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Educating Jane Porter  
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# Educating Jane Porter

*Dominique Adair*

## Dedication

Libby—It's time to expand your horizons...

## Chapter One

“You have to tell me everything.”

Lily’s voice interrupted Jane as she was counting the crates of freshly washed glassware. The brunch was set to begin in less than an hour and her business partner had waited until now to show up? Jane wrote the number of crates on her checklist before she forgot it.

“A little late aren’t you?” Jane kept her gaze focused on the list of items to be completed.

“I slept in.”

*I’ll bet.*

“I’m dying here. Tell me.” Lily snatched the clipboard from Jane’s hands. “How was it?”

“How was what?” Jane scowled at the redhead.

“You naughty girl. You’re holding out on me.”

“Give me my clipboard. Unlike you I have work to do.”

Lily tucked the board behind her, and Jane rolled her eyes. Unless she wanted to engage in a childish shoving match, she’d have to wait until Lily decided to give it back.

“Lily—”

“The least you could do is look at me when you lie.” Lily was grinning from ear to ear.

“I am looking at you,” Jane snapped. “You can be quite tedious...”

Her attention was caught by a pale bruise on the other woman’s throat. Lily had a love bite. Jane began to smile. It looked like her friend had a few stories to tell as well.

“You have a hickey.”

“Son of a bitch.”

Lily shoved the clipboard at Jane then pulled a silver compact from her pocket. She flipped it open.

“I told him to not leave any marks.” She dabbed the puff over the faint spot on her throat. “I have to work this weekend, and I can’t wander around with love bites all over me.” She muttered the last bit under her breath.

“Mmm, I guess he didn’t hear you.” Jane bit her lip. It was all she could do to keep from laughing outright.

Lily shot her a dark look. “Well, you’re looking pretty pleased with yourself for someone who has razor burn on your jaw.”

“Drat.”

Jane dropped the checklist and snatched the compact out of Lily’s hand. There along her jaw was a faint pink line. Blood rushed to her cheeks. The burn combined with the sleepy, satisfied look in her eyes practically announced she’d had hanging-from-the-chandelier sex last night. It would be more subtle to take out a newspaper ad proclaiming the end of her self-imposed celibacy.

“It’s not like you can hide anything from me, Jane.” Lily sounded smug. “Not only am I your best friend and business partner, but your name has been on the lips of every envious woman here.”

“Yeah, right.”

Jane carefully covered the razor burn with the powder. She hadn’t noticed the mark this morning, then again she’d been in a hurry to escape the bedroom before Antonio awoke. Having the most mind-blowing sex of her life in the dark with a complete stranger was one thing; it was another to face each other in broad daylight. She knew very little about him and he was seven years younger...

“Girl, everyone is talking about how you waltzed in here and took possession of the birthday boy last night.” Lily made fake sniffing noises as she wiped away non-existent tears. “Mama is so proud of you.”

“So am I.” Jane shut the compact and tossed it at her friend. “I think I’ve got my groove back.”

“Yes you do, my sister. And it’s time to celebrate.” Lily turned toward where the head of the serving team was setting up the bar. “Richard, can you bring me a bottle of champagne and two glasses?”

“Right away, Ms. Tyler.”

Feeling like a child who’d skipped school, Jane allowed Lily to drag her outside onto the terrace. The wide space had already been setup for the coming meal.

Multi-colored pastel tablecloths gave the tables a floral garden feel. Each table boasted a round bowl of color-coordinated blooms along with silver trimmed china and an array of sparkling glassware. It was funky and elegant, exactly what Kitten had ordered.

Jane made a mental note to pass her thanks on to Richard and his staff.

Lily chose a table in the corner with a yellow cloth and a bowl of fresh daisies. Before they were seated, Richard appeared with the champagne and glasses on a silver serving tray.

“Ladies.”

“Thank you, Richard.” Jane took her seat. “The terrace looks lovely.”

“Thank you, Ms. Porter.” The man beamed. “I’ll pass your words on to my staff.” He poured them each a glass before leaving.

“Let’s drink to your newfound sexual prowess.” Lily hiked her glass. “It’s been a long time coming.”

“I’d rather drink to us.” Jane raised her glass.

“And to a night of the most amazing sex ever.” Lily’s eyes gleamed with amusement.

“And may there be many, many more.”

They touched glasses then Jane took a sip. The champagne was crisp, perfectly chilled and tasted just a little too good.

Even though it was barely nine in the morning, she couldn’t help but feel hopelessly decadent. After last night, drinking champagne in the morning seemed tame in comparison. What next? Chocolate cake for breakfast?

Lily touched Jane's arm. "You have to tell me all."

"The only thing I have to do is assist with setting up the buffet." Jane teased.

"It can wait." Lily waved her hand. "After last night, no one will be down before ten at the earliest."

"Only if they were lucky."

"How did you manage to hook up with Antonio?" Lily's gaze drilled into hers. "I want all the details."

"Well, we ran into each other last night—"

"How? What did he say to you?" Lily snagged the bottle and topped off Jane's glass. "Did he come on to you first?"

Memories of last night's erotic show and Antonio's sexy voice in her ear washed over her. He'd definitely made the first move, and what a move it was... Her nipples hardened.

"He did, didn't he?" Lily's truck-horn laugh had Jane both wincing and blushing at the same time. "I knew it."

"You're such a liar."

"Am not. Ever since you accepted the invitation I've had a feeling about it. Jean Jacques mentioned Antonio's weakness for curvy blondes. I figured, after his last toy, he'd go for a grown-up for a change." She raised her glass in Jane's direction. "His taste is improving."

"What was he last girlfriend like?"

Jane wanted to bite her tongue even as the words came out. Hooking up with Antonio had been an aberration, a once-in-a-lifetime event that would read well in her future autobiography, after she made her first billion of course. She'd already decided on a title, *Born Again Virgin, the Jane Porter Story*.

Then again, after Antonio she might need to revise the title to *The Closet Hussy, the Death of Jane Porter's Love Life*. In her opinion, the chance of finding a man who was half the lover Antonio was, was pretty slim.



“Giselle is beautiful, sexy, a complete airhead and manipulating gold-digger to boot.” Lily shrugged. “She’s totally forgettable, which is why I’m so pleased he hooked up with you. I enjoy it when a good man realizes what’s really important in a woman.”

“Like what? A 401K?”

“You’re so not funny.”

“But how do you know he’s a good man?” Jane asked. “You only met him a few weeks ago.”

“It was several months ago and I listen to what people say. Dirk, Kitten, Jean Jacques, they all think a great deal of him. Hell, even the household staff adores him.” Lily refilled her glass. “With the exception of his ex-plaything, I’ve yet to hear anything negative.”

“So he has the Lily Tyler seal of approval?”

“And you know how hard it is to accomplish that. Hell, I don’t like anyone.” Lily grinned. “He seems to be a genuinely good guy. A few weeks ago he and Kitten were discussing the funding of after-school centers here in Denver. The goal is to give children of working parents a place to go where they’re safe and can use computers or play basketball. They want to hire us to plan the grand opening festivities.”

Jane thought about the man she’d spent the night with. She could see him in the role of philanthropist. The way he’d wrapped his arms around her as they sat in the window indicated a gentle, caring side. She hadn’t expected that from a one-night stand.

Well, a weekend stand.

“He’s a really nice guy.” Jane reached for her glass.

“But that’s not what I want to hear.” Lily eyes gleamed. “Is he a kitten or a tiger in bed?”

Jane began to laugh. Leave it to Lily to cut to the heart of the matter.

“Definitely the latter.”

“I knew it!” Lily slapped her hand against the table. “He has that look that screams ‘Wild Man’. You know, according to Mia, Dirk’s housekeeper, Antonio’s sexual exploits are...um...legendary.”

“Really?” Jane lowered her voice and leaned forward even though no one else was on the terrace. She wanted to be sure no one overheard them gossiping. “How so?”

“I guess he and Giselle stayed here on numerous occasions when they were together.” Lily leaned toward Jane. “Mia said they had sex in practically every room of the house.”

Jane’s eyes widened. That was a lot of sex.

“They were like rabbits.” Lily leaned back. “Well, he’s young, and they say he’s insatiable.”

*Yes, he is...*

“And he can get multiple erections in a short period of time.”

*Oh yeah...*

“Then there’s his sexual wingman—”

“Wait a minute.” Jane frowned. “A what?”

“A wingman. You know, someone who hangs with the leader and follows him—”

“I know what a wingman is.” Jane interrupted. “But what is a sexual wingman?”

“They like to bed the same woman.”

“They share their women?”

“No, Virgin Mary,” Lily snorted. “They like to bed the same women at the same time. You know, a ménage?”

Jane swallowed hard. Last night Antonio had mentioned a friend, someone named Santos. He’d called him a good friend. Surely he wouldn’t...

“His name?” Jane’s voice was little more than a whisper. “What is his wingman’s name?”

“I don’t remember for sure but I think it was something Spanish.” Oblivious to her friend’s torment, Lily was busy inspecting her red nails. “Santino, Santiago or maybe it was Greek. Xanos maybe?”

“Santos?”

“That’s it.” Their gazes met and her friend’s eyes narrowed. “Did Antonio mention him?”

“Just briefly—”

“Girl... You’d better not be holding out on me.” Lily reached for the champagne bottle. “I’ll take away your key to the executive washroom.”

“We don’t have an—”

“Well, when we get one I’ll have to give you the key then immediately take it away again.”

“Will you focus, please?” Jane snapped. “So they take a woman, one woman, to bed? Together?”

“They’ve been doing it for years. One of Mia’s friends was their playmate for a while, and now the woman will only have sex with two men at a time.” Lily laughed. “I think they ruined her for any man flying solo.”

Jane wasn’t a complete dunce. She enjoyed reading ménage romances, but she’d never thought she’d meet someone who actually lived the lifestyle. There was something very naughty about just thinking of a ménage, naughty yet arousing at the same time.

“That’s too bad, that they ruined her I mean.” She downed the last of her champagne.

“Who are you kidding?” Lily’s gaze took on a faraway look. “Can you imagine? Two men in your bed and all of the focus is on you and your pleasure. Yummy. Where do I sign up?”

After spending last night with Antonio, Jane could imagine it. Then again, she wasn’t sure she’d survive two men at once. Antonio had tested her stamina last night, but two men!

A ripple of heat washed through her pussy.

“Peter did accuse me of being insatiable.” Jane shifted in her chair.

“Asshole.” Lily snapped back to attention. “He was too busy looking at himself in the mirror to keep up with you.”

Jane snickered. She wanted to enjoy her orgasmic hangover, and the last thing she wanted to do was to think of her ex. Besides, she could still smell her lover’s scent on her flesh...

Pressing her thighs together to quiet the soft ache, she reached for the champagne.

“So, am I safe in assuming you and Jean Jacques have declared a truce?”

A telltale smile flashed across Lily’s face for a split second before it vanished. She held out her glass for a refill.

“Not exactly.”

“But you had sex with him?”

“Several times.” She shrugged. “Having sex doesn’t exactly mean we like one another.”

“*Pffft*. Both of you have had the hots for each other from the moment you met,” Jane said. “The problem is both of you are too damned stubborn to admit you need each other.”

Lily’s mouth twisted. “He’s obnoxious...”

“Only when you get smart with him.”

“Overbearing...”

“Protective and rightfully so.”

“Boring...”

“You’re such a bad liar.” Jane laughed. “There is nothing boring about Jean Jacques, and you know it.”

Lily glared at her.

“Besides, the man is as sexy as hell.”

“Well—”

“You know, if you don’t want him...”

“I will snatch you bald if you even look at him sideways,” Lily snarled.

“His accent alone should be declared a lethal weapon,” Jane said. “I swear, all he did was walk into the ballroom last night and women came out of nowhere to get close to him.”

Lily sat upright as if someone had just pinched her ass. Her mouth went tight, and she did not look amused.

“Well, he is a free man.”

“That he is. Jean Jacques is kind, good-looking and filthy rich. Any woman would consider him quite the catch.”

“I suppose that’s true.”

Jane struggled to hide her amusement. Her friend was jealous as hell to hear other women had been eyeing her man. She claimed she wasn’t really interested yet she didn’t seem to like the thought of Jean Jacques with another woman. *Hypocrite*.

“You really should pay more attention, Lily. Last night this hot little blonde had her hand practically down his pants, and he wasn’t exactly fighting her off.”

Jane felt only a twinge as the lie passed her lips. She was damned tired of watching two friends sniping at each other trying to ignore their mutual attraction. The reality was both of them mooned over the other when they weren’t around. It would be very sweet if it wasn’t quite so sickening.

Okay, it was sweet, but she wasn’t about to tell Lily that.

“Well, look at the time.” Lily hopped her feet. “I’d forgotten, I’m needed elsewhere. Catch you later.”

Before Jane could respond, her friend was off and running. With her Italian stiletto heels clicking on the tile, she vanished into the ballroom. Oh yes, Lily Tyler was pissed and Jane had the feeling that a very handsome Frenchman was the object of her ire.

She could only hope Jean Jacques didn’t want to strangle her for lying. She lifted her glass in a silent apology. He might be in for it, but she was pretty sure the Frenchman could handle Lily. Besides, if she didn’t throw them together, they were just foolish enough to miss out on the best thing that would ever happen to them.

Speaking of the best thing to ever happen...

An image of Antonio and her in bed flashed before her eyes. He was, in one word, delicious. With his fallen angel face and wicked hands, he’d rocked her world. Her nipples hardened. The way he’d moved, muscles bunching beneath her hands, his hips thrusting in a sensual dance that brought her to the edge over and over. She licked her lips as a damp heat engulfed her pussy.

But, Antonio and another man in her bed?

Me-YOW!

She drank deeply of the pale golden liquid. The thought of two men in her bed was a heady one. Several of her past boyfriends had felt she was insatiable. Peter certainly wasn't the first one to say it. Jane's lips twisted. What was it with men? They always said they wanted a woman with the libido of a man, but when they got one, they invariably fell short.

She bit her lip. It was possible that maybe, just maybe, she'd had the misfortune of hooking up with guys who couldn't go the distance. Maybe it had nothing to do with her after all?

Her body, aided by the champagne and a long night of sin, relaxed into the chair. She felt boneless and vaguely...needy. Jane slid her hand under the table to touch her pussy through her skirt.

Antonio certainly managed to keep up with her last night. But two, two men would be utterly sublime.

Two mouths...

Squeeze.

Four hands...

Rub.

Two cocks...

Suddenly aware of what she was doing, Jane yanked her hand away. Her gaze darted around the terrace, and she was relieved to see she was alone. Her shoulders slumped.

Then again, she might be getting ahead of herself. Just because Antonio had mentioned Santos didn't mean he planned on inviting the other man into their bed. It was possible that he was just being friendly. Or, he might hope that Jane had a friend who might want to be hooked up with—

“Good morning, Beauty.”

Antonio's accented voice flowed over her senses like warm melted chocolate. Startled, she jerked upright. A dark knit shirt accented every inch of his well-honed chest.

His big hands, the same hands that had stroked every inch of her body, hung at his sides. Jeans cupped his body like a jealous lover accenting his height and his muscular legs.

Her gaze dropped to his crotch. The well-worn denim cupped the impressive swell of his equipment. She licked her lips. Would it be too forward if she were to demand that he strip down and fuck her on the table only minutes before brunch was to begin?

Their gazes met and the hunger deep in his eyes sent a rush of heat through her body. Daydreaming about him had served to turn her on but now, with him standing only inches away, she experienced a flash of hunger deep in the core of her body. Desire was too small of a word to describe how much she wanted him to touch her.

Jane cleared her throat.

“Good morning, Antonio. I trust you slept well?”

“For the most part.” A smile curved his oh-so-talented mouth. “I was repeatedly wakened by a beautiful creature in my bed who was determined I attend to her needs every hour on the hour.” His gaze dropped to her breasts. “She was quite persuasive.”

“And was she kind enough to return the favor?”

“In abundance.” His hand landed on the table in front of her. “And I cannot wait to have her in my bed again.”

When their lips touched, flames ignited in her body. His tongue teased the seam of her mouth, and she opened for him. He tasted of mint toothpaste and hungry male.

She made a sound deep in her throat when he nipped her lower lip. Pulling away, his breath feathered her lips.

“I’m counting the minutes until I can suck that pussy of yours. Then I will kiss you from head to toe.”

Jane was thankful she was sitting. If she’d been standing she was sure she’d be on the floor by now. Laying her hand over his, she squeezed his fingers.

“Mmm.” She licked her lower lip. “You taste good enough to eat, Antonio.”

His brow arched, and his gaze dropped to her mouth.

“Just the thought of my cock in your sweet mouth—”

“Ahem.”

The sound of someone clearing his throat caught Jane by surprise. Antonio touched her on the chin then stepped out of the way.

Behind him stood a strange man who was watching them intently. He was tall, maybe an inch or so more than Antonio and his stance was relaxed. Where her lover was big and muscular, this man was whipcord lean like a long distance runner. His skin was slightly darker than Antonio's, and he had a vaguely Middle Eastern look to him. A diamond earring glinted in one ear.

Wearing jeans and a white button-down shirt, he looked totally relaxed. His dark brown eyes were deep, thoughtful, leaving her with the feeling that this man missed very little.

Whoever he was, this man was hot. Just standing there, he exuded confidence coupled with a restrained sensuality guaranteed to ignite any woman's fantasy. There was something about him, a European flair American men lacked.

"Beauty, I'd like to you meet someone," Antonio spoke. "This is my good friend, Santos."



## Chapter Two

“How dare you!”

Jean Jacques drew the razor down his cheek. Lily, the woman who’d been screaming in his arms several hours before, was scowling at him from the doorway. Judging from her stormy expression, he was pretty sure she wasn’t here to kiss him good morning.

He reached for a towel.

“Are you going to tell me what I dared to do? Or do I have to guess?” He wiped the towel over his face. “I couldn’t have done anything to displease you as I’ve yet to leave my suite.” He dropped the towel on the vanity. “I met this gorgeous redhead who wore me out last night so I was late to rise.”

“Don’t you dare sweet talk me,” she snapped. “How dare you let some tramp fondle you before taking me to bed?”

“Fondle me?” He raked his hand through his damp hair. “What are you going on about?”

“I have it on good authority that last night, before you kidnapped me, you allowed another woman to stick her hands down your pants and play with your best friend.”

His brow rose. A lot of things had happened last night, but he was pretty sure he’d remember a stranger putting her hand down his pants and playing with his cock. While he’d had a few glasses of champagne, his memory of last night’s events remained crystal clear.

“Lily—”

“What kind of man are you? Hopping from one woman to another without remorse...”

Her words faded into meaningless jabber. Even though she was screaming at him, he couldn't help notice she'd never looked more beautiful. Her black business suit did little to hide her mouthwatering curves, and her sexy stiletto shoes were foreplay on their own.

His cock stirred. He was only sorry he'd never thought about making her jealous as green was definitely her color.

"You're a hypocrite, Ms. Tyler." He crossed his arms over his chest. He was crazy about her, but he would enjoy taking her down a peg or two. She was too arrogant for her own good. "Quite a few people saw you in the ballroom with the Duke in your cleavage."

"That's hardly the same."

Her spine was ramrod straight and it was a wonder she didn't snap it in half.

"How is it different? Another man, partaking of your..." his gaze dropped to her breasts. "...obvious charms and yet, you end up in my bed with my cock inside you."

Lily's cheeks were flushed, and her impressive bosom heaved with each breath. She was the kind of woman who wasn't familiar with the green monster nipping at her heels. He'd bet his left nut that being jealous was a new experience for her. Chances were she was more pissed at herself than the prospect of him fooling around with another woman.

"What do you have to say to that?"

Inside, Lily was seething. Jean Jacques had all but admitted he'd allowed another woman into his pants only hours before fucking her in the utility closet.

Jane was right, she'd been drawn to him from the moment they met, not that she'd ever admit it to him. Even though she'd fought the attraction, she hated feeling needy especially where a man was concerned, and now she felt used.

And betrayed.

Stunned by the realization, she stepped backward. No, betrayed was the wrong word. The only way she could feel betrayed was if she were in love with him—

"Cat got your tongue?"

Jean Jacques' deep, taunting voice broke through her panic. She stared at him, stunned to realize he'd moved closer while she'd dithered. The mixed scents of soap and

warm male teased her nose. She scowled. He was too big, too masculine and he wasn't wearing nearly enough clothing in her opinion.

"Stop t-trying to in-intimidate me."

Her gaze dropped to the white towel around his trim waist. A thin line of dark hair disappeared beneath the towel, and there was a telltale bulge. A ripple of heat snaked down her spine.

Even knowing he'd been fooling around with another woman, she still wanted him. A sinking feeling exploded in her stomach. She'd known many women like this, willing to take whatever crumbs a man afforded her. They put up with bad behavior so they wouldn't be alone. Just the idea of lumping herself in with those women made her ill.

"You bastard," she muttered.

"*Chère*, there wasn't—"

His gentle tone lit a match to her anger. His lips were moving, but she could no longer hear what he said. She would not let any man treat her badly and get away with it. She launched herself at Jean Jacques and hit him square in the chest. While he was easily twice her size, she had the advantage of surprise. Together they slammed into the wall.

"How dare you screw me after having some random stranger in your pants—"

"Didn't you hear one fucking word I said?"

"I don't want to hear your lies. You're just like every other man on the planet. An asshole!"

She swung at his head, and he caught her arm easily. Thwarted, she tried to drive her knee upward into his groin, but he sidestepped at the last moment.

"Damn it, Lily. Will you behave?"

"Not until I teach you a lesson—"

Jean Jacques cut her off when he grabbed her around the waist and swung her over his shoulder. Lily pounded on his back.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? Put me down, you manhandling bastard."

"Not until I teach you a lesson."

She heard the shower door open then he cranked on the water.

“I think you need to cool off, Ms. Tyler.”

“Don’t you dare put me in that shower. I’ll kick your Frenchie ass.”

He slapped her on the ass. She pinched him on the butt. The next thing she knew, he’d dumped her onto the marble floor of the shower. Ice-cold water hit her in the face.

“This-s-s is Versace!” she wailed. “You’ve ruined my favorite suit.”

“Should’ve thought about that before you attacked me.”

Blinking cold water out of her eyes, she stared up at the man who’d betrayed her trust. Tears stung her eyes.

“L-like you were in any r-real danger.” Her teeth began to chatter. “You’re twice my s-s-size.”

“Your nails are longer.”

Reaching for the faucet, Jean Jacques turned on the hot water. Lying on the shower floor with a half-naked, very pissed off man standing over her, Lily realized she was at a definite disadvantage.

Sitting up, she was grateful the water was warmer. Shaking the water from her eyes, she looked up his long, muscular body. Even though they’d spent the night together, she hadn’t been afforded the chance to check him out.

Lily had always thought he was devastatingly handsome in a business suit, but now, clad only in a bath towel, looking at him was an entirely different experience.

His dark hair was damp and tousled. He had a strong face with brooding dark blue eyes. Broad shoulders melded into a muscular chest sprinkled with black hair. Her fingers itched to play with his flat nipples. His waist was narrow, and his legs were solid and covered with more dark hair.

Jean Jacques was incredibly sexy and more than a little pissed off.

“Feeling better?”

“Nope, still pissed.”

He reached for the towel, and her gaze narrowed. He wouldn’t dare...

The towel fell from his hips leaving his groin at eye level. Her breath caught. His semi-erect cock rose from a thicket of black hair. It was thick and dark, its vein pulsing as

blood rushed to fill it. Slowly it lengthened to stand proudly from the nest of hair. A drop of pearly liquid seeped from the tiny slit in the head.

Even though she was soaked with warm water, she shivered. It was inexplicable. She was angry as hell at him and herself, yet she was ravenous for him, his cock. It was as if he'd never touched her before this moment.

The feeling that washed over her was new and terrifying.

"Are you pleased with what you see?"

Her gaze flicked to his face. He was smirking.

"It's nothing special." She shrugged. "If you've seen one, you've seen them a—"

Jean Jacques leaned down and grabbed the neckline of her ruined silk blouse. With a single yank the cloth gave way, baring her to the waist.

"Hey!"

Ignoring her, he stepped into the shower, pulling the door behind him. Lily tried to scramble away but he grabbed her by the knees. Yanking her forward, she fell backward. She'd never seen him so angry, so...determined.

Forcing her thighs open, he tore the away the crotch of her hose. She wore no panties and judging from the feral smile, he'd just realized it.

His big, thick fingers invaded her flesh. Parting her pussy lips, he entered her with two fingers. Her hips thrust upward. She was torn between wanting to smack his hands away or pull him down on top of her.

"Don't ever accuse me of fucking you after having had another woman," he muttered. "That's not the kind of man I am."

Withdrawing his hand, he shoved his hips between her thighs. The head of his cock nudged her pussy, and he began stroking her clit with it. Need rose hot and thick in her throat.

Even though she was pissed as hell, she couldn't prevent the whimper that burst from her mouth. Anger had dissipated to be replaced with a powerful desire threatening to render her incapable of rational thought.

“Jean Jacques,” she hissed. Her hips pumped upward to increase the pressure on her clit. “Please.”

Removing his hand, he thrust into her. A keening wail broke from her mouth. The rush of sensation was heady, thick. Sliding her hand down to his ass, she gripped him tightly, silently urging him to thrust.

“Look at me, Lily.”

Their gazes met, and she wasn’t surprised to see he was still angry with her. She felt the same way about him.

“Hear me when I say I call the shots.”

He rolled his hips, pressing hard against her sensitized clit. Her breath hissed through her teeth.

“For the past two years you’ve done nothing but make me crazy. We both know you’re a little tease, and I’ve enjoyed the chase.” He thrust again. “But now, right at this moment, I have you where I want you. On your back, begging me to fuck you.”

Hatred and need burned through her nervous system. Digging her nails into his ass, she forced her hips up to meet his. Warm water rained down on them, shielding her tears from his gaze. Jean Jacques held her captive. His big body pressed her into the marble tile giving her no room to move. She was impaled and vulnerable to anything he wanted to do.

“Tell me, Lily. Tell me you want me.”

“No.” She thrashed her head on the tiles, need and pain warring in her heart. “I won’t.”

“You will.” He thrust.

“No, please—”

It was as if she hadn’t said anything. He continued thrusting, and his hips hammered hers. She arched, hungry for his touch, his mouth, his passion. The thrust of his cock in her weeping pussy was a delicious pain that stole her breath. Her heart cried for the man she’d spent the night with but she refused to let the words pass her lips.

“Submit to me, Lily, or I will fuck other women.”

“I don’t care who you fuck—”

His teeth bit into her throat eliciting a sharp cry from her. Need rode low and hard in her body.

“And you’ll have to accept it, Lily. In fact, if you behave, I might even let you watch.”

He was intent upon punishing her as much as she’d wanted to hurt him earlier when she’d attacked him.

“Damn you, Jean Jacques.” She was sobbing. “Damn you to hell.”

“You first,” he muttered.

Her ankles locked around his waist allowing him to enter her more deeply than before. No longer could she feel the water on her skin. The man who moved over her had sunk into her body, her soul. They were one, bound by need, hatred and love all at the same time. She was sobbing in earnest, and her desire spiraled higher. Her need for release burned white hot in her belly.

“Until you give in to me, Lily, you will take what I decide to give you.” His voice seared into her heart. “I will no longer dance to your tune for you’re mine to command.”

“No—”

Even as she spoke she knew it wasn’t true. As he said, he had her where he wanted her. She’d lost the battle before the war had ever begun.

His mouth touched her shoulder and before she could react, he bit her. Pain and pleasure rocketed through her body. Her orgasm exploded, and she screamed. Her cries echoed off the marble walls of the bathroom as wave after wave of sheer ecstasy burned through her. Her body shook with the ferocity of their coupling.

Jean Jacques thrust several more times. Stiffening, he roared out his release. Her hands slid up his back to rest on his shoulders. His big body jerked once more before he sank onto her, his head coming to rest on her shoulder. His breathing was harsh in her ear as shudders wracked his body.

Dear God, what had she just done?

It's him. It's *him*.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Jane."

His voice was smooth, cultured like a fine brandy or the perfect cigar. When he assumed the chair next to her, his scent, a mixture of lime and healthy male, tickled her senses.

This man was hot, really hot. She'd never considered going to bed with another man so quickly after bedding Antonio, but—

When she became aware both men were giving her a curious look, she cleared her throat.

"Uh...it's lovely to meet you too."

Santos flashed her a smile that was both amused and pleased.

*You're acting like a complete hick.*

"So what brings you...uh...here, this weekend?" Inwardly she groaned. Of course he was here for Antonio's birthday. They were friends.

Santos's brown eyes twinkled. He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"My friend told me the women were exquisite."

His lips touched her skin, igniting a quick flash of heat. When his tongue touched her knuckle she shivered.

*Wow.*

She didn't miss the glance the men shared. Her sex clenched.

"Isn't she as beautiful as I described?" Antonio slid into the chair directly opposite Santos. Between the two of them they'd effectively pinned her in the corner of the terrace.

"That she is."

"Blonde, elegant, confident." Antonio's hand slid under the table to settle on her left knee. "What more could a man ask for?"

"I don't know if I'm all that." Under the stare of both men, her cheeks heated.

"You are, and much more." Antonio's smile was intimate. He gave her knee a gentle squeeze and a warm ribbon of heat unfurled in her stomach.



“You’re making her blush.” Santos sounded amused.

“I enjoy making beautiful women blush.”

Her lover’s hand slid up the inside of her thigh pushing her skirt along with it. She sent a silent thank you to Kitten for requesting full-length tablecloths. Whatever he was up to, no one would be able to see under the table.

Antonio gently pressed his hand against the inside of her leg indicating his desire. Reaching for her glass, she opened her legs several inches.

“It appears you do it well,” Santos spoke.

Another hand touched her right knee, and she started. Her gaze flew to Santos’s face, but he wasn’t looking at her. A waiter approached with them with three bowls on a tray.

“As you ordered, *Señor Santos*.”

“Thank you, Ramon. The sun is warm, and this will be much appreciated.”

Ramon placed the first bowl in front of Jane.

“I hope you like lime,” Santos said. “I took the liberty of ordering for you.”

“Why yes, thank you.”

In unison, their hands slid further up the insides of her thighs, gently tugging them apart. Jane snatched her spoon as the waiter completed his service. He left with a slight bow.

Antonio’s hand squeezed her upper thigh. Santos’s hand moved upward and without thinking, she spread her legs. His pinky nudged her mound, and a rush of liquid filled her pussy.

“The flavor is exquisite.” Antonio spooned a small amount of his peach gelato and offered it to Jane. “You’ll find this to be a singular experience.”

Though she wasn’t entirely sure he was speaking to her, she obediently opened her mouth. The creamy substance landed on her tongue bringing with it the cool taste of peaches and cream.

Santos’s fingers nudged her pussy.

“It is most pleasant.”

Her gaze flew to his face. He was watching her with an odd little smile. His finger parted the slick lips of her pussy to delve inside. Electricity shot through her body when he touched her clit.

*There is a stranger with his hand on your crotch!*

Panic overtook her and from deep in her throat, Jane squealed. When she slammed her legs shut, she wasn't entirely sure if it was to keep him out or to hold him hostage.

"There is a shy quality to this dish." Antonio was speaking. "But if you savor the flavor, absorbing every nuance of its sweetness, it's well worth the effort."

Hell, they weren't talking about the gelato...

"Yes, I see your point," Santos murmured. Scooping up a small bite of raspberry gelato, he offered it to her.

"You will enjoy it, I promise you," he said.

Her stomach dropped. This was the moment. Santos wanted an invite into her bed. Her gaze darted to Antonio.

"I assure you, it is a flavor you must try." His smile deepened. "The experience will change your world."

Their hands on her thighs exerted enough pressure to alert her to their intentions. Need burned low, hot in her pussy. Her nipples ached with the need to be touched, sucked.

She wanted both of these men.

Jane opened her mouth to accept the bite. Cool raspberry delighted her tongue even as she relaxed her thighs. Spreading them wide, she gave them entry to her darkest desires.

"Pleasing, is it not?" Santos asked.

She couldn't even enjoy the bite because their hands were perched at the top of her inner thighs. At the first touch of her clit, Jane swallowed the bite.

At the second stroke, her hips thrust forward.

"It's lovely."

Her voice was shrill to her own ears. Quickly spooning a bite of her gelato, she stuffed it into her mouth.

“Soft, creamy. It’s perfection.” Santos stroked her clit.

“Sweeter than candy. I think we should indulge as much as possible before the party tonight,” Antonio said. “It has been a while since I’ve indulged my love of sweet cream.”

A finger prodded her vagina. Her breath caught, and she was penetrated. A second finger joined the first, stretching her. Delicate nerves leapt to life sending a gush of liquid need into her pussy. Her grip on the spoon tightened, and her knuckles turned white.

Judging by the angle, it was Antonio who was finger-fucking her under the table. Her nipples hardened, creating tiny points against her thin sweater. Fighting the urge to caress them, she took another bite of the gelato. The creamy dessert was melting under the warm sun, much like she was under the table.

From the right, a finger touched her clit. Her hips shot forward in a silent plea for more.

A bite of peach gelato appeared in front of her, and she licked it from the spoon. Antonio’s greedy fingers in her pussy began to thrust while Santos stroked her clit. Antonio leaned toward her, and his lips brushed her cheek.

“I’m going to eat your pussy, Beauty.”

A whimper slipped from her lips. Her gaze was focused on her dessert bowl, now filled with green cream.

“And then, after you come against my tongue, I’m going to put my cock into your hungry pussy and fuck you until you come again.”

Explicit images crashed through her mind...her naked body, both men feasting on her flesh. Two cocks, thrusting, thrusting...

A sharp pinch on one nipple was all it took.

Antonio caught her chin and pulled her toward him. His mouth took possession of hers stifling her cry. Their tongues mated as her orgasm whipped through her body. The whole situation was so carnal, so explosive. Jane was rocked to her very core.

The spasms eased, and so did the kiss. His mouth gentled, and his fingers in her pussy did the same. They removed their hands leaving her feeling empty, shattered. Antonio broke the kiss.

“You pleased me very much, Beauty.”

She ducked her head, and he slid his arm around her waist then pulled her against his side. With the taste of Antonio thick on her tongue, she peeked up at Santos.

His gaze was direct, hot. Her eyes widened when he raised his left hand to his lips. His tongue slipped out to taste her cream, and his gaze turned fierce.

“That was quite enjoyable.” Antonio was speaking to Santos. “Aren’t you glad you took my advice and indulged this morning?”

“It was unforgettable.”

Santos’s gaze burned into her flesh, and she looked away. Just thinking about what they’d done under the table was enough to cause her heart to flutter. She’d just allowed two men, virtual strangers, to finger her under a table.

In public.

A rush of yearning moved through her body. Exhibitionism was a secret fantasy of hers, one she’d felt destined to remain unfulfilled. Her pussy clenched. Now, she wasn’t quite so sure.

“I don’t know about you, Antonio, but I’d like to taste more.” Santos tossed his napkin on the table. “Shall we move our tasting upstairs?”

## Chapter Three

When the door to Antonio's suite closed behind her, Jane feared her heart would burst through her chest. She was so nervous her knees were shaking.

"Don't be scared."

Antonio's lips brushed her ear seconds before his arms came around her. Grateful for the support, she leaned into him. Against her back he was strong and secure. His familiar scent worked wonders for the knots in her stomach.

"I'm not scared. Nervous, maybe." Her lips felt numb.

"I'd be more concerned if you weren't." He gave her a reassuring hug. "We spent last night in the bed over there."

Her gaze flew to furniture in question. It had been tidied up. The pillows were artfully arranged against the headboard and the dark burgundy duvet was perfectly smooth.

"Your experiences tell you there is nothing to fear from me, no?"

She wasn't worried about either man as much as she was concerned with what was about to happen to her. Giving up her body in the most intimate ways with not one, but two men, was daunting.

The French doors were wide open allowing copious amounts of sunlight to flood the room. Last night it had been dark, and Antonio hadn't been able to see her body. What if the extra weight around her belly grossed them out?

Even worse, what if this encounter did ruin her for other men? She didn't want to face a future lacking sexual fulfillment...

"Beauty."

Antonio's gentle voice jolted her back to the present.

"I trust you, Antonio."

“And you have nothing to fear from Santos. We’ve known each other since boyhood, and I’d trust him with my life.”

“We only seek to pleasure you,” Santos spoke. “You’re a very beautiful woman, and it’s only natural we’d want to possess you.”

*Possess.*

A flutter started in her lower belly. Antonio’s erection pressed into her buttocks, and her breath left in a rush.

“We’re incapable of hurting any woman.”

Santos moved to stand before her. His gaze slid over her face like a breath of warm air. He was just so damned sexy. A gush of cream washed through her cunt.

Reaching for the buttons, Santos removed his shirt. His movements were slow, casual. It was obvious he didn’t want to scare her by moving too quickly. Judging from the liquid that trickled down the inside of her leg, he was succeeding.

Muscles rippled in his arm when he tossed the shirt over the back of the couch. His skin resembled pale caramel stretched over his rock hard muscles. Releasing the zipper on his jeans, he slid them down to reveal tight black boxer briefs and lean thighs. The sight of his barely contained erection sent quivers through her belly.

“I think our Beauty is enjoying the show, Santos.”

Antonio’s lips touched her neck and every hair on her body stood at attention.

Where Antonio was more animal with the long hair and bedroom eyes, Santos was urbane. With his black hair clipped close to his head and rock hard body, he exuded confidence and power. Every inch of him was a tough, sinewy masterpiece of male creation. Her fingers burned to stroke him.

The object of her desire reached for his drawers. The only sound she could hear was the thud of her heart. Soft cotton skimmed down his hips and thighs revealing a cock that made Michelangelo’s David look like a babe.

He was quite long and thick like a tree trunk. Rising from a lush forest of dark hair, it stood proud and heavy with the need to rut. Coupled with Santos’s darker skin, he had an

exotic look that was undeniably arousing. What would his beautiful cock feel like as it thrust inside her pussy?

Her knees wobbled.

“Come, Beauty.”

Antonio gently steered her toward the bed. She sat on the edge, and he joined her. His hand settled on her lower back, and Santos stood in front of her. A pearly drop formed at the small slit on the head.

She knew what he wanted without asking. Reaching for him, she wrapped her fingers around his cock, his skin scorching her palm. He was rigid and heavy, and she gave him a gentle, appreciative squeeze. Looking up at him through her lashes, she licked her lips in invitation.

His eyes darkened, and his nostrils flared. Leaning forward, her tongue snaked out to lick the pre-come from his cock eliciting a hiss of approval from Santos.

Beside her, Antonio murmured his encouragement while his hand began stroking her lower back.

Taking Santos’s cock deeper into her mouth, she slid her tongue across the wide head then beneath to the sensitive underside. Slowly she began to suck him, her mouth and hand moving over his hard cock in slow, easy strokes.

Santos’s fingers moved to her hair, fisting in the long strands. His grip was both tender and coaxing. Antonio tweaked her hardened nipple. She moaned around the cock in her mouth when Antonio gave the hardened tip a gentle tug.

Closing her eyes, she lost herself in the heady sensuality of the moment. With Antonio teasing her nipple and Santos’s cock in her mouth, need burned white hot under her skin.

His taste was dark, earthy and forbidden. Curling her fingers around the base, she gave him a light squeeze. His hips lurched, pushing more of his cock into her mouth. His grip on her hair tightened, holding her in place as he began pushing in and out of her mouth.

Releasing her grip on his cock, she reached for his balls. Gently she stroked them with her fingertips.

“Slow down, Jane. Or this will end too soon,” he hissed.

“Getting old, my friend?” Antonio chuckled. “You used to be able to go for hours.”

“No,” he muttered. “Her mouth is so damned sweet all I want to do is fuck it until I come.”

Pleasure snaked through Jane.

“But I have other things I need to attend to first.”

Santos pulled away, and Jane released him with a soft *pop*. Their gazes caught, and she was gratified to see his breathing was harsh.

“Look at me, Beauty.” Antonio spoke.

Tearing her gaze from Santos, she turned. Arousal snaked through her pussy at the banked heat in his eyes.

“Santos and I are going to take you to bed.” His thumb stroked the curve of her jaw. “We want to pleasure every inch of your gorgeous body. Your mouth, your hands, your breasts, your pussy, your tight little ass, all will be used to slake our lust.”

Jane shivered at the sheer eroticism of his words. They were moving fast. Less than twelve hours ago she’d been a celibate business woman and now, two sexy, hungry men wanted to take her to bed. Not only would she have Antonio, but she’d have Santos to pleasure as well.

*And to pleasure you...*

Her clit began to throb. A gush of liquid washed through her pussy and her nipples ached.

Two men...

One woman...

One bed...

“Yes.” Her voice was husky.

“Well, done.” His smile was approving.



“Come, Jane, you’re wearing too many clothes.” Santos took her hand and pulled her to her feet.

Four hands seemed to be everywhere at once. In quick order her clothing was removed, and she stood naked between the two of them.

Surprisingly enough she felt calm about standing completely naked between two men. Knowing what they were about to do should’ve had her scared silly. Instead she was aroused and more concerned that if she didn’t get fucked soon she would explode.

Antonio’s mouth touched hers in a quick, hot kiss. Her hands fisted in his shirt, and she leaned into him. He easily supported her weight, and his hands came to rest on her back.

Another pair of hands landed on her hips. From behind Santos pressed into her, his erection nestled against her ass. Reaching between her and Antonio, he slid his fingers into her pussy. Her breath caught when he zeroed in on her clit.

“Oh!”

Antonio released her while Santos turned and sat on the bed pulling her with him. Jane was perched in his lap, his front to her back, as he slid an arm around her waist to anchor her in place.

Antonio’s gaze was locked on her pussy and Santos’s hand. He began removing his clothes while Santos slid his legs between hers forcing them further apart. She was totally exposed to the man who’d seduced her only hours before.

“Your pussy is exquisite.” Antonio kicked off his shoes. “Have you ever removed all the hair?”

“Yes.”

Jane’s hips began thrusting against the fingers embedded in her pussy. With every article of clothing Antonio removed, her need ratcheted higher. Her fingers dug into Santos’s arm.

“We’ll have to see if we can get an aesthetician to come up and remove all your hair.” He removed his jeans. “I’d like to watch.”

“Mmm...”

Antonio came forward, his mouth coming down on hers. He ravaged her with a kiss so carnal, so earthy, she burned. Releasing her death-grip on Santos, she reached for Antonio. Her fingers tangled in his dark hair.

A rumble vibrated against her back. Santos's mouth touched the exposed curve of her throat. Her grip tightened in Antonio's hair, their tongues dueled in a selfish need for superiority. Santos continued his dizzying assault to her clit until she strained against his hand desperate for release.

Antonio broke the kiss. "I think we need to take this onto the bed." Reaching for his boxers, he removed them. His cock leapt from the cotton confines as if to reach for her.

"I agree," Santos rumbled.

Santos removed her hand and four eager hands urged her into the middle of the bed. She lay on her back looking up at the two men who were about to take possession of her, body and soul. Her breathing increased.

Antonio touched her knee. "I want to taste you."

She needed no further urging. Spreading her legs wide, Antonio settled between her thighs. Bending her legs at the knee, he positioned her heels close to her ass. When he lowered his head, her hands fisted in the duvet. He parted the folds of her pussy and the cool air lapped at her overheated flesh.

Even though he'd barely touched her, she moaned.

Santos stretched out beside her. His hand came to rest on her right breast. His thumb caressed her nipple.

"You're exquisite," Santos murmured. "Perfect in every way."

A strangled cry caught in her throat when Antonio's tongue touched her clit. Stroking at the ultra-sensitive flesh, his fingers delved into her pussy, sliding in and out. Her hips began to move, following his strokes.

Santos's mouth covered one nipple. His tongue laved the taut bud, then he started sucking. His other hand snaked across her chest to zero in on her other nipple.

"Oh, yes."

Jane bucked and strained as they slowly drove her out of her mind. The delicious torment to her pussy halted, and the bed dipped when Antonio came closer. Santos relinquished her breasts, allowing his friend to take the lead.

Antonio moved over her. Reaching between them, he guided his cock to her pussy.

“Please. Please fuck me,” Jane sobbed. Releasing her grip on the duvet, she reached for him.

His cock broached the sensitive entrance to her pussy. She moaned and thrust her hips upward. Impatience and arousal rode her hard. She wanted him inside her, and she didn’t want to wait. Her eyes slid closed.

“Is this what you want, Beauty?” Rubbing his cock against her pussy, he pressed forward, parting her needy flesh. “My cock, inside you? Fucking you?”

He was torturing her. Her hands gripped his arms, the muscles were living marble. Antonio held himself over her, his cock mere centimeters from giving her what she wanted. Shivers danced along her skin.

“I want you inside me.”

“That’s my girl.”

Pressing forward, his cock entered her, stretching the delicate nerves. She was sobbing by the time he covered her. Pushing her hips up, she took him deeper until she was stretched, filled to excess yet still she wanted more.

“Easy,” Antonio breathed against her throat.

Wrapping her legs around his waist, she shivered when the root of his cock caressed her clit. It was hard to breathe, to think, with this man inside her. He thrust, and she struggled to regain control even as the rush of pleasure threatened to devour her.

Antonio slid his arms beneath her shoulders, angling his body low and tight against hers. He began to thrust, slowly and deeply. His body was hot and hard against hers.

Silky groans started in her throat as the tension spiraled higher. Her nipples ached, the hair on his chest sending jolts of sensation through them. With each thrust her groans increased in volume.

Teeth grazed her shoulder and her eyes flew open. Santos was close beside them, his gaze fixed on her face. Hunger burned in the depths of his dark brown eyes. A movement caught her attention. One big hand was curled around his cock, and he was roughly stroking himself.

The sight of those harsh jerks was enough to bring her to the edge. Her thighs tightened around Antonio's waist, and her release beckoned.

Without warning he unhooked her ankles and pulled away. Her pussy was empty and throbbing without him. Sobbing in protest, she struggled to reach for him but he moved too fast.

Santos sat up and grabbed her legs. Pulling her to the edge of the bed, he stood. Stepping between her legs, he caught her behind the knees and pulled her upward until her lower body was suspended over the mattress. He hooked her knees over his shoulders. When he entered her, she howled like a cat in heat.

Santos's movements were more forceful than Antonio's. His big hands dug into her hips holding her against him as he plunged into her weeping cunt. He moved with less finesse and far more urgency. With each thrust against her clit, Jane was mewling with the burning need to come.

Antonio settled himself beside her, his mouth covering her nipple. Sucking hard, his left hand slid toward her pussy. His fingers threaded through the soft hair, and he gave the strands a gentle tug. The spark of pain was too much.

"I can't..." she panted. "I just can't—"

"You can take me, Beauty."

Santos's voice broke. Any pretense of the urbane man was gone leaving a hungry beast in its wake. His thrusts accelerated, and the headboard began to rattle. Antonio continued suckling her nipple, his wayward hand administering gentle tugs on her pubic hair.

Her body was relentless in its quest for release. Need rose hard, sucking the breath from her lungs. Her back arched, thrusting her cunt against Santos's cock. Release broke

over her like a summer storm, her body buffeted by the waves. Ribbons of pleasure enveloped her body, and she lost all sense of time and place.

Lips touched hers as her body was lowered to the bed. Shivers raced over her skin, and she was unable to move on her own. Big hands gently lifted her, placing her in the center of the bed.

A warm male settled beside her and she recognized Antonio's scent. He pulled her against him, cuddling her to his chest. The bed dipped behind her, and Santos covered her from behind. His arm slid around her waist, and his hard cock nestled against her ass.

*He didn't come?*

Mumbling something, she reached back, and slid her hand along his lean hip. His skin was slick with sweat. His hand covered hers, and he held her palm against him. It was a tender gesture that allayed any remaining concerns she had about taking him into her bed.

Secure between the two men, Jane allowed sleep to overtake her.

## Chapter Four

A mouth on each nipple woke Jane from her deep sleep. When she opened her eyes, she saw two dark heads close together over her chest. She threaded her fingers through their hair. She should have sought out a ménage situation years ago.

Utter relaxation enveloped her from head to toe. The sun had crept across the carpet telling her it was past noon, and they'd missed the buffet.

As if she could care about food with two sexy, hungry men in her bed.

They lay on each side of her, enveloping her in acres of warm male flesh. Twin erections lay against her hips while they feasted on her nipples. Someone's hand stroked her belly while the other covered her pussy. The blood in her veins had been replaced with liquid pleasure.

Santos lifted his head.

"We're pleased to see you're awake." Santos nuzzled her throat.

"Barely," her voice came out scratchy.

Antonio released her nipple. Raising his head, his gaze speared her. The sensual fire within his eyes was unmistakable. She turned. Lowering his mouth to hers, their lips met. Without hesitation she opened, and his tongue slid over hers.

Pleasure curled deep within her body as their mouths mated. Knowing Santos watched them deepened the pleasure. His breath was hot against her breast and it sent shivers down her spine. Antonio nipped her lip then released her.

"While you slept, we decided since we took such good care of you earlier, its time for you to return the favor." He kissed the corner of her mouth.

"Is that so?" She lightly drew her nails across their flesh. Her gaze met Santos's. "Do you agree?"

"I do indeed."

She leaned toward him, and his lips brushed hers. It was a faint touch that left her wanting more.

Beside her, Antonio rolled onto his back, and she sat up. His hands were tucked behind his head leaving every hard inch of his body open for her inspection. His thick cock lay against his lower stomach. Under her scrutiny, it twitched.

“Since you’re both in agreement,” Jane shifted to her knees, “then who am I to deny your wish?”

Sliding her leg across Antonio, she straddled his hips. Reaching between them, she guided his cock to her pussy. His gaze glittered with a dangerous heat. His hands came to rest on her hips. Her eyes slid closed as her body stretched to accommodate him. The sensation was heady and judging from the tension in his body, he was feeling as needy as she.

The bed shifted, and her eyes opened. Santos was propped against the pillows with his hand wrapped around his cock. Her gaze locked with his. When she moved upward on Antonio’s cock, Santos’s hand drifted down on his.

Leaning forward, she braced her hands on Antonio’s chest. Her hips moved over him, his cock sliding in and out of her body in long smooth strokes. Santos echoed her movements on his cock yet his gaze never left her.

Liquid flooded her pussy. Antonio’s cock created a sucking sound as she moved over him. The slap of flesh against flesh brought a feral smile to Santos’s lips. Heat spread through her pussy, and her hips increased the pace.

Finally Santos broke her gaze to look down at his friend’s cock moving in and out between her pussy lips. He licked his lips, and her nipples began to throb.

She’d already experienced two mind-blowing orgasms. What astounded her was, if anything, her hunger was stronger than when they’d come upstairs. It was almost as if taking these two men into her bed, into her body, had opened a part of herself that she hadn’t dreamed even existed. A feral side of her sexual self was emerging.

Jane faded into the background, and Beauty emerged.

The pace of Santos's hand on his cock increased and a sheen broke out on his face. Triumph welled and power surged as her need for release increased. They might've seduced her but she had no doubt that at this moment, she held each of them in the palm of her hand.

"Stop." Antonio's hand tightened on her hips and broke her rhythm. Her gaze flew to his face.

"Up," he said.

Disappointed but curious to see what he had in mind, Jane did as he bid. Sliding his still-erect cock from her body, he rolled away to stand next to the bed. Both of them helped her to her feet, and Santos followed.

Antonio sat on the edge of the bed. Taking her by the hips, he guided her to him. She gripped his shoulders, using him for balance as she straddled his hips. Reaching between them, she guided his cock to her pussy. They both groaned as she sank onto him.

Santos's body pressed in from behind. His cock rested against the crack of her butt. Jane quivered when she realized what they were up to. Santos wanted to fuck her in the ass.

Fear and desire crowded her throat. Alarm bells were going off in her head even as her arms slid around Antonio's shoulders. His hands gripped her waist forcing her to lean into him. Beneath her, he spread her legs wider. With her hips held in an arched position, she sank onto Antonio, lifting her ass toward Santos in silent invitation.

His hand palmed one ass cheek and gave it a firm squeeze. Her pussy tightened around Antonio's cock eliciting a hiss from him. She angled her hips higher putting her ass at the perfect angle for Santos to fuck her from behind.

She was surprised when Santos stepped away. Looking over her shoulder, she saw him grab a condom from the bedside table. After donning it, he removed a black tube from the drawer before he returned. His cock butted the seam of her ass, and she trembled.

"Easy, Beauty." Antonio's chest rumbled against her breasts. "Relax and we'll take care of you."



Jane lay her head on Antonio's shoulder. Behind her she heard the squelch of gel being squeezed from a tube. A hand spread her ass cheeks to expose her anus. Santos rubbed the cool, thick gel on the tight little mouth. When he inserted his finger, she gasped and thrust against Antonio.

"Easy, Beauty." Santos applied more gel using his finger to spread it inside of her anus. "I want to make sure you're ready."

An image of his cock sprang to mind along with a niggling worry. He was a big man, what if she couldn't take him?

She heard the tube hit the bedside table. Big hands spread her ass cheeks wide. The cool air hit the gel, and her anus tightened.

"I wish you could see what I do, Beauty. That tight little mouth all rosy and shiny just waiting for me to fuck it."

Santos spoke under his breath. His skin seared hers, and his cock touched her. After positioning himself against the tight ring of muscle, he moved forward slowly. Her breath caught as waves of pleasurable pain washed through her. Her grip on Antonio's neck tightened.

The pressure increased until Jane felt the muscles release. With slow, deliberate movements, Santos's cock invaded her anus. He took his time giving her body the chance to adjust to his size. Just when she thought she couldn't take any more, he was buried inside her.

Jane clung tightly to Antonio. Sweat had broken out on her skin sealing his body to hers. With two sizeable cocks embedded in her body, she felt full—like never before. Her vision swam as she tried to assimilate the rush of sensations that assailed her, but the men gave her no time.

Careful to alternate their movements, they began to thrust. Fear vanished under the sensual assault. Antonio's hands slid upward to hold her close while Santos gripped her waist, helping her to move in response to Antonio's thrusts.

Time faded as the alternating thrusts ruthlessly forced her to a new level of arousal. Her body was trapped between the two men, a vessel of pleasure to be used according to their desires. She had no say in what they did. She was their captive.

“Oh, oh, oh!”

Her body tightened and urgency rode low and hard. Santos’s thrusts in her ass grew jerky and uncoordinated. His hands tightened on her waist, and she arched as high as she could to take all of him inside. His cock stiffened, and his roar filled the room. Her body began to shake.

“That’s it, Beauty. Take all of it.” Antonio’s voice seemed to be miles away. “All of us.”

“Yes, yes, yes!”

Her body drew in on itself like a deep inhalation. His cock continued thrusting even as her body exploded around him. Light flashed before her eyes, and her nails dug into his shoulders. She was floating high above her body yet inexplicably tethered to each of them.

Antonio threw his head back, every muscle in his throat standing out in stark relief. His lips drew back and a feral snarl was torn from his throat. His hips thrust upward, his cock burrowing deeper into her pussy as hot jets of semen rushed into her body.

Spent, she allowed her head to fall forward to rest on his shoulder. They panted for breath, their bodies locked together like a piece of modern art. At that moment she wasn’t sure where she ended and they began.

Santos moved first, easing himself from her body. He kissed her on the cheek then left them. Without his heat her back felt chilled.

“How are you feeling, Jane?” Antonio nuzzled her ear.

“Limp.” Her voice came out as little more than a croak. She wasn’t sure if she’d be able to move ever again.

He chuckled. “You’re an amazing woman, Jane Porter.”

She raised her head and their gazes met. He was smiling at her.

“You’re pretty impressive yourself, *Señor Villareal*.” Well aware he was still buried deep inside her, Jane wiggled her hips.

“Care to join me in the shower?”

“That sounds lovely.”

It took a few moments to convince her body to move. Slowly she untangled her limbs from his. Now she could only hope her shaky legs would support her. Antonio’s cock slid from her wet pussy setting off a curl of heat. She was amazed that after such a cataclysmic climax her body was able to feel anything, let alone arousal.

This was a new record for her.

Antonio took her hand, and together they walked to the bathroom. Just as they reached the door, Santos exited.

“The bed is all yours.” Antonio grinned. “But don’t get too comfortable as we’ll be back.”

“Marvelous.” Santos’s lips brushed her cheek.

Antonio started the water, and Jane stepped into the marble enclosure. Warm water poured from multiple jets in the ceiling and walls, and she sighed with happiness. The pulses of water felt good against her tired limbs.

Antonio joined her, with a cloth in one hand and soap in the other. Working the soap into the cloth, he drew it over her skin, carefully washing away the evidence of their tryst.

Charmed by his ministrations, Jane simply stood there as he bathed every inch of her body. His hands were sure, strong as they moved over her. In bed he’d proved himself to be a considerate lover, but this was a dimension of him she’d yet to experience.

Caretaker.

She hadn’t known what to expect when she invited them to take her to bed. Hot sex? Yes, definitely. But such tenderness? No. Both Santos and Antonio were men’s men, rugged, strong and definitely alpha, yet their tender, gooey centers were undeniable. A dull ache began in her chest.

*Careful, girl...it’s only for the weekend.*

Once he'd rinsed the soap from her skin, Antonio took his turn under the spray. Taking the cloth from his hand, she returned the favor. Every limb was thoroughly washed then rinsed. She marveled over every sculpted inch of his tight body. Humming lightly under her breath, she lathered his broad chest only to be distracted by his nipples. After rinsing away the soap she licked one, the bud hardened beneath her tongue.

"You're looking for trouble, Beauty."

"And I'm pretty sure I've found it."

Smiling up at him, her tongue snaked out to lick the clean water from his chest. His face tightened and against her lower belly, his cock stirred.

Turning off the water, Antonio exited the shower. Taking a big towel he wrapped it around her. He dried her though she couldn't help but notice he wasn't as leisurely as he'd been in the shower. When he was done she wrapped a fresh towel around her body. Leaning against the vanity, she finger-combed her long hair as she enjoyed the show.

Her lover ran a towel over his body, and she enjoyed the ripple of muscle under tanned skin as he worked. His legs were long and his ass was high and tight, perfect for sinking her nails into. Where Santos was wiry, this man was muscled.

She'd found the best of both worlds.

Antonio tossed his towel on the vanity then took her hand.

"Come on."

Together they walked into the bedroom. Santos lay on the bed with a smile on his face and one hand around his semi-erect cock. Without hesitation Jane shed the towel and climbed on the bed. Crawling between his legs, she moved his hand from between his legs.

"May I?"

"As you wish." His smile was lazy.

Lowering her mouth to his cock, she ran her tongue up the shaft. He shuddered and she repeated the motion. When her lips closed around the head, Santos bucked his hips.

Closing her eyes, Jane sank over his cock until she could take no more. Dragging her tongue along the sensitive underside, she wrapped her fingers around the base, working her fist up and down in a gentle pumping motion. His breathing took on a faint hiss.

His fingers dug into her hair as if to guide her movements, but she'd have none of it. Resisting the gentle tugs, she increased the pace. Running her tongue over the broad head, she swirled it over the narrow opening. The salty sweet taste of semen coated her tongue.

"Oh, yes."

His hips pumped in earnest now making it harder to keep the rhythm. Covering the head with her mouth, she sucked him as deeply as she could. Her hand pulsed around the shaft as she sucked him hard.

A yell was torn from him as his body arched, thrusting his cock deep in her mouth. His come struck the back of her throat, and she swallowed. Holding steady, she continued fucking him with her mouth until he went limp and his body was wracked with shivers.

Opening her eyes, she released him. Leaning forward, their lips met in a kiss so earthy that she felt the pull from deep in her pussy. Their tongues danced, and she knew he would taste his come on her tongue. Slowing the kiss, she pulled back enough to capture his lower lip between her teeth before releasing it.

"Thank you," he whispered.

"It was my pleasure."

Antonio's hands landed on her hips, and she started. She'd almost forgotten about him. Turning, she caught the need in his eyes. She moved from between Santos's legs to kneel before Antonio.

"What can I do for you?"

Between his legs, his cock was becoming stiff.

"Lie down." He patted the bed between him and Santos.

Jane acquiesced, stretching out on her back. Antonio threw his leg over her body, moving forward until his knees bracketed her shoulders. His thick cock was only a breath away from her lips, and she inhaled the scent of soap and aroused male.

“Suck me, Beauty.”

The command awoke something secret within her. Something wanton and greedy. Jane faded into the shadows and Beauty, the submissive sex slave, emerged.

Opening her mouth, her tongue touched the head of his cock. He inched forward to position his cock against her lips. She opened her mouth, and his erection breached her lips. Her gaze met his, and she began sucking him. His hands fisted on the headboard and he began to thrust gently, using shallow motions as he fucked her mouth.

Santos’s hand landed on her lower belly though she couldn’t see him. Her tongue swirled around Antonio’s cock even as Santos parted her legs. The slide of his skin against her thighs signaled his intentions. She was already wet with arousal. His breath brushed her pussy only seconds before his tongue connected with her clit. She jerked.

Her gaze was still locked with Antonio’s and she tried to concentrate on sucking his cock, but it was a challenge with Santos between her thighs. His tongue was warm and wet against her sex, and she moaned deep in her throat. Two thick fingers slid deep into her pussy. Keeping up the pressure on her clit, his hand began to thrust.

Jane wasn’t sure how to handle this situation. With Antonio’s cock in her mouth and Santos’s face in her pussy, she felt as if she were coming apart at the seams. Her hands latched onto Antonio’s tight ass, her fingers dug into the muscles.

Santos’s teeth slid over her clit, and she moaned around Antonio’s erection. The rumble of the sound raced up her throat and straight to his cock. His eyes widened, and his hips began to thrust harder. Deep, animal-like moans sounded from his mouth and sweat broke out on his face.

Her body arched, forcing her pussy downward to put more pressure on Santos’s mouth and hand. Shivers ran through her body and she felt she would fly apart at any moment. She longed for release yet she never wanted this erotic dance to end.

Under Antonio’s hands, the headboard slammed into the wall. His glossy eyes slid closed, and his lips were drawn back in a grimace. He seemed to be unaware of anything other than his coming release. His groans deepened into a roar. He went rigid, his head tipped back as semen jetted into her mouth and down her throat.

Arching her back, she pressed hard on Santos. Orgasm hit her with the strength of a punch. She gave up trying to suck Antonio clean, and she let him slip from her mouth. Her screams exploded from her lungs, and her body shook.

Someone pried her hands from Antonio's ass, and the bed shifted as he moved away. Her eyes were still closed, and the remnants of her release ricocheted through her system like a pinball machine.

The torment Santos inflicted upon her was too much yet not nearly enough at the same time. His tongue swiped at her over-sensitized clit, and she tried to buck him off but he was having none of it.

A hungry mouth took possession of her nipple, and her eyes flew open. Antonio's eyes were closed as he suckled her. Soft noises of pleasure came from him. Santos jabbed his tongue against her clit, and her body arched, wanting, needing more.

Santos rose from between her thighs. She caught a quick glimpse of his erection before he thrust it home in her cunt. His stamina was impressive. Only minutes before she'd sucked him dry, and now he was hard and ready to ride.

"Oh yes, yes!" Her fingers fisted in Antonio's hair. "Fuck me, hard. Please, please, please—"

Her sobs turned to low moans when Santos began to thrust. He moved with the enthusiasm of a teenager with quick, sharp thrusts centered on her clit.

Helpless in the face of their lust, she let go. Orgasm tore through her body stealing her breath and rocking her world. She was floating, flying in the ether with the Earth far below.

She'd been consumed.

## Chapter Five

Lily was madder than hell, but she was too much of a professional to let it show. She had no idea where Jane was though she could only hope her friend was having more fun than she was.

“Did you put the champagne on ice, Richard?”

“Yes, ma’am. It is chilling and the bar has been restocked for tonight’s events.” He continued wiping down the bar. “The kitchen is prepping the glasses.”

“Most excellent.”

Lily checked several items off the list. The best part of having a well-trained staff was their ability to get set-up quickly. So far, other than running down a few items that had gone missing, this weekend was progressing well. There were only twenty more hours to go until R.S.V.P. could mark off another successful event completed.

Until then, there was work to do.

A pile of fresh table linens were stacked on a wheeled cart. Tonight’s dinner was a sit down affair and the tables had to be set-up. When it was done she knew it would be exquisite with the dark burgundy tablecloths and pristine white china.

Now if the flowers would’ve arrived on time—

“Ms. Tyler?” Brenda, one of the waitresses, approached. “There is a call for you on the phone across from the utility closet. It sounded quite urgent.”

“Thank you, Brenda. Can you and your team get started on setting up the cocktail area on the terrace?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Lily headed into the hallway. The last time she’d been here was when she and Jean Jacques had fucked like rabbits in that closet. Her lips twisted. After their violent sex in the shower, she wasn’t sure she ever wanted to see him again.



Imagine him demanding she submit to him. And then to tell her that he'd fuck anyone he saw fit until she did so, that really was the limit—

An earthy moan caught her attention, and she skidded to a halt. Standing just outside the door, the familiar sounds of sucking reached her ears.

Someone was having sex.

A trill of excitement rushed through her. As much as she loved getting laid, another favored pastime was watching others have sex. She'd barely hit puberty by the time she'd discovered this proclivity. When her parents would go out for the evening, her sister's best friend and boyfriend would come over and have sex in the den. Lily had lost count of the number of times she'd watched them screw each other's brains out.

Just the memory the boyfriend's dick pumping in and out of Leann Wilson's tight pink pussy was enough to get Lily going. It had been a long while since she'd indulged her voyeuristic side.

Holding her breath, she tiptoed closer to peer inside the closet.

A woman was on her knees before a tall man dressed in a white dress shirt. His pants were down around his ankles, and his face was hidden by an open cupboard door. His hands were fisted on the edge of the counter where Jean Jacques had fucked her not long ago. Her pussy clenched.

The woman was going down on him like he was Christmas candy. Her long black curls bounced with each forward thrust. Her scarlet lips strained around his cock, and she made greedy slurping noises.

Raising her hand, the woman wrapped it around the base of his cock. Lily caught sight of a distinctive square-cut emerald ring. A devilish thrill ran through her. It would seem that Rachel Van de Kemp used her mouth for something other than motivational speeches.

Lily had to slap a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing out loud. She could only wonder what the Denver Junior League would say about their president if they could see her on her knees with a giant cock in her mouth.

The man released his grip on the counter and reached for the woman's head. She released him, and he pulled her to her feet. Her giggle was high and girlish.

"You're such a big man," she crooned.

He didn't say anything. Taking her by the arms, they turned until she was backed against the counter. Lifting her by the waist, he deposited her on the counter then shoved up her skirt. Lily caught a flash of pale brown curls at the juncture of her thighs.

It would appear Ms. Van de Kemp wasn't a natural brunette after all.

Big Man withdrew a condom from his pocket, taking only seconds to cover his cock. Moving between her thighs, he entered her with little ceremony. Rachel didn't seem to mind as she wrapped her legs around his slim waist. His hand fisted in her shirt and with a quick tear, the front gave way as if it were tissue paper.

Memories of Jean Jacques doing the exact same thing to her in the shower sent a quiver of heat to Lily's cunt. Her thighs tightened. She would not love him. She would not—

Rachel's long moan yanked Lily's attention back to the couple. Her massive breasts were exposed—the deep brown nipples were ripe, ready to be plucked.

*Fake.*

"Oh my big, big man." Rachel's voice went high and shrill. "Punish me, teach me a lesson."

Lily was torn between arousal and amusement. Big Man? Teach me a lesson? It sounded like the president had watched a few too many bad porno movies.

Big Man was thrusting with slow, controlled movements. The sight of his erect cock pushing in and out of Rachel's untamed pussy was certainly arousing.

A tingle of awareness ignited in Lily's cunt. Glancing around, she darted into the phone nook directly across from the closet. Using her clipboard to shield her, she plunged her hand under her skirt and into her wet pussy.

Now Rachel leaned back, her upper body rested on her elbows. Her moans were growing in volume, and the sounds were throaty. Lily began to stroke her clit and liquid

arousal gushed over her fingers. Part of her was afraid they'd all be caught while another part, her wild side, was thrilled by this unexpected development.

The slap of flesh against flesh was unmistakable. Her fingers increased their pace while her gaze remained glued on the man's ass. Tension spiraled higher and she longed for something to thrust into her pussy.

Big man's movements were less smooth and more forceful. Thrust, flex, thrust, flex. She frowned. There was something very familiar about that butt. Thrust, flex, thrust.

He shoved his hand into his pocket and withdrew a cell phone. Laying it on the counter, it took a few seconds to realize what was going on. Her hand, still deep in her pussy, froze.

His hand came up and shoved the cupboard door closed. Lily's breath sucked in harshly when she saw his face.

Jean Jacques.

His gaze caught hers, and she felt as if all the air had been sucked out of her body. The man who'd made love to her last night was now fucking another woman.

Rachel's cries were louder and the sounds of their lovemaking were amplified by the phone in the cubby. Aghast, Lily stared at the offending instrument.

The bastard had called her to this place. He'd wanted her to see him fucking another woman.

Her gaze flew back to his face, and she ripped her hand from her panties. She recognized that look. He was going to come.

Rachel's screams peaked and the sound bounced off the walls. Jean Jacques's gaze remained locked with Lily's. Arousal, fury and naked pain warred within her heart. If she'd thought he'd hurt her before, now he'd torn her completely apart.

Picking up the phone, she slammed it down on the hook. She'd be damned before she'd watch any him come inside another woman.

Stepping out into the hallway, she tilted her chin upward. Spinning on one heel, she stalked off down the hall, rage and betrayal threatened to choke her.

*That bastard!* Thought he could make a fool of her did he? Well she'll just see about that.

Seconds later, Jean Jacques withdrew his cock from Rachel's hungry pussy. Even though Lily wasn't around to see him, he gave his dick a few hard jerks. With a groan, he spilled himself into the condom not wanting to share even that small part with a woman he didn't love.

Santos fed Jane a bite of sharp cheddar cheese. Her eyes closed as she savored the rich flavor that spread across her tongue. His cock stirred. Just watching her eat a simple piece of cheese made him want her all over again.

He'd lost count of how many times he and Antonio had taken her. The afternoon was a long, sensual blur of sex and release. Never had he met a woman with such a voracious appetite. He glanced over at his sleeping friend. Santos only wished he'd seen Jane first. She was the kind of woman he could almost see himself settling down with.

"Jane, tell me your fantasies." Santos stroked the curve of her jaw with one finger. "What turns you on?"

Her emerald eyes opened, and she looked toward the rumpled bed.

"I think you've already figured out that part."

"No. I want to know your deepest, darkest fantasies." He poured her a glass of champagne. "So far we've been pretty tame."

"Tame?" She laughed. "Who are you trying to kid?"

Picking up another cube of cheddar, she popped it into her mouth. Santos could barely tear his gaze from her plump lips.

"Antonio mentioned you enjoy bondage games."

"Oh, yes. I do very much."

"So, you would like us to tie you up." He ran his finger down her throat. "And do what?"

“Well.” Her brow furrowed. A slow blush moved across her face. “You know, the usual.”

She intrigued him. Her appetites were enormous yet her sexual repertoire was somewhat limited.

“Do you want to take the submissive role?”

“Yes.”

Beneath his fingertip, her pulse increased. Her voice was slightly breathy.

“You will obey our commands?” He pulled his hand away from her.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, master.”

He liked the way she said it. Soft, needy. Even without touching her she was becoming aroused. Where had this woman been all his life?

“Do you want us to fuck you?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want us to eat your pussy?”

Her gulp was audible. Instead of speaking she nodded.

“And you will suck our cocks.”

Her tongue slipped out to dampen her lips. Heat pooled in his cock.

“When you misbehave we will spank your beautiful ass.” He leaned back, easing the pressure on his groin. “I will turn you over my knee and paddle your rear until it is bright pink.”

Her breathing hitched.

“We will enjoy paddling you.” He paused, for a moment. “I will enjoy fucking you with a dildo...or two. I believe we have some plugs around here too.”

Her eyes bulged.

Santos smothered a smile. Rising, he walked to a tall secretary and opened the upper doors. A variety of sexual toys hung from hooks and were stacked on the shelves. He

heard a sharp intake of breath behind him. Taking his time, he selected a pair of handcuffs and a variety of colorful scarves.

When he faced Jane, her big eyes were glued to what he held. He didn't miss the tightening of her thighs.

“Go to the bed, Beauty.”

Jane scrambled out of her chair. Clutching her robe, she hustled over to stand beside the bed. As he moved closer, her knuckles turned white. Even through the thin silk her nipples created sharp little points.

This was going to be fun.

## Chapter Six

Before Jane could comprehend what was happening, one cuff was secured to her wrist then the other secured her hands behind her back.

“What’s going on?” Antonio yawned.

“Our slave has requested we bind her and do with her what we will.” Santos spoke.

“Is that so?” She heard Antonio moving in the bed. “Then I think we need to oblige.”

Santos gripped the cuffs, forcing her to turn around. Antonio was still on the bed though he’d kicked off the sheets. Mischief lurked in his eyes.

“Remember,” Santos’s voice was deep in her ear. “If you want to stop at any time just say so. You are in charge. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

The soft whisk of metal on metal sounded near her ear before Santos’s hand appeared holding a wicked looking knife. He wrapped his arms around her, the blade coming to rest against her silk covered belly.

Her knees trembled as the blade dipped behind the silk tie that held her robe closed. The blade severed the cloth with ease. Her robe opened and goose bumps broke out on her skin.

Antonio’s avid gaze seared her skin and warmth blossomed between her thighs. His cock stirred.

Santos slid the blade up the sleeve, and the garment slid off one shoulder. He repeated his actions on her other arm. The cloth licked at her skin as it pooled around her ankles.

Antonio sat up. “I want you on the bed, on your knees.”

With Santos’s assistance, Jane climbed on the bed. It was difficult to maintain her balance with her hands behind her back, but she managed it. Once in place, she kneeled

with her back to Santos. He delivered a sharp slap to her ass, and she squealed. Heat flooded her pussy.

“Keep your head down and spread your legs,” Santos ordered from behind her. “I want to see your pussy.”

With her feet hanging over the edge, she parted her thighs as far as she dared. Her ass stung.

“Exquisite isn’t she?” Antonio spoke.

“I am without words.” Santos’s voice was rough. “Her skin turns pink very easily. We need to be careful not to bruise our slave.”

Antonio moved across the bed until his legs bracketed hers. His engorged cock bobbed with his movements.

“You have a talented mouth, Beauty.” His hand fisted around his cock and gave it a few rough jerks. Pre-come leaked from the narrow slit. “Now, suck me.”

Lowering her head, she had to bend at the waist to prevent toppling over. Her mouth descended upon his cock taking him deep into her throat.

Every nerve was on high alert. Bound, she was totally at the mercy of these two men. With her hands behind her back, even if she tried to get away from them, she’d be sorely handicapped.

Antonio thrust his hips, forcing his thick cock in and out of her mouth. His hand landed on the back of her head putting him in control of her movements, her body. Her pussy clenched.

Concentrating on his cock, she sucked him for all she was worth. His taste was familiar, sexy and she wanted more of him.

More of both of them.

“I’m going to come, Beauty. And I want you to swallow every drop.”

His hand fisted in her hair, and his thrusts grew more dominant. Keeping her mouth tight around his cock, her tongue swirled along the bottom of the head. He pulled her hair and it stung, still she didn’t stop.



With a final jerk, a cry was torn from deep inside his throat. His come hit the back of her throat, and she swallowed. Swirling her tongue around his cock, she licked him clean before releasing him.

“She’s fucking brilliant,” Antonio panted.

“That she is.” Santos chuckled. “And now it’s my turn. Sit up, slave.”

Jane straightened. He tugged on her cuffs and the right one opened. He guided her hands around to the front where he secured them again. Antonio piled pillows in front of her and when he was done, he moved back to lean against the headboard.

Keeping her gaze fixed on the duvet, Jane sank into the pillows, her cheek coming to rest on the bed. With her ass in the air and her lower abdomen braced by the pillows, she was completely exposed. Her pussy tightened.

“Now that is a sight,” Antonio spoke. “Her rosy ass in the air, she looks good enough to eat, my friend.”

Her pussy quivered. She was so close to the edge, it would take little for her to come.

“It just doesn’t get any better,” Santos said.

She closed her eyes and buried her burning face into the duvet. Strong fingers nudged her legs further apart. His cock nudged her upper thigh as Santos spread her ass cheeks. A cool squirt of lube and he took his time smoothing the slippery gel around and inside her ass. His thick cock pressed against the tight ring, and she began to pant.

The pressure on her anus increased until her muscles gave way. The broad head slipped inside, and he paused.

“Do you want this, Beauty?” he rumbled.

She moaned into the bed.

“You need to say it, slave. Tell me you want my cock in your ass. Tell me you want me to fuck you until you come.”

“Yes,” her voice was muffled.

“I didn’t hear you,” Antonio taunted.

Santos started to pull out, and she squealed. Desperate, she thrust backward wanting to keep him inside. A sharp slap struck one cheek, and her head shot up.

“Fuck me, master. Fuck me.”

Another slap landed across her ass, and she screamed. She was so painfully aroused that the sting no longer registered.

“Again,” he commanded.

“Fuck me, master,” she wailed.

A sharp slap struck her outer pussy lips, and she screamed. Desire tore through her flesh leaving her raw and exposed.

“Again!”

“Fuck me, master, please, I beg of you.” Tears streamed down her face, and she bucked her hips toward him.

Santos thrust inside and her breath rushed from her lungs. His hand slid between her thighs and into her pussy. Slipping between the damp folds, he fingered her clit.

Every muscle in her body screamed with her need for orgasm. She shoved back, meeting him thrust for thrust. Lifting her head from the duvet, her cheeks were slick with tears. Sobs were torn from her mouth as the pressure increased.

Antonio sat against the headboard watching them. His gaze was heavy, aroused and he reached for his cock. Wrapping his hand around it, he began to stroke.

She whimpered. There was something undeniably naughty about on man fucking her in the ass while another lover watched them. She licked her lips, her body thrusting even harder against the cock in her ass and the hand in her pussy.

It was forbidden, wicked. Only in her wildest fantasies had she ever dreamed this scenario would play out, starring her.

“I’m going to come, slave,” Santos rumbled. “But you may not. Not until we give you permission.”

She opened her mouth to complain then Santos delivered another sharp, painful smack to her ass. Fire scorched her flesh, and she shuddered. The need for release backed off leaving her panting. She didn’t know how much longer she could keep herself from coming.

Santos's hand left her pussy to latch onto her hip. His grip tightened, and his thrusts grew rough. Her pussy burned with the need to be filled. How could they torture her so?

With a final thrust, Santos buried his cock deep in her ass. He jerked, and the hot flood of his release filled her.

Antonio's cock stood at attention, his hand continuing to stroke. Her pussy ached, and she needed him to fill her. To fuck her. Her body was tense with unrealized orgasm. Behind her, Santos pulled out though she couldn't make herself move.

Gentle hands took control of her body, and she was eased onto her back. Her lashes fluttered. Santos took her cuffed hands and raised them over her head. She wrapped her fingers around the rails of the headboard.

"I'm going to eat your sweet cunt, Beauty." Antonio pushed her thighs open. "Remember, you're not to come until we tell you."

Antonio's chuckle sent shivers down her spine. Jane swallowed hard, and her pussy clenched when he bent his head. His tongue plunged into her needy flesh and she bucked, her body bowing upward. She didn't care what he did to her, just so he would allow her to come.

"How does she taste?" Santos voice sounded from somewhere to her right.

"Delicious. She's ready to come any second." Antonio pressed his finger against her clit forcing her orgasm to back down. "She can last a little while longer."

"No, I can't, please—"

"We're in charge here, slave." Santos reappeared, and he had a wicked smile on his face. "You can't come until we say you can."

"You're killing me," she hissed.

"Then you'll die of bliss."

Antonio moved from between her thighs. Reaching for her hands, he urged her to release the headboard. Santos produced the key and removed the cuffs from her wrists.

"That's better." Antonio murmured. "Now we can have some fun."

Her stomach flopped when he covered her. His big body pressed her into the bed and his thick thigh slipped between hers. She rocked her hips, desperate for anything to relieve her torment.

“She’s ready to ride,” Santos said.

“We’ll see how far this beauty can go.”

Antonio pressed his other leg between hers forcing her thighs wide. His cock rested against her hungry pussy. Desire burned deep in his eyes, and she longed to be consumed by the heat. His head dipped and his lips touched hers, once, twice.

“I want you, Beauty,” he growled against her mouth. “You make me so fucking hot I could explode just from looking at you.”

His hips rolled against hers. “Let me inside.”

Spreading her legs further, Antonio seized the moment and thrust deep. Her breath caught, and she lay there, motionless, impaled by his cock and pinned to the bed beneath him.

He withdrew only to thrust in deeper than before. The sounds that came from her mouth no longer sounded human. He continued thrusting until she writhed beneath him. With every fiber of her being she wanted an orgasm. It was so close she could almost taste it—

Without warning Antonio twisted and rolled until she was on top of him. Santos reappeared and secured her hands in the cuffs again, this time guiding her hands up and around Antonio’s neck.

Jane lay pinned to Antonio, unable to move with her arms cuffed behind his shoulders. The bed jiggled as Santos moved behind her, his big hands settling at her waist. His cock nudged at her ass, and she knew what he wanted.

Leaning into Antonio, she arched her back to give Santos better access.

Blood rushed in her ears and for a moment she felt dizzy. The insistent press of his cock against her ass brought her back to earth. Their hands seemed to be everywhere at once, and she had no choice but to give them control over her mind, body and soul.

“Easy, Beauty.”

Santos pressed forward, his cock sliding into her anus. Antonio began stroking her nipples. The gentle tugs sent shivers down her back, and she relaxed into him. Santos pressed in, his cock filling her from behind. It was both pain and pleasure as he sank into her body.

Both men groaned, and Antonio's hips twitched. Her desire exploded, and she began to move. The twin cocks slid in and out of her body in mind-numbing pleasure. Antonio thrust upward, his cock hit her sweet spot dead on. Orgasm tore through her body stealing her breath and her balance. The only thing keeping her earthbound were the two men who held her captive.

Wave after wave sparked through her body and she shook. Behind her, Santos thrust and Antonio completed the movement. Inexplicably, her body responded with a gush of fluid. Exhausted, she could no more stop her hips from moving than she could prevent the sun from rising.

Her world became these two men and their magical cocks thrusting and pulling at her senses. She moaned as her body was forced up the peak again. Her arousal clawed at her flesh burning deep in her pussy.

She heard Antonio say something, but she couldn't make it out. It sounded as if he were a million miles away. A dull roar enveloped her as both men worked their cocks in and out of her voracious body.

Her heart expanded as another orgasm tore through her. She jerked helplessly in the aftermath, her body and mind no longer connected. The convulsions went on and on, each one seemed to take hours as every drop of feeling was wrenched from her body.

Antonio came seconds before Santos. Their hands burned into her flesh, and her body absorbed their liquid desire. How long she drifted on the waves of her release she didn't know.

Faintly she was aware of the men withdrawing from her. The cuffs were released and gentle hands rubbed her abraded wrists. She was eased onto the bed, and they stretched out on each side of her. There was no need for a sheet with two, healthy males in her bed.

She glanced out the French doors. The sun was creeping across the sky and the final event of the weekend was to begin at dusk. It was a lavish masquerade ball and no expense had been spared. Dozens of cases containing the finest champagne, Russian caviar, Swiss truffles, Japanese Kobe beef and fresh caught crabs and salmon from Alaska had arrived that morning.

Jane yawned. She couldn't wait to attend the ball as a very special guest would be in attendance, her ex—Peter Ellington.

Revenge would be sweet indeed.

## About the Author

To learn more about Dominique Adair, please visit [www.dominiqueadair.com](http://www.dominiqueadair.com). Send an email to Dominique at [domini@thebondagebabes.com](mailto:domini@thebondagebabes.com) or join her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers as well as Dominique at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/thewilderside>.

Look for these titles by Dominique Adair

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Seducing Jane Porter

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Reinventing Jane Porter



*Being bad never felt so good...*

## **Seducing Jane Porter**

© 2008 *Dominique Adair*

After being jilted by her former master, Jane Porter looks to end her year-long celibacy by attending a bondage-themed event. Thanks to her ex-boyfriend's stunning betrayal, she isn't looking for happily-ever-after, just a master who's willing to explore the depths of her passion and teach her what the BDSM lifestyle is all about.

Antonio Villareal was a wanted man. Single, rich and good looking, he's on the hunt for a submissive to share his world. The moment he sees Jane on the arm of another man, he wants to possess her body and soul. The only problem is; Jane makes it clear she isn't a forever kind of girl.

Can Antonio convince Jane to give him a chance?

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Seducing Jane Porter:*

Exquisite was the only word to describe her. She moved easily beside her escort, with a grace that was undeniable. With her easy smile and hot body, his cock was already standing at attention.

Considering she'd come to a bondage-themed party, her dress was modest. Her black skirt was longer than most though it showcased her long, shapely legs. The corset nipped in at the waist and just the sight of the tiny hooks down the front created an itch in his fingers. He'd bet her nipples were rosy and would taste like sweet wine.

At the tender age of fifteen, he'd lost his virginity to a lusty field worker at his father's vineyard. In the sun with the scents of crushed grapes and lavender, he'd worshipped her full curves and she'd made a man out of him. Ever since then his tastes had run to a larger, curvier physique with the exception of his most recent ex, Giselle. There was something about a plush female figure that turned him on. Just thinking of her, the baby soft skin and all those delicious curves to explore, sent all his blood rushing to his cock.

“There she is,” Antonio said.

“Who?”

“The blonde on Jean Jacques’ arm.”

Santos made a noise of approval. “As always, you have excellent taste in women, my friend.”

“I’m glad you approve.”

“And will you share this one with your best friend?”

“We’ll have to see how adventurous she is.”

Antonio vividly remembered the first time he and Santos had shared a woman. They’d been at college here in America and Santos had picked up a beautiful Latino girl with long, dark hair and wicked hands. It had been she who’d convinced them to overcome their hesitation and join her in the bed. With that beautiful woman sandwiched between them, both men had experienced a deeper level of pleasure than ever before.

Over the years they’d shared many women though none would ever be considered a relationship. It was all in good fun and they treated their mutual women like queens both in bed and out.

The image of the blonde in his bed struck him with the force of a hammer blow. Her lush body on his sheets, her silken cries as he ate at her pussy like a starving man...

His breathing increased.

Wet, hot, hungry for both of them...

His cock in her mouth, or her bare ass up in the air as Santos paddled her...

He gritted his teeth, glorying in the swift rush of lust that struck him. The sensation was thick like warm honey in his veins. His breath left in a rush and he swore. His zipper dug into his engorged cock with such force it was all he could do not to wince.

“Slow down, my friend, we don’t even know her name.”

Santos began to laugh when Antonio was forced to readjust his aching cock. His teeth gritted at the rush of arousal the innocent nudge created. Before the night was over, not only would they know her name, they’d know every inch of that beautiful body. They’d possess her mind, body and soul and she’d be ruined for any other man.

She would be theirs.

*Gliders and Wizards and Sex Droids... Oh My!*

## Not in Kansas

© 2008 R.G. Alexander

Kansas Frayne has everything he needs. Except a life—and love. A freak storm changes all that when it hurls him into the darkness. He wakes up to find he's been thrust into a world of promiscuous and directionally challenged beings, sensually sentient water and servants created solely to fulfill any imaginable fantasy.

The sexuality he's long denied is tested to its limits, especially when a darkly erotic wizard issues the ultimate challenge. If Kansas wants to go home, he must fulfill one task. Resist the allure of the unbearably beautiful king.

Sounds easy enough.

Until he gets a look at the golden monarch. The chemistry between them is undeniable, and Kansas quickly realizes this is a challenge he is doomed to fail. Yet he has to try.

Before he loses his heart.

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Not in Kansas:*

The storm rolled in from nowhere.

Five minutes ago the sky had been a cloudless, nearly blinding blue. Now, angry black shadows skimmed the tall fields he'd been wandering aimlessly through, all on a collision course toward each other.

Toward him.

There was no time to run. No safe direction. The deafening roar of the Furies screaming his way had him covering his head and falling instinctively to the ground. For a moment, time seemed to slow. He thought about his empty house. The long line of days that had passed exactly as this one had. In silence. Alone.

He wished there were more exciting memories to flash before his eyes, and then he just wished for a chance to make a few more. A chance to live.

Thunder cracked and his eyes squeezed shut as the hot, angry breath of the tempest tore him away from everything he knew. His world went black.

Kansas was gone.

“I think it’s dead.”

“Don’t be daft, Lenard. Would it moan like that if it were dead? And just think, if I hadn’t gone left when you told me to go right, we’d never have seen it at all. Look, look. Its eyes are opening. Ooh, *pretty*. I’ve never seen eyes like that before.”

Kansas took a breath. Blinked.

Blinked again.

His head was aching as if it had had a run in with the grill of a Mack truck. A concussion *would* explain a lot—the creatures hovering over his body for instance.

Certain he’d rattled his brain in the fall, he tried to play it cool. He didn’t want to scream hysterically in front of what were probably normal, *human looking* paramedics and end up going to the wrong kind of hospital.

“I was...there was this storm and...” He slowly raised himself on his elbows and looked around. “It must have taken me farther than I thought. There aren’t any woods like this on my property.”

“His eyes are the blue of the Krentyn Sea. His hair is pale as the butter flower. And, Fenna, look. He’s golden, but not all over like the King and his men. Parts of this one are pale. Like fresh cream.” Kansas felt his eyebrows touch his hairline as the fine, reddish fur covering the young man in front of him rose and trembled, standing on edge like an agitated cat.

Kansas ran a hand through his hair, searching for the wound he was sure he would find. Nope. Not even a bump. Maybe he was still unconscious. This could be a dream, right? He *was* lying in the woods listening to a dainty bird-woman and a large, muscular male cat with humanoid features discuss his physical attributes as if he couldn’t hear them.

Yes. Definitely a dream.

The female above him twittered. "You and your cream, Lenard. I can see you've already made up your mind to like this one."

She caught Kansas's gaze and inclined her head to a level below her companion's waist. Kansas swallowed hard. He wasn't altogether sure Lenard liking him was a good thing. Although he had to admit the engorged shaft rising aggressively from between the male's thick thighs was impressive.

That clinched it. He'd been alone far too long. He even felt his own cock stirring in response.

That's when he realized he was naked.

"Shit! What the hell?" He jumped to his feet, covering his partial arousal with his hands. A wave of dizziness washed over him and he stumbled, stubbing his toe. "Ow! This doesn't make any sense. It has to be a dream. But why can't I wake up?"

The beautiful angles of the female's face softened. "Be at ease, sea-eyed one. You say a storm brought you here?"

Her head tilted thoughtfully at his nod. "I haven't heard of anything like that since I was a flightless babe at my greatmother's knee. But it's obvious to anyone with eyes that you're no Crow Warrior. You definitely aren't from around here."

"Crow Warrior?"

She sent a telling look to Lenard. "Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to take you to the king. Lenard will like that, won't you, Lenard? A chance to pay your respects to our king?"

"Yes, Fenna." Lenard's voice shook at the prospect. If his cock, jerking and growing even larger before their eyes, was anything to go by, he apparently *really* liked his king. Kansas forced his gaze back to the female.

"I can't go anywhere with you. First of all, I'm pretty sure I'm hallucinating. Secondly, well, I have nothing to wear. And hallucination or not, I'm not moving from this spot as long as I'm naked." He didn't mention that the two creatures before him were naked as well, though they at least had *some* covering in the form of feathers and fur.

Feathers and fur. Another possibility struck him. Maybe there'd been no storm at all. Maybe he'd finally gone round the bend, the way his uncle had sworn he would when Kansas had left the world he'd known all his life for the solitude of the family farm all those years ago.

Five years alone, with only the bi-monthly trips into town to remind him that other people were still wandering the world. Still going about their lives without him. But he hadn't wanted to know. Maybe his determination to hide from reality had finally driven him insane.

"We can fix that, sea eyes. But first, do you have a name? A people you belong to? I am called Fenna. I belong to the Glider Clan. This is Lenard. As you can see, he is a Felix."

Lenard blushed at the mention of his name. The youthful excitement in his slanted ebony eyes did something to Kansas. Long forgotten memories he immediately and violently pushed down. What had Fenna asked him again?

"Kansas. My name is Kansas Frayne. I don't belong to any clan. I mean, well, I'm just a regular guy from Iowa if that's what you're asking." She continued to watch him, a blank expression on her face. "I'm human."

He watched the two share a look at the word "human" and his stomach dropped. He had a feeling he wasn't in Iowa anymore.

*A deadly crash changes the fate of one lonely vampire.*

## One and Only

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### *A Brotherhood of the Blood Story*

Vampire enforcer Atticus Maxwell stands at the edge of his own oblivion...until the faint heartbeat of a desperately wounded mortal woman calls him back. The terrible crash that almost took both their lives has brought him a charming, intriguing woman who just might give him a reason to live again.

Lissa was headed for a conference at a resort in a last-ditch attempt to find a job. Instead, on a rain-slick mountain road that almost killed her, she finds the love of her life. A love with the most eligible, reclusive vineyard owner in Napa Valley—one that isn't quite human.

No barrier—not even breaking the news to Lissa's friends—seems too great to hold back their blossoming love. Until they learn the accident that brought them together wasn't an accident at all, but a murder attempt by an unknown enemy.

Atticus saved Lissa once. Can he keep her that way in the face of a renewed threat?

*Enjoy the following excerpt for One and Only:*

When Lissa Adams woke, darkness engulfed her. Straining to see in the absence of light, her breath accelerated as she panicked. Her apprehension only grew when she realized another person lay beside her. A soft dripping sound echoed through what she supposed was some kind of underground chamber or cave. That's what it sounded like—and smelled like. She felt rough rock and scattered grains of sandy dirt beneath her palms.

She knew the mountains were dotted with such places, but she couldn't remember how she'd gotten here. Or why she was so groggy.



She tried to sit up, but the effort it required nearly blacked her out again. The being beside her stirred at her movement, and she felt more than saw the person rise to lean over her.

“Where are we?”

“I moved us to shelter.”

Rich and warm, his voice bathed her senses in a dark and dangerous way.

Sexy, she thought. She’d heard that voice before.

It was accompanied by flashing eyes and chiseled features. A man’s face flickered through her mind. She’d been fascinated by him and instantly captivated. She remembered thinking he was quite possibly the most striking man she’d ever seen.

“You stepped on my foot.”

He chuckled at her innocent observation, setting her insides aflame.

“Indeed. But that was more than twenty-four hours ago.”

He stroked a gentle finger down her cheek and she shivered, not in fear, but in surprising arousal. If just the brush of his finger could elicit this response, she wondered what he could do if he really tried.

That thought stopped her cold. Men like this one didn’t usually go for women like her. Better to focus on the peculiar situation she found herself in than daydream about her rescuer.

“What happened? I remember the bus swerving...”

“Ah, yes. Just before we rolled down the side of the mountain. You hit your head very hard, I’m afraid. That’s probably why you’re still a bit fuzzy.”

“Where’s everyone else?”

He paused only slightly. “Dead.”

Her breath caught in shock as her mind raced. “How did we...?”

“Relax, sweetheart.” He moved closer. “I pulled you from the wreckage and found shelter, but I was badly damaged in the accident as well. I’m sorry for it, but I need your essence to speed my healing.”

“My what?” Hot breath bathed her ear as he settled closer to her side. His strong arms enveloped her shoulders as his mouth stroked over the line of her jaw and lower.

“Don’t be afraid. I won’t hurt you, but I need your blood, and I’m too weak to cloud your mind. You’ll have to trust me.” His words whispered against her shivering skin. He dragged sharp teeth back and forth over her jugular as if savoring the moment before the feast.

She barely had time to take in his words before he struck. A piercing pain registered only for a flash, followed by the greatest bliss she had ever experienced. Intensely sexual, it engulfed her in a way she’d never known. He sucked at her neck, licking at the essence of her, swallowing like a thirsty man in the desert. Yet reverence and gentleness communicated through his tender handling of her bruised and battered body.

Oddly, she didn’t object. She knew she should be afraid, but an intense arousal overwhelmed her. She didn’t have the strength to voice even the faintest protest.

He drank for what seemed a long time, his hands moving over her body, molding her breasts and stroking her skin. Only then did she realize she was naked. She gasped as his long fingers stroked down between her legs, angling inward, invading her most intimate places as his mouth caressed the tender skin of her throat.

He knew his way around a woman’s body. Those skilled fingers knew just where to stroke, just where to pinch to drive her excitement to the highest possible point. She teetered on the precipice as his fingers slid in the arousal he drew from her body. His mouth sucked at her neck, his breath feathering through her hair, his pleasing masculine scent teasing her senses. And the feel of him. He was hot and heavy against her, hard as only a man could be and muscular in a way she hadn’t expected.

One hand cupped her breast, teasing her nipple as his fingers finally pierced the imaginary boundary, sliding inside her, where few men had ever been. But this man—though she’d known him only a few minutes, really—was like no other man she’d ever encountered. He fired her senses like no other, sending slick, hot arousal to her core. Even the thought that he was some sort of dark creature out of legend couldn’t stop the most intense sexual experience of her life.

That one tantalizing finger pumped into her, stretching her. He added a second digit as she whimpered in need. She hadn't had sex in a long time. She was tight, but her body remembered pleasure, and this man—this vampire!—proved himself a master at manipulating her responses. He owned her pleasure.

Two long fingers stroked within, his thumb teased higher, rubbing in perfect counterpoint. She came with a wrenching jerk of hips that threatened to dislodge him, but his great strength kept her easily in his clutches. He continued the stimulation, extending her orgasm for long, intense moments while his upper body covered hers, his lips feeding hungrily from the small incisions he'd made in her neck. The pleasure washed over her in the most intense waves she'd ever known and right then she didn't care if he was a vampire, werewolf or Indian chief. All she knew was his mastery. And she already knew she wanted more.

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