

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



*Hard Candy*

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An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Hard Candy

ISBN 9781419919862

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Edited by Shannon Combs.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication February 2009

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# *HARD CANDY*

**Amy Ruttan**

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## Chapter One

Hot, sweet and sticky. That's what she loved most about rock candy. Just as sweet as the song by Montrose, a song her elder brother made her listen to, over and over and over again growing up in the eighties.

Resting her head on her arm she stared at the sugared crystalline pink piece of rock candy that was clinging to the smooth wooden stick. Squinting her eyes, she let the light and the color of pink blend and fuse together, making everything fuzzy and sparkly.

"Any luck, Lee?"

Looking up from her study of the candy she saw her friend Janice leaning casually against the doorframe of her office. "Well?"

"Nope," she said with a sigh.

Lee let her head fall back on her arm and continued her meticulous study of the rock candy, humming Montrose's tune. *Damn, I need a slogan or a gimmick and I need it now.*

Innocent Pleasures Candy Company was her biggest client yet. Her boss had entrusted her with this new company. This was her chance to show the world what Lee Byrne had to offer, and right now that was diddly squat.

"Have you got anything?" Janice asked sitting across from her and assuming the same head down position staring at the long, phallic shaped piece of rock candy.

"Nope," Lee said again blowing a wisp of brown hair out of her eyes, "*nada.*"

"Well one thought springs to mind, but I don't think your client Mr. Sinclair would go for *that* kind of image in his Innocent Pleasures Candy Company."

They exchanged a secret smile across the table and Lee giggled to herself. She sat up and stretched slightly. "Actually, he would. It's a strictly adult candy line." Letting out

another exasperated sigh she banged her head against the table, trying to pound the idea into her brain. "Oh what am I going to do, Janice? Mr. Sinclair is coming here this afternoon for my ideas to promote his new company." She looked to her best friend for support.

Janice sat up and gave her a reassuring smile. "Well, what does he want in a nutshell?"

"Bringing back Mom and Pop type of product, selling old fashioned candy in high priced stores, only the candy apparently isn't for everyone." Lee stood up and walked toward her office windows that overlooked Madison Avenue. She bit her bottom lip, chewing it thoughtfully as she watched the street and pedestrian traffic swirling below her, an endless ebb and flow of people, people that only wanted new things shiny things, *bright* things. "People don't want old fashioned candy presented to them in a new way, unless you're going to jam an iPod in every freaking box of saltwater taffy and that's not happening."

"Well, that sounds like a good promotion, why not?"

"My client doesn't want anything to do with new technology, nothing. No point earning systems, nothing."

Janice snorted and leaned back in her chair. "Who does this guy think he is Willy Wonka?"

A light bulb clicked in her head, a golden ticket, an old fashioned gimmick for an old fashioned candy. Spinning around, a smile splitting her face she stared at Janice.

"What?" Janice asked. "You're kind of freaking me out a bit."

"That's it, you're brilliant, a golden ticket!"

Janice looked askance. "Huh?"

"A golden ticket, a chance to win something when you buy this candy, I don't know what, but something. It's perfect."

"That is brilliant, Lee."

"I know," Lee said a little ferociously leaning across the table. She loved this moment, this moment of clarity when the creative mojo was flowing and the thrill of the ad was coming together like a work of art. "I'll have Mr. Sinclair decide what the golden ticket prize will be, but it's a way to offer up old fashioned candy in an exciting new way, a way to launch the mom and pop stuff."

"What does it taste like?"

Lee smiled picking up a piece of the rock candy running her tongue down the length of the hard candy. It was sweet, like cotton candy, only this stuff didn't melt in your mouth straight away. It lingered, a sweet taste that lingered on the tongue and lips. A little jolt of pleasure coursed through her.

"Well?" Janice asked.

"It tastes good."

"Where's this candy being sold? I mean, what's the market?" Janice said flicking her finger against another piece of rock candy on the table, causing the candy to spin around and around.

"That's the nub." Lee said tapping her chin. "According to the marketing report and the *mantra* of the Innocent Pleasures Candy Company it's an adult market. I haven't figured out why."

Janice cocked an eyebrow. "Then maybe if this is an adult mom and pop market then you should offer something adult for mom and pop to enjoy."

"Suggestions?" Lee asked stopping the spinning rock candy and holding it up.

"Yeah, there's a resort in Arizona, somewhere in the desert that specializes in old fashioned adult games," Janice got up and smoothed out her skirt. "The resort is called Thrust."

A shiver traveled down Lee's spine. "Thrust?"

"Check it out. It's a highly exclusive club. I think that is a definite golden ticket prize." Janice tapped the side of her nose and wandered out of her office.

Thrust. It sounded so primitive, so erotic and enticing. She twirled the rock candy between her fingers and thrust it in the air, smiling to herself and rubbing her neck she put the candy back down on her table and headed toward her computer.

Shaking the mouse her screen saver disappeared. Clicking on the Internet Explorer icon she soon found herself surfing the web. Heading straight for the trustworthy Google, she typed in Thrust.

Lee braced herself to be bombarded with pornographic sites, instead the first entry was the Wikipedia article on thrust and perpetual motion, the other entry was Google asking her if she actually meant thrush. Shaking her head she narrowed and modified her search for Thrust, resort, adult and Arizona.

Only one entry came up. One.

Using Newton's second and third laws – as described by Wikipedia – she thrust her mouse up and clicked on the link.

“Oh my,” she whispered to herself. This was one golden ticket item a bunch of mom and pops would be willing to buy hard candy for.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pallator Sinclair sat at the end of the long table in a stuffy boardroom, in an even stuffier advertising office that perched above Madison Avenue in New York.

He hated waiting.

Drumming his fingers against the oak of the table he waited for Epstein and Yost's most up and coming advertising executive to meet with him and discuss his new company Innocent Pleasures Candy Company, and there was absolutely nothing innocent about it.

That's why he had jumped from ad agency to ad agency. No one got his vision. No one understood that this candy, the seemingly innocent candy, was not meant for kids.

In each piece of hard candy was an ancient aphrodisiac, an aphrodisiac that was used by his ancestors in the jungles of Brazil. The aphrodisiac was not as potent as



modern day medicine, it didn't pack as a big of a punch. It freed the inhibitions, and allowed the blood to rush and heat all the various nerve endings in your body, the most important nerve endings, it also played with the mind. Making those that were uncomfortable and inhibited to let loose, his candy was in essence a scapegoat.

The aphrodisiac was a plant that grew so common in the rainforest it went unnoticed. *Unnoticed to the common man anyways*, Pallator's grandmother taught him herbology and the ancient ways of the small tribe of Natives that long ago ruled the rainforests of South America.

The money he earned from various other herbal remedies allowed him to buy acres of rainforest, allowing what remained of his people to live there, and work there. His English father had been wealthy and sent him to the best business schools, and his mother, a native Brazilian, gave him a respect for the Earth and a fiery passion that he had yet been unable to tame.

If it was one thing Pallator Sinclair didn't need was his own hard candy. In fact he hadn't yet found a woman that could match his insatiable need, not that he had tried much lately. He was getting tired of bouncing from woman to woman. It had been months since he pursued any female.

"Sorry I'm so late, Mr. Sinclair."

Pallator looked up and his breath snatched in his throat when he saw the ad executive walk in the room. She wasn't looking at him, she was still staring at her portfolio.

Didn't matter, it gave him a moment to look her up and down, from her chestnut hair piled on top of her head in haphazard curls down to her curvaceous form trapped under a tight high collared, pin-striped business suit. Creamy white skin just begging to be explored by his hands, he wondered what treasures were buried under the business demeanor.

Everything about her said repressed, but Pallator knew – he just knew – that under that tight business exterior was a wildcat. He just had a sense about her, and he had a

highly intuitive nature. One of his best skills surviving in the corporate world, he could read people.

And she wanted it, she wanted it bad.

"It's quite all right, *querida*." That got her attention, her green eyes met his across the boardroom.

"Sorry?" she asked stunned her soft pink lips open, moist, begging to be kissed.

"I said that it's fine. I don't mind the delay. I take it, it's just us miss?" He hoped that it was. He could smell her arousal from across the room.

"No, I mean yes, it's just us." She turned and shut the boardroom door.

"Good," he said standing up from where he was sitting. "I'm very anxious to see what you've come up with...I'm sorry *querida* you haven't told me your name."

The vision of Madison Avenue blinked like a deer in headlights in front of him, just a few feet away from him. He swore that he could see her pulse point rapidly beating at the base her throat. He felt like an ancient hunter stalking its prey, circling in for the kill.

"What?" she asked again clutching the portfolio tightly to her chest as she took a couple of steps back.

Standing a few feet away from her he boldly reached out and brushed her cheek with his thumb. *God her skin was so soft, so silky.*

"Your name," he whispered again. "But then again I don't mind calling you *querida*. It suits you."

Lee stood there stunned, frozen in place as her big important and down right sexy client, Mr. Sinclair, stroked her cheek and whispered to her in a sultry Portuguese accent. She was trying to clear the fog in her brain. Trying to recall what *querida* meant, but for the life of her she couldn't. She knew she should have not dropped her Portuguese class.

All she knew was her client, the Willy Wonka of the adult candy world, was freaking hot.

Maybe it was the fact she hadn't had a date in a year. That the only relationship she had was with the contents of her goody drawer. Or it could be the fact that Mr. Pallator Sinclair was hands down, drop dead, sexy.

The way he looked at her, it was like he was devouring her whole with those deep brown eyes. She had the urge to run her fingers through his shoulder length, thick black hair.

Biting her bottom lip, she took a step back as he stepped closer. Her heart beating wildly, the room was suddenly very hot.

"Are you going to tell me your name, *querida*, or am I going to have to guess?" He smiled at her, flashing his white, perfect teeth.

"Lenore Byrne but you may call me Lee."

Scrunching up his eyebrows, he rubbed his chin. "I don't care for Lee, I shall call you Lenore and you may call me Pal."

"Pal?" she tried not to laugh.

"Of course, it's what everyone calls me."

Lee shook her head and walked toward the laptop that was hooked up to the projector. "I think I shall call you Mr. Sinclair if you don't mind." She didn't look at him and tried to focus on her marketing presentation. *If I look at him I won't be able to suggest the golden ticket idea to him.*

An image from the computer flashed in her mind. When she had been researching Thrust, about all the amenities it had to offer, she had gotten an eyeful from a real life webcam. Real people, in real time, living out their wildest sexual fantasies on the internet, it was for those who had voyeuristic fantasies. Right then, when she was preparing her presentation with Power Point, she had a vision of Pallator Sinclair fucking her from behind at Thrust.

Lee wanted to touch his copper skin, run her tongue over his chiseled body and over his cock. It had been far too long since she felt the weight of a man against her, had the feel of skin-to-skin contact.

What she wouldn't give at that moment to win the golden ticket prize and discover his body at Thrust. The very idea made her wet with need.

"If you'll have a seat, Mr. Sinclair, I can get started on my marketing idea to launch your Innocent Pleasures Candy Company."

Flashing her a smile, he turned and she watched the roll of his hips, the way his Armani suit molded to his taut ass. Oh god, what would it be like to grasp his butt while he thrust into her? She bit her lip again, her pinstripe suit was suddenly too constrictive.

Pallator Sinclair took a seat and leaned back, lacing his fingers behind his head. "What have you got for me, Lenore?"

Swallowing hard and trying to ignore the sex appeal across the room, she began her Power Point presentation.

"We've done a market survey and—"

"I'm sorry," he said cutting her off. "I know the logistics. I've had the same presentation a thousand times before. What I want from you, Lenore, is how are you going to get people to buy my candy the day it launches? What promotion are you going to use?"

Shocked, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind. "A golden ticket."

Pal cocked his eyebrows. "A golden ticket? I'm intrigued, explain."

"A golden ticket—only five—the chance for each winner and a guest to travel to an exclusive hedonistic club in Arizona. It's what you're selling, Mr. Sinclair, is it not? A sexual aid candy, so let the winners go to a place that can offer up every sexual desire imaginable."

A smile tugged at his lips. A feral, devouring smile that caused her nipples to harden and her knees to knock. "I like it, Lenore. What is this place called?"

"Thrust, it's an exclusive club. Only the very wealthy can afford it. Most of the demographic who would be buying your candy would give their eyeteeth to go there."

Pal got up and wandered toward her. She could smell his spicy cologne, or maybe it was him, whatever it was it sent a jolt of fire through her veins.

"Thrust, you say? I think you could be onto something, Lenore, but I like to check out investments before I commit. So before I buy five couples tickets, very expensive tickets I might add, I would like to visit Thrust and check it out. And since you're my advertising guru, I want you to come with me."

## Chapter Two

“Pardon me?” she asked finally after the shock of what he said wore off. “You want me to go with you?”

Pal leaned in a bit closer. “Yes, to check out the facilities, and if I agree with what they present I shall buy all-inclusive tickets for five couples to this resort. I’ll have my assistant arrange for a tour and we will fly in my private jet to Arizona right now.”

Lee didn’t even have a chance to answer, a squeaky noise left her throat, and Pallator Sinclair nodded and left the boardroom.

With knocking knees, she sat down in a nearby chair. *Did I really just agree to go to Thrust with my client, and a sexy client at that?*

The door opened and the dreamboat in question stepped back inside, tucking his cell phone in his jacket. “It’s all set, my jet is being readied, and I’ve spoken to your bosses.”

Her heart jumped when he said her bosses. “What did you tell them?” She prayed he didn’t mention the word Thrust. “Mr. Epstein and Mr. Yost are very...conservative.”

Pal gave her a predatory smile. “I simply told them that I was hiring you on as my advertising guru and that I was taking you on a business meeting out of state. I don’t mean to toot my own horn, *querida*, but the money my holdings bring in guarantees cooperation whenever I need it.”

A shiver ran down her spine as his eyes raked over her body.

“I’m sure it does,” Lee said, licking her lips.

“Are you ready to go then? My car is waiting downstairs.”

“Yes, I have to grab my purse in my office and then I’ll be right with you.”

Pal nodded and a dimple appeared in his right cheek. "I'll be downstairs waiting for you. Don't keep me waiting too long." He reached out to grab her hand and brought it up to his mouth, gently brushing her bare knuckles with his lips. That simple old-world gesture sent a jolt of electricity coursing through her body. Giving her another devastating smile, he walked out of the boardroom, leaving her clutching her clipboard like a life raft.

*Purse*, her hormones screamed at the top of their lungs. Shaking of the stupor, she walked quickly to her little office down the hall.

Her office was a mess, but she didn't have time to clean it up and put things away. She reached over and logged out of her computer and grabbed her purse. As she slung the strap over her shoulder, she turned around to see Janice lounging in the doorway.

"I heard," was all she said with a smug smile plastered across her face. "You get all the breaks."

A silly little giggle welled up inside her. "It's exciting."

"Exciting, of course it is, and I mean have you seen that man. He's fucking sexy."

"Janice," Lee said, rolling her eyes. "It's a business meeting. We're checking out the club before he commits to the golden ticket idea."

"Lee," Janice said, crossing her arms and sending her a level gaze. "You're going to a hedonistic paradise with a drop-dead gorgeous, single, rich man. You'd be a fool not to get it on with him. When was the last time you got laid?"

Lee's cheeks flushed. *Yeah it had been a while*. She just didn't think that her friend had noticed.

"If you don't use it, it'll grow over." They broke out in giggles as Lee pushed past her and headed toward the bank of elevators. She pushed the button and didn't have long to wait before the doors opened with a chime.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

“You’re so crude and childish.” Lee said trying not to smile as the elevator doors closed. As it began its descent to the lobby, Lee tried to calm her racing heart. She was full of anticipation and horny as hell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pallator waited in his stretch limo. Watching the doors of the skyscraper where Epstein and Yost Advertising had their offices. The high-rise on Madison Avenue that contained – in his eyes anyways – a goddess.

All his assistant had to do was call the club, mention his name and he had the entire place at his disposal, for his privacy and use.

Just getting close to her, he sensed her arousal. She had been titillated by Thrust. Well, she should be, that’s why he had bought the club three years ago.

He didn’t need to go and visit to see what Thrust had to offer, he already knew.

The doors opened and she stepped outside in that tight business suit, the large bag slung over her shoulder. The wind whipping down Madison Avenue blew up her skirt, just a bit, as it was a tight-fitting pencil skirt. For that one moment, he got to see her knees, and that excited him.

Something as innocent and silly as knees, but maybe that’s what enticed him so. Most women who surrounded him wore skimpy clothes and threw themselves at him. Low cut tops, short skirts, bare flesh. Lee wore a business suit that covered everything. Her skirt, albeit tight, was sensible. She hid her luscious curves under layers of fabric and he was very interested in discovering what was hiding underneath.

Pallator watched her through jaded eyes as his driver got out of the limo and opened the door for her. She slid in the limo and he sat across from her, watching her through his sunglasses.

“Welcome aboard, *querida*, can I offer you some champagne?” He opened up the little fridge beside him and pulled out Cristal, and from the cupboard beside the fridge, two fluted glasses.



"Yes," she said breathlessly as she dropped her purse beside her and pulled her tight skirt down over her knees.

"That's good, I like a girl who knows how to let loose sometimes." He poured some champagne and handed it to her and then poured himself a glass before his driver pulled away from the curb toward the airport. "To the adventure and to sales," he held out his glass and they toasted.

Tipping back the flute, he drank the champagne down in one gulp so that he could watch her moist, soft, succulent lips sip at the sparkling, bubbly champagne.

Her pink tongue passed her lips to touch the white bubbles. Closing his eyes, he pictured that tongue lightly tracing a path down his chest to his cock. He felt a twitch in his boxer briefs at that thought, and the image of those lips wrapped around his shaft.

Oh, he was going to enjoy his time at Thrust with this woman. He had no doubt about that.

"So, what do you hope to gain by offering five golden tickets to Thrust?"

"Sales, lots of sales," she said, holding the champagne flute in her delicate fingers. "You're selling candy that is not for the underage. It's for adults. Any adult who is looking to spice up their love life with your candy is most definitely going to be interested in Thrust. I hear it is *the* place to be."

"So it would seem." Pal said as he slipped his sunglasses off to get a better look at her as she drank down the rest of her Cristal. "Have you ever been there before?"

"No," she said, a flush spreading on her cheeks from the champagne. He held out his hand and took the flute from her, their fingers brushed and he felt something pass between them. A jolt of pure energy from that briefest touch and he knew that she felt it too. Her eyes widened, but she didn't pull away from him. "I haven't been there."

Smiling at her, he moved to sit beside her on the other side of the limo. He was close enough to see her pulse beating erratically at the base of her throat. "Then how did you find out about it?"

“Google,” she said breathless and he tried to hide the chuckle that was threatening to bubble up.

Letting go of her hand, he leaned back against the leather seats. “Do you Google often, then?”

Lenore smiled at him. “For the last year or so, all the time.”

“Well, your Google will seem like a dim memory after our visit to Thrust.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The plane landed smoothly in Arizona. Lee hated flying, but this five-hour flight felt like nothing. It went by so fast. She could hardly believe that they were already in Arizona. She didn’t know if it was from the copious amounts of champagne she had downed or the fact that she was incredibly turned on by Pallator Sinclair.

Lee figured it was the latter, because she was incredibly and immensely attracted to her client.

*Why did I try that rock candy before I left?* Well, it didn’t matter. She didn’t need his natural lust-enhancement candy to get in the moody, she already was.

She was so close to him. They were sitting side-by-side in a tinted luxury limousine. He was staring out the window and she watched him from the corner of her eye. He turned his head and looked at her.

“Have you tried the product?”

“Do I need to?” *Oh my God, did I just say that?* She felt embarrassment wash over her. Looking up at him, she saw him smile at her briefly before he turned to look out at the desert vista.

*You’re a twit, Lee.* Silently cursing herself she turned and looked out the window at the red mesas buttes and cacti that flourished as they traveled through Monument Valley.

The limo slowed and made a left turn down a winding gravel road that seemed to lead to nowhere.

“Ah, we’re almost there.”

“Really?” Lee said curiously. “I thought you hadn’t been here before?”

Now he seemed to be slightly embarrassed until he pulled out his Blackberry and held it out to her. “Global Positioning System, I entered the coordinates before we left the plane.”

“Oh, it just seemed like—”

“I am a *virgin* to this resort as well, *querida*. It shall be fun discovering its secrets, don’t you think?” he purred into her ear.

Her body instantly reacted to his silken voice. The caress of his hot breath on her neck. She could feel her nipples tightening under her cotton blouse.

Suddenly she found her body pressed close against his, looking worriedly toward the driver, she saw that the privacy screen was in place.

“We can see him, he cannot see us,” Pal whispered to her as if reading her thoughts. “We have another mile to go before we reach Thrust.”

“Oh,” Lee panted, moving closer to him. “What shall we do?” Leaning in, their lips were only inches from each others.

Closing her eyes, she felt his arm go around her and heard the click as her seat belt was undone. He didn’t say anything to her, but she felt his fingers on her knee as they lightly tickled and brushed a path up her leg.

“Lean back,” he said fiercely, and she quickly complied. Leaning back against the seat on her elbow, she watched as his hands slid up her thighs, disappearing under her tight pencil skirt.

As his hands grabbed the top of her panties, she felt a soft moan escape her lips as he pulled her black lace thong down and off her legs.

He kept his deep brown eyes trained on her as his fingertips lightly brushed along her slit. She couldn’t believe this was happening to her. She couldn’t believe that she

was letting her new client seduce her, touch her, pleasure her in this way. He was a stranger.

"You're so wet," he whispered as his fingers parted her folds and began to rub her clit. "You're so ready for me."

"Oh yes." She moaned clutching the seat behind her. She could feel the tension in her belly building, the pleasure washing through her.

Pushing up her skirt, he rested her leg on his shoulder. "I want to taste you," he whispered as he leaned closer.

"God yes," she said breathlessly, her body thrumming in anticipation, waiting for him to lick her pussy. She didn't have long to wait, she felt his tongue tasting her in long bold strokes. "Oh fuck."

Pallator's fingers spread her cunt and his tongue flicked her clit, she raised her hips to meet the fast movements. His mouth covered her pussy and he sucked before allowing his tongue to keep up with the furious movements. She felt two of his hot fingers move inside her, hooking upward to rub her G-spot.

"I want you so bad," she cried out.

"*Querida*," he leaned over, whispering in her ear, increasing the tempo of his fingers. "Wake up, we're here."

"What?" she panted as she felt her shoulder being prodded.

"Ms. Byrne, we've arrived."

Snorting, she woke up. "What?" she asked again. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Pallator smiling at her, the limo had stopped moving.

"We're here, you were dreaming," he said, a smile still tugging at the corner of his lips.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, sitting up and straightening her skirt. Her pussy was throbbing with need, the dream had seemed so real. She could feel the dampness pooled between her legs.

"It's all right, *querida*." The door was opened by the driver and she climbed out of the limo, her heels crunching on the gravel.

Pallator got out from around the other side of the limo. The driver discreetly bowed and climbed back into the limo before pulling away.

"He'll be back when we need him," Pallator said. "Thrust only allows those who have reservations or appointments through its doors. Complete discretion and confidentiality for every guest."

"I'm not worried."

"Good," Pal said slyly. He took the ten or so steps up toward the sealed mahogany doors. There was a box and Lee watched as Pal keyed in a sequence.

"Welcome Mr. Sinclair and guest," a voice said over an invisible com sequence. There was a click and a hiss, and the seemingly thick wood doors slid open. Pal stepped forward and then held out his hand. "Are you coming, *querida*?"

*Am I ever*, she nodded and quickly walked up the steps to enter Thrust.

## **Chapter Three**

Pal had heard her moaning in her sleep. Just a slight moaning and it made him wonder what it would be like to hear it loud and enflamed. It was almost a shame to wake her, but they had arrived.

He walked ahead of her and he knew that she had entered when the doors hissed shut.

“Doesn’t anyone work here?” she asked, looking around as she stood beside him.

“Welcome to Thrust, I am Jasmine,” a female voice said, stepping from an alcove. Jasmine, one of his most trusted employees. He let her run Thrust. She had the epitome of discretion and grace, and she was also in on his little secret. She liked games as much as he, and she liked females as much as well.

“Thank you for having us.”

“You’re most welcome.” Jasmine said, tossing one of her dark braids over her bare mocha shoulder.

“I was hoping that my associate and I could have a tour around,” Pal said.

“Of course, there is a marked path that takes you through the entire complex. You only have to touch the wall and a recording will explain what you see. There is privacy, and of course, on our tour there are those individuals who prefer voyeurism. So you can have a taste of what the resort has to offer.”

“Thank you, Jasmine.”

Jasmine bowed her head. “I’ll take your briefcases so that you may enjoy the resort at your leisure.”

Pal didn't have anything but he slipped off his suit jacket and then loosened his tie and slid it over his head. He caught Lenore looking at him as she was handing Jasmine her portfolio and jacket.

"It's hot, don't you agree?"

"Yes, you're right. It is hot." Lee cleared her throat and he watched as she pulled at her blouse.

"Come." Pal held out his arm to her. He felt her arm slip through his and they walked toward the hall. The doors hissed open and they entered a darkened hallway. He knew the way in the dark, this was his resort – one of his investments – and he knew all of his investments like the back of his hand.

"If I agree with your advertising campaign, I do have many other businesses that will need your personal attention."

Lee stopped and looked up at him, her eyes were wide. "Well, that would be wonderful, Mr. Sinclair."

"I told you please call me Pallator or Pal. Not Mister Sinclair, I think you're speaking of my father when you call me that."

He watched as the pink blush rose on her cheeks. "Of course, my apologies, Pallator."

He loved the way she said his name, it seemed to roll off her tongue. That tongue he had been thinking about since they left Manhattan. He thought about all the naughty things that tongue could get into.

Things went silent as they walked down the darkened hallway. Traditional Bolivian panpipe music filtered softly through the surround sound system. It mingled with the sound of her heels clicking against the clay tiled floors.

"Maybe we should've had Jasmine show us around," Lee said, with a hint of nervousness in her voice. "There seems to be nothing around here."

“We do not need, Jasmine. Look, all she said was to follow the marked path.” He pointed to the tile and showed her the intricate pattern woven in the clay tiles. “We’re clearly on the path. If you see something of interest, you only need to touch a wall.”

Lee cocked an eyebrow at him and wandered to the wall on his right.

“You mean like this?” She touched the wall and a two-way mirror instantly lit up. She cried out and jumped back and he suppressed his chuckle. “Are they...” she trailed off in disbelief. Pallator walked up behind her to look through the mirror.

In the room was a beautiful Asian woman and a Caucasian woman with a very, very lucky Caucasian man. Employees of Thrust, they were there to show Ms. Byrne all that Thrust had to offer. They were doing a good job, but it didn’t excite him.

Frowning, he realized how jaded he had become. He wasn’t interested in the three-way action, the suit folded on a nearby chair held his attention. Shaking his head, he turned to look at Lee.

There was a flush across her cheeks and he could see her nipples through the taut fabric of her crisp white shirt. Her chest moving rapidly as she took in deep breaths of air, the pulse point at the base of her throat beating rapidly as she watched the businessman pound into the Asian woman on her knees. The Asian woman in turn was pleasuring her friend with her mouth.

It had been a long, long time since he had been in a similar situation. It had been a long, long time since he’d indulged himself in such activities.

When his company flourished, luxuries of the flesh became a scant memory. Fucking was only something he did when he had a moment to spare, lately that had become less and less.

*What would it be like to taste her with his mouth?* Then another wicked thought crossed his mind. *What would it be like to watch her get orally pleased by another woman?* His blood thickened and he could feel his cock stirring in his pants. *No*, there would be no other to taste her. He wanted Lenore Byrne all to himself.



The two-way mirror faded. It was only meant to give the viewers a glimpse of what was going on, of what delights could be had.

“That’s...wow,” she said breathlessly, rubbing the back of her neck.

“Did you like that, *querida*?”

A flush spread across her cheeks. “Oh yes.”

“Would you like to see more?” It pained him to ask that, he wanted to take her in this hallway. He wanted to fuck her against the wall, where just on the other side a sexual fantasy was being played out. He had to control himself though. He wanted to bring Lenore to a simmer. Under that tight business attire was a dormant passion that just began to bubble to the surface. He walked toward her, backing her up against the wall. Bracing his arms on either side of her head, he looked down at her. Watching the erratic cadence of her breathing, he swore he could see the steam rising from her skin. He could see the flush of her arousal across the base of her collarbone.

“So what shall it be, *querida*? More?”

“Yes,” she whispered, looking up at him. “I want more, so much more.”

Slipping his hand behind her head, he let his thumb brush across the top of her cheek. Inclining his head, he captured her lips with his, lightly brushing her plump pink lips, savoring in the taste of her kiss. *She tastes as sweet as candy.*

Her hands slipped around his neck, pulling him closer and deeper into the kiss. Her kiss was urgent and raw with need. Lee’s mouth parted and he slipped his tongue inside hers.

Candy or no candy, he wanted her, he wanted her bad.

Thrusting his hips forward, he ground his hardening cock at the juncture of her thighs. He could feel the fabric of her pinstripe skirt pulled taut, her legs apart. There was a heat between the two of them. He could feel it all around them, permeating the dry hot air rolling in from the desert.

When he broke off the kiss she looked bewildered and rumped.

“Do we take this further, *querida*? Please tell me we take this further.”

Lee gasped when he broke off the kiss. She was still bowled over by his passion. Still shocked at how she hungered for the feel of him. Her body thrummed with passion, she wanted him so bad. She could feel the wetness of her arousal between her thighs, her body arching with need to possess him.

“Well, *querida*? What shall it be, shall we take this further?”

The logical side of her mind screamed no. He was a client, an important client. If anyone found out that she slept with him, well they’d think she put out to land the account. Yet, the other part of her brain, the part that lay a little bit south reminded her of the last time she had any kind of physical contact with a man, it had been a long time and Pallator Sinclair was just the kind of contact she needed. Biting her lip, she nodded. He let out a sigh of relief. Taking her hand, he brought it up to his lips and brushed a kiss across her knuckles, sending a jolt of fire through her.

“Thank God, *querida*, you’ve been tormenting me for far too long.” Before she knew what was happening, he scooped her up in his arms as if she weighed nothing. Pallator touched a button on the wall behind her and the room lit up, empty. He quickly punched in a code on an invisible keypad and a door swung open.

“I don’t...” She was going to say that she didn’t want to be on display as it were, but suddenly she didn’t mind it. The thought thrilled her, made her body thrum with excitement at the thought of some stranger watching them.

“There will be no one to watch us, Lenore. Everyone else is quite occupied.” He stepped across the threshold and kicked the door shut with the heel of his boot. Bending, he captured her lips again with a soul-sucking kiss that had her body crying out with the need to be possessed by him.

Dropping her on the bed that seemed to take up most of the room, he leaned over her, looming above her. His dark eyes sparkling with lust as the lights grew dimmer and electric candles flashed on as if by a telepathic command. He didn’t say anything

further as he began to quickly undo the buttons of her white blouse. She slid up so that he could slip the shirt off her and he made quick work of her bra.

Sighing in relief, she sank back down against the silk sheet. He lay down beside her and ran his hands down her cheek, over her collar bone and over her breasts. Cupping her breasts with one hand, he rubbed the pad of his finger against her nipple. She arched her back as he needed them.

“Ever since I saw you, I’ve been thinking about this moment.”

Lee couldn’t say anything, instead she closed her eyes and let the fire that he was stirring in her wash through her. *It’s the candy making you do this.* Yes, that’s what it was. The candy made her want Pallator Sinclair. The candy made her want to fuck her client. When she rationalized it this way she felt like it eased her conscience about sleeping with a virtual stranger.

The hot branding sear of his lips traveled down her neck to capture one of her sensitive nipples, sucking on it gently. She ran her hands through his silken hair and pulled him closer. She let out a growl as she tried to part her legs in the tight pencil skirt. She wanted to feel him between her legs, she wanted to grind her hot wet core against his hard cock.

Pallator’s hand slid down her right side, he found the hidden zipper and undid it slowly. Dragging his mouth from her breast, he sat up and pulled the skirt down off her hips.

“I didn’t think women usually wore garters and stockings on a day-to-day basis. You are full of pleasant surprises, *querida.*”

Tracing his fingers down her side left a trail of goose bumps in their wake. Lee bit her bottom lip, blushing as their eyes locked, his finger tips skimming the lace of her underwear. She arched her hips, directing his fingers to where she wanted him to touch her the most. He chuckled as he let his hand brush the crotch of her panties.

“Is that what you want? It’s what I want.”

“Oh God, I want it too, Pallator, badly.”

With a determined look on his face, his fingers began to rub her pussy through the thin cotton crotch of her black lace panties. She opened her legs farther, letting him possess more of her, rub harder and faster.

Pulling his hand away, she felt his fingers slip under the elastic of her garter belt and pull down her lace black thong.

"*Querida.*" his voice hitched in his throat as he saw her Brazilian wax, something she liked to indulge in. She smiled in satisfaction. She heard the feral growl escape past his lips as he spread her thighs farther apart.

Moaning in anticipation, she felt the stubble of his cheek rub down the smooth inside of her thigh, his lips burning kisses into her skin, inching down closer and closer.

When his hot, wet tongue licked the slit of her pussy, she lifted her hips up and clutched the silk sheets, reveling in the sinful pleasure of it. It had been a long time since a man had licked her, kissed her down there. Her last relationship had been an occasional quick coupling. Pallator Sinclair didn't seem to be in any kind of rush, and she was so glad for that, particularly at this moment.

His fingers parted her folds so that his tongue would have better access to her clit. Pallator's tongue slid down the length of her cunt, before flicking lightly across her clitoris.

"You taste so good, *querida*. Just like candy."

Lenore let out another moan as her hips began to move instinctively to the feel of his tongue flicking her. Lifting herself on her elbows, she watched him as he ate her, his dark eyes locked on hers as his tongue flicked and laved her clit.

Moving his mouth from her pussy, he licked his fingers and the pad of thumb began to rub her. He leaned forward, capturing her in a kiss, and she could taste herself on his lips.

"I need you now, Lenore."

"I want you now too, Pallator, but there's something I need to do first." Grabbing him by the collar of his shirt, she pulled him down on the large mattress. Throwing her leg over his waist, she pinned him there as she undid the buttons of his shirt to bare his bronzed, hairless chest.

Raking her nails across his hard pectorals, she bent down and brushed her lips across one of his nipples. She heard him hiss and felt his hands in her hair, releasing the bobby pins to let her brown curls cascade down over her shoulders.

"You have beautiful hair," he said as she kissed his copper skin, down his rock-hard abs to his belt buckle. Smiling at him slyly, she undid his buckle and pulled the leather belt out of the loops of his black suit pants, letting her fingertips brush his hardening cock beneath the wool trousers.

Getting off him, she undid the button and unzipped the fly to his trousers and slid them down off of his leg. She tried not to gasp at the sight of him, his large cock straining against his tight boxer briefs.

Licking her lips, she pulled his briefs off of him. Lenore let her fingers scrape along his tight thigh muscles, letting her nipples brush against the skin of his legs. His body was tense, like he was ready to pounce at her. Pallator's brown eyes glittered with arousal. She lightly grazed her lips up his long, hard shaft, and that was enough to cause him to groan out some choice Portuguese phrases.

Running her tongue around the sensitive head caused him to buck up at her. She chuckled silently to herself, ready to let him endure the same torture she had felt when he had been eating her pussy. Holding the base of his large cock, she took him inside her mouth, sucking him, letting her tongue lick the underside of his cock, tasting the saltiness of his arousal.

Pallator's hands were tangled in her hair, his hips arching forward as she bobbed her mouth up and down, her free hand rubbing his balls.

"I can take this no long, *querida*."

Lenore was vaguely aware of some moaning as she let his cock go. He reached to a side drawer and pulled out a condom.

“Here, let me help you with that.” Reaching out, she took the Trojan condom from him. “Lay back,” she whispered. Holding the base of his cock, she unrolled the thin latex down his shaft.

Before she had time to react, he picked her up and threw her on her stomach on the bed, her ass hanging over the side. He spread her legs wide with his knees and thrust the entire length of his hard cock into her.

“Oh God,” she cried out, gripping the silk sheets underneath her. He filled her so completely.

Pallator was cupping her ass and kneading her cheeks as he began to piston in and out of her. She arched her hips so that every time he thrust into her his thick cock rubbed her swollen clit. Lenore let go of her hold on the sheets and ran her hands through his hair, their eyes locked for a moment and she felt her skin heat and flush. Pallator was by far the most handsome and sexiest man she had ever seen, just watching him now as he fucked her aroused her. She loved the way the muscles under his copper skin rippled with each movement. Lenore began to grind in rhythm to his thrusts and Pallator moaned and pulled her hips tighter against him.

That tense feeling began to build like a flame in the pit of her stomach, unfurling with every sure stroke. It didn't take long until the orgasm began to wash through her body, she could feel the muscles of her pussy clenching him, as her orgasm coursed through her body.

“Ah fuck,” she heard him curse, his body taut. He held himself as he came deep inside her. He collapsed beside her, his breath hot on her neck. “*Querida*, that was amazing.”

“*Boa tarde, eu queria uma mesa perto da janela, por favor,*” she said cunningly. Still heady from their coupling, she tried to tell him something sexy she remembered from when she had taken one week of Portuguese in college. She expected him to begin to

kiss her passionately again, or at least be impressed with her attempt. Lenore did not expect to hear him chuckle. "What?"

"What you said," he replied, rolling on his back and laughing.

"Didn't I say something about your prowess?" she asked, a smile tugging at her lips.

"No, you said, and I quote 'Good afternoon, I'd like a table near the window please...'"

## Chapter Four

“Here put this on, *querida*.”

Looking up, Lee saw Pallator standing above her, in his hand he held out a silken robe, he was similarly attired.

“Thanks,” she said.

“We can leave our things here – nothing will happen to them – and we can enjoy all this resort has to offer,” he held out his hand for her, she took it, sliding hers into his warm, strong grip. He helped her on with the robe, slipping the green silk over her shoulders. She tied it at the waist, but his hands stayed on her shoulders. His skin felt hot through the thin fabric, leaning back she pressed her ass into his loins, and felt his cock stiffen.

“If you keep that up, *querida*, we won’t be able to explore the rest of the resort.”

Turning around, she slipped her arms around his neck. “Is that so bad, Pallator? We could just stay here.”

Groaning, he captured her lips with his mouth and gave her a hungry kiss. “I would like that very much, Lenore, but I have yet to see what this resort has to offer. I don’t think I’m totally convinced that this place should be offered up as the prize for my candy.”

Lee stepped back, cocking her eyebrow. What did he mean by that? He seemed very familiar with it before, like he had been here already. When they had entered the room he had mentioned something about people not being able to see them and he had found the robes so easily. He seemed to know his way around this place.

“What is it?” Pallator asked cautiously. “Is something wrong?”



“No,” she said laughing. She shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly. “Nothing. Well let’s see what else this place has to offer. I would like this to be *the* golden ticket item.”

Pallator inclined his head and smiled as he walked her over to a far wall. He touched another seemingly hidden panel the wall slid back and revealed a beautiful French door that led out into a private garden. The double doors opened by unseen hands, and Pallator led her out and into the tropical garden.

*The man has definitely been here before.* Lenore wondered why he was putting up the pretense that he had never been to Thrust. Was it to make a fool of her? Was it an elaborate scheme to seduce her? She hoped it was the latter, and if it was, then she was going to damn well enjoy it.

“Wow, this is beautiful,” she said as she stepped out into the little corner of paradise. The garden was walled in, and there was a little lap pool and a hot tub surrounded by lush tropical plants, palm fronds and orchids.

“Yes, this is beautiful. Like an oasis in the desert,” he sighed. “Shall we go for a swim, or perhaps a dip in the hot tub?”

“Maybe later,” Lenore said, trying to contain her chuckle. “I would like to see what else is hiding in the nooks and crannies of Thrust.”

“Are you certain?” he whispered in her ear. “On the flight here I read your brochure about Thrust. There are lots of temptations behind these walls. Are you willing to indulge?”

“Indulgence, isn’t that what you’re trying to sell, Mr. Sinclair?”

A sly smile tugged at his lips, the dimple appearing in his cheek. “That is exactly what I am selling, Lenore. You have it right on the money as it were...yet I am not convinced. So you’re right, we shall see what else is out there.” He took her hand and led her back into the room.

It still smelled of sex, the sheets were rumpled and their clothes scattered across the floor. A flash of their romp raced through her mind and she felt herself grow wet with anticipation again. She wanted Pallator Sinclair.

Pallator touched the wall lightly and the seamless door slid open. They stepped into the passageway again. The panpipe music filtering through the surround sound, the clay tile was cool against their feet as a desert zephyr blew in through the outside promenade.

A giggle caught her attention. She turned and looked over her shoulder to see the occupants of the three-way spill out into the hall. Her face grew hot as the Asian woman looked at her, or more like checked her out.

"I hope that you were able to enjoy the show."

"No...we..." Lee stumbled. She was trying to think of a lie to cover up the fact that she had become extremely aroused watching them.

"Yes, we did," Pallator said, pulling her close to him. "It was quite exhilarating."

That got their attention, the three of them turned and smiled. Lee could see the man becoming aroused under his silk robe.

"So you enjoyed what you saw," the Asian woman said to Pallator. She stepped forward and touched her cheek brushing away her hair. Staring at her, Lee could see the want, the passion in the woman's eyes. "And what about you, did you enjoy it?"

"I did," she said, swallowing hard. "I did a lot."

The Asian woman smiled, and before Lee had time to react, the woman reached out and kissed her, the woman's lush lips brushing over hers. Lenore thought that she tasted sweet like cherries.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, you know if you get bored of the bronzed god here..."

"Thank you," Pallator said, "but we're here on business."

The Asian woman nodded and then laughed. "And what do you think we are here for?" The woman tossed her hair over her shoulder and walked away seductively, her hips swaying under the silk of her robe.

Lee watched her, the flush hitting her cheeks as she briefly imagined herself in that threesome encounter she witnessed earlier, her legs spread apart while the woman licked her cunt.

“Thinking of something, *querida*?” Pallator asked, as if reading her erotic thoughts.

“Something, yes,” Lee said, stroking the base of her collarbone. “You said you read that the deeper you probe Thrust, the more...sensual the encounters become, how sensual?”

Pallator’s eyes widened and a lazy smile spread across his face. “You wish to see what else this club has to offer? How far are you willing to go, Lenore?”

That question caught her off guard. She didn’t know what would push her threshold. One thing was for certain, she was willing to find out. If she only did one wild and crazy thing in her lifetime, it was going to be living out all her wildest fantasies at Thrust.

“All the way,” she said confidently. It was a cheesy line, but it was the truth. She wanted to go all the way.

When Lee Byrne said she wanted to go all the way Pallator felt like he was back in school. Even though he went to an all-boys school in England, there were nights in the local village and encounters with girls his age. It was exciting back then, exploring his sexuality. But when Lee said she wanted to go all the way with him at Thrust he damn near came in his pants.

When that woman had come up to Lee and kissed her lightly, he had been excited, but he also felt jealously bubble up inside him. The prospect of sharing Lee here was not something he wanted to explore, not yet. He wanted Lenore Byrne all to himself.

“Well, shall we explore?” Lee asked. He felt her arms slip around his waist. He could feel her pebbled nipples through the silk pressed against his chest. He backed her up against the wall, roughly.

"I think we should," he whispered huskily in her ear. He could smell her arousal, she wanted him again, and dammit he wanted her too. He wanted her again and again. He let go of his hold on her and took her hand, pulling her away from the wall. As much as he wanted to possess her, as much as he wanted to fuck her in the hallway, there was so much more to see and do in Thrust.

Pallator led her down the hall and they passed a large garden that resembled their own little haven outside their room. They stopped and looked out over the pristine saltwater pool. In the pool, a couple was enjoying some water play. Like the trio they had encountered earlier, these were also employees of his. The people who he employed at Thrust were rigorously screened for diseases and had numerous criminal checks. His employees were bondable and above all, hedonistic. The man in the pool was fucking a blonde haired woman, hard.

*Ah, it's Edvard*, even though all Pallator could see were the ebony muscles of his back above the turquoise water, he knew which employee it was. Edvard was one of the best attractions at Thrust. He loved to pleasure any woman, it didn't matter the shape, size, color, Edvard loved them all. According to Jasmine, the woman clients of Thrust loved Edvard, all twelve inches of him.

A moan caught his attention. He ripped his eyes away from the scene and saw Lenore had opened her silk robe. She was standing there, one hand caressing her breast, her cheeks flush, her eyes wide.

*"Querida, is this one of your fantasies?"*

"Oh yes," she said, her eyes glazed in lust.

"I'm sorry that I can't have him come over to fulfill you. Right now, I want you all to myself." Pulling her hands away, he scooped her up and carried her near where Edvard was screwing the blonde.

Edvard looked over, a lazy smile on his face as he surveyed them. Pallator nodded, Edvard knew that he wanted his identity as boss kept secret. Laying Lenore down on one of the strategically placed futon mattresses, he parted her legs.

“What are you doing?”

“Taking you all the way,” he said. “Watch the man, watch him fuck the woman and imagine you in her place. I’m sure he’ll be watching you. I’m going to make you come.”

Lenore moaned again, but nodded as she turned her head to watch Edvard in the water. Edvard was playing the part perfectly, his eyes locked on Lenore’s.

Pallator licked his fingers and began to rub her clit. She gasped at his touch as he rubbed her in slow circles. Edvard matched the pace of Pallator’s caress, he could hear both women panting, moaning in ecstasy.

Leaning over, he began to lick her, reveling in the taste of her honey. *God, she tastes so damn good.* He could feel his cock hardening. How he wanted to thrust into her, fuck her senseless, feel her tight wet pussy clench his shaft. He was going to hold off though, he wanted his mouth on her when she came. He would be able to have his way with her later, there was still so much to see. She arched her hips as he used his tongue to lick her core in long and leisurely strokes.

“Oh fuck,” she cried out raising her hips, her fingers digging into his scalp.

Slipping two fingers inside her cunt, he began to rhythmically pump them in and out of her, hitting her G-spot, his tongue flicking faster across her clit. Lenore was watching Edvard and pumping her hips in time. It didn’t take long before he felt her muscles contract around his fingers, her cry of pleasure piercing the air at the same time as the blonde vixen.

Edvard nodded at him, a wicked grin on his face as he picked up his limp companion. He got out of the pool, tossing the woman over his shoulder, the water running off his sleek ebony body as he strode away, leaving them in privacy.

Lee was panting, her arm slung across her eyes. “Oh my God, that was...” She didn’t finish what she was saying.

Chuckling, he lay down beside her. “I think maybe you have me convinced, *querida*. I think I will take you up on this golden ticket idea.”

Lenore's eyes opened. "You like Thrust then?"

"Very much so," he ran his fingers over her flushed skin.

"Are you sure there isn't anything else you'd like to see?"

*I knew there was a vixen hiding under that tight exterior, he thought with a modicum of self satisfaction.*

"Oh, I'm willing to stay the night if you are. Will you stay the night with me, Lenore?"

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Will you stay the night with me, Lenore?"*

Of course she had agreed. Normally she wouldn't. She never spent the night with men whom she just...fucked. He had taken her by the pool, a quick coupling, and she came again.

They went back to their room and she was able to have a shower. Pallator said he would get them a light dinner in their room. Even though it was afternoon in Arizona, it was dinner time in Manhattan, and she was starving.

When she came out of the waterfall shower Pallator was not in the room. She got dressed in her clothes before walking over to the wall. She touched the control pad, the wall slid open and she stepped out into the private garden. There was a little table set up, draped in white linen, candles, silverware and Pallator sitting at the table holding out a glass of red wine.

"One of my other hobbies, I make wine as well. I have an estate or two scattered across the globe."

"Is there anything you don't own?" she teased, taking the wine glass from him. Swirling it around a few times, she brought it up to her lips sipping it, savoring the full body of black cherries and hickory.

He smiled and took her fingers and kissed them. "I don't own you," he said huskily.

“Would you want too?” she asked chuckling.

“If I were some sort of ancient potentate, yes, I would want to own you.”

A delicious shiver ran down her spine. Their eyes locked. *What are you doing, Lee?*, her common sense screaming at her. *Don't fall for him.* Taking back her hand, she looked toward the table where two silver domed dishes sat.

“Well, this looks good. What's for supper?” She sat down in the empty chair and tried not to look at him, even though she could feel his eyes boring into her.

When she finally glanced up Pallator gave her a strange look before he cleared his throat. “Well, I thought you might like to try some of the local fare.” With a flourish, he lifted off the domes covering the plates.

“Yum, *ooh* I love chicken enchiladas,” she took a deep breath, inhaling the spices and the chilies. Her stomach grumbled unceremoniously.

“I'm glad you like it, now, we can talk business as we eat.”

“Good, I'm pleased” she said, cutting into her dinner. Though she felt a bit sad that now he wanted to talk business when their entire time here had involved giving into their mutual satisfaction. *You shouldn't have turned away from him when he was talking about possessing you.* That was the opinion of one voice, the other told her that this is what she wanted in the first place, and chastised her for thinking more carnally.

They talked about the product, about how he came up with the idea and his property in Brazil. During the long, leisurely dinner, Lenore had a few glasses of wine and found herself relaxing around Pallator.

“Jasmine delivered your portfolio when you were in the shower.” Reaching down, he picked it up off the little stone wall that surrounded the garden beside their table. He opened it and began to leaf through her notes. “Your marketing scheme is brilliant. Where you want to sell it, and the idea to approach Playgirl and this e-book publisher...Ellora's Cave is it? Well, it's brilliant.”

"Thank you, Mr. Sinclair," she said, taking another sip of her wine. Her head spinning.

Cocking an eyebrow, he put the portfolio down and looked at her. "I thought I told you not to call me Mr. Sinclair."

"Yes, but that was before, we're talking business now." She jabbed her finger at him vehemently. "When I talk business I mind my elders."

Pallator began to laugh. "How do you know that I am older than you?"

"I have all the information on you. I study potential clients very closely."

He leaned forward. "How much older am I then?"

"Nope, not going to say," Lee said, shaking her head.

"Then how about we forget the rest of this business talk, I agree to buy the tickets tomorrow morning and you, Ms. Byrne, are going to handle advertising for my corporation. Hell, I might even buy out Epstein and Yost so that I can have you all to myself."

A secret smile curved on her lips. It thrilled her how he wanted her, how far he was willing to go to possess all of her. "So then do we talk about fantasies, Pallator?"

"Yes," he said lazily.

"Name your poison. What do you want me to do?"

A small moan escaped his lips. "There are many things I want, *querida*."

"Does it involve me and the Asian woman? Does it involve me and Jasmine? I know a lot of men fantasize over two women together."

Pallator chuckled. "That is indeed on my list, but... I do not want another possessing you tonight. I don't want your lips on another person—they will only be on me."

"Ah, I see." She stood up and wandered over to him. There was a smug smile plastered across his face. Standing in front of him, she slipped off her skirt, she had



replaced her lacy black thong before dinner. She could tell he was aroused by the rapid beating of his pulse at the base of his neck.

Leaning over his, she ran her hands down his chest, raking her fingers against his shirt before kneeling between his legs. She undid his fly and then pulled his pants off his legs, inwardly thanking him for not putting on any shoes or socks. Looking up at him, she unbuttoned her blouse and tossed it away, her long brown hair slipping over her shoulders and brushing against her already-hardening nipples.

Lenore ran her fingers up from his ankles, she leaned in to let her breasts brush against his thighs, she pulled down his boxers and threw them over her shoulder. She kept her eyes locked on his as she began to lick his inner thigh and he bucked a bit as she ran her fingers over his cock, lightly skimming it. She let her tongue lick slowly up the length of him before flicking the underside of the head.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned let his head drop back.

Holding the base of his cock, she took the length of him in her mouth, wrapping her tongue around him. Pulling her mouth away, she began to stroke him, sliding up and down his hard shaft as she fingered his balls. His hips began to pump as she stroked. She stopped and took the length of him in her mouth again, taking him as deeply as she could, sucking him as if he were a piece of his own rock candy.

“God dammit, *querida*, I can’t take it any longer.” Growling, he pulled her up and she shimmied out of her underwear. She straddled his lap, he thrust up but she pulled away. “I want to fuck you,” he groaned in frustration.

Holding him down, she slid her cunt against the head of his cock, torturing, teasing him before she gave in to her desires and mounted him. She felt his strong hands on her waist and he urged her to ride him, hard, and she was more than happy to oblige.

Bracing herself against the arms of the chair, she rocked her hips faster and faster as he thrust up against her. The pleasure building in her slowly, like a storm, she reveled in the feel of riding his big cock up and down. She could feel his lips sucking her breasts, his hands on the cheeks of her ass, holding her tight.

The orgasm washed through her and he pulled out of her then, using her hand she stroked him until he came. She had thrown caution to the wind and made love to him without protection, she had the oddest sense of trust about him. She would never have done that. Usually it would take her months of dating someone seriously before she even dreamed of having sex with a man without a condom.

Looking down at him, her hand still around his cock, their eyes locked. She couldn't read him and she was having a hard time dealing with the sudden influx of emotions washing through her.

She wanted to be with him, always, but a man like Pallator Sinclair moved with a different set. A man like Pallator Sinclair would never commit himself to one woman, and it hurt her to the quick.

Pallator spooned against Lenore, his arms wrapped around her body as they lay in silence. The French doors were open and he could see the twinkling of stars from the inky black sky.

Lenore felt so good in his arms. He had never felt this way about any woman before and that frightened him, but also thrilled him at the same time.

"*Querida?*" he whispered, nuzzling her soft perfumed hair.

"Hmmm?" she mumbled in response.

Pallator swallowed the lump in his throat, fighting his fear and nerves. *Just do it man, tell her the truth. Tell her how she makes you feel.*

"*Querida*, I think I am falling for you. Do you think that we can see where this goes?"

Pallator waited with bated breath, but she didn't respond. She didn't say anything.

*You've scared her off, that's what you've done.*

Of course she wouldn't respond. They had a fling, he was used to flings. Other women he had been with had asked him the same thing. Of course he responded, let

them down gently. Still he didn't want to press her, he didn't want Lenore to feel obligated to pursue something more.

"Goodnight, *querida*." Pallator closed his eyes and tried not to think of his foolish outburst.

## Chapter Five

*Seven days*, Lee thought grimly as she sat in her office staring out into space. It had been seven days since her encounter at Thrust. After that coupling in the chair he had carried her to the bed, and made love to her. He didn't fuck her – he had made love to her.

Something had changed between them then, and she hated herself for letting that happen. She chastised herself for becoming too close, letting her emotions become involved. *What the hell was I thinking?*

"Knock, knock." Lee looked up and saw Janine standing in the office door. "Hey, can I come in?"

"Sure," she said with a sigh. She took one last look at the mock up of a print ad and tossed it to the side. She had been holding it for twenty minutes.

"Thanks," Janine said. She walked in and closed the door. "I know you've been extremely busy since you came back from that business trip. I didn't want to disturb you."

"No, it's okay. I'm sorry I've been a bit...preoccupied."

"I noticed," Janine said dryly. "What happened when you went with Mr. Sinclair? I know you landed that account and apparently all his other businesses, but you've seemed out of sorts since you came back."

"There's a lot to prep... I'm not fooling you am I?"

Janine shook her head and sat down across from her. "What happened?"

"I had sex with my client."

Janine's eyes bugged out. "You actually did it? You had sex with Pallator Sinclair?"

“Yeah,” Lee said, fingering a wrapped piece of his Innocent Pleasures hard candy. “At Thrust.”

“You had sex with him at Thrust?” Janine fanned herself. “What was it like?”

“Amazing, and now I’m regretting it ever happened.”

“Why?” Janine asked, cocking her head to one side. “You’ve had one-night stands before and they’ve never affected you like this.”

“I know, but I let him get under my skin. I let him...” she trailed off as she thought about the things she had let him do. All the things they had done together, and she thought about that last time they had been together, when he had held her face between his hands, thrusting into her slowly, kissing her so tenderly and calling her *querida*.

“Oh, you mean about him being the owner of Thrust,” Janine said offhandedly, dragging her from her thoughts.

“What?” she asked quietly.

“I found out when you went to Thrust. I decided to do some digging, see what you were going to find in Arizona. Colin and I are trying to figure out a way to you know... spice things up, and I saw that Pallator Sinclair Holdings owns it, that dreamboat owns Thrust.”

Lee clenched her fist. *The bastard played me for a dupe. He acted like he had never been there before. I knew that wasn't the truth, I knew something was up by the way he acted, how he was so familiar with everything.*

“Lee, is everything okay?” Janine asked, her brow furrowed in concern.

“Fine,” she said confidently as she began to collect the advertising campaign items and stuff them into her portfolio. “I’m fine. I have to get ready for a meeting with Mr. Sinclair.”

Janine nodded. “Sounds good. We’ll hook up later and catch up, right?”

“Oh yes,” Lee nodded.

Janine smiled and left her office. Lee slammed down the portfolio and wandered over to the windows, looking out over Madison Avenue below. There was only one thing to be done, when she arrived at his office for the business meeting that was scheduled for later, she was going to have to kill him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ms. Byrne is here to see you, Mr. Sinclair."

"Send her in, Laurie," Pallator said, looking up from his paper work. His assistant nodded and left his office.

*She's early.* His heart began to beat faster, his blood racing through him and his body responding to the thought of being near her again. It had been a week since he last saw her, since he had made love to her through the night and told her that he thought he was falling in love with her. He had poured his heart out and she didn't respond.

He cursed a thousand times over for letting himself feel like that, letting himself become vulnerable to a woman he hardly knew.

He hadn't escorted her back to New York, he had sent her alone on his private jet, back to Manhattan. He had stayed at his home in Arizona for a couple of days, trying to lick his wounds. He had never been rejected. Of course he had never fancied himself falling for one woman.

Lee entered the room escorted by his assistant. His assistant showed her to a seat in front of him and then discreetly left. Lee looked at him indifferently.

"How are you, *querida*?" he asked, folding his hands casually on his blotter. He felt nervous in her presence and he didn't like that.

"I'm fine, Mr. Sinclair. How are you?"

"That's good, I am very well." he said tersely. So she was going to pretend like nothing happened between them. Well, two could play at that game. Trouble was, every time he looked at her, all he could see was her naked. He could taste her on his

lips, feel her hands on his back, he could still feel her nails embedded into his skin. "*Querida*, about what happened in Arizona –"

"Nothing happened in Arizona, Mr. Sinclair," she said quickly, cutting him off.

"Nothing?" he asked bitterly. "You're just going to pretend that nothing happened."

"That's right. As far as I am concerned nothing happened, we fucked, end of story."

Standing up, he looked at her. "That's very cruel of you, Ms. Byrne."

"Ha," she said, standing up to meet his gaze. "And I suppose hiding the truth from me wasn't cruel? You played me for a fool."

"Truth?" he asked confused. "What are you talking about?"

"You own Thrust, Pallator," she yelled, throwing her hands in the air. "You took me there to seduce me. You used me."

Lee was right. He hadn't been forthright with that information. She had intrigued him and he had sensed her attraction to him and wanted to see how far it could go.

"I'm sorry, Lenore. It was dishonest of me to do that, but I was interested in your proposal. The idea was brilliant. I was surprised that you had not been there to check it out for yourself before you presented it to me."

A smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "Not all of us have private jets at our disposal. You didn't give our firm enough time."

"I am sorry, Lenore, but you are not the only injured party in this association."

"What do you mean?" she asked, cocking a finely arched eyebrow and crossing her arms.

"You hurt me deeply. I do understand that it is hard for you return those feelings which I admitted to you, that it was too soon, but I am a passionate man and I couldn't hide how I felt. You could have said something, you said nothing."

Lenore looked at him confused and pinched the bridge of her nose. "What are you talking about? You said nothing to me about feelings."

"I did," he replied hotly. "After our last time together, when were lying on the bed in the darkness, watching the moon rise above the mesas, I told you."

"I fell asleep," she said quietly a blush rising on her cheeks. "I was asleep just after we made love."

"Asleep?" he said, as it hit him like a ton of bricks. "You were asleep?"

Lenore walked over to him, her hand brushing his. "What did you say, Pallator?"

Cupping her face, he looked down into her eyes. "I told you that I thought I was falling in love with you, that I want to be with you."

"I feel the same way, Pallator," she whispered, wrapping her arms around him before her lips brushed against his in a gentle kiss that soon turned into a deep kiss. He held her, pressed tight against him as their tongues intertwined together.

"So," he said breaking off the kiss, looking down at her. "Shall we see how far this can go, *querida*? Are you willing to try?"

A sly smile spread across her face. "All the way."

*The End*



## **About the Author**

Amy discovered her love of the written word when she realized that she could no longer act out the fantastical romances in her head with her dolls. Writing about delicious heroes was much more fun than playing with plastic men dolls with the inevitable flesh-colored “tighty whities”.

She loves history, the paranormal, and will spew out historical facts like a volcano, much to her dearest hubby’s chagrin.

When she’s not thinking about the next sensual romp, she’s chasing after two rug rats and reading anything spicy that she can get her hands on.

Amy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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