of Victor and his motives because she didn't have good answers for any of the questions. When she worked it all out, she would be the first one to say "aha!" and not Jana.

"I'm his inspiration. But he's off for a week on a business trip." Jana looked sour. "He took his wife with him, and they'll be taking a couple extra days of vacation, so it'll be the middle of next week before I can see him again."

"Too bad," Diana said. "Look, I've got to get this matter cleared up so I can move on. What do you think about it?"

"I was asking you," Jana said. "Victor has—"

"Victor? I'm talking about the contracts I sent back. Georgia said you wanted to go over them." Diana scowled. It was not that hard to figure that Georgia had seen how she wasn't going to hear about a hot weekend and what went wrong, so had maneuvered Diana into talking to Jana. Therapy. Talk it through.

Diana did not want to talk it through. The more she thought about her situation with Victor, the more she wanted to either get it all out in the open and stop playing games or end it. She rubbed one ankle against the other, feeling the ankle bracelet. For a moment, she wondered what she really wanted to do. The way their relationship—if she could call it that—was progressing they might never get down to what she wanted most.

"So what do you want?" Jana asked.

"I don't know," Diana answered, confused. She enjoyed what was becoming extended foreplay but Victor was carrying it on too long.

"But you said there was something wrong with the contracts," Jana said.

"Oh, sorry, my mind is on other things." She rubbed the metallic links against her other ankle again and reached for a stack of paperwork threatening to topple onto her desktop. She had no idea what it was, but the unknown papers covered her confusion.

"It's probably the usual. Too much being asked of our company, not enough given by the other guys."

"And clause 9. That looked hinky."

"Hinky?" Jana laughed. "That's a real lawyer term. Hinky." She left Diana's office, chuckling all the way to the elevators.

Diana sagged. Thinking about Victor was beginning to affect her work. That had to stop. She spread out the papers and stared at them without seeing them. She kept turning over her problems and neglecting work until her cell phone buzzed, getting her attention.

She flipped it open and before she could say a word, heard Victor's voice.

"You have pleased me," he said.

"Like hell! You're using me," Diana raged. All her confusion came pouring out. "You don't want

to do anything but *use* me. I'm nothing but your sex toy, to fiddle with and then toss aside when you've got other things to do. Or should that be other women to do?"

"You are the only one. I promised you my full attention, and you have received it. I do not lie."

"Fuck you," she said angrily. "Fuck you because you're never going to get around to fucking me!"

"I will see you tonight."

"Oh, no you won't. I'm having the locks changed on my door. And my bedroom window? Nailed shut! If I have to move, I'll do it, but you're not going to see me again."

There was a slight pause. Then Victor said, "You are being disobedient. I cannot allow that."

"You don't have a choice, you —"

"Look at your video display."

Diana jerked the cell phone from her ear and thumbed on the video. At first she saw nothing. Then the white static formed into a horrifying picture.

"How dare you!"

"I have a cell phone capable of recording images, also. It has a zoom lens for close-ups. Every instant of our discipline session and your subsequent reward was recorded. It is all in video."

"You can't blackmail me. I won't give in to this...this extortion!"

"Turn on your computer. The one on your desk," Victor said coldly.

"Go to hell."

"Do it."

Diana punched the ON button and watched as the computer booted up. She started to ask what the big deal was, then her eyes went wide and a gasp escaped her lips.

"You—you—"

"It can be displayed on every computer screen in the company. It can be put on the Internet for anyone in the world to see. How many times would such a video be downloaded, especially by those in the chat room?"

All the blood drained from Diana's head. She was dizzy and unable to think straight. Seeing herself bent over and being spanked using a toilet brush on a tiny cell phone screen was one thing. Watching herself giving head on a 19" LED monitor was something else. It was almost life-sized. And Diana knew she would never work again if she had to live down this down and out video.

"You wouldn't do this to me," she said in a small voice. Her nerveless fingers almost dropped the cell phone. Then she clung to it hard. "You do this to me and I swear, I'll find out who you are if it takes a million years and—"

"No threats, slave," he said in a calm voice. "Tonight. If your door is open, I will know you

agree to continue. In that case, you will be rewarded. If it is locked..."

"You are slime. Lower than slime. You are—" She began to sputter in her confusion and anger.

"I will make it worth your while," Victor said softly, seductively. "Your reward will be greater than you can imagine."

Before she could say another word, the cell phone went dead. The video playing on it froze on a single frame showing Victor's thick cock going into her mouth. Diana swung around to see if it remained on the company computer system. All she saw was a landscape of some beachfront with the waves gently breaking against the shore.

It took her a half hour before she could get back to work. And even then she had no idea what she was going to do.

* * * *

She sat tense and unsure what to do. A half-dozen times Diana had gotten off the sofa and gone to the door, either locking or unlocking it. She couldn't even remember if it was locked or not now because she had changed it so many times. Her emotions roiled about, whirling and spinning like a tornado.

She had enjoyed all that Victor had done up till now. She had wanted more, and that was what made her made enough to want to call it off. But

her obstinate behavior had brought about Victor's threat. She knew better than to even think of going to the police. Not knowing who Victor was presented problems, but even if she did, all it would take is a single key press and the video would be sent everywhere in the blink of an eye. He might go to jail but her reputation would be ruined.

But she loved what he did. The rose. The ankle bracelet. The way she was the focus of attention when he was with her. He never flagged ministering to her. It was just that he did it at a pace too slow for her. The sexual tensions he had built in her were unbearable.

Almost unbearable.

She got to her feet and went to the door to turn the deadbolt in the other direction.

Locked? Open? Which way should she turn the dead bolt lock?

She hated him for the blackmail threat. She loved him for the way he made her feel when they were together. Only they weren't together that much. But that was part of the attraction. She had begged him for more and he had let her give him a blowjob. Her mouth watered now at the memory of the taste, the feel, the throbbing power in his cock as she drew it between her lips. She had turned the tables on him in that moment and controlled him with a flick of her tongue. She gave him pleasure. And that gave her added excitement

when he touched her, when he spanked her, when he ate her pussy.

"What the hell am I going to do?" she moaned out. She leaned back, arms crossed firmly and a dark expression ruining her good looks. The more Diana tried to think it through, the more confused she got.

"Is the door locked?"

Diana shot off the sofa and stumbled, almost falling. Victor stood behind her, stripped to the waist and his body well-oiled until it gleamed in the bright apartment light. He wore his full mask. Her eyes shot down to his crotch. She could not tell if he had a hard-on or if he was as confused as she was. She looked from him to the door, then back.

"I don't know. I switched it back and forth so many times, I don't remember. But you came through my window again."

"Should I leave? Or should I give you your reward?"

"If I tell you to leave, will you show everyone that video?"

"Your mouth felt good around my cock," he said. "Would my mouth feel good on your clit?"

"You didn't answer." She knew she ought to be mad. Or fearful. Or something. She was hollow.

"Tell me when to stop," Victor said, crossing to her quickly. She grabbed for him, but her hands slipped on his oiled body. She gasped as he spun

her around, facing away. He caught her around the waist and pressed his hard body into hers. She felt the answer to her question about his erection. It pulsed powerfully as it jammed against her ass. The only thought going through Diana's mind was that too many layers of cloth separated its naked glory from her drooling cunt.

That seemed to answer all her questions.

"Never, master, never stop," she said in a tiny voice.

And then he whipped a silk scarf around and blindfolded her.

"Why do you keep me in the dark, master?"

"The sensations are more intense. Do you know what I am going to do next, slave?"

"Pleasure yourself?"

"And give you your reward."

Diana yelped in surprise as he jerked down her tight jeans. The rough cloth tore at her soft skin, but she felt no pain—only arousal. His hand circled her until his palm pressed firmly into her sex mound. His fingers began moving slowly and deliberately, not quite pressing through her panties into her heated, moist interior but threatening to do so at any instant.

"Remove your T-shirt. Do it or I will rip it off you."

"No, master, I—"

Diana staggered when she felt his powerful hands take a double handful of cloth and yank.

The tearing sound of cloth mingled with the heat across her shoulders where he had torn the shirt. It fell around her waist, in tatters. Then he ripped again and discarded it completely. She had her jeans down around her ankles to hobble her, her panties and nothing else but the blindfold. She had not worn a bra.

Her breathing increased sharply. She felt a feathery caress up and down her spine that caused goose bumps to pop up.

"What are you doing, master?"

"What does this feel like?"

"Something furry."

"A mink glove," he said, stroking up and down slowly. Every light brush of the soft fur over her bare skin sent a new jolt of carnal electricity throughout her body. And Victor used it everywhere. All over her back, but then it moved around, across her belly, softly up to her breasts. Light touches on each nipple made her turn weak and sway. She tried to take a step, but her jeans were effectively binding her legs together.

Victor said nothing as he continued to delightfully torment her with the mink glove. Back and forth on each nipple, then into the deep valley between. She moaned constantly now. She wanted to rub her legs together to take care of the intense hollow feeling between her legs, but she could not move easily.

And then she began to quiver all over when

Victor ran the furry mitt between her legs. Up one thigh and down the other. The light touch triggered feelings within her more intense than she had thought possible without giving her an orgasm.

"Remain silent, slave," he said sternly. "Or I will have to punish you."

"How, master? How will you punish me?"

Diana shed tears as the mink glove stroked over her ass. Victor parted her cheeks and dipped low and then whirled away, around, across her belly – and lower. He started stroking the fleecy mitt over her pussy. She tried to keep from leaking her inner lubricants but could not. Her feelings were too intense. She teetered on the brink of coming.

And then the glove was gone.

"No!" she cried. "You can't do this! I demand more!"

"Silence!" Victor roared. "You will not speak in such a manner."

"Please, master. I want you so."

"Do you want me or do you want sensations like this?"

She felt his oil-slickened body moving across her back as he came closer. She felt the smooth silk slide of another scarf as he threaded it between her legs. Tantalizingly, he moved it back and forth, upward until the silk parted her sex lips. Diana was past knowing what to think or do. She had to rely on senses other than sight, and this intensified

every touch, every sound, every musky odor.

As the silk strip moved up the liquid valley between her legs, it dragged over her clit. She had been pushed so close to the edge of delight she could not recover. Diana came. The explosion within her was atomic. She shuddered and shook and collapsed forward as orgasm continued to stalk her far longer than it usually did. But when she began to drift down from the sexual high, she felt Victor slide the silk scarf soaked with her oils away from her pussy and whip it behind her back. He seized her wrists and bound them tightly with the sodden scarf.

"Master, take me, please. I want you, master."

"What do you feel?" He began rubbing against her, every move slow and deliberate. Hands bound, all Diana could do was flex her fingers. And then she felt something hot. And hard.

"Your cock!"

"Stroke it," he said. He moved around a little more so she could get both hands around his fleshy length. With her hands bound, she had to strain and move, but the feel of the throbbing organ under her fingers caused her to cry out in delight.

She began moving her fingers up and down his length, revelling in the thickness, feeling every twitch and throb. She was giving him his hardness. She was making him moan softly with every trip her hands made up and down his entire

shaft. Her fingers began tapping and stroking, rubbing and probing.

"You are doing well, slave."

"I want to please you, master."

Hands behind her, blindfolded, legs hobbled by her jeans she could do nothing with big moves or grand gestures. She was constrained to move in tiny strokes. And that suited her just fine. She traced out every wrinkle and bump along his entire length. Her sense of touch was magnified because she could not see. Her fingertips tingled with the heat boiling off his cock until she wanted to heave hard enough to rip off the bonds around her wrists.

But the silk was too strong. Although she was unable to get free and give him a handjob he would never forget, there were others benefits to both of them. She felt the hairy sac dangling beneath his steely shaft and began playing with it. Her fingers tapped and stroked until it tightened into a hard little sphere. She knew he was on the brink of getting off.

She knew it because she felt it and heard it—and felt it and heard it deep within her own body.

"Take me, master. I want this somewhere other than in my hands," she said, trying to curl her fingers around his stalk and squeeze even harder.

"On your knees," he ordered. "Get down. Now."

It wasn't hard for her to obey. She had been

bending forward and was off balance. All that had held her erect was her handhold on his cock. With his arm around her waist to ease her down, Diana had no problem kneeling on the floor. And from here she collapsed forward.

Diana had her buttocks up in the air, her knees under her as she leaned forward. Her shoulder rested on the floor so she was bent double. In this position he could enter her from behind and fuck her doggy-style. How she wanted the feel of his huge shaft moving within her. She was ready for it. The come had been potent, but she knew another with him heating her with friction from his meaty shaft moving within her would be even greater.

"Oh, oh," she gasped out when she felt the mink glove stroking over the ass she wanted fucked so badly. The mitt slid between her legs and parted them a little. Still bent double, cheek pressing into the floor and ass exposed, Diana was helpless.

Helpless and ready for him.

She screamed in joy as she felt a thickness part her labia and slowly work into her from behind.

"Do you like it?" he asked. "Do you want more?"

"Yes, yes, master. I want you to come in me!"

"No."

Diana sobbed as she felt him moving in and out of her — and the furry mitt began stroking over her

back to add to her stimulation. As he moved in and out faster, causing a carnal friction that delighted her beyond words, the mink glove slid around and rubbed across the passion-taut nubs cresting her breasts. The sensations he generated within her collided and set her off again. She trembled like a leaf in a high wind and then the orgasm ripped through her from head to toe.

And when she came down, he was still moving with strong, sure strokes into her. But the mink glove was missing. It didn't matter to her. She had him within her. This was her final reward!

"I will leave now," Victor said.

Diana was too wrapped up in the emotions stabbing through her to understand what was happening. She struggled against the scarf binding her wrists and tried to slip off the blindfold. But he was still buried within her.

Victor's voice came from a distance, back at the doorway to her bedroom.

"Continue to please me and you will receive more of my attention. My complete attention," he said. Then the voice vanished.

But he remained buried deeply in her pussy.

Confused, Diana began struggling harder against the bonds. As she moved, the thickness within her moved. She tensed and relaxed. New sexual jolts shot into her, shaking her and carrying her closer to orgasm again. She fell onto her side and reached down until she felt the end of a dildo.

He had fucked her with a dildo! And she had thought it was a flesh and blood cock giving her the intense transport to satiation unlike she had ever experienced before.

By the time she worked her hands around and got free of the scarf and blindfold, the movement of the dildo in her liquid channel had gotten her off again.

Diana lay on her side, not knowing whether to sob with joy or anger. He had cheated her again. And she had loved it. She loved every minute of it.

Slowly recovering, she got to her feet, rubbed her wrists where the scarf had chaffed her skin, then she went to the door and looked at the dead bolt. A slow smile came to her lips. She had made the right decision concerning the lock. And Victor had come through her bedroom window again.

She picked up the dildo, the black silk scarves and went to the bedroom where she used all of them on herself the rest of the night. It was good, but it wasn't the way Victor would have done it.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Diana sat and stared in horror. She had only been at work a few minutes and had beaten her secretary and most of the others to her desk. Nevertheless, her computer was turned on and staring at her was a closeup of her well-spanked ass.

Her hand shook as she touched the cool plastic mouse and clicked. The video running was the one Victor had taken of her in the bathroom. However, new pieces had been added from last night's encounter. Diana reached down and pressed her hand where Victor's had been, where he had inserted the dildo and then left her. All the arguments she had with herself yesterday boiled up again. And so did the fear that this video would ever be put on the company server so anyone could see it. She was well-liked, but if some of the others ever saw this, her life would become hell.

Until she was fired. Then everything would definitely spiral downward fast.

"Why are you doing this?" she muttered. "I pleased you. You said that I pleased you. Why are you still blackmailing me like this?"

She tried to figure out some way of getting into the server and erasing the file, but she was not good enough with computers for that. Besides, files on the server were protected by the company programmers to prevent accidental erasures by people like her who did not know exactly what they were doing.

"Somebody in IT," Diana said to herself. "Victor must be one of the programmers or work in the Information Technology Department. That's how he gets this onto the server files."

She shot to her feet, spun the monitor around so no one outside her office could see the screen and raced to the elevator. She seldom went down to the IT Department. In fact, she had been down there once, during her employee orientation years ago. There must be people she knew who worked there. but she was hard-pressed to remember who they might be. Anxiously, she took the elevator down to the basement of the building where computers filled sub-level after sub-level. The people working here were real troglodytes, seldom surfacing to see the sun. And none of them would have an office with a window.

That had made Diana feel superior before. Her office had a window. Now she desperately needed to find someone who enjoyed being in this sunless,

fluorescent-lit data mine. Her high heels clicked on the floor as she looked around for someone she knew, trying not to appear too desperate. If she could get the file erased before most of the people at the company came to work, she might save her job. Otherwise, she was toast.

"Hi," said a young guy with mussed up hair and a wild look in his eye. "Haven't seen you down here before? Lost?"

"No, not exactly. I, uh, I have a problem with a file on the main server. It is inappropriate for a work environment, if you catch my meaning."

"Somebody's put porn on the computer again, huh? That doesn't happen too often, but I can take care of it. No need for you to file a report, is there?"

"Not if the file is removed right away."

The relief on the programmer's face was apparent. Diana hoped hers would mirror the relief when he was done.

"What floor, which computer? That's the way to start. Figure the node and trace it back."

Diana gave him the information—without saying she was the star of the porn video. The programmer swivelled around and pulled down a keyboard. He cracked his knuckles, then began working. Lines and figures and arcane symbols flew across his monitor. As he worked, he began to frown. When he got to chewing his lower lip in frustration, Diana thought she was going to die

from anxiety.

"What's wrong? You can't erase the file?"

"I can't *find* the file. I checked the log of files that were run on your desktop—"

"You can do that? Know every file that was viewed?"

"I can tell you every keystroke. You did an okay job trying to erase the file, but it can't be done. Not by anybody without proper access." He flashed her a weak smile. She appreciated the compliment but wished he had announced his success.

"Never mind that," she said. "Why can't you erase the file? It's pretty explicit."

"I can't find the file, that's why. I'm not saying you didn't receive it. I am just saying I can't trace it back and rip it out by its netroots."

"Maybe your supervisor . . ."

"I'm top dog here. The kids working for me don't know half of what I do."

This startled Diana. He didn't look to be thirty.

"I put a trace on your computer. If the file surfaces again, I'll jump on it like a dog on a bone," he said.

"That's it? That's all you can do?"

"I'm afraid so," he said, swinging around. "The chance exists somebody's better at this than I am. More likely, the file was set to run once and then eradicate itself from the system entirely."

"How did it get on in the first place?"

"Beats me. I'm checking the log now for any

sign of tampering or unauthorized entry, but I'm not seeing it."

"Someone who works here. Someone with all the passwords and authorization. Somebody like that must have done it."

"They're smarter than me, then, if it went on anytime in the past couple days. I'm the only one who's accessed the computer. We've been running diagnostics, and I kept the others from system level entry." He saw her shocked expression and hastily added, "I don't store porn on the company computer."

"What? You keep it at home?"

He grinned then, thinking she was joking.

"Yeah, at home. This is a good gig. I don't want to lose my job over a few floppy tits." He looked suddenly contrite. "Sorry. Could you tell me what was on the video so —"

Diana was good at sizing up people and saw that the programmer had no clue what was in the video or that she was the star. He was a small man, hardly five-foot-eight and lacked the muscles Victor so obviously sported. Diana could not imagine what this guy would look like, shirt off and body oiled. And then she could. She chuckled.

"The contents might tell us where it came from. I can track it back," he said.

"You're sure it is not on the system?"

He shook his head.

"You've been a big help," she said. "I'll put in a

good word for you upstairs."

"Just doing my job," he said. "Uh, would you want me to come up and check your office?"

"Why?"

"Well," he said, his mind obviously going into overdrive, "it might be that someone hooked a small hard drive to your computer so only you would see the porn. I might be able to backtrack if I can find the hard drive."

"What would it look like?"

"Something about the size of a pack of cigarettes. Or if they used a thumb drive, a little silvery gizmo the size of a pack of gum."

"That's all right. Thanks."

Diana ducked out before he could come up with another excuse to check her office. He had gone from being helpful to trying to figure a way to hook up with her. The last thing in the world she needed right now was another wannabe stud sniffing around her like a lost puppy dog.

She reached her office just as Georgia was coming in.

"You're here bright and early," her secretary said, "but you look frazzled already. Is anything wrong?"

"Do you know what a thumb drive is?"

"Whoa, you lay out the big questions early, don't you?" Georgia laughed. "It's a little gadget the size of your thumb, which is how it gets its name. You can transfer a lot of data on one."

“Or run programs?”

“Sure. Portability. Small size. It can plug right into your computer.”

Diana hurried to her desk and examined her computer. Georgia and the IT supervisor had said the same thing. Someone plugging a thumb drive into her computer could have made it look as if the video of her being spanked and then giving head to Victor was being sent to all the computers in the company. But that wasn't necessarily so. It could have been a command performance for her alone.

She didn't find any evidence of a drive added only to her computer, but she might not have been looking in the right places. Diana sank back and took a deep breath. This might not be what she had thought. Victor might have been giving her another gift, although one in incredibly poor taste. What if Georgia had come into the office and seen it? Or her boss? Worst of all might have been Aaron seeing it. The man had a mouth on him and would never have kept anything secret.

Taking a suspicious look at the computer monitor and seeing nothing but the bucolic scene she used as desktop wallpaper, Diana started to work, only to be interrupted by her phone ringing.

“Georgia, get that, will you? I'm up to my ears in work right now.” She peered around the corner of the doorway and saw Georgia wasn't at her desk. With a sigh of resignation, she picked up the

phone.

Before Diana could say a word, she heard a whisper, virtually indecipherable, saying, "Maintenance closet. Ten minutes. Blindfold yourself."

"Victor, this isn't funny. Did you—" She bit off her accusation of him putting the video on her computer. The voice was so low it could have been anyone.

"Ten minutes. Don't be late."

She hung up and worried about the call. Only Victor would have said for her to wear a blindfold, unless someone else had seen the video left on her computer. Even arriving as early as she had, obviously someone else had been here even earlier. Aaron was the kind to play a joke on her, seeing the blindfold and asking her to go to a maintenance closet and stand around blind while he got others together to laugh at her.

Or it might have been Victor.

Diana was torn between going and simply staying. Let him call back so she could verify it was Victor and not someone pretending to be him. But as she thought on the matter, it made less sense by the instant. Who but Victor would call her and be so circumspect on the phone? It was her work phone, not her cell phone. That bothered her, too. Why not call on the cell phone which wasn't monitored by the company?

One fact rose to the top of her thoughts and

stayed there. If it was Victor, he had called on the company phone and must work here, as she had thought. This might be her best chance to find out who he was.

Or she might be humiliated beyond words.

She kept glancing at her watch as the seconds ticked by. It would take only a minute or two to reach the closet where the maintenance staff kept their brooms and mops and spare light bulbs. Should she go? Should she stay?

When only a minute remained, Diana fumbled in her purse and pulled out the black silk scarf Victor had used to blindfold her the night before. Why she had brought it to work was something of a mystery to her, but she had. It carried his lingering odor and memories. Memories!

She dashed out of her office, past Georgia at her desk. Her secretary only glanced up and said nothing. Good. That meant a few seconds less time spent making lame excuses. Diana skidded around the corner of the cubicles and past the elevator bank. Behind the elevators in an out of the way alcove was the maintenance closet.

She came to a sudden halt, heart beating. What if this wasn't the right place? Every floor had a clone of this closet. And in the basement might be dozens of others. She hadn't thought to ask and Victor hadn't specified.

If it had been Victor.

She had assumed it was, as she had assumed

this was the right place. Diana looked back down the narrow hall and saw no one. Maybe he was already waiting for her. Should she put on the blindfold and go in?

A smile came to her lips. She opened the door and stepped in, thinking she would catch Victor unawares. The small room was empty, but the light was on.

"Victor?" Diana stepped in and closed the door behind her. Explaining why she was rummaging around in a storage room wasn't something she wanted to deal with at the moment. She went to the rear of the room. An L shape, it had nothing but shelves and cleaning supplies in it.

She turned to leave when the light went out.

"Victor?"

"Blindfold," came a hoarse whisper. "Put it on."

"All right." She said, hands shaking as she tied the silk scarf around her head. What little light had oozed in under the closed door vanished. She was once more in complete darkness.

She gasped when she felt hands around her ankles. He traced the entire length around the anklet but said nothing. She felt his hot breath against her calf as he leaned in and pressed his face against her leg.

"Oh, yes," she sighed. Her stance widened, and she wanted to pull off the blindfold to get a good look at Victor, but somehow, the mystery froze her

hand. And the feel of his mouth kissing his way upward. And the sheer adventure of being at work, hidden but possibly open to exposure at any instant. Diana had never thought she was an adventurous sort—until Victor had come into her life.

“Do you like this?” he asked. His words were muffled because his head was pushing up under her skirt. She groaned in start desire when she felt his face between her thighs. He turned first left and then right, kissing her trembling flesh.

“I...let me take off my panties,” she said. She was beginning to turn damp. How nice it would be having his mouth pressing into her and his tongue delving deep, swirling about and giving her all the forbidden pleasures imaginable.

“No.”

“But—”

Diana had no chance to protest further. She felt the man shoving her skirt up around her waist, exposing her legs entirely. Then he bit down on the crotch of her panties and began pulling. For a moment she thought he would rip them off!

Then they slid over the flare of her buttocks and down her legs. She was exposed to him now.

“Eat me, lick me, I want it all,” she sobbed out. His hands reached around her and stroked over the flare of her ass, then parted her cheeks.

“No,” he mumbled from his position in front of her. “Turn around.”

“Like last night?”

“What do you mean?”

“You want me on my knees?”

Victor did not answer. He swung her around and stood. She felt the rough cloth of his pants rubbing against her naked flesh. He groped around her and began stroking over her hidden breasts. Then Diana let out a shriek of pure delight. His hard, long cock slid into her from behind.

At last! At last she had what she had hungered for so long.

He had used a dildo and licked at her pussy and done so many things that excited her, but she had always wanted his hot, hard length moving within her tight channel. As it was now.

Diana leaned forward, grasping blindly. She caught the edge of a shelf and bent forward, thrusting herself back into the circle of his groin. This caused Victor to sink an extra inch into her heated center. Her sex tensed at this new intrusion and clamped down all around him. She felt every bump on his massive organ through her delicate inner tissues.

So many men, so long, and only now was she reaching the pinnacle of desire she had only guessed existed.

Her experiences sexually had almost soured her on intercourse until Victor came along. The protracted foreplay – and what else could she call

it? — had confused her and excited her and left her angry at times. But this was worth the conflicting emotions.

Diana wanted to take off the blindfold, but she knew she would only stare into darkness. She would not be able to see Victor's face in this position. And it caused her to enjoy every thrust, every twitch, every powerful stroke he made that much more. Relying on the sense of feel because she was unable to see heightened the experience. If only other men had taken the time to treat her this way.

Again confusion reigned. He tied her up. He held her hostage to her own desires. He made her call him master and deny her authority in the lovemaking. But Diana admitted this wasn't that bad. Left to her own devices, she had not done so well with men. They had treated her like trash, and the more she tried to please them, the worse they behaved.

Victor had promised she would be the center of his universe if she went along with his demands. He had not lied. The video was a bad illustration of what could happen. She had feared he would reveal it to her boss. But he hadn't. The fear only fed her desires for him now.

"Yes, oh, oh, yes," she moaned. He picked up the pace. His hands held her around the waist, then one hand snaked about and started stroking over her throbbing little clit while he was fucking

her.

This was more than she could handle. The image of the video played through her mind and collideded with the sensations from his driving hardness, his careful fingering, the confines of the maintenance room, everything. She came.

He did nothing to restrain her as loud cries of passion released escaped her lips. She thrashed about the thick fleshy spike in her and then it was gone. Diana sagged forward, knees bending a little. She struggled to hold herself upright. When she got her breath back and turned to face Victor, she was ready to take the next step in their relationship. Their sexy, dangerous bondage relationship.

She slid off the scarf and peered into the dark room. Diana sucked in her breath when she saw the closet door standing slightly ajar.

"Victor, you miserable—" She cut off her curse and hurriedly got her skirt back down over her legs. She glowed inside from the sex, but anger again mounted. Smoothing her skirt, she bent and grabbed her panties. She saw the wet imprint of his mouth on the crotch. Diana started to put them back on, then decided against it. She would go without them the rest of the day. All she had to remember was to carefully cross her legs since she wore a short skirt.

She had to laugh at this. It had seemed so much longer when Victor was poking around under it.

Diana ran her palms against her thighs to get out any wrinkles. While it wasn't likely, she thought she saw the outline of his head pressed into the front of the skirt.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she went to the door and peeked out. The hallway was empty. She had hoped to see a smiling Victor outside waiting for her. But the only sound she heard was the elevator going up.

Racing around, she glanced at the floor indicator. If Victor had gotten onto the elevator here, he was going up. To the executive suites. Again Diana wondered if her mysterious Victor was Will.

"Hi, Diana," came an all too familiar voice. "You taking a break already?"

"No, Clark," she said. "I wanted to catch someone. Did you see who just got into the elevator?" Her eyes followed the indicator's moving light. The elevator stopped three floors above.

"I think it was the guy going with your friend, Jana. What's his name?"

"Will?"

"Yeah, him. You have business with him? He's a vice-president. You're moving up in the world," Clark said.

"I'd like to go down," she said. Noticing Clark's surprise, she hastily added, "In the world. I'm going down in the world."

“Oh,” he said.

Without another word, Diana spun and returned to her office. She wondered if it was obvious from the way she walked that she had been so well fucked. In a way, she hoped so.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Diana sat and stared out her window, knowing finally what it meant to be “well fucked.” A warm afterglow refused to go away, and she was in no hurry to get rid of it. Every move she made reminded her of Victor’s touch, his hot breath against her tender skin, the feel of his mouth moving on her bare legs, and so much more. She had wanted what she had gotten for so long. And it had been worth the wait.

Of course, she was feeling greedy now. She wanted more. The thrill of doing it in the supply closet where they might have been discovered only accentuated her realization of how she got off on being an exhibitionist. That had never occurred to her before Victor had forced her to take off her panties in the restaurant.

“Forced?” Diana shook her head, then ran her fingers through her hair. She didn’t care how much she mussed up her long, brunette hair. If anything, this nervous gesture would explain why she was so rumpled looking this early in the

morning. "I was never forced."

At any point, she could have walked away. If she had, Victor would never have contacted her again. Diana knew that with complete certainty. That had been a way of coercing her because she needed a man's attention.

"No, not a man's attention," she said softly, thinking out loud. "Victor. A man who takes charge." Even being tied up had filled her hidden need. She rubbed her wrists together, remembering the feel of the silk scarves. Thrusting out her leg, she looked at the ankle bracelet. And she could almost remember the scent of the rose he had left. Victor cared, but he was also sure of what he wanted sexually.

Diana was more than excited to give it to him. She rubbed her wrists together again, wishing Victor were here now to tie her up so she could struggle but not get away and then have his way with her. She was willing to do that, if you allowed her a reward.

"Slave and master," she said with a deep sigh.

"What's that?"

"What do you need, Georgia?" Diana swung around to face her secretary.

"You asked if Will was down here a couple hours ago."

Diana sat a little straighter. She rubbed her thighs together when she began getting wetter at the thought that Will and the mysterious Victor

were one and the same. She wasn't sure how she would work this out with Jana, since she didn't want to cut into territory her friend had staked out. But Will was married, so it wasn't as if he was any woman's exclusive property. In spite of that, getting involved with a married man was not something Diana wanted to do.

Until she thought of how Victor pleased her.

"Was he?"

"He was in a meeting for about twenty minutes. Not sure what was going on. High level, hush-hush, you know the drill."

"Who did he see?" Diana tried to figure out the timetable. Their assignation had seemed to last forever—and be over in a few seconds. However long it had been, it wasn't long enough for her.

"He saw Mr. Thornton, over in purchasing."

"Thornton?" Diana frowned. Will might have been in and out in a hurry. Everyone knew Thornton was less inclined to talk than any other supervisor in the company. The times Diana had tried to strike up a conversation with him had resulted in little more than grunts and a few curt nods of his head.

"I could ask Mr. Thornton's secretary how long he was in there. Is this important, Diana?"

"Could be."

Georgia hesitated. "Business important or personal important? Which one it is will dictate how I approach the questions."

"Business," Diana said, coming to a quick decision. It hardly mattered how Georgia got the information because the answer would be the same. "I've heard some gossip about a shakeup in Purchasing."

"You thinking on moving up?"

"Wherever I go, you can come along," Diana said.

Georgia grinned and said, "I'm not sure I want to go *everywhere* you've been going lately. It wasn't right, but I couldn't help but overhear you and Jana talking. And there was that business about borrowing my camera."

"That didn't pan out," Diana said. Georgia's eyebrows shot up into twin arches. "What? What's so surprising?"

"The picture on the memory card was, well, pretty interesting. A naked guy wearing a mask."

"What!"

"I erased it. Don't worry. I have no idea what the rest of the pictures you took must have taken looked like. That was the only one you left on the memory card. But it was really hot."

Diana was stunned. Victor must have taken his own picture that night, and she had never guessed. Because her trap had not worked, she had assumed Victor's image would not be captured. Again, he had left her a gift, and she had not understood it.

"Did you want it? I don't know who the guy is,

but he was a hot one. Those muscles!"

"That's all right," Diana said, smiling a little. "I have the original and don't need a digital copy."

"Lucky you."

"You've got Aaron."

"Yeah, but he doesn't look anything like the guy in the picture. He's kinda flabby in comparison, even if he is enthusiastic in bed."

"That counts for a lot," Diana said, trying to keep her voice as neutral as possible. She didn't want to continue the conversation. It surprised her that Georgia had even mentioned it—or had she already told everyone around the break room about her boss' stud?

Diana knew her prestige would only go up. She glanced at her computer screen and saw nothing but the soothing patterns on it. As much as her status went up having a hot boyfriend, it would plummet if the porno pictures ever got out. Still, Diana wanted a copy of Victor's video of them together. That made her all tingly inside thinking about seeing it again.

Now that the fear has passed, she mentally added.

"I'll find out about Will. Just what we need around here," Georgia said sarcastically, "is another reorganization."

As Georgia left, Diana's cell phone rang. She pushed aside her panties she had stuffed into the purse and grabbed the phone.

"Victor?"

"Did you like my little present?"

It was Victor!

"I loved it, but I wouldn't call it so little. It was just the right size to fill me up. All the way up."

"What do you mean?"

"Come on, are you trying to make me say something that might be overheard?" She almost whispered, "Master."

"The thumb drive is in your top desk drawer."

"What?"

"My present. The video."

Diana pulled open the center drawer and saw a tiny silver flash drive in the middle of a jumble of pens and paperclips. She took it and examined the end, then looked at her computer and saw where it would fit into a small rectangular slot on the side. She dropped it back into her drawer and closed it.

"Thanks," she said. "I was just thinking about it. But I meant your *other* gift to me. The one you gave me in the supply room."

A long pause made her wonder if Victor had hung up, but she didn't see the disconnect on her phone.

"Victor?"

"I am not sure what you mean, Desire," he said.

"What supply room?"

"The one you told me to go to and blindfold myself," she said, a catch in her throat now.

"What happened?"

"You know what happened, dammit. You fucked me! Then you got in the elevator and went up three floors."

"No," Victor said softly. "I did not."

"That wasn't you in the maintenance room? Then who?" She swallowed bile now. "You're not Will?"

"You know me only by my chat room name."

"You're not a vice-president in this company? Your name's not Will—"

"No, it is not. I am not."

"Oh, no," Diana said. The cell phone almost dropped from her numbed fingers. "That was someone else who—" Diana pulled the cell phone away from her ear and crushed her thumb into the END button. She was too upset to talk any more with Victor. More than this, she did not want anyone listening in to this conversation. Or having Victor think she had cheated on him.

But how could she possibly have known that wasn't Victor in the supply closet? Diana thought back to the phone call telling her to go. The voice had been too low to identify; she had assumed it was Victor.

"Somebody saw the video," she said aloud, eyes wide in horror. She opened the desk drawer and took out the thumb drive. It took all her willpower not to heave it against the wall. Victor had left it as a gift, thinking she would be the only

one to see it, but someone else had come in and cooked up the scheme to fuck her in the closet.

"Will?" She thought it had to be him. She had just missed him going up in the elevator to his office. If he had sneaked from the supply closet and rushed, he could have gotten into the elevator. "I'll...I'll—" Diana didn't know what she would do to him. Nothing? Tell Jana? Tell Will's wife?

None of it would do any good. She certainly could not do anything to bring this out into the light of day. It would be a classic he-said, she-said battle. He was a vice-president. She was only a supervisor. Getting fired in this circumstance was not as bad as having her boss find the video with her tied up and getting off, but it would still end her career with the company.

Diana felt a little sick to her stomach and her head felt like it would explode. She held her breath, hoping the pain and nausea would go away. It all got worse.

"Georgia," she said, hitting the intercom button. "I am feeling sick. I'll be taking the rest of the day off. Take care of everything you can."

"Sorry to hear you're not feeling good, Diana. What about the two o'clock meeting down in legal?"

"That's with Jana. Reschedule. She'll understand."

Diana considered calling up Jana and talking with her, but too many things crashed into her

skull right now and added to the headache. Besides, how could she face Jana if she really thought Will had been such an asshole seducing her the way he had?

Diana grabbed her purse, tossed the thumb drive in, then hurried away. She mumbled something to Georgia on the way out, ignored Clark entirely, and avoided anyone else who might ask her questions she did not want to face right now. By the time she got home, the headache was a crusher and her stomach was tied into a million constantly tightening Celtic knots.

She thought about a drink or two to settle her nerves, but with the way her stomach rebelled, she knew it would all come back up. Better to lie down in the dark and rest, try to get her emotions quieted and not cry her eyes out.

She kicked off her shoes and simply dropped onto her bed. Her life had become a curious blend of unbelievably wonderful and terrible. Finding Victor in the chat online room had been like lighting a fuse to a bomb. The progression was vivid, brilliant at times and sputtering at others and it had ended with one immense explosion.

Only it had not been Victor in the supply room.

Diana put her arm across her eyes and slowly relaxed. It took a while, but she gradually relaxed and eventually drifted off to a troubled sleep. She came awake suddenly, not sure how long she had slept. From the look outside, it was after sunset.

She had slept away the entire day and felt better for it. None of her problems was solved, but the headache had faded and her stomach had finally unkinked to the point she was hungry.

Stretching, Diana got out of bed and padded barefoot to the living room on her way to the kitchen. She froze in the doorway. Something was wrong.

"You have awakened. Good."

"Victor!"

Diana's eyes went wide when he stood. He had been sitting in her favorite chair so that she could not see him immediately. Now she couldn't take her eyes off him. Other than the mask that completely covered his face—his head—he wore nothing but the biggest hard-on she had ever seen. The other times they had been together she had been blindfolded or turned around or otherwise not able to study him carefully.

He stood before her now in his full naked glory.

And what a glorious sight he was! His broad chest and arms were oiled again so they glistened in the light from her torchiere lamp. He had a small waist and the most incredible six-pack abs she had ever seen. She remembered how he had felt moving behind her and having those muscles tense and relax against her well-spanked butt. They looked even more inviting straight on. And his legs were powerful, as if he ran miles and miles.

But his erection was what held her attention. It jerked with every beat of his heart, showing how aroused he was by the mere sight of her.

"How long have you been here?" she asked. She nervously ran her fingers up and down the front of her now-wrinkled blouse. Diana began moving slowly around the sofa, aware of the liquid feeling between her legs. She licked her lips and wanted to wrap her lips around that tasty morsel standing so tall and proud from Victor's groin.

Or did she want to give him head? The way she felt, having it thrust somewhere else would be better. Then she remembered why she had come home early with the headache. Someone else had fucked her, and it had torn her up emotionally. Could she let Victor fuck her, too?

It was as if his hardness was a magnet her eyes were drawn to it.

"I have watched over you all day. It was difficult letting my slave sleep, but you needed it."

"I can't keep doing this, Victor. Not after this morning. I'm so humiliated. I—"

"Silence!"

He crossed the room in three quick strides and grabbed her. She struggled, but he was too strong. He swung her around and reached down, taking her buttocks in both hands.

"I can't, I won't. Don't!"

"Silence," he said sternly. "You are falling back

into old behaviors. Ones I will not accept. You will properly address me as master."

"No, Victor, owwww!"

His hands slid down across the curves of her ass and reached under her skirt. With a smooth movement, he hiked her short skirt and landed a stinging swat on a naked cheek. She felt the outline of his hand warming her flesh. She struggled, but he held her too tightly. Then he began spanking her with a slow, agonizing rhythm. Swack. Pause. Swack swack. Another long pause to allow her skin to heat from the impact. Another and another.

In spite of herself, Diana surrendered to him. He was focused entirely on her and disciplining her. She had been so bad that day, she needed to be punished. He bent her forward so she had to reach out and put her hands on her breakfast table to support herself. Her butt burned brightly from his open hand until he stopped and ran one hand between her thighs.

"Are you ready for me, slave?"

"No, master, no, please don't."

"You need more preparation? Is that it? Beg for it. Beg me to prepare you for my entry."

"Oh, yes, master, do it," she heard herself saying. It was as if someone else spoke for her. Diana was floating above and apart from her body. The warmth from her spanked butt spread like wildfire throughout her loins and ignited in

her core, turning her into a blast furnace waiting to be stoked.

"What is this?" He grabbed her right hand and pulled it behind her back. Her fingers brushed across the thick pillar of his cock.

"It's your organ, master."

"Play the organ, slave."

"Can I turn around?"

"Do so, slave."

"Thank you master," she said. In spite of everything that had happened, she found herself thrilled at the prospect of taking Victor in both hands and drawing his fleshy rod toward her mouth. He put his huge hands on her shoulders and pushed her down onto her knees. She knelt in front of him and knew she was getting what she wanted.

She sucked hard on him.

"Good, very good," he told her.

She tasted a drop of pre-cum bead on the tip. Her flashing tongue swept it away. She sought to build the pressure in his balls and have him explode in her mouth, but he had other ideas. He let her sample his meaty length for only another minute, then pulled her erect and swung her around again so she had to brace herself on the table again. His hands moved tantalizingly across her still burning buttocks.

Then a new sensation ripped through her.

"You are not sufficiently punished for failing to

call me master," Victor said. He had produced a small flail with several silken strips and gently laid it across her taut butt.

"Oh, oh, yes, master, punish me." Diana had thought she would never recapture the feelings she had when she went into the supply closet and thought it was Victor finally entering her. But she was wrong. She knew who was behind her now, and she wanted him more than ever. The sharp stings as the silk strips lashed her only added to her arousal.

Then he slipped the long handle between her legs and began moving it back and forth slowly. The handle parted her sex lips but went no further.

"I...I am ready for you, master. Now, do it now!"

A clatter sounded as he tossed the flail onto the table. His strong hands gripped her around the waist and pulled her well-warmed ass back into the circle of his groin. She felt the thick cock part her cheeks and then move forward. She reached back with one hand and stroked over the hairy sac dangling under his manhood.

And then she almost fainted. Her entered her with a slow, deliberate movement that filled her to overflowing. Her inner muscles tensed around him, and she felt every contour of his massive pillar. He stretched her in wondrous directions and caused her juices to ooze out around him and

down the insides of her legs. The tickling sensation was quickly overwhelmed by the heat generated by his cock moving with deliberate slowness. In until she was sure she could not take another millimeter. Out. Slowly, agonizingly slowly until only the purple head remained within her sex lips. He entered her again, faster this time, but his retreat was as slow as before.

The fast-slow movement took away her breath. Every move he made turned her on even more.

"Oh, yes, master. I can't believe it's so good." And it was. She had thought it impossible to recapture the sexual high she had experienced that morning when she thought it was Victor fucking her. She was wrong. If anything, this was even more intense. The sight of his oiled body, the huge erection waiting for her, the stern discipline he had administered to her, all of it primed her for this moment.

He sank far into her, but his withdrawal was not the teasing, slow retreat of before. She felt his hidden prick growing within her, if that was possible. The twitchings increased in tempo as his heart accelerated and sent a pulse into that cock entirely surrounded by her tender female sheath. She tensed and tried to hold him within her as he pulled back.

She knew he was approaching the end of his endurance. He had gotten her ready for this moment. And when he spewed forth his white-hot

load into her, she came, too.

Together, locked at the loins, they rocked back and forth until Diana went weak all over and sagged forward. She lay sprawled on her breakfast table, sweat drenching her blouse. Her skirt tumbled down to cover her as Victor stepped away from her.

He gasped for a moment, then said, "Slave, tell me the difference."

"What do you mean?"

"Master!"

"I'm sorry, master. I don't understand." She pushed herself up and turned around to face him. His massive erection was fading, but she licked her lips thinking she could resurrect it, given enough time and mouth love.

"In the storage room this morning. Now. Compare the two. Which gave you the more intense orgasm?"

"I—" Diana started to say reflexively that this had been the best. It had, but the other was a different situation. She had come like a ton of falling bricks then, too.

"Honestly."

"There wasn't any difference," she said weakly. "Both were good. One was as good as the other. But I loved them both!"

Victor laughed. "That's good. I was the one fucking you both times."

"But you said that wasn't you this morning."

"I never said that. You reached the wrong conclusion by asking the wrong questions."

"You were playing with my mind again, like you did before," she accused.

"I was...slave."

"Yes...master," she said. Diana did not resist as he pushed her to her knees in front of his groin. Getting him hard again would take her best oral techniques. And she had a few ideas in mind to try out to see how they would work on her oiled, powerfully dominant master.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

She stared up at him, as if she could develop x-ray vision and see through the mask still hiding his identity. There was no way she could get a hint of truth or falsehood by the set of his chin or the way his eyes darted around. The mask hid more than his identity. It also hid any way she could tell if he was lying to her.

"How do I know?" She held his flaccid manhood in her hand, just inches from her mouth, but the question was more important than taking him and getting him hard again.

He knew exactly what she meant and laughed. Then he said, "Would it be so bad if it were someone else?"

"No, yes, oh, I wanted it to be you. Why did you make me think it wasn't? That was cruel!"

"You must be kept in your place, slave," he said. His deep voice boomed. "You were coming to expect too much. That was one way of showing you who is in control. Always."

Diana had thought after she was sure she had

finally gotten him to fuck her that all desire for him would go. But it didn't. His commanding tone and stark physical power appealed to her too much. She had some unfortunate experiences sexually that had left her leery of ever wanting to get next to any man again. But Victor took that burden off her and let her experience all the emotions locked up so tightly within her for so long.

She was released only when she was tied up. It made no sense to her, and yet it did. She could do anything, and Victor was always responsible. That he concentrated so on telling her what to do—and they were things she desperately wanted to do—made this perfect for her. She had no responsibility with Victor in command and could abandon all her inhibitions and just enjoy the stark, wonderful sensations of sex.

"It might have gotten nasty if I had accused Will. You know who I mean."

"The vice-president of the company."

"You work there," she said. "You have to. Otherwise how did you get into the building without dodging the security guard? How did you get into my office unnoticed to put the thumb drive on my computer? And you used the internal phone system, as well as my cell phone."

"You are quite the detective, slave," he said. "I tire of all this talk."

He grabbed a handful of her hair and drew her

head toward his crotch. She began stroking over the limp penis, teasing it and feeling how it twitched under her stimulation. Then she stuffed it all into her mouth and gently chewed. This brought a groan of pleasure to his lips. She felt the once dead penis coming to life as a fully hard erection in her mouth. She had to move her head back a little, but it was difficult. Victor's hand had laced through her long hair and held her in place.

"Suck, slave. Suck me hard again, and I will give you a reward."

"Your cock?" Her words were muffled around the thick plug of flesh growing in her mouth. She mumbled some more and then gave up. He was not going to allow her to leave until he was completely rigid again.

Diana knew she ought to be ashamed at this. He was ordering her around and calling her a slave, but it excited her more than it appalled her. She had plenty of authority at work. She had a dozen people working for her and each would jump if she snapped her fingers. It was so nice not to have to take the initiative in lovemaking, too. Victor knew more than what he wanted out of sex. He knew what she wanted, too. And he was not shy about demanding it.

"Good, slave, you are doing better. Use your tongue. Oh, yes, like that."

She cradled his expanding organ with her tongue. Bobbing back and forth dragged her

tongue along the most sensitive part of the cock's underside. The taste and feel of him caused her to want more. She tried to quell her own arousal but found it impossible.

When Victor moved around, she struggled to edge about and follow him so he never left her mouth. Her lips clamped firmly around him—and then she gasped.

He had picked up the silken stranded flail and began lightly whipping her back with it. Every time the silk strips landed on her back, it tingled and burned enough to stimulate her just a little more. Her blouse cushioned much of the sting.

Almost as if Victor read her thoughts, he said coldly, "Remove your blouse—not your mouth! Keep sucking on me. But take off that blouse. It offends me."

On her knees, Diana struggled to get her blouse unbuttoned and then slid off her shoulders and down her arms. When bare flesh appeared, Victor began laying his silken whip across it. The stinging increased—and so did her excitement.

"The bra. Off! Take it all off, slave! Hurry!"

She wavered a little as she exerted herself to unfasten the bra and get it off so she would be completely naked and kneeling before him.

"Your mouth! It slipped off my cock!"

He lashed at her faster now. She finally skinned out of her bra and gripped his equipment with both hands so she could guide it in and out of her

mouth. She worked to take only his hairy bag into her mouth and gently chewed on them.

"Good, slave, good. I enjoy it when you tea bag me. But more of your mouth on my shaft. Don't stop. Suck!"

Diana worked more furiously to pleasure him. As she stroked and sucked, her own pleasure mounted. The stings on her bare back turned into hot caresses that spurred her on. She wanted to please her master. She *wanted* to!

She almost fell on her face when he suddenly stepped back. Diana caught herself and pushed up, craning her neck to look up at him. All she could see was the once-again steely monument to her oral skill. Rather than rise up more, she stayed on all fours, feeling sexy and giving Victor an idea of what she wanted.

"Into the bedroom, slave. Now. On all fours like an animal. Go!" He began using the silk whip on her back and buttocks and upper legs. "Not so fast."

Diana shuddered with need. Her pussy was overflowing again—and this after she had just experienced one of the most senses-racking comes of her life. The more he gave her, the more she wanted. And the more she could experience. Doing as he ordered, she slowly made her way down the hallway toward the bedroom. He used the silken flail with great deliberation, choosing where to lay each stroke on her. Her back burned.

Her ass cheeks glowed. The backs of her legs tingled with every stroke. By the time she turned the corner, her back and ass were on fire. Diana could not remember when she had ever felt hornier.

"Onto the bed. Hurry. Stop stalling." Victor used the silken flail to herd her like an animal. Diana scrambled onto the bed and stayed on all fours, not sure what he wanted her to do. Whatever it was, she was eager to please.

"What do you want me to do, master?"

"On your back. Stretch out your arms and legs."

She did as she was told, shivering with anticipation as her legs went wide. Victor came closed, put his hands on her right knee and slowly stroked down to her ankle. He pulled up a black silk scarf already tied to the foot of the bed. She had not noticed it before. Two quick turns around her ankle and then he had secured her.

"What does this feel like?"

"I like it," she said. "I like waiting to see what you will do."

"You don't know, slave? You are the sole focus of my attention and you don't know?"

He grabbed her other ankle, repeating the sensuous stroking from her knee down to her ankle. He played with the ankle bracelet a moment, then repeated the binding. Another silk scarf had been fastened to the foot of the bed. She

was spread-eagle on the bed. The tension in her hips was uncomfortable, and she was widely, lewdly exposed.

He paid no attention to her legs any more as he moved to the head of the bed. His hands lightly brushed over her shoulder and then down her arm. Quickly tying her wrist to the headboard, he went to the other side and completed the knots. He stepped back and looked down at her.

"I will give you a reward for your submission," he said. "I won't blindfold you so you can see everything."

Diana tried to move and found herself bound too securely. He had tied the silk around her ankles and wrists in such a way that every time she moved, the loops tightened.

"Should I gag you?"

"No, master, please."

"Why not?"

"I...I—" Diana's mind raced. "Master, I want to pleasure you with my mouth."

He knelt on the bed next to her. His weight caused the springs to protest as he lifted his leg over her and sank down so his erection rested between her breasts. Diana sucked in a breath and held it. The hairy balls rubbed across her sensitive chest, and the heat from his manhood burned in the valley formed by her tits.

"Suck on it," he said, shifting his hips forward a little. She had to crane her neck and then could

only kiss the very tip. "More. Try harder or I will discipline you for disobedience." He swatted her hip with his open hand.

Diana redoubled her efforts to reach the head of his tantalizing cock. Straining until she was sure her muscles would pop, she got the entire plum-colored end into her mouth. Her tongue went berserk, stroking and flicking about, pressing and caressing. When he thrust involuntarily into her mouth, she got the first couple inches where she could suck hard.

"Not good enough," he said, swatting her other hip. He drew back until he rested between her breasts again. Victor reached down and began tweaking her nipples. Diana thrashed about, constrained by the bonds on her wrists and ankles. She tried to lift her legs, to open for him but couldn't. His weight held her down, and the silken scarves prevented her from doing more than move a few inches.

The more she strained against her bindings, the hotter she got. She was helpless against his strength. He was completely in charge of this fucking, and this knowledge pushed her close to coming.

He abandoned his attention to her nips and dragged his fingernails down the outer slopes of her breasts, to her sides and then backward to her legs. Every touch was electric. The weight pressing her down convinced her she could never

escape, even if she wanted to. And the tight bonds restraining her put Victor in total domination.

"What do you want me to do, master?"

"Tell me what you feel when I do this." He reached behind him and stroked the inside of her thigh, slowly, sensuously.

"It's driving me wild," she said. She was almost gasping for breath now. He teased her. She had heard of torture in the Middle Ages where the victim's feet were dipped in brine and then a goat was allowed to lick the soles of the one being tortured. She knew how excruciating that must have been. Victor was doing something similar. His feathery caresses on her most sensitive skin made her want to move, to grab him, to kiss him — and she couldn't. He had her too well secured.

"Or this," he said, his hand slowly moving up the inside of her thigh to the tangled mat of her pubic mound. His palm pressed down, sending new shivers of desire into her. Then a finger sneaked around past the pink flaps guarding her pussy and began moving back and forth like a windshield wiper. Every stroke of his finger raked across her G-spot.

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"You're not obeying," he said coldly. "Tell me what you feel when I do this."

Diana tried to tell him but failed. Orgasm smashed her. She tugged against her binding scarves and threw her head from side to side, but

this was as much as she could move. As the kaleidoscopic winds died within her, she realized he had removed his finger.

"It was...intense. It felt as if my entire body was plugged into an electric light socket. But it was different than before."

"Different than when I fucked you?"

"Yes, yes. More. More intense."

"That will not be tolerated. The feel of my cock in your cunt must be the most exquisite experience of your life."

"Oh, master, yes, do it. Do it!"

Diana was on fire. Every nerve felt as if it had been dipped in acid. Victor could lightly touch her and set off a cascade of utter delight unlike anything she had ever felt.

And he did. He lifted his weight off her belly and moved toward her feet. His reached up and cupped her breasts, then positioned himself between her tied-wide legs. The tip of his shaft pressed into her labia. As he squeezed down on her boobs, he stroked forward. The two sensations crashed together in Diana's belly. She tried to lift herself off the bed but was tied too tightly. He stretched her with his girth and then plunged balls' deep into her volcanic interior.

"Tense your muscles," he ordered. "Massage my cock with your inner muscles."

She did as she was told. Every bump and contour on his hidden manhood pressed into her

delicate sugar walls.

"I am going to come again," she sobbed out. Her vision blurred, but she saw him rear up between her legs. He used both of his hands to rip off his mask.

"Victor!" she cried. "You're—" Climax robbed her of her recognition of him. He pumped fiercely and then sank down on top of her so that his face was only inches from hers.

"You, you," she sputtered. "You're a lying scumbag!"

"You are being disobedient again."

"You saw the video Victor left, and you're taking advantage of it. I thought better of you, Clark. I—"

He rose above her and peered down. She saw his naked body. The muscles. There was a tiny mole just above his left nipple. She had noticed that the first time she had seen Victor. And the oil. The scent was similar to the aftershave Clark had used—or she thought he had used. It was only the lingering odor from being prepared for their assignments. And his cock. She stared at it. Already it was stirring again, spurred by her helplessness.

And she recognized it. Every bump and swell of that cock had been burned into her brain the first time she had seen Victor naked before the waist.

"You're Victor?"

"Of course, I am. Now that you know, does that decrease your desire for me?"

"I don't understand. You are—were—such a wuss. You never told me to do anything."

"I wanted to see how you reacted, and if I could enjoy a woman like you. Observation is underrated," Clark said.

"Yes," she said. "You are right, *master*."

He started to free her from the silk bonds but she stopped him. She might be his slave, but slaves had their needs, too. Needs Victor—Clark—was only too glad to sate.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born in the middle of winter in Michigan more (how many more I'm not saying) than 30 years ago, I was lacking a name until my father saw the aurora borealis and decided this was a sign, the right name. (I'm so glad my mother insisted on "Aurora" and not "Borealis!") In spite of my name, I have never seen the aurora (but my younger sister in Alaska has and says its constantly changing, shifting nature is like mine). As a child I moved through the Midwest, living in four different states before I was in the third grade. Finally ending up in West Texas, I married, was widowed, and my only child is in his senior year in high school. I love to read fantasy, and writing is giving me an outlet to live it, as well.