

Siren Publishing

Ménage À trois

Carmie
L'Rae

HIDDEN
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MENAGE AMOUR



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com

A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

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HIDDEN NYMPH

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E-book ISBN: 1-60601-394-7

First E-book Publication: December 2008

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

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PUBLISHER

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com

DEDICATION

A heartfelt thank you to the amazingly talented Lara Santiago and the always inspiring Jane Leopold Quinn.

HIDDEN NYMPH

CARMIE L'RAE

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Dressed up like a slutty woodland waitress wasn't the worst humiliation Josea could think of, but it was close. She smoothed the short, jagged flaps of leather over her butt and planted one spiked heel on the curb. Gartered black nylons and five inch heels slimmed her athletic legs more than she'd thought possible, and the jasmine crown she wore enveloped her in a cloud of sweet perfume. The scent of flowers was almost strong enough to mask the exhaust fumes assaulting her from the street. Almost. But not quite. The jasmine couldn't cover the odor of traffic any more than her determination could calm the queasiness in her stomach.

Ahead towered an ornate old building, a far cry from the mid-priced apartment she had rented.

Could she really do this? Did she have a choice?

No, with rent officially past due tomorrow, she didn't have a choice. Unless begging for money or surviving the next week on tap water and a handful of stale Wheat Thins constituted choices. And they didn't. Not even for a dull little homebody like herself.

Josea sucked in her breath, and turned her head to avoid a familiar face – Kevin Layton. With an easy grin, Kevin made his way toward the building. His tuxedo lay perfectly against his athletic frame, and his sun-streaked hair shone against the black fabric. She and Kevin had known one another for years and worked for the same law firm

now. Worse, Kevin's best friend, Ari Davenport, was the one man she couldn't get out of her mind.

She didn't move from the curb until Kevin entered the building. She'd known she might run into people she knew tonight. Atlanta's social scene could seem small for a city of its size - not exactly a good thing when a woman got desperate enough to trade in her conservative office attire for streetwalker couture and show up at one of the year's biggest soirees.

Even with tonight's pending disaster nipping at her heels, she couldn't turn back. It didn't matter what price she had to pay, socially or literally to make this move back home. She belonged here, and one way or another, she'd make it work.

Josea hooked her thumbs in the top of her skintight bustier and twisted. The blood flowed back into her breasts, and her nipples tightened as the silk slid against them. The dark hair brushing her shoulders and moving like a lover's hand across her back was her favorite part of the costume. The soft tresses transformed every movement she made into a sensual stroke, awakening nerves, heating blood. Her body responded with a familiar ache, reminding her how long it had been since she'd had a real lover, a man who gave her more than she dared to ask for.

She closed her eyes, and chocolate brown contacts settled over her pale blue irises. Not even her mother would recognize her in this getup. If she ran into half the attorneys at her firm, no one would know she hid inside this little woodland nymph. She lifted her chin and headed for the building Kevin Layton had entered.

More than one man's head turned as she approached the double doors, and with every stare, her confidence wavered. Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God.

She strode into the belly of the beast. Instead of fiery breath, a blast of cool air hit her. The lobby boasted creamy stone pillars and heavily veined marble floors gleaming beneath monstrous chandeliers.

One suit after another sailed past her. Eyes skimmed her head to toe. She wanted to scream, I am not a prostitute! I'm an attorney. I wear suits just like yours. Or, I will as soon as I start making money.

Who was she kidding? The tailored suits strolling past her cost thousands of dollars. Student loans, deposits for her apartment, and basic utilities had depleted her checking account down to its last twenty dollars. Moving back to the city was no cheap venture. Thank God she had friends. Friends, like Adrianna, who could prance her around like a slut for five hundred dollars a night.

She stifled her dread. The party would benefit a charity, and technically she wasn't supposed to look like a prostitute or a slut. She was supposed to be a woodland fairy straight out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but the costume designer had taken some serious liberties.

She blew a calming breath. She only had to serve drinks to a bunch of rich stiff she didn't know, pocket enough money to hold her over to her first paycheck, and go home. Alone. As usual.

Regret settled in. She wished she had the confidence to strut her stuff in this hot little outfit. The fabric caressed her skin. The lines accented her curves and flattered her figure a hell of a lot more than the conservative clothes she stocked in her closet. The little skirt begged her to put a sway in her step. The heels made her look leggy, and the bustier did more for her cleavage than any bra had ever managed.

The second-glances that kept coming her way didn't bother her nearly as much as she wanted them to. And they empowered her more than she wanted to admit. She had never used her body for leverage. She used her brains to take her where she wanted to go. Still, an ego stroke could work magic on a woman. Even a no-nonsense career oriented woman like herself.

She stepped into a spacious and elegantly appointed elevator. The attendant glanced at her costume with an appreciative glimmer in his cloudy old eyes. "Penthouse, Ma'am?"

"Yes, please," Josea mumbled. Or Playboy. Maybe Hustler. She clenched her fingers to keep from tugging at the hem of her skirt. No matter how hard she pulled at the leather, it wouldn't hide the garters or the band of hosiery on her thighs. She chewed her lip instead and tried to summon the confidence she applied to everything else in her life.

At the top floor, the elevator opened into a foyer turned forest. Real trees with tiny white lights and Spanish moss dotted the room. Fairies in identical costumes and an array of hair colors hurried in every direction.

Josea had barely taken a step when a woman dressed in a stark black suit grabbed hold of her arm. "You. Get behind the bar!" The woman's penciled in eyebrows furrowed in a way that didn't leave room for questions.

Josea hurried to the polished mahogany bar at the back of the room. Adrianna had been hired to bartend this event. Obviously, she hadn't shown up yet.

Uncut fruit filled plastic bins on ice beneath the bar. She grabbed a knife and got busy. Prep work was one thing, mixing drinks another. She wouldn't hold on to this job long if anyone expected her to do more than pour wine in a glass.

Josea had just sliced the last lime when a petite fairy with long red hair swept behind the bar and squeezed her waist.

"Thanks for covering. Now, shoo!" Adrianna said.

"I don't have a clue what I'm supposed to do," Josea hissed.

"Stand around long enough and somebody will tell you." Adrianna winked as she got to work, setting her bar in order.

Josea took a quick inventory of the room. The place was massive, and no expense had been spared to transform every inch of it for tonight's event. Her eyes followed the back of a man in a tuxedo as he made his way to the door. Something about his gait simultaneously clenched her heart and whirled her mind back to the feel of strong arms and heated skin. Ari? It couldn't be. What were the chances?

She groaned. The familiar figure would explain why Kevin Layton had arrived early, but was now nowhere in sight. Kevin had been Ari Davenport's best friend since they were kids. Kevin must be somewhere in the back of the house, the part off-limits to party guests.

She whirled back to the bar, her fingernails gripping the polished wood. "Who's hosting this thing?"

Adrianna swept a washcloth over the bar and shrugged. "Some rich dude. I think he's a lawyer. Maybe you know him."

Butterflies attacked her stomach. Oh God. Of all people she might run into this evening, she'd never let herself imagine Ari Davenport might be one of them.

Josea hovered in the corner with a group of fairies while the first of the guests filed in. Her gaze kept wandering to the broad shoulders of the man pumping hands and doling out polite hugs at the door. If it was Ari Davenport, he'd never know she worked at this party tonight. She would make sure of that.

Shame flared in her chest, and suddenly the quarter inch of garter peeking beneath the hem of her skirt screamed. Dressed like a woman who could quench any man's desire, she had never felt like such a fraud. Ari would know better than anyone what a farce her costume was, and she couldn't face humiliating herself in front of him again.

She gave the skirt a tug and took a steadying breath. There wouldn't be any reason to call attention to herself. She just had to paste on a smile and carry drinks back and forth from the bar. If she could remember Georgia Statutes, she shouldn't have a problem stuffing a bunch of cocktail requests into her short-term memory.

The man at the door turned slightly, his profile shadowed in the low lighting. Three years, it may not even really be him, and still her legs quivered. If she ever regretted losing a man, it was Ari Davenport. Her cheeks flamed in a heated blush. She knew exactly why she hadn't tried to hold onto him.

After three dates and the best foreplay she'd ever experienced in her life, she froze. He had offered her a chance to surrender to everything she wanted. Instead, she walked away before she could become a bigger disappointment to him. The rock of regret still sat heavy in her chest.

Josea Carmichael excelled at everything. Everything but sex. Such a personal failure didn't sit well with her ego. She tapped her stiletto against the mahogany floor. God, why'd she have to be such a prude?

The man in the tuxedo turned away from the door. Pale light from the crystal chandelier sank into his thick dark hair. Her breath caught. Ari Davenport. In the flesh. Flesh like no man's she'd ever seen. The movement of his lips as he spoke to the formally dressed couple at his side sparked a fire between her legs. No man had ever done to her the things he'd done with those lips. Not the way he had. The flame fed on her long neglected body as she followed the path to even greater pleasure, the hard line of his jaw, down the taut tendon of his neck. Oh, God. She needed to blink.

The buttons of his crisp white shirt were like stepping stones to ... ohhh. He moved, turning half a step. The slight angle of his body tugged his perfectly tailored pants across a mound of flesh not even the dark, meticulously cut fabric could hide.

"Miss? Two glasses of merlot, please."

Josea shook the daze that had come over her, and stared into the slightly creased eyes of the man standing in front of her. A quick glance around the room revealed all the other fairies engaged in service. She nodded at the gentleman who'd requested the wine and hurried off to the bar with her hands shaking and her body on fire.

She could tell herself anything she wanted to, but every word of it would be a lie. One look at Ari and every sensible thought she'd ever had fled from her brain. She wanted him in the worst possible way.

She gripped the polished wood of the bar and waited while Adrianna filled the order ahead of hers. As soon as the fairy in front

of her had stepped away, Josea leaned over the bar. “Two merlots. Are you sure nobody will recognize me in this?”

Adrianna laughed. “Relax. You look identical to a third of the staff. You’d look like the other two-thirds if they weren’t wearing red and blonde wigs.”

Josea’s hands trembled as she set the stemware on a small tray and lifted it off the bar. There’d be no relaxing tonight. Not with Ari Davenport in the same room looking tastier than every hors d’oeuvre in the place. She had to get it together. Taking a deep breath, she turned around, met an unexpected wall of pale pink silk, and watched in horror as the glasses on her tray toppled. Deep merlot stains covered the woman’s breasts and matched the fury on her face.

Everything else happened so fast, the details blurred. Adrianna offered a bottle of club soda and white linen napkins while another fairy gathered broken glass from the puddle on the floor. The woman’s roars drowned out the soft pleas of Josea’s apology.

“Get out of here!” Adrianna hissed, giving Josea a firm shove.

The staff manager, her penciled in eyebrows arched and her lips in a firm line, made her way toward the disaster.

“Sorry,” Josea whispered again as she fled. A dim light shone in a corridor, and she hurried toward it.

The butler’s pantry had been turned into a staging area for the fairies assigned to food detail. Josea made her way past the silk and leather clad servers and turned through an arched entryway.

The mahogany floor gave way to uneven stones, the kind one might expect to find in a European courtyard, but not in a downtown Atlanta penthouse. Iron sconces lined the wide corridor’s walls and hung along either side of a massive arched door with narrow glass panes. Josea turned back, it might be better to blend into the masses than to get caught roaming someone’s home. Ari’s home. Oh, God. She pressed her hand to the swell of nausea rising in her stomach and started back toward the butler’s pantry.

A raised voice halted her. "When I find her, she's fired!" Every word brought the voice of the staff manager closer. Josea ducked back into the corridor. There was only one place to hide.

The massive door swung open with almost no effort and with barely a whisper. Cool air puckered her bare skin, and dim recessed lighting revealed an impressive wine cellar. Rack after rack of bottles lined both sides of the room and cases of champagne sat near the door. To be used for tonight's affair, no doubt.

She rubbed the chill from her arms and edged closer to the door. She stayed near the wall and angled her view so she could peer through one of the glass panels. Anyone outside would have a harder time seeing her. Her body trembled. She'd freeze to death if she had to stay in this room much longer.

Low tones of conversation buzzed outside, growing louder until a trio clad in formal wear stopped in front of the door. Josea hurried to the back of the room, turned the corner, and came to a dead stop. Three walls lined with bottles of wine stared back at her. No exit in sight.

Blood pounded in her ears. Her cold nipples pressed into the silk bustier, and her stilettos wobbled on the uneven floor.

"It's the best wine that year produced." The distinctive drawl of Ari's sultry voice stilled her.

"I can't believe you got your hands on a case of it." The second voice, just as southern and genteel, sounded vaguely familiar, but she couldn't place where she'd heard it. "What'd you do, sign a deal with the devil?"

A woman's laughter joined in. "A couple more clients like Ari's and you can piss liquid gold, too."

"Beauty of a siren, mouth of a sailor. I'm a lucky man," the man with Ari said as Josea pressed herself into the nearest corner. Her pulse pounded in her ears, and her lips mouthed a silent prayer that she wouldn't be discovered.

"I forgot how cold you keep these things. I'll wait outside," the woman said.

"I'll grab the wine and meet you both back at the table," Ari said. "Roy's seen the cellar before."

Josea trembled, hoping beyond hope Ari kept the wine he came after in the front room. Her hopes vanished the second he turned the corner and jerked slightly to find her there.

"I'm ..." She didn't have a clue what to say.

"Hiding? Or stealing my wine?" The hint of a smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

"I'm not a thief." Her voice wavered. Could he recognize the sound of it? They had spoken on the phone only six months ago. Surely that was long enough for him to forget. She bit the inside of her mouth. It had to be long enough. A humiliating trip down memory lane was the last thing she needed tonight.

His hands slipped into his pockets pulling the fabric across his crotch again. For a split second, Josea lost focus. Her heart pounded and desire curled in her stomach. Oh, what she would do to him if she had the nerve.

"Why hide?" he asked.

Lying didn't seem like a good idea. He wouldn't be cruel enough to toss her to the lions if he knew the truth. "I'm responsible for that mess at the bar."

"Alecia Hemsley's wine incident?"

She nodded and bit down on her bottom lip.

"Couldn't have happened to a nicer person," he said. "Half the people out there would pay you to do it again."

"I'm new at this fairy thing." Her eyes wandered again. The fabric of his pants stretched a little more. She jerked herself to her senses and met his eyes straight on.

His lips twitched and he openly assessed her figure, pausing on her breasts and then lower on the garters peeking beneath her skirt. "You could've fooled me."

Josea's breath burned her lungs. A spark ignited in his dark eyes and the musk of his cologne rose from the heat of his skin. Never one to hesitate or let something he wanted pass him by, he closed the distance between them.

The first stroke of his warm hands along her shoulders and down her arms sent prickles of heat spreading through her. The pleasure converged in her chest and pressed its way out through her nipples, turning them so hard they ached. The unmasked want in his eyes, and his unapologetic hunger shot lightning straight to her clit. His hands continued to stroke her, his thumbs caressing the outer curve of her breasts through the silk bustier. She ached for the feel of his touch against her naked skin. God, if only she could have been the lover he'd wanted, the kind of lover that could live up to his expectations. No man had ever pushed her farther, had made her want so much.

But she couldn't let go. She'd never been able to let go. That wasn't the kind of woman she'd been raised to be. She was smart. Successful. Church on Sunday. Law school, for God sakes!

The dark hair of her wig moved against her back, the feel of it so sensual she arched toward him, pushing her breasts toward his chest. He groaned and filled his palms with silk covered flesh. Her nipples pressed into his hands, begging for attention.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered. "A fantasy come to life."

"What does your fantasy do?" She kept her voice low, praying he wouldn't recognize her. Would he tell her his secrets? Would he show her how to give him everything he hungered for? He would. He'd always been willing. She was the one who couldn't look him in the eye and pretend to be a siren. She couldn't tell him the wild thoughts that swirled in her mind, or how she craved the salty taste of his skin, the velvety softness of his cock against her tongue. Ari had been the only man to ever scratch the surface of her wild hidden desires, but her fantasies would never live beyond her mind.

Unless he truly didn't know her.

A rush of desire washed down her body at the thought of sex with Ari. Perhaps safely hidden under this sexy costume, she could pretend to be the siren he'd wanted long ago. She wanted him. Another streak of pleasure pulsed through her veins. Perhaps it was time to explore her long tamped down fantasies.

His grip on her shoulders tightened ever so slightly, and his gaze rose to meet hers. Familiar fear clamped her, but he couldn't possibly see the woman beneath the disguise. Deep brown bedroom eyes stared back at him. Colored contacts hid her meek baby blues and her identity. She would be a fool to let this opportunity pass her by. She was free for the first time to explore that secret world other women lived in. The place of women who could satisfy men like Ari.

She reached for him, her hand sliding over the growing ridge inside his pants. His head fell back, revealing the strong tendons of his neck and skin so smooth she had to swallow the Pavlovian response that filled her mouth. She gave his cock a firmer stroke and cupped the mound of masculine flesh in her hand. A groan rumbled through his throat boosting her confidence another notch.

"Fairies are naughty, naughty girls," she whispered. The desire in her voice was too powerful to disguise.

"I love naughty girls." He peered at her through hooded eyes as his fingers tugged the bustier just low enough to free her nipples and prop the two rosy buds on folds of forest green silk.

"We taste like flowers," she said as he rolled her pebbled peaks beneath his thumbs. "Delicious flowers." The words caught on the breath in her throat. She'd never asked a man to taste her, but she wanted more than anything to feel the wet heat of his mouth, his body connecting with hers.

She squeezed his dick. He sucked in a quick breath, and lust flamed in his dark eyes. Her other hand slid up his muscled chest and curled around the back of his neck.

"Try me," she said, pulling him closer.

His mouth, hotter and wetter than she'd expected, clamped onto her nipple and the first touch of his warm tongue nearly shattered her. Trembles raced through her limbs, heat swirled in her belly and hunger gnawed at her soul. She gasped for breath as his tongue swirled and lapped. Liquid fire raged through her, flowing through her chest, her stomach, down to the soles of her feet. She wobbled slightly on the spiked heels, but he steadied her, pulling her closer.

The air conditioner, accommodating for the rise in temperature, gusted a cold breeze into the tiny room. Goose bumps rose along her arms, but the chill fled again as his teeth grazed her tender flesh and he sucked her in, holding her nipple in a gentle bite while he flicked the tip of it with his tongue.

He lifted his head. The cold air, blowing into the room, hit her wet nipple, clenching it tight. He left the little nub red and unprotected while he moved to the other breast. Opposing sensations of fire from his tongue and the cold air heightened one another. The nerves in her pussy danced, her muscles clenched. She stepped back. Cool bottles pressed into her back. He followed her, but she put a firm hand against his chest.

"You've made me hungry," she said, swallowing hard as she reached for the waistband of his pants. She braced herself, half expecting him to laugh, to tell her he'd seen through the charade. Her hands shook and fear threatened to override her desire.

Ari didn't laugh. He pressed his cheek against her temple. "I've got to have you." His words vibrated with restraint. He didn't wait for her to fumble with the trappings. His hands took over. A second later, his dark tuxedo pants hung around his thighs, with gray boxer briefs pushed into the puddle of fabric clinging to each muscled leg.

His long thick, cock stood at attention, bobbing in anticipation, the tip already glistening and ready. She moaned at the beauty of it. Her tongue moved over her lips in anticipation. She cupped his balls and shivered as they tightened in her hand. Eager for the smooth feel of him on her lips, the taste of him on her tongue, she dipped close,

quickly lapping the nectar that seeped from his broad pink head. God, she loved the taste of him, the size and shape and feel of his dick, every perfect inch of it.

He took her shoulders and lifted her to her feet, then walked her back against a section of rough plastered wall, little more than a foot wide, between two built-in shelves laden with bottles. His head bent to hers. His lips landed against her ear. A fresh shiver shot down her spine as his body pressed close to hers.

“We can’t make a mess of you, yet,” he whispered. “The night’s too young.”

He pulled back and she caught the sparkle of her glittered makeup against his cheek. What he said made sense. They both had to leave this little room. Outside the door, over two hundred people drank, danced and conversed, and one of them was her boss. For the night, anyway.

He reached inside the breast of his jacket and laid his wallet on a bottle of wine near her head. His cologne filled her senses, made her dizzy with want. He lifted one of her thighs against his hip. His hand moved slowly along her leg and traced the garter that snaked up to the belt she wore beneath her tiny leather skirt.

“Do you know how much nylons turn me on?” he whispered again, his voice took on a growl, as his fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hip. The head of his thick cock pushed against the silk thong she wore.

“Take my panties off,” she pleaded.

He teased her, letting his dick edge along the narrow seam of her panties. The silk gave way to the incessant strokes and the burning velvet head of his cock pushed into her outer lip. One dip, just a few inches lower, and over just a breath, and he’d be inside her, stretching her to an exquisite burn, filling her completely.

“Please,” she begged. “Now, please.”

Ari reached for his wallet, eager to give her exactly what she wanted – what they both wanted. He found a foil wrapper tucked

inside and dropped everything else to the floor. The head of his dick was already buried between the slick heat of her folds, and his hips ached to swivel back and pump deep inside her. His throat clenched as he ripped the wrapper with his teeth and rolled the condom into place.

She was so wet. So ready. His fingers slid along the crevice between her folds, pushing the soaked scrap of silk out of the way. He found her narrow hole, and dipped one finger inside. She cried out, digging her nails into his shoulders. Tight. God, she was so tight. He wanted to plunge in, feel the squeeze of her around his shaft. He pushed another finger in and moved deep and hard into her. The blood pounded in his cock, begging to be let inside. Her hips rocked. Her breath came in gasps. He should take his time, stretch her slowly, but God damn it, his balls were ready to explode. He needed to bury himself deep inside her and fuck every last ounce of cum from his body.

“I’ve got to fuck you now,” he growled, his teeth against her ear.

She responded by lifting her leg higher and curving her calf around his back. Her heel pressed into him. Damn, but that did him in. His fingers brushed against the head of his dick as they came out of her pussy. He bit down on her earlobe and slammed his cock into her so hard they both yelled.

“Oh hell, baby.” He soothed the bite on her ear with his tongue and pulled his hips back slowly, ready to control himself, to take his time and do her right. He gripped her soft ass and stared into her eyes. Tonight had turned into a hell of a lot more than he’d expected. And the party had just begun.

Her plump lips parted and her sweet little tongue darted out to lick the deep red gloss she wore. He couldn’t believe he had her in his arms, his cock deep inside her. She couldn’t completely hide her uncertainty, and her determination to put up a brave front swelled his heart.

"I've got you, sweetheart. Don't be afraid." He pushed his cock deep needing to claim every inch of her. Her hips didn't move to meet his. Her lips trembled. He'd seen that look before. Hesitation. He could feel her freezing up on him. Not now. Not this time. "Come on, honey, give it to me," he said. "Show me how you want me."

She lifted her chin and met his gaze with such determination he knew she wouldn't let him down. Without a word, she wrapped one hand around his neck and brought the other down to her clit. Her knuckles brushed his curls as she worked herself. Her muscles clenched his dick. The sweetest, wettest pussy, quivered around him.

"That's my girl," he said. "That's it."

"Hard and fast," she said, hooking her other leg around his back and pressing her shoulders to the wall.

She offered her body boldly, finding a rhythm with her hand that shortened her breath and spread a rosy glow across her chest. He braced her hips and gave it to her the way she wanted it, every muscle in his body tightening with every thrust, until he couldn't catch his breath, couldn't stop. Deeper. Harder. Faster. The ridges of her pussy sent agonizing pleasure shuddering through him. Juices poured out of her, and her screams filled the tiny room. God, he needed to come. He couldn't stop. She squirmed against him, opening her legs wider. Her fingers moved along the sides of her clit, swollen and red, pulsing, like a berry begging to be eaten. She was close. He was closer. He buried himself deep inside her as she stroked up baring her gorgeous clit to him again. It was too much. He jerked himself out.

"No!" she screamed.

He hit his knees and lifted her shaking thigh over his shoulder. Jerking his cock with one hand, he sucked that little berry into his mouth and plunged two fingers deep, searching for that rough trigger, the one that would send her creaming onto his tongue.

She came hard, twisting his hair in her hand, grinding her pussy in his face, soaking him. A final swell surged into his dick, his balls knotted and every thought flew from his mind as he poured himself

into the condom. The scent of the fairy clung to the air he dragged into his lungs, and the pulse of her pussy slowed against his cheek.

Ari slowly kissed the moisture from her skin as she struggled to bring her breathing back to normal. He slid the wasted scrap of silk back over her pussy and tugged the skimpy leather skirt into place. He closed his eyes and swallowed back the desire to carry her to his room and forget about the party going on in his house. There were so many things he could do to her, so many ways he could make her beg for more.

Josea's heart hammered in her chest and pride swelled her lungs. She had let go. The thrill of abandon was almost as gratifying as the orgasm he'd given her. "I've never..." She bit back the words before she told him what he didn't need to know. Tonight she had given him a vixen, a fantasy come to life. For one glorious moment, she truly wasn't the same woman who had bored him to sleep during his final year of law school. The cloak of anonymity gave her the freedom she'd always wanted, but never had the nerve to take.

With a smile so sexy she just wanted to eat him, Ari tucked his shirt into his pants and tossed all proof of their encounter into a waste bin tucked into the cabinetry on the opposite wall. Too spent to move, she watched him in silence. Her arms hung limp at her sides. She didn't trust her wobbly legs to carry her across the uneven floor.

A familiar whisper sounded as the door to the wine cellar opened. Ari moved into the archway that faced the main door of the cellar.

"Mr. Davenport?"

Josea recognized the voice of the woman who had the power to withhold her next paycheck – the one who had already threatened to fire her.

"Dinner will be served shortly," the woman continued. "Will your table be drinking the chef's selection?"

"No." Ari walked toward Josea, the hint of a smile playing on his lips, the shimmer of fairy glitter on his jaw. He came so close his chest pressed against hers, and she had to swallow the gasp that rose

in her throat. The staff manager couldn't see them, but she would be able to hear every sound.

He reached above Josea's head, pulled a bottle from the rack, and placed it in her hand. He pressed his lips close to her ear. "After dinner, I want to find out what a fairy's fantasy is." Before letting go of the wine, he rubbed the cool bottle over her tender nipple.

She gasped, the sound going off like a bomb in the room. She'd been so dazed, she had forgotten to adjust her bustier.

Ari's fingers dipped into the folds of silk and smoothed the bustier back into place. She wiped the glitter from his cheek and let her hand linger on his handsome face. He gave her a small smile and took her by the elbow. Just before they stepped into view of her boss, he dropped his hand to his side.

"This beautiful fairy has my table's wine."

The woman's gaze raked over Josea, but she plastered on a smile and aimed it at Ari. "Anything else, sir?"

Ari shook his head and held the door while Josea hurried into the corridor and fled through the butler's pantry almost plowing into a fairy carrying salad plates.

She ducked behind the bar and grabbed Adrianna's arm. Ari gave her an almost imperceptible wink as he passed.

"Ari Davenport?" Adrianna's voice rose in disbelief. "Is this his shindig? Stepping into daddy's firm must've worked out well for him."

Josea chewed her bottom lip and folded a white linen napkin over her arm.

"He must have been floored when he saw you," Adrianna said.

"He doesn't know who I am."

Adrianna cocked a perfectly sculpted brow. "I don't see him winking at any other fairies."

"None of the rest of them just fucked him."

Adrianna choked back a laugh. "Holy hell. And you're sure he didn't know?"

Still giddy from the orgasm, she gave a triumphant smile and shook her head. She had rocked Ari Davenport's world, and given him everything he needed to rock hers just as hard. And, he wanted more.

"We've got to dress you up more often."

"Without a doubt." She grabbed the bottle and started for Ari's table. Now to get through dinner without dumping any more wine on his guests. Six feet from where he sat, she came to a halt. His table seated five. A lovely older woman sat to his right. Her husband sat next to her, and the other two seats remained empty.

Now she knew why the man she heard talking with Ari in the wine cellar sounded familiar. His laugh carried over the voices in the room. Every white hair on his head had been combed into place, and his skin held the glow of a man half his age. Her heart pounded. Her stomach rolled and her lungs clenched tight.

Ari caught her standing there and raised a brow. She forced the smallest of smiles and squared her shoulders. If she could pull this night off, she might need to throw in the judicial towel and head to Hollywood.

Josea poured a taste of the wine while Ari and his companions made conversation. His fingers brushed hers as he took the glass. Their eyes never met, but a single finger on the back of her knee mimicked the swirl of the dark liquid around the bowl of his glass. In a room, alone, she would have buckled beneath his touch. But they were anything but alone.

The cavernous room seated two hundred with Ari's table positioned along the edge of the "forest." Above, the vaulted ceiling was as dark as a moonless sky. Candles flickered on the tables and drops of white lights sparkled in the trees. The scant lighting relieved some of Josea's trepidation and covered the blush that crept through her chest while Ari toyed with her.

She lifted the glass of the woman seated next to him. No eyes were on her. Ari engaged his guests in conversation and Josea relaxed

a little. They weren't paying any attention to her as she filled the last glass. The woman seated next to Ari, the same woman who'd refused to come into the wine cellar, pointed out another fairy as she walked by.

"Look at those legs. What I wouldn't give."

Every eye at the table turned toward the passing fairy. Josea set the wine in a bucket within Ari's reach.

A heated palm on the back of her thigh stopped her retreat. She bit back her gasp and jerked her head toward Ari. His hands were otherwise engaged. One lifting wine to his lips, the other resting in his lap.

Josea turned to the woman seated next to him, her arm moved slowly, almost imperceptibly as she lightly grazed Josea's nylons. Josea tensed, but didn't move a muscle. She was in over her head, but she had something to prove and running scared wouldn't prove it.

"Where'd you find these girls?" the woman asked Ari as she stroked the back of Josea's knee.

Ari chuckled, and his gaze rose to Josea's. The fire in the dark depths of his pupils heated her again. The lips of her kitten swelled, and her clit gave a hopeful pulse. The woman's hand moved up the back of her leg. Fingertips grazed her inner thigh, headed higher.

Ari's eyes hooded as his gaze trailed her breasts, her stomach. She turned slightly to give him a better view of what his guest was up to. He caught sight of the manicured nails grazing Josea's nylons and flicked his eyes back to hers. Josea held his gaze and shifted slightly, giving the woman more access.

Ari's focus dipped again. His pants tented, and Josea swallowed a groan at the swell of dark fabric in his lap. She licked her lips wanting nothing more than the taste of his sweet cock on her tongue. What had he done to her?

Fingernails traced the band of her nylons, and rose higher to lightly scratch her bare inner thigh. The tips of the woman's fingers pressed into her tender, sensitive flesh. Under this woman's seductive

touch, every inch of Josea's body ached for Ari. Longing rose in her chest. Her nipples pressed against the silk bustier. Ari flashed her a look of pure greed.

"I know who you remind me of!" The man at the table, unaware or at least unfazed by his wife's wandering hand, snapped and wagged his finger at Josea.

The heat in her veins faded, and her muscles tensed in fear. He had only seen her once, when she'd met with him for her final interview. As senior partner of Layton, Masters, and Chiles, Roy Layton had the ultimate say in which prospective associates joined the firm, but inviting them to sit down with him before being offered the position was more of a courtesy than anything else.

He turned to Ari. "We just hired a new associate. Hot as hell. Cold as ice. Laced so tight, she probably explodes in the bedroom."

Mrs. Layton's hand stopped its seductive assault on her thigh. "You're hiring associates who look like this?" The woman lifted her glass and raked an approving glance over Josea. "I'll keep better track of those late hours you keep, darling."

Only two major firms in Atlanta housed intellectual/patent attorneys with a background in biochemistry. Layton, Masters, and Chiles, where she'd landed a job, and the one headed by Ari's father. Sure there were smaller places that might have hired her, but in an area as specialized as hers, if she didn't have an easily recognizable name backing her, she may as well flip burgers at McDonald's.

Layton's firm had just undergone a large expansion. A half-dozen new associates had been hired around the same time as her. Ari knew she had taken the job, but hopefully he wouldn't make the connection without being prompted.

If Roy Layton spoke her name, her cover with Ari would be blown. And with Mrs. Layton's hand play, at the very least she'd lose credibility in the eyes of her firm's senior partner. As a new associate, she had enough hurdles to jump. Being the office nymph wasn't one she wanted to add to the list.

“Hey, Pop!” Kevin Layton dropped into the empty chair next to his father and gave Josea a slow, approving gaze. The newest partner at his father’s firm, Kevin had given Josea her initial interview. She’d met him when she was dating Ari, but he hadn’t brought up their connection in the interview, or since. She admired him for that. No doubt, Ari had told him things between them hadn’t ended well. Or rather, that she had fled like a lunatic when he tried to make love to her.

“Who does she remind you of?” Roy Layton asked his son with a big grin and nodded toward Josea.

“Is your father really hiring women who look like this?” Mrs. Layton gave her husband a playful wink and drew her fingertips in small circles behind Josea’s knee.

Josea could barely breathe. Thank God they treated her like a fly on the wall and didn’t expect her to speak. She didn’t trust her voice not to give her away.

“One of the new associates is hot alright.” Kevin leveled his gaze on Ari. “I wouldn’t mind snipping the laces on her.”

Ari’s jaw tightened and his lips twitched. “I don’t think—”

“Easy.” Kevin laughed. “I know better.” His gaze landed on Josea’s shoulder and traveled down to her thigh. “Damn,” he muttered and lifted his glass to Ari. “You know how to pick ‘em.”

Josea turned to flee, almost bumping into a statuesque blonde who had arrived at the table. Stunned, Josea’s knees locked. She hadn’t thought the evening could possibly become any more uncomfortable.

The men at the table all stood in greeting.

“Sorry I’m late,” Angela Capenella said as she planted a polite kiss on Ari’s lips. “I can’t wait until that new associate starts doing more of this crap work I can’t get out from under.”

Ari stood to pull out the chair next to him. For her mentor. The woman she would be working directly under until she’d proven her merit. Josea’s stomach rolled again. She should leave. If she stayed, her entire career may ride on how well she could play this

masquerade. If she left, she would be penniless and possibly homeless if her landlord's threats were credible. She wouldn't even be able to reserve a hotel room on the credit card she'd maxed out, thanks to the move and new wardrobe she needed for the job she was on the brink of losing. And that wasn't even the worst of it. Angela had kissed Ari.

Josea's cheeks flamed as she made her way back to the bar. Possibilities swarmed in her mind like bees. Was Angela just Ari's date for the night, or more than that? How much more than that? Had she fucked her mentor's boyfriend? Fiancé? She hadn't noticed a ring. But she hadn't looked for one either. Oh, hell.

She should just go home. Now. Forget the money. She'd survive. Somehow.

Josea berated herself for getting so caught up in her little fantasy. Ari had obviously known Angela would be here. His promise of after-dinner plans had been nothing more than a post-coital lie to keep her from regretting what had happened between them. Not that she could ever regret the power that surged through her long before the orgasm did. For the first time in her life, she had given and taken what she wanted from a man, without embarrassment, without shame. And she hadn't had this experience with just any man. It had happened with the man who mattered most to her. Even knowing her hopes for later were vanquished, her clit tingled, awakened and alive. And ready for more. So much more.

She had barely made it to the bar when the staff manager appeared at her side. The woman didn't have a hint of tolerance on her face. Focused on her severe eyebrows, Josea stood completely still as if playing statue would help her situation.

"Adrianna put herself on the line when she vouched for you," the woman said. "One more screw-up tonight, I don't care how small, and you're both gone."

Josea bit her tongue, but the woman wasn't finished.

“And don’t think I’m stupid enough to believe you went to the cellar for wine. That’s not the kind of business I run.”

Adrianna let out a low whistle as Josea swore at the woman’s retreating back.

“You didn’t tell me you got caught,” Adrianna chided.

Josea shrugged and gave her friend a half-hearted smile. There was no walking out now. Adrianna depended on these gigs. Medical school didn’t come cheap. Tonight may be a one-time opportunity for Josea, but the ongoing bartending gig wasn’t one Adrianna could afford to lose.

“Don’t worry. I won’t screw up again,” Josea said, as much to herself as to Adrianna. She couldn’t afford to lose her position at Layton, Masters, and Chiles. Only one other firm in Atlanta could offer her as much as the one she worked at.

A week before she took the bar exam, Ari had called to make her an offer she couldn’t refuse. But, she had refused. He had guaranteed her a position at his father’s firm. He knew her educational background because his was the same. IP/Patent attorneys with a background in biochemistry weren’t exactly a dime a dozen, and his firm had landed more clients than Ari wanted to handle on his own. She could work for him and earn her way through the ranks under his thumb.

For most attorneys fresh out of law school, the opportunity would have been a godsend. But most young attorneys didn’t fear failing Ari in a professional setting as badly as she had in the bedroom.

Ari wasn’t the only man she’d ever given a mediocre performance between the sheets. But he was the one she had never forgotten - the one she thought of when she was alone and anything but shy. He didn’t know it, but he was the gauge of her sexual success. She would not give him that kind of power over her career. Not that he wanted it, or even that the thought had crossed his mind when he extended the offer.

No matter how professional his gesture had been, their embarrassing history made working for him impossible.

Back at the table, Josea tipped the wine to Angela's glass, emptying the bottle.

"See the resemblance?" Roy Layton asked, nodding toward her again.

"To that little prude you just hired?" Angela laughed and raised her brows at Ari. "I'd love to see her in something like this." She gave Josea's outfit a once over and laughed again. "You know who Roy's talking about don't you Ari? A friend of yours from college or something? Although, I really couldn't imagine you and little Miss Goody-goody having anything in common."

Josea swallowed the humiliation that sat like a stone in her throat. It weighed on her more than the fear of Ari blowing her cover. The bitch had nailed her with the painstaking truth. Without the costume she was a prude, a goody-goody who would never have the nerve to show Ari what her fantasies were if he knew her true identity. Tonight was her only opportunity. The one chance she would ever have to be in Ari Davenport's every thought, to control his every desire, to take everything he had to offer and give him more than he ever thought she could.

Ari's eyes met hers. "Would you mind bringing us another bottle of the same?" he said. "You remember where it is?"

She lowered her voice and cocked a brow. "How could I forget?"

Angela stiffened and paused, glass in mid-air, as the innuendo settled over the table. One corner of Ari's mouth lifted slightly as heat flared in his eyes.

Mrs. Layton laughed and addressed her husband. "Sweetheart, if your new associate is strung as tight as you think, I definitely don't see the resemblance."

"I do." Ice dripped from Angela's voice, and her eyes had settled on Josea in a penetrating stare.

"Why don't you bring us the wine, beautiful," Ari said.

“Wait a minute!” Angela reached for Josea’s arm, but she stepped away, swaying her hips as she made her way across the room.

Her body screamed haughty confidence, but Josea’s breath burned in her throat. She could very easily lose two jobs tonight, and one of them she had wracked up ten years worth of student loans for. No man was worth that. But whether she’d been willing to admit it to herself or not, this wasn’t about a man. The time had come to face her fears, find out if she had what it took to become the woman she wanted to be.

She needed to take charge of her life. Now. Before she wasted another night, and fate dealt her a hand like the one her mother had been given. Cut down before her time. In her prime. Before she had a chance to do half the things she’d had always hoped to. No, tonight she wouldn’t lose either job, and she wouldn’t lose the opportunity that presented itself either. Ari wanted to know what a fairy’s fantasy was? Well, he was about to find out.

The staff manager eyed her as she dropped the empty wine bottle in the trash and made her way to the butler’s pantry. She wouldn’t have been surprised if the woman followed her back to the cellar, but the tight-ass didn’t have anything to worry about. Josea’s plan didn’t include getting fired. From either job. And, it didn’t include another romp in the wine cellar either.

Her stomach tightened and her skin tingled from the memory of Ari’s touch as she pushed open the arched door and stepped into the cool room. Every step toward the back corner where she had tasted his cock and lost herself to pure uninhibited pleasure set her nerves on higher alert. She wanted him again. Now. If only this party would end and she could really have him to herself again.

It would be easy enough to hand off Ari’s wine to another fairy, and tend another table herself and that’s exactly what she intended to do. By now half the room was in an alcohol induced fog. A monkey could don a pair of nylons and work the last hour of this job.

She stepped out of the wine cellar and nearly dropped the bottle in her hand. Across the corridor, leaning next to the archway that led off the butler's pantry, Ari didn't say a word. Her mouth watered at the sight of him. He didn't move until she was within easy reach, and he didn't waste a second of the brief time they had together. Her heart pounded at his touch. She gripped his lapel and pressed her body to his.

His hand clutched her waist, guiding her to the wall behind him. His tongue moved against hers, trailing the taste of wine and heat. He controlled the kiss, brief and deep. Heavy with want, but heavier with promise. Her stomach twisted, and desire wound its weakening vine around her knees.

The back of his fingers burned a path down her neck, dipped between her breasts, and trailed to her waist. He squeezed the leather skirt against her skin, capturing her hip in his palm, pressing nerves against bone and wrenching a gasp from her throat.

"You're not planning to come back to the table, are you?" He was a smart man, and not used to waiting around for something he wanted.

"No. But I haven't forgotten our plans for later."

"What do you think we should do about my dinner date?" His breath heated her ear, his erection pressed into her stomach.

"This fairy's fantasy doesn't involve her, but maybe the other young man at your table could join us." Her heart pounded. Had she really just said that? Did she really just tell him she wanted to have sex with him and his best friend? Had she ruined her chances for more time with Ari? Judging from the heat in his eyes, she hadn't. She sucked just beneath his ear, a trigger she had discovered the first time they'd fooled around in her tiny off-campus apartment more than three years ago.

He inhaled with a groan and gripped her hip harder. He was so responsive. So at ease with his pleasure. God, what she wanted to bring out of him.

“You’re a wild little thing aren’t you?” He devoured her neck, lifted her thighs, holding her off the floor and pressing his dick against her panties.

Getting rid of Angela would be his problem, and she didn’t care how he did it. She didn’t care about anything but the frantic dance of nerves between her legs.

“I’ll make that little bitch’s life hell.” Angela’s voice shot through the sensual haze Ari had Josea wrapped up in.

“Surely, it’s not her,” Mrs. Layton’s words were full of laughter. “But the firm’ll have a hell of a holiday party if it is.”

Ari brushed his fairy’s earlobe with his tongue, torn between propriety and gnawing hunger. He should’ve expected Angela to come looking for a fight. She didn’t like being bested by anyone, even if her claim to him was nothing more than a couple of dinner dates and professional necessity.

“At the end of the hall are the stairs to the roof,” he said to Josea. “I’ll meet you up there.”

He eased her back to the floor and stuck his hands in his pockets in a futile attempt to conceal his arousal as the ladies’ voices neared the archway. Inches from his chest, silk covered breasts rose and fell. Long chocolate hair spilled over gentle sloping shoulders and fell across toned upper arms. A dream. He couldn’t get enough of her. Hadn’t nearly had his fill. He should just walk away now, attend to his guests, let her do her job. He should. His head dipped toward hers again for one more taste. One more tease.

Their tongues had barely met when she ducked, jammed the bottle of wine in the crook of his arm, and hurried off.

The door to the staircase at the end of the hall clicked into place just as Angela and Ginny Layton turned the corner and caught him standing with his dick in his hands. Almost literally.

“Where is she?” Angela demanded.

“There’s no one here but me.” The only hold Angela had on him might have been professional, but unfortunately, that’s where she had

him by the balls. At least until he could persuade the attorney he really wanted to join up with him.

“Don’t lie to me, Ari.” Angela had obviously had more wine than her temper could hold. “You need me and we both know it.”

At the moment, she was right. Without her help, he would lose the biggest account his firm had ever landed, an international conglomerate of biochemistry labs with distribution channels that would turn the current pharmaceutical industry on its head. Ari handled the primary client himself, but each individual arm of the company required legal representation. And there were only so many hours a man could work.

He had worked out a plan to handle all of the client’s needs by coming to an agreement with Roy Layton’s firm. Angela Capenella and her associate would be contracted to handle some of the parent company’s offshoots. This would afford Ari the time he needed to deliver the job he’d promised the client. Without Layton’s backing and Angela’s cooperation, he’d lose the client and tens of millions of dollars worth of business.

Unfortunately, Angela had never learned to separate business from pleasure. She thought landing the collaboration meant she had landed him, too. Thank God he hadn’t been stupid enough to sleep with her.

“You scared our poor server off,” he said. “I had to get the wine myself.”

“Don’t patronize me, Ari. I know what’s going on here, and I don’t play nice.”

No, she didn’t. And if that little fairy ever crossed her path the wrong way, he had no doubt Angela would rip the gorgeous little nymph to shreds.

On top of the building, Josea stretched her arms, letting the moonlight bathe her skin. Near the edge of the rooftop terrace, a pair of cushioned chaise lounges overlooked the Atlanta skyline. A warm breeze rippled through the potted peach trees and trellised jasmine.

The same gentle scent that had emanated from the crown she'd worn all night wafted through the air and circled her body. As the minutes passed, deep-seated fear replaced the remembered heat of Ari's touch. The same fear she had lived with all of her sexually active life. But on its heels rode something new. Something exciting. Deep inside her, a tide had begun to turn, thanks to a skimpy costume and Ari's insatiable appetite.

The door at the top of the stairs opened onto the rooftop, and Josea's breath caught. If either of her two bosses stepped out on top of the building, she may as well jump and hope to hell this fairy getup gave her the gift of flight.

The door closed and the figure standing in the moonlight didn't belong to either woman she'd pissed off tonight. Ari Davenport didn't have a feminine bone in his body. The dark drape of his jacket hung from one arm. The silhouette of a broad bottle extended from the other.

She waited at the edge of the terrace, nothing between her and the Atlanta skyline but a low hedge of boxwoods. Ari's long strides ate the distance between them. Only a handful of heartbeats and a few short licks of time on a warm Georgia night stood between her and the woman she'd always wanted to be.

He dropped his jacket on the ledge of the fountain and pulled the knot from his tie. He freed the champagne cork. The "pop" resounded in her chest, and a thin mist rose from the neck of the bottle.

"You forgot the glasses."

Heat flared in his eyes. "I didn't forget."

"Whose fantasy is this?"

"Yours." He stepped closer. "But first I'd like to propose a toast."

Another step and he was so close she could smell the subtle musk of his cologne. He circled her slowly, blocking the view of the city with his broad shoulders. Without a word, he walked her back, until her calves contacted the thick cushioned chaise.

He guided her down and opened her legs with one strong hand against her inner thigh. He tugged her panties to the side just as he tipped the bottle. Pale gold champagne rained down, cold against her heated skin. The effervescent liquid bubbled along the crease of her pussy.

"To...knowing where to hide," he said before drinking from her with a single long swipe of his tongue. She arched for more, but he moved to her mouth, sharing the taste of champagne and sex on his lips.

Ari set the bottle on the ground and stared down in wonder at the fairy he'd captured. The moon shimmered in the glitter on her cheeks and her lips were made to be around his dick. "Fuck," he moaned.

There were times when every star lined up in the sky to do his bidding, and tonight was one of those nights.

His palms slid over the smooth nylons, traversing the hard ridges of her knees and reaching the silk ensnared softness of her thighs. His fingers sank into her trapped flesh, slipping over the tight threads that bound her. Just above the wide lace bands, her skin called to him. A beckon he couldn't ignore. He buried his face in the soft warmth of her leg, pressing his lips into her, tasting her with his tongue, getting drunk off the contrast of finely woven silk beneath his hands and pliable flesh shaping to the contours of his face.

She gripped his hair. Her moans tightened his balls and turned his cock rock-hard

His dick strained, begging for release. The sweet ache moved him up the inside of her thigh. She trembled with every nibble and spread herself for him. Her fingers speared his hair. Her pleading voice sang in his ears.

He couldn't tease her anymore. The need to dive into her was too strong. In one rough move, he jerked her panties off. He tossed them to the ground and covered her pussy with his mouth. His lips sought her clit, sucking it, caressing it. She sprang up, her thighs on his shoulders, her hands gripping his hair. Her hips pumped and a wild

cry burst from her as she came, her body trembling, her clit pulsing against his tongue. She pulled his head back and held it. Her eyes were still wild with need, her breath came hard through full, parted lips.

“You promised me a fantasy of my own.”

He swallowed hard, ready to submit himself to anything. Anything at all for this responsive little vixen.

She turned his head and pressed his face to her thigh. “I want the nylons off,” she said, her voice shaky from the orgasm and breath still heavy on her words. “Now.”

Her demands ripped through him pushing another swell into his cock. He’d chew the damn things off if she told him to.

She nudged her creamy flesh against his chin. “The garters,” she instructed.

He slowly unclipped the first satin tie and she sucked in a sharp breath. He held her gaze as he freed the next clip. His heart pounded and his lungs burned for restraint. Her chest rose and fell quickly and she nudged him with her leg again.

His fingers curled around the lace band, and he kissed a trail along her naked skin as he slid the hosiery to her ankle. As he slipped her shoe off, she tugged his head back again until their eyes met.

“Hold on to that. I still want to wear it.”

Ari placed the shoe on the ground and peeled the nylons over her heel. He kissed the top of her foot and positioned the shoe back in place before he began working the hosiery down her other thigh.

Josea watched every move he made and fought the desire to pull him on top of her and feed the raging need between her legs. He removed her other stocking, then hovered over her. He was the most gorgeous man she’d ever laid eyes on. Her body ached to devour him, but she struggled for patience. Tonight she wouldn’t rush to the finish. She wouldn’t let him go until she had done everything she wanted to do to him.

The top two buttons of his shirt responded to the push of her thumb, exposing a smooth wall of chest. She slid her palm over the rise of pectoral and caught one flat nipple between her fingers. Ari obviously didn't have the same desire for patience. He made short work of the rest of the buttons, and the starched cotton hung open along his sides.

Josea's breath caught in a gasp that pierced the warm air between them. He moved toward her, but she stopped him with both hands on his thick round shoulders and pushed his shirt down the back of his muscled arms. Arms that reached for her.

"Lie down," she said.

With a smile, he switched places with her. She straddled him as he lay back on the chaise. God he was perfect. His erection, still imprisoned in tailored black fabric, rose up to meet her. She raked her nails down his chest. His taut skin slid beneath her fingertips, and his abdominals bunched beneath her touch. She dipped her tongue into the crevice carved down the center of his stomach, and moaned as the taste and scent of his skin filled her. A long growl rose in his throat.

His hands caressed her shoulders and moved to her back, reaching to free her breasts from the silk bustier she wore. She eased out of reach and lifted one of the discarded nylons off the ground. Ari's brows rose and a smile stretched his lips.

"What are you going to do with that?"

"Make sure you stay where I want you." She kissed his stomach again and caught his hand. He held still while she wrapped the silk legging around his wrist. Moving higher, she raised his arm above his head and bound it to the frame of the chaise.

"I want to taste every inch of you," she whispered, planting soothing kisses along the back of his captured arm.

Ari pushed his hips into her thigh, the slow torture more painful by the minute. He'd never wanted a woman this damn bad, and as much as he wanted to let her take her time, he didn't know how much longer he could play by her rules. Her long hair spread over him, soft

as a whisper. His cock strained, heavy and hard. He repressed the urge to flip her over and shove himself into her sweet pussy. She could be his in one swift move, but this was her turn.

Mercifully, she bound his second arm quickly. But her mouth moved along the waistband of his pants at a pace slow enough to kill him. If he didn't fuck her soon, he would lose his mind.

His thighs flexed as she freed the button and eased the zipper over his swollen cock. She was still fully dressed, minus the nylons, but as she bent over him and turned slightly, she cocked her ass high enough for him to see the leather petals of her skirt ride up. God, if he had free hands he'd grab one plump piece in each palm. She swayed, teasing him, driving him mad.

She moved quickly to the end of the chaise. She wedged a knee between his calves, parting his legs, and moving forward until she could grab his pants at the hips and work them down. She brought his boxer briefs down at the same time as if she finally felt the same urgency that had all but eaten him alive. But then she stopped.

His cocked jumped, leaping, begging.

Josea gripped Ari's thighs, steadying herself while her heart raced and her lungs fought to hold air. He was so beautiful and she wanted him so much it hurt.

"You're perfect," she said, taking him in her hand. Smooth skin stretched over the broad width of his steel cock. Her tongue swelled in anticipation, and her body screamed in protest as she backed away to slide his pants down his calves and toss them on the ground with his shoes. She peeled his thin dress socks off quickly and ran her palms through the coarse hair on his shins.

He was there. Every inch of him hers for the taking. This was the moment she had waited for. Dreamed of. She could suck him. Lick him. Drink his salty release. Again and again. For tonight, he had no control over her. He was hers to do with as she pleased.

His dick bobbed again.

"You're killing me," he groaned, his arms flexing against the restraints as he reached for her. The nylons gave some, but not enough.

His thighs parted as she crawled toward him. His glistening head called to her, but she dipped low at the juncture of his legs and curled her tongue over his balls. She lapped slowly at the very base of his cock. Drawing out the moment, fighting her need to take him in her mouth and swallow him whole.

His breath came in pants as she worked her way over the stiff, trembling ridge of his erection and her tongue got its first taste of slick heated skin. She could hear the desperation in his breath. He stretched the nylons to reach for her. His hips pumped. His groans were laced with desperation. He was almost there, but she wasn't ready to lose him yet.

Josea drew back.

"Condom. In my wallet." Heavy breaths clipped his words.

She straddled him but made no move toward his wallet.

"The condom." He repeated. "I have to fuck you."

"Just once," she said before she covered his mouth with hers, taking his tongue as she sank onto the length of his cock. Her muscles quivered, every nerve pulsed. She couldn't breathe. She knew what she had promised, but once wasn't enough. She rose and sank down on him again, pushing hard against the hilt of his shaft as pleasure screamed through her.

Before she lost herself completely, she lifted off him.

"I want to taste myself on your cock." The words stumbled out on uneven breath.

She took him in her mouth again, sucking hard, working him with her hand as she lapped the tangy blend of his body with hers. His desperate groans rang in her ears. One after the other. Laced with words he couldn't string together.

His cock swelled, his balls drew tight, and with one thrust of his hips, she tasted the fruit of her labor. His cum spilled from her lips, coating the hand wound around him.

She had never enjoyed a man's body so much. Never allowed herself to relish anyone so completely. For this moment, Ari Davenport belonged to her.

He moved beneath her. "Don't stop. God, Josea, don't stop!"

She froze. Blindsided. The safety net had been snatched from beneath her, and she was freefalling, uncertain where she would land. Oh, God. When had he seen through her disguise?

"Definitely don't stop on my account."

With Ari's dick still clasped in her hand, Josea stared up at her mentor. An unrepressed scowl drew Angela Capenella's face.

Ari jerked at the nylon restraints and twisted around to see Angela. "What in the hell are you doing here?" Disbelief replaced the desperation in his voice, but his chest still fought for air.

"I came to see how bad you needed me, Ari. But it looks like my new associate has taken matters into her own hands."

Josea's heart pounded. Ari knew who she was. And Angela did too.

"This is a private party. You need to leave," Ari said.

Angela glared at him. "Both of you should've known better than to fuck with me." She stormed off, letting the door to the roof slam shut behind her.

Josea swallowed hard. She would have to face that woman. Daily. If Angela didn't find a way to have her fired first.

And Ari. She had to face him now. She licked her lips, still covered with the taste of his cum, and forced herself to look at him. Whatever she expected to find in his eyes wasn't there. His dark pupils didn't register anything but heated satisfaction.

He tugged again at the restraints. "Untie me."

"When did you know who I was?"

A short laugh shot from his mouth and questions creased his brow. "The minute I saw you. Did you think I didn't?"

Embarrassment washed over her in a rain of heated pricks. She was a fool. She had bared herself. Allowed herself to be more vulnerable than she'd ever been.

Ari reached for her again. "Damn it! Untie me."

She made short work of the knots, bracing herself for any or all of the reactions she'd ever feared. What would he think of her?

"I never could figure out what I'd done to scare you away." His strong arms wrapped around her. "You made it clear I needed to leave you alone, but I kept hoping I'd get another chance." His lips came down in a gentle crash against her mouth. His kiss took every fear away. She could lose herself in him so easily. Over and over again.

"You're incredible," he whispered. "God. So sexy."

His lips moved over her face. His fingers stroked her skin.

Josea closed her eyes and groaned. Relief and dread swirled in her chest. "I think I just lost my job."

She might not have a job, but she still had her dignity. And a night she would never forget. She had let every barrier down, and she'd never felt stronger.

"You have a job. At either firm you choose." His lips danced along her neck. "Without my contract, Layton couldn't justify Angela's job, let alone yours."

The zipper of her bustier slid down her back, and Ari's hand moved beneath the silk to take her breast. A flood of emotions poured through her.

The door to the terrace swung open with a bang. Josea jumped expecting another encounter with Angela. Male laughter rang out across the rooftop. "That explains Angela's tirade downstairs," Kevin Layton said.

He walked toward them, shedding his dinner jacket as he approached. He was a very nice looking man. Almost as hot as Ari, but while Ari had cornered the market on dark and sensual, Kevin

glittered like some golden boy, more at home on a surfboard than in a boardroom. His playful good looks could be deceiving. He was a top-notch attorney, cutthroat when he had to be, but quick with a compliment and a smile.

Josea crossed her arms over her breasts.

“Don’t cover yourself, gorgeous,” Kevin said. “Ari won’t mind if I look.”

Had Ari told him what she had said earlier? Did she mean it? Did she want them both? And, if she did, was she really bold enough to follow through now that her cover had been blown?

She knew Ari and Kevin had grown up together, and they’d no doubt shared plenty over the years. If she really wanted to prove to Ari how much she’d changed, she couldn’t start acting shy now. Ignoring the fear that clenched her muscles, she dropped her hands and turned slightly to give Kevin a better view.

His eyes flickered, and Ari’s hand tightened on her hip.

“Damn, Ari. You didn’t tell me she was this fucking hot.” He stepped closer, stopping less than five paces away. “Please tell me I don’t have leave you two alone.”

She glanced at Ari to gauge his reaction. His cock had swelled again, and a sexy smile curled his lips.

“That’s completely up to Josea,” Ari said. “Whatever she wants.”

The last of her hesitation slithered away. She knew exactly what she wanted, and for the first time in her life, she wasn’t afraid to take it. She stood, but bent to give Ari a lingering kiss. His tongue stroked hers and it took sheer willpower to keep from straddling him again right then.

He broke the kiss. “Have you always wanted to do this?” he asked, his voice low.

“Would you be surprised if I said yes?” She swallowed hard, and a slight tremble scooted down her spine. Before tonight, she never would have had the nerve to admit that to Ari, or anyone else. “What about you? Do you want to do this?”

His teeth grazed her bottom lip. "I'd never turn down a chance to be a fantasy come true. But only if you're sure." He planted kisses along her jaw. "If there's anything you don't like, I'll make sure it doesn't happen." He rolled her nipple beneath his thumb and stared up at her with glittering black eyes.

"I'm going to do this," she said, as much to herself as to Ari. Her pussy throbbed with renewed anticipation, and her nipple burned beneath his touch.

She nipped at Ari's neck and cocked her ass, giving Kevin a peek beneath her short skirt. From behind her came the low hiss of Kevin's breath, and a growl rose in Ari's throat.

She straightened to her full height and circled Kevin slowly, letting her gaze ease over his crisp white shirt and nice-fitting black pants. He tossed his jacket to the ground and reached for his tie. While his fingers worked the silk at his throat, she continued to circle. Ari lay back on the wide chaise and wrapped his thick cock in his hand. Josea lightly scratched her nails against the starched cotton on Kevin's shoulders.

"Does this mean I get play?" Kevin asked.

Josea pressed a finger to her lips. "Shhh. No questions."

A broad grin stretched Kevin's mouth, and Ari raised a brow.

"What are you doing, Jo?" Ari's voice was tight.

She shook her head. "No questions from you either."

Stopping in front of Kevin, she flicked open the button at his throat. His Adam's apple bobbed, and his hot breath landed on her cheek. She arched, dragging her hard nipples across the fabric on his chest. A shiver shot down her spine and ignited her clit. She leaned close to his ear. "You have no idea how wet I am."

His hand started for her hip, but she caught his wrist.

"You don't touch unless I say so. But it sure would feel good to dip your fingers inside me, wouldn't it? What about your cock? You'd like that. Your big hard cock inside my tight, wet pussy. Ari can tell you how good that feels."

Kevin groaned, and Ari stroked himself. Her mouth watered at the sight of his big dick, stretched and ready for her again. She hadn't had nearly enough of it inside her. She tore her eyes from Ari and unbuttoned the next two buttons of Kevin's shirt before flattening her palm against his smooth chest. Hot, lean muscle filled her hand. She tugged his shirttails from the waist of his pants. "Lose the shirt. But don't go anywhere."

She started back to Ari. The sound of Kevin shucking his shirt put a smile on her face. The power of control added to the sexual thrill. She'd been a fool not to realize this before now.

She stepped up to the chaise and ran her tongue over her lip. Ari's breath hitched, he jerked another long stroke of his cock. Josea leaned over, bracing her hands on his thighs. She teased him with the tip of her tongue, starting at his balls and following the hard ridge to the slick head. She lapped at him, swirling the taste on her tongue and humming her appreciation. Ari held his cock, offering it to her like the delicious treat it was. His hips flexed pushing his shaft toward the back of her mouth.

A cool night breeze rustled the plants on the terrace and caressed the skin beneath her short skirt. She reached back, lifting the leather to give Kevin a full view of her ass.

"You like what you see?" she asked over her shoulder.

"Hell yeah." Kevin's bare chest heaved and the front of his pants bulged.

She returned to him slowly and brushed her hand over his erection. He sucked in a hard breath. She stepped closer, pressing her nipples to his bare chest and reaching for his fly. The sound of his zipper sent a shiver of anticipation through her. She leaned closer, standing on tiptoe to reach his ear.

"You ever wondered what Ari's cock tastes like?" Her tongue curled behind his earlobe and she gave it a gentle suck.

"No." His voice caught. His chest burned against her breasts, but he kept his arms at his sides.

She kissed his jaw and drew his bottom lip between hers. He opened his mouth in a hungry kiss. His tongue stroked hers. His hands found her waist and he ate at her mouth, spearing his tongue deep and groaning.

She drew back. "He tastes good, doesn't he?"

A wicked grin lit Kevin's eyes.

"I taste good too." She planted a quick kiss on his mouth. "There are two ways to find out how I taste."

His brow wrinkled then he shook his head. "I'd rather eat you than kiss Ari."

"Suit yourself." She slid her hands into the open fly of his pants and pushed them over his hips. The black fabric fell to his feet. She nodded toward Ari. "I'll be over there, when you get out of these."

He stripped while she walked to the foot of the chaise. Ari continued to stroke his cock slowly as she approached. "You going to let me fuck you yet?" he asked.

"No questions, big guy."

Kevin came up behind her and reached around to cradle her breasts. Her nipples ached for more than just a touch, but she fought the desire to turn around and let him devour her. "Take my skirt off," she said.

He found the tiny zipper on her hip and the little leather skirt fell to her ankles. She turned and drew Kevin in for another kiss before she pulled away from him and scooted back to settle between Ari's thighs. Lying back with her shoulders against Ari's chest, she raised her knees. Ari's cock pressed into her lower back, the coarse hair of his thighs rubbed against the smooth skin of hers.

Kevin kneeled on the end of the chaise. His eyes were fixed on her. Her clit vibrated with the intensity of his gaze. For just a second her stomach clenched, and doubt crept into her mind. How would she face these men after tonight?

Ari rolled her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. “Am I supposed to lay here and watch him eat that sweet pussy?” he said into her hair.

She curled one hand behind Ari’s neck and slid the other over her belly down to the small patch of hair above her clit. Kevin pushed her inner thighs, spreading her completely open to his burning gaze. She parted her outer lips, dipping her fingers into her juices and bringing them back to circle her clit. The little bud throbbed and a growing hunger swirled deep in her belly.

Ari swore into her hair and his cock turned to steel against her back. God, she loved the feel of him.

The muscles in Kevin’s shoulders bunched as he moved closer. His mouth parted and the anticipation of his tongue had Josea trembling. She clung to Ari’s neck as she pressed her breasts into his hands.

Ari pumped against her back. And the moment of anticipation gave way to an explosion of fireworks as Kevin slid his tongue along the seam of her pussy.

“Fuck!” Ari roared.

Josea arched against Ari’s chest as Kevin lapped at the rim of her opening, drinking and sucking. She was on the brink of coming all over him, and he’d barely gotten started.

She pulled at Ari’s neck. “Watch.” She gasped. “Watch him eat me.” Her nipples drew so tight they stung and she couldn’t hold her hips still.

Ari ground himself against Josea’s back and bit back the lust that whipped through him. Goddamn! He’d never seen anything so hot in his life, holding her in his arms while Kevin fucked her with his tongue. Ari ate at her ear, needing to taste her. He shoved his dick at her back, needing to fuck her. His hands clutched her tits. Hard nipples poked between his fingers, and he couldn’t get close enough to suck them into his mouth. The restraint was killing him. His arms shook and his cock couldn’t take much more.

"Let me fuck you." The words ground out of him and he nipped again at her ear.

Josea pushed against him arching her hips toward Kevin's mouth. "No." She gasped. "Fuck Kevin."

Kevin's tongue drove in and out of her pussy. His hands dug into her thighs and his nose nudged her clit. Ari's lungs burned. His dick ached. His stomach curled with need. Damn it! Holding Josea and watching Kevin devour her was torture. Pure torture.

"Have to fuck *you*." Ari stroked his cock into her back. He'd never been strung so tight in his life. He was ready to shoot cum halfway to the moon and he wanted to be buried deep in his little fairy vixen when he did it. He grabbed her beneath the arms. "Let go of her!" he warned Kevin. He didn't have time to say anything else.

Kevin eased his grip and Ari pulled her closer. Her little ass propped on his stomach. Her wet slit covered the head of his dick. She wiggled, torturing him more. He steadied her hips and drove deep inside her. Relief and pleasure ripped through him. He pumped, unable and unwilling to wait another second. She screamed as his cock hit the back of her vagina. He fingered her clit, and a strangled cry erupted from her as her pussy milked him with one strong spasm after another. He couldn't hold back. His own release built. His balls tightened. Fire burned deep in his gut, and the sting of pleasure gathered at the base of his dick. He was on the verge of the mother of all orgasms and there wasn't a damn thing he could do but let it take him.

Josea fell back against his chest. The sudden shift of her body freed his cock. Ari pumped the air while her body trembled against him and her arms hung limp. He reached around to finish himself off, but a strong, broad hand wrapped around his dick before he could get to it. Kevin's coarse palm shot an unexpected sensation up Ari's spine.

"Holy shit," Ari swore. He hadn't expected that, but goddamn he was ready to blow and more turned on than he would ever admit out

loud. He pumped hard. His cock gave a final swell and his balls clenched hard.

Before the first wave of release shot out of him, his shaft was buried in the hot, wet mouth of his best friend. Kevin sucked hard and Ari shot a load of cum deep into his throat.

“That’s so hot,” Josea whispered. She turned to bite at Ari’s jaw.

Her mouth traveled his face, her warm body lay soft in his arms and his cock was still buried in Kevin’s mouth. The aftershocks of the orgasm shook his shoulders and sucked his strength, but he held tight to her feminine body, needing to keep her as close to him as he could. She twisted to cover his neck with kisses. The roar of blood through his veins settled and the soft sounds of her pleasure filled his ears.

Ari captured her plump lips with his. His tongue dipped deep into her mouth as Kevin licked the head of his cock before driving his tongue along the crease of Josea’s pussy. She moaned and Kevin’s steel erection nudged his knee.

Kevin had to be ready to pop. He dove between Josea’s legs again before he lifted her thighs and pulled her toward him. He fastened her calves around his hips. The weight of her shoulders pressed into Ari’s chest. Kevin’s cock jumped once before he shoved Ari’s legs far enough apart to fit easily between them. He flexed his hips and drove deep into her. Ari’s spent cock slid between her ass cheeks and she grabbed his thighs and gasped for breath as Kevin pumped hard and fast, obviously ready to relieve his own ache.

Tendrils of Josea’s wig flowed like water over Ari’s skin. Wisps curled around his arms. One clung to his neck, and another draped over the round globe of her right tit. Ari watched with rapt fascination. Her sweet ass moved along his shaft. He should be spent from his last orgasm, but already he could feel his dick stirring. He’d had some wild women in his bed before, but never one who had blown his mind like this little fairy.

He pressed a kiss to Josea’s head as Kevin drove deep and stiffened. Josea cried and slapped her palms against Ari’s thighs as

another orgasm ripped through her. Kevin released a slew of curses as spasms twisted his neck and jolted his shoulders. He collapsed at Josea's side, his damp forehead pressed to Ari's arm. Smooth and course legs tangled together, and breaths came hard.

Kevin's gaze landed on Ari's and a glint of humor flashed like lightning across his blue eyes.

"You fucking sucked my dick," Ari said. Laughter shook his chest. "Hell, you swallowed."

Kevin grinned. "Yeah. We won't be telling anybody about that."

Josea reached for them both. A satisfied smile curled her lips. "We won't be telling anybody about anything that happens tonight."

Angela's cruel laughter jerked all their heads around. "Oh don't worry. None of you will have to say a word. I, on the other hand, have enjoyed the show so much I can't possibly keep it to myself."

Ari cut his eyes toward Kevin who responded with a knowing grin.

"Ange." Kevin disentangled himself and threw his legs over the side of the chaise. "I've been meaning to take you up on that offer you made at lunch last week." He made his way toward Angela, bending to scoop his clothes as he went. "Ari's got a bottle of wine with your name on it. Let's grab it and head over to my place."

Angela crossed her arms and watched him approach. "What if I want to play with Ari and the nasty little nymph?"

Kevin wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her hard against his hips. "They're too vanilla for you, sweetheart. I've got a new cat o'nine tails hanging over my bed. And you know how bad I've been tonight."

A spark lit Angela's eyes and her fingers gripped his hip. "You have been bad, haven't you?"

"I'm just getting starting, honey. Let's go have some real fun."

The two of them left without looking back, and Ari turned Josea to face him. His dark eyes were soft and his touch softer.

"What got into you tonight?" he asked.

“I wanted to be the kind of woman you like.”

“You’ve always been the kind of woman I like. Don’t think for a second I’ll ever let you get away from me that easily again.” His finger trailed her temple and his gaze drifted from her eyes to her mouth. “Is this a one time thing, or are you officially the naughtiest fairy in the forest?”

She shrugged. “Why don’t we see what mood strikes us?”

“I know what mood strikes me when you’re around.” His erection pressed into her thigh. “But I’ve never been good at sharing.”

She wrapped her hand around his wide shaft and gave him a slow stroke. “You think you’re enough for me?”

He rolled onto her, spreading her thighs and pushing the head of his cock into her pussy. He drove himself deep and pumped hard. A cry of surprise and pure pleasure flew from her mouth.

He pressed her palms flat against his, holding her hands over her head and slowed his rhythm. “I know I’m enough.”

Josea met his lips and got lost in the caress of his mouth, the heat of his body and the newly earned confidence wrapped around her.

“I might want to experiment a little,” she whispered against his ear.

“Baby, we’re going to experiment a lot.”

Ari Davenport was enough all right. And now, she had no doubt she was enough for him too.

THE END

www.carmielrae.blogspot.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Carmie L'Rae is an erotic author who has published several books under other names. She has become hard to pin down over the years, relishing her privacy. Her only permanent residence is “somewhere in the Caribbean.” She's following *Hidden Nymph* with a series titled SAND & SPURS.



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