

Whispers

Turnkey Lovers

Destiny Blaine

TurnKey Lovers
by *Destiny Blaine*

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by Destiny Blaine

Turn-Key Lovers

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Warning

This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. This material is meant for mature audiences!

TurnKey Lovers

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Chapter One

Paisley glared out the window. A black stretch limousine parked curbside as soon as it arrived. Its sleek beauty invited her to savor the moment, but her runaway heart inspired her to turn away from the glass. She needed to go outside.

Hell no. She could use a drink, a very strong one.

She cursed her inhibitions and her strong sense of adventure. The undertaking of something new led her to a place where she'd never been, and as soon as she stepped foot out of the tiny cottage, the one with the white picket fence for show, she'd lose all control.

Vulnerability didn't amuse her. In fact, she never possessed a tolerance for it. When her parents were among the living, they refused to acknowledge outward signs of weakness. It allowed the competition to find hot buttons and later use them to their advantage. She never understood or enjoyed a power struggle which is why some mused over her strengths and others marveled at perceived perfection.

While she thrived in the world of business closings and delegated agendas, her private life suffered. Not only did she have a twisted and personal relationship with loneliness, but she also feared it would always remain just as it always had been.

Paisley checked the mirror just to see if she looked the part. "Nope, not a chance." She talked to herself often. Sometimes, from boredom or maybe a little lunacy, she even replied.

Trying to peer slightly over her shoulder, she cursed her ideas and the foundation for which they were discovered. If her father were only alive to see her now, he wouldn't just send her to her room, but he would help her design her own casket. Then, he'd seal her there. Yes, the man ruled with a cruel hand, and often she despised him and his memory, for it.

After an exasperated sigh, Paisley turned around again to face the woman staring back at her. The girl she thought she might have been before she slipped on the black spider web dress challenged her. She felt herself transform as the material fell over her smooth, bare skin.

Undergarments were made to order. Naturally, they were shipped at the last minute so there wouldn't be time to debate the practical appraisal of whether or not she looked good enough to eat.

The bodice of the webbing provided a natural fit, and it slid and moved with her body easily. The sleeves weren't comfortable, and the snug confinement found there left a lot to be desired. When the apparatus first arrived, she almost trashed it because of the flaw. The mere act of pushing her arms through the entanglement tried her patience. The price she paid for the get-up bordered with hilarity. Those in fashion were grotesquely over-paid.

A large scoop at the back of the dress led to a trail of faux tails. Something tuxedos in another century resembled, only the suits of a previous time didn't expose so much. *Ah, but if only.* She stopped herself from thinking of the perversion

found in such a mental image—yes, a divine clip. Men in those days would've been appalled.

"It's time to experience a man while there's still one out there willing to teach." Right now didn't seem quite appropriate for self indulgent conversation.

Behind a desk, she typically wore executive clothing and unisex attire with ridiculous boxer boots. It alienated any assumptions. When she stood at the head of Paisley Properties, no one out ranked her. Not only did she carry her company's name, she *was the company*.

Eyes drifted downward and scanned the opening at the crotch. The v-exposure trimmed the lace panties underneath. From the back, the thong looked nice on her shapely ass, but the frontal view offered far too much sex appeal. The dress left nothing to a man's fantasy and said everything for originality.

A quick wink and puckered lips, maybe she was ready—or maybe not—it didn't matter. The here and now arrived. On the other side of the door, he waited, and he knocked.

* * * *

"Are you ready darling?" He didn't bother with introductions. He would've been fired on the spot if he'd offered one; an order her liaison received with her initial instructions.

"I admire a man who is right on time." She clutched a small purse, a very peculiar octagon shape with black zigzags across a silver case. Simple elegance for a woman eager to learn the ropes or perhaps find herself tied up by a few.

His dimples were cute for an older man. The indentation didn't lead to a larger smile or maybe it did. Either way, she imagined she'd see more of them. A man like the one in front of her would be full of surprises. He'd been recommended as the best turnkey lover in the galaxy, and if she'd been misinformed, there would be cause and reason to kill, yes slaughter, the messenger.

He casually slid his arm around her waist only for a split second and just quick enough to shut the front door behind them. Once he did, he offered his arm in an extended hook, a gentleman's gesture which she took without hesitation.

The clickety-click sound of high heels spiked the interest of the concrete beneath them because the sound of her steps rang out in an echo across the dimly lit path. The long walk to the car didn't surprise her. Forty yards to an awaiting automobile bound for the office proved short. Now, it seemed to take a few extra minutes.

The chauffeur stepped out of their way and then politely opened the door. He made an art out of avoidance. He nodded with the simultaneous tip of his hat and then allowed them to enter.

He's gay. Just as requested. She didn't want to feel uncomfortable in her latest design, and the last thing she needed was a limousine driver more interested in driving into her rather than onto the road ahead of them. Her latest fashion choices would eventually make it to Europe, and some years later, the States would accept it but for now, this type of statement had a definite place. Most men would appreciate her bold step into the night, but she didn't need their

approval. She wanted something more, and few doubts existed about where she'd find it.

She paid a hefty price to guarantee it.

* * * *

If the woman wanted to stop his artificial heart, then she accomplished her immediate goal. Thank God, it started back again or else resuscitation would've guaranteed permanent termination—one of the pitfalls of the job. Whenever he visited Earth, he didn't have a plan B if *he* stopped ticking. Without a control room nearby, he just gambled on existence whenever he traveled beyond his original and intended parameters. He was a clone who knew his place, but when he occasionally forgot it, he took fate and his life for granted. Much like humans, he decided.

Brogan didn't want to stare, but at the same time, he was paid to adorn her with an appreciative eye. Why not start with the polite conversation? It gave him the opportunity to survey her without the uncomfortable intervention of unwanted silence.

"So you're in real estate?" He noticed the immediate change. Her shoulders, once delicate to his easy touch, now held firm in a salute of confidence. The coolness in the air drifted across the plush interior of the extravagant car.

"Tell me about yourself, Brogan." Her lips pursed. She waited for his answer.

The authoritative tone she took with him all but pissed him off. He might be her employee for the night, but he'd also been paid very well to take the lead and remain in control.

He pushed for something, anything at all, to challenge her air of superiority. "I'm taking you to one of your father's first global communities for dinner this evening." He chose to play the same game. He would answer the questions he wanted to acknowledge, and those he didn't could easily be replaced with one of his own or the subject changed altogether.

"I know. The Zahur was his crowning achievement." A flicker of recognition didn't pass her eyes nor did pride in her father's accomplishments; and they existed on a grand scale. Her father and mother were notorious for their achievements.

"You've seen it a million times, I'm sure." He knew damn well she'd never been there. No one under the age of twenty-one was permitted to cross the boundaries of separated space, but it allowed for turn about with the fairest of plays.

"In pictures."

Good for her. She didn't allow him to see her excitement, but he realized it existed. The first time anyone visited The Colonies of Our Galaxy, particularly Zaid, one of his favorite choices, they usually had a lot of expectations. The thrill of riding one of the shuttles into space trumped all other life events. Once there, most soon recognized his or her good fortune.

The Colonies were strategically placed and followed the continents in a mesmerizing pattern. Only the rich visited there—or those who adorned their arms. Never mind other body parts.

The communities found there were spectacular, and Paisley's father developed every one of them. Their fortune hit massive proportions which is why he was startled to

discover where she'd chosen to wait for him—a simple cottage. Something he personally chose to ignore. He knew the cabin-like environment wasn't her home. He even made it his business to find out where she lived. Yes, in opulent surroundings but he didn't blame a girl for playing it safe. He pretended he didn't notice the tiny home at all.

Brogan reached across her for a slender glass and tilted the rim. "Champagne?"

"No, thank you."

"You are of drinking age?"

"My father made various laws, remember? Because of social ordinances, I've been of legal drinking age since the tender age of fourteen—and I never particularly cared for alcohol."

"I see." He wasn't impressed, and he planned to drink with her or without her and later, he'd simply drink her in altogether. The bottles were from The Zahur, and as with everything there, the liquid only tasted sweeter with the name on the bottle.

A few seconds later, his glass to his lips, he gave Paisley the reverse sweep. His gaze started at her heel before moving to her ankle, calf, knee, and hip. He shifted in his seat. "I see you're familiar with some of the designers at The Zahur." He sipped, swallowed, and licked the corner of his mouth.

"Fashion Consultants are on the payroll like everyone else." She moved her buttocks over to the edge of the seat and stared him straight in the eyes. Her dark eyes would later

haunt him. Certainty of it boiled him with the touch he wanted her to initiate.

He heard the chuckle fall from his lips, and he hated it, but God, he had to kiss her. "Right now, I don't give a damn whose names can be found there on your over-crowded spreadsheets. I'm going to taste some of that bitterness you're known for, and I swear to you, I'll kiss it sweet."

* * * *

She should've slapped him, but she kissed him. Hard and fast but hungry, so incredibly hungry, she waltzed right into his mouth with a reaching tongue and a need filled with a raging fire. At twenty-one years old, she'd waited for a man. It was far too long to delay notice by the opposite sex and act as a woman with needs—oh, and did she ever possess them.

Paisley's arms draped over his shoulders like he'd been kissing her for the last five years. It felt natural as he kissed and nipped, only at her lips, and she longed for more. A quick meeting of mouths, the introduction of a deal in the making, and she was ready.

Forcing herself away from him, she pointed to the landing. "We're here."

"I see." He rolled his head, stretched his neck to see the area beyond guarded gates and then moved closer. "And I don't care." He grabbed her wrist and pulled her to him again. "Close your eyes, Paisley."

His mouth covered hers again, and it was then when she realized, the first kiss they shared was one driven by her own sloppiness and a lot of tongue driving into him at one time.

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And yes, with her eyes wide open, she remained fixated on him now.

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Chapter Two

The passionate meeting of mouths in the car left her without a care in the world. If meeting tongue to tongue saved a woman from pain or heartache then she would initiate the kissing of mere strangers. She needed the practice, and finding volunteers wouldn't be difficult. Hell, the one in front of her, according to her liaison, all but agreed to date her for free. Her virginity status weighed heavily on his generosity.

Brogan was forty-eight and a kept man. He wasn't interested in women for any other purpose than money, and she'd been advised by her liaison and his. His availability calendar stayed full with damsels in dire need of a man to fill them in just the right places—or perhaps *feel* would be just as appropriate. His interest in her specifically drew questions because he made an exception and moved a few dates around to accommodate her. She wondered why but didn't ask.

A few minutes after they arrived at the Paisley Transportation Compound, they boarded the strange metallic vessel. As they walked through security, Brogan pressed his palm against her lower back. Anyone who dared to notice would believe they were a couple—intimate lovers.

The shuttle carried them across the atmosphere to a faraway land. Actually, it wasn't traditional ground at all. Outer space in pictures didn't justify the colonies her father created in the sky. Incredible beauty lit up the cosmic

territory in the distance, and her eyes were focused on the one she knew would lure her. It called to her from out of the darkness and its shape, strangely familiar, made her feel all the more expectant. It was her land, her family property. Her country—her place in the galaxy.

Brogan's role really began there. She felt it in the sudden change between them. He held her hand firmly before bringing it to his lips for a shower of pecks and kisses across her knuckles. "You're going to love it here, my darling."

"Yes, and I may love it enough to stay."

"Ah, yes. Your father spent a lot of time here, didn't he?"

She nodded and hoped he wouldn't ask anything more about her family.

"And your mother, did she like it as well?" He studied her closely.

Damn it all, he realized what he asked. The rumors about her mother were very accurate, and yet everyone questioned and wanted to know more about her. The fantasy of her mother only came alive in the role she now portrayed.

"I didn't see my mother very much. She traveled a lot, and of course, as you can imagine, she and my father had a lot of new terrain to cover before they..."

"I understand." He cut her off and kissed her cheek. "And I really don't care."

Of course he didn't..

He continued to court the façade of a perfect gentleman, and she realized then she came very close to confirming the rumors. It would've been so easy to just spread open her mouth, drop her jaw, and release years of a troubled truth.

The hostess on the shuttle stood up and called out an announcement for the twenty or so passengers. The arrival to The Zahur was a success, and departing the vessel would begin within minutes.

Within seven or eight more minutes, Brogan and Paisley were walking on the fluorescent streets of The Zahur. With golden boulevards and beauty seemingly everywhere, Paisley couldn't believe her eyes. She felt as if she'd finally arrived to a refreshing and long-awaited life.

* * * *

"What do you think?"

"It's what I imagined. And then everything I wanted to picture and yet, couldn't." She seemed quite taken with the amusements found there. Her father was by far one of the greatest visionaries of all time. If anyone wanted proof, they only needed one visit to The Colonies of Our Galaxy.

The streets were metallic in a sense and it was one of the reason shoes were always required. The solar system often reminded those in the area who remained in control. It wasn't Paisley or the empire her family created. It was a much higher power. Without special boots or steel heels, walking there proved impossible.

Gorgeous buildings graced the streets. Cafés on makeshift sidewalks were surrounded by metal bars. Privacy gates where cages of sexual suggestiveness housed couples in the throes of foreplay were located next to shops of interest for those who might be inclined to join them. Sex toys were sold

out in the open as liberally as hot dogs marketed in larger 'earthy' cities.

"Sex sells." She startled him with the two words of casual conversation.

"It does indeed." He should know. Her father's development, far away from the laws and judgments found on earth, made it quite easy for him to survive on numerous, shiny pennies.

She took a deep breath and slowly released it. "I guess I'll have to let you take the lead. I have no idea where I am." He offered his hand, and she accepted it.

When the shuttle drifted into the shell of the compound, he'd watched her with interest. Now, he felt all the more compelled to study everything about her. They chatted about her father as he pulled her through wide hallways defined as city streets.

Paisley probably didn't know what to expect. Brogan liked introducing the unexpected. He noticed how she marveled at everything. When they'd left the air carrier, the first thing she did when they disembarked was look up. Most visitors did the same thing again and again. A ceiling of sorts, a white shell with marvelous watercolor paintings, closed over them as the shuttle left for earth once more. He loved watching it leave. The slit parted and opened, showcasing the most extraordinary view ever found in the universe.

Now, as they made their way through the commixture of cultures from around the globe, he tried to observe the way she studied other people there. Very creative individuals lived and worked in her father's compounds. Many of them knew

who she was, but as she moved by them, no one seemed to notice her, and if they did, they never bothered to stare.

"You'll love where I take you first." His assumption broke the sudden awareness over the lack of conversation exchange, and within seconds, he made an honest man out of himself.

* * * *

"It's unbelievable." She pushed open the gigantic door to another expansive bedroom and was led to another and then another. "Even the designs and floor plans are all..."

"Built with sex in mind." He finished the sentence for her. "Several of the company homes, I'm told, were designed with a sex party in mind. This is one area I'll look forward to revisiting with you from time to time." A sound escaped his throat, and the manly growl left everything open for speculation. He didn't need to offer assistance with her observational statements. The Zahur's original purpose was driven by the need for uninhibited sex. It was a planet, a foreign land, a true deliverance into ecstasy, and her mother, not her father, had designed it all. Many people didn't know the truth, but Brogan had been privy to the information.

"These rooms are like passages into another time. The verandas and the fixtures, the paintings, and the soft blend of colors, everything coordinated to perfection. My mother realized what people wanted when they considered romance. She obviously gave it a lot of forethought."

He led her through a door which separated and divided as they walked onto the terrace. "If you think she had you in

mind when these colonies were designed, I think perhaps you're dreaming. Most mothers wouldn't want to picture their daughters with..." he stopped himself and then quickly added, "*men* like me or in situations where men like me are determined to lead them."

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Chapter Three

The aroma of something divinely delicious suddenly surrounded them. The odor filled all senses and didn't just capture scents but also allowed for a most euphoric experience caressing her body, mind, and spirit.

"Have a seat." Brogan extended his arm in an effort to point out a chaise-type lounge. "Over there will be great. We're taking advantage of casual dining tonight."

"I'm not at all interested in eating." The words skated off her tongue, and she closed her mouth in an attempted gesture to contain any other syllables waiting to form or fall.

"You will dine, and you'll feast with me." He patted her bottom and turned to go.

Before she responded favorably or to the contrary and almost as soon as he left her, another man approached. A confident creature, he appeared comfortable in his own skin. A beautiful man with long lustrous hair and high cheek bones—yes, far too pretty to be considered masculine and yet the closer he stepped, the more he displayed manly characteristics.

"Hello, Paisley. Welcome. I'm Phillip. I'm at your service." He took her hand in his and led her to the covered lanai. Beautifully appointed with platinum fixtures, the area sparkled in a precise shine. The truer polish seemed driven by the sun but the natural light didn't touch down with a direct hit on any one piece of furniture.

"It's nice to meet..."

His lips assumed positioning by covering hers before any words glided from them. He nibbled at her lips as if to ward off the mindless kissing he certainly controlled. His lips parted once but never left hers even when he bent his knees. Scooping under her, his large hands made her shiver with thoughts of what other proportioned gifts he possessed. Yes, she'd read about the male anatomy and certainly felt wise to the myths of man. The larger the hand, the bigger the cock, and right now she hoped for myths holding an element of truth.

He carried her to an awaiting blanket simply spread out beyond the loungers and chairs. Moving her gently to the ground, he stood over her with an arrogant smirk telling quite a tale. He assumed and quickly mastered all authority over her situation. In business, it would've pissed her off, but here? It was definitely different yet she was unalarmed by it. She wanted to touch him and feel everything he had to offer as if he provided her the experiences she craved and he alone influenced them.

She fought back the temptation to tell him, just to inform him, she was there with another man. Somehow, she didn't think he'd care or respond to the revelation. Seemingly, he already understood it. Perhaps it was part of the arrangement and the liaison failed to explain all of the interesting particulars.

The handsome rogue—she didn't attempt to imagine him as anything more than a rebel—his smirk and yes, even the eyes gave it away; wore white slacks. With the obvious protrusion, the terrycloth pants were the only material

touching his skin and nothing underneath held him from displaying a very stout member. His chest, broad and capable led to a belly perfected by nature—and enhanced by man—the abs sold a woman on possibilities. His obvious excitement made just as many promises.

"Do you live here?" she began to stutter, something she'd never done before in her lifetime, "Do you?" She cleared her throat before mentally cursing the challenges even the act of swallowing presented.

From behind her, she heard movement, a rapid shuffle of feet. *Brogan*. He leaned over her shoulder with a glass of champagne and a strawberry covered in fluffy white whipped crème. "Open darling." He grinned up at Phillip. "And why don't you answer the lovely lady?"

Phillip sat down next to her and tilted her chin toward his own. He seemed to nuzzle her with it before he moved back away from her. "I'm at your service and I like the idea of..." his tongue swiped carefully over her upper lip and then he withdrew with what sounded like a fulfilling promise, "pleasing a beautiful woman."

Great, another one on the payroll. Just as soon as she thought it, the confirmation solidified it.

"We're a package deal." Brogan informed her of the obvious right before Phillip began to kiss her wrist. His mouth truly caressed the veins imprinted there.

"The liaison said..."

"You paid for pleasure." Brogan reminded her.

"You paid for experience." Phillip added. "You really received a great deal here. You bought entertainment for a

package special. Something you don't need under most circumstances, but this isn't a typical arrangement now, is it?" He winked.

Brogan sat down behind her and pulled her against his chest as he did. "Think of it as a two for one bargain."

"So what you're telling me is..." She tried to gather her thoughts so she could continue, "you're here for *my* enjoyment?" She looked at Brogan and then back at Phillip. "Both of you are bought and *paid for*?"

"If you want to be rude about it," Brogan began, "yes, but we're also here because we want to be here."

"Why?" She studied them.

"We, or should I say, *I* have a proposition." Phillip beamed.

The pit of her gut ached on observance. "I'll just bet you do." She didn't sit at the helm of a multi-billion dollar conglomerate without understanding predators, and she had one in front of her. Now, she'd simply turn him into her prey.

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Chapter Four

Brogan stroked her back as Phillip began to explain. She tried to move away, but Brogan slipped his arm around her waist and deliberately clutched tighter, nearly pinching the skin. He kept a controlled grip as Phillip's motive was revealed—along with Brogan's, but she discovered, Brogan's didn't matter. It didn't take her long to put two and two together. Now she understood what the liaison tried to tell her all along.

Brogan offered to take her out, give her experience, and return her without compensation—and the man wasn't one for personal favors or generosity. He always wanted, earned, and expected payment or at least, he wanted her to believe as much.

His file, the one she'd read prior to paying his retainer, provided a blue-print for the flawless male escort. In fact, Brogan seemed perfect for her situation. No strings and better still, no further attachments. Made to order, designed for female satisfaction, his measurements were given; pictures offered. Brogan Delcorte may have been a big boy, but he existed as a woman's toy.

"Understand, we're all after the same things here. Money, power, adventure, sex.... and I imagine you are interested in protecting your dirty little secrets." His tongue traced his bottom lip and left behind a damp shine.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Her shoulders squared off with a posture of uncertainty but nonetheless, grace.

"Denial. It's a beautiful defense mechanism." Brogan touched her hair, kissed her neck. "It won't help you place strategic barriers where they're needed now, darling." He kissed the outline of her backless dress all the way down to her hip before he offered a playful nip.

The shiver came and the excitement, damn it all, existed.

"What do you want from me?" She tried to ignore Brogan and focus instead on Phillip.

"I want everything *you* don't want *me* to have. I want everything your father couldn't acquire from your mother, and finally—I want you." His eyes held her in his gaze with a piercing dare. "I will *have you* in many ways, darling. Brogan and I will offer you the experience you've paid for, but, in the end, when all is completely sealed in our deal, I *want the real you* for a more *lasting arrangement*."

"You know." Her words were spoken barely above a whisper.

"We know." Brogan reassured her as his mouth covered her ear for the purpose of quiet confirmation. Some sins, indeed, search out and find a woman, even those handed down by other generations, those deserving of some sort of punishment.

"So then you know how my father died?" She suddenly felt the agitated need to tell them, to share with them the horrifying last minutes of her father's life. Maybe then they

would fear her. If not, they'd show her some measure of respect as their equal.

"We know how he died."

"Do you? Do you really?" She stood then, ignoring the hand on her waist tugging her back again. Slapping Brogan's grip away, she swayed in front of Phillip, taunting him with what she held in store.

"I don't think you do, so let me show you." She walked over to the corner of the room and began to shed her web of truer deception. The sleek skin she exposed covered her far better than the webbed dress hiding it. Brogan quickly rose to stand beside of Phillip.

"Holy hell." He moved closer.

Phillip extended his arm to stop him. "Wait. I think she wants to play games with us, and if so, I'll gladly follow her lead."

* * * *

"Pay close attention, gentleman, and do not provoke me to anger, or you will only have one opportunity to view—." Her skin seemed to unravel much like yarn would drop from a spindle, and in a matter of mere seconds, a gorgeous spider's netting covered the far corner of the lanai.

The net found there wasn't by any means, a spider's web crafted by a meaningless insect, but more of an artistic display of ingenious patterns. A configuration of spectacular impressionism without the use of paints or forethought brought about a shimmer to the area in a fascinating effort to enlighten the men watching.

Where she'd once stood, a web extended. There, against the corner she spun a large woven home very quickly. She crawled across the back wall as a brilliant spider with the deadliest of bodies. She wasn't a dull arachnid, but instead a ripe weapon with rich beauty nearly blinding to the naked eye. The appendages were long and lean but firm, taut with movement and pointed direction.

"I told you." Phillip seemed proud of himself. He should've been; he'd called her out, and she'd managed to produce what he wanted to see in record time.

"Paisley, I'm impressed." Brogan added joining in with Phillip in mutual admiration.

She continued to crawl about for a few moments more, and the men moved closer. In the position of power now, she moved about the web with sudden speed and landed quickly on Phillip's bare shoulder.

Rather than scare away from her, he stroked her back just as Brogan earlier stroked her in the flesh. Only Phillip showed her, regardless of her new form, some measure of restrained compassion. "Ah my beauty. If you'll come back to us, you'll be well compensated for these theatrics."

* * * *

Never let it be said the arrogance of men can not draw out a woman truly depraved of sex. She didn't budge but mused over the light fingertips across her back. Ah, she indulged in them, and it didn't take much. She counted the strokes he gave her with the tips. Fifty-five and counting, and even in her transformed state, she felt quite aroused by each touch.

Paisley crawled down his arm and hard thigh. Once on the ground, she reappeared in human form. She started to reach for the web behind her but quickly realized it was of no use now. *Damn.* Something she didn't think about before she decided to show off for an audience. She didn't know how to reassemble her evening attire. She never really liked it anyway.

Phillip approached her first. "You were on my shoulder; you could've struck with a deadly bite."

"Ah, true. But the power in the bite is only when you are of no use to me. You still have your..." She paused, cleared her throat; continued ... "charms." She gazed at the hard-on pressing through his pants.

Brogan moved closer now, taking care to study the woman he likely presumed as dangerous. He reluctantly took her hand. "You are showing favoritism, lover. I'll have to change this immediately." He led her over to the lounge and encouraged her to lay down by giving her a suggestive push.

Phillip watched from a distance. "We have business to discuss."

"After all the patting and stroking you did to entice her, your business will wait. Even virgins need fast, hot, and erotic loving when properly inspired." His adoring stare heated her every thread, what few she still had left.

She opened her mouth, wanting to protest against the pleasure initiatives, but heaven help her, she could not. Her entire life, sexual fulfillment waited. She never had the chance to experience a man or the kind of uncontrollable lust a woman her age desired most.

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Business came first because opportunities presented themselves, and when they did, they were supreme. They demanded her attention before anything else. Now it seemed practical to use the same forethought in seeking pleasure. When it's in front of a woman, it's hard to deny. And with two for the price of one—it's simply impossible to refuse.

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Chapter Five

Phillip latched onto her mouth in an incredible show of ownership. He kissed her in an exhilarating attempt to claim the area as his own while Brogan massaged her shoulders from behind. Wherever Brogan's hands stroked and squeezed, his lips soon kissed away the magical sensation she quickly felt by the manual pampering. Phillip's tongue continued to stroke in a man's sweet hunger with a flicker here and a quick flip there.

Brogan's hands went to her lower back, and he pushed her forward encouraging her buttocks to move upward. At the same time, Phillip stepped out of his pants using Paisley's slender shoulders to steady himself, if only for effect. And it was effective.

Not to be outdone, Brogan groaned and slid back in a rocking fashion. On his elbows, he raised his hips, and though his legs were draped around her now, he left her by swinging a leg behind her. He stood and stripped, and while she was tempted to look over her shoulder and watch, she had an eyeful directly in front of her.

Phillip's right hand cupped her neck. "Taste me." His smirk—well, most virgins would consider it deplorable and she did. He said the two words more like an officer passing off a direct order rather than a man with a carnal desire, a lust-filled request.

Brogan reclaimed his position behind her. His hard cock pressed against her buttocks, and his hands gathered her full

breasts in a playful lift. "Take him, darling. All you have to do is open your mouth and keep your teeth in check. He'll do the rest." He whispered the call directly into her ear. "You can do that for us, can't you? Just suck, my lover."

She parted her lips, and Phillip moved between them. Large and endowed with pleasure's agenda, he didn't take it slow. He pushed into her mouth, greedy with the need as much as obligation. He wanted her to partake and become an active consumer.

At first, she didn't like it. She damn near choked on it, and the act of sucking cock first turned her stomach enough for her to push back in contempt. Her hands flew forward, and in a first effort to move him away from her, her palms settled on his bunched thighs—and the feel of them stopped her. Damnation, he felt solid. Firm muscles rippled underneath the flesh, and instead of moving him back, one hand went to his ass and gripped him closer while the other stayed pressed against his hip.

Brogan continued to fondle her breasts while his lips trailed her with an even stream of kisses. Heaven help her, his mouth touched every centimeter of skin, but when his tongue ran across her lower back, and he reached over her middle with a wandering hand, she froze. The lapping and sucking stopped short of a man's victory, and with a slight sip goodbye, she released Phillip and glared down at Brogan's hand.

* * * *

"What do you think you're doing?" She pressed her legs together.

Phillip crooked his head and fisted his cock. "Here sweet baby, don't worry about him. Let me show you how I can please you."

She slapped the same thigh she'd only just massaged with a great deal of pleasure.

"I think you mean to show me how *I* can pleasure *you*."

Brogan's hand moved into the crease of her upper thigh, right outside, yes so very close to her intimate space, a guarded place she'd never opened up for exploration, never mind a full-fledge exhibition. Now, the men in front of her expected it. They planned for it in ways she didn't begin to know how to allow much less enjoy.

Her knees pushed closer together, and just as they did, Phillip yanked her wrist and pulled her from Brogan and the cushioning beneath her. She landed solid against his chest.

As with any fear-factor, the impact initiated a swallowed gulp of air. Incompressible, yet nothing and it burned all the same as she damn near choked on anxiety. "Let me go." She tugged, but her wrist was clasped in the manly hands of her controller. Someone who had his way with women—she saw it in his eyes—his alarming, deep green eyes.

"Who are you?" She whispered it into his lips.

"I'm the man your father only hoped you would never meet but still understood one day would." He locked his lower lip under his teeth and in doing so confined the smile looming.

He was so damn proud. Too fucking cocky—and all the more irresistible. If he'd been an employee in her world, the

tiny corner she occupied with important decisions to make and contracts to sign, she'd have fired him on the spot.

Brogan stood up behind them, and she immediately remembered the man who had brought her there. The one who escorted her to The Zahur suddenly seemed like an unwanted third party or worse—one controlled, bought even, by the man who held her in his locked clasp.

This time, when he cupped her breasts, he seemed to offer them to Phillip, and immediately, the man in front of her took one and then kissed his way to the other before surrounding it with his hot mouth and yes, oh, God, yes, he sucked them willingly. He pulled her into a skilled lover's mouth while his tongue tweaked the little nub with a playful roll over it one minute and a sensational, but nearly painful nip, the next.

Brogan began to move against her. His fisted cock needed some attention, but she couldn't help him. She had a lover's euphoria, and everything Phillip did to her only made her want him more.

At some point, she was led across a threshold. The outdoor feel of the lanai and nearby pool and grill seemed far in the distance now, and she saw it. The divisions of the rooms as the doors divided to part and reveal a new separating space; she followed where they both led her.

Dizzy, she felt so dizzy. Something, anything ... no, nothing could compare. Pushed to the bed, she didn't feel the back of a mattress against her calves, and why would she? One man pushed, and the other pulled. They both helped positioning; they both manipulated her body in the way it suited them most.

Phillip slid down over her, kissing her as he moved. Brogan straddled her chest and suggested, offered really, his hard cock against her swollen lip. "Come now, darling. It's time to learn." Still the teacher. Forever the paid man, he had a job to do, and he planned to follow protocol.

She felt Phillip at her middle and then down against her calves before he worked his way toward her hips and thighs. He touched, kissed, massaged, and fondled.

"Ohhhh, God!"

"Oh, yeah." Brogan snapped her lips into place as his large size filled her mouth.

Phillip licked and plunged into her with a tongue so driven to please.

Brogan slowly moved his cock in deep before withdrawing, and he did it again and again with controlled discipline. "Now, darling, lick the end."

She did.

"Sweet." He moved into her again. Forceful, this time he stayed a bit longer and then reluctantly withdrew. "Spread your legs for Phillip. Let him please you."

Her knees dropped, openly exposing her to the man in between her legs. Her hips rose high and higher still when his hands moved under her ass. "Divine. She is simply special." He captured her clit then, and with a rolling bite, ah yeah, it was a true nip, he suckled her into the first orgasm claimed in their private event.

* * * *

Brogan watched her face change, and it was enough. He slipped out of her mouth long enough to hear, really experience the sound of a woman in true sensual motion. He glanced over his shoulders and admired the way her body moved with the fire stirring from within. She pressed her sweet pussy into Phillip's mouth, and he hungrily ate. He winked a mocking approval at Brogan. He had the first taste. He had bragging rights—as if he'd ever use them.

Brogan caressed her cheek, and she moaned out as if the touch intensified the climax she continued to ride. "That's it, darling. My beautiful woman." He oozed with sweetness, and sometimes when he was with the women who paid him, he meant it, though never as much as he did now. This was a woman who was different, and she was so much more than the women Phillip allowed him to please in the past. She was untouched by other men. Only Phillip had tasted her, and now, oh hell yeah, now she would have her first true sprinkling of man.

Her eyes challenged him, and it was enough. His thighs bunched, and he felt his ass tighten as if his butt cheeks squeezing together would stop him from moving into her with rapid thrusts and proclaimed beats. Oh, hell no, not now. She would swallow him whole or not at all, but he would not stop himself from the pleasure.

His jaw dropped, and he held tight to the base, but only for a second, and he pushed hard against the back of her throat. "Swallow, darling. Don't disappoint. Swallow my cream. That's it, darling. Suck deep."

TurnKey Lovers
by Destiny Blaine

"Sweet woman, oh, sweet woman!" Brogan felt her close around him as her body rose and fell against Phillip's mouth still accommodating her rhythm. Phillip stroked her insides with his tongue while Brogan glided across her tongue.

"Divine pleasure. Sweet, sweet wonder."

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Chapter Six

Brogan rolled off of her but hesitated when he did. He was a sated man, but Phillip was anything but satisfied. He only glanced at his friend once before he suckled Paisley's breasts.

His mouth trailed over a nipple before he kissed her neck and whispered in her ear. "Did you enjoy me, Paisley?"

Breathless moans of approval slipped from her lips as she turned her head from side to side but stopped when she caught herself in a lover's gaze. "I did."

"Me, too." Brogan's palm slid across her chest, and he gave her breast a tight, firm squeeze.

"Then you'll love the rest of it." He moved his hand quickly to her center, cupping it only a second before slipping two fingers beyond the folds. He fingered her slowly, in a roundabout play. Then, rapidly, his fingers moved in and out and in once again. An easy rhythm with an admirer's encouragement.

A sigh fell and then a grunt. Her knees fell open wide, her body proved ready—wet.

And oh how pleased he was to discover it, because he defined a man weak with sexual necessity. He looked down on her before locking eyes with the one man who wanted her first. "Tough break, Brogan."

He set his jaw, bit his lower lip, and heaven help him, he pushed into her fast with lust guiding his strokes. Hot heat covered his cock upon entry and holy hell, he just wanted to fuck for hours. Yeah, he could screw her for long seconds and

make every one of them count. If they didn't have to discuss business at some point, he'd fuck her until he came and then start over again. He'd never been so eager to fuck a woman's virginity right out of her memory, but today, everything changed.

"Tight—just a snug compartment." He thrust his cock forward and up, sure and confident—he swiped at just the right spot.

And he got it. Damn did she wiggle and yelp.

"Oh!" The ouch would've followed, but he didn't allow it. She knew aches and pains like no other because he plunged into her without the concern for it. She paid Brogan's liaison for a teacher, but he wanted to be the one to show her how a man loved a woman with a dick trained and designed to please *just her* into believing such a notion.

"Ah yeah, darling woman, it's going to hurt. It's going to throb until it doesn't and then it's going to rock you beautifully and -with an affliction you'll most certainly remember." He moved out of her, but the tip never left entirely. Hell, it would've been an agonizing event to leave her completely. It scoured across her clit and then slid into her folds once more. The damn thing had a mind of its own.

Hell. What a gift. He chuckled.

"Shit!" He felt her welcome him and pulsate against him as she cursed the rising and falling of bodies.

This time when he sank in, he didn't stay. He withdrew quickly and stared down at her little peaked gems. Brogan tickled them until they were perky and round. He'd touched

them, tweaked at one, and then the other and, by God, his lips had kissed them.

"My beautiful woman." He latched onto one pointed jewel and sucked in the fire he found in her hot little nipple. He uncurled his tongue and lapped her into an undeniable state of arousal.. All the while, he rode her. Stroke after stroke, he entered her until he couldn't achieve anything more than the true end result—and together, they came.

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Chapter Seven

When Paisley woke up, she was covered in a loose, white sheet. It smelled like a bouquet of freshly picked flowers. She pulled it to her nose and inhaled. The scent of men surrounded her, too, and the divine reminder of time well spent stained her belly. The filmy existence of man's pleasure ran in a dried stream across her stomach, and she smiled with the memory as her fingertips followed it.

He slept against me. She thought of how Brogan had towered over her soon after Phillip left her well spent. He was hard with profound desire. She was tired and fulfilled, and yet Brogan was anxious. How could she deny him? His cock pleaded a masculine case, and though there were vast differences in size of each man's member, the skills found in Brogan's proved ever bit as entertaining.

Brogan had a lot to offer a woman. His cock stroked with capabilities and with tenderness, and right before she came, he pulled her up to him, switching their positions. Amazingly, or at least she thought so, his cock never left her pussy even when he moved for better balance or positioning. Once she was on top, he grabbed her thighs and moved her in a way she didn't know a woman moved. She met her climax with Brogan as easily as with Phillip. All the while locking eyes with the man she wanted to feel once again—Phillip.

His blonde hair drifted over his shoulder and down his back, and his broad shoulders squared against the oversized corner chaise. Against the black material covering the

furniture, he looked superior, like the lounge found good fortune with having his ass against it. She wanted to go to him, and he waited for her there.

She'd been mesmerized by his actions, noticing how he tugged his own member harder and harder as she had sex with Brogan. Her eyes blurred from the act of it all. She didn't cry, but she wanted to scream. His existence there with them seemed so out of the ordinary but yet so comfortable—so right.

Brogan moved from her after achieving his climax, and she noticed the gesture only occurred with a great deal of reluctance. He originally collapsed against her, and she assumed he liked being inside of her because he didn't move instantly, but she craved Phillip again, and the more she thought of him, his size, his body—the wetter she became.

Rich with another man's cream, she'd motioned for Phillip to join them, but he'd refused. He'd motioned for her then, and as he did, his head fell against the back of the long recliner.

She stood, lost in a trance of sorts, and walked straight into his arms. Once she was there, he loved her until morning.

* * * *

"Did you sleep well?" Brogan entered the room with a pot of fresh coffee and fruit tray.

She nearly jumped out of her skin and felt sudden embarrassment when she realized she had her hand at her

pussy after revisiting the night before. "Yes." She looked around at the richly appointed room.

"Good. Are you hungry, darling?"

"You don't have to call me darling. I believe I paid for services already rendered." She reached for the tray, but he ignored her, retrieving it somewhat before he moved it under her extended arms to set it on her lap.

Phillip entered then, fully clothed. He walked toward her with a lot of confidence, and as she pulled the sheet tighter around her, she touched her flat stomach once more. His mark of satisfaction covered her, and as if he translated where and why her hand retreated to her belly, he looked at her with a stare of pure ownership. Oh yes, one glance and she was forever hooked.

Brogan kissed the top of her head and left them.

"He works for you." She poured a cup of coffee with a great deal of concentration.

Phillip walked over to the window and drew the curtains, and when he did, she saw a lovely garden before them. It literally took her breath away. She strained to see beyond a cobblestone pathway where roses led the way to a most spectacular artificial landscape.

"Last night, he worked for you."

"Don't be cavalier."

"Darling, I'm anything but arrogant." He walked around the room and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Do you have everything you need there?"

"I don't eat much."

"Yes, you do."

She glanced up and then back down at her tray again. "How would you know?" Slowly, she brought the coffee cup to her lips.

"It's my business to know about my women."

The sip she intended to take all but sprayed from her lips.

With a chuckle, he crossed his arms. "Don't get choked up. You had to know after last night."

No, she didn't. But now she did. *Damn*. "So this is how it happens?" She only whispered the question.

"This is how." He gave her slight nod.

"And there are others?"

"A harem of them, I'm afraid. Several on each colony."

"Then I have no use for you."

"Apparently, you have many—all of them acceptable, by the way."

She put a grape to her lips and then bit it in half. The sweet flavor of the fruit offered enough juice to remind her she was really thirsty. As soon as she swallowed, she washed it down with a gulp of hot coffee.

Phillip leaned back on the bed. "Don't worry, lover; you'll never meet the others."

"I imagine not because I'm not concerned with them, and they won't be concerned with me. As you can see, I'm a woman who isn't in need of a man, and by the way, I presume this home here is mine."

"But of course you would assume. The most magnificent dwelling on every colony would belong to Paisley Properties."

She shrugged. "My parents left behind quite a legacy."

A cocky expression covered his face. "That they did and so did mine." He pulled an envelope from his spring jacket and tossed it next to her breakfast tray. "You'll find a lot of designer clothing in the closet. Meet me in the foyer in an hour. We have things to discuss."

Before she could stop him with a series of inquiries, he was gone, but Brogan reappeared within minutes.

"Brogan?" She was cautious because now she realized he would be anything but a trustworthy ally. He sided with her temporary enemy.

"Do you need something? Anything at all?"

Her gaze narrowed, and her brow gave an inch or so. His empty stare gave her a lot of things to ponder, and while she had questions, she knew the man in front of her would be unwilling or perhaps even unable to provide answers. "No, never mind."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. Thank you. That will be all." She dismissed him then like she'd screwed him the night before—without emotion or feeling—and without a lot of forethought, she waved her hand. Her thoughts were consumed by another, just as they'd been hours previously.

Phillip. To hell with him. *Phillip.* Fuck him. *Phillip.* Damn it all—how she craved him. After one night with him, she never wanted to sleep alone again.

Brogan stood in front of her straight and still—and every bit the man he knew how to be. He was hard with desire, and as if she could miss it, he moved his palm across the soft cotton material restraining him, at best.

"Is there something else?" Her eyes darted to his manhood. What else could she do? She was only a woman.

She thought about asking him for it. Another 'lesson' or a trip to the bedroom to work off her frustration. No, asking showed weakness, and it couldn't be tolerated in her world. Not here and not on earth.

"I have everything I need." She added the statement with renewed confidence.

He smirked. "Yes, and you will find all of us here at The Zahur Homestead more than willing to serve. We will do our best to make sure you never want for anything more than what is within your reach." He adjusted himself then and offered a wink. Suggestive? Hell yes! She wanted to extend her arm to stop him, but thoughts of another ran rampant.

She waved him off rather than draw him near. This time, he disappeared as she'd requested, just as he'd come when she'd demanded the night before. Robotic in his movement, empty in his stare.

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Chapter Eight

Phillip hoped he'd find her agreeable, but when he discovered she wasn't going to become his woman just because he'd seduced her, he played the harem card with her. In fact, he never planned to return to his appointed harem, but after a few minutes to think without her staring at his member, why sweeten the pot? No, not yet. She didn't need to know everything at once.

He waited for her by the front door, and without seconds to spare, she appeared in the entrance hall right on time. The metallic doors opened and parted as the squares found in the foyer sounded out with her approach. Spiked heels clapped out a sexy rhythm. Since they had business to discuss and various terrains to cover, he was surprised. She looked good enough to bed, fuck, and yes, spin—something the spider living inside of her might readily welcome.

Watching her sway toward him, he felt proud. The woman exhibited true characteristics of the lady he needed her to be in a fleshy form. Her hair toppled her head in a secure braid flat against the scalp, the one he'd massaged as she'd fallen asleep in his arms the night before. It had felt good to hold her there and after one evening of Paisley, he planned to have many more. Starting tonight. No time like the present.

She walked toward him quickly and stopped right in front of him. Slapping the manila folder against his chest, she informed him of new discoveries. "I will not become a woman in your harem."

So maybe the romance needed a postponement. His fantasies left him as quickly as the folder swatted against him.

Beautiful. The woman characterized the lone thought—*stunning.* His lips formed a straight line, and he tried to prevent a smile. With his demeanor, it proved difficult. He wanted to *cock* her right then and there. Damn if he didn't get a hard-on every single time he saw her.

"My parents didn't leave behind a helpless woman without a brain." Her hands rested on shapely hips—the most perfect of curves.

"After last night..." he paused but made a quick decision to piss her the hell off so he continued, "I have reason to believe you don't know where your brain is located." He sneered then, and oh yeah, it was for mere theatrics.

"Why you son-of-a-bitch!" She turned to walk out on him, but he caught her quickly.

Holding her forearm firm against his middle, he nodded toward the wall.

"I know all about your parents." In a center mural, her father and Phillip were shaking hands, and her mother stood to the side with an air of approval the photographer easily captured. Her mother looked radiant.

At one time, Phillip really believed Paisley's father was the luckiest man in the world, but then he discovered the man's daughter—Paisley. She was eighteen the first time he saw her, and it was all he could do to turn away from her. It happened once, three years ago. He never saw her again until she visited The Zahur. He liked looking at her, and heaven

help him, touching her unleashed another emotion altogether. No, a series of them blended together and reminded him of divine future coupling possibilities.

Standing with her now, he realized Paisley's father wasn't the luckiest bastard in the galaxy. Hell no, he *owned the title* now, and he'd be damned if any other man would ever know the experience of Paisley.

Brogan could consider himself used and discarded. Oh sure, he'd share with Brogan because, on occasion, it would suit him when he needed the man's hands or eyes to help him do things he had envisioned in his mind, but he planned to enjoy her and keep her safeguarded in his arms as much as possible. Paisley now belonged to him. Convincing her of it would take little effort. Damn, he had confidence—twelve full, eager inches of endowment reminded him he possessed a lot of it.

* * * *

"You knew my mother and father?" She moved closer to the painted proof. Complete strangers stared back at her from many of the framed snapshots and then she spotted more recognizable images. Her parents, employees, Brogan, men who closely resembled Brogan and countless other women and men—complete strangers. None of them meant anything to her except for those small murals with her parents and another familiar person—Phillip.

He stood proud as quite the loyalist. He appeared at her father's side in many of the small paintings. Hundreds of men cluttered the walls there, but he won the camera's approval.

The naked eye drew him closer. His stance was confident, sexy, and oh so deliciously capable. She knew from experience.

Her hand flew to her side. "If you think I give a damn about an agreement you may have had with my father, then you don't know anything at all about me."

"I know enough." He reached for her, and she smacked him away.

"Brogan!" He called out over his shoulder, and Brogan appeared in the instantly parted wall behind him.

"Take Paisley to the control room. Allow her to see everything I have already seen. Then meet me in the plaza. We're due there in two hours." He slid his arm around her waist and brought her to him.

Air must've hitched in her chest because she gulped as he made the sudden move. "And if you're good, I may just allow you to spend the rest of your natural life with me. You'll like the arrangement. I'm sure of it."

The red color in her cheeks returned. The little spit-fire business woman came alive with a ready proposition. "I'm being man-handled, and I assure you, I'm not accustomed to it—"

Phillip slanted his lips over hers in a swift movement. After he planted his mouth on hers for a brief reminder of how well she liked it there, he nodded to Brogan and turned away with words of caution. "You may not be used *to me* yet, but you'll begin to look at me as an additional limb, and darling, you'll ache and throb whenever I'm not with you. I promise, you'll feel the sudden loss and beg for a speedy return."

"Don't you turn your back to me." She reached for his arm, and he shook himself free, but he did turn to face her.

"Paisley, *don't you* raise your voice when you address me. I've been in control of this entire charade since the beginning. I understand this comes as a shock. Perhaps it would've been better if you'd had time to adjust, but you turned twenty-one. It's the age of *our* people and the time is near. We are who we are—and stronger only together as one." He turned again. "Brogan, do your job. You've been paid well to train, so finish the damn process." He snapped his words and left the compound.

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Chapter Nine

Paisley stared at the monitors around the control room. Hundreds of them played and replayed her life as if every moment, every second of her past needed documentation. Walls of screens pushed forward with one year and then the next; one month of days turned into weeks, and all of it unfolded in captured images.

Her mouth fell open as she watched. She caught herself a few times and closed it abruptly. Her life's memories flashed before her. A smile on a little girl's face, her face, lit up the center screen as other smaller monitors revisited her life.

Butterflies danced across the monitor in the middle, and she ran after them playfully yelling for her father. "Papa! Papa! Watch me, Papa!" She laughed. Oh how she laughed. It rang out loudly throughout the room and then as quickly as it began, it stopped.

Mother.

Her spine stiffened, and she immediately remembered the way her mother made her feel. The air always deafened the noise, regardless of the volume or pitch found there or what inspired it, whenever she entered a room or walked out into an open space where Paisley played, her existence staled the environment.

"Come here, child." Paisley couldn't see her, but her vocal commands were hard to miss. Paisley never defied her mother because to do so was considered criminal and warranted playtime in the webs. She hated them. She

despised conversions, and the mere act of becoming an insect sickened her.

The moving caption showed her walk toward her mother. Her face wasn't captured in the movie. Only her voice. "Do as I tell you and not as I've proven to do myself. Marry your own kind, my little one. Never play with those unworthy of your beauty and your mind. *Marry your own kind.*"

The clips all stopped at once, and Brogan turned to look at her.

"Don't patronize me. I already know." She didn't look at Brogan.

"If you know then you must've bitten him." He laughed as if he found true hilarity in her confession.

She nodded. "And he never felt a thing."

"Don't be foolish. He felt it, but because he didn't die from it, you assumed he's like you."

"He isn't just like me; *he is me.*"

Brogan looked at her curiously. "I don't understand."

"Of course you wouldn't," She turned at twenty degrees or so in his direction. "You wouldn't. You aren't like us."

"Is that why you enjoyed him more?"

A man always notices an inattentive woman, but could he recognize an intrusion? Perhaps. "I didn't enjoy him more—not really."

"Then prove it." Brogan moved toward her.

It was a test. She recognized it as such, and because she already belonged to a man—to a creature that lived inside of her as much as independently, she would not lay down with

another without the sole permission of the man who weaved his web into her soul and heart.

"I can't."

Brogan took her hands and brought her closer. "Sure you can." Once his arms wrapped her closer, he slid his hand under her shirt. "Look at me, Paisley."

She locked eyes with his only to find the gorgeous darkness inlaid with the sea-foam green. The eyes of Phillip stared back at her.

The air became thick, and she backed away shocked with what she saw. Brogan laughed.

"How did you...."

"It's magic." He slapped her ass and winked. "He'll make himself available whenever you want to fuck, and he'll be present in all of your experiences."

"That's impossible."

"No, it's really not." Brogan grabbed her around the waist again. "Look deep into my eyes and tell me what you see."

Placing her hands on his shoulders, she stared hard there, and the closer she looked, the more she wanted to look away, but because Phillip held her in Brogan's trance, she could not.

Beyond the pupils, Phillip stood in a center square somewhere. His hand motioned for her. "Come." He mouthed. His hand drifted down the front of his pants, and he licked his lower lip.

"Damn it." She blinked and pushed Brogan back. "You're cloned."

"He wants you right now. Right here—with me." He didn't deny or admit anything, but she already suspected it after

viewing the pictures on the walls of her home. There were too many men with strong similarities staring back from the photographs. As she'd watched her life replayed in front of her, she'd noticed it, too. Men, countless mortals, with too much likeness to exist as anything more than cloned were scattered throughout her life and always there for her father's protection or her mother's amusement.

"You're both crazy." She walked toward the exit, but Brogan stopped her. The wall, which parted and divided earlier, did not separate. Her palms searched for a lever or button or something.

"You won't leave until he says you can leave." Brogan informed her of his instructions before he added. "Right now, he's horny, and he wants to watch."

Paisley didn't like the feeling of confinement. Considering both men had watched clips of her life, she decided they were quite stupid in their apparent assessment and to think she aligned herself with stupidity pissed her off. Like her parents, she didn't have the patience for it. She wheeled around on high heels to face him and really felt like she only faced off with Phillip now. Brogan barely existed in the body poised in front of her. If she voiced her amusement, she'd play right into his hands, maybe even his twisted perversion. She refused to grant a clone or Phillip the pleasure.

"Don't you use Phillip to get in my pants!" She spat her words, but her truths couldn't be unleashed or released as quickly. She knew better. The clone, this clone particularly, stood ready for their pleasure—hers and theirs—Brogan's and Phillip's.

"It's true."

"I suppose Phillip is going to jack-off in the middle of the square block then?"

"Yes." His brow gathered then and he looked at her closer. "What else would he do?"

Paisley couldn't believe her ears. She opened her hand and moved to Brogan with every intention of smacking his deplorable smirk straight into a formed frown, but as she did, she saw through Brogan's eyes, and again she saw only Phillip.

His fingertips were at his waistband. His back was against a brick wall in a dark alley. "Make love to him." His instructions were carefully mouthed; words formed to carry the precise delivery. Seduction called. Hell no, it screamed.

Brogan pushed her against the wall she wanted released. The one she walked through earlier when the slick surface parted to reveal a more complicated setting. Now, it refused to give and only allowed a man with seduction to trap the one he wanted to bait with a slow hand. And it traveled up toward her breast. He moved it under her shirt, and a teasing thumb tweaked at her nipple. Through his eyes, she watched Phillip. His hand loosened the belt and two snaps were released, just two too many to allow access. Under his shorts, he tugged at himself.

Oh, God. He's going to...?

Brogan understood. "He can't come unless we do. Or rather, you do."

Staring into his eyes, she watched Phillip. Brogan closed his eyes once to tease her, and she waited, she thought with some restrained patience, for him to open them again.

Then need set in.

"Don't! No! I have to watch him!" She glared harder at Brogan.

"Say please." He squeezed them shut as he continued to play with her nipple.

She couldn't say anything; she was aroused and wet. Slick moisture pooled in between her legs as thoughts of Phillip entered her mind. His back was against a wall somewhere, and he waited and watched. He needed only her.

Quickly, she tugged Brogan forward. Kissing him like it might make all the difference in the world, she spoke into his mouth between tongued moves and nips for coaxing him into a more carnal act. "Open your eyes for me, Brogan. I need to see him."

"No." He opened them then and glared back at her while his hand released his own belt, and his slacks fell to the floor. "You need to *feel* him." Picking her up off the floor, he wrapped her legs around his hips. His fingers moved into her. "He told me you wouldn't have panties to wear, and he was right, eh?"

Phillip smirked as he leaned casually against the brick wall. His tongue ran over his upper lip, and as it did, the surface shifted and turned. She watched the rotating movement as it seemed to move him into a tunnel of lights. His gaze pierced hers.

Brogan moved his fingers from her, and his cock touched the outside of her pussy. "Once I thrust into you, watch him. Don't leave him, or we'll both have hell to pay." He warned her, but it was meaningless. All she wanted to do was watch and learn. She didn't care about instructions now. Her body and mind linked to Phillip in an unexplainable way, and if he used Brogan or an army of clones to get the job done, then she'd spread open and let them all have a turn just as long as Phillip stayed in plain sight. She suddenly possessed a fundamental dependency on a man she barely knew.

Phillip teased her from another place. He looked down on himself as he tried to pull the tip out from under his shorts. Straight ahead, he appeared to look right at her. Maybe he really did see her.

"I do see you."

"Does he read my mind?"

"You know the answer to the questions you ask." Brogan reminded her and then he thrust.

Phillip's head went back. "Baby woman. You are so tight. A snug compartment." The same words he'd used the night before.

Brogan's thighs bunched as he held onto her ass. Thrust after thrust, he entered her, and yet her eyes locked with only one man. Phillip tugged at his cock in the same beat Brogan found for them. All three bodies seemed to act and react in unison.

He placed his hand at her forehead and moved closer. He kissed her once, and she saw Phillip's mouth open, too. Then the pace continued to gain a harder tempo. "Come to me,

TurnKey Lovers
by Destiny Blaine

Paisley." Brogan said it. Phillip mouthed it, and she complied. In fact, they all did. They all enjoyed the long awaited ride.

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Chapter Ten

An hour later, they met him.

"You were stimulating, Paisley." He wrapped his arm around her waist then. "Just as incredible as before."

Brogan nodded in agreement. "You're a lucky man."

"You don't have to tell me." He moved her hair away from her neck and whispered into her ear. "Aren't you glad you didn't kill me?"

A chill ran down her spine. She did try to kill him when she felt threatened. When she'd been on his bare shoulder, she bit him and, even as she did, understood it was pointless, but it was something she did to prove it. From the first time he slowly approached, she felt it in her gut, he was more than a man, and it only took a second for her to understand completely. He was indeed more—because he belonged to her. He was like her, and yes, now, she felt confident he may have been even more. He consumed her at first sight.

"Where were you?" She wanted to know where he was when the unusual threesome took place. "Where were you when...."

He led her by one of the sex carts and grabbed a box from the top. "Charge it." He called to the vendor, and the man nodded.

"I'll show you."

Brogan followed them at an easy pace. Two or three minutes later, they were in a deserted alley, but it wasn't like a typical sidewalk. No, it was a cobblestone street with an

overhang precisely following them as they walked. It truly hung in an undecided balance, taking care to lurk overhead whenever they paused or stopped.

"Did my parents design and think of everything here?" She asked, but she didn't really present it as a question. Of course they did.

"They were masterful in planning, and their projects are commended the world over, as you know, but the overhangs are mine. I created them to capture and create mood lighting while offering privacy for couples like us."

He did it well because the covering set a peculiar romantic mood complete with an unexplainable sensual tone. Behind the wall, under the protective bubble of a metallic sheath, they traveled to a familiar place. It looked like the same area where Phillip fucked her, the same place she saw when she looked into Brogan's eyes. His mouth turned up at the corners as he pulled a vibrator from the box.

"Are you crazy? I can't do this." She looked over his shoulder and caught a glimpse of another couple in the throes of their passion.

"They can't see you. This is our space. We're known here as a popular people—more notorious than some of our clientele living among us. We have the indulgence of seeing things others can't see, but our caves and corners are protected." He tilted his head in their direction. "They see nothing more than a black glass."

She walked over to the misty-covered reflection he referred to as a one-way mirror. She almost ran directly

through it because she only caught her reflection upon close approach.

She waved at the couple on the other side, and for a minute, just a split second really, she thought the woman with her back against the wall intended to wave, too, only her hand went to the man's shoulder in an attempt to bring him closer. Her eyes closed as he fucked her. She didn't see them, and Paisley imagined if she did, she wouldn't care. Her screams were continual and bliss. God, were they heavenly music to her ears. The way the man's hips continually found a true purpose of slow, purposeful grinds, the more she craved the act of sexual contact and the man who knew how to give her some of the same.

* * * *

Phillip stood behind her a few minutes later. His cock positioned right at the crack of her ass. The vibrator under her pussy buzzed with electric energy. His foot went to her ankles in an effort to spread her open more, and he pushed her up against the glass. Her breasts pushed into the cold surface and stimulated her nipples and much more. She needed to fuck him. Really, she felt the realms of desperation in a woman's call for sex—she was truly wet for it.

As the toy found a hot spot to land, his finger trailed down the crack of her ass. His lips were at her ear, and she expected him to talk to her but he didn't. She heard his labored breathing, only his hot breath on her ear, and his cock at her ass. Damn him. *Damn Brogan*. Brogan? Where did

he go? When did he leave? How did they lose him? Did she even care? *Hell no.*

The sound of something similar, like the crinkling of foil, broke the silence. "Lubricant." He told her as he fisted his cock with one hand. He removed the toy, the one which offered her nothing earlier in the form of an orgasm, but still, she missed it immediately. A void filled her then, and she moaned—or did she whine?

He allowed the instrument to hang at her side. *Bend over.* She heard his voice in her head or perhaps he told her, but either way, he wouldn't ask twice. His palms held her over. When did they grip her flesh? She couldn't be sure. No, certainty didn't have a place here—not with them.

Her hips arched. Her palms settled on the glass in front of them, and she watched the couple fucking against the far wall. Holy hell. What a carnal pleasure, a sinful treasure to own, even maintain with another. She watched; he watched. They watched together as the man in front of them screwed his woman without mercy. The whole time Phillip's cock testing and teasing. Pleading and pleasing. Ah the temptation.

"Don't make me wait." She begged then. A woman has the right when she's damp with desire.

"You'll wait." He whispered as his mouth covered her ear. "And you'll enjoy."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Damn, baby! Babeeeeeeee! Damn!" The woman on the other side of the glass called out in a slow, southern drawl. Her gaze fixated now on something, anything, the black surface she may have realized encased an audience. Her eyes rolled under her lids as she caught his

flesh with scraping nails. A wracked body fell against her as she shook with pleasure.

Through the sealed glass she heard them. Paisley rolled her head back against Phillip's chest. "I need you to fuck me."

He didn't. Not right then. Instead, he watched. She could see him in the reflection. He seemed fascinated by the human display. "Miss Tennessee—three years ago." Phillip chuckled. "And her body is completely flawed next to yours." He sucked her earlobe.

Ah and flattery would get him everywhere. She arched more then, and he teased with the vibrator again. He turned up the speed and swept it over her clit as he reached under her with it. Before time elapsed into a noticeable blemish of misused increments, he slid it into her pussy. She purred. Oh, yes, she did—because this time—this very minute, the dildo reacted with measure. Maybe the speed adjustment helped or maybe he positioned it better or maybe—hell no—there really didn't need to be a *maybe* to it. His cock fell into a ripe stimulated place beside it, and the strokes he began made everything more pleasurable.

* * * *

He moved his cock into her ass and watched her jerk as he slid into the tightest space a man could occupy. Only he had to be honest with himself, her ass wasn't any tighter than her pussy.

Damn, what a find.

Paisley's ass clenched as he moved with her. She moaned, no, not just a whimper then but a throaty grunt of pleasure

with warped, mixed really, emotional pain. She bucked at him. Her grip was snug against his shaft, and he resisted the urge to strip her with the weight of any man. Even thrusts would've been so tempting. Ah hell, why not? Why withhold himself?

He parted his knees only by moving his feet some, and he gained another stance, one that helped him give her all of it. Every ripple he felt, he wanted to share with her.

"Damn you, Phillip!"

She cursed him openly. He didn't care. He wanted her to feel him. Feel the circle of empowerment he managed to slip over her neck when she wasn't looking. Ah yeah, she needed to be controlled even if his brand only existed in his mind. He needed to hold jurisdiction over her, and she would allow it one hour at a time, and never even know she gave it to him.

One hand covered her right one, and the other one brought her left into a firm grasp beside her thigh. And he fucked. God, did he ever screw her. He pushed and squirmed his way into a space meant for gentler men but claimed by one with self serving goals in mind.

"Easy, sweetheart. Easy, darling." He didn't want her to deny him. The vibrator added sensations to his cock as much as the pussy he wanted to claim with his own regulations and reinforcements. He kept her still against him until she became rough and unmanageable. He felt her orgasm lingering first. Her sweet juices covered his cock, making any other lubricant unnecessary.

"Phillip!" Her nails clawed at nothing because the glass didn't scrape or scar from them. "Harder! Please! Please,

Phillip." Her hips moved away from him, and he released his hold on her hands and held tight to her wrists until he had no choices but to free them. He had to fuck her ass, and in order to twist into her, he had to hold her steady and still.

He clasped her hips and grind he did. He fucked her sweet ass like a man who declared the rights and held her title. Oh yeah, he did. She'd die in his arms if she knew how he felt, but his intentions were written in stone. He planned to possess her, own her.

Her releases against the vibrator and his cock only gave him ammunition for multiple sessions. He fucked into one orgasm, and it only took a minute of relaxation against her back before her pulsating pussy encouraged another.

When he was hard again, he heard her cry out for more. He expected denial, the word 'no', or something to stop him, but instead, he watched her hands go to her nipples, and in the glass he stared at her—all of her. The beauty of a woman, the sexiness of sensuality—Paisley. "You are as spectacular as your name." He said it with affection and stroked her with more of it. He gave her what a woman deserved, and his endowment continually rewarded them both.

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Chapter Eleven

Sated didn't describe the way she felt. Insatiable was more appropriate. He drew her to him and bathed her like a pet, taking the time to lick her clean. Everywhere he swiped, she wanted him to revisit, but he would not. They had business to discuss and an awaiting crowd.

"We have to make an appearance, and the community waits," he said.

"What do you mean? There's a crowd waiting?" She glared at him for a second as she watched him squirm.

"These people are your people. These colonies are your colonies, but there are few governing policies here only a strong voice lingering from the grave."

Her hand weaved through his tangled locks. His mane seemed to appeal to her more than anything else. No, actually his cock ranked superior.

"My father's death was unexpected, but mother's was unnecessary."

"Your mother was a selfish woman," he told her.

"What do you know about my mother?" She locked eyes with him, and he kissed her belly before he rose to face her.

"I know she didn't want you to have a man in your life or in your bed, so because of her, you decided to practice abstinence, and it served no real purpose." With an afterthought, he added, "I should thank her." He kissed her mouth then, something he rarely did during lovemaking because during sex, his lips found better usage.

"That's not my mother's fault. It was my own." Denial. It worked sometimes.

He agreed. "Yes, you were afraid you'd kill the man you loved if he ever brought you to anger—like your mother killed your father."

"My father had a harem of women wherever he went. He knew my mother had the power to kill him, but still he took one woman and then another and then another to his bed. He always made sure more women waited. She had her reasons for wanting him dead but found it necessary to keep him alive." She snapped out the words, bitterness tapering off each syllable.

"About the harem.... "He stopped himself and quickly realized a man can't explain the unexplainable.

"You don't have a harem, and if you do, you won't now. I know because I feel your every desire, your every need, your heartbeat and your.... heat." She added the last part for effect and then slid her hand down the slacks he'd only just pulled back over his hips.

"That's the only thing I hate about mating with *our kind*; it sucks when you have to share everything with your lover—thoughts, emotions, sensations."

"Yes, but I imagine you like what I'll be forced to share with you."

"So you're willing."

"I'm able."

"That you are." He slapped her ass and quickly pushed her up against the same brick wall they'd disappeared behind earlier.

When they reappeared on the other side of the compound, Brogan waited with two satellite devices in hand.

* * * *

Brogan slid a device into her palm and then tossed Phillip his. "You're on in fifteen." He pointed to a podium that appeared completely set up with microphones, wiring, and cameras.

"Inform her of everything." Phillip slid a quick kiss on her cheek and then touched it with his palm before turning toward the crowd. "I'll go shake hands with the rich."

Brogan agreed. "Good idea. While you're over there rubbing shoulders with arrogance, let them know you and Paisley just added a lot of zeros to your net worth." Brogan may have been a clone, but Paisley quickly decided he was indeed cloned for sexual purposes more than any other reason. Many of the men who snubbed them weren't observant enough or smart enough to realize their wives liked it in Brogan's bed or another masculine body similar to Brogan—women and couples alike enjoyed it enough to pay him for all sorts of entertainment and he entertained well.

Brogan began to explain everything to her. "You're going to be introduced as Phillip's fiancée and then you'll be required to make a statement. Something about how you plan to govern here will be sufficient. Once you and Phillip have some time alone, you'll have time to discuss this more."

He pulled the device from her hand. Even though he'd just placed it there, he realized she might not understand how it worked. "Do you know how to use this?"

"I think so." She studied him for a little while longer.
"Brogan, can I ask you something?" She looked over toward the awaiting crowd. Everyone visiting The Zahur seemed to be in the colony center.

"Yes." It was a programmed response. One lacking enthusiasm or emotion.

"Were you one of my mother's men?"

"Never. That's sick."

"Good." She said with an added smile.

"I know a lot of *the escorts* here on the colonies," He paused before he continued. "From what I know, your mother was loyal to your father. I'm told she suffered a great deal over your father's ways. It must've killed her to see him flaunt women around the galaxies here."

"Well, I suppose, 'it killed him' in the end, and perhaps it was a death he came to expect."

"In any event," Brogan continued, "no one has anything wild and interesting to tell about your mother, and outside of business circles, she must've led a very dull life."

"Except that she was driven to madness, and because of it, she killed my father."

"Well, I've never been one for small details." He winked and then added, "Unless of course, those tiny details are sinfully delicious and involve the sounds of a woman's undeniable pleasure."

"Stop!" She backhanded him in the gut, and her demeanor changed suddenly. "This was arranged."

"Yes ma'am." He looked straight ahead.

"For how long?"

Brogan took her hand. "Come on. We'll talk on the way. It's time."

"How long?" She persisted.

"He saw you when you were eighteen years old and begged his father and yours to allow it. Neither of them would agree. You were too young and inexperienced, and according to Phillip's father, he still needed training from more challenging women."

"Great."

"Yes, actually, it is. Since he's bed plenty of them, I don't suspect he'll find interest in them now. His father knew your father. They were friends in the armed services, and you might say, they went into business together—watch your step there—" he led her up to the platform area, but they stayed back away from the audience.

He continued. "Anyway, he believed you and Phillip would one day be together, but he didn't want his son to have a relationship like he'd watched your parents have. He told your father his son would be held at bay until you reached the age of twenty-one." His lips turned up in mockery. "Also known as the 'webbed' age of your people."

She smiled, too. She always thought their particular lineage strange and peculiar. Clones should be amused if they lived their lives through the spokes of human and spider confusion. "Where is Phillip's father now?"

"Why, he's on your payroll actually." Brogan grinned.

"Great. Let me guess. Future Developments?"

"You got it." Brogan winked.

"Phillip Phillips."

"In the flesh." Phillip walked up at the same time she put two and two together.

"Creative. You had your father work for me, and this whole time I've had a mole in my company."

"My father did that himself. He was your quiet guardian just interested in looking out for our best interests."

"You're assumptive, aren't you?"

"More like accurate." A familiar voice rose from behind them, and she turned to greet Frank Phillips.

"Frank." Brogan greeted him with a handshake.

Frank turned and brought his son in for a tight hug before he gave him a friendly slap on the back.

"Paisley, everything you want to know is documented and recorded, and you'll find that we've all worked together for several years to make this happen..."

"Frank, I don't need you to tell me...."

"Actually," he cut her off, "you do." He turned to his son and motioned for him to start the show using the features of the planetarium. "The reason your father and mother could build here in the first place is because of a joint venture. We're nothing without you, and you're nothing without us. Phillip will explain. In fact, he's going to do that now."

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Chapter Twelve

Paisley seethed. She'd been strong armed and manipulated, and yes, the sad part really hit her square in the face. Her father's words came back to haunt her because, with the sudden truth facing her, no—kicking her ass, she knew her father had spoken nothing but the truth all those years ago.

She thought back to a particular summer celebration, but she couldn't remember the reason for the gathering. She remembered the lawn was covered with tents and people. A true cause to party. Her mother hated events. It left her feeling vulnerable, if not exposed. It wasn't until she was older that she realized why. She had an easier time transforming into her shape if she located a dark corner somewhere—if the need arose. It seldom did, but she often used it for an excuse. Her mother had felt insecure in crowds.

Paisley remembered playing hide and seek with some of the other children when she spotted her father. Just so she could be near him, she'd decided to hide under one of the large banquet tables. Grabbing a finger-sandwich just to be sure she had something to do while she sat under the table staring at the white linen trimmed in lace, she ducked under the table.

As soon as her bottom hit the cold ground beneath the make-shift buffet, she crossed her legs in an Indian-style position. She opened her triangular sandwich and licked the pimento cheese from one side and then ate the light bread by

itself. She started to repeat the process, but when voices closed in around her, she folded the other half over and stuffed it in her mouth. Chewing on the pimento cheese bread, she nearly choked when she heard the conversation already in progress.

Laughter filled the tent, and her father's voice drew closer and another one, too. *Whose?* It only took her a second to remember. It had been Phillip's father.

Frank Phillips had been there with her father. The other men, two or three of them as she recalled, didn't matter. They were all in a jovial mood and then one of them made a comment about his wife and money. The man seemed agitated—a doctor—complaining about the amount of money his wife spent on their children. Paisley didn't remember what he said or what he meant when he said it. It didn't matter. What mattered was her father's reply because now it seemed worthy of remembering.

"Frank, tell them what we talked about." He'd said with a chuckle in between pitches and words.

"I'm afraid the Mrs. wouldn't appreciate it." He'd paused and then continued with laughter in his voice, *"You go ahead. You tell them."* He'd slurred, and it was typical. Frank drank a lot. He was a great business man, but when he socialized with others, he drank enough to forget he'd celebrated any occasion at all.

Her father had continued in his deep voice. *"Well, Frank and I have reached a decision—haven't we, Frank?"* He didn't wait for him to say, if in fact, he had or had not been in on the assumed decision reached. It didn't matter. Paisley's

father wanted to share their revelation. *"Son, what you need to do is learn how to control your wife."* Men laughed. Backs were slapped.

The young doctor had asked for an immediate explanation. He received a simple one. Paisley thought it was complicated when she heard it fall from her father's lips. Though now, she understood.

"Son," her father called everyone younger than him 'son', so it was often ignored altogether, *"You have to get a handle on that woman of yours. Listen to me. Learn to control a woman's pussy, and you control the woman—you have all the power."*

There were some snorts, loud chuckles, and slaps. She remembered the back slaps. The air of arrogant men giving sound advice rang throughout the tent.

She turned now to look at Frank. He spoke in a low tone as he gave his son last minute instructions. Brogan tried, barely attempted really, to run interference.

"Paisley, are you ready? Do you have any questions?" He held her wrist in an attempt to hold her back. She shook him loose. "Tell me something, Brogan. How far do your services extend outside of the bedroom?"

With colony officials standing around to hear her, his face flushed instantly. He released her and then lowered his voice. "Phillip wouldn't appreciate this. At least not right now."

Paisley politely asked a few men to excuse her and quickly pulled Frank aside. Phillip followed them.

She quickly revisited the summer day she recalled only moments before. "Control a woman's pussy, and you control the woman—you have all the power." She glared at Frank.

"Paisley, what are you talking about?" His gaze darted across the crowd before settling back on her.

"You know what I'm talking about. My father and his philosophies."

Frank reached behind his back in an effort to tuck his shirt in for the fifth time. "Your father was a man whore who didn't know who he was going to fuck from one day to the next. If your mother hadn't killed him, then disease surely would've because he didn't care where he slept or who joined him in his bed." He turned his back to Paisley then and began talking to Phillip, but just because Frank dismissed her didn't guarantee Phillip would as well.

"What *is* she talking about?"

Paisley's temper reared its sassy head, and she leaned in for the fight. "Don't you dare play stupid with me! You can do so much better than that. Be a man for crying out loud! Evidently, I have more balls than you!" She stormed off in pursuit of the podium, but Phillip caught up to her fast.

"Oh, no you don't. Not here. Not now. We've come too far for fits now, darling." His jaw set in determination, and he didn't offer a reassuring smile. He was all business, and since she related well to people of the same mindset, she understood.

She felt the coolness sweep over them. Phillip's anger took her by surprise, and she quickly looked for some kind of

formidable sign. Ah yes, there ... just as she'd suspected. The man's provoked anger would appear for show.

* * * *

Frank's brow gathered as he observed them. Threads dropped from Phillip's chin, and he swiped at them fast and furious, realizing she drew out the strength of the insect, the vile nature of the creature within. Frank tried to push him back away from the crowd. "You two go settle this." He placed his hand on the small of Paisley's back and rushed the couple to a nearby cobblestone alley.

Once there, Phillip tilted his chin up and held an arrogant as hell expression. "I don't think you have any idea of what you're doing here, Paisley." He swiped at his face in an effort to rid himself of the evidence looming. The spider from within waited. The deadly nature of its poison tempted him in the deepest sense.

"Isn't this exactly how you wanted it? Isn't it?" She glared at him, ready for a war of words, fought with lips, smacking bodies, or even the meeting of minds. Hell, she didn't care. What she wanted him to know was she was not just *a pussy* a man could control.

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Chapter Thirteen

After they moved away from the crowd, it took him a minute to regain his composure but once he had it, he took a deep breath and stood back to watch her. "You like me."

"What the hell does liking anything or anyone have to do with anything else, let alone my feelings for you?"

"I just asked you if you liked me, and now you've admitted *to feelings*, and since you weren't able to respond with a simple yes or no, I know we're in trouble." He grabbed at her waist then. "Deny me and you deny yourself."

Her lips pursed then, and she moved closer to him with the intent, at least at first, to kiss him, but of course, she changed her mind because a woman—even a confident one in high heels and a short skirt—could certainly change her mind. The way he worded the sentence sparked her interest. "You're not talking about sex."

"Sure, I'm implying the obvious, but no, right now, I'm not talking about sex."

"How would I deny you and myself?"

Phillip moved closer to her. "Did you ever stop to wonder why the colonies are able to float in this galaxy and remain in a precise pattern?"

Her mouth dropped open, and she wanted to say something, anything remotely resembling some measure of intelligence, but she didn't have anything to say, and she didn't think she would come up with anything in the near future. She shut her mouth, and her lips formed a tight line.

"No? I didn't think so." He strutted over to a brick wall very similar to the one where they'd disappeared behind earlier. He studied a few of the pieces there and with an odd expression turned toward her again with absolutely nothing relevant to offer to their pending conversation.

"The Zahur is an odd place—not at all like the other colonies. Sexual gratification is the order of the day. Public displays of sex will always be welcome, and fucking anywhere is commonplace here—against the flat surface of any chosen wall, in public restrooms and anywhere the urge hits. We aren't going to condemn those who are serving the best of nature's calls. In fact, we'll watch, if we're so inclined, just as you and I watched earlier..."

"Where are you going with this, Phillip?"

He didn't bother to look at her but instead led her to another side pathway further away from the crowd waiting for his important announcement. "Where am I going? Well, that's entirely up to you, because you see, unlike what you said back there, I believe the woman with the power is in the position of strength because of the hold she can have over a man's cock and..." he hesitated, "Perhaps even his heart."

Paisley watched him closer. "You need me for a business arrangement."

"We need each other, and our colonies will not continue to thrive and survive without the joint venture."

"Why not?"

"Come here; I want to show you something." She followed him down a small circular walkway and realized they were approaching the landing pad for the shuttle back to earth.

There, he led her into a control center where the latest in technology and transportation monitoring systems were evident everywhere. On one wall, large screens displayed weather Doppler maps along with graphs and charts. Most of the center followed suit, and most of it she'd seen before in pictures. However, she focused on the bay window.

Moving closer, she stared into the galaxy. "It's magnificent, truly divine." It took her breath away. The colonies always left her speechless, but seeing them so close now, so perfectly shaped and holding true to their pattern, was humbling at the very least.

Phillip joined her. Side by side they stood and looked out over the colonies. "Paisley, I know you're just beginning to find out more about your company holdings, but Father tells me you've also been very active in the business from a young age. Did you ever stop to wonder what keeps each of these colonies floating in sync?"

"No. I didn't." Now, she wondered why it slipped her mind to ask questions or research the historical beginnings. In fact, watching the colonies float along behind them now, she questioned herself and thought about it more and more by the second. What kind of CEO ignores the foundation for which their company stands?

"It's your mother's web." He seemed pleased to inform her.

"It's what?"

"It's the only thing strong enough to hold the satellite bases together. The colonies, thanks to your mother's ingenious and original designs, are able to mobilize as one

unit, but no one ever notices it, and of course, it isn't widely discussed because of the obvious—no one would believe it."

"I'm having a hard time understanding the magnitude of it." She walked to the glass and pressed her face up against it. "Already everything here is so beautiful and yet you want an expansion," She paused and turned to him again. "You are after an expansion aren't you?"

"On a massive level, yes, I'm interested in an expansion."

"And the bases, those are readily available?"

"Absolutely—the infrastructure for several proposed colonies have been developed. What we need, as you may well understand, is a stronger cable and the capacity to strengthen the existing ties to the current colonies."

"And you can't do this on your own?"

"It will be more interesting with you." He winked and then added, "No, there's actually no way I can succeed without you. I've tried, and it can not be done. The webbing underneath the satellites will continue to hook each of the colonies together. We have to entangle each with enough of a base to ensure its strength is much more reliable than cables."

"Phillip, let me ask you something." She turned away from the picture window and moved closer as she spoke. "How long have you been thinking about this?"

"Since the first day I laid eyes on you."

"I see." She moved by him then with a brisk walk, calling out to him as she did. "Then with your mind, I would imagine at least another thirty colonies are waiting for designs and innovative solutions."

"With your body, I think I've grotesquely underestimated our potential." He called after her and hoped like hell she took it as a compliment worthy of repaying immediately with sexual gratitude.

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Chapter Fourteen

Phillip took his place at the podium within the circle wired for sound. He moved around the area, talking to a small, attentive crowd while explaining his vision for Paisley Properties. Paisley was drawn to him in a way she never quite expected.

The man had charisma, sure, but it stood out as only one element in a very complicated package. Phillip Phillips wasn't just a man's man. Oh no, Phillip Phillips was a woman's man—and not just any woman could handle him, she decided.

His long blonde hair cascaded over his shoulders as he spoke. He used his hands, those large manly hands, to drive home a point when necessary by simply opening one of them palm up and crossing it sideways with the other a few times. He would walk a few steps and then stop abruptly when he wanted to be sure his crowd paid closer attention. And they did—they clung to every suggestion made or fact offered.

Paisley was so captivated by him that she almost didn't hear him when he introduced her later in his speech. In fact, she vaguely remembered the introduction, and it wasn't until she heard, "Ladies and Gentleman, I introduce to you the woman behind Paisley Properties—my friend and lover, Paisley Phillips."

She froze.

He reached for her, but it didn't matter. Her mind churned, and the thoughts running through it were quite devious. He introduced her as his friend and his lover. And he damn well

changed her last name without any fair warning. She stepped closer to the inner circle where he stood and was careful not to cross over into the areas where sound would be traced.

"What are you doing?" She whispered to him as he approached.

"What do you think I'm doing?" He smiled.

"Have you ever heard of formalities or asking the lucky bride-to-be to marry you?"

"Here, we're married."

"We're no such thing." She snapped back.

"We are what we say we are, and right here, right now, we're married."

"For the love of..." She glared at him with full purpose to burn his ass. "Then how soon can we state the intended divorce?"

The crowd fell silent, and she realized he'd lured her into the circle. Those in the crowd were very attentive now, and all eyes seemed to set on Paisley. She waved her hand up in the air. "Hello, my friends."

They cheered.

She sneered. Again. "How could you?" She whispered, and yet the entire area echoed her words.

He shrugged. "I guess I couldn't resist your charms."

The people below seemed to ripple in effective chuckle, and a lot of *ahs* reached the podium, too. Even there, in a galaxy where anything goes and everything typically did, some there in their presence must have enjoyed the idea of love and romance.

She looked beyond Phillip and saw his father. He looked smug. Oh, but yes, they'd strong armed her into a quick decision, but she wasn't really all that opposed to it. She didn't have time to meet young men for courtship, let alone a serious relationship, and she really liked Phillip. Okay, so she really *enjoyed* Phillip. She didn't think she'd tire of him easily.

Phillip turned to her and led her into the conversation he wanted her to initiate. "Ladies and gentleman, my wife would like to explain to you how the infrastructure of the colonies will remain intact even with the addition of other developments. She'll also give you a little history on Paisley Properties, and later, if you have questions, you can fire them our way." He turned to her and winked before he stepped back out of her way.

Glancing at Brogan and his father, Phillip nodded his unreserved approval. Was his pride in her or his ability to control her? Hell, who would know? Either way, the man got his way, and men, she had discovered early in life, liked to get their way. They felt like they'd earned and deserved to have it.

Clearing her throat, she began. "My father was a great visionary. Together with my mother, they created The Colonies of Our Galaxy with the initial goal of developing an upper scale, high end retreat for couples, families, and corporate entities. Soon, as you know, the goals changed." She stopped abruptly and then continued. "Looking around here now, I see why. Sex definitely sells us on the ideas of which these colonies were founded." Most of the shops at The Zahur proved sex didn't just sell well, but there were plenty

of buyers found for anything stimulating the principle of pleasure.

* * * *

The crowd liked her. They shook their heads in positive affirmation when she first nodded to ask for their unspoken approval. They laughed on cue and basically tried to get to know her through the question and answer segment at the end. Phillip felt unbelievably proud.

"Are you ready to go?" He approached Paisley and Brogan at the rear of the stage.

"Where?" She chirped. "Oh, wait a minute, we've flown by the seat of our pants so far; why stop now?" With sarcasm rampant, she continued. "I tell you what. You just pick me up and take me wherever you want me to go, and if I oppose, I'll let you know." She all but spat the words at him. The crowds were gone, his father had conveniently disappeared, and she had time to stew. What did he expect?

"Fine," He set his jaw, rubbed his temple, and then nodded his head at Brogan. "Have it your way. I'll see you later tonight."

Before she had the opportunity or perhaps even the desire to stop him, he was gone. Now why on earth did she have to go and piss him off? She wondered, but she didn't worry. A man like Phillip Phillips would reappear, and he'd come back soon.

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Chapter Fifteen

"How long will you stay in his employ?" Paisley wanted to know how long she had to put up with Brogan running interference.

"For as long as he needs me."

"According to the liaison, you were booked up for several months."

Brogan winked. "I certainly hope so."

They'd strolled around The Zahur for a few hours, and now, she stood in front of the most palatial of properties there. She started to walk up the front steps and then stopped.

"How old are you?" She asked with adamant curiosity.

"What difference does it make?"

"A lot."

"I'm a lot older than you, so we'll leave it at that." He placed one hand in the small of her back and extended the other in front of her.

"Where were you cloned?"

"The States." He continued to hold his hand out, only this time, he placed pressure on the small of her back. He wanted to avoid her questions.

Tough shit.

"What State?"

"What difference does it make?"

"I'd like to know. State?"

"California."

"Really, I've visited there a lot. What city?"

"San Francisco." He didn't rush to answer, and she didn't dismiss it. In fact, she was quick to turn simple questioning into a morbid interrogation.

"Hospital? Date of birth?" She remembered the clone status and changed her form of questioning. "Date of contract?"

His blank expression quickly turned into a hateful stare. "Where are you going with this?" He removed his hand from her lower back.

"I like to know who I'm dealing with in business, but after we..." She seemed to stumble over thoughts and her choice of words, but once she had them, hell, she had them.

"Brogan, the fucking is a whole different story. I should've performed a background check myself." She noticed a spot on his jacket, and she started to swipe it away with two fingers, but he caught her wrist.

Before she protested, they were interrupted.

Phillip appeared in the parting door just in time. Imagine the luck. "That's enough, Paisley." Firm and authoritative, he really knew how to piss her off—and he also knew how to keep her in check something no one—except her father, ever accomplished.

She strode closer and never broke her pace. If a woman deserved to be thought of as a man's equal, she could walk with the confidence found in the best of men. "No, it isn't enough. I don't like to be the target of manipulation. He works for you because you invented him. You made him—cloned him—to be like you!" She turned back to Brogan then.

"Your only purpose or reason for existence is to keep me entertained! Admit it. I'm right!"

Phillip crossed his arms, and his expression told a tall tale. He didn't owe her explanations, and Brogan wouldn't give them because Phillip would never allow it.

The stance he took told her everything, if his set jaw didn't offer enough.. "Well, since you handled *the real thing* so well, I didn't think you'd complain."

She wheeled around and faced him. "So you aren't going to deny it?"

"He's a clone. So what?"

"I know what he is damn you. What I want to know is how many of them are there?"

"*What?* How many what, Paisley? Clones or clones who will fuck you or clones like me?" He let out a humph sound before quickly adding. "Of course if I have clones, they'll be well pleased with their jobs as long as they're in my employ, but admittedly, I will soon tire of pulling my pants down in an alley while I see my wife through the eyes of a replica."

"No, you'd tire of your own hand, but Phillip...." She took a different tone and damn near purred out the last of her statement, "You should make a point to get used to every tug and pull—because I kind of like Brogan's err..." She smirked, "equipment."

His stance changed then, and she rapidly became his prey, one he would pursue at all costs.

"You do? Hmmm ... funny, I felt fairly confident I'd thought of everything when I chose Brogan. Maybe I—"

"Maybe you overestimated the impact you and your member have on a woman."

He rubbed his chin and moved closer.

She stepped back.

"No, uh-uh, I don't think so. That's not it. I'm sure of it." Damn, if he wasn't ripe and ready to see. His hard-on threatened anyone within a mile. He was fucking mad, but he was fuck-ready hot, too.

"You are?" Her voice softened and she quickly looked for a nearby corner. Before she gave into his charms, she'd transform into her shape, and she'd spend the night on her web. At least as a spider, she didn't have to worry about spending time with Phillip.

"Go ahead." He pointed to the closest one he saw since he undoubtedly read her mind. "Probably works with the humans who don't have our gifts, but darling, if you choose to take your formidable shape tonight, I will sleep on your back and enjoy it there. You've forgotten something. I'm like you. I *am* you."

"You only wish." She huffed.

"I only know."

Brogan observed from a safe distance. The couple now stood nose to nose. "Will either of you need anything else tonight?"

Phillip looked at Paisley. "Threesome or one on one tonight, darling?"

"Fuck you." She mouthed the words.

"Gladly." Brogan and Phillip said the word simultaneously. "I'm at your service."

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Chapter Sixteen

Phillip met them in the master suite, but she wasn't sure why he bothered. She didn't want to see him. She didn't care that he stood over her with a protruding member of his anatomy begging, no insisting, on her undivided attention. She wanted time to think about what her company meant to her and what it had meant to her parents. Would they really want her to turn it all over to a man who only promised new worlds and more exciting developments?

"Brogan, tonight we won't need you." Phillip seemed hell bent on sending his clone away.

"Brogan, don't move." She reached over her right shoulder and touched his hand. He was giving her a made-to-order classic massage. He'd stayed closer to her neck and shoulders, but a few times, once here or there, he'd drifted down to her lower back, and when he did, she nearly offered herself up in a quick exchange. He hit her female spots and softly caressed all the right buttons. Evidently, the man in front of her would use sex to ensure he not only hit them, but he stroked her hot ones.

"He works for me, Paisley."

"Imagine," she said.

"I thought we'd already decided where and with whom his loyalties were earned."

Brogan slid from behind her and proved he knew how to make a flighty exit. She started to call after him because, of course, her nature inspired it. In the States, she wore the

pants, she called the shots, and she dominated in the corporate world because she owned the big businesses, the grandest in the galaxy. Hell, she owned her own planets, if anyone wanted to get down to truer particulars. Some did. Some didn't. Right now, she wanted to make sure Phillip realized it. He didn't care. Why? Because of the very hot spots her parents once told her all about. Her enemies would look for hot buttons—now she had one of the hottest of them all—a man who wanted her for keeps.

"How long do you think it would take me to turn him against you?" She stood up and dropped her robe as if she believed her body might inspire men to turn against men.

His eyes drifted to her crotch, not her well formed full breasts, those twins of enhancements and natural perfection. He licked his upper lip, and while she felt confident, sure of age old truths, he wanted her; he didn't bother with a close move in her direction. Instead, he headed the other way, to a nearby chaise.

A broad back to her, he stripped his shirt off and tossed it behind him. "Are you tired?"

Ignoring him suited her. "Very. Exhausted enough to sleep, something I prefer to do alone."

"You can sleep alone in the States when I'm not at your side."

"Oh, so you plan to keep me at your side until I return to the States and you return to your harem, where things will surely change."

"I don't have a harem."

"Tossed them out for the recycling process, I take it?"

"They were clones."

"Really? Creative, innovative solutions for the Colonies of Our Galaxy. You create the ideal woman but then dispose of her or them when..."

He cut her off. "I didn't dispose of them. I merely moved them."

"On the chance you couldn't control me?"

"On the chance you couldn't control me." He smirked.

"Really?"

"Absolutely." He moved closer to her, stepping out of his slacks as if they were never designed to confine or hide anything, let alone cover a hard male in pursuit of a mating call.

Swiftly, she moved to the side, turning her body as she did. Her gaze began to wander. She searched for a place to go, somewhere to hide, but she realized, down deep inside, she understood, nowhere offered the ability of escape because she didn't really want to hide. At least, not from him.

"Don't leave me wishing tonight, love. Tonight, I have a lot of things to show you."

"Really?" She stared harder at a dark corner. It beckoned her there for amusement and rest. Amusement because Phillip wouldn't be able to resist joining her in his brilliant state and rest, because there, she'd surely find more of it than on the bed. Naturally, covering herself with his strong arms had its charms—but several more of them were offered in the webs where the largest of all spiders tread. Better opportunities and seductive worlds left to explore.

"What if I say *no*? What if I tell you I'm not interested in you or what you're pitching. You know, I can. These dreams you have, they are your goals and your father's ideas. You know I don't have to submit to you. I can walk away. Return to the States tomorrow and continue to live as I've always lived."

"You wouldn't be happy, and I promise, you'd return here often."

"Cocky?"

"Oh, sweet lover, you have no idea." He moved closer, and as he did, he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her to him.

"We don't know enough about one another to make this *work*." She tossed her hair over her back as if the new declaration would stop a man like Phillip in his forward pursuits.

"Who says we have to work?"

"The Colonies of Our Galaxy wasn't built in a day."

"And the expansion I have in mind will take much longer than the original undertaking here, and you'll savor every minute."

"Really? Sounds like you've planned everything right down to the time you are going to spend away from me."

He tugged her closer. "Do I *feel* like a man who plans to spend time away from the one woman in this universe who can make his life a little *harder*?" He smirked with an expression, revealing underlying motives.

"But you said..." She started to say something but then he kissed her words and thought process off-track. She forgot

what she wanted to remind him and barely realized she'd spoken in the first place.

"What I say and what I know and believe may be two different things."

"Care to elaborate?" Her business sense really wanted to kick her ass, but with her hand on Phillip's hard cock, it was almost impossible to think about business or expansions beyond the length she found swelling in her hand.

"Sure. You said your father once gave several men sound advice. He said 'a man who controlled his woman's needs', more or less, is the one who has all the power."

"That's not the exact words he chose..."

"But what he didn't tell you was something far more important" He winked, looked at her like she was sex waiting amidst the stars, and continued, "And he failed to notice the obvious because it's something I'm not sure I would've dismissed if I'd been in your father's position. I mean, the man forgot one major point. Your mother's web made Paisley Properties possible in the first place."

She felt her lips turn up in a smile she'd likely wear around for days. "So you believe, as you mentioned earlier, if a man's cock is controlled or rather can be controlled, then the woman has all of the power."

"Absolutely. Without a doubt."

Laughter shook her. "Well, my mother didn't control my father or his wandering body parts." She stared at Phillip.

"No, and she lost her power here, too, because of it. No one respected her because she put up with your father and his philandering ways. No one held your father in high regard

because of the way he treated your mother. They were a couple separated by the very lives and boundaries they'd built."

"True." She moved closer because she suddenly just wanted to touch him. Not because of the case and point he brought to her attention but just because she felt a profound need to connect with him.

"I think if we take care of each other, Paisley, in every aspect, we can build a galaxy of common communities for all people to enjoy—not just the rich and famous or the privileged but everyone."

"That's your dream." She stared at him in disbelief. "I expected something on a grander scale."

"I'll leave it up to you, of course. In my opinion, your family alienated others with the original developments here, and because of the separation, they cost themselves an even nicer profit. I want to get back to a few basics. And I'd like to start with you..." he took her hand and showed her what he had in mind. The man obviously didn't like to talk about business without bringing pleasure into some of the conversation.

Chuckling, she withdrew her fingertips from him, even though she'd have loved nothing more than to wrap him in her closed fist and simply pump him into her palm.

"You've really given this a lot of thought. I'm impressed."

"I'm full of surprises." The wicked expression danced across his face as he pulled her closer again.

This time she wrapped her hand around his cock with every intention of pleasing him, deciding she never wanted to

resist him or the temptations he offered. She began to stroke him up and down.

Business turned her on, and Phillip aroused her to the state of orgasmic pursuits. The thought of fucking him weighed in and *stayed* on her mind. "Now, I just have one question. When you speak of controlling the man by controlling his cock, I have to know if we're talking about the original man's cock or the clone's—Brogan's."

Phillip kissed her neck lightly before he answered. "Why don't I just show you who I mean."

Paisley closed her eyes and began to let her imagination run wild. Before a full breath inhaled could be exhaled, she heard the sweet whispers of another, too. Brogan was right at her ear—Phillip was on her lips.

"You realize this experience would be viewed by some as one worth the trip into outer space. Most would consider you very lucky indeed, darling." Brogan moved in behind her and kissed her neck as he settled his hands on both sides of her waist.

"Oh, definitely." She rested her head on Brogan's chest beneath his chin as she gazed, truly lost herself, in Phillip's eyes. "What woman wouldn't want two men at her beck and call?"

Phillip waved Brogan off as a final dismissive gesture loaded with good riddance and finality. "The kind of woman who by exercising control over one man can truly find her love regardless of the world she lives in."

He held her in his gaze before he brought her hand to his lips. She understood Brogan left them then and he was gone

for good. The fact, the acknowledgement really, seemed to dance throughout the room.

Without missing the absence of one, she watched the other. The man who left her would never reappear, but she knew Brogan was only hired to help coax her into Phillip's arms, and for the experience alone, she sent him on his way with unspoken gratitude. But her focus stayed on one man.

Before additional words were exchanged, she watched as he attached himself to a gorgeous and meticulously homespun web, and she followed him there without any inhibitions. She didn't mind giving him the control or following his lead, just as long as they could experience their worlds together, all of them, no matter where they would eventually lead.

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About the Author

Destiny Blaine is an erotic romance author who writes in various genres. Married to the man she says has graciously put up with her for over seventeen years, Destiny and her husband live in East Tennessee. She has two teenagers who keep her on the move with sports camps and ballgames just because they fear their mother doesn't have enough to do!

You can visit Destiny on her website at www.destinyblaine.com or stop by and see her MySpace site at www.myspace.com/destinyblaine.

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