



REINVENTING  
**JANE PORTER**

DOMINIQUE ADAIR

SANDHAIN publishing, Ltd.

Her darkest fantasies are about to come true...

*Jane Porter Series, Book 3*

Jane's weekend of mind-blowing sex is drawing to a close. Only one event remains—a masquerade ball. Her masters, Antonio and Santos, will be her escorts, but the party isn't the only item on their agenda. They plan to show her what it really means to live the life of a prized submissive.

After tasting the heady decadence of true sexual freedom, Jane wonders if she can ever go back to her everyday life—or if Beauty will, finally and permanently, be freed from her shell.

Then there's the issue of a former lover lurking in the wings...

Warning: Graphic sex, spanking, public fondling, more spanking, the ménage of the century, even more spanking, cranky ex-lovers, bondage and the misuse of both a piano and pool table

**eBooks are *not* transferable.  
They cannot be sold, shared or given away as it is an infringement on the copyright of this work.**

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

Samhain Publishing, Ltd.  
577 Mulberry Street, Suite 1520  
Macon GA 31201

Reinventing Jane Porter  
Copyright © 2009 by Dominique Adair  
ISBN: 978-1-60504-527-6  
Edited by Bethany Morgan  
Cover by Anne Cain

All Rights Are Reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

First Samhain Publishing, Ltd. electronic publication: May 2009  
[www.samhainpublishing.com](http://www.samhainpublishing.com)

# Reinventing Jane Porter

*Dominique Adair*

# Dedication

This one is for the readers.  
Thank you for your support, friendship and for  
encouraging me to live out my fantasy.

# Chapter One

“Tell me about him.”

Startled, Jane stabbed her scalp with a hairpin. Wincing, she rubbed the spot with her finger. Even without clarification she knew who Antonio was talking about. He was astute for a playboy winemaker. Then again it didn’t take a Mensa candidate to know a single thirty-something-year-old woman had a skeleton in her closet.

“Who are you talking about?” Keeping her gaze fixed on the mirror, she slid the hairpin into place.

Over her shoulder, Antonio’s reflection appeared in the mirror. Leaning down, he kissed her bare shoulder. The graze of his beard sent shivers across her skin. His gaze met hers in the mirror.

“You should be glad you’re not an actress, Jane.” His eyes twinkled. “You’d go hungry.”

“Hey now, I played a tree in my third grade play.” She grinned. “I was a rousing success.”

“Mmm, I’ll bet you were.”

Spreading his legs, he straddled the end of her bench. His leather-clad legs nudged hers, and she shifted until she sat snugly between his thighs. The scent of leather and Antonio sent a lazy ribbon of warmth straight to her nipples.

Clad only in pants, he was every woman’s sexual fantasy come to life. Dark hair loose about his shoulders, he was in need of a shave. Rubbing her thumb along his jaw, the abrasive hairs scraped her skin. She loved the feel of a man’s stubble on her body.

“I’m asking about the man who turned you into a cynic.”

“Who says I wasn’t jaded before I met him?” She reached for the next pin.

“You might have been headed down that path, but I think there was one who sealed the deal.”

“Talking about him is a waste of oxygen.” Sliding the pin into her hair, she was pleased she’d managed to do so without drawing blood.

“That might be, but I want to know about him.”

“Are you a glutton for punishment, or is this some twisted need to know who was in my bed before you?” Her gaze met his. “Trust me, my bed was cold before you came along.”

“That’s the least of my concerns.” His eyes glinted. “You’re a grown woman and of course you have a sexual past. I admit to having a healthy curiosity about the one who broke your heart.”

“My heart wasn’t broken.”

His brow rose.

Busted.

“You’re not a very good liar.” The corner of his mouth hitched.

“Pfffft.” Jane rolled her eyes. “You and Lily must’ve been talking behind my back.”

“It didn’t take more than an hour in your company to know you don’t fit the profile of a woman who attends an affair such as this, *Belleza*.” He shook his head. “Contrary to the signal you’re putting out, you’re not looking to scratch an itch.”

Now it was her turn to be surprised. While she’d spent the entire day with Santos and Antonio, their conversations had been limited thanks to their sexual gymnastics.

“You’re very astute, but I’m not looking for a permanent relationship.” She reached for another pin.

“Maybe not right now, but that is your ultimate desire.”

“Which makes me no different than most of the people here this weekend.”

“Trust me,” his voice dropped. “You are like none other.”

“So you’ve been thinking about me.” She began to smile. “That makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside.”

“I can’t speak for Santos, but you’ve been the only thing on my mind since you walked into the ballroom.”

“Right...”

Capturing her chin, he forced her to look at him. The look in his eye told her he was serious. Her palms began to sweat.

“I was in the gallery overlooking the ballroom when you walked in on Jean Jacques’ arm. Your beautiful hair drew my attention.” He twined an errant curl around one finger. “But it was your smile that held me captive.”

Quivering, she held her breath as he caressed the curve of her cheek. Her nipples hardened when he stroked her lower lip with his thumb. Her breathing deepened.

“You were looking at Jean Jacques as if he’d set the sun in the sky. You were unguarded, open.” His fingers traced an imaginary line along her jaw leaving only goose bumps behind.

“There was nothing false or rehearsed about you. It was a private moment between two friends, not meant to be witnessed by the man soon to become your lover.”

Through her cotton chemise he touched her right nipple. Back and forth he stroked until the tip was visible beneath the thin material.

“Seeing your body and the way you moved made me ache. Confident, sexy.” His hand landed on her thigh. “You have the envious figure of a mature woman. Full breasts, hips and those long beautiful legs. All I wanted was to feel your legs locked around me.” His smiled. “Or over my shoulders as I licked your sweet *coño*.”

A fine sheen of sweat dampened her skin. Listening to him left Jane's body on fire. Her pussy throbbed and against her hip his cock throbbed. Much more of this and she'd come without her *coño* even coming out to play. Gently, he began stroking her thigh with his thumb.

"But you probably knew that."

His faint smile held just a touch of shyness, leaving Jane with the urge to give him a big hug...before throwing him to the ground and fucking him into unconsciousness.

"No, I didn't."

"I've attended a few scenes—"

"Only a few?"

"—and I've learned most people are here for two reasons." His gaze moved over her face as if he was committing it to memory. "For some it's what they do. Like butterflies they move from one event to the next, and their list of lovers is extensive. Their goal is to come as much as possible and avoid emotional entanglement while doing so. Sex is their hobby, a diversion from their daily lives."

His other hand landed on her lower back. The warmth of his palm seared her skin. She felt surrounded by him, wrapped in a thick blanket of male appreciation. More than ever she felt the pull of his personality, his desire for her, and Jane wanted nothing more than to answer his call.

"On rare occasions I've met women similar to you. Beautiful, mature and confident, you know yourself and your place in the world." He shrugged. "Most women think being sexy means showing their *pechos* and the men come running..."

"Some do." Jane gestured toward her breasts. "We don't call them the orbs of power for nothing."

He shot her a quelling look.

"Even with your closest friends and family you'd lie about your sexual interests. No one in your daily life knows your darkest desires except for Lily and even she only knows what meaningless details you feed her." His hand slid up her thigh. "You enjoy the master submissive relationship, but you're not totally at ease with your desire."

Jane looked away. Their images in the mirror, so close, so intimate, sent a shudder through her body.

"You're still exploring what turns you on, and you seek to stretch your wings." The hand on her back stilled. "You prefer a monogamous relationship, one master and one submissive, but you keep your options open...for this weekend at least."

Their gazes met in the mirror, and she shivered. His desire was written on his face. She knew he was astute, but after listening to him she'd swear he was psychic. How did he come to know so much about her? Even those closest to her, people she'd known for years, didn't come close to understanding her as well.

"You're here to declare your independence. It's your time to spread your wings in the hope of regaining the confidence your former master destroyed." He gave her thigh a firm squeeze. "And when



Monday morning arrives you'll return to your quiet, ordinary life and begin plotting your emergence onto the dating scene."

Lily.

Jane's heart was pounding so hard it was a wonder he couldn't feel it. The only way Antonio could know so much was if he'd talked to her friend, and she'd spilled all of Jane's business. Lily was an amazing friend, but she did have a tendency to talk too much, especially if a sexy man was the one asking the questions.

Making a mental note to strangle her business partner or worse yet, tie her up and force her to listen to country music, she smiled. That kind of torture would drive the other woman out of her mind.

"What's your point?" Looking in the mirror, she slid another hairpin into her hair.

"My point is that I pay attention, and I want to know more about you." He rose and immediately she missed the warmth of his big body. "So tell me about him."

"His name is Peter Ellington, and he's a lawyer in Denver."

"Go on."

Antonio took a seat on the foot of the bed behind her. Jane watched his reflection closely, but he gave no indication of having recognized the name. She had no doubt his brother knew Peter as he moved in the same exalted social circles as the Prentices, but Antonio was new to Denver. It was more than likely they'd yet to cross paths.

"It's really not a very exciting story." Picking up another hairpin, Jane leaned forward to examine her hair. "We met several years ago, and we dated for a while. It was no big deal."

"No big deal."

"That's what I said."

"You surprise me, Jane."

"How is that?"

Turning, it wasn't hard to see Antonio was bothered by something. He was tense and his ready smile was gone.

"You didn't realize he was married?"

Her stomach dropped. So he did know Peter...

"Now you surprise me." She shifted her position until she was facing him. "So you've met?"

"No, but I know of him. He was recommended to me as a potential business attorney." Stretching his long legs, his bare foot nudged her ankle. The pants wore like a second skin, and she struggled to keep her attention above his waist.

"He's married with three children, all under the age of ten. Married at twenty-two, he's one of the most successful attorneys in the state. He also practices in California, and he chooses his cases based upon

the possible notoriety.” His smile wasn’t kind. “He’s a performer more than a man dedicated to his business.”

“You really did your homework.” She was impressed.

“You expected otherwise?”

Hot...hot...hot...

“No, I didn’t.”

“I don’t take important decisions lightly, business or otherwise.” The glint in his eye told her he wasn’t talking about Peter.

“Neither do I.”

Tension sizzled between them, and Jane finally looked away. He didn’t have to seduce a woman when he could lure one into bed with a simple conversation. Talk about pussy-power.

She cleared her throat.

“To answer your earlier question, no, I wasn’t aware he was married. It wasn’t until we’d been together for almost two years that I learned the truth.”

“Two years?” Disbelief colored his words.

“Being a lawyer isn’t his only...talent. Mr. Ellington is also an accomplished liar, a fact I didn’t learn until it was too late.”

Her smile was forced. She was still mad at herself for letting Peter get past her defenses. If gold medals were awarded for kicking one’s self then she’d be a champion.

“I’ve since learned his wife and children live a quiet life in Boulder out of the glare of the media.”

“Sounds like a smart woman. Public life can be overwhelming, especially for children.”

He braced his hands on the bed and the resulting ripple of his muscles caused her mind to go blank. This man should be declared illegal in at least half of the United States. Sex on two legs should not be allowed to run loose.

“How did you find out?”

She blinked. What were they talking about? Oh, yes...

“To make a long story short, on the night I’d anticipated a marriage proposal, I received an offer to become his mistress.” Her smile faded. “While I didn’t receive an engagement ring, he did offer me his black American Express card.”

His eyes narrowed.

“I suppose the generosity of his offer was meant to be a compliment. Only I didn’t quite see it that way.” Looking away, she smoothed her hands along her thighs then crossed her legs. “He volunteered to pay for an apartment and all of my living expenses. Whatever my heart desired, I could just charge to his accounts. Jewelry, clothing...a new car.”

Jane heard the hurt and anger in her words, but she was unable to stop the flow of anger. She began to bounce her foot.

“So while this arrangement may sound good in theory, his insistence that I make myself available to him at all hours of the day or night was the deal breaker.” She waved her hand. “I mean, it would be impossible to plan meetings for the rest of my lovers when I don’t know—”

Out of the corner of her eye she saw him move but before she could react, he took her chin in his hand and forced her to look at him. Their gazes clashed, and her anger was reflected in his eyes.

“He was a fool.” His words were harsh. “He didn’t deserve a woman such as you. He didn’t know you at all did he?”

Jane was stunned by the anger resonating in his words. When he released her, she continued to gape at him.

“No, no, he didn’t know me at all.” Her words were little more than a whisper.

“I’ve only known you two days, and I understood within minutes you weren’t the beck and call girl type.”

He began to pace and the play of muscles beneath his bronzed skin was hypnotic. Jane forced her mind back to the conversation.

“Call girl?” She smiled.

“*Perdóname*, poor choice of words.” He gave her a rueful smile. “Every now and then my English plays a trick on me.”

Now that was a true gentleman. Antonio apologized for a slight slip of the tongue while Peter had insulted her to her very core and hadn’t even blinked. Calling that bastard a gentleman was an insult to men of Antonio’s caliber.

“No, Peter never invested the time to get to know me. To him I was a piece of ass, no more, no less.” She shrugged. “He isn’t terribly perceptive when it comes to women. It’s a miracle he convinced someone to marry him.”

Antonio chuckled.

“He’s the center of his own world, the Peter-verse, and unless a situation directly impacted him then he didn’t give a damn.”

“Were you in love with him?”

“I thought I was, but I realize I was fooling myself. I was more in love with the idea of him and the reality fell far short.” Smiling, she shook her head. “Looking back, I know it would’ve been a huge mistake. Sexually I wanted to be a submissive in the bedroom, and he wanted a doormat for a companion.”

“He was a stupid man who squandered the best thing to ever happen to him. I’m thankful for his *tontería*, eh, foolishness.”

Antonio smiled, and Jane's cheeks heated. In the face of his compliments she was beginning to feel a little giddy. She grinned

"Fool is the least offensive term I'd use—"

"Who are you calling a fool?"

Clad only in a white bath towel, Santos exited the bathroom. His hair was damp and scattered beads of water glistened on his shoulders and chest.

Thanks to his whipcord lean physique, Jane enjoyed the play of muscles as he moved. Every movement was purposeful like a cougar readying to strike.

"We were discussing Jane's previous master." Antonio spoke.

"Anyone I know?" Santos's gaze fixed on her face.

"Peter Ellington."

A flash of recognition crossed Santos's face.

"The lawyer?" he asked.

"Si."

"So you know him too?"

Damn, is there anyone these two didn't know?

"Yes, we've met." He winked at Jane. "You didn't tell me you'd had a head injury, Jane."

Automatically her hand covered the scar on her temple. Surely Lily wouldn't have mentioned the accident to a complete stranger. Jane dropped her hand, but it was too late.

"Did he do that?" Antonio caught her wrist in a firm grip. "Did he strike you, Jane?"

Looking from one man to the other, they were staring at her so intently she felt a moment of trepidation.

"No. Well...you see...yes, I guess he did...but you have to understand...it was an accident."

"What kind of accident?" Santos edged closer.

"I was hurt and angry with him. I got a little heated. We argued, and I fell."

*I sound like an idiot.*

"You just fell over for no reason whatsoever?" Santos sounded skeptical.

"Yes...well...no. You see he grabbed me."

Antonio and Santos exchanged a dark look.

"I know what you're thinking." She shook her head.

Santos muttered something in Spanish, and it didn't sound like an endearment.

"You said he grabbed you?" Antonio's grip on her wrist tightened.

"You're hurting me." She winced.

"I'm sorry." He released her. "Please, go on."

"I'm not expressing myself very well." She threw up her hands. "You guys have the wrong idea."

"You said he grabbed you." Santos shot another dark look at Antonio. "Explain this, please."

Santos practically loomed over her, and she shrank back. All vestiges of the urban gentleman were gone, leaving an angry man who looked ready to throw down. It was funny how intimidating he could look dressed only in a towel.

"Yes, he did grab me but you have to understand it was an accident." Jane's heart was beating so rapidly her head was starting to feel swimmy. "When he asked me to be his mistress—"

"Mistress?" Santos's nostrils flared and his eyes held a dangerous glint. "He wanted you as his *puta*?"

"He didn't tell her he was married." Antonio leaned toward Santos and spat something in guttural Spanish. Lily didn't know what he said, but it didn't sound complimentary.

"*Bastardo*," Santos hissed.

That word she knew.

"Listen, both of you." She rose and held up her hands. "When he propositioned me I was upset. We argued and when he tried to stop me from leaving—"

"It doesn't matter what you did, Jane. Even if you gave him a black eye, no man should raise a hand toward a woman." Antonio captured her hands. "Any man who does so deserves an old fashioned ass-kicking."

"Name the time and place and I'll be there." Santos's hands fisted.

"Neither of you will do any such thing." Jane pulled away from Antonio. "Whatever happened between Peter and me is over, finished. There is no need for retribution. I've moved on."

"*Belleza*." Santos took her in his arms. "When our woman is disrespected, you must allow us to be angry for your sake. We're men, it's what we do."

"I don't approve of violence." Stiff in his embrace, she looked from Santos to Antonio then back again. "Do you understand?"

"My English...not so good," Santos teased.

She slapped him on the chest, and he laughed.

"*Amigo*, our Jane has claws. I think we need to keep her."

*Keep me?*

Santos pulled her closer, and she melted into his arms. His scent was a pleasing combination of soap and male skin. Inhaling deeply, she laid her head against his chest. Antonio stepped behind her, his hands landing on her shoulders. Surrounded by both men she realized she'd never felt as treasured as she did in that moment.

"Every now and then we men like to drag our knuckles on the ground," Antonio whispered in her ear. "It's good to bring out the caveman."

She began to laugh. Turning, she slid an arm around each of their waists until she was cuddled between two rock hard chests. She was the luckiest woman in the entire house.

## Chapter Two

*If that bitch doesn't keep her hands off his ass, I will tear out her dollar ninety-nine weave.*

Slamming steak knives into a divided tray, Lily glared at her erstwhile lover. Standing in the center of the ballroom, Jean Jacques was surrounded by three fawning blonde women. All of them possessed the same simpering, star-struck look as if he'd created chocolate for them alone.

With their fake nails and nerve-shredding giggles, it was all Lily could do to refrain from walking over to them and beating them to a pulp. Of course doing so would make her look like a jealous hag and that she couldn't have.

Combat rule number one, never let the enemy know what you're feeling.

What she really wanted to do was smack them over their collective blonde heads with an oversized baseball bat emblazoned with "Get a CLUE". No woman should make over a man like they were. Her lips twisted. She'd die before she'd ever do it.

Jean Jacques smiled, and the ladies burst into a chorus of high-pitched giggles. They were petting him like he was a dog.

Her gaze narrowed. She'd bet her best pair of Jimmy Choo's there wasn't a dry panty among them. The shortest woman turned and thanks to her sheer white pants, it was obvious the only thing she wore was lotion and a smile.

Snatching up another handful of knives, she dropped them into the tray with a clatter. Watching the Barbie trio simpering up at Jean Jacques was making her nauseous—

*You'd be doing the same thing if you were standing with him.*

"Fat chance," she muttered.

Sucking in a noisy breath, Lily was struck with a horrifying thought. Had she ever watched him with such complete adoration? Even worse, were there witnesses?

*Eww.*

Her scowl deepened. She certainly hoped not as her reputation would be in shreds. Lily wasn't the kind of woman who drooled over any man no matter how handsome he was. She'd learned early on everyone had clay feet, and she would live a lifetime of bad footwear before she would grovel at any man's feet.

No man, no matter how well hung, was worth public humiliation.

Besides, one of her favorite hobbies was making fun of women who acted like the Barbie triplets. She was far too old to change her ways.

No, the men came to her, they always had. From the moment her breasts exploded through her one and only training bra, the boys weren't far behind. Of course, having an older sister built like a stripper had helped. Anna's escapades taught Lily that sex, used correctly, made an excellent leash for any man she chose.

For Lily, sex was about the chase rather than the in-out-in-out. Men loved nothing more than getting a woman naked and, if said woman knew how to prolong the game, it was almost as exciting as the physical act. Anticipation was the ultimate foreplay.

A shriek of laughter caught her attention. The tallest Barbie with the bad weave and ginormous breasts laid her hand on his arm. She was wiggling like a happy puppy, and her rock hard boob kept hitting him in the side.

Damn, she'd better not break one. They'd all drown.

Jean Jacques didn't seem to be bothered by the surplus of female attention directed his way. Hell, he was eating it up. Even from twenty feet away she heard the familiar cadence of his voice. Though she couldn't hear what he was saying, the bimbettes hung on every syllable.

*And you think you wouldn't be staring up at him like that?*

*Like hell.*

Lily gripped the tray until her knuckles turned white. The bastard should come with a warning label: When with this man, consider your panties and peace of mind to be at risk.

The shortest sycophant put her hand on his other arm. Her breasts were in danger of spilling out of her too-small corset, but at least they looked real. She rubbed against him as if he was catnip, and she was a pussy looking for a buzz.

"Tramp." She forced herself to release her grip in the tray for fear she'd throw it at their heads. "Why don't you just strap a mattress to your back and advertise your intentions?"

"Ah, Lily, how I have missed your sweet disposition."

She knew that voice. Robert Armand, one of Dirk's senior managers stood behind her. Dressed in his usual black from head to toe, his smile was wide. No doubt her former lover was amused at catching her unawares.

"Hmm, I don't remember you on the guest list." She picked up her clipboard and feigned checking the guest list. "I thought you were in Europe slumming with the French."

"I would hardly call it slumming especially after living in one of the best Parisian hotels for more than six months." His eyes twinkled. "I'm not sure I remember how to make my own coffee."

"I'm sure you'll manage." Lily threw her arms around him and gave him a big hug. "You're a far better cook than I."

“That is hardly a compliment from a woman who believes tinned beans with hot dogs is a delicacy.”

“Hey, I learned how to work a microwave while you were gone.”

“Mmm, now you can warm the beans first.” He nodded toward Jean Jacques. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you jealous over another woman.”

“Me? Jealous of what?” Ignoring her burning cheeks, she waved her hand in the direction of the Barbies. “Too much Lycra and peroxide poisoning? No thanks.”

“You’re out of practice, Lily. You were a much better liar six months ago.” Robert chuckled. “Admit it. Your panties are in a twist because our friend over there has always had a hard-on for you and right now, you don’t even exist. You can lie to yourself all you want but deep down, you and I both know I’m right.”

*Smug bastard.*

She’d always hated that she’d allowed Robert to get to know her so well. They’d dated for three months before realizing they made better fuck-buddies than boyfriend and girlfriend. Ever since then they’d hooked up when he was in town and spent a few nights of rough and tumble, get your skirt dirty...sex. The pillow talk afterward gave him an insight into her personality that few others had.

His ability to assess a situation and call it like it was, was one of many reasons why Dirk valued him so much. Personally, she liked him better when his mouth was otherwise occupied...

“Sometimes I think I hate you.” She spoke without heat.

“I don’t believe it. From time to time you would like to think you do, but I know better. We’re too much alike, so if you hate me, you’re really hating yourself.” He smiled. “Besides, who else could keep you on the straight and narrow?”

“Woo-hoo, how did I ever survive without you?” She rolled her eyes.

“Cheer up, Lily.” Robert dropped his arm around her shoulders. “It could’ve been worse if I’d had a twin.”

“I’m thankful for small mercies.” She groaned.

“That’s my girl.”

Her gaze drifted to Jean Jacques. He was so damned handsome with his chiseled features and rock hard body. For two years they’d resisted their mutual attraction. They’d fought, teased, tormented and laughed together, and she knew they couldn’t ever go back to what they were less than twenty-four hours ago.

Jean Jacques put his arm around one of the women, and Lily felt as if her chest went hollow. She felt his loss more keenly than she’d ever dreamed she could. She’d gotten used to his gaze following her when he thought she wasn’t paying attention. Secretly she enjoyed how he would compliment her on what she wore.

The best part was he would open doors for her and as she walked through, he would place his hand on her lower back. Each and every time she thought her knees would buckle when he touched her there.



When Jean Jacques was near, her reaction was strong and immediate. Just hearing his voice caused every hair to stand on end and if they were face to face, her nipples hardened every time. She'd come to realize that on some level she'd already claimed Jean Jacques as her own.

Her shoulders sagged.

Right now the emotional chasm between them was wider than mere distance could ever be.

The tall Barbie's hand landed on his abdomen as she spoke. The flash of her red nails against his white shirt was like waving a red cape in front of a bull.

"I'm going to snatch that bitch bald, Robert." Her fists clenched.

"Lily, you've nothing to be jealous of." Robert's lips touched her ear. "Those women don't possess any of your enviable talents. The woman whose hair you're threatening—she's the governor's daughter. She graduated last year and announced that her greatest desire in life is to be a trophy wife."

"Somehow that doesn't surprise me. I never suspected she'd set her sights so...high." Sarcasm dripped from every syllable.

Robert laughed, and she ignored him. Lily was pissed and not in the mood to be teased into a smile. Not only had she let a man get under her skin, but it was Jean Jacques, the one she'd promised herself she couldn't have. Years of self-restraint thrown out the window for sex.

Well, really, really great sex...the best sex she'd ever experienced.

"Feeling insecure?" Robert gave her a one-armed hug. "You're ten times more woman than those girls could ever hope to be." His voice dropped, and his breath caressed her ear. "And far more desirable."

A slow tingle ignited in her lower belly. Robert, like Jean Jacques, had some serious charisma. Both men had an indefinable aura that never failed to flip any woman's switch. It was one of several reasons why her relationship with Robert was so enjoyable. They both appreciated good wine, classical music and hot sex, the raunchier the better.

She shot a dark look at Jean Jacques. So unlike a certain Frenchman, being with Robert was easy, comfortable. She looked up at him.

"I'm not in love with him."

His brow rose. "I never said you were."

"And if he prefers a Ford to a Jaguar—" she jerked her head toward Jean Jacques and the Barbies, "—that's his loss."

"That's my girl." His smile was encouraging. "Sometimes you need to be reminded that you're in charge. If you want him, take him. While Jean Jacques may be flirting with other women..."

"He fucked another woman in front of me." The moment the words were out, her eyes began to sting.

"Wow." His gaze roamed her face. "That's a twist. What the hell did you do to him?"

"Me?" She pushed him away. "I didn't do anything."

"Lily, stop." His voice was gentle. "Here's how I see it."

Gripping her shoulders, he forced her to turn toward Jean Jacques and the Barbies.

“You love him—”

She snorted.

“—and I’m pretty sure he loves you. You’ve allowed your pride to dictate what you say, but it’s not how you feel on the inside.” His hands landed on her hips. “Not every male in the universe is a complete dick, and Jean Jacques, he’s one of the good ones.”

“Yeah, right—”

Lily started to turn away, but Robert’s grip tightened.

“I don’t know why he had sex with another woman, but if you don’t wake up and swallow some of that damnable pride then you’re going to destroy the best thing to ever happen to you.” His voice dropped to a whisper. “You’ve outgrown your capricious life, Lily. Even Holly Golightly had to grow up sometime.”

Her heart ached and now her eyes burned. She knew Robert was right but her pride, her damned wonderful, hateful pride wouldn’t allow her to admit it.

“It’s always been Jean Jacques for you.” His voice grew husky. “I introduced the two of you, remember? Both of you looked as if you’d been struck by lightning. Even if I’d been in love with you it would’ve been over right then. Not once did you look at me as you did him.”

Damn, there had been a witness!

“Have you been reading romance novels again?” Her nails dug into her palms, but the pain was nowhere near the growing ache in her chest. “You always get sappy when you do.”

“Only the sexy bits.” He chuckled. “I need to keep myself occupied in the darkest hours of the night or else I will go out and have sex with inappropriate women.”

“I’m not falling for it. Every eligible woman in your Paris hotel probably ended up in your bed.”

“Not quite.” His lips touched her neck. “There was a transgender female who worked in the laundry, and she was the only one to avoid my bed.”

“You probably nailed her on a washing machine.”

His hand skimmed over her hip to the top of her thigh. Her pulse leapt. Even though she was in love with Jean Jacques, Robert still had the ability to jump-start her libido. Old habits died hard.

“Sorry to disappoint you, but she turned me down.” His teeth grazed her earlobe. “It would seem she’d become a woman only to turn lesbian.”

She began to laugh.

“Keep it up, Lily. Your lover is getting restless now that my hands are all over you.” His tongue tickled the indentation behind her ear. “Do you think making him jealous would help to appease your hurt feelings?”

“You’re getting warm.” She tilted her head to the side.

“Being a man gives me some insight into how the male mind works.” He tugged her earlobe with his teeth. Her nipples hardened. “If I were to guess, I’d say our friend fucked another woman to deliberately hurt you.”

Lily thought about how she’d accused him of screwing another woman before he’d carried her out of the ballroom and into the utility closet. If he was innocent, her accusation would’ve taken a chunk out of his hide.

“You could be right.”

“Our boy is possessive, very possessive. Seeing you with another man will drive him insane.” His breath was hot on her shoulder. “Your man has definite ideas when it comes to his women and another man invading his territory is an insult he cannot ignore.”

“What do you get out of this?” Lily hissed. “You work with him, won’t this interfere with business.”

“Hell, no.” His chest shook against her back. “I owe the bastard for fucking my assistant last summer. I’d asked her to dinner at least a dozen times, and she turned me down. That bastard waltzed in and had her naked on my desk within an hour. Making him watch me fuck you will be the highpoint of my year.”

*Don’t do it...*

“Why Robert, I like how you think.”

Tilting her head, she watched Jean Jacques through her lowered lashes. He wasn’t looking in their direction, but his demeanor had certainly changed. The smile was gone and judging from the tightness of his jaw he could very well be grinding his teeth.

*Poor boy, you are so screwed.*

“Besides, who knows when we’ll have this chance again?” Robert said. “Once both of you get over your stubborn pride, our relationship will be over.”

“I am a one-man kind of woman.”

His hand dipped beneath her waistband and made a beeline south. Widening her stance, Robert didn’t hesitate to accept her invitation. Slipping into her panties, he cupped her pussy.

“Fuck, Lily, I want to strip you bare and take you on the bar.”

She moaned when his fingers delved into her cunt. Clutching his arm, she rose onto her tiptoes to give him better access.

“Only feet away your lover is flirting with nameless, faceless women.” Two fingers invaded her pussy, and she quivered. “I’m inside you, but it’s his fingers your body remembers.”

He began to thrust. Arousal washed over her and when his thumb stroked her clit, her legs began shaking. She was grateful for his arm or she would melt to the floor.

“Your pussy is so hot I could fuck you all day, Lily.”

“You’ve already done that.” She laughed.

“Indeed I have.”

Jean Jacques was staring at them, and he did not look happy. Good. Reaching back, her fingertips stroked Robert's firm jaw. Her hips began to move, leaving Jean Jacques in no doubt as to what was happening behind the bar.

Still surrounded by the Barbies, he'd given up any pretense of paying attention to the women. Her gaze met his and her chin came up, silently daring him to say or do anything to stop her.

A muscle began to tick in his jaw when Robert's free hand covered her breast. He stroked her nipple and she covered her hand with his. Soft whimpers tumbled from her lips as liquid heat washed through her pussy. Jean Jacques' darkening expression only added to her arousal.

"You're so tight, hot." The pace of Robert's hand increased. "Let him see your passion, your fire."

Driven by the twin devils of Robert's hand and Jean Jacques' anger, she arched, pressing her rear into Robert's pulsing crotch. Tossing back her head, she no longer cared who was watching. Her need for release overrode everything else, even revenge.

But it wasn't to be.

Robert released her, and she stumbled. She turned and he took her by the shoulders, forcing her backward until she was half-sitting on the edge of the beer cooler. His massive erection prodded her belly.

"You should get dressed for tonight." Slowly, deliberately, he skimmed his hands down her body. "You're officially off duty, Ms. Tyler."

"But, I still have—"

"No, you don't."

Catching the hem of her skirt, he pulled it up to her hips. His blue eyes gleamed, and he lowered himself to his knees. Gaping at him, she began to shake when she realized what he was about to do.

Spreading her legs, Robert lifted each one over his shoulders. Her hands slammed down on the cooler when he balanced her weight on his shoulders. Spreading her pussy lips, his tongue touched her clit and her body jerked.

Lily was both thrilled and appalled when he set to work. Robert was a pussy-eating fool. Many times he'd joked about packing a lunch and spending the day between her thighs. And on more than one occasion he'd done just that.

"Oh, yes, yes!" Her head tipped back.

His tongue was warm, firm as his fingers slid deep into her cunt to focus on her G-spot. Her eyes rolled back into her head as wave after wave of need burned through her system. Her soft moans grew to howls of need and her hips rocked on the edge the cooler.

"Harder...yes, just like that. Yes, yes, yes!"

Leaning her back against the bar, her body arched upward when her release struck. Wave after wave of pulsing release tore through her body leaving her breathless and shaking. Robert withdrew his hand and

every nerve screamed in protest. Her mind whirled and her greedy cunt cried for more even as he slid her thighs from his shoulders.

With his damp fingers, he outlined her lips with the juice from her pussy. Unable to resist, her tongue slipped out to taste her arousal. The salty flavor made her toes curl.

“Now, go upstairs.” Robert’s smile was enigmatic. “Your task, should you choose to accept, is to teach Jean Jacques how to treat a lady.”

“Mmm.”

“And when you walk out of this room, don’t you dare look back.” His lips touched hers. “Your lover has reverted to Cro-Magnon form and his brow ridge is growing heavier with each passing minute.”

Sliding an arm around her waist, Lily felt boneless when he helped her to her feet. His hands skimmed her thighs moving her skirt back into place. Keeping her gaze down, she turned to retrieve the silverware tray she’d filled.

A wash of cool air caressed her ass and she realized it had been a mistake to turn her back. His hand struck one cheek and the sharp sound of flesh on flesh echoed through the ballroom. A flood of need washed through her pussy, and she moaned. Her knees wobbled and it was the sound of a female voice that prevented her from sliding to the floor.

“Wow. Do you think I can be next?”

Lily’s cheeks burned and for the first time in her life she wanted to run away. If she’d been anyone else she might’ve done it. But Lily Tyler never ran no matter the situation and now was not the time to start.

Picking up the tray, she threw Robert a heated look. The marble expanse of the ballroom never looked wider than it did in that moment. Tray in hand, she crossed the ballroom and deposited it where the setup crew would find it.

When she slipped through the swinging doors, Lily breathed a sigh of relief. Alone, she broke into a run toward the stairwell.

Not only had Robert called her jealous, he’d then given her a screaming orgasm before an audience including the man she was in love with. And if that wasn’t bad enough, he’d spanked her on the ass.

Her heels clattered on the steps, and she was out of breath when she reached the top. Opening the door, she peered into the second floor corridor. It was empty.

She bolted down the hall then dove for the door to her suite. Her fingers felt thick as she fumbled with the lock. When she finally managed to get it open, she threw herself inside and slammed the door taking a few seconds to secure the lock again. Leaning her forehead against the solid oak, she struggled to catch her breath.

Torn between the desire to laugh or weep, she began to shake. Not only had she caught her lover with another woman, he’d then been a witness to her public debauchery. She groaned. What was she thinking?

Her legs were shaking so hard she allowed herself to crumple to the floor. Wrapping her arms around her knees, she bowed her head, allowing her tears to run free.

Lily wasn't sure what was more shocking, a public orgasm or being spanked on the ass and liking it.

## Chapter Three

“*Copia.*” Santos was looking out the window, one finger on the tiny headset in his ear. “Ellington has arrived.”

“*Pobre bastardo.*”

Antonio secured a red silk sash around his waist with a jerk. Since hearing Jane’s story, the anger he felt was like a sleeping beast in his gut. Upon scenting his prey, the creature was coming back to life and the need to feed the anger was growing. Their woman, for all of her protests, had been hurt by this lawyer and a price needed to be paid...in blood.

“...eye on both of them and if you see anything suspicious, notify me immediately.”

Momentarily diverted, Antonio frowned at Santos. What was going on?

“*Gracias.*” The other man turned away from the window. “Ellington’s escort is none other than the beautiful Giselle.” Santos’s mouth firmed. “That’s how she got past security last night. Even though he was out of town, she used his invitation and attended as his guest.”

“She’s nothing if not predictable.” Antonio shook his head. “She’s returned to her own kind, the bottom feeders.”

“And in doing so, she’s saved an untold number of unsuspecting men from a woman with only one thing on her mind.”

“Money.” They spoke in unison.

“So what’s the plan, *amigo?*” Santos slapped him on the shoulder. “A healthy dose of public humiliation? We could go old school and deal with him man to man.” He cracked his knuckles, a feral smile formed. “Maybe an old-fashioned fist fight? I would enjoy some blood-sport this evening.”

His friend might appear to be an urbane, sophisticated man of the world but Antonio knew the truth. At a tender age, Santos had been left to fend for himself in the crowded backstreets of Barcelona, fighting for every scrap of food he put in his mouth. His days of using his body as a means to survival came to an abrupt end when he had attempted to pick the pocket of Antonio’s grandfather. Street-wise and compassionate, Enrique Villareal snatched the boy from the streets and had brought him to the vineyard to live.

He’d been a half-wild child with no understanding of how polite society operated. It took many long months of patience and unwavering love before Santos had come to understand he no longer needed to steal or sell his body to survive.

Slowly the rage of a child abandoned, abused, had been eroded with generous meals, a room to call his own and a family who adored him. He had worked hard at the vineyard and took to his school lessons with a passion. At thirty-one he held a master's degree in business, and he was Antonio's right hand in the business.

Despite everything Santos had accomplished, the street urchin from Barcelona still lurked beneath the Italian suits and flawless grammar. On many occasions Antonio witnessed the veneer dissolve and the fighter emerge and it was a fearsome sight.

Antonio hoped for Ellington's sake that Santos kept his wits about him long enough to avoid breaking him in half.

"Both of us would enjoy beating that bastard into the ground, but we need to approach this carefully. We don't want to upset Jane. We'll let Ellington make the first move."

"And Giselle?"

"Leave her to me. She and I have unfinished business." Antonio held up his fist. "Agreed?"

"Si." Santos knocked his knuckles against Antonio's. "I only hope the lawyer has his health insurance paid up."

They began to laugh, the tension eased. But their merriment died when the bathroom door opened and Jane exited. Antonio's breath caught.

Her golden hair was arranged in a complicated series of waves and curls studded with blue and white crystals. A pale blue velvet collar studded with more crystals encircled her slim throat. Her sky blue silk corset created a bounty of cleavage and her nipples were saved from overexposure by a thick ruffle of white lace.

The matching skirt was miniscule in the front, barely covering the apex of her thighs. They'd forbidden her to wear panties and it would only take a slight breeze or the touch of a curious finger to expose her pussy.

With a tapered hem, the back of the skirt came down to create a short train. Six-inch platform stilettos made her already long legs seem even longer and more graceful. Every inch of her body had been pampered and groomed for this evening. From the top of her head to her pale blue toenails, Jane Porter was every man's hottest fantasy come to life.

And she was theirs.

Antonio's cock hardened. The desire to take her beneath him rose hot and heavy. He glanced at Santos. His friend looked as stunned as he felt.

"Well? How do I look?" She sounded breathless. "Okay?"

"Stunning." Antonio approached and took her hand. "Every man will fight for the pleasure of looking upon you."



“Thank you, kind sir.” Her curtsey was quick and her cheeks were flushed with pleasure. “You’re looking mighty handsome yourself.”

“Standing next to you no one will even notice me.” Raising her hand to his mouth, he kissed her knuckles.

“I doubt that.” Her gaze met Santos’s.

“Santos?”

“*Belleza*, I am beyond words.”

He joined them and with one finger he brushed a stray hair from her shoulder. When his skin touched hers, Antonio felt the quiver that ran through her. Her breathing hitched and her pink tongue darted out to dampen her lips. A searing shaft of arousal tore through his lower belly. He released her hand.

“I have a feeling we’ll spend most of our evening fighting off her admirers.” Antonio laid a hand on Santos’s shoulder.

“You could be right.” Santos shot him a faux-serious look. “Do you think we should mark her? No man will be left in doubt as to who her masters are.”

Antonio pretended to consider the idea. Jane’s eyes were wide and her breathing fast. Her hands smoothed the front of the corset coming to rest on her lower belly. White teeth worried the tender flesh of her lower lip.

“I think we should. It will save us wear and tear on our knuckles.” Antonio shot Santos an amused glance.

“Excellent point. What shall we use? A paddle?” Santos moved around Jane, not touching her but leaving no doubt of his intentions. After circling her twice, he gestured toward the bed. “A shiny pink bottom will serve as a warning to any man who covets our woman. Go, Beauty, take your place.”

Turning, Antonio opened the doors to the toy armoire. The array of sex-oriented toys was modest—paddles, crops, handcuffs crafted from a variety of materials, ropes and other essentials were neatly lined up in hooks or on the shelves. He’d always considered himself a purist when it came to sex, and battery operated gadgets need not apply. He preferred his partners to achieve orgasm through their play, not technology.

Removing a medium-sized leather paddle from the armoire, he admired the workmanship. He’d picked up this little toy in Brussels weeks before coming to America. One side was leather and the other was covered in thick, soft felt. Rubbing the padded side against his palm, he was sure Jane would enjoy his latest purchase. He closed the doors.

Their slave was on her knees on the bench at the foot of the bed. Her torso was resting on the bed leaving her bare ass at the perfect angle for a proper spanking. Her figure was ideal for bondage. With her generous breasts and slim waist, she was born to wear corsets. Add in her rounded hips and generous ass, and Jane could be the poster girl for submission.

"I want to see your pussy." Santos stood behind her. "Spread those legs."

Without hesitation Jane did as he'd instructed. Her back arched just enough to expose her glistening labia. She was primed and ready to play.

"Tonight is a milestone for you, Jane." Antonio fingered the paddle. "You'll make your debut as our slave, and you'll be known only as Beauty. When you leave this room, Jane Porter will cease to exist."

"Yes, master," she whispered.

Laying his hand at the base of her spine, he realized she was trembling. Trepidation only added to her arousal, it was good that she was afraid.

"I'd like you to meet my new friend." He ran the soft side of the paddle over her rear. "A little toy I picked up a few weeks ago, and I haven't had the opportunity to break it in yet. I hope you'll enjoy it."

Flipping it over, he spanked her with the leather side. Startled, she jerked.

"We did not give you permission to move, *Belleza*." Santos cupped his hand and gave her a firm swat on her rear. "We are your masters, and we'll tell you what to do and when to do it. Your thoughts are no longer your own as our pleasure is now yours."

"Yes, master."

"This evening you will see to our pleasure." Antonio rubbed the soft side of the paddle down her thigh then up again. "We will never ask you to do anything that will humiliate or harm you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master."

"Everything we do is for you, Beauty." He drew the paddle over the curve of her ass. "If you please us then you will be greatly rewarded."

"And if you fail, the punishment will be swift and harsh." Santos spanked her again, this time with the flat of his hand.

"Yes, master."

Antonio flipped the paddle around and brought it down. The smack on flesh was satisfyingly loud. As he guided the paddle to strike her buttocks and thighs, her skin grew warm and rosy. With each spank her cries escalated and her hips thrust so far back her wet pussy was fully exposed.

"That is a sweet cunt, my friend. Half of the men downstairs would give their right arm for a taste of her." Santos's tone held no more interest than if he were talking about the weather. "We are but two men. Would it be bad form to keep her all to ourselves?"

"Do you think we should share her?"

"Mmm, the idea is tempting." Santos was grinning. "Watching our slave pleasure another man could be quite arousing."

Antonio brought the paddle down across her pussy. Her response was sharp and immediate. A woman who didn't hesitate to express herself in bed was a definite turn on.

“We don’t normally share our slaves but I’ll admit, the idea of watching *Belleza* suck a strange man’s cock is making my dick hard.” Grabbing the front of his pants, Antonio sought to alleviate the pressure on his engorged cock. He’d be lucky if the buttons of his fly weren’t imprinted along one side.

“*Belleza*, we would like to display you this evening.” Santos touched her ankle. “Have you done this before?”

“No, master.”

Heat surged through his body, and Antonio brought the paddle down again. Her cream trickled down her thigh and her ass was bright pink. Her hips rocked as if she were fucked by an invisible man. The sensual stretch and arch of her back was mesmerizing and it was all he could do not to tear open his pants and thrust inside her.

Turning the paddle, he ran it over her blushing flesh. Tonight was important, though not for the reasons Jane believed. They would put her on display in the ballroom and allow strangers to touch and fondle their submissive. Her unveiling would bring down the house and, most importantly, force Peter Ellington to show himself.

## Chapter Four

Jane wasn't sure she would be capable of walking if it wasn't for Santos and Antonio on either side. Their linked arms served to keep her upright and moving forward. Her legs were still wobbly, and her ass stung from the paddling she'd received. Her thighs were still sticky with her cream, and they'd refused her request to wash up.

The toe of her shoe caught on the carpet. Both men looked down at her, and she smiled. Normally she didn't wear heels but Lily had talked her into buying the ridiculously high shoes. She'd protested but the other woman had been adamant.

She was getting used to them and she had to admit, they did make her feel sexy. Her walk had a little extra shimmy, drawing attention to her breasts and ass. With each step cool air licked at her damp cunt. Anticipation vibrated along her skin standing every hair on end.

The thought of being displayed was exhilarating and scary. She'd witnessed the spectacle of submissives arranged like statues while others stopped to admire them. Her pussy pulsed. It wasn't unusual for someone to touch the displays though etiquette required they ask permission from the slave's master first.

It was funny, but she trusted the two men who walked beside her though they were little more than strangers.

Intimate strangers.

She had no doubt they would keep their word and watch out for her. They would allow nothing to go awry while they were on watch.

"Here we go," Santos murmured. His hand covered hers.

The hallway outside the ballroom was crowded with waitstaff and guests. Even though her costume was the most scandalous she'd ever worn, once again she was demure in comparison to the other ladies.

Many of the women were topless, and she'd never seen such an array of body piercings. Nipples adorned with metal bits, all shapes and sizes imaginable. A redhead with a cat headband and very little else was showing off her pussy piercings. Jane's eyes widened when she spied multiple pieces of metal jutting from her flesh.

*One word, OUCH.*

Many of these people were current or future clients, which made her doubly grateful for the masks. Jane wasn't sure she could discuss the merits of a sit down dinner over a buffet knowing her client had a devil charm hanging from her labia.

The ballroom was dark and as crowded as the hall. Some sort of European techno music thundered from a sound system on the stage. A small dance floor was crowded to overflowing with gyrating bodies in all shapes and colors imaginable. The overhead lights had been changed to strobes of blue, pink and red giving it a club atmosphere.

To the left was an informal arrangement of couches and chairs. Piles of big pillows and oriental carpets invited people to sit on the floor if they chose. Behind one of the couches stood three slaves, one male and two females with their hands braced on the back and their asses thrust out.

The blonde female was being spanked by a tall man dressed in a leather jock strap. Despite the roar of the music, Jane could hear the other woman's moans.

The male slave had his legs spread and his head down. His mistress, a woman in a dark red dress and feathered mask, held a fat anal plug in one hand and a tube of lube in the other. After greasing the plug, she handed it to the third slave.

The young woman spread the man's ass cheeks to expose his rosy hole. Pressing the thick plug against the tight ring of muscle, she didn't let up until his anus opened under the force. Sweat gleamed on his skin. Inch by delicious inch his greedy hole devoured the plug until only the thick base was visible.

His mistress reached for the exposed base and gave it an experimental twist. The man swore even as his hips thrust forward. She scolded him then gave him a quick crack across the ass with her hand. His head came up and the flash of pleasure pain on his face was enough to elicit a rush of cream to Jane's pussy.

*I don't think I'm in Kansas anymore.*

She allowed her men to lead her away. The submissives were easy to spot as they wore the least amount of clothing. Almost all of them sported some sort of collar with leashes attached. Their masters carried the leashes firmly, tethering their slaves to their sides.

Many of the males sported costumes of Roman noblemen, cowboys, police officers and more than a few cavemen. While some of them were pretty hot, none of them could compare to her escorts. Both were dressed as pirates complete with flowing shirts and swords. Antonio looked as if he'd stepped off the cover of a romance novel while Santos was clad all in black. The only spots of color were the gold hoops on each ear.

As they wove their way through the crowd, her eyes widened when she saw their destination. Near the dance floor, an elaborate structure resembling a cage had been constructed. Pedestals of varying heights were arranged under the canopy and submissives, mostly women, stood on them posed like statues. A variety of restraints dangled from the overhead canopy though not all of the slaves used them. Some stood

as if they were modeling for a catalog while others were contorted into positions Jane had thought impossible to accomplish without serious spinal damage.

Armed with glasses of champagne, spectators walked among the living statues admiring them under the watchful eyes of their masters. Several people were touching the women, a nipple tweak here, a pussy stroke there.

She quivered.

“Does this arouse you, *Belleza*?” Santos whispered in her ear.

Unable to speak, she simply nodded. Her throat was tight and her skin felt as if it had shrunk two sizes. Her sex pulsed with the beat of the music, and her need for release increased.

Antonio led them to an unoccupied pedestal closest to the wall. Her heart was pounding when he released her arm. Turning, his face was mostly covered by his mask and the only sign of life was the gleam of his eyes.

“Please remove your skirt, *Belleza*. You will pose for our friends.”

For a moment she was frozen, unable to move or breathe. Her lungs ached and spots wavered in her vision. When Santos released her arm, she sucked in a noisy breath.

*I’ll be okay...*

Her hands shook when she released the clasp on her skirt. She would bet her ass cheeks were as pink as the woman’s she’d seen being spanked. The velvet licked at her skin when the clasp gave way. Handing the garment to Santos, she took Antonio’s hand. Using him for balance, she stepped up onto the pedestal.

“Put your hands behind your back.”

Her knees began to shake when she felt the kiss of silk at her wrists. He bound her hands behind her back taking care to ensure her restraints weren’t too tight.

“*Belleza*, we’ll be less than two feet away.” Santos’s voice was meant for her alone. “No one will overstep their bounds.”

“Thank you,” she whispered.

“You’re welcome.” She caught the flash of his teeth when he smiled.

“Bend down a bit, Beauty. With nipples as beautiful as these, everyone should be allowed to admire them.”

Antonio teased her breasts from the confines of the corset. The stiff lace scraped the tender buds, and her breath caught when the friction sent a jolt of heat to her core. She gasped when he shot her a heated look before taking possession of a nipple. Santos took the other and together the forceful sucking tore a strangled moan from her mouth. She swayed and strong hands held her in place until the moment passed.

“Let’s not forget this.” With a scrap of silk in his hand, Santos motioned for her to lean forward again. It was a short hood, coming only to the tip of her nose. “This will increase our pleasure and ultimately, yours.”

“Yes, master.”

She knew they’d moved away when the air turned cooler. A wave of panic washed over her. She couldn’t see anything, her hands were tied behind her back and hundreds of people could be staring at her right now.

*They will keep me safe...they will keep me safe...*

Taking deep, even breaths, the panic began to ease and the sounds of the party moved into the forefront. The familiar clink of crystal, female laughter and the occasional sound of flesh against flesh reached her ears, reminding her that wasn’t alone. She was surrounded by others here to enjoy the same things as she.

“Looks like someone was behaving badly.” A male voice sounded to her left. “Just look at that ass. Man I’d like to paddle this one.”

“She is lovely,” a female voice sounded. “Spread those cheeks and let’s see what she’s hiding.”

Hands touched her buttocks and she bit her lip to keep from screaming. Strong male fingers spread her cheeks to expose her anus. Jane gulped even as a gush of cream trickled from her pussy.

“Look at that beautiful rose.” The woman sighed.

“I’ll bet she’s as tight as a fist too.” The man released her. “Gentlemen, you have a treasure in this one.”

“We think so.” Antonio sounded amused.

The next few minutes were a blur of voices and intimate touches from faceless strangers. At the request of one man, Antonio commanded her to spread her legs. The stranger didn’t touch her, but she felt the unmistakable heat of his breath on her inner thighs.

Jane couldn’t remember a time when she had felt so edgy. The craving for a release had only increased since Antonio had helped her onto the pedestal and most of the spectators never touched her. Her breasts were engorged and her nipples throbbed with each beat of her heart. Her pussy was so wet the juices had left trails down her thighs. Damn! Was anyone going to give her ease?

“Gentlemen, what do we have here?” A deep, masculine voice jolted her back to reality. “I don’t remember meeting this one.”

“You haven’t. She’s quite new to the scene.”

Jane caught a slight tension in Antonio’s voice. Did they know each other?

“Villareal, you seem to have all the luck. Where do you find them?”

His voice moved around her, telling her the stranger was looking at her from all sides. He stopped in front of her and from beneath the edge of the hood she spied a pair of polished leather boots.

“I see she’s been disciplined recently.” The man sounded amused. “Are you still training with old school methods?”

"They work the best for us," Santos answered. "She is in the early stages of her training and, as I'm sure you know, reprimanding a submissive is an important part of her schooling."

"How well I know this." The man circled around her again. "I've learned that I enjoy the training phase tremendously, almost more than the finished product. I've trained a great many submissives in the ancient art of service."

His voice sounded close, he must be quite tall.

"Your reputation precedes you," Antonio said. "We are great admirers of your work."

"You flatter me." The boots stopped directly in front of her. "What is her name?"

"*Belleza*, we call her Beauty."

"She certainly is that though her name isn't terribly original, gentlemen." He chuckled. "May I?"

"It would be an honor."

A change in the air currents signaled him moving closer. Her skin prickled.

"*Belleza*, my name is Archer."

"Good evening, Mr. Archer." Her voice was husky.

"Just...Archer." He sounded amused.

A hand touched her leg and she couldn't help but tense.

"Is this her first time?"

"It is," Santos said.

"That explains it." His hand moved up her leg. "The purpose of displaying a submissive is two-fold, Beauty. The first is obvious; to arouse the slave until the pleasure-pain line is blurred. This state of heightened arousal is instrumental in bringing a slave to heel." His fingers stroked the sensitive back of one knee. "The other is to demonstrate the slave's level of submission and the talent of her masters. Yours must think a great deal of you to display you so early in your training."

His hand moved above her knee and without thinking, she shifted her feet to give him better access.

"Greedy one isn't she?"

"That she is." Santos's tone held a note of warning.

"Slave, arch your back and show off those exquisite nipples," Archer commanded.

She did as he asked. The stiff lace trim chafed at her exposed nipples, and she swallowed a whimper. The urge to writhe like a cat in heat was strong. When the stranger's hand touched her pussy she couldn't prevent a strangled squeal from escaping.

"Silence!"

Archer spoke only moments before a hand struck her ass. Need spiraled through her blood and her cream flooded her pussy. Helpless, she bucked against the hand on her mound. Beneath the edge of the hood she could see his hands. They were strong, tanned and the nails were clean and neatly trimmed. On the left he wore a dime-sized ruby ring.



“She’s fiery, passionate.” His fingers spread her pussy lips. “No piercings? No tattoos? What a rarity you have.”

“We think so.” Antonio’s voice was closer now.

“May I?” Archer spoke.

“Please.”

Jane didn’t have an opportunity to be nervous. One minute he was spreading her labia and the next, his mouth covered her. Strong hands gripped her ass cheeks, holding her in place, while his tongue began to stroke.

Remaining quiet wasn’t an option. A shriek was torn from her and need rose hard and fast. Thrusting her hips forward she tried to force him to increase the pressure on her clit, but he was in control. Another slap to her ass and she backed off.

Just a few strokes of his tongue told her all she needed to know about the stranger. He was well-schooled in the art of eating pussy. A slow, deep suck caused her knees to buckle but somehow he managed to keep her on her feet. Her hips rocked against him, she was close...so close...

“Man, I’d like to fuck that pussy.”

The strange voice entered her sensual fog, and she became aware of a growing audience watching them.

“Isn’t that Archer?”

“...just look at her tits...”

“...I’ve heard that man is a maestro when it comes to eating cunt...”

“...watch how she thrusts against his mouth...”

“I’d like to tear that ass up...”

The flow of voices ratcheted her arousal higher, and Jane didn’t know how much more she could withstand. Against her will her hips rolled forward, increasing the pressure on her clit. She was so close, just...one...more...

A sharp spank landed across her ass. Shock doused her body like ice water and she screamed. It was a long, sharp sound that rose above the music to echo throughout the room.

“*Belleza*, you forget yourself.” Santos’s voice was stern. “We did not give you permission to come.”

“Yes, master.”

Her lips felt numb, and her head was spinning.

“Her taste is exquisite,” Archer said. Firm hands landed on her breasts, gently kneading and plumping them before giving each nipple a tug. “And no implants, how utterly delicious.”

“One of many reasons she is so special to us.”

Antonio’s voice sounded at her elbow. Relief washed over her, pushing her need for release down, for now at least.

“Are you amenable to a possible transaction?” Archer sounded bored. “I would make her one of my women.”

“Sorry, she’s not for auction.” Antonio’s voice was firm. “Her training has barely begun, and we’re looking forward to working with her. Even in such a short period of time, we’ve grown quite fond of her and we have no intentions of relinquishing our control.”

“Villareal, I took you for a smart man.” Archer sounded annoyed. “Fondness is a serious handicap when training a slave. The introduction of feelings into the arrangement only serve to create a lazy submissive and her masters...sloppy.”

“We can assure you, there’s no danger of that.” Santos spoke. “Proper training is our first concern.”

“I’ll pay one million dollars for thirty days with her, alone.”

Archer’s voice rang out and all conversation died. Even the music seemed to fade into the background. Stunned, Jane wondered if she’d heard right. Did he just offer one million dollars...for her? She’d heard many auction anecdotes but never one that commanded such an outrageous figure.

Slave auctions were more common in the hardcore bondage underground in Europe than here in the states. Masters would sell their slaves, with their permission of course, to a more experienced master for training. Once the fee was paid, the slave was turned over to their new master for a predetermined period of time, usually a few months.

The master and his new slave then undertook an intensive training course in the art of submission. And when the release date arrived, the submissives returned to their original master fully trained and ready for service.

The money was turned over to the submissive. She’d heard of many women using the cash to pay for their college education. She frowned. Surely they wouldn’t think she’d be interested in such an arrangement...

“As I’ve already mentioned, she’s not up for auction.” Antonio’s voice was firm.

“I’ll not take no for an answer—”

“Good evening, gentlemen.” A voice tinged with a familiar French accent broke in. “Archer, you honor us with your presence this evening.”

“Bertrand.” Archer sounded bored. “I’m interested in retaining this slave for my services—”

Antonio growled.

“I’m sorry old friend.” Jean Jacques’ tone was cheerful. “This young woman isn’t available for auction. Now if you’d like to accompany me, we have some beautiful—”

“Why would I look at any of them when I have found the one I desire?” The note of obstinacy in Archer’s words was unmistakable.

“Out of the question.” Jean Jacques was firm. “This slave is a new acquisition and her masters are enamored—”

“Which makes her all the more desirable,” Archer drawled. “I seek only the most exclusive women for training.”

“She’s lovely and while I can understand your disappointment,” Jean Jacques’ voice dropped a notch. “Her masters will not relinquish her. So let us console ourselves with some of Dirk’s finest brandy and a cigar on the terrace.”

Archer didn’t answer immediately, and the guests seemed to hold their collective breath waiting for his answer. After a few moments, she heard him curse under his breath.

“Only if you insist, Bertrand,” Archer muttered. “Villareal, this matter isn’t settled between us.”

A chill ran down her spine.

“I look forward to the next time we meet, Archer,” Antonio’s tone was mocking. “But we can assure you, this isn’t a challenge you will win no matter the offer.”

“Every man, and woman, has a price,” He chuckled. “Even you, Spaniard.”

The crowd broke out into whispers, and Jane’s knees began to shake. She’d never dreamed of entering into an auction, and she was grateful Antonio and Santos had taken care of the situation so efficiently.

“Hold still, *Belleza*,” Santos hissed. “We’ll get you out of here.”

She felt a tug on the scarf binding her wrists and the material slipped away. Strong arms snatched her off the pedestal and the whispers increased in volume. She recognized Antonio’s scent, and she threw her arms around his neck.

“You’re safe, Jane.” His breath was warm on her cheek. “We’ve got you.”

So the bitch had landed on her feet after all.

Peter Ellington scowled at the swinging door Jane and her keepers had used. A good portion of that money should be his as he had been the one to introduce the woman to bondage play in the first place. God knew he needed the money. Keeping up with his expensive whore and her growing cocaine habit was a serious financial drain. He’d have to get rid of her soon.

He grimaced as he tossed back a shot of tequila. Besides, it was his hand that had first slapped Jane’s chunky ass and it was his cock she’d begged for. Slapping the glass down on the bar, he nodded for the bartender to give him a refill.

What a little liar she was.

The last time they’d been together she’d played the victim card. She’d acted so upset over being asked to become his mistress and now, now she’d hooked up with two men determined to fuck the most beautiful pussies in the world. Neither one of them would ever marry the silly cow. Hell, she was older than both of them.

His lip curled.

He really shouldn't be surprised. A woman with her overactive sex drive would hump anything when the mood struck her. The fact she'd latched onto Prentice's half-brother was a shocker. Where the hell had they even crossed paths? Jane didn't socialize in their world. She was the hired help.

He downed the second shot of tequila.

Villareal had a lengthy and vivid reputation when it came to women. His smug face appeared on the covers of tabloid magazines at least once a week with a different bitch on each arm. His decision to bed Jane was perplexing. Why would he want her when he could have Giselle back? God knew she was hot to get him and his sizable wallet back into her hands. Giselle might be cold hearted, but her body was hot enough to keep any man warm.

Jane had been holding out on him. While they were together she hadn't displayed even an ounce of the adventuresome spirit he'd witnessed with Archer. Turning away from the bar, he started toward the door. He'd have to do something to rectify the situation. He hadn't invested all those long hours of training to allow another man to sweep in and take what was rightfully his. He began to smile.

He wasn't a man who liked to lose.

## Chapter Five

Jane's mind was spinning when Antonio brought her into the library. Santos followed, pausing only to shut the doors. Pulling off the hood, she stood in Antonio's arms looking from one man to another.

"You are fucking brilliant!" Antonio squeezed her tight.

"Oh no, *amigo*. Our Jane is more than brilliant. She is the stuff of fantasies."

Jane started to laugh, and she snatched her skirt away from Santos. Holding onto Antonio, she wiggled into the garment.

"You're making me blush."

Santos took her arm and pulled her away from Antonio. Without missing a step he swept her into an energetic waltz. Jane clung to his strong arms. She'd yet to see him so carefree, and his wide smile warmed her heart.

"They were disappointed when we stole you away." Antonio twirled her away from Santos. "Many a man will dream of you tonight."

"I really didn't do anything—"

"And everyone will envy us for having the exotic Jane in our bed." Santos stole her away again.

"There isn't anything exotic about me." She was laughing so hard she was breathless.

"We think there is." Santos gave her a mock leer. "Antonio, I believe we have unfinished business to attend to."

"Business? This late?" The last thing she wanted was to share her men with anyone else.

"Ah, yes, *Belleza*." Santos slowed the dance then dipped her. "You are our business. Your masters are in need of your services."

The gleam in his eyes left her in no doubt what those services might entail. Her pussy throbbed as Santos escorted her to a grand piano. Set on a riser, the instrument was polished to a high finish. Wide windows overlooked the gardens and thousands of fairy lights glowed against the darkness. With the domed glass ceiling above, it felt as if they were outside.

"Do you have any requests?" Antonio ran his fingers over the keys.

"Maestro, play something...stormy."

"Carmina Burana it is then."

Santos's swept her off her feet and placed her on the piano. When Antonio began to play, the notes worked their way up her spine to vibrate throughout her body. Pleasure curled in her belly.

"This is lovely." She sighed with pleasure.

Santos laid his hands on her knees and there was no mistaking his desire. Reaching for him, she slid her hands around his neck.

"Outside, they will see us." She nodded toward the window.

"Do you care?" His smile was wicked.

"Not in the slightest." She answered his smile with a soft kiss. "I am Beauty, a woman to be pleased."

"That you are." His hands slid down her thighs. "And now you have a job to do. I'd like you to accompany our friend."

Pulling her toward him, he spread her thighs leaving Jane no choice but to lie back. At the first touch of his tongue, she arched. A wail was torn from her as each silken stroke of his tongue sent shockwaves through her body.

Raising her arms over her head, she latched onto the edge of the piano. Sparks burst against her eyelids, and she thrust upward forcing her clit harder against his tongue. The tempo of the music increased as did her cries. The loudest came when Santos stopped and eased her legs from his shoulders.

"I never said you could come, did I, slave?" His smile was wicked.

"No, master." Her voice was a mere whimper.

"Move backward and assume the position."

Sluggishly, Jane inched back to the center of the piano thankful for her velvet skirt as it allowed her to slide with little effort. Turning her over, Santos joined her, helping her to her knees. There wasn't a lot of room so she crossed her arms and rested her forehead on them.

"Excellent."

When he spread her cheeks, she winced. She was still sensitive from her earlier discipline.

"Tonight you've pleased me very much, *Belleza*." Santos pressed a finger firmly against her anus. "We've drawn a crowd outside, and I think we should give them a show."

Jane glanced out the windows and saw he was right. A small group of costumed guests was gathered on the paths openly staring at them.

"Would you like that, my slave?" he crooned. "Me fucking you in the ass while our friends watch us?"

"Yes, master," she whispered.

He applied gel to her anus, taking care to ensure she was properly prepared. The stroke of his fingers was both soothing and arousing. The caress stopped. She heard the metallic whisk of a zipper and then felt the broad head of his cock press against her.

She moaned, pushing her hips toward him.

"Patience," he sounded strained.

Increasing the pressure, he slipped past the right ring of muscle and worked himself inside inch by delicious inch. When he began to thrust, she met him stroke for stroke. Animal-like sounds emerged from his throat and the slap of his balls against her flesh was felt more than heard. When he touched her clit, she knew it was over.

Her orgasm was immediate and violent. The room swirled around her as wave after wave of pummeled her flesh and held her in its thrall. The music crashed around her drenching her in shafts of colored light. Santos continued stroking her clit with his slick finger and a second release came hard on the heels of the first. She was floating, soaring...

His grip on her hips tightened when he came. His body jerked once, twice, three times before coming to a rest. After a few moments he withdrew leaving her empty, needy. Even though she'd had two mind-blowing orgasms, her hunger persisted. She craved another then another and another...

Strong hands rolled her over onto her back. Forcing open her eyes, she saw it was Antonio who leaned over her. Sweat gleamed on his upper lip and he was struggling to free his engorged cock from his pants. Beneath her, the piano came to life.

Mmm... It would seem he'd enjoyed the show.

Mustering what little strength remained, she sat up. Reaching for him, she touched his cock then leaned forward to taste him. Swirling her tongue over the broad head, his hips thrust forward. Silk over steel, she stroked his erection tasting the salt of his need.

*"Belleza, stop."*

His words barely registered before he pulled his cock from her mouth. Spreading her legs wide, he entered her with a powerful thrust, and she was sobbing with gratitude. Antonio was a big man both horizontally and vertically, and she was going to take advantage of every delicious inch.

"You're fucking beautiful," he panted. "Watching Santos fuck you in the ass was delicious misery."

Desire burned her from the inside out as a warm shivery chasm burst open in her lower belly. Antonio gathered her close and their lips met in a kiss so carnal, so animal that she burned. Greedy hands gripped, teased and caressed as their bodies surged and lunged in the battle for supremacy.

Again and again her body took its pleasure, clenching around his cock as sheer bliss poured through her body like melted chocolate, filling all of the empty nooks and crannies in her soul. Spasms washed over her like raindrops, each one sharper and more complex than the one before.

Antonio's face contorted, and his hips lost their rhythm. Tightening her thighs around his hips, he threw back his head, the muscles in his neck stood in sharp relief as he came. His mouth was open, but she heard no sound, only the pounding of the music. He was so beautiful, so raw.

When he began to come down she wrapped her arms around him, savoring the sensation of his body over hers. She began to smile. What a difference a day made. She'd come here looking to get laid, instead she'd found two men who threatened to steal her heart.

“Saint Anthony, Saint Anthony, please come around. Something is lost and cannot be found...mainly my mind.”

Lily was so nervous her body was vibrating like a tuning fork. Jean Jacques would be here any minute and all she could do was pace. Her stomach twisted.

*What the hell are you thinking, girl?*

That was a good question, too bad she didn't have an answer. The madness that had overtaken her in the ballroom was gone, leaving a cold, hard pit in her stomach. Why had she allowed Robert to talk her into this?

*Jean Jacques hurt you...*

So what else is new? Her lips twisted. It wasn't as if he were the first to wound her pride.

*But this time your heart was involved.*

Therein lay the crux of the issue. Jean Jacques had called her a tease then demanded she submit to him. When she refused, he'd screwed another woman in the same room where they'd made love the first time. Images flashed through her mind. Rachel Van de Kemp on her knees with his cock in her mouth...Jean Jacques' beautiful hands on another woman's body.

This was why she was going to fuck Robert on the pool table. Jean Jacques would see them, and he'd hurt as much as she did. Childish? Yes, but this time she was determined to have the upper hand.

“You're so deep in thought a marching band could come through here and you'd never notice.”

Lily scowled at Robert when he strolled through the door. With a Scotch in one hand and a lazy smile on his face, he looked as if he didn't have a worry in his head. Then again, what did he have to be concerned about? His heart wasn't involved, and he was about to get laid with barely lifting a finger.

“You scared me,” she hissed.

“Then maybe you should pay attention to what is going on around you.” Leaving his glass on a table, Robert removed his jacket. “Jean Jacques was still talking to Archer when I left so we have a few minutes.”

“Good. Good.”

When she passed the entrance, she glanced down the long tiled hallway. With the door propped open, Jean Jacques would see them when he turned the corner. The best part was, they'd see him too.

What if he didn't show? Or worse yet, what if he wasn't alone? Her cheeks burned. Humiliating the man she loved wasn't part of the plan. He would forgive her for many things, but his pride was as hard and high as hers. Humiliating him was a wound that may never be healed.

“You're beautiful when you're worried.”

Robert stood next to the pool table watching her. His shirt was crumpled on the floor along with his belt. The top button of his pants was undone and the zipper was halfway down. He'd always been in excellent physical condition, but now he looked bigger, more tanned.



“Then again you were always beautiful,” he said.

“I can’t take credit for good genes.” She gestured to his well-defined abs. “Europe has been good for you.”

“It was the nude beaches. There was no way I was going to drop my drawers and be chased off by crowds of traumatized sun bathers.”

“You were always hot, and you know it.” When Lily placed her hand on his hard stomach, his muscles flexed beneath his skin.

“Lily, are you flirting with me?” He covered her hand with his.

“Don’t I always?”

“And you do it well.”

Dropping his hand, he unzipped his pants. Robert certainly wasn’t lying about the nude beaches as there wasn’t a tan line to be seen. She blinked. Well, there could be tan lines, but she’d never notice because the sight of his cock caused her concentration to fly from her mind.

Jutting from a nest of dark hair, his member was growing longer and thicker before her gaze. He was the only man she’d ever been with who was ready for sex every minute of the day or night. He seemed to be in a semi-aroused state all the time.

“I only ask—” his voice grew husky, “—because I can assure you, I’m a sure thing.”

“Robert, you were always a sure thing,” she teased.

Taking her hand, he brought it down to his groin. Her fingers curled around his rigid length, and he captured her shoulders. Their lips met and his grip tightened, pressing his body against hers.

She’d forgotten what a skilled kisser he was. Nipping, sucking, licking, he was everywhere at once, dissolving her anxiety and arousing her body. A wave of heat struck, shafted through her body and she moaned. His hips thrust forward, forcing his cock through her fingers.

The last thing she’d expected was pleasure. Their coming together was about punishment, not release. They were here to teach Jean Jacques a lesson...but her body had stopped listening when his mouth touched hers. Surrounded by his familiar taste, his scent, Lily responded on a primal level. Revenge was forgotten as the need to mate surged forth. Animal-like moans worked their way up her throat and the desire to throw him down and take him was strong.

His fingers dug into her thighs as he pulled up her skirt. She groaned when he palmed her ass, his big hands flexing and releasing in a pulse not unlike the sex act. Tightening her grip on his cock, she began to stroke. His moan sent a jolt of liquid need to her pussy. Her nipples ached and she rubbed her breasts against him.

The slap of flesh on flesh and a sting on her ass jerked her from the sensual haze they’d created. He’d spanked her again!

“Damn you, Robert.”

Before she could complete the thought, he'd bent her over the pool table. Flipping up her skirt, he forced her legs apart then pinned her hips to the table with his body. His cock ground against her sex and the resulting rush of pleasure obliterated her annoyance.

Besides, revenge was a dish best served cold.

"You want it bad don't you, baby?" Rolling his hips, he slammed his cock against her cunt. "Your pussy is begging for it."

His rough language was both a shock and a turn on. This was new territory for them and while it had thrown her off, she wasn't about to back down from a challenge.

"Fuck, yeah I do, stud." She squirmed against his erection. "You'd better be man enough to deliver."

"Hang on, bitch. I'm going to take you on the ride of your life."

Lily pressed backward as he thrust forward. The broad head of his cock slammed into her cunt. His fingers dug into her hips and a cat-like scream was torn from her. Arching her back, she used her arms like shock absorbers to propel her backward when he lunged into her. Heat threatened to devour her and the sound of slapping flesh punctuated with moans and cries rebounded off the walls.

Taking her by the shoulders, Robert pulled her upright until his chest met her back. Gripping her blouse in one hand, he shredded the cloth with a single jerk.

"You like it rough don't you, Lily?" He captured a nipple and rolled it between his fingers. "A little pain with your pleasure? Well, I'm happy to oblige."

Heat mixed with pain seared her flesh. Her breath caught when she saw something moving in the hallway out of the corner of her eye.

It was Jean Jacques.

A wave of ice cascaded over her. He was watching them and judging his tight expression, he wasn't terribly pleased with her. Then again, she wasn't happy with him either.

Borrowing a move from a porn movie, she tilted her chin then licked her lips. Cupping her breasts, she stuck out her tongue to lick her own nipple.

"What a gorgeous little fuck doll you are, Lily," Robert moaned. "I could screw you all day and come back the next."

Jean Jacques' lips pulled back from his teeth in a snarl so fierce her stomach dropped. Reaching for his pants, his movements were uncoordinated as he fumbled with the zipper. When he managed to get it down, his hand plunged into his pants to unleash his cock.

The bastard was enjoying this.

Raising his hand, he licked the palm before wrapping it around his erect cock. Her eyes widened when he started to masturbate. Any pretense of grace was gone as he worked his hand over his cock like a horny schoolboy. With Robert's cock fucking her like a freight train and Jean Jacques yanking at his with a vengeance, she didn't think she could get any more aroused.

Shivers took hold of her body. Even though she'd gone into this with the idea of faking her pleasure, the need for falsehoods was long past.

"Harder," she moaned. "Fuck me harder."

Robert's thrusts had deteriorated to the level of a caveman's. His fingers bruised her hips and his balls slapped at the lower curve of her buttocks.

"A man would be insane to let you get away." His voice was distorted, breathless. "If you were mine, I'd fuck you so often you'd think of no one but me."

Lily caught the flash of pain in Jean Jacques eyes. His nostrils flared and his skin had taken on a slight sheen of sweat. His cheeks were flushed and a mixture of rage and desire waged war on his face.

Sliding her hand over the curve of her belly, she slipped her fingers into her pussy. With each stroke of Jean Jacques' hand on his cock, she slid her fingers over her slippery clit. She was on fire from the inside out.

"I need to come, please," she panted. "I'm yours, yours, yours, yours..."

Robert pushed her down on the table forcing her to break eye contact with Jean Jacques.

"No—"

Her protest was cut short when felt Robert spread her ass cheeks. Sucking in a noisy breath, she squealed when he pressed a finger against the tight ring of her anus.

"Oh Godddd..."

Thrusting his finger home, her eyes rolled back in her head. Her need for release tore through her body leaving her powerless in the face of the storm. Her cunt pulsed around his cock, and she screamed. Spots swirled against her eyelids and her body pulsed with each delicious spasm. Drained, she allowed her forehead to come to a rest on the table.

Robert came hard, the jerking of his cock seemed to last for hours. If she'd had the energy, she might have managed to come again. Instead she remained limp, shivering through the waves of his release.

After a few long moments she managed to pull herself together enough to raise her head. Jean Jacques was gone.

"I will keel the beech," Giselle snapped.

"Shut up." Annoyed, Peter shoved her into an empty bathroom. "We don't want anyone to hear us."

"Bah, zey won't pay attention." She waved her hand in the air. "Zey know I am ver-we passionate."

"Well passionate or not, we don't need anyone to hear us." He locked the door.

"Whoever zhe blonde beech is, I make her disappear like zhat." She snapped her fingers.

"Where did they meet?"

"I doan know."

"How long has she been with them?"

“Ow would I know?” She flopped down on a chair in front of the mirror. “Tony ’ad to ’ave peeked up zee whore ’ere in Den-verre.”

Peter scowled. He’d been trying to set up a meeting with both Villareal and Santos, but they’d been in and out of the country several times in the past few months and their schedules had yet to coincide. So how had Jane managed an introduction while he couldn’t even get a return call...

They met this weekend.

His fist clenched. Jane, for all of her bottomless libido, wasn’t exactly free with her favors. Yes, they’d had sex the night they met, but she’d kept him at arm length for the next three weeks.

“What a fucking tease,” he growled.

“I zee zhat look on your faze. What are you planning?” Giselle turned toward him. “And ’ow can I help?”

“I’d like to know more about the slave auctions.”

Jane and Santos were sitting in a quiet corner of the gardens, away from the lights and wandering guests. After dinner, Dirk had stolen away with Antonio leaving them to wander the grounds by themselves.

“How familiar are you with the auction process?” Santos slid his arm around her shoulders.

“I’m not.” Making a mental note to burn them, Jane kicked off her shoes. “Peter explained the basics to me. Potential submissives enter into an arrangement with a master to be trained. Is it like a boot camp for bondage?”

“Close enough.” Santos stretched out his long legs. “Have you ever heard the name, Archer Dreng?”

“No. Is that the man from the ballroom?” A faint breeze caressed her cheeks. “Am I correct to assume from your conversation that he’s a trainer?”

“He’s not just any master. He’s notorious on the continent, and his services are highly sought after. Any submissive trained by Archer will command top dollar for his or her services.”

“Isn’t that prostitution?” Jane wrinkled her nose.

“Americans.” He shot her an amused look. “Contrary to what you believe, bondage isn’t about the physical release. The most important component is strictly psychological. In order to seduce the body, one must begin with the mind.

“Archer’s students are trained to submit both mentally and physically. Their capitulation is so deeply ingrained into their psyche that it is said they are capable of reaching levels of pleasure most can only dream about.”

“What do you mean?”

“They achieve orgasm strictly through the bondage process without sexual stimulation. Their arousal is derived from the act of submission.”

“So they are turned on by serving their master?”

“It’s more complicated than that but yes, you’re on the right track.”

“Wow.” She snuggled deeper into his side. “But, doesn’t that make them, well, passive in life?”

“You would think so but no, that doesn’t seem to be the case. Some of his earliest slaves have moved on to conquer their chosen professions. To outsiders the common assumption is submissives have passive tendencies when the opposite is usually true. The vast majority of sexual submissives are goal-oriented, so much so that they desire giving up control sexually as a means of bringing balance into their lives.”

“So they give up control of themselves as a way of equalizing the weight of their professions? Multi-millionaire by day, submissive by night.”

“Don’t let Dirk hear you make that analogy,” he teased. “Archer has a discerning eye and it’s considered a major coup that he approached you.”

“I know I should be flattered but I have to admit, he creeped me out a little.” Feeling foolish, she ducked her head.

“He’s a strong personality, and he’s used to getting his way. When he sees what he wants, he takes it.” His arm tightened. “It’s a good trait to have in a master.”

“Yeah, but...” she shook her head, “...there was something about him that made me uneasy. It was almost as if he knew what was going on in my head before I did.”

“*Belleza*, you have nothing to fear.” He kissed her temple. “He appreciates beautiful women and he’s dedicated to his craft, but he’s not a madman.”

“News flash, serial killers look just like your next door neighbor.” She laid her head on his shoulder.

“What an imagination you have.” He chuckled. “I’ve come to know several of his students, and they have nothing but praise for him.”

“That may be, but I think I’ll pass.”

“Good. Antonio and I don’t like to share our toys.” He laid his cheek against her hair. “Other than your experience with Archer, what did you think of being displayed?”

What did she think about an experience that made her feel like the most beautiful woman in the world?

“It was powerful. Terrifying, thrilling and I never wanted it to stop.”

“So you’d like to do it again?”

“Hell yes.”

“Excellent. You were the most exquisite woman in the room. When Archer was licking you, I thought Antonio was going to come out of his skin.”

“Only Antonio?”

“Are you fishing for compliments?” He was laughing. “Everyone in that room wanted to be inside you, myself included.”

“Is that so?” Jane laid her hand on this hard thigh. “And, now? Do you want to be inside me?”

“How can you even ask?” His voice dropped to a growl. “I’ve been hard since you came out of the bathroom in your costume.”

Jane wiggled out of his embrace then rose, wincing when the gravel dug into her tender feet. Straddling his legs, she climbed onto his lap. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she snuggled close. His rock-hard body radiated heat and strength, and she could use a little of both.

Her gaze moved over his beautiful face. Deep brown eyes that were usually so hard, guarded were open, trusting. A slight smile played at the corners of his mouth, and she couldn’t resist pressing her lips to his. They were soft, gentle against hers. Her tongue slipped out to lick at the seam of his mouth. His tongue met hers and all gentleness dissolved away.

She moaned when he sucked her tongue. His teeth tugged on her lower lip, and she squirmed closer. Her fingers tangled in his hair and her hips began to move. He groaned as if he were wounded when she pressed against his erection.

His hands landed on her thighs, and he pushed her skirt up. When he moved his hand between her thighs, his mouth muffled her sigh. His fingers slipped into her pussy, and she thrust against his hand.

“You’re so wet, so sweet,” he spoke against her lips. “Fuck, Jane. If I don’t get inside you soon I’m going to lose it.”

“Hurry, please.”

He reached for his zipper, but Jane stopped him.

“Let me.”

It took some interesting gyrations but finally she managed to free him. He groaned when she took him in her hand.

“I want you to scream for me, *Belleza*.” His hands latched onto her waist. “Let everyone hear how I make you feel—”

A soft beep interrupted him, and he cursed.

“What was that?”

Putting a hand to his ear, he muttered something in Spanish. His expression turned dark and his body tensed beneath her. Whatever was going on, it didn’t appear to be good news.

“I’m outside, and I’ll be there in a minute.” He dropped his hand.

“What’s going on? Is something wrong?”

“There is something I need to take care of, but it’s nothing you need to worry about.”

“Are you sure?” She scrambled off his lap.

“Yes, I’m sure.” He struggled to stuff his erection back into his pants. “Let me walk you back to the house.”

"I'd rather stay out here if you don't mind." She nodded toward the crowded terrace. "It's so nice and peaceful out here and I don't feel like facing the madness quite yet."

"I'm not sure that's such a good idea." His sharp gaze scanned the area.

"Just give me ten minutes. I'll be in shortly." She smiled up at him.

"And you promise me you won't leave this area?" He seemed distracted, his mind already on whatever task awaited him.

"I won't." She lifted her foot and wiggled her bare toes. "See, no shoes."

"I see that." He kissed her cheek. "If I don't see you inside in the next ten minutes, I'm coming to find you."

He walked away, his long stride covered the distance to the house much faster than when they'd walked out. Then again, he wasn't wearing the most ridiculous shoes in the world.

Taking a deep breath, Jane exhaled slowly. She hadn't lied about needing a few minutes alone. The events of the past day and half were catching up to her, and she was beginning to wind down. Tired or not, she didn't regret a second of it. She'd met two amazing men who'd not only fulfilled her dreams, but they'd far exceeded them. Few women would ever be able to indulge in absolute decadence as she had this weekend.

*It's almost over...*

In the morning it would be over and what then? Would it be too bold if she asked them to continue the relationship? Would they want to?

She sighed. What was the proper etiquette for a situation such as this? She would bet Ms. Manners had never faced a situation as difficult as this-

"Hello, Jane."

Startled, she looked up. A strange man dressed as Henry the Eighth stood in front of her. With a mask covering most of his face, she didn't recognize him immediately, but the voice was vaguely familiar.

"I'm sorry, do I know you?"

"I'm not surprised you'd forget me so soon, not with two men to keep you satisfied."

Her eyes widened when he removed the mask. It was Peter.

"Maybe it has nothing to do with them." Squinting, she scanned the ground looking for her shoes. "It could be that you weren't terribly memorable."

"You always had a smart mouth." He laughed. "It will be my pleasure to curb you of that tendency."

"Peter, you can't do a damned thing where I'm concerned." Locating one shoe, she snatched it up. Where the hell was the other one?

"That's where you're wrong."

A metallic click sounded, and Jane froze.

## Chapter Six

“The first time I saw you I thought you were the most beautiful creature I’d ever seen.”

Lily started when Jean Jacques’ voice intruded upon her moping. After leaving Robert she’d snuck up to the third floor to grab a few minutes alone. Only the few minutes had stretched into hours and she felt no better now than when she’d sat down.

Crushing a tear-stained tissue in her fist, she turned. He stood in the center of the solarium less than ten feet away. His shoes were gone, and his clothing looked as if he’d been rolling on the floor. His hair stood on end as if he’d been running his fingers through it. Even disheveled and unhappy, he was still the most handsome man she’d ever seen.

“You wore a white dress with yellow trim, a giant hat with flowers and a pair of heels so high I didn’t see how you could walk.” His smile was sad. “While you’re not very big you threw me for a loop.”

“I remember that outfit. It was Kitten’s first garden party, and all the ladies wore hats.” She frowned. “But I don’t remember you being there.”

“You never saw me.” He shrugged. “I watched you all afternoon from this very window. Even in those shoes you still ran from one end of the grounds to the other, and you didn’t fall once.”

She laughed though her eyes started to sting.

“I think I fell in love with you that day.” He looked away. “And it’s been torture ever since.”

A tear slid down her cheek.

“I fell in love with you when I was a child, well, the idea of you.” Lily turned to stare unseeingly out the windows. “I would dream of a handsome prince who would see me from across a room and fall in love with me. We’d steal away to his ancestral home and his family would welcome me like one of their own. On the eve of our wedding we’d learn I was the kidnapped daughter of a foreign king and royal in my own right.”

“What happened then?”

“We’d be deliriously happy every day of our lives.” She laid her hand against the glass. Lights in the garden danced as tears blurred her vision. “I spent hours dreaming up the names of our children.”

“That’s a wonderful dream.” His voice was husky. “Do you think it could still come true?”

“No, but it was a good dream for as long as it lasted.” Turning away from the window, she shrugged. “When I hit puberty and realized I’d inherited my mother’s ass and she had her mother’s ass, there was no mistaking that I was a Tyler.”



“And you no longer believe in dreams?”

“Not for me. I’m firmly rooted in the reality of my everyday life.”

“Well, I still believe dreams can come true.”

Their gazes met, and she saw her sadness reflected in his eyes. Lily had no doubt he saw the same in hers. Pain lanced her heart.

“This was a mistake, Jean Jacques. You and I, together? We were doomed from the start.”

Even as the words were said, she wanted to snatch them back. Their pride had created a chasm, which she didn’t have any idea how to heal. Jean Jacques was a man used to leading others, and her mother always accused her of being too independent for her own good.

Their lives together would be nothing but power struggles and heartache, a situation she’d already lived through. Her parents had loved and fought their way through eighteen years of marriage and by the time they had separated they were shells of the people they once were.

“You little liar.” He began to laugh. “I can’t believe you said that without choking.”

“Am not.” She scowled at him. “I’m telling you it won’t work.”

“After two years of intense foreplay and one night of the most amazing lovemaking ever, you are going to walk away as if nothing happened? You are such a fraud.”

“I’m calling it quits before we eviscerate each other.” Lily was practically shouting to be heard over his laughter. “I watched my parents tear each other apart until there was nothing left of the person they’d fallen in love with.”

“Your parents were fools.” He wiped the tears from his eyes. “Melding our lives together could be the adventure of a lifetime.”

“Adventure?” Tears were running down her face, but she didn’t care. She was so angry with him she could strangle him. “You call thousands of nights hiding under the covers as they screamed at one another a fucking adventure?”

“That should’ve never been allowed to happen.” The sadness was gone from his face and determination had taken its place. “But if you think I’m going to let you use that as an excuse to walk away, you’d better think again.”

“Jean Jacques—”

“We’re going to have children, loads of them.” Removing his jacket, he dropped it on the floor. “And when we’re not fighting, fucking or raising our offspring, we’ll be stupidly happy splitting our time between my family home in Provence and our home here in Denver.”

She shook her head. “You haven’t been listening to me. I can’t do this.”

“I have been listening to you.” His tie hit the floor. “I’ve been listening to you for two long years and now I’m done listening.”

“You’re kidding.” Lily backed away. “This can’t be happening.”

She'd spent the last two hours wrestling with the decision to submit to him or tell him to piss off. She'd made her decision and said her piece, and he was going to ignore her wishes and take what he wanted.

"Trust me, Lily." He unbuttoned his shirt. "There is nothing remotely amusing about my intentions toward you."

"I've told you that this—" she gestured between them, "—cannot happen again."

"You're lying to yourself." His cufflinks hit the floor then skittered away. "Your pride dictates that you reject me, but your heart doesn't agree."

"You don't know the first thing—"

"An astute man listens with his heart, not his ears. I hear more than the words you speak."

His shirt floated to the floor, and her mind went blank. Memories of kissing every inch of his chest stole the liquid from her mouth.

"Take off your skirt." He reached for his zipper.

"No, Jean Jacques." Her voice was little more than a whisper.

"Never mind." His pants sagged then slid down. He kicked them to the side. "I can tear it off with my teeth."

Her knees went weak.

"Who was that guy fucking you in the game room?" He reached for his boxers. "Was that Armand?"

"Who was the woman you fucked in the closet?" She shot back.

"You know who she is." His boxers pooled around his ankles, and he stepped out of them. "Did you notice her pearls? She has some unusual talents involving very expensive jewelry."

"Is that so? Well Robert has some interesting talents as well." Her back hit the wall.

"Watching that bastard fuck you was one of the hottest things I've ever seen." His eyes glittered. "Am I correct in assuming that little adventure was for me?" He loomed over her, crowding her with his size. Their lips were so close his breath licked at her mouth.

"It was." She was breathless. "I wanted to punish you for screwing—"

"I saw you, Lily." His fists slammed into the wall on either side of her head, and she flinched. "I saw you masturbating while I screwed Ms. Junior League. You were turned on and that pisses you off."

"I only enjoyed it until I realized it was you." Her voice was a mere whisper. "Then I was hurt."

"You accused me of screwing around on you." He grabbed her wrists and yanked them over her head. "I have always and will always be an honorable man. My word is my bond."

The pain on his face tore at her heart. What had she done?

"Jean Jacques—"

"The one thing I always counted on was your trust. I'd done nothing to abuse that trust and still you accused me of screwing another woman. I didn't deserve that and you know it." His thumb touched her

lower lip. "I'm not your father, Lily, and I'm not like other men. I don't use women and toss them aside. When you gave yourself to me I understand what a gift you are and in turn I gave myself to you."

She was shaking. His gaze scorched her flesh.

"I am your man."

He took possession of her mouth and everything else flew out of her mind. She longed to sink into him, body and soul.

The sound of tearing cloth didn't faze her. When the hairs of his chest grated against her nipples, she moaned into his mouth. She tried to free her hands, but he was having none of it. She felt a jerk on the waistband of her skirt then it too was gone.

Lifting one leg, she wrapped it around one of his trying desperately to get closer. He released her wrists then lifted her into his arms. Twining her legs around his waist, her fingers tangled in his hair. She didn't know where he was taking her, and she didn't care. As long as he came with her she'd be okay.

The world swooped, and he laid her on a chaise lounge. Covering her, he touched her labia, sending a bolt of fire down her spine.

"Jean Jacques, please." Her grip on his hair tightened. "Come inside me."

His cock probed her pussy before sliding home. In unison they groaned. The sensation of him inside her, filling and stretching her most intimate flesh, was both exhilarating and humbling.

"You're crying." He laid his hand on her cheek.

"So are you." Lily smiled. "Take me home, my prince."

Grabbing her by the waist, he rolled until she was on top. Her breath rushed from her lungs when his cock slammed her clit.

"Show me the way, princess," he hissed.

Rising onto her knees, she began to move. Bracing her hands on his shoulders, she swiveled her hips before sliding down again. Repeating the movement, she leaned forward and licked his flat nipples. Taking one into her mouth, she sucked on the hard little nub before worrying it with her teeth.

"Fuck, woman."

He began to buck, his cock thrusting in and out so hard all she could do was hang on. Her orgasm tore through her, and she screamed and the sound echoed off the walls.

He came with a growl, his hand dug into her flesh as his come was jettisoned into her pussy. Slowly she sank onto him, her breath raging in her lungs. Their bodies covered in sweat, they melted together and she was unable to tell where she ended and he began. His heart thudded in her ear, and she closed her eyes.

It was official. She didn't know what the future held but, she realized one thing, she and Jean Jacques would tear each other apart all right, with lust.

Antonio whipped his shirt off and tossed it into the hamper. A drunken party guest had bumped into him and spilled Scotch on his shirt. Grabbing a washcloth, he turned on the water then lathered to remove the stench of alcohol from his arm.

If it wasn't for this unplanned trip to the suite, he'd be with Jane and Santos in the gardens settling down to enjoy the fireworks. He glanced at his watch. If he hurried, he just might make it.

*"Cher Antonio, 'ave you missed me?"*

He was startled when Giselle walked into his bathroom as if she owned the place. Dressed in a thin silk shift, she might as well have been naked. Every bump and curve was visible, and he wondered why she even bothered to dress at all.

*"What the hell are you doing here?"* He tossed the cloth into the hamper then reached for a towel.

*"I'm 'ere to see you. I've missed you."*

Her lower lip stuck out in a practiced pout that used to get him every time. Now he only felt mildly annoyed.

*"What's the matter, Giselle, Ellington not doing it for you?"*

Surprise flashed in her eyes, but she recovered quickly.

*"E's not my luv-air."* She propped her hip on the vanity. *"But I zee you are keeping an eye on me."*

*"Not for the reasons you're thinking."*

Dropping the towel he started to walk around her, and she moved to intercept. When she molded her body to his all he could do was grimace. Giselle was rabid about every bite she put into her mouth and she spent countless hours working out each day. She'd been nipped, tucked and sucked into the perfect model's silhouette. Pert breasts, tight stomach, a firm ass and legs that went from her neck to the floor.

But she didn't hold a candle to Jane.

Taking her firmly by the arms, he set her away from him.

*"You're not welcome here, Giselle."* He headed for the closet. *"This is my brother's home and while they are the ideal hosts who would never dare to embarrass a guest, I have no such compunctions. Get out of my room before I throw you out."*

*"Antonio. 'Ow you speek to me."* She drifted toward him. Her movements were slow and sexy, designed to send a man's brain straight to his groin.

*"Trust me, you deserve worse. You've abused my bank account, gone out of your way to try to embarrass me in the media and now you've come into my brother's home to cause trouble."* He pulled a black T-shirt over his head. *"My patience with you is at an end."*

*"I 'ope you treet your beech better zan zis."* Her expression turned cold, hard. *"What iz 'er name? Jean?"*

*"Jane, and how I treat her is none of your business."* He ground out.

*"Why are you wif zis fat beech anyway?"*

His arm shot out, and he slapped his hand over her mouth. Pushing her backward, he crowded her against the wall. Her eyes bulged.

“You’re not permitted to speak her name, Giselle. She is more of a lady than you could ever hope to become.” His face was so close to hers he could smell her fear.

“You will leave this house within the next ten minutes, and you will do so quietly. If you fail to do as I’ve asked, Santos will be happy to escort you from the grounds.” His eyes narrowed. “Do you understand me?”

Her nostrils flared and terror was reflected in her eyes when Santos’s name was spoken. Antonio didn’t know why she was so afraid of his friend, but he would use whatever weapons he had to get her as far away from Jane as possible.

“Good. For once we have an agreement.”

He stalked toward the door and threw it open. Giselle stared at him with such hatred he had to wonder why she wanted him back so much. Pushing her shoulders back, she walked past him. Down the hall he heard the grandfather clock strike one and outside, the first firework exploded.

“You sorry bastard.” Her voice was sharp, and her body vibrated with anger. “’E already ’as ’er and you won’t want ’er in your bed when ’e’s done.”

“What are you talking about?” Pulling the door shut, he locked it.

“You’re blonde beech.” She was walking backward away from him slowly. “You’re precious whore is with ’im and you’ll nev-air zee ’er again.” Her cheeks were flushed, and she began to laugh.

Antonio didn’t have to ask who she referred to, he already knew. His skin turned cold, and his blood to ice water.

“Where is she, Giselle? Where did he take her?”

“I doan know, and I doan care. As long as you can’t ’ave ’er zen I am—”

Later he wouldn’t remember moving toward her. One minute they were in the hallway and the next he had shoved her back against the wall. His hands were around her throat, and her expression went from merriment to abject fear.

“If he hurts a single hair on her head, I will destroy him.” His grip tightened. “And once I am done with Ellington, I will hunt you down like a rabid dog and I won’t stop until the ground beneath you runs red with your blood.”

Her nails dug into his hands and her eyes were wild with fear. It would take less than three minutes to kill her.

“*¡Amigo!*”

Santos’s shout jerked Antonio back to reality. His friend and a handful of black-garbed security guards were jogging toward him.

“They saved your life, Giselle. This time.”

Slowly he forced his hands to relax before letting go entirely. Giselle slumped to the floor and began to cry.

“She said Ellington has Jane.” His gaze met Santos’s. “He’s taking her off the grounds.”

“No, that can’t be. I just left her in the gardens only minutes ago.”

Another firework detonated and they both looked toward the windows. Everyone was outside watching the show and with the explosions coming so close together no one would hear a woman scream.

Gravel dug into her feet and Jane didn’t have to pretend to stumble this time. Sharp rocks dug into her knees, and she cried out. They were in the parking area and no one was around to help. It didn’t matter how loud she screamed, the fireworks drowned her out.

“Get up you stupid cow.” Peter’s fingers dug into her hair, and he yanked her to her feet. “Why do you keep falling?”

“I don’t have any shoes on, you asshole.”

Tears stung her eyes, and her scalp was throbbing. Had it been ten minutes yet? It seemed like hours had passed since Santos had left her side.

“What the fuck did you do with your shoes?”

He began walking again, this time towing her behind him using her hair like a leash.

“They were hurting, and I took them off. I was trying to get them when you shoved that damned gun in my face.”

“I’ll bet you’re regretting that decision now.” He chuckled.

“I’m regretting quite a few of my recent decisions,” she muttered. “You can’t just drive out of here with me in your car, the guards will stop you.”

“They’d have to see you first.” A metallic click sounded and the trunk of a sleek black Cadillac popped open. “Trust me, they won’t even know you’re in the car. Get in.”

Aghast, she stared at the open compartment. She’d always had a touch of claustrophobia. Consequently she’d go out of her way to avoid any kind of confined space.

Climbing into a car trunk was definitely high on the list of things not to do.

“No, I can’t.”

She started to back away when he yanked her back. Her sore knees slammed into the bumper and pain tore through her legs. Panic threatened to overwhelm her, and she began to fight.

Screaming at the top of her lungs, she ignored the pain as she thrashed against him. Twisting and turning, she struggled to break his grip. Her bare feet did little damage to his shins, but that didn’t stop her.

“Don’t make me hurt you, Jane.”

She brought up her knee, but he deflected the movement. His fist slammed into the side of her head, and she staggered. Spots danced in front of her eyes, and she barely felt him shove her backward into the trunk. The last thing she saw was his triumphant expression before the lid slammed shut.

Across the parking lot Santos saw Ellington strike Jane. She staggered and her hands came up as if she were trying to protect herself. Ellington shoved her backward, and she fell into the trunk.

He began to run. With every step the veneer of a cultured gentleman dissolved and the boy who'd struggled to survive emerged. Ignoring the men following him, he was focused on his prey. Everything else faded away leaving only the sound of his heartbeat in his ears.

A low growl emerged from his throat and increased in volume with every stride. Startled, Ellington swung toward him, and Santos caught sight of the gun in his hand. The other man raised his arm and shouted something, but Santos didn't slow his gait. He was so close...

Leaping, he was airborne when he saw the flash of light from the weapon. Something struck him, tearing through his upper arm. It burned like fire, but the pain was secondary to his need for vengeance. No one terrorized his woman and lived.

He slammed into the other man so hard Ellington was knocked off his feet and the gun flew out of his hand. Landing on the gravel with a jarring crunch, Santos rolled automatically. Slamming the other man's head into the gravel, he was surprised when Ellington flipped him in a simple college wrestling move. He was pinned under a man who outweighed him by fifty pounds.

But college wrestling was no match for a man who'd survived some of the harshest streets in the world.

Twisting, Santos grabbed him by the throat and thrust backward. Bringing up his leg, he struck Ellington in the back of his head with his shin. Stunned, the lawyer's grip slipped, and Santos flipped him backward.

Sitting astride the other man's chest, he began punching him in the face. With each strike Ellington's flesh swelled and split open. Blood coated Santos's fists and still he couldn't stop. Someone grabbed his arm, but he shook him off. His rage was at himself for failing to keep Jane safe, at this sick twisted bastard who'd struck her beautiful face.

The sensation of a butterfly's wings touched his arm, and he caught a flash of pale blue out of the corner of his eye. And just like that, his rage evaporated leaving him feeling empty, exhausted. His head dropped forward, and his eyes closed.

"Santos, Santos can you hear me?"

The soft voice sounded as if it were miles away. Forcing himself to raise his head, he opened his eyes. Jane was crouched beside him, reaching for him. Her cool hands touched his face, his throat. Her beautiful blue eyes were watery and the concern on her face broke through the cocoon he'd built around his heart.

“Santos?”

“He hurt you.” His voice was little more than a whisper. “He deserves to die.”

“No, no, Santos. If you kill him then you will be taken away from me.” Tears ran down her face. “Losing you will hurt me far worse than anything he could ever do.”

“Jane—”

He started to rise, but his legs felt like overcooked spaghetti. Jane took his arm and eased it over her shoulders. She was so small beside him, and he was afraid to lean on her too much. He couldn’t stand it if he hurt her more than she’d already—

“*Bien hecho, hermano.*” Antonio slipped under his other arm and threw his arm around Santos’s waist. “Let me buy you a drink.”

Santos began to laugh.



## Chapter Seven

“I’m sorry I frightened you.”

Santos’s voice was a welcome rumble against her back.

“You have nothing to be sorry for.” Rolling onto her back, she smiled up at him. “You saved me.”

Rather than being pleased by her words, he became more remote. He made to leave her side.

“It was because of me that you were hurt in the first place.”

“No, Santos. You can’t think that way.” She latched onto his uninjured arm. “You couldn’t have known Peter would do something so insane.”

“I never should’ve left you alone.”

The anguish in his voice tore at her heart. There was no way she was going to let him take the fall for Peter’s idiocy.

“I have news for you.” She thumped him on the chest. “I’m a grown woman, and I make my own decisions. I chose to stay outside when you tried to convince me to come in.”

“When he hit you, all I wanted to do was kill him.” His eyes shone with unshed tears. “I was afraid I would lose you.”

“And here I am, found again.” She smiled. “You weren’t the only one who wanted to kill him. I was scared, but I knew if I could delay him long enough that you and Antonio would find me.”

The bedroom door opened, and Antonio came in.

“We have Giselle to thank.” Santos nodded his head in his friend’s direction. “She got mad at Antonio and told him Peter had taken you.”

“But it was Santos who ran like the wind to get to you before Ellington could steal you away.” Antonio joined them on the bed. “I never could keep up with him.”

“I got shot.” Santos snorted. “If you had kept up with me then chances are you would’ve had enough sense to dive for the gun.”

“I don’t know, your dive through the air was a thing of beauty...”

Jane released Santos and snuggled down between her two men. She wanted nothing more than to sleep for a day straight, but she didn’t have that luxury. In only a few hours the sun would be up and she’d have to start packing to return home. Her fantasy weekend was almost over.

“What do you mean you didn’t ask her?” Santos was saying.

“Me? I left her here with you. I thought you would ask her.” Antonio shot back. “I was downstairs cleaning up your blood.”

“Well I wouldn’t have bled if you’d managed to keep up with me old man.”

Santos shoved Antonio’s shoulder and in the process jostled Jane.

“Hey, I’m here you know.”

Both men looked at her.

“Still can’t believe you didn’t ask her,” Antonio muttered.

“What, your vocal chords are frozen? You speak English as well as I.”

“As well as me.”

“That’s what I said.” Santos’s eyes narrowed.

“No you didn’t, you said ‘as well as I’ when ‘as well as me’ is correct.”

“What the hell did you need to ask me?” she shouted.

Both men grinned, and she thought she saw a faint blush on Santos’s cheeks.

“*Belleza*,” Antonio spoke. “We would like to ask you to continue this relationship beyond this weekend.”

Her heart leapt.

“We would be honored if you would allow us to become not only your masters, but your partners.”

Jane scrunched up her face and pretended to consider the situation.

“How long do I have to think about it?”

Santos looked stunned and the smile vanished from Antonio’s face. They looked so crestfallen she began to laugh.

“I would be delighted to continue our current arrangement. Who knows where it might lead.”

Antonio let out a whoop, and Santos kissed her on the cheek. Cuddled between them Jane thought of how lucky she was. She’d come here to test the sexual waters and instead she’d met two men who’d changed the rules in the middle of the game.

Watch out world, Beauty was ready to play.

## About the Author

To learn more about Dominique Adair, please visit [www.dominiqueadair.com](http://www.dominiqueadair.com). Send an email to Dominique at [wilder@jcwilder.com](mailto:wilder@jcwilder.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

*Available Now:*

Seducing Jane Porter  
Educating 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.

*One hot man is good. Two's double the fun...until your heart gets involved.*

## Tempt Me Twice

© 2009 Eden Bradley

Jessie has been in love with her bisexual best friend, Paul, since their college days. He's never made a move on her, though, and at this point she values his friendship too much to risk revealing her feelings. Especially since now he has a new male lover and seems so happy.

Paul and Noah have only Jessie's rest and relaxation in mind when they invite her along on a camping trip to Lake Tahoe. She's been pretty stressed out preparing to show her art at a major New York gallery. A weekend getaway will do her a world of good—and they won't take no for an answer.

Jesse thought she'd be nothing more than a third wheel on this trip. But Noah is as sweet and hot as Paul, and their first night turns into a heated tangle of bodies in the dark tent by the lake.

It's an erotic, intense experience that must come to an end. And when it does, will she still have her best friend?

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Tempt Me Twice:*

Somehow they all got their clothes off, the men helping her to wriggle out of her damp panties. A hand slipped between her thighs, brushing her mound, making her cry out. She didn't even know which one of them it was until Paul said, "I always knew you would be like this. Wet. Ready. Christ, Jess. I need to fuck you soon. I can hardly wait."

"I need to fuck you both," Noah said, laughing.

They laid her on her back, came together over her body, and the two men leaned in, closer, closer, until their lips met. It went through her like a shock, seeing them kiss. Male lips on male lips, and then they opened to each other, and she could just make out the wet flesh of tongues, heard their quiet moans. Her pussy was absolutely aching with need, and the longer she watched them kiss, the hotter she became. Just when she was sure she couldn't stand it any longer, Noah reached down and cupped one of her breasts, used his fingers to tease the nipple. And Paul slipped one hand between her thighs.

"Oh! God..."

"Is that good, Jess?" Paul asked. "I want it to be good for you."

"Oh, yes. It's good." She could hardly speak through the desire lancing into her body. Her pussy throbbed. She needed him to really touch her, to push his fingers inside her.

She arched her hips into Paul's hand, her breast into Noah's.

"Our girl is needy," Noah said, humor in his voice, but it was rough with lust too.

"Let's give her what she needs then," Paul said. "Do you want us to go down on you, Jess? I've fantasized about that for years. I need to know what you taste like."

“Just do it. Please.”

Was that her voice, so weak with desire? But she didn't have a chance to think about it. Paul leaned in and spread her thighs wide, lowered his mouth. His breath was warm on her mound for one moment, then he used his fingers to massage the lips of her sex. Desire, hot, intense, danced over her skin. Then he spread her pussy until she was wide open and planted his mouth between her thighs.

“God, Paul!”

His mouth was wet, hot, his tongue diving into her, into that needy hole, and she was gasping. Noah's hands were still on her breasts, kneading, tugging on her nipples.

“Noah...please...”

“Please what, Jessie?”

“I need...I need it harder.”

“Like this?”

He pinched her nipples between his fingers, and she gasped.

“Yes!”

It was almost too much, her nipples burning with sensation, her pussy dripping and Paul lapping up her juices with his tongue. Pleasure upon pleasure, her body on fire. She squirmed, on the edge already. But it was too good to come just yet. She bit her lip, held back.

Paul paused, lifting his head for one moment. “Come on, baby. Come for us.”

*For us.*

Oh, she was going to come any moment, despite her best efforts. She'd never felt anything like this. And she wanted to see them kiss again. She wanted them to fuck her, first one, then the other. She wanted to see them fuck each other. She wanted it all.

“Come, Jessie. I want to hear you moan,” Noah said. “I want to hear you scream.”

He twisted her nipples in his fingers, bent and took her mouth with his, his tongue pushing inside. And Paul was licking her, his tongue diving inside her pussy, then flicking at her clit. She arched into his face. She could barely stand it. And when he pulled her clit into his mouth, sucking, sucking, she came in a torrent of sensation. Exploding. Burning, fire spreading through her body in sharp currents.

“Oh God!”

She kept coming, sensation overload. She couldn't stop. Paul's hot mouth worked mercilessly between her thighs, Noah's clever hands worked her nipples. She shuddered, pleasure pouring through her, until she was drowning in it, helpless.

When it was over, they both held her, stroking her skin. She could smell desire in the air. Hers. Theirs. She wanted more.

“I need to see you,” she told them. “I need to see you two together.”



“Not a problem.” She could make out Noah’s slow, wicked grin in the dim light from the full moon shining outside the tent. Just enough light to see them, and it was the hottest thing she’d ever seen, Noah’s head falling back as Paul leaned in to kiss his throat. Paul moved lower, drew one of Noah’s small, dark nipples into his mouth and sucked. Noah groaned, and Jessie’s sex filled, swelled, needy and wet once more. A small moan escaped her.

“You like to watch, Jessie,” Noah said, his voice rough.

“Yes.”

“Will you touch yourself while you watch? I’d really love to see that. To see what makes you feel good.”

“Oh God.”

Paul lifted his head, smiled at her, reached out and stroked her cheek. “I’d love to see you touch yourself, Jess. Do you know how often I’ve imagined that? Do it, Jess. Do it for me.”

His words went through her like a hot storm, and she nodded, sat up, knelt on the hard ground, her knees spread wide.

“Just do it,” she said.

They both smiled at her, watched with glittering eyes as she slipped a hand between her aching thighs. She was soaking wet again. Her fingers went right to her hard clit, stroking, sending pleasure through her in small waves. The two men turned back to each other, and Noah put his hands on Paul’s chest, pushed him down onto his back. He straddled Paul’s body, bent until his head was inches from Paul’s cock. And as he slid the swollen tip into his mouth, Paul reached out and grasped Jessie’s thigh, his hand like a brand on her skin.

She watched, fascinated, as Noah took his own cock in his hand and began to stroke. Then he lowered his mouth, Paul’s cock sliding between his lips. He came back up, and Paul’s cock was wet with Noah’s saliva, gleaming. Jessie slipped her hand between her pussy lips, slick with her juices.

“Come on, Noah,” Paul whispered. “Really suck it.”

A small laugh from Noah, then he went to work, drawing Paul’s cock in between his lips, his mouth sliding, lowering, until Jessie imagined the head of Paul’s cock hitting the back of his throat. She shivered as she watched, wanting to do the same, to taste him herself.

Paul moaned, and she plunged two fingers deep inside her pussy. Her juices dripped down her spread thighs, and desire was like a furnace in her system, heat on her skin, deep inside her as she thrust her fingers in and out.

Paul’s hips were pumping into Noah’s mouth, his hand gripping Jessie’s thigh. She arched her hips, needing his touch.

“Come closer, Jess,” he told her.

She moved until her knees were pressed against Paul’s side, and he slid his hand up her thigh.

“God, I need to touch you. Spread for me.”

She could hear the strain in Paul’s voice, the wet sounds of Noah sucking his cock. The scent of sex was heavy in the air. And she could see Noah stroking his own hard cock, thrusting into his fisted hand. Then Paul’s fingers were pushing in between her pussy lips, sliding into that needy hole.

“Ah, Paul!”

“Is that good, baby? I want it to be good for you.”

“It’s good...so good.”

His fingers pushed deeper inside and his thumb went to her clit, pressing, rubbing.

“I’m going to...I’m going to come again.”

“Yeah, come for me. Come for us, Jess. I want to come with you.”

She could hear the strain in his voice and knew he didn’t have long. Neither did she. It was all too intense, Paul’s hand working her mercilessly, fucking her with his fingers, pressing on her clit. And the sight of their two beautiful male bodies—Noah stroking his rigid shaft faster and faster, going down on Paul, imagining how their cocks would feel in her mouth—was making her shake all over.

Heat pooled in her sex, her stomach, spread. She arched her hips into Paul’s hand.

“Harder...please.”

“Anything for you, Jess.”

He added another finger, filling her wet pussy, pushing hard into her, grating against her G-spot.

“Paul!”

“Come, baby. I’m coming...coming...”

He gasped, groaned, and her entire body clenched in pleasure, her climax shattering her, sharp and blinding.

“Oh...”

She could smell the acrid scent of Paul’s come, the scent of her own slick juices as her sex convulsed hard around his fingers. Noah’s moans joined theirs as he came, the sound driving her on.

Finally, the last edges of her orgasm faded away, and Paul pulled his fingers from her, drew her to him until she lay against his chest. Noah was on his other side, stroking Jessie’s hair. And it felt so good, so incredible. Her body was buzzing, her mind clouded. And her heart was thundering with spent desire and emotion. She couldn’t believe she was here with Paul. And sweet Noah. Sweet and dirty. She’d never felt like this in her life.

*Born to protect women's hearts, her own beats longingly for a mortal. Oops...*

## Oh Goddess

© 2009 Gwen Hayes

Ondina, one thousand years a goddess, doesn't think much of mortal men. Probably because her sole purpose in life is to protect the hearts of women who don't want to fall in love. And now one of those blasted men—Jack—has shattered her sacred chalice, trapping her in a mortal body.

Jackson Nichols, on the partner track at his law firm, is the first to admit he always follows his head. Never his heart. Dina is infuriating, messy, condescending, sexy, beautiful and...well, just about everything that doesn't fit into his meticulously planned life.

Neither expects to find many redeeming qualities in the other. But when push comes to love, which will Dina choose? Her newly human heart...or one thousand years of duty?

\*All author and editor proceeds from the sale of *Oh Goddess* will be donated to the Coalition for Pulmonary Fibrosis. You can find out more about the foundation at [www.coalitionforpf.org](http://www.coalitionforpf.org).

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Oh Goddess:*

"In you go, Goddess."

The mortal held open the front door to his home and gestured her in. Ondina sauntered through the threshold, but not before glaring at him. She also held back the great desire to stick out her tongue at him.

Humans were strange creatures, especially the male ones. She did not much care for being thrust into his caretaking, though she saw the wisdom of it. Until she was able to return to her own realm, she needed a guide for this one. Males had their uses. Or so she hoped.

She appraised his living area—black and steel, sleek lines and little color but for a few pieces on the walls. She ran her finger over the divan made from the skin of an animal. She doubted he had killed it himself. He was more a scholar than a hunter, yet he seemed to maintain strong masculinity. She had no doubt he attracted a fair amount of female admirers. Once again, humans were strange creatures, after all.

Ondina wandered to the wall at which he had set up an altar consisting of a large screen and several lit up boxes. Apparently, he prayed to the Gods of Technology. She faulted him not, for she also very much liked the noises and pictures from those boxes. She surveyed the devices with keen interest. Perhaps he would instruct her on their use.

Just thinking of asking him for assistance made her snarl. He had barely spoken to her on their journey here; his jaw had been set as if cast in iron. She rolled her eyes. Obstinate male. And every time he called her "Dina" her fingers clenched like bird feet on a branch. It was worse when he called her

“Goddess” though. No reverence in his voice—in fact, the opposite. He may as well have been calling her “Nuisance”.

She opened her mouth to say something demeaning to him, just for fun, when a hideous noise emanated from her middle and she felt a sharp, gnawing pain.”Mortal! Quickly! There is something wrong.”

He looked unamused. “Yes, Your Highness?”

She shook her head and grabbed his hand, bringing it to her own middle.”Something growls. It hurts here.”

He laid his hand flat on her belly.”When was the last time you ate?”

“I have not. Are you insinuating that I ate a small, growling animal?”

He chuckled.”No. I am insinuating that you are hungry. What do goddesses like to eat? I’m afraid I’m all out of fresh peeled grapes.”

“So, the growling signals hunger?” She would remember that for next time. Besides, to eat would be such an adventure. She’d wanted to try flapjacks since she had saved a young woman’s heart on the Oregon Trail.

He led her to the kitchen and motioned for her to sit.”When you win the Oscar someday, I guess I will be glad I played along with this. You must be very popular with the drama club.”

She sat on a stool while he began meal preparations, accepting a goblet of what he told her was wine, but not before she smelled it for poison. She swirled it, enjoying the look of it in the glass.

Ondina studied him closely. His hair was black as night, but his eyes as blue as cornflowers. He moved about the kitchen with lazy grace, not lumbering like some fool men she had seen. She supposed he was handsome, therefore dangerous. She wondered why she had never been invoked by a woman wanting to protect herself from *him*. It would certainly necessitate a strong magic.

They didn’t speak while he cracked eggs into a bowl. He wasn’t snipping at her anymore, but it unsettled her more that he did not. She did not like to be ignored. She watched him a few minutes more.

“Tell me, mortal...” She stared at him thoughtfully.”If you do not believe I am here by way of magic, why are you preparing a meal for me? Why am I not on the grass of your lawn with a bruised tailbone for my troubles?”

He was stirring the mixture over the heat.”I suppose I’m wondering what you’re really about. My sister certainly believes you, and she is generally trustworthy.” He plated the eggs and set one plate in front of her as he came around to take the stool next to hers.”I just don’t believe in conjuring and goddesses and magic bottles.”

She regarded her eggs carefully and then took a bite.”I am enjoying the eating. I should like to try a bubble bath next. Do you possess the potions to make it bubbular?”

“Bubbular?” he repeated, and then shook his head.”I suppose I could make your bathwater *bubbular*.”

They ate the rest of the meal in silence.

He poured them more wine and gestured to the living room. "Ondina?"

"Yes, mortal?"

He sighed. "I have a name you know."

"How pleasant for you."

She shrieked a bit when the goblet he thrust at her dribbled onto her hand.

He sat next to her. "Tell me why Rachel turned to spells and witchcraft."

He looked perplexed, and her heart pinged. Just a little. It would take some getting used to, this human heart.

"Rachel is very intelligent. She is also very dedicated to her studies. She will be a fine healer someday."

"I know that. Tell me the part I'm missing."

Ondina sighed. "Men. Boys. Neanderthals." His face was not yet registering understanding, so she gulped the rest of her wine and stood. "Love." She paced the room. The subject always agitated her. "She was falling in love. She was falling *hopelessly* in love with one of your kind."

"Is he a bad guy or something?"

"He is a *he*." Imbecile. What more was necessary to make him a "bad guy"?

Jack stood up and blocked her path. "I'm all for Rachel finishing school before rushing into any serious relationships, but being male doesn't equate him with being evil."

"Does it not? Are you so sure?" She folded her arms and looked him square in the eye.

"Dina, it sounds to me like you had a really bad relationship, and you're trying to scare my sister off men." A subtle change came over his face as an epiphany dawned across his features. "You're an angry lesbian, aren't you?"

She shoved him out of her way. "Do you even know what eviscerate means?"

Ondina stomped back into the kitchen, poured the last two drops of wine into the glass and growled with frustration. She opened the door of the cold storage and removed another bottle. She stared at its closure while eyeing the opener on the counter. How in the worlds would *that* open *this*? It made no sense, surely they could have come up with an easier way to open a bottle. Maybe she should throw *his* chalice into a wall and see how well he liked it.

The mortal followed her into the kitchen and held out his hand for the bottle. She snorted and handed it to him. Condescending ingrate. How frustrating. Especially when he opened the bottle with ease and poured them each another glass.

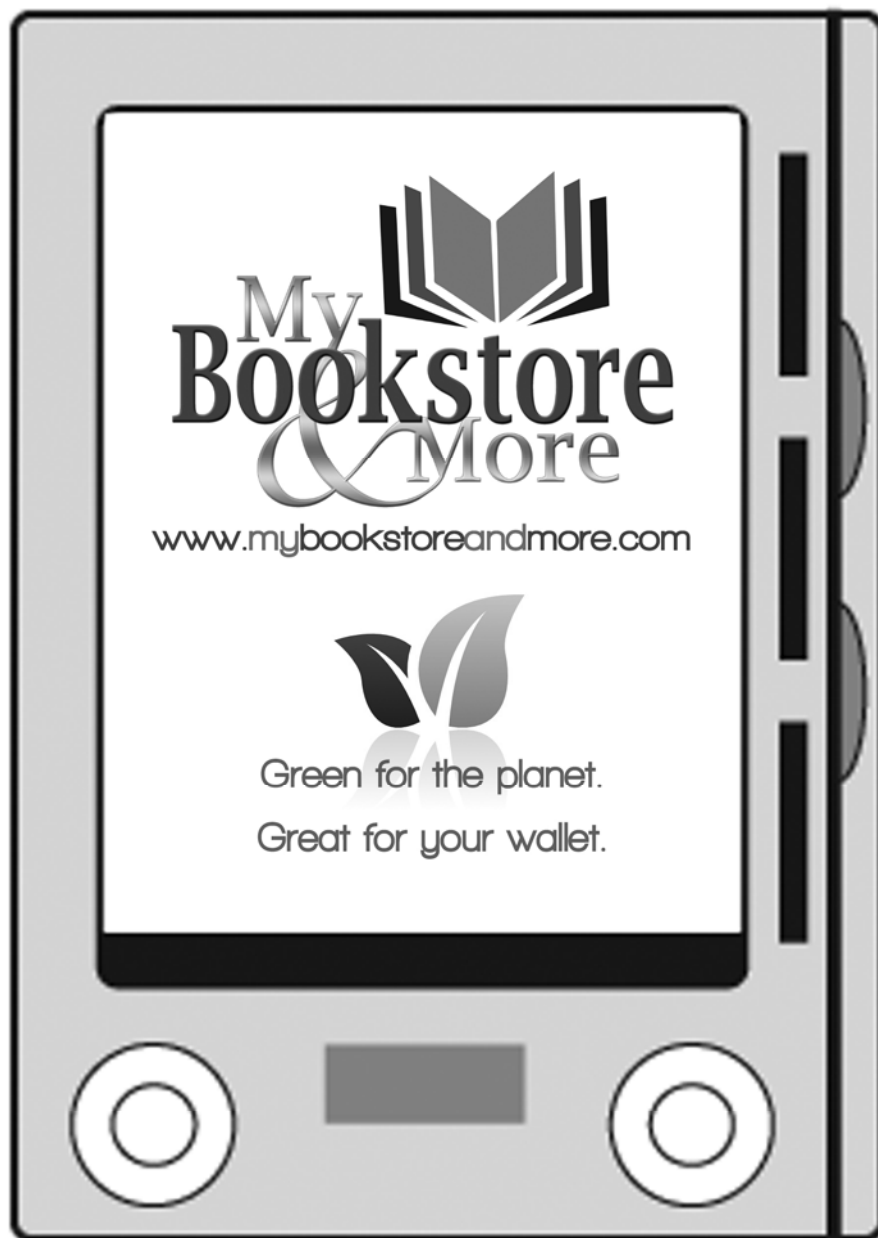
"Sorry about the whole lesbian thing." He handed her a glass. "It was very tactless of me. You seem to bring that out in me for some reason. Why don't you tell me why you hate men."

She pursed her lips and cocked her head. "I do not hate men. Why ever would you think that?"

Jack blinked at her."Just a hunch. The word eviscerate comes to mind."

"My purpose is to protect the heart of a woman, not to hate men." She wrinkled her nose."I just happen to find most of them to be daft."

"You have a point. I must be daft. I just made scrambled eggs for a crazy woman who thinks she is a goddess, I'm getting ready to run her a bubbular bath, and it looks as though I'll be putting her up for the night." He shook his head."Until a few short hours ago I led a very well-ordered life, you know."



# Samhain Publishing, Ltd.

*It's all about the story...*

Action/Adventure

Fantasy

Historical

Horror

Mainstream

Mystery/Suspense

Non-Fiction

Paranormal

Red Hots!

Romance

Science Fiction

Western

Young Adult

[www.samhainpublishing.com](http://www.samhainpublishing.com)