

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

DESIREE  
HOLT

JOURNEY  
TO THE PEARL

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Journey to the Pearl

ISBN 9781419914553

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Journey to the Pearl Copyright © 2008 Desiree Holt

Edited by Helen Woodall.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication February 2008

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>)

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the authors' imagination and used fictitiously.

# *JOURNEY TO THE PEARL*

**Desiree Holt**

## *Dedication*

Once again to the Muses, friends who are so special in my life, and to my own hero, my wonderful husband, David, who has taught me how to enjoy and embrace life, and who encouraged me to seek my success.

## Chapter One

"I can't believe the asshole took it with him."

Miranda Fox stabbed a piece of sweet and sour shrimp with a vicious jab of her fork and popped it into her mouth.

Her friend, Leslie Keller, looked at her across the table in the Chinese restaurant in amazement. "I don't know why not. It's exactly the kind of thing Raoul would do."

"Raoul." Miranda said it as if it was a nasty word. "The name's as phony as he is. Why am I always fooled by a big dick and a clever pair of hands?"

Leslie sipped from the tiny cup of hot tea. "You aren't alone in that, kiddo. I think we all lay claim to that failing."

"You know," Miranda went on, "that pearl was supposed to be his gift to me. That perfect pearl on a fine gold chain. Except he pulled that old trick of forgetting his wallet and oh, Miranda, honey, I'll pay you back later. I just have to buy this for you. Yeah, right." She pushed her plate away in disgust. "And the damned thing cost a fortune."

Leslie burst out laughing. "I can't figure out which pisses you off more—having Raoul take a powder or copping that expensive piece of jewelry."

"My own stupidity is what's really the problem." She refilled her own teacup. "You'd think someone with as much money as I have would have a brain that works better."

"Listen to me." Leslie leaned forward and placed her hand over her friend's. "You spent the last ten years building your software company into a force of nature and then sold it to one of the biggies for an obscene amount of money. I'd say that's using your brain."

"Okay. Let's amend that. I need a brain where men are concerned."

"Maybe your quest for the perfect lover is getting a little out of hand," Leslie commented.

"Ya think?" Miranda shook her head, her thick sable-colored hair cascading around her shoulders. Her sapphire eyes were filled with anger and her sensuous mouth had compressed to a thin line.

"Your problem, my dear friend, is that now you have too much money to spend and too much time on your hands. After all those years of working nonstop now you're part of the idle rich and maybe you're too idle."

"God, you make me sound like a nympho with too much money. Maybe I should find another hobby."

"Maybe you should find out a little more about your boy toys before you take them home with you." Leslie suggested.

Miranda sighed. "I do seem to keep finding the ones with smooth looks, big cocks and not much else. Well, I'm getting my favorite private detective after this one first thing in the morning. That pearl is unique enough that it shouldn't be too hard to trace." She shook her head in disgust. "I ought to have B.J. start investigating the men I meet before I date them instead of after they make off with the family silver."

"At least you keep him entertained," Leslie smiled.

B.J. McNamara had been recommended to her when she suspected someone was pirating a new piece of software just before she sold the company. He'd found the culprit in a very short period of time and she'd used him ever since then whenever she needed an investigator. He was smart, savvy and had all the right connections. And gorgeous to boot. Too bad he had a firm rule about playing house with clients. She'd park his shoes under her bed in a hot minute.

"I'm sure B.J. thinks I'm a dimwit," Miranda sighed. "I won't be doing anything to dispel that thought when I call him about my latest fiasco. I suppose this was a damn stupid idea to begin with."

"There's nothing wrong with looking for the perfect lover. God knows we'd all like to find him. But..."

"I know, I know. Go about it a little differently."

They sat quietly while the waiter efficiently cleared their dishes. When the table was empty, he discreetly placed a small plastic tray containing their bill and two fortune cookies between them. Miranda opened hers first. Her eyes widened as she read the message, then she burst into full-throated laughter.

"What?" Leslie reached for the slip of paper.

Miranda dangled it just out of reach. "You won't believe it. Oh, this is just too rich. Leslie, did you bribe someone to give this to me?"

"If you don't tell me what it says this minute I will reach across the table and smack you."

Miranda held up the fortune in her small, slim hand with a flourish. "It says, 'Find the perfect pearl and you will find the perfect lover.' Can you believe it?"

Leslie grabbed the slip and read it for herself. "So I guess this means the search is still on?"

"How could it not be after this?"

"But first a visit to B.J. to find the damned pearl Raoul swiped. It's supposed to be perfect. Maybe whoever has it now will be the answer to my search and fulfill all my sexual fantasies."

"Just keep your wallet locked up this time," Leslie warned.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miranda tossed her keys into the porcelain bowl on the cherrywood table in her condo foyer. In her bedroom she stripped off her clothes, tossed them into the hamper in the closet, then stood in front of her full-length mirror, analyzing her body.

*Not too bad*, she thought, being as objective as possible. A little on the short side, the thighs a tiny bit fleshy but her bottom was well rounded and her breasts were still firm

and full. Her stomach was still flat, thanks to a steady regime of exercise but with a slight roundness that men seemed to love. She'd vacillated between shaving her pubic mound completely and waxing it bikini-style. Now she kept it trimmed so there was just a fine line of curls on the labia with a tiny nest at the top of her slit.

She wasn't looking for a relationships. She liked her individuality. Her freedom. But now she had the opportunity to indulge all of her sexual fantasies without worrying about another person. Was that selfish of her? Maybe but she was ready for a little selfishness in her life.

What was wrong with her, though, that men seemed to keep losing interest in her? Did she push too hard? Was she too willing? Not willing enough? Or did she focus so much on the sex she forgot there were other facets to a man she needed to take into consideration?

Or maybe it was just they realized she'd gotten as bored with them as they were with her. When she sold her company she suddenly had no place to go and nothing to do. But the vast world of pleasure that she'd allowed to pass her by while she focused on her business opened up to her like a huge candy store. At the moment, however, her drawer full of toys excited her more than any man she'd been with.

Just thinking of them now she felt moisture gather in her cunt and trickle to the inside of one thigh. She opened the outer lips of her pussy and spread her legs wide. Her breath caught as she saw the glistening pink flesh. She might not have found the perfect lover but she could give herself a great orgasm.

Pulling open the drawer in her nightstand, she took out two lengths of silken cord, a long, narrow butt plug, her lubricant and the purple dildo that she loved because it had extensions to grab her clit. Slathering the plug, she knelt on the bed and reached behind her, inserting it slowly in her rectum until it was fully seated. Next she looped one length of cord over her left ankle and tied it to one of the bedposts. The other she looped around her left wrist and fastened it to the headboard.



She spread her legs, enjoying the feeling of being restrained, the simulation of helplessness. The dildo slid easily into her already dripping cunt and she placed the little extensions on her clit, drawing in her breath at the touch of it on her already hot nub. Then, closing her eyes, she pressed the button at the bottom of the dildo and sank into the vibrations running through her.

The buzzing on the tip of her clitoris nearly drove her mad, as it always did and already she could feel the walls of her pussy quiver. The sensations penetrated the thin membrane separating her cunt from her asshole and the butt plug began to shimmy in that hot, dark tunnel. Her orgasm began to build in her body, rising on a steady wave of sensation. As she was about to push herself over the edge, she pressed the switch to off and held herself panting just at but not over the crest.

She'd learned through experimentation that if she did this two or three times, when she finally came, the force of her climax would be ten times greater. If only she could find a man who realized that.

Twice more she set the dildo to vibrating, feeling her pussy muscles clench and the muscles of her rectum grasp the plug filling it. When she finally gave herself the release she sought, it was like a storm crashing down on her. Her hips jerked, her cunt pulsed, her clit burned and liquid gushed from her, soaking the hand holding the dildo.

She lay panting for a long time afterwards, letting the aftershocks ripple over her. Even though she kept her eyes closed, she found it strange that she couldn't call to mind the face of any man she'd been with.

\* \* \* \* \*

B.J. McNamara poured his first cup of morning coffee and stared through the big picture window in his office at the Gulf of Mexico. The view had been a major factor in deciding to purchase the small barnwood building five years ago. No matter how stressful his cases, or difficult his clients, looking out at the jet skis and sailboats riding the whitecaps always managed to soothe him and give him perspective.

He wished the view would help him now as he waited for his ten o'clock appointment. Miranda Fox stirred feelings in him that he battled constantly. When Drake Collins, attorney and long time friend, told him he was sending B.J. a client last year and to take good care of her, the last thing he'd expected to see walking into his office was a lush Venus with a rich fall of thick brown hair glinting with gold highlights, a rounded figure that he wanted to bury himself in and a mouth that he wanted to ravage and plunder at length.

He'd had to work hard to keep his cock at least at half mast and not embarrass himself as he did the preliminary client interview. Because in addition to his firm "no client involvement" rule, Miranda had too much baggage—too much money, too much time on her hands, lousy taste in men and very poor judgment. He constantly had the feeling she was playing at life and he knew if he ever fucked Miranda Fox it wouldn't be once and done. No, the lady was just too superficial for him to put himself at risk.

Not that his love life would make the Sunday School report. B.J. was a lusty man with a healthy sexual appetite. He wrote the book on no strings relationships. But something about Miranda told him if he ever opened the door to his heart and let her in, she'd be the one to hogtie him. And he had no desire to go there. From what he'd learned of her, since coming into all that money she'd embarked on a journey of sexual pleasure that had no place for anything permanent. She was looking for the perfect lover, not the ideal mate.

Well, wasn't he? And yet...

Given half a chance he'd show her what good sex—no, outstanding sex—was all about. He'd dreamed about the firm breasts beneath the soft blouses she wore, taking her taut nipples into his mouth. Under her skirts he imagined the pinkest, wettest pussy he'd ever seen, one he could devour with his tongue, plunder with his fingers and finally bury his cock in while her cunt muscles squeezed him.

*Better cut that out, or you'll have a boner that'll poke her the minute she walks in the door.*

Meanwhile her search had led her down a very bumpy road. He hoped the sex she was getting was worth it because the losers she kept picking were robbing her with impunity. And that was where he came in, chasing down the things they stole from her. Miranda was either very careless or very stupid and at the moment he still wasn't sure which.

The intercom on his desk buzzed, interrupting his thoughts.

"Miss Fox is here." There was hidden laughter in his secretary's voice. She looked at Miranda as their weekly entertainment.

"Send her in."

"I'm already in," the musical voice said and in a moment he was surrounded by the scent of jasmine and oranges as she threw her arms around him. "Hi, B.J."

"Morning, Miranda." He politely disengaged himself from her hug. "Can I offer you some coffee?"

"I think a mimosa would help a lot more." She dropped into one of the big leather client chairs and crossed her legs. "I've come to confess my stupidity again."

B.J. chuckled. "No mimosas but Annie has some great hazelnut coffee. Let me have her get some for you."

When she was settled with her cup and saucer, Miranda let out a long sigh, gave B.J. her usual half-embarrassed, half-irritated look. "Well, I guess I've done it again."

B.J. bit his lip, hard, to keep from chuckling. In a minute he'd have to sit on his hands to keep from sweeping her forlorn self into his arms and telling her everything would be all right. Because it wouldn't. Not until she got some common sense in her head.

"Okay." He pulled a yellow pad of paper over in front of him and clicked open the point of a pen. "Let's have the gory details."

"Okay." She stared into her coffee cup. "His name is Raoul Walsh..."

"Raoul?" B.J. couldn't help interrupting. "Miranda, do you think you could manage to at least find someone with a name like Joe or Frank?"

She frowned at him. "But Joe and Frank are so...so...ordinary."

Now B.J. did laugh. He couldn't help himself. "Honey, if they give you great orgasms, what the hell difference does their name make? You know your problem?"

"Yes," she snapped. "I have too much money and too much time on my hands."

B.J. held up his hands, palms outward. "Oops. I take it Leslie's already said her piece."

"Yes, so I don't need yours. My problem is almost every man on the planet is a dork. Just because they dress nicely and have good manners and know how to read a wine list doesn't mean they have what I want." She put her cup and saucer down on the little table next to her and sighed. "And I hate to admit it but the sex hasn't even been all that great."

B.J. did his best to keep a straight face. "Too much information, kiddo. But I will say if you'd try a different type of man you might have better luck."

"Yes, well, first I have to find this one and get my pearl back."

"Your pearl? This one stole your jewelry?"

"Yes. Damn it." She pounded her small fists on her thighs. "It was a gift to me from him. Which I ended up paying for." She glared at B.J. "And don't you dare laugh."

He ducked his head. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"You know, B.J., I'm still not getting it." She fished in her pocket and pulled out the slip of paper with her Chinese fortune printed on it.

He stared at it. "Jesus, Miranda. Don't tell me you're chasing after some dream based on a fortune cookie."

"Okay, I won't tell you. But I do want you to either find Raoul or find what he did with the pearl so I can get it back."

B.J. leaned back in his chair. "Wouldn't it be a lot easier just to file an insurance claim?"

It's the principal of the thing," she protested. "I won't let him get away with it."

"All right, then." He sighed. "Let's get the details down, you can give me the usual retainer and I'll get right on it."

Half an hour later, her check in his hand, he watched her walk out the door, her body still rigid with anger. He was beginning to feel like the kid robbing the candy store. Not that she couldn't afford it but he could only take her money for so long without being disgusted with himself.

The worst part of it was, he wanted to be the perfect lover she sought.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I can't believe you got results so fast." Miranda tucked the cordless phone between her neck and shoulder as she stir-fried veggies in her kitchen. "The day isn't even over yet."

"I aim to please." B.J.'s voice on the other end of the conversation sounded like warm molasses. "Anyway, I tapped into some good connections in the private jewelry world and a piece like yours wasn't hard to track."

"B.J., you are worth every penny I pay you and more. Let me get something to write on." She moved the skillet from the burner and reached for the notepad she kept on the counter. "Okay, shoot."

"Another winner in the name department." The edge of sarcasm in his voice was hard to miss. "Lucien Rivard. And this one's got even more money than you do, sweet thing, so he won't be looking to rip you off."

"How comforting. Where do I find this Prince Charming?"

"You'll love this. He has his own private island in the Bahamas."

Miranda frowned. "Great. I guess I can't exactly row up to his shoreline and pop in."

B.J. laughed. "No but my friend made some arrangements for you. A car will pick you up at nine tomorrow morning and take you to where Rivard keeps his helicopter. The pilot will fly you to the island. Rivard's expecting you for lunch."

"Whew! I guess he *is* loaded." She doodled with her pen. "Did your friend say if he was angry? Irritated? Anything?"

"Not a clue. I guess you'll have to find out for yourself. But I guess he wouldn't be inviting you to lunch if he was too pissed off."

"Okay. Thanks, B.J."

"And Miranda? Call me as soon as you get home."

## Chapter Two

The helicopter circled one end of the island, passing over the graceful two-story home surrounded by magnificent landscaping, then settled down on a helipad at the side of the house. As soon as the rotors stopped spinning, the pilot jumped out, opened the passenger door and helped Miranda to alight.

A tall, slender man with straight black hair, dressed in linen slacks and a silk shirt the color of his hair crossed the lawn to meet her. Silver eyes raked her from head to toe and a tiny smile quirked the corners of his mouth.

"Welcome to Coral Cay, Miss Fox." His voice was as smooth as his appearance. "You grace me with your presence."

The first thought that popped into Miranda's head was, *I'll bet he's a sophisticated lover*. Her second thought was, *I have to stop thinking about sex all the time*.

But her quest for the perfect lover so absorbed her that meeting a man like Lucien Rivard immediately kicked her hormones into high gear.

She shook the outstretched hand offered to her. "Thank you but you must know this is a business trip for me."

The smile widened. "Ah, yes. The infamous pearl pendant. I was most fortunate to be able to purchase it for my collection."

"Then you have it?" She couldn't keep the anxiety from her voice. "It's the right one?"

"You shall examine it thoroughly. But first, my cook has prepared a magnificent lunch and doesn't like to be kept waiting."

He tucked her hand into the crook of his elbow and escorted her into the house.

The entry hall was magnificent, with its slate floor and wide stairway that swept gracefully to the second floor. Heavy silver vases stood everywhere, filled with hibiscus blooms of every color. Lucien led her through a spacious living room through French doors to a patio overlooking the Caribbean. A table had been set for two with linen, fine china and crystal. A white-jacketed servant stood to one side, waiting.

"I'm impressed, Mr. Rivard." She gazed around her. "Your home is magnificent."

"I hope to show you the rest of it later," he said smoothly. "And please. Call me Luc."

Lunch was an epicurean delight, served with copious amounts of wine. Luc entertained her with stories of his business ventures and some of his more daring activities. By the time desert was served, Miranda was feeling bonelessly relaxed from the wine and the conversation. And wondering again what this man would be like in bed. What his inventive brain could do to stimulate her.

She barely noticed at what point Luc began stroking her arm, his fingers playing a magic tune on her skin.

"You are so soft, Miranda." His voice was warm and soothing. "Like velvet. Are you like velvet all over?"

"Hmmm?" The scene was a study in serenity. The azure water lapped at the shoreline, birds swooped from tree to tree and bush to bush in bright splashes of vivid colors. Gentle breezes ruffled her long hair.

She watched the waiter refill her wine goblet and lifted it to her lips. The crisp white had such a pleasant taste to it.

"I'd be willing to bet you are," Luc continued and slid his chair closer to her. "The moment I laid eyes on you I knew you were a woman of sensuous feelings that I have to possess. Will you let me see your beauty? Look at you?" His fingers easily undid the buttons on her blouse and before she realized it the fabric had slipped from her shoulders.

*I should not be letting this man undress me but his touch is so pleasant and it feels so good.*



So she sat there as he caressed the slope of her breasts, petting her with a light touch. Then her bra was gone, leaving her breasts completely exposed and Luc was rolling her nipples in his lean fingers. They hardened almost at once, tingling under his touch.

"Your breasts are beautiful," he crooned, "and your nipples are magnificent. So ripe and rosy. Like sweet berries." He leaned forward and took one of them into his mouth, sucking on it and grazing it with his teeth.

When he bit down lightly she jumped, startled by the instant of pain but shocked even more by the arrow of heat that shot directly to her cunt, releasing a flood of liquid arousal.

Miranda lay back against the chair, sipping at her wine as Luc continued to suck and pull on her nipples, his tongue like silk against her throbbing nubs. There was something so surreal about the entire situation. She felt almost as if she was watching someone else. But Luc's touch was real, igniting fires in her, small flames that grew with each caress of his hands, each lick of his tongue.

His warm hands cupped her breasts, holding them as if they were precious treasures, stroking them with his thumbs as he continued to lave her nipples.

"Do you like that, Miranda? I think you do. And you feel and taste just as good as I imagined. Let me see the rest of you."

Taking her wine glass from her hand and placing it on the table, he helped her to rise from the chair. She heard the zipper rasp on her slacks and in a moment they pooled around her feet. She heard the indrawn hiss of Luc's breath as he slid her thong past her hips and tossed it to the side with the rest of her clothing. One lean finger traced her slit from the very top, along the outer edges of her labia to her wet opening.

When she teetered slightly he lifted her and placed her on the table, now cleared of all china and silverware. Gentle hands pried her thighs apart.

"If possible, the beauty of your cunt exceeds that of your breasts. Open yourself for me, Miranda. Let me see how wet and pink you are."

As if in a dream, she placed her fingers on her labia and pulled them as far apart as she could. Luc stroked her pussy with his fingertips, one lean finger advancing into her tempting vagina, then retreating. He lifted it to his mouth and licked her juices, a sound of rapture coming from his lips.

"Delicious. Like the best honey." He bent forward and lapped at her with his tongue.

His touch awakened every nerve in her body. Tiny jolts of electricity flickered through her. She tried to lift her pelvis toward him but he backed away and chuckled.

"For what I have planned, my dear, I think we should take this inside."

He scooped her up in his arms and moved effortlessly into the house and up the stairs. At the end of the hallway he carried her through open double doors, kicking them shut behind him and placing her on the bed like a precious gem. He stared at her with an avid look in his eyes.

"Oh, my dear Miranda. The things we are about to do."

\* \* \* \* \*

The sheets felt cool and silken beneath Miranda's rapidly heating body. The smoldering fire in Luc's eyes as he examined every inch of her did nothing to cool her off. His gaze never left her as he slowly removed his clothes, revealing a body more magnificent than she'd imagined. Muscular chest covered with soft, dark hair that arched over a flat abdomen to a most impressive erection. The broad head was a delicious shade of purple and topped a thick shaft with veins that visibly pulsed. This was a man who obviously took his sex seriously.

"I understand you are searching for the perfect lover. A difficult task but well worth the effort if it produces results. I am hoping your search ends here."

He knelt on the bed between her legs and bent her knees, so she was exposed as she'd been on the lunch table. With a gentle touch Luc opened the lips of her pussy wide and stared into her vaginal opening.

"So beautiful," he murmured. "I shall enjoy doing such wonderful things to it."

He explored every inch of it with his fingertips, tracing lines along the outer lips, probing the slick canal and massaging her clit which was already demanding attention. He pinched it and tugged on it, rolling it this way and that, peeling back the tiny protective hood so every sensitive nerve in it was completely unprotected. Then he leaned forward and took it in his mouth, sucking so hard Miranda felt her hips lift from the bed.

"The moment I saw you I knew you would be responsive," Luc told her. "Will you let me play this body like a finely tuned instrument?"

"Y-Yes. I will." She was already so aroused she could hardly get the words out.

"Perhaps your search for the perfect lover will end here," he said.

"Perhaps," she murmured, wetting her lips.

He climbed off the bed, flicked on a wall switch and immediately soft music floated into the room. Next he lit the row of candles on a table near the bed. And finally he threw open the doors of an armoire revealing an array of sex toys the likes of which Miranda had never seen. Her eyes widened. Things were about to get very interesting.

Luc first produced four lengths of satin cord which he used to bind her ankles and wrists to the bedposts, leaving enough play so her knees were still bent. He removed several items from the armoire and set them on the nightstand but the one that made Miranda gasp was a long peacock feather, tipped with pearls.

"Have you ever been fucked with a feather?" His eyes glittered as he watched her.

"No. No, I haven't." She couldn't take her eyes away from the long, plumed instrument.

"You'll find it an amazing experience, especially with the tiny seed pearls rubbing against the inner walls of your cunt. And how wonderful that I'm the one to introduce you to this experience."

Miranda quivered with anticipation as Luc stood at the foot of the bed and reached the feather toward her. She felt the softness of it tickle the lips of her pussy, setting up tiny quakes within her slick channel. With excruciating slowness Luc slid it inside her, the feathers like ghostly fingers, the seed pearls bumping against her vaginal walls, bringing forth a flood of her juices. In and out, in and out, each time reaching in a little farther. It was torture waiting for each stroke and the helplessness caused by her restraints only increased her arousal. She was sure she would come just from the feather itself.

Luc knew just how to manipulate the feather to get the maximum effect of the pearls attached to it. The feeling was like a thousand tiny fingertips all stimulating her at the same time. The soft music floating into the room and the magnolia scent of the candles combined to float Miranda on a sea of erotic sensation.

Through hooded eyes she saw Luc take his cock in his free hand and begin to stroke it slowly from tip to root, an unhurried motion, as if denying himself too much pleasure but wanting to participate in hers. A tiny pearlescent drop of precum bubbled through the dark slit and Miranda longed to lick it with her tongue, swallowing his essence.

"Let me put my mouth on you," she begged, even as her body strained to take the feather deeper inside her.

"Not yet," he told her. "Not until you are out of your mind with need."

He moved the feather farther inside her, then squeezed the thin handle and feather, pearls and all, began to vibrate.

"Oh my God," Miranda cried, straining to close her legs, to squeeze her thighs together. But the satin cords held fast.

Luc climbed up between her knees and opened her vulva, watching her slick vaginal walls milk the dancing feather, fluid running onto his fingers.

"I know how badly you want to come, my love, but we are far from that point."

When it seemed he'd satisfied himself that she was in a high state of arousal, hanging on the precipice of fulfillment, he reached over to the nightstand and picked up

two items. Miranda, panting from her stimulation, turned her head to see a long, narrow dildo and a tube of lubricant.

He held them before her eyes and she watched with anticipation as he generously covered the dildo with the lube until he was satisfied it was ready. With one hand he reached down and spread the cheeks of her ass, while the other pressed the tip of the dildo against the tight ring of her anus. Slowly and steadily he pushed it inside her, working it gently against her tissues. Arrows of electricity shot through Miranda as she trembled under the dual assault of the feather and the dildo.

Her orgasm was building steadily, even though she longed for something more than the feather in her pussy. But Luc, watching the flush suffuse her body and knowing the effect of the stimulation he was providing, suddenly stopped it all.

"No!" Miranda cried, as he slipped the feather and the dildo from her, leaving her open and needy.

Two fingers probed the depths of her pussy, testing her readiness, feeling her slickness and the tiny vibrations of her inner walls.

"Ah, yes, you want to come very badly, do you not?"

"Yes, please," she sobbed.

"Soon, my lovely. Very soon."

Exposing her clit again he bent his head and took the hard nub in his mouth and began to lick and suck at it.

Miranda's hips lifted as she pushed against him. "Put your fingers back inside me," she pleaded. "Give me your cock. Oh, God, you're torturing me."

Luc chuckled, the sound vibrating against her cunt, and continued to tease and torment the hard little nub until Miranda thought she would scream. He was relentless with his tongue and his teeth, now nibbling, now licking, now nipping, now sucking. She was sweating and panting as she tried to find the edge of the cliff and launch herself over it.

And then, again, he stopped.

"No," she cried. "Please."

"I think we should add a little something more," he told her, climbing off the bed. In seconds he bent over her, holding a set of gold nipple clamps set with the same pearls as the feather. Working her nipples to a swollen, aroused state, he carefully fastened one clamp on each one, nipping the tips with his teeth as he tightened the bars.

Miranda sucked in her breath at the bite of pleasure-pain and began thrusting her hips again.

"Do you want something to fill that marvelous pussy, my love? Of course you do."

The toy Luc lifted next was one Miranda had used only once before but it excited her beyond belief—a double dildo made of a jelly-like substance. Her body clenched with anticipation as he slid one end into her already lubricated rectum and the other into her juicy pussy. Smiling down at her, he pressed a button at the midpoint of the dildo and both extensions began to vibrate.

Her hips began their rhythmic jerking again and Luc added to the sensation by scraping his fingernails over the swollen, throbbing tips of her nipples. As she opened her mouth to cry out, he covered it with his, thrusting his tongue inside and sweeping it through every inch of that hot, wet cavern. She twined her tongue with his sucking at it, drawing him into her as her body jerked and shook under the intense vibrations and the pleasurable bite of pain penetrating her nipples, radiating through her breasts.

When Luc lifted his head she yanked on the cords binding her wrists, desperate to reach for him and pull his mouth back to hers. But she could hardly form a coherent thought as sensations rippled through her, pushing her closer and closer to her climax.

And again he stopped it all, removing the double dildo but leaving the nipple clamps in place. Being careful not to give her too much of his weight, he straddled her body and slid his cock through the valley of her breasts toward her mouth.

"Just a little pleasure, Miranda. I am too close to coming. But I have to feel your mouth on me."

She greedily sucked him into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the thick shaft and over the silken head. Precum dripped onto her tongue and she reveled in the salty flavor. As she pulled on his shaft with her lips, he massaged her breasts and pulled on her throbbing nipples. But when she felt his cock begin to swell more and the muscles in his buttocks tighten he lifted himself away from her.

“And now it’s time,” he told her.

Sliding down her body he slipped a condom over his cock and thrust himself inside her fully, his testicles slapping against the cheeks of her bottom. Bracing himself on one forearm and using the other hand to tug and pull at her clit, he began to fuck her with hard, steady strokes, watching her face, her eyes, waiting for just the right moment.

At the exact point she was sure she would lose her mind, he quickened his pace and with one final, hard thrust took her over the edge. As her orgasm exploded within her, Miranda felt as if she was hurled into space, buffeted by strong winds, every muscle in her body convulsing, her liquid heat bathing Luc’s cock as it pulsed inside her.

She had the oddest sensation that her body was turning itself inside out as the spasms went on endlessly, every nerve trailing fire, her cunt gripping Luc’s cock like a vise.

Coming down to earth took a long time. Aftershocks rolled over her, the intensity of her orgasm still gripping her. Luc lay panting next to her and she could feel the thumping of his heart where he pressed against her.

At last he lifted his head and smiled. “Was it worth it, Miranda? Did the orgasm exceed your wildest dreams?”

Not quite, she wanted to say. But it was definitely up there.

Only at the moment she couldn’t find breath to speak a word.

After a long time, he climbed off the bed, removed the satin cords. He’d released the nipple clamps while the aftershocks still rippled through her body, licking the throbbing buds and tossing the clamps aside. Then he lifted her in his arms. “I think we must attend to this poor, exhausted body.”

“And then we will see the pearl?” She couldn’t lose site of her objective.

He nodded. “And then we will see the pearl.”

He filled the giant tub in his bathroom with warm water, sprinkling scented bath salts into the water before he lowered her into it. He climbed in behind her, pulling her to his chest and began to rub aloe soap into her body.

He left no inch untouched, paying careful attention to each and every crevice and crack. Skilled at what he was doing, as he bathed her pussy and her ass. Probing her with slick fingers, he brought her again and again to small, pleasurable orgasms until she couldn’t tell where one ended and the next began.

Finally, when she was so limp she didn’t think she’d be able to move again, he was ready to let her rest. He dried her with big, warm towels and helped her into her clothes, which somehow, miraculously, had made their way up from the patio, showering her with kisses as he tended to her.

And then he showed her the pearl.



### Chapter Three

Miranda dropped onto the long sofa in her living room as soon as she entered her condo. She was pleurably exhausted, still a little buzzed from all the wine she'd drunk but more than anything else she was disappointed.

Luc had given her a wonderful afternoon of incredible sex and treated her with delicate care. But to say he was the perfect lover would be stretching things a little. And worst of all, the pearl he had showed her was not hers. She'd wanted to cry when he lifted it from the safe to put into her hand. It was a gorgeous pearl, set almost identically to the one Raoul had taken but it wasn't hers. The size and color were just that little bit off.

The message light on her answering machine was blinking. Pushing herself off the couch with great effort, she depressed the button to hear what was recorded.

Leslie. "How about calling me with news of your great adventure? Was he the one? Was the pearl yours?"

Her broker. "We need to discuss your investment strategy, Miranda. I think we can make more money for you."

*Great. Just what I need.*

B.J. "Where the hell are you? I thought you'd be back hours ago. Was it the right pearl? Call me."

*Where the hell are you? What are you, my keeper?*

She dragged herself into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge, swallowing almost half of it while she leaned against the counter. What she really wanted was to fall into bed and sleep for a week. Luc may not have been the perfect lover but he was an exhausting one. However, she needed to let B.J. know they'd struck out and get him on the trail again. Then she could collapse.

"How the hell long does it take to eat lunch and look at a piece of jewelry?" he barked when he heard her voice.

"Longer than five minutes," she snapped.

"So how was lunch? Did you fuck him?"

Miranda was so startled she almost dropped the phone. B.J. never asked her questions about her sex life. They both knew how she lived and by mutual agreement they ignored it.

"I wasn't aware it was any of your business."

She heard him exhale a long breath. "You're right. I'm sorry. I apologize. I just..."

She frowned. "Just what?"

"Worry about you, that's all. You go off to strange places with strange men. God only knows what could happen to you."

"Why, B.J.," she couldn't help laughing, "I didn't know you cared."

"I just don't want to lose a valuable client," he told her. "So. Did you get the pearl?"

"No." She rubbed the cold water bottle against her forehead. "Close but no cigar."

"Well, then." The line hummed with silence. "Shall I get back on it?"

"Yes, please. Right away if you can."

"All right, then. I'll get back on it tonight."

"What, no hot date?" she teased.

"I'm just waiting for you, darlin'," he teased.

"Yeah, right," she snorted. "Should I call you in the morning?"

"Why not come by and we'll have coffee. My sources are pretty active so I might have something by then. Ten o'clock?"

*If my body's back together by then.*

"Ten is fine. I'll bring the chocolate croissants."

When she'd hung up she finished the bottle of water and threw the empty container in the recycling basket. She had no appetite for dinner, opting instead for a cup of chai tea and climbing into bed in a silk nightshirt. But as she lay back against the thick pile of pillows sipping the hot liquid, her conversation with B.J. played back in her head.

What on earth had that all been about? If she didn't know better she'd have thought he was jealous. No, not B.J. The biggest ladies' man in five states. Not once had he even made a suggestive remark or gesture. So where was this coming from?

And how should she act when she saw him?

\* \* \* \* \*

B.J. was cranky enough that his secretary threatened to toss him into the Gulf if he didn't start acting like a human being. But he'd been like a bear with a thorn in his paw since he'd gotten up that morning. No, since last night when he'd finally quit working at midnight and gone home. And tried to push the images of a naked Miranda Fox with a faceless stranger out of his mind.

He had to get over this. He had fucked a hundred Mirandas. A thousand. What was so special about this one, anyway?

As usual, the buzz on his intercom announcing Miranda coincided with her laughing entrance. She walked over and kissed him on the cheek, then placed the pastry box she was carrying on his desk.

"Chocolate croissants, as promised. Your secretary tells me you're angry as a billy goat this morning, Maybe this will improve your disposition."

"My disposition is fine," he grumped but he couldn't hide the smile she always brought to his face. "All right. You know my secret. Feed me chocolate and I'm yours."

"You don't have to be mine," she told him. "Just find my damn pearl for me."

"And another useless stud to take to bed?" He wanted the words back as soon as he said them.

"What *is* your problem, B.J.? I'm free and over twenty-one. If I want to sleep with the entire Marine Corps, it's my business, right?"

"Fine, fine, fine. Forget I said anything." He took the paper plate with the croissant she handed him and his refilled coffee mug and sat down at his desk.

"So." She arranged herself in one of the client chairs. "Do you have you another lead for me? Something as exotic as the last one?"

"This will cost you a bundle," he told her, "but I have a friend who tracked down a second possible for you."

"And for this one I have to fly to South America, right?"

He shook his head. "No, just that state of Maine. Alex Garvey has an estate on the Maine Coast outside of Bar Harbor. You just have to fly to Bangor and a car will pick you up."

"And exactly who is this Alex Garvey?"

B.J. made a face. "A collector of fine jewelry who isn't too particular where he gets it from. And be warned. He's a man of peculiar sexual tastes."

Miranda burst into laughter. "B.J., are you trying to be my guardian angel?"

"No, just trying to keep you as safe as possible. You have no idea what some of these guys are capable of and you just throw caution to the wind."

"You are very sweet," she told him. "But I'll be fine. Truly. Now when is Mr. Garvey expecting me?"

B.J. grimaced. "This evening for dinner. And you're expected to stay the night."

Miranda's eyebrows lifted. "Excuse me?"

"I tried to put this off until tomorrow so you could take an early flight and get back the same day but it seems your quest for the perfect lover is gaining fame." He made a face. "Or notoriety, however you call it. Anyway, he's another one who wants his chance to audition."

"Audition," she repeated slowly.

"I just hope you're getting what you want, Miranda. And you don't get hurt doing it." He handed her an envelope. "Here's all the information you need plus your e-ticket. And please, for God's sake. Be careful."

"I'll be just fine. Thank you so much for your concern." She couldn't keep the bitchiness out of her voice. But she pasted a fake smile on her face. B.J. was just mixing it up too much in her personal business these days.

But already tendrils of excitement were creeping through her. A man of peculiar sexual tastes, was he? Well, she'd see just what he meant by that.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miranda's flight landed in Portland on time, late in the afternoon and she easily made the connection to the little puddle jumper that would take her to Bangor. As she stepped down from the folding stairway a man in slacks and a blazer stepped forward.

"Miss Fox?"

"Yes?"

"I'm Jason, Mr. Garvey's assistant. The car is just over here. Do you have your luggage?"

"For one night?" she chuckled. "Just this carry-on."

"Then shall we go?"

Jason was tall and muscular, with thick brown hair, amber eyes and a dimple. Just looking at him made Miranda's mouth water.

*Jesus, girl. Maybe B.J.'s right and you're letting things get out of control. This is the hired help, for God's sake.*

But regardless of the magnificence of the scenery as they drove down the coast highway, she had a hard time tearing her eyes away from the hunk driving the car.

They passed towering pine trees on the left and the ocean pounding below the cliffs on the right. An occasional bike rider waved at them but for the most part the road was pretty empty. Before long they turned in through tall brick pillars and pulled up a

winding driveway to a looming clapboard house that looked like it had been built for a family of fifty.

Miranda exited the car and simply stared.

Jason grinned. "Impressive, isn't it? Mr. Garvey's great-grandparents had ten children and the house has just been handed down from generation to generation. Modernized, of course," he added. "Ah, here's the man himself."

The massive front door opened and a man who could have been a clone of Jason stepped out onto the wide verandah. B.J. McNamara was big and muscular but his muscles came from running on the beach and indulging in a variety of amateur sports. These men had bodies sculpted through daily workouts, probably with the assistance of a physical trainer. Miranda looked at them and a delicious shiver ran down her spine.

"Welcome. Miss Fox," Alex Garvey said, taking her hand in both of his.

"Thank you. And thank you for agreeing to let me see you."

A tiny smile quirked one corner of his mouth. "Oh, I think this will be a pleasant experience all around. Jason will take your bag upstairs. I thought we might have cocktails before dinner."

Unlike the Bahamas, which had been bathed in warmth, October in Maine was chilly and Alex had lit a fire in the huge fireplace. Miranda stood before it, relishing the heat and savoring the fragrance of the cedar logs.

"Bourbon on the rocks, right?" Alex pressed a cut glass tumbler into her hand.

"Have you been researching me, Mr. Garvey?"

"Always know who you're dealing with. That way you limit the surprises."

The bourbon was smoky, with a slight bite to it and felt pleasant to her palate. She sipped at it while she studied her host and the room they were in. Everything, including his clothing, shouted understated wealth. But at the same time there was power here and arrogance. Miranda hoped this time she hadn't bitten off more than she could chew. She tried to erase B.J.'s warning from her mind and enjoy her drink.

Dinner was a veritable ad for Maine seafood—thick clam chowder and succulent lobster dripping with butter. All of it was accompanied by a chilled *pinot grigio* that enhanced the flavor of the food. Jason served them, then retreated, Miranda supposed, to the kitchen. Throughout the meal Alex talked about his family, the generations-old house, his interest in sports, music, books. Once again Miranda was lulled by good conversation, great food and too much wine.

*I really have to stop this.*

But just as she had with Luc, she felt totally relaxed, her senses stimulated yet soothed by the meal and the surroundings. And in her avid search for ultimate pleasure, this man stirred her curiosity. She wondered just how peculiar his sexual tastes could be.

Once the dishes were cleared away, Jason reappeared, this time carrying an enormous silver wine bucket filled with ice and three bottles of *liebfraumilch*.

Miranda clapped her hands. "My favorite. You *have* done your research."

Alex grinned. "Absolutely." He rose and extended a hand to her. "Shall we?"

She let him lead her up the wide stairway, noticing Jason following close behind. When Alex threw open the door to one of the rooms she couldn't help the tiny gasp that rush over her lips.

*An adult playroom*, was all she could think.

In the center of the room were what looked like two well-padded massage tables, except that one had two circular openings cut into it near the top. Against one wall, hung like tools in a workshop, was the largest collection of spanking paddles and whips Miranda had ever seen anywhere, including her internet searches. A round table held an assortment of bottles that Miranda was sure contained oils and lotions, and on the far wall a metal bar had been attached at the ceiling, with several pairs of chains and handcuffs dangling from it.

While she stared open-mouthed at the array of sexual equipment, Jason set the ice bucket on a small table. He began lighting candles placed strategically around the room

and soon the scent of hyacinth and jasmine filled the air. A flip of a switch and, as at Luc's, the strains of romantic music drifted out from hidden speakers.

*Usually I'm the one setting the scene. How nice this is for a change. I hope the sex is just as good.*

Alex filled one of the wine goblets and handed it to her.

"I should explain to you that Jason and I have been together a long time and we share everything." He stroked her cheek with his fingertips. "Will that bother you?"

Miranda shook her head. Bother her? To the contrary. None of her sexual adventures yet had included a threesome and just the thought of it made the muscles of her cunt quiver and liquid flood her panties.

"No," she finally managed to say. "Not at all."

"Good." He smiled at her. "I know you came here to see the pearl but I thought how nice if we could all enjoy an evening together first."

"Yes. Nice." She sipped at her wine.

Alex took the glass from her hand, captured her face and pressed his mouth to hers. His lips were like rough silk, brushing over hers in a sensuous motion. He paid careful attention to her mouth, nibbling and licking and finally pressing his tongue against the seam to sweep it inside. His tongue was a hot flame, scorching her every place he touched, tasting her, twisting with her own tongue in an intense dance.

She slid her fingers into his thick, dark hair, luxuriating in the feel of it and the press of his body against hers. The shape of his erection was unmistakable against the soft flesh of her belly and she couldn't help moving her hips against it.

As Alex deepened the kiss, she felt Jason come up behind her and press himself against her, his erection pressing against her bottom. Even through the layers of cloth she could tell his cock was enormous.

Jason's hands rested lightly on her shoulders, then moved down over the slope of her breasts, unbuttoning her blouse and pulling the fabric away from her skin. As he



unfastened her bra, Alex's hands moved up to cup her breasts, his thumbs rasping her nipples, hardening them into peaks.

Alex's mouth never left hers as Jason continued to undress her, carefully removing each piece of clothing and running his hands over each area of exposed skin. By the time she was completely naked, the heady scent of the candles, the seductive sound of the music and the kisses and caresses had created a sensuous cloud around her.

Jason's lips brushed against her shoulder as his hands moved slowly down the length of her back, cupping her buttocks, then separating them and probing with his fingers.

"You'll love it, Alex" he murmured. "Her asshole is so tight." He pressed the tip of one finger against her anus. "Fucking this will be so good it might burn us up."

Alex lifted his head and smiled at her. "Your mouth is delicious, Miranda. Let's see if every bit of you tastes as good."

She suddenly found herself lifted up, Jason's strong arms under her thighs, separating them so she was completely exposed to Alex's gaze. Opening the lips of her pussy, he bent and lapped the entire length of her slit, the tip of his tongue just barely penetrating the entrance to her vagina.

Miranda shivered at the deliciousness of the feeling. "Mmm," she purred.

Jason chuckled, "She likes that. How does she taste?"

"Like heavenly nectar," Alex told him. "All right. Let's prepare her, shall we?"

Miranda wanted to ask, "Prepare her for what?" but so many sensations were racing through her that speaking was the last thing she wanted to do.

Jason carried her to one of the padded tables and arranged her carefully on it, face down. From the corner of her eye she saw him lift two bottles from the collection and pass one to Alex.

"This will help ensure that you get the maximum effect of everything we're going to do. All right?"

“Mm hmm.”

They went to work on her, Alex beginning at her shoulders, Jason at her feet, massaging warm oil into her skin, their hands working magic on her. If any of her muscles weren't relaxed previously, they were now.

When they reached her buttocks, Jason's hands pulled the globes apart and Alex drizzled the warm oil onto her anus. As soon as his finger entered her and began rubbing the oil into the tissue of her rectum, a hot feeling flushed through her body and a throbbing set up in her cunt. Her breasts, her nipples, her clit suddenly felt as if they were on fire and the only thing that would quench the flame was being fucked. Right then. She squirmed, trying to rub her mound against the table.

Jason laughed. “It's working already. You'll love this, Miranda. It will enhance everything we do to you.”

They flipped her over to her back and began the same process on the front of her body, rubbing the oil into her with gentle strokes. When Alex reached her nipples, she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out at the intense sensation but that was only the beginning. Jason bent her knees, spread her legs and with a deft touch completely oiled the inside of her cunt.

At once she felt intense need gripping her, an orgasm beginning to build low in her belly. She couldn't stop the low moan that escaped her mouth.

“I think she wants to come,” Jason commented. “Shall we let her? Take the edge off, so to speak?”

“Oh, yes,” Alex agreed. “And we'll be able to see just how that pussy pulses in her climax. But let's help her stay in place.”

With an economy of motion they placed her arms at her sides and fastened cuffs around her wrists. Alex pulled a wide belt from a slot at the side of the table, tugged it over her waist and locked it down on the other side, effectively immobilizing her.

He leaned forward and kissed her, giving her his tongue, then nibbling on her lips. “Relax, love. Enjoy.”

Jason poured a drop of oil on her clit and began rubbing his finger back and forth. In a moment his hand was replaced by Alex's and Jason pulled back her labia so her pussy was completely exposed to his view. Alex kept up a steady rhythm on her clit while Jason's thumbs caressed her labia.

The throbbing inside her body was increasing in intensity. She tried to lift herself into it but the cuffs and belt held her firmly in place. More and more the thumbs stroked, the need uncoiling inside her like fine wire.

And then she was there, her body racked with spasms, her cunt convulsing, her blood like liquid fire in her veins. Alex kept up his attention to her clit, keeping her at the peak of release, rubbing, pinching, pulling, until the last aftershock finally died down and she was limp on the table.

Two mouths kissed her nipples and sucked them gently.

"That was magnificent," Jason told her. "Your pussy is a work of art, your juices like the finest cream. This will be such pleasure. For all of us."

She lay there, letting her heart rate return to normal, as the two men shed their clothing. Her eyes popped at the enormous erections they revealed. These men were like fine sculptures, designed for maximum sexual stimulation.

Alex unfastened the cuffs and belt, helped her to sit up and handed her a new glass of wine.

"Drink, my love. Refresh yourself."

She wanted to ask what came next but her question was answered before she could ask it.

Jason lifted her once more and carried her to the other padded table. She realized what the cutouts were for when he arranged her breasts so they hung free through the openings. Alex separated her legs and she felt her ankles being cuffed to wooden extensions.

"I have found that spanking is an intense stimulation to prepare the body for other delights. Have you tried it before, Miranda?"

She nodded. "Yes, I have."

"And did you enjoy it?"

She nodded again but she was thinking how much more stimulating it would be with the right man. Someone who saw sex as more than just an exercise. Of course, wasn't that what she'd been doing? So what right did she have to complain?

Without warning, Jason's hand descended on her ass smartly, landing a sharp blow on one smooth globe. In a moment he smacked the other one.

"Jason is so good at this," Alex told her. "When he warms that luscious ass sufficiently with his hand he'll give you the pleasure of the special paddle he uses." He moved to position his body right at her head. "And I, my love, will give you another treat." Taking his cock in one hand, he opened her mouth with his finger and slid his shaft inside, just past the head. "Go on, Miranda. You can take it. Nice and slowly, okay? I want you to suck me while Jason spans you."

The slaps were coming now in a steady rhythm. Miranda closed her lips around Alex's penis and began to suck on it, drawing it into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it as it advanced a little bit at a time. He was soft satin over steel, his taste a mixture of salt and musk. They'd left her hands free so she reached down and cupped his testicles, lightly scraping the surface with her nails. She was rewarded with a hiss of indrawn breath.

The heat from the spankings was flowing from her ass down to her thighs and her cunt, the oil enhancing the feeling until she felt as if her lower body was on fire. Against the padding of the table she felt her pussy quivering and liquid flooding her channel.

When Jason's hand was replaced by the heavy slap of the paddle it startled her and she jerked, her teeth sinking into Alex's cock. He grabbed it with one hand and eased her teeth with the other.

"Jesus, Jason, have a care. Give her a little warning next time."

Jason laughed. "Sorry, buddy. I'll keep that in mind."

The strokes from the paddle had a different sensation to them but were no less stimulating. Each time the padded leather kissed her buttocks, sexual heat streaked to her pussy. She lost count after a while, only anticipating each thwack of the paddle, each painful bite of pleasure. The longer Jason spanked her, the more aroused she became.

Miranda sucked harder on Alex's penis and tried to lift her hips into the slaps. With her ankles locked firmly in place she didn't have much opportunity for movement but she found that what little she had also created friction on her clit. She couldn't remember ever being so stimulated and she knew the magic oil had a lot to do with it.

She had Alex's shaft well into her throat by now and he was moving his hips in rhythm with her suction.

"I'm nearly ready, pal," he told Jason. "Let's let her share."

"Whatever you say."

The paddling stopped and Miranda felt an inexplicable loss. Her ass was stinging and she wanted more. She could feel how wet her cunt was, her vaginal walls fluttering as they sought something to grip. Alex was still fucking her mouth with a slow, steady motion, his hands threaded through her hair, holding her head in just the right position.

"Miranda?" Jason was standing at her side, his mouth close to her ear.

"Mmm?"

He traced the outer shell of her ear with the tip of his tongue, his breath soft and warm on her skin. He was moving something across her back with a gentle, rolling motion.

"I am going to oil this dildo before I slip it into your pussy. It will enhance your orgasm—I promise you."

She tried to nod her head but she didn't want to break the pace of movement with Alex's cock. In a moment Jason's fingers spread her labia and she felt the dildo being inserted with a steady motion.

Bang! The oil hit her, heating the inside of her cunt and setting fire to every nerve in the walls of her dripping sheath. Jason pressed the button at the bottom and the warm jelly-like penis began to vibrate. She felt her climax building at once, the vibrations and the sensation of the oil driving her right over the edge of the precipice. Her body shook and her muscles clenched. Just when she thought it was subsiding, Jason upped the speed and pushed her over the cliff again. On and on it went. Every time she thought she'd tumbled down the other side, she was launched into space again.

She was hardly even aware of her mouth around Alex's cock any more, or the increase in his pace. She simply sucked and shook and shivered, her body beyond her control.

She was sure the dildo was set at top speed but then Jason pressed it once more and lightning rocketed through her body. As she began to spasm he resumed the spankings, one cheek then the other.

*Ohgodohgodohgodohgod.*

Through the sensual haze gripping her, the music pulsing in her ear, the candles drugging her senses, she heard Alex shout, "I'm coming, Miranda. Suck it hard."

His cum hit the back of her throat. Hot, thick jets, again and again, as she flew into space and shattered into a million pieces.

## **Chapter Four**

Miranda could barely stand when they propped her up in the shower and bathed her with tender care. They dried her, Jason carried her back into the playroom and sat her in a chair while Alex poured a chilled glass of wine for her.

"Mind-blowing?" Alex asked, grinning.

She smiled up at him. "All that and more."

Jason leaned down and captured her mouth in a deep kiss, his tongue a light caress as he tasted her. "Can you handle more, sweetheart? We have one more treat for you."

"Actually," Alex chuckled, "we have a lot more but we don't want to wear you out in one night. We're hoping you'll come back to visit again."

A nervous flutter danced in her stomach. "Can we talk about that later? Right now I'm ready for whatever else you have planned for tonight."

The two men looked at each other as if passing some silent signal.

"All right, then," Alex said. "But drink your wine first."

When the glass was empty, Jason took it from her and helped her to stand, unwrapping the towel from her. Taking her hand, he led her to the wall with the rows of chains.

"Usually we save this for the end of a weekend," he told her, "but since we have only tonight...His voice trailed off.

"Yes, tonight." She nodded.

"Then we're ready." Alex stepped around in front of her and she was amazed to see he was fully aroused again. He laughed. "I happened to have amazing recuperative powers. Women stand in line for me."

"I'll bet they do. So what now?"

He grinned. "Anxious, are we?"

Jason was doing something with a panel on the wall and the music changed from slow and romantic to heavy and pounding. Then he pressed a button that lowered one set of chains with lined cuffs attached. Alex locked them around her wrists, then signaled Jason to raise them again, pulling her up until she was on her tiptoes.

Alex stepped around in front of her again, closing his hands over her breasts while running his tongue over her lips. Behind her, Jason placed his hands on her shoulders, slid them down her arms and around to her mound, where he spread her folds and took her clit between two fingers.

The driving beat of the music pulsed in the air, altering the entire mood of the room and her body began responding to it. Under Alex's mouth her nipples throbbed, his tongue like a tiny whip lashing at the rosy buds. Jason's fingers on her clit were like a tiny velvet vise, squeezing that hard knot of flesh, rubbing it. Stimulating it to the point where liquid seeped from her cunt and wet her thighs.

Jason's engorged cock pressed into the cleft of her buttocks, a thick heated rod that inflamed her skin every place it touched her. Being suspended on her toes with balance eluding her excited her even more, creating a delicious feeling of vulnerability.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The music segued into the next tune, the beat accelerating, her blood pumping with the rhythm.

Alex lifted his head from her breasts, raised her legs and draped them over his shoulders. Jason continued to manipulate her clit while Alex set his tongue to laving every inch of her pussy inside and out. Her body began to shake under the force of the sensual attack. She thrust her hips against Alex's mouth but he gripped her hips tightly, determined to go at his own pace.

She closed her eyes, leaning back against Jason's hard-muscled chest, feeling his lips on her neck, her shoulder, the shell of her ear. She started when she felt him take her arms and loop them around Alex's neck but in the next moment she realized why.



"More of that wonderful oil," he whispered and two slick fingers slid into her rectum, working the tissues to stretch them, the oil heating her dark tunnel and spiking her desire. Jason ran his tongue along the column of her neck. "Me first, Miranda."

In the next instant she felt the thick head of his penis, sheathed in oiled latex, prodding at her anus, pushing gently but steadily, his hands separating the cheeks of her ass to give him better access.

"Breathe," he told her. "That's it. You can take it."

And then he was in all the way, filling her completely and her pussy quivered against Alex's mouth.

Alex lifted his head and with oil-slicked fingers opened her wide, lowering her legs. "Now me, my love."

She was already so wet his condom-clad cock slid in with one long thrust and she was impaled on two thick, hard shafts, so full she could hardly breathe.

And then they began to move, led by the heavy beat of the music, in perfect concert as if they'd done this many, many times. Jason's hands came around to pinch and tug on her nipples while Alex resumed his assault on her clit, this time with his hands. In and out they thrust, slow then fast, easy then hard.

Miranda hung suspended, her legs wrapped around Alex's neck, as two cocks plundered her with matching strokes and two pairs of hands stimulated her almost to a point beyond bearing. She tried to move her hips in concert with theirs but she was wedged too tightly between them and Alex's grip on her was too strong.

She had no idea how long it went on, the gliding in and out of the swollen penises, the delicious assault on her erogenous zones but without warning her muscles began to tighten in her belly, her womb began to clench and with the force of a tidal wave her orgasm rolled over her, shaking her with incredible force.

Fireworks burst behind her closed eyelids and she flew into black velvet space, her pussy and her rectum clamping down on the dual penetration, milking the two cocks.

The fit was so tight she could feel their seed splash inside the condoms as if they were wearing nothing to separate their skin from hers.

The spasms went on and on, her liquid heat bathing them, Alex's hands grasping her breasts and kneading them, Jason biting the sensitive place where her neck and shoulder joined. They rode her through the aftershocks until her body finally lay limp and spent, braced against Jason, her legs still over Alex's shoulder.

Alex leaned forward and kissed her lightly on her mouth, then with great care lowered her legs while Jason released the handcuffs. She was so weak she would have fallen if Alex hadn't been holding her tightly. Then Jason was behind her again and they stroked and soothed her, showering her with light kisses, finally carrying her to the massive bathroom where a hot tub waited, its jets pulsing, bubbles dancing on the surface of the water.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miranda couldn't remember when she'd slept so well or so soundly. Jason woke her at ten to tell her breakfast would be ready in thirty minutes and remind her she had a plane to catch. When he kissed her cheek, he whispered, "Thank you," then left her to dress.

The night had been extraordinary but left her disappointed on two counts. While Jason and Alex were wonderful lovers, they were still missing the elusive quality she sought. She had the constant feeling that the whole performance had been for their pleasure, not hers.

And again, the pearl had been the wrong one.

Insisting she still have something to remember them by, they had presented her with a tiny teardrop pearl on a gold chain, which she wore until she boarded the plane, Then she took it off and dropped it into her purse. It would rest in her jewelry box, a memento of a very erotic escapade but no more than that.

She leaned back in her seat and sighed. What was she doing with her life, anyway? Nothing of any substance or value. She had more money than she could ever spend but only one really close friend whom she trusted completely. She manufactured adventures for herself because her life was so empty. Thrill-chasing certainly had its drawbacks. She'd allowed smooth-talking men to fuck her senseless and nearly rob her blind. It was time for a change.

She was finally tired of sex for the sake of sex. Maybe the perfect lover just didn't exist. And if Raoul needed that pearl so desperately to get on with his life, well, he was welcome to it. She just wanted to go home and go back to being plain old Mandy Fox. Maybe it was time for her to find something useful to do with all that money. It was certainly time to stop chasing after a sexual dream.

By five o'clock she was back in her condo, showered and changed into shorts and an old football t-shirt, her feet shoved into comfortable sandals. Face free of makeup, hair pulled back in a ponytail, she drove to the causeway and her favorite dive, The Oyster Shanty. Here she could lose herself in the anonymity of boaters and tourists and try to figure out what to do next with her life.

She was sitting at the bar, losing herself in the noise of the crowd and drinking a cold beer, when she sensed someone climb up on the stool next to her. She glanced sideways, then nearly dropped her beer.

"B.J.?"

"One and the same." He grinned. "Have a nice trip?"

"I'd rather not talk about it if you don't mind."

She took another sip of beer, then took a longer look at B.J. She was so used to seeing him in his pressed slacks and collared shirt that the man in the denim cutoffs and black t-shirt was almost a stranger. And his sun-streaked blond hair, usually arranged perfectly, was ruffled as if tossed by the wind. Unexpectedly a wave of lust hit her and she nearly choked on her beer.

"Hey, you okay?" He turned concerned eyes toward her and patted her on the back.

"I'm fine." She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "Some just went down the wrong way." She wrinkled her forehead. "I didn't know you came here. I've never seen you here before."

"That makes us even. I didn't know this was one of your hangouts."

Her mouth turned down at the corners. "I haven't been here in a long time. Too long, I think. Do you come here a lot?"

He pointed out the big glass window to the dock and marina beyond. "I keep my boat here. Makes it handy to drop in for beer and oysters."

Her eyes widened. "Your boat?"

"Uh-huh. Cabin cruiser. My pride and joy. I've actually thought of living on it, I like it so much."

"You're kidding."

"Nope. Want to take the grand tour?"

She shrugged. "Sure, why not." *I'm certainly not doing anything else with my life.*

Flabbergasting was the only word she could find to describe The Salty Dog. The deck was highly polished teak, the brasswork shone as if a legion of workers had buffed through the night. The u-shape of benches around the prow was covered with bright blue denim cushions. A short flight of stairs led into a room that could have served as a living room in any upscale home.

B.J. grinned at her astonishment. "Like something to drink? Wine? Bourbon? Something special?"

"Actually, another beer would be great."

He pulled out two bottles from a refrigerator under the bar, popped the tops and handed her one. "To finding the perfect pearl and the perfect lover."

He clinked his bottle against hers but she simply held hers in her hand, not drinking from it.

B.J. frowned. "Something wrong with the beer?"

She sighed. "No. With my life. No one should ever have all that money dumped on them without figuring out what to do with themselves first. You do a lot of crazy things when you're bored."

He put his bottle on a coaster on the bar and came to stand beside her. His hand cupped her chin with a gentle touch and his dark brown eyes skimmed her face. "I don't think you're bored, Miranda. Just rootless. There's a difference."

"Yeah? Is that why I can't seem to find what I'm looking for?"

"Maybe you just haven't looked in the right places, darlin'. Or for the right thing." His face was so close to her now his lips were practically touching hers.

"And what would that be?"

"Maybe your idea of the perfect lover is all wrong. Maybe you just don't know what perfect is. Or the perfect pearl."

Her breath felt trapped in her lungs. "And you can show me?" she whispered.

"Let's try it, shall we?"

His mouth came down on hers like an angel's kiss, warm and soft and barely touching. The tip of his tongue traced the seam of her lips, sampling her taste.

Miranda felt her knees go weak and a wave of heat wash through her. Her hand holding the beer shook, so B.J. removed it from her fingers and put it next to his. Then his hands were cupping her face and his mouth was learning hers, his lips shaping hers, his tongue pushing past her teeth into her warmth and wetness. She met him eagerly, clutching at his big arms, giving him her tongue, pressing her mouth against the texture of his lips.

The kiss went on so long she forgot to breathe and she felt-lightheaded when he finally moved enough to look at her. Holding her with his heated gaze, he ran his hands

down her arms and up under her t-shirt, cupping her breasts in his big palms, teasing her nipples with his thumbs.

She was already wet, wetter than she could ever remember being and they hadn't done anything but kiss. She slid her own hands beneath the fabric of his shirt and ran her fingers through the soft pelt of fur covering the solid, well-defined chest. When her nails raked his flat, hard nipples she heard the sharp intake of his breath.

Against her mouth he said, "How about if we take this into the next room? I have a big bedroom with a huge bed, that believe it or not, I've never had a woman in."

"You haven't?" She stared at him through a sensual haze.

"Nope. This is my private place and I haven't found anyone before this I wanted to share it with. So how about it?"

She nodded and he lifted her in his arms as if she weighed nothing, carrying her through a door to a bed that looked like acres of soft comforter and sheets. B.J. pulled the covers back and laid her gently on the bed, a smile curving his lips.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted to do this, Miranda." He pressed a quick kiss on her lips. "I fought it and talked myself out of it. Every time I sent you off on a new journey I wanted to be the one you came to. And now I don't want to wait any longer. I won't lose you to any of those pretty boys you seem so caught up with."

She felt a thread of excitement unwinding in her. He'd wanted her all this time, just as she'd wanted him. Secretly. Afraid of rejection. But not any more.

"Mandy," she told him. "Please call me Mandy. I don't want to be Miranda any more." One corner of her mouth turned up in a half grin. "I think I've wanted you all along too. I want to be with you and I want to be Mandy. I don't think I can stand Miranda any more."

"All right. Good. Mandy suits you. I'm going to take off your clothes, Mandy. And then I'm going to ravish your body. And keep on feasting on it for a long time. That okay with you?"

She nodded, beyond words, mesmerized by the hot light in his eyes.

He unwrapped her like a gift, slowly and with great pleasure, savoring each inch of skin as he exposed it. He tasted her with his mouth and his tongue, licking her as if she were an ice cream cone on a hot summer day. He paid careful attention to her nipples, pulling on them with his lips and pressing them against the roof of his mouth, rolling them like drops of candy. But when he got to her pussy, she nearly exploded with pleasure.

He opened her to his eyes, barely concealing his gasp of pleasure as he ran his fingers over the glistening skin. Carefully he slipped two fingers inside her waiting sheath and heat shot through every pore in her body. When he removed them she wanted to cry.

"Touch me more," she whispered.

"Oh, I will," he promised. "Don't doubt that for a moment."

When he had looked and touched his fill, he stripped off his t-shirt, shorts and boxers and flung them onto a nearby bench, first removing foil packets from one of the pockets. "A guy can hope," he said with a grin.

She caught her breath as his erection sprang free, magnificently rising from the nest of light brown curls, his heavy testicles below it resting on his thighs. Automatically she opened her legs for him.

And then he was on her, ravishing her, kissing and sucking and licking. Fucking her with his fingers and his mouth. Teasing every erogenous zone of her body until she was ready to scream with wanting. She'd never known ankles and knees and elbows could be so sensual or have so many nerves that fired.

Finally he ripped open one of the foil packets and rolled the condom onto his cock, which was already pulsing with pleasure and expectation. She was so ready for him that he slid into her with one stroke, holding himself there, his eyes burning into hers. One hand moved between them and found her clit, sending showers of her liquid heat to bathe him.

"This is it, you know," he said.

"What?" She could barely think.

"The perfect pearl. This little gem right here that's going to help me send you to the moon. The most perfect pearl in the world. I can make it gleam in moonlight, shine in sunlight. I can take it into my mouth and suck it until you flood me with your juices. You can't wear it around your neck but I can give you hours of pleasure with it." He sucked in a breath, straining to retain control. "That's my plan, Mandy. To give you more pleasure than you've ever had in your life. That's all I want."

She started to answer him but he began to move then, his cock stroking in and out of her while his fingers rubbed and teased her swollen bud. His mouth captured one nipple, pulling on it until it was diamond hard. Mandy wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him closer, tilting her pelvis to take him deeper. When she felt the tip of his cock touch her womb, she clenched her legs and pushed him against her.

"God." The word broke from him harshly and he began to move faster, raising her, driving her until the whirlwind caught them and tumbled them into space. Light streaked around her and pleasure racked her body. She felt his penis throbbing inside her, his seed spurting into the latex sheath.

And still he fucked her, until neither of them had breath left and he collapsed on top of her. It seemed forever before sufficient air filled their lungs and their heart rate calmed down.

She stared up at him, brushing his hair back from his sweat-streaked forehead. "How come I'm so dumb?" she finally got out. "How come I've been chasing around the world when the perfect lover was waiting right here for me all the time?"

And he was all that, a man who put her pleasure before his, who got drunk on the sight of her body, who wanted her for herself, not for some outrageous game.

"All you had to do was look, darlin'. That's all you had to do."

She burst out laughing and wrapped her arms around his neck. "You'll never get rid of me now."



"Good," he said, "because I'm keeping you. You and your perfect pearl."

He untangled her arms and slid down her body, disposing of the condom in the bedside trash basket. Then he opened her legs and bent his head to her. "And speaking of that pearl..."

## About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

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

### *Tell Us What You Think*

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at [Comments@EllorasCave.com](mailto:Comments@EllorasCave.com).

## **Also by Desiree Holt**

Cupid's Shaft

Double Entry

Night Heat

Once Upon a Wedding

Where Danger Hides



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com) for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)