

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



April Ash
Sexy
GAMES

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Sexy Games

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SEXY GAMES

April Ash

Dedication/Acknowledgements

April thanks her family and friends for their ongoing encouragement and support. Special thanks go to her supportive and helpful editor, Helen Woodall, all the “froggies”, and to the art department.

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Chapter One

"I hate this job."

Stacy Newman sat in the taste testing lab of the Naughty Games Company and hunched over her table. Once again, idiot Erwin, her boss, had ordered her to taste the newest flavored "Erotic Sexessory" their group had developed.

Banana. She hated bananas and he knew it. But that hadn't stopped him from making a point of choosing her for the test. It had to do with power, a control thing Erwin couldn't handle—and the fact that she'd turned him down once again when he'd asked her out on a date.

She ran her hands down her lab coat, giving in to the urge to throw a pity tantrum for a minute before tackling her banana-flavored condom. Someday she hoped to move up in the company, save enough money and open up her own store. She just needed that chance, an opportunity to show she could do more than work with her small department and come up with flavors expected to heighten sex appeal while using one of the company's games.

No one in her department dressed up for work and being stuck in a crowded windowless basement lab with Erwin and four other lab techs made any thoughts of trying to make an impression pointless. Plus, if she dared to wear anything that her boss would misconstrue as attire trying to gain his attention, she'd be fighting off him and his wandering hands all day.

Luckily, Erwin and the others had gone to lunch, leaving her alone to taste and record her reaction. She sat up and pushed back some loose strands of hair that had not remained pinned on top of her head. With a sigh of resignation, she grabbed the banana condom and got up from her seat. Stacy dragged her feet over to a shelf lined with standing plastic penis statues. Holding up her next taste item near them for comparison, she found one that would fit the condom.

"You're it, big boy," she muttered to herself. "A real body attached to all this would be nice," she continued.

Back at her desk, she placed the statue on her table and rolled the condom onto its girth. Stacy plopped down into her seat and snatched her pen and notepad. "Yep. Slides on easily," she mumbled to herself as she wrote.

The smell of bananas stuck to her fingers and filled the space surrounding her. "Shit. I won't even know if the damn thing tastes good."

She grasped the penis and pulled it closer. Closing her eyes, she stuck out her tongue and prepared herself for that first lick.

"Hey, sweetie. What? No real cocks to try that with?"

Stacy slumped back and glanced at the doorway. "Lorraine. You know we only use plastic models to test our stuff."

"Well, put that off for a second." She waved a red envelope. "Look what's here."

With an unladylike snort, Stacy replied, "Congratulations. So you get to play more games." She focused on the statue. "I've gotta do a taste test so go have fun."

"Humph. My. Aren't we nasty today."

Lorraine sashayed her way into the lab. She wore a tight low-cut dress her receptionist job mandated. Stacy had been through Lorraine's closets many times. Finding something flirtatious and provocative as required by her job description would never prove difficult.

She stopped at the table where Stacy sat and dropped the envelope. "It's not for me."

"What?"

"Earth to condom taster. It's for you." Lorraine eyed the penis and licked her lips. "I smell bananas and I know you hate them. How about I do your test for you while you open your invitation."

With a nod of agreement, Stacy ripped her attention away from the statue to the envelope on her desk. She was vaguely aware of Lorraine's body movements as she grabbed the condom-covered penis, lowered her mouth and began licking it.

She lifted her head. "Write this down, Stace. Excellent banana flavor, maybe just a hint of spice. Could be nutmeg. Did you add something to it? Is this an edible one?"

Stacy turned quickly in her friend's direction. "Huh? Uh, yeah. Edible."

"I also asked about the flavor. Never mind." She continued licking the condom then nabbed it with her teeth and pulled it off. Lorraine ripped off parts of it and popped them into her mouth. "Not much fun without a real cock inside it."

"I figured that out already." Stacy smirked as she watched her friend gobble the entire thing. "Just give me more comments to write down."

"Hmm." Lorraine seemed deep in thought. "I'll think about that while you open the envelope. What are you waiting for?"

Stacy riveted her full attention on the invitation. Somehow, the realization that she'd actually gotten a prized "red envelope" switched her brain to the "off" position and no words or actions materialized.

"Well?" Lorraine's impatience grew, evidenced by the loud tapping of her insanely high-heeled shoe, emphasizing her annoyance.

"Uh, I will. Just give me a minute to let it sink in."

"While you're clearing your brain, write this down for your test. Smooth but some tiny prickles of ground spice. Heightens the taste. Speeds the desire and anticipation. Long-lasting taste to the last bite." She pointed to Stacy's pad. "All that should give you enough to go on and satisfy Erwin the octopus."

Stacy wrote down Lorraine's descriptions while sneaking peeks at the paper object waiting to be opened. She put down her pen and with a trembling breath, willed her hands to grab the envelope. Yep. It had her name on it. A beautiful ornate heart had been drawn underneath "Stacy Newman" written in gold letters.

"I swear, if you don't open the damn thing this minute, I'm gonna yank it outta your hands and do it myself." Never one for subtlety, Lorraine's voice expressed her undeniable determination.

Stacy looked from the envelope to her friend. "Calm down. It's probably just another one of those offers I've already turned down. Just one more stupid mistake by someone in Game Testing."

Even as she said those words, curiosity and a rush of excitement collided inside her. A mistake? It *could* be real. Maybe this would provide the break she sought and give her an opportunity to pitch her innovative board game idea to her company. She could then move up to a better-paying position in the exclusive and highly erotic company that provided games for consenting adults. All this would bring Stacy closer to her goal of running her own business.

Bracing herself for whatever the envelope's contents imparted and with shaky hands, Stacy carefully slit the top with her letter opener. She pulled out the engraved card and read out loud, "Care to play a game or two? One week. Male and female. One-on-one."

Lorraine walked behind her and leaned over Stacy's shoulder. She rubbed her friend's back. "Woo-hoo! Girl, you finally made it. On to bigger and better things."

Stacy glanced at her friend and noticed the sly smile covering her face. "Did you know anything about this? Did Ray mention something to you?"

Lorraine stuck out her tongue. "No. Just because we hop into bed every Tuesday and Thursday when his wife works late doesn't mean we talk business." She ran her tongue along her lips. "Sweetie, we have better things to do."

"Stop. I've heard it all already." She turned her attention back to the message and ran her fingers along the card's raised letters.

"Well, it's about time they got you into something you want. Although I don't understand why you turned down the other two offers."

Stacy snickered. "Hey. They both turned out to be okay for *you*. You got asked when I turned them down."

Her friend wiggled her hips as she traveled from behind Stacy to stand in front of the table. "And why wouldn't I? The powers upstairs know I'll participate in any game tests. Female-female, two guys and me, couples orgy." She gave a sultry look and ran her hands down her sides. "I'm primed for sex anytime. And time away from work while testing those games they come up with keeps my lust satisfied. Ray can only do so much and I only have those two days a week with him." She pouted.

Stacy shook her head. "Lorr, find some guy without baggage."

Lorraine's eyes pierced through her. "Like you? Get my heart broken after trusting some jerk? Sorry, honey. Jake was no good from day one but you wouldn't listen to us. I'll keep Ray. I know the limits and can walk away whenever I want. Never get hurt this way."

Hurt. Oh yes. Jake and his lies had hurt but she'd pulled herself together and barricaded her heart behind steel walls – except for that one night of passion with – No. He'd left her too but at least had never made any promises. Determination flooded through her veins. Stacy Newman would no longer play the lovesick fool to some lowlife Romeo. Focusing on a career and having a man in her life to suit her own purposes fueled her daily routine.

"I know that now. Jake's a lying bastard who blinded me with his charming gentleman act."

Lorraine snorted. "Sure. That and his great body emphasizing his 'Mr. Energizer' package no one could miss eyeballing."

Stacy smirked as she got up to shuffle to a filing cabinet near Lorraine. "He did advertise, didn't he? What an idiot I am for not seeing what was going on. Crap. He cheated on me with everything in skirts."

Her friend narrowed her eyes. "And don't forget the pretty-boy cover models from that underwear shoot at our friendly agency. Face it, Stace. He swung both ways. Fucking to him is a way of life, male or female. He's a jerk."

A huge sigh escaped her lips before she could reply. "Finding him in our bed with Allan and Chad killed any passion I had for Jake. Losing him to another woman would be bad enough. But knowing the three of them are shacking up and now are a happily screwing male threesome gave me that nudge to move on without him."

Lorraine pranced toward Stacy and gave her a quick hug. "Babe, Lord knows how many partners he's had. You're just lucky you didn't catch anything from him."

"Yep. I know that." She toyed with the invitation. "I'm ready to give this a shot. One-on-one is all I wanna handle. No commitments. No hurt feelings. Just fun and games."

"And scramble outta this lab to get bigger bucks for that horny lingerie store you want to open."

"You never remember the name, do you?" Stacy glared. "Seduce Me."

A frown covered Lorraine's face. "Not very enticing and I don't need to be seduced to try anything dealing with sex. How about 'Raunchy Rompers'. You know. Something to catch everyone's attention."

Stacy shook her head. "No thanks. I'll stick to the name I chose."

Lorraine pushed her long red hair away from her face and sighed. "Fine. First you have to play this game, impress the Game Testing people and pitch your idea. Who knows? Maybe they'll let you and your partner experiment with your game – what's it called?"

"Never-ending Positions," Stacy answered. A knot tightened in her stomach. "I have to meet the boss and my partner at ten. It's gotta be someone I at least know, even slightly, or I don't think I could do this." Anxiety rippled through her. "What if 'he' doesn't like me and backs out or they replace me with someone else?"

"How many times do I have to hug you to get you to calm down? Relax. You're primed for this. It'll be someone decent." Lorraine laughed. "You know they leave all the sleazy, raunchy guys for me. I'm their slutty sex diva when it comes to the real hardcore tests. Big Boss congratulated me on that. And I'm just as happy to retain my title."

"So what would that leave me known as? A repressive Snow White?" Stacy couldn't help a frown from forming. Had turning down other offers made her appear too pure to Max Hoffman, president and CEO of the company? And what about the board members and Game Testing crew?

"Stace. You've got that worried look on your face like you're scared and about to bolt." Lorraine grabbed Stacy's head in her hands and stared. "Repeat after me. I am sexy. I deserve to enjoy this. I will do this." She removed her hands but continued staring. "Show them what you can do. Then pounce on the department with your idea. Who knows? Maybe that'll be the next game they test and I get the red envelope."

"Somehow," Stacy said sarcastically, "I'm guessing you've tried all the positions my game involves."

With a wink, Lorraine quipped, "Then I'll be a natural to sell your game to NG. Hmm. Maybe I should ask for a commission from you?"

"No way. I worked hard on this. You can just test it, if they choose you. And keep in mind I set it up for one man and one woman to enjoy."

Lorraine twirled a ringlet of hair. "Hmm. Now you know, honey, they can add versions to entice all us perverts who want more than that."

With her hand held up in a "stop" position, Stacy replied, "I know. But I'm hoping to present it as something for a male-female couple game." She shrugged. "I guess you're right though. They can do what they want after they buy it."

"Money is money. Don't look so downhearted. You'll get big bucks no matter how they use it."

She allowed her mind to wander into the area of bills, money, opening up her own store, money, nearly empty bank account, money. Yep. The cash would come in handy even if her game were altered. But she'd insist on keeping the name.

Stacy glanced at the envelope again. She decided to march upstairs, agree to a one-week game testing session with someone from her company, have sex as the game dictated and enjoy every orgasm and moment of pleasure. She could handle this because deep down inside her lingered the wanton spirit of a lustful adventurer.

Maybe.

Focusing her attention back to Lorraine, she admitted, "I need the money and will sell my idea. Playing whatever game is thrown at me for a week of testing while being pampered and living out some fantasies is what I'll do and want to do. I've been too good for too long, catering to Jake and others." Brave words slipped from her lips but jangled nerves twisted inside her.

What if the guy chosen to be her fellow tester wasn't someone she liked?

"Girl, let's go make you sexy." Lorraine eyed her outfit. "Not much to work with but I think I can help." She sauntered closer to Stacy, seized her arm and maneuvered her toward the restroom. "I always keep a stash of *interesting* clothes upstairs in my locker. You strip off that prissy lab coat and sweatsuit and I'll get something for you to wear when you meet Mr. Whoever upstairs. And we'll do something with your hair. Just wish I had time to color it blonde."

Stacy stumbled by the restroom door. "I like my hair color."

Lorraine gave a few "tsk" sounds. "Well, I can't work magic and change your mousy brown color now but I *will* fix it so you don't look like you threw it up on top of your head in a rush to work. Sweetie, you want to entice this guy, not send him into hysterics. Trust me on this."

In a matter-of-fact tone, Stacy remarked, "I won't fit into your clothes. I'm bigger than you are."

After turning to wink at her, Lorraine pivoted and hurried down the hall to the elevator. "All the better to make those boobs your best feature and gain attention."

Stacy watched her friend almost skip away. She pushed the restroom door open, entered and shed her clothes. "She's right. I've gotta grab *his* attention right away." She looked down her body and twirled in front of a mirror.

Her slightly faded sweatsuit spelled "boring, dull, frumpy" and all those words would fit into one sentence describing her. Letting her eyes roam to her hair, she cringed slightly as Lorraine's words hit home. "Yep. Dumped on my head, pinned unfashionably, dull and in need of some work." She bit down on her bottom lip. "Maybe not really blonde but lightening up this mess a bit *would* get me outta that lackluster category."

The title of wizard at dressing to gain male attention—although sometimes she went overboard in doing so—aptly described Lorraine and no one Stacy knew even came close to her friend's expertise. Stacy would accept any and all suggestions at turning her drearily unattractive look into something more alluring and seductive.

"Stacy Newman, prepare to become a walking invitation to sex." *And let the games begin.*

* * * * *

Dressed in a tight, above-the-knee-length dark red skirt and bright white silken blouse, Stacy wandered down the carpeted hallway on the main office floor. The top

stretched across her chest and the low v-neck showed ample cleavage. Without her bra as a barrier between her skin and the smoothness of the material, every movement she made created just enough rubbing effect on her nipples to make them sensitive and jut out against the fabric.

She adored the sliding effect the silk had on her body. Not only did her nipples react to the material's rubbing but Stacy's whole body felt primed for sex. She tried to breathe normally as her heart pounded and her pulse raced.

Lorraine had taken charge of transforming Stacy into a work of beautiful, sex-appealing art that no man could resist. At least that's what she'd bulldozed Stacy into believing. The lack of underpants, so no panty line would show, gave Stacy that extra edge in feeling feminine, a sexually enticing woman, someone ready to take on a lover.

Her courage sagged a bit as she approached the secretary's desk. The woman, Georgina, glanced up and gaped at her.

"I'm here to see Mr. Hoffman." Stacy held out her red envelope to the conservatively dressed receptionist.

A disapproving look covered the woman's unsmiling face. "Oh. He's in a meeting right now." She nodded to some sofas and upholstered chairs near a large bay window. "Why don't you wait over there and I'll tell him you're here."

Stacy smiled but Georgina never saw the greeting. She'd already dismissed her and had traipsed over to the door that Stacy assumed opened into Mr. Hoffman's inner office. After a slight knock on the door, Georgina quickly entered the office and disappeared before Stacy had a chance to sit.

That proved to be a challenge as her skirt made it difficult to gracefully pose herself on one of the chairs. She eased down, taking care to pull the skirt material up a little to give her some wiggling room.

A quick glance at the clock hanging over Georgina's desk indicated that Stacy had arrived two minutes early. With nervous twitters parading through her stomach, she decided to bolster her confidence and brace herself for what could be the beginning of a new start on her way up the ladder of corporate success.

All she had to do was play a game. Could she? With whomever would be her partner?

* * * * *

"Tell her I'll see her shortly." Max Hoffman directed his comment to Georgina and watched his secretary leave the room and close the door behind her. He turned his attention back to his son. "Why not?"

"I'm not interested. I've told you this before. I have a life and a career." Sloane Hoffman repeated the same sentences he'd been telling his father all morning. Even after two hours, none of his retorts appeared to faze his father's determination that he prepare to take over the company in six months when Max wanted to retire.

His father glared at him. "What life? What career? Chasing that model halfway around the world while designing computer games? You're thirty-three. Maybe it's time to stay in one place and settle down. Hell. You can design games here for our clients. *And* stay around long enough to see your family more often."

A twinge of remorse bounced through him as Sloane ran a hand through his hair. "Dad. Monique and I are through and yes, you were right about her but I had to learn the hard way." He began pacing across the amber carpeting. "I made a huge mistake. Should've seen her downside." He shook his head. "But I don't think I'm cut out for these kinds of games."

Max glared at his son. "What? You don't like sex? Don't try to pull that on me."

Sloane laughed, "Funny, Dad. Like father, like son." He held up his hand in a stop position. "I know Mom enjoys these games just as much as you do and that you two love only each other." With a glance out the window, he added, "Yes, I like sex and maybe someday I'll find someone I love."

Squeaking sounds filled the air as Max rocked in his oversized chair. "You create great computer games. Games are in your blood. Take over our games business. What's so hard about that?"

Shit. Even he had to admit some of his latest designs had sexual teasers and had been toned down by the computer game distributor he dealt with on a freelance basis. Had the almost total lack of sex since his fiasco with Monique affected him and filtered into his head while he tried to design action-adventure games?

Of course, there had been that one night in December— Sloane forced those memories from his mind, strolled over to a sofa near the window and sat. "Josh can always take over, you know."

Max shook his head vehemently. "Nope. I know he loves working here but he doesn't have a head for business and spends too much time volunteering for game tests and screwing the female employees. He'd ruin this company in a year."

Sloane had to agree with his father. His younger brother, Josh, showed all the signs of following in his footsteps but taking the spoiled rich kid image much further than Sloane ever had. Josh had never completed college and had no skills other than his charming personality and generous wallet.

Yep, he'd done the playboy bit too and enjoyed every minute but Sloane had toned down his jet-setting lifestyle, gotten a degree and been self-supporting for years, refusing to accept handouts offered by their father. True, he had a hefty bank account he used for investments but shedding the millionaire do-nothing façade had gained him respect from those he dealt with.

"You know," his father interrupted his thoughts, "your mother and I want to retire and enjoy ourselves away from here."

Damn. The guilt trip ploy. Usually his mother employed that tactic. Sloane eyed his father with concern. "Is there something you're not telling me about your last cardio appointment?"

Max sniffed and the plea-laced tone he'd just used magically disappeared. "Certainly not. I'm very healthy." He straightened in his chair. "Well? Yes or no? Will you do this test?"

Was there a choice? "Yes. I'll do this test and then follow the game process through distribution. But, Dad," he shrugged, "I still might decide not to take over as CEO."

A broad smile covered his father's face. "Thanks, son. And you can always work on your freelance games. Hell. You could probably open a sub-branch of the company and offer adventure games. Maybe not just for the computer, maybe some type of board —"

"Stop." Sloane laughed and interrupted his father's idea. "One step at a time."

"Of course. Channel all your energy to this first and go from there."

Sloane sank back into the sofa. "So. What game is this?" He shook his head. "Don't think I wanna do this with a complete stranger. Despite what you might have heard I like to know who I have sex with."

Max picked up a paper from his desk. "Understood. That's not a problem. All my employees know they're hired for their skills and not sexual actions. No one has to participate. This game's called 'Fantasize With Me' and there are different versions."

Sloane knew a frown formed on his face. "I haven't been around much in the past two years. Who's my partner?" Granted, he'd met some female employees over the years but never actually dated —

Shit. Did his father know about her? The woman he'd shared a one-night, sex-filled romp with after they'd enjoyed an evening of talking about everything imaginable at the last Christmas party?

"She's waiting in reception. Name's Stacy Newman."

Sloane's stomach clenched before he mumbled her name. "Stacy." Her name conjured up memories of the one female who'd taken him to heaven's edge — and then scared the shit out of him when the word "commitment" screamed in his head.

She probably still hated him.

* * * * *

Stacy smoothed down her skirt after standing up from her seat. She ignored the unsmiling receptionist who'd just given her permission to enter Mr. Hoffman's office. With a wiggle to her walk — as Lorraine suggested — she ambled across the room, opened the door and hesitated for a second before entering.

Max Hoffman, a man in his sixties, sat behind an impressively huge dark wood desk but immediately stood after her first few steps into the room. His charming smile and greeting of, "Come in, Miss Newman," bolstered her courage.

Out of the corner of her eye she got a glimpse of a man seated on the sofa but the glare from the windows blocked any clear view. Strolling across to a chair Max waved at, she offered a smile in return before turning to her left for a better look at who else occupied the room.

Thud. Her heart plummeted, along with any wave of confidence she'd talked herself into having. *Sloane*. Seated on the sofa sat the man she'd had one wild night of sex with only to have him disappear immediately from her life.

She stumbled but quickly righted herself as heat cascaded up her cheeks. Sloane? Her partner?

"Stacy, and I hope you don't mind the informality here, I'd like to invite you to participate in our next game testing. As the note stated, it's a male-female, one-on-one game. One week. You'd have to stay in our testing facility."

She found her voice despite jangled nerves and racing heart. "Yes. I understand."

"Good. It will in no way reflect on your career here if you choose not to play. No employee is pressured into participating."

"Yes. I know."

"This is Sloane. He's been picked to be your partner." Max pointed to his son.

The man still looked as sexy as she remembered. Dark russet curls topped his head, some appearing to have been ruffled and moved from their combed or brushed position. Deep, piercing blue eyes seared through her just as they had their one night together.

His dark, charcoal gray suit appeared tailor-made. A light blue shirt and sea-blue tie completed his look. All covered every inch of the well-muscled, enticing body she'd explored in one fantasy evening of pleasure.

His mouth curved into a smile and she itched to trace that dimple she saw and remembered.

Bastard. He'd used her body and never even said goodbye. *Shit. I let it happen*. But waking up to an empty bed had been something she'd tried to forget.

Forget. *Right*. Like she could toss him out of her mind, ignoring tiny reminders of their coupling and how he'd made her feel special. Even if it had only been for one night.

As if sensing her sudden doubts about going through with their pairing, Sloane stood and approached her. "Stacy. We meet again." He held out his hand.

She reached for his, only to have it encased in his strong, warm grasp. He lifted her hand up to his lips and planted a light kiss on her fingers. A fleeting thought of pulling her hand away floated through her mind but quickly disappeared the minute his lips touched her skin.

The gentle contact stirred her body and soul into wanting more. Just as it had once before.

"I— Hello, Sloane," she responded in a whispered tone.

"Good. You know each other."

Max's words broke through the trance-like state Stacy found herself in. Sloane released her hand and winked at her before diverting his eyes to his father.

"Stacy and I met briefly at Christmas at the company party." He returned his gaze to her. "I hope she'll agree to be my game testing partner."

The body she'd touched, licked, tasted and enjoyed radiated a male essence she longed to embrace. Inhaling deeply, she detected a whiff of his aftershave, the same one that had aroused her senses and mingled with her own vanilla scent that night. Showering after his quick departure hadn't stopped her from noticing a hint of Aramis floating through her bedroom for weeks. Foolish as she'd been, even though he'd run off without a word, she'd never washed the sweater she'd worn that night. It still smelled of Sloane although it had been relegated to the back of her closet.

"Stacy, why don't you and Sloane visit the penthouse. See the place and point out whatever changes need to be made this weekend to make you more comfortable there next week." Max's face went somber. "That's assuming you agree to play."

Would she? Could she still play, have sex with Sloane again and again and walk away after a week?

What about her plans for the future? She had to weigh fulfilling her dream and getting to her goal against the risk of losing her heart again to a man she'd once given herself to. Willingly. And had been foolish enough to think it would be the start of something strong and wonderful between them.

Would she? Hell. Sloane couldn't read her face but at least she hadn't said, "No." Christ. He'd been a bastard, leaving her and sneaking away before she woke up that morning. But the passion, lust and excitement they'd experienced had his drink-hazed brain contemplating a relationship. A real relationship and not anything he'd considered in the past.

Bottom line? His attraction to her and Stacy's magnetic pull both surprised and terrified him into fleeing. Chasing women and enjoying sex had filled his life. Ever the playboy, he savored the charms and lovemaking many women freely offered – and he'd always been able to walk away without a care.

Look at his infatuation with Monique. Deep down inside him he knew nothing would ever develop. She had her career and required more than one man's constant attention. His bachelor life remained safe as long as he hadn't crossed that line of fun only versus devotional desire.

Stacy, in one night of pleasure, had made him jump past the entertaining side of lovemaking and dropped him squarely on the surface of craving that slide into the "C" world – that "no more playing the field" land of commitment. And that had panicked him into full retreat.

Stacy shook hands with his father and turned an undeniably icy glance at him. He followed her lead out the office door, past the secretary's desk and down the hallway to a bank of elevators. All the while, she never uttered a word and he mentally clobbered himself for stumbling over coming up with something appropriate to say. A peace

offering. A gesture of friendship. An apology to get her to agree to play games with him.

A tightness stretching his pants embarrassed him as his groin reacted to every step she took. Her hips swayed in a rhythm that mesmerized him and tearing his eyes away from her ass hadn't entered his mind.

They stepped into the elevator and Sloane remained all too aware that his hormones raced in overdrive. He inhaled deeply, only to sense the essence of Stacy and the wonderful memory of her scent bombarded him like a train running on a collision course with his control.

He wanted her. Now. Again. But for what? Satisfying his father with doing a game test didn't mean he'd stay around longer than a few weeks. Then again, what about family responsibility? Had the time come for a major change in his lifestyle? What the hell did he know?

Sloane popped in a special key card that would allow them access to the penthouse. He cleared his throat and gave her a sideways glance as he handed her the second key card and the elevator rose. Hell, this would be a business deal, pure and simple. They'd play, have sex and go their separate ways with him maybe walking out of her life and refusing to take over the company.

Damn. She wouldn't want him anyway.

Stacy willed her body to remain standing tall and straight, denying the hint of even so much as a wobble to shake her from her stance. "So. You're back." The words fell from her lips, colored by a trace of sarcasm.

"Miss me?" he replied in a hushed, suggestive tone.

Every fiber in her body ached with need at the sound of his voice. Heat flushed her face and a familiar wetness dampened the area near her pussy. Struggling to resist his charm and the desire to have his hands, mouth and cock satisfy her need, Stacy slid to the side and backed up against a wall.

Her pulse raced and she damned the man whose nearness drove her almost senseless with lust-fulfilling aches. She blinked and stared into his dark eyes and then lowered her gaze to his mouth. Months ago that same mouth had kissed, licked and sucked on every part of her body. Stacy panted at the thought of repeating that night soon.

"You're the one who left so I guess you didn't miss me." She raised a hand to push back her hair. "Why are you back?"

Sloane eased closer to her and placed his hands against the elevator wall on both sides of her, effectively trapping Stacy where she stood. "I'm here to play games. With you. Like before."

She heard his breathing speed up to match her own pace. Their bodies remained inches away from each other and she itched to run her hands over him.

Stacy let her gaze travel from his eyes down his chest and focused on his bulging cock, begging for her attention. "It-it can't be like before." She shook her head. "We'll play games but it'll be business only."

Even she didn't believe what she'd uttered. Hell, the sex would be like before. The glorious climaxes, touching and tasting would happen. But the emotions, what she'd allowed before, had to stay locked away to keep her heart safe.

Think money. Never-ending Positions. Seduce Me. Men and how they break your heart.

A smile curved his lips and Stacy's heart skipped a beat. The only thing she wanted and craved at that moment was to liplock with the one man who'd ever allowed her to fully satisfy her lust in one night filled with incredible sex and abandon.

Sloane inched his head toward her and brushed his lips against hers. He ran one hand along the top of her low-cut blouse and eased it down to capture a nipple between his thumb and finger. He pinched lightly and skimmed his hand along the silky material to her other breast. As he molded it into his palm, his mouth crushed hers in a deep kiss. Stacy moaned and the urge to taste more of him commanded her tongue to dart into his mouth.

The dinging of the elevator caught her by surprise. Sloane backed away and gave her a wink. The doors opened and they got out, entering a foyer leading into a penthouse Stacy had never seen.

Sloane grabbed her hand. "Walk with me and look around because in five minutes, if I can wait that long, I want us to head for the bedroom and make love." He stopped and swung her around and into his arms. "We'll play for business, as you said. But I wanna have you here. Now. Any objections?"

She shuddered as a wave of carnal yearning swept over her. Business. The game. Sex for a week with Sloane. No ties. No commitments. Broken heart.

Money. Her need to reach her goals.

Imprisoning her heart for safekeeping yet eager to make love, Stacy purred, "Make it three minutes."

They completed a cursory tour of the living room and kitchen in record time. They checked each room and then looked into the two bedrooms arranged on either side of a large extra bathroom.

"Choose the bedroom you want." He shrugged and loosened his tie. "We're supposed to be like a normal couple either living together or in separate places and not have sex every night. That's one rule that might prove hard to stick to."

Stacy began unbuttoning her blouse as he led the way into the blue bedroom. "Undress me, please."

His eyes blazed with a fire she'd witnessed before in her apartment. Sloane threw his tie onto the floor and gently folded her in his arms. "God, you feel so good."

Pressed up against him, she inhaled his scent, the one triggering flames of lust careening through her body. Stacy rubbed his penis through his pants, eager to have his cock inside her body and mouth.

He stepped back, grabbed her skirt and pulled it down. With only the sound of their mutual panting filling the air for a few seconds, neither of them spoke until she pleaded, "Hurry."

Sloane's fingers slid her blouse buttons through the buttonholes. She shrugged it off her shoulders and her breasts swayed as she wiggled. Her blouse fell to the floor. He cupped one of her breasts in his hand and lowered his mouth to the nipple. The bud hardened as he worshipped it with his tongue. While he did this, his other hand slid down her pantyhose and sought the area between her thighs.

Sanity and control drained from her body as the desire to satisfy lusty needs became the only goal her brain could focus on. She moaned as Sloane traced her pussy lips with his thumb. He lowered his body, brushing his lips down over her skin.

"You taste good, just like I remember," he growled before licking the area near the waistband of her pantyhose. Sloane's hands cupped both her ass cheeks and squeezed. With his hands now on her sides, he pulled down her pantyhose while his mouth trailed kisses down her abdomen.

Stacy shuddered with anticipation. She placed her hands on his head and urged him to travel even lower. He looked up at her with a sparkle in his eyes as he winked. After helping her out of the pantyhose, Sloane gently pushed her closer to the bed.

"Sit back and open for me, Stace."

She sat on the edge of the bed. Craving to heighten the erotic sensation as his mouth headed for her cunt, she braced herself up on her elbows. "I wanna watch."

Sloane got up quickly, grasped some pillows and shoved them behind her. "I want you to see too. Tell me what you want." He took another smaller pillow and placed it under her ass. "Spread wide for me, honey."

He moved nearer and kissed each thigh. Then he parted her cunt lips and darted his tongue into her pussy, flicking gently in a teasing fashion. Every lick and light touch flamed her desire.

"More. Oh God, more. Eat me now," she groaned and jiggled her hips to grind her pussy into his face.

Sloane tilted back slightly, looked up and smiled. "You and I loved this before." He took her legs and placed them over his shoulders before lowering his mouth once again and sucked on her cunt lips.

Watching him brought back memories of how wonderfully he'd satisfied her before. She reached down and jammed his face into her. His tongue danced around and massaged her clit. Stacy tried to press her cunt closer while holding his head in place.

"Suck on it. Oh please," she begged.

Sloane wasted no time in grabbing her clit between his teeth and laving the nub. Then he took it into his mouth and sucked as he pulled her ass closer to delve deeper into her.

Grinding herself into him, Stacy realized she'd reached the height of ecstasy. She threw back her head and dropped onto the pillows as her body shuddered with wave after wave of pleasure soaring through her. Uttering low "ohs" of satisfaction, she experienced the heart-pounding, final throes of climax.

"Miss me?" Sloane asked as he stood up and began undressing.

Chapter Two

Stacy decided not to answer and reveal any weakness. Committing to missing him would take their “business only” relationship to dangerous grounds and weaken her resolve to play and keep her heart untouched.

She stood and pushed his hands away from his shirt buttons. “Relax and let me do that,” she offered with a grin.

As she unbuttoned his shirt, he lifted her chin and then lowered his mouth for a kiss. Tongues darted back and forth inside and Stacy’s hands fumbled as she tried to concentrate on his shirt. Each inhaled and exhaled in rapid pants as they deepened their kiss. Sloane’s familiar taste now mingled with her juices filled Stacy with an urgency to let rampaging desire take control.

She stepped back to move away from his kiss and decided to work as quickly as possible to disrobe him. A burning itch to run her hands all over his skin urged her fingers to work faster.

Once his buttons were undone, she placed her hands on his belt and unbuckled it. She slid it from the belt loops as Sloane shucked off his shirt. Stacy dropped the belt to the ground and ran her hands up and under his tee shirt to caress his skin beneath the crinkly chest hairs. She pinched each nipple and enjoyed the quick intake of breath Sloane took indicating his pleasure. After rubbing each one into a tight bud, she lifted his tee shirt up and he drew it over his head, discarding it on the carpet.

Stacy couldn’t resist mouthing each nipple, remembering how sensitive they were and how much Sloane enjoyed it.

“Take off the damn pants and touch me.” His command came in a plea.

She licked her way down to his waistband. After undoing the zipper, she grabbed his pants and yanked down. They puddled around his ankles and he stepped out of them then kicked them to the side.

The massive smooth-tipped cock she recalled sucking on and that had filled her cunt many times poked through his boxers. She knelt before him and pushed the material back before lowering her mouth around what she wanted.

Sloane moaned as Stacy ran her tongue around it, flicking caresses up and down its length. Glistening pre-cum pooled at the tip and she used her tongue to circulate it around the top. He placed his hands on her head and guided her closer. Stacy opened her mouth and took his cock inside. With slow back and forth movements, she applied pressure on his cock, delighting in his groans and increased panting.

She returned her mouth to the tip of his cock, sucked and allowed her tongue to lave the underside as he twitched. His balls remained covered by the boxers and Stacy squeezed one and then the other.

"Stace. Hon, stop. Let me come inside you," Sloane pleaded in a ragged tone.

Stacy gave one last nip at his cock head and pulled away. She grasped his boxers and tugged, allowing them to land on the floor. She got on the bed while he stepped out of the boxers. He strode over to a dresser and opened the top drawer.

"I...uh, well, they keep condoms in here for everyone to use. I'll be in you in one second." He turned toward her and ripped open the condom package before rolling it onto his penis.

Condoms. Business. That's what she wanted. Satisfying her needs and lust here, now, was all that mattered. She said nothing, bent her legs and spread open. "Now, Sloane."

He positioned himself between her legs and rammed his cock into her slick opening. She held up a breast and he moved his head closer to pull gently on her nipple.

"You like this." He sucked first one nipple then the other.

Each suck sent waves of lustful cravings through her body. She wrapped her legs around him. "Now. Oh now," she cried as she rocked back and forth and begged for his thrusts.

Sloane shoved his cock in and out of her. Their bodies slapped together the faster and harder they moved. He backed his head away and used one hand to hold himself up while the other hand molded each of her breasts in turn to heighten her sensation. Stacy returned the favor and pinched hard on his nipples, something he'd told her he savored leading up to climaxing.

With a grunt of pleasure he pulsed inside her and Stacy reached another ultimate high.

Finally spent, he pulled out and rolled over next to her. "God, we're good together. I don't care what you say or don't say, I missed you and I think you missed me."

Fighting for some semblance of normal breathing and unwilling to allow herself to be vulnerable to his sweet talk, she decided to keep what her heart truly felt out of the picture. "You're right. We're good together. Were before too."

Businesslike, she continued, "We'll be good test subjects. Not awkward with each other and not afraid to play the games to their sexually satisfying end. Good for the company." She turned toward him and prayed he'd see the nonchalant look she hoped to present instead of how easily she could be swayed if he wanted more out of their week. "One week of uncomplicated, straightforward sex. I'm glad you'll be my partner."

Huh? Sloane thought she'd reject doing the games with him. Turn down his need for sex. But she'd agreed to both. Wouldn't say she missed him but he had only himself to blame for that in the first place. Maybe she'd never really wanted him anyway. Just the sex. Maybe that's all she'd wanted before and all she wanted now.

Good.

Bad.

What was wrong with him? He'd figured she'd been angry with him. Separated from her since their initial rendezvous and what she represented now had him thinking of the stupid way he'd approached women and relationships. Maybe his father's words made sense. Time to settle down. Up until now, his affairs with Monique and all the others had convinced Sloane commitments wouldn't work for him.

He'd chased the wrong kind of women all his life in his stupid bid for that carefree, ever fun-loving playboy bachelor status. Could Stacy symbolize the kind of woman and settling-down life he wanted? She reminded him of his mother, a partner in life with his dad but feisty enough to know what she wanted and eager to make their marriage work.

Marriage? Dangerous territory lay ahead if he continued in the direction his brain headed toward. He didn't even know if he'd agree to take over the company and be around in a few months.

"Yep, you're right. Knowing each other and the fact that we're not gonna feel awkward about sex will make this a pleasurable time. Business. Right. And we can enjoy the sex without reservations." He stared into her eyes, hoping for a flicker of something to work with. "I know I will."

A twinge of satisfaction at knowing he'd have her for a week crept into his brain. Almost immediately his mood changed. Annoyed at himself, Sloane wondered why he felt relieved that she'd agreed to be his testing partner. Would she have considered playing games with someone else? Why should he care?

The uneasy thought that she'd have agreed to spend the week with anyone else, including his brother, evoked an unfamiliar emotion he hadn't expected.

"Get dressed. I'd like to check out the kitchen again." Stacy kept her tone businesslike while butterflies pinged inside her. He'd agreed so easily to her declaration. Her stomach had dropped but determination provided eager motivation to enjoy the week ahead and any pleasure Sloane would give her. Walking away from each other this time would be a mutual decision and not like last time.

Miss him? Hell, she had. But he'd never know.

After quickly washing and dressing, they went into the kitchen and checked out the supplies.

"So do you cook?" Sloane teased.

Stacy batted her eyelashes. "Why?"

He laughed. "I hafta warn you...my specialty is boiling water and anything I can make in a microwave. We'll need to get energy somehow. Can't live on sex alone."

His smile disarmed her and she joined in his laughter. "Hmm. Food and your body. I'm ready." *Liar.*

Sloane ran a hand through his hair. "Why don't we go to the main office and sign the company liability contract. I need to speak to my father and then I'll meet you in the Game Testing office later." He headed toward the penthouse elevator.

Stacy took one last look around the apartment she'd live in for the next week. All the comforts would be supplied. Anything additional they'd ask for, within reason, would appear. Seven days and nights of no outside pressure or worries. At least, she'd strive to do nothing but concentrate on the game. And Sloane.

Shit. He'd consume her if she didn't keep up her guard.

She followed him and waited by his side for the elevator door to open. As she stepped inside, Stacy wondered how to find just the right time to mention her game idea and maybe get him to help. After sex would seem like he owed her a favor. It would have to be during their "down" time from playing, when they could just relax and talk.

Relax around Sloane? She let out a deep sigh.

"You okay? Still want to do this?" Sloane asked.

"I'm fine. Just anticipating our week ahead." She gave him a nervous smile.

He grabbed her hand and tucked it in the crook of his arm. "Let's go sign up for one week in paradise."

Paradise? Or heaven with hell to pay later?

* * * * *

"So? Tell me everything," Lorraine rushed out. She cornered Stacy as soon as she ran into the lab. "You've been gone a long time and I've been racing over here every half hour. Who's your partner?"

Stacy had changed back into her own clothes. She stretched out her hand that held Lorraine's skirt and top. "Thanks for these. And yes. I'm going to play. Signed the contract."

Lorraine hugged her. "About time. Who's the lucky stud?"

"It's, uh, Sloane Hoffman." She sauntered away and turned back to her desk.

"Him? Max's son? The great fucker from Christmas?" Her voice rose as her questions tumbled out.

Stacy pivoted quickly in her friend's direction. "Shhh! 'Handy' Erwin's back in his office." In a low tone she answered, "Yes. And we'll do fine. No strings, just play the game a few times and that's it."

With a snort, Lorraine snickered, "No way, lab girl. You did nothing but cry for weeks after he left. I thought you hated him. How can you spend a week with him exploring each other's body and walk away?"

After sitting at her desk, she planted her elbows on it and dropped her head into her hands. "Shit. You bring up all the same things I've been running through my head for hours." Stacy looked up. "Lorr, I have to think of my future and what this can lead to. For *me*. Sloane's not gonna be in the picture." She slumped back into her seat. "He'll be gone soon after and I'll take care of myself."

"I know you and it won't be that easy." Lorraine shook her head. "Me? I can fuck 'em and leave 'em. But you? Can you really do that?"

Could she? Her body already craved his caresses again. Their instant attraction and sexual encounter left her yearning for another lusty session. Every fiber in her body thrilled at the thought of his tongue licking her pussy and his mouth sucking on her breasts. She let out a ragged sigh.

Stacy gave herself a mental smack. She would have all that for their time together but reality would intrude and remind her about the game. Sex for the game. Climaxes for the game. Sloane for the game. "If I want to remain sane, yes. I can have all the sex we want and wave goodbye when it's over."

Lorraine winked as she leaned over the desk toward Stacy. "Sure you can. Honey, I just don't want to see you get hurt, that's all." She narrowed her eyes. "I don't suppose you want to give me a hint about the game?"

Stacy reached out and gave her friend a light slap on her arm. "Now you know I can't do it. Confidentiality and all that. And I don't even know what it is yet. But I won't even tell my cat." She sat up straight. "You'll take Elvis, won't you? I know he loves you."

"That damn cat of yours loves everyone. Yes, he can vacation at my place and chase Elvira around the house. As long as the two cats don't cramp my sex life, I'll even feed them."

With an insincere smile Stacy added, "Thanks. But I don't think you'd let anything interfere where sex is concerned."

With a wiggle, Lorraine pushed back from the desk and looked toward Erwin's office. "Hey, when I'm old and ugly, sex won't happen so I don't turn down chances now. And just for fun, I'm gonna pay lecherous Erwin a visit. Flirt a little. Give him a kiss and let him lift my top and rub my boobs. Maybe suck on them. He's always so appreciative and gives me free condom samples." She shrugged. "I just always say no dates, but naughty visits now and then are all we can have."

"You're evil, you seductress," Stacy laughed. "And keep telling him I'm off-limits."

Lorraine pulled her top down to expose more cleavage and lifted her breasts up. "Not to worry. I tell him all the time that I'm jealous of you and if I find out he's chasing you, I'll get friendly with one of the other men in this department."

"Here. Give him my 'playing games' notice so he'll know I'm leaving now and won't be in next week.'

"Sure. You bring Elvis over tomorrow and we'll go through my closet. I'm thinking you might want to borrow some stuff?"

"I'll be there at noon."

"Hmm. Make that three. Got a hot date tonight. I'm gonna be the meat between a Morgan twin brothers sandwich. God. Whoever thought twins would be so equally good in bed? I'll tell you all about it tomorrow. I'm tingling just standing here and my pussy's wet just thinking of them. Erwin's lucky I'm so horny now. I may even snatch 'little Erwin' for a quickie."

Stacy watched her friend sashay her way to Erwin's office. She stepped inside and closed the door. Within seconds, the shades in Erwin's office were pulled down and the distinctive click of the door being locked could be heard. Lorraine was seducing him and getting what she wanted.

Determined to spend the next week somewhat like her friend, Stacy straightened her desk, grabbed her stuff and headed for the Game Testing main office. Sloane would meet her there to discuss their game, what would be needed and all the particulars. Eager to make the most of her chance to do well and push her own game, she stiffened her spine and readied herself to enjoy the pleasures of sex Sloane would give her. Just a tiny hint of regret tried to wedge its way into her head but she tossed it aside.

She knew the ground rules with him. Her head and body would play the game, not her heart. She'd made it clear and so had he. No remorse, no commitment, separate ways at the end.

Her steps slowed for a second but then she picked up the pace. Sloane was waiting for her and the week ahead would be one she'd never forget.

* * * * *

"A game with costumes." Stacy tried to focus on Shelly Abbott's lecture about the directions for the game. Sitting next to Sloane had been a distraction, especially after taking peeks at him during their counseling session. The man gave no hint that they'd had sex just hours ago. Even greeted her in Shelly's office with a handshake.

In a bored voice, Shelly repeated, "Yes. That's what I've been saying." Her testy tone indicated an impatient demeanor toward Stacy.

In a smooth-talking, charming voice, Sloane interjected, "I guess Stacy is just repeating my thoughts too. We'll be acting out parts. We're new to this and want to make sure we understand completely." He gave the irritating woman a smile.

That caused the annoying Game Testing manager to giggle like a schoolgirl and actually blush. "Oh I certainly do understand, Sloane. We want you both to feel comfortable with this. These game versions will be more costly for consumers but that's

because we have costumes for each game scenario. Ask anything and I'll be happy to help. And if you have questions before Sunday, call my cell phone."

The woman directed all her attention to Sloane and never glanced at Stacy. The playboy had attracted another admirer and she wanted to order him to stop being so friendly and tell the woman to start acting professionally because —

Shit. She sounded like a jealous woman trying to keep her man in place and flash that "he's mine" warning to another woman. How crazy would he make her?

"Why don't you send all the versions upstairs and Stacy and I will review them there. Get a better idea of what's available and which three versions we decide to test. Looks like you've done a wonderful job in organizing all this for us." Sloane leaned in and winked at Shelly.

At first Shelly looked flustered and too confused to answer. "I'll, uh, need your sizes for the costumes." She handed out a size form information sheet for them to fill out. "If you'll take a minute to do this now, I'll get the costumes ready. Each game is custom-designed with proper costumes fitting for the participants." She also preened like a peacock at Sloane's praise.

Both Stacy and Sloane filled out their size forms and handed them to Shelly. Hell. In fact, the more Stacy stared at her, the more Shelly morphed from a peacock into another bird — a vulture. Lorraine had told her enough stories about "Shelly the dictating man hunter" to give credence to her impression.

Stacy coughed to hide a snort that escaped from her lips. Shelly probably loved dealing with the male-male game guys. Rumor had it she actually demonstrated some blowjob techniques for new participants for male-male or male-male-male games. Maybe the woman had a secret fantasy about watching gay guys and found lust fulfillment in instructing them.

After they thanked Shelly, Sloane and Stacy once again rode the elevator up to the penthouse.

"Miss me?" Sloane whispered.

Heat rushed up her cheeks and she damned herself for allowing a blush to show. No matter how hard she tried to act unaffected around him, his presence, the smell of his aftershave and the look of lust he aimed at her would always make her juices flow and heat her body.

"I miss your body. You just happen to come along with it."

Sloane laughed. "So if I were sleeping or in a coma, you'd take advantage of me and have your way with my body because you wouldn't have to talk to me?"

"Tempting, Mr. Hoffman. Very tempting. I wonder if that scenario will be in any of these game versions? Maybe you're the hospital patient and I'm the naughty nurse."

"Miss Newman, it could work both ways. Maybe you'll have to play the part of an unconscious beauty queen and I'm the lecherous doctor who figures only sexual

stimulation will wake you up.” He moved in closer to her face and gave her a quick kiss. “Then I’ll get to do whatever I want with you for as long as I can.”

A shiver of excitement flashed through her. “I think we’ve done that already without the game.”

“Yes,” he answered as they exited the elevator and entered the apartment. “But it’s so much better to feel your reaction and have you watch.”

Stacy cleared her throat. “Moving on, we’ll need to go food shopping.”

“Very practical and businesslike. Can I touch you while we go through the kitchen?”

Touch? Shit, yes. Taste, suck, anything would be fine with her. “No. We have to concentrate on this first. You’re not helping.” Although knowing he desired her sent butterflies pirouetting inside her stomach.

“Absolutely right. I’ll start helping and leave my suggestion open for now.”

As they strolled through the kitchen and made a shopping list, the elevator buzzed, alerting them to a visitor’s approach.

“This must be someone with the game versions.” Sloane went to the elevator and an employee wheeled out a cart with seven game boxes for them to check out.

“Shelly said to return the four you won’t be trying, please. If you decide to try four games, just give her three back.”

Sloane thanked the man as he quickly stepped back into the elevator and left.

“I guess we should look them over and make our choices now. Then we can return what we don’t want and go shopping.” Stacy tried to sound practical but extreme curiosity had her itching to tear into each box.

“Hmm.” Sloane spread out the boxes on the living room carpet near the fireplace. “I know the ones that interest me already.”

He gave her a sideways glance and a big grin formed on his face.

“Well, don’t keep me in suspense. Which ones?” Stacy asked her question as she checked out the boxes and made her choices.

While rubbing his chin, he pointed to four boxes. “Shiver My Timbers”, “Hot Sands”, “Teach Me” and “Royal Romps”.

Stacy gave him a surprised look. “I guess we think alike. Those are my choices too. Somehow, ‘Baby Me’, ‘Leather Love’ and ‘You Wear Mine’ don’t appeal to me either.” She waved her hand over the three they didn’t choose. “I guess you’d have to have some type of special fetish for those games.”

Sloane shrugged. “They’ll appeal to some people.” He pulled Stacy next to him and gave her a hug. “Glad we agree but maybe we should just choose three games since we’re supposed to play every other night. You choose three outta the four we like. I’ll put the remaining four games on the cart to bring downstairs later when we leave.”

Stacy took three boxes and brought them into the kitchen. She placed them on the table and opened "Hot Sands". Costumes were included and she took them out. Hers consisted of nylon and glittery accents shaped into a harem-looking outfit, complete with a veil to cover part of her face. The soft material would create just enough friction to rub her nipples into tight beads and make her very aware of her pussy.

Sloane's costume consisted of a colorful vest of sheer nylon and a pair of satin bottoms. A small turban would cover his head and some costume jewelry would transform him into one very sexy sheik.

He meandered next to her and examined the costumes. "Nice. Can't wait to see you in that. You're gonna dance for me, right?" he pleaded in a husky voice.

"We," Stacy pointed to the "scenario" cards, "need to decide which fantasy we're gonna do and follow the guidelines."

Sloane picked up the five cards and read them aloud. "I like the one where I've captured you and make you my willing slave."

Stacy smirked. "Maybe I like the one where I sneak into your oasis palace to spy on you and make you my slave." She trailed fingertips ever so lightly along his zipper and noticed his cock strained the material of his slacks.

Sloane grabbed her hand and pressed it hard against him. "Before I go crazy with wanting you right now, how about we alternate picking scenarios from the games?"

"Works for me," Stacy moaned. She saw the fire in his eyes as he took her hand and led her to the high desk counter. Almost breathless, she asked, "What's on your mind?"

"Sex here and now. You first. I'll get a towel and put it under your beautiful ass so you won't be cold as you sit on the desk."

Panties soaked, she was already wet and waiting for him. The urgency of having his mouth on her would ease the throbbing pulsing through her cunt and bring Stacy to blissful release. "Just me?"

Sloane shook his head. "Nope. Just you for starters. I'll enjoy having my head between your legs and giving you pleasure until you bounce."

He left the room to get a towel. Stacy wasted no time in removing her sweatpants and panties. Half-naked, she turned to face him as he returned. "I'm ready," she purred.

Lust burned in the look he gave her as he raised an eyebrow. "Not quite. I want you completely naked. Maybe you'll feel the urge to touch your breasts while I'm busy eating."

Her nipples puckered in the cool kitchen air and her breasts swayed slightly after she removed her sweatshirt and bra. On shaky legs, Stacy walked over to the counter and hopped on after Sloane placed a towel on it.

"Comfy?"

"Yes."

"Good. Can you bend your legs and lift each to your sides and onto the desk? Spread them as much as you'll be comfortable."

Stacy did as told. She easily got her legs up, bent her knees and shifted them to the sides of her body. She gave thanks for the exercise routine she followed that made her ready for any position Sloane could think of. "Will this do?" Her heart pounded and blood coursed through her at rapid speed.

Sloane seized a step stool near the pantry closet and placed it in front of her. "Pinch your nipples. I want to see them tighten into hard beads while I move your bottom into place. I won't let you fall. I promise."

She rubbed her breast tips between her thumbs and forefingers, loving the sensation rushing through her as she watched his reaction. Stacy's pinches became more urgent and harder, causing unrestrained moans of pleasure to tumble from her lips. Sloane took her head in his hands and kissed her hard. Then he settled himself on the stool and moved her legs and bottom to a position closer to his face.

He placed his hands against her mound on either side, using his thumbs to open her cunt lips and expose her fully to him. "Beautiful," he muttered before placing his mouth on her.

Gentle licking and kissing motions turned into urgent sucking and nipping bites on her clit. She squirmed with delight and tugged on her nipples with a speed to match his mouth's devotion to her clit.

"Oh God. More. I want more," she begged. Stacy kept her eyes focused on his head as it bobbed between her legs. Letting go of her breasts, she held onto his head and jammed it farther into her cunt. "Don't stop. Please," she begged.

Sloane grabbed her legs and shoved them over his shoulders. He took hold of each ass cheek and yanked her toward him. It was all she could do to keep from slipping off the desk.

The cresting climax brought her to that wonderful sensation of over-the-top spent passion. She bucked into his face and he held her in place until she went limp.

Sloane looked up at her with her pussy juices covering his mouth. "Did you enjoy that, naked woman?"

Stacy lolled her head back. "Uh-huh. I can't imagine any game could make this better."

He laughed. "It's the playacting that will emphasize our lovemaking. We'll have all week to find out." He took great care in removing her legs from his shoulders. "Ready to get down?" He winked.

With her heart still pounding, Stacy slid off the counter and immediately pushed Sloane against it. "Stay right there. It's your turn and you need to watch."

She unzipped his slacks and pulled them down along with his boxers. His cock sprang out to full attention. With light strokes, Stacy skimmed her fingertips up and down his length as she listened to Sloane's breathing become more erratic and rapid.

"Are you ready for me?" she teased.

"Oh God. Please," he moaned.

Stacy began by taking tiny nibbles along his shaft's length. Then she ran her tongue up and down and finally twirled circles around his cock head. Sloane took hold of her head and gently urged her to take him in her mouth.

Opening wide, she engulfed his cock and skimmed her tongue along its smooth skin. She pulled back and sucked on his cock head, then returned to bobbing up and down again while putting pressure along his cock.

Sloane's grasp on her head became firmer and he guided her at a more furious pace as she sucked his cock. With a final groan, he came in her mouth and Stacy made sure not to release him until his cock stopped twitching. Both then panted in unison.

He helped her up and cradled her into his arms. "Thanks. We're special together. We have all this week to spend time together and enjoy ourselves."

This week. Short-term thinking, not anything about future times together. Stacy had to keep her head straight about their relationship. They had none, other than testing games. And enjoying sex together.

"We need to leave." He glanced at his watch then dressed. "Dad's waiting for my report on what we've decided." He leaned in toward her. "If it's okay with you, I won't mention our getting reacquainted again. Just talk business. And if you don't mind, would you return the four boxes to Shelly? How about we go food shopping tomorrow?"

"Uh, sure." Suddenly aware of her nakedness, Stacy grabbed her clothes and started dressing.

"I-I didn't realize how late it is. Oh Lord, won't he wonder what we've been doing?" Panic and embarrassment colored her statement. Surely Max Hoffman would figure out they'd taken way too long for game testers checking out the penthouse and games.

Heat flamed her face and the thrill of having Sloane bring her pleasure dimmed at the thought of being labeled like Lorraine. Guilt popped into her system as she wondered just how much like her friend she could be.

While Lorraine used her body for every imaginable sex act and with anyone she deemed interesting, Stacy had done—

Just about the same thing. Only, she'd used and would continue to use for a week just one man who made her horny and lust after his body. Lorraine wanted sex and didn't expect anything else. Except for Erwin's sample supplies. But Stacy wanted something else besides satisfying sex. She wanted to further her career and achieve her goal of owning a business.

So, who was worse?

With a twinge of remorse at taking what Sloane offered and giving him what he wanted, she hoped to be noticed for another job while keeping their fantastic encounters business-only. Stacy almost jogged to the elevator.

"I'll pick you up at noon to do our shopping. Is that okay?" he called to her retreating back.

"Uh, sure. As long as I'm back by two. I have something to do the rest of the day." She gave him an unsmiling wave and rushed into the elevator.

* * * * *

Sloane watched her leave the apartment, her hips swaying enticingly as she moved. That perfect body, so well-tuned to his needs and desires. She gave as well as took and made him crave every inch of her since meeting once again in his father's office.

Shit. You idiot. You've wanted her since Christmas. He sighed as the truth hit him square in the face. Stacy represented danger to his male instinct for bachelorhood and playing the field. She wasn't the love and leave type...but that's what he'd done.

He frowned. Then again, she wanted no relationship, according to what she'd told him. Maybe she'd made it a habit of screwing guys on a routine basis. Although, his father had said she'd turned down all testing offers before.

His brain jumbled with thoughts of her and other men. Giving them what she gave him. Enjoying their lovemaking, panting for them, moaning with pleasure. *Stupid.* She came to the office and would have accepted the game invitation to play with whoever it would be. Hadn't that been her plan? The way she walked into the room, dressed like a woman on the prowl, eager to pounce on any male as her partner.

Fool. It'll be all business. Sex, yes and great sex at that. But at the end of the week she'd be history. He'd have to see the game distribution through its process, as he'd promised his father, but after that anything could happen.

One thing for sure, Stacy would go her way and he'd go his. She no more wanted him than he desired any commitment. And what the hell did she have to do after they went shopping? More importantly, who was he?

Why had his stomach clenched and jealousy wormed its way into his head yet again?

* * * * *

"Hi, Stacy."

Sloane showed up at her door with a bouquet of red roses. "Flowers for a lovely lady." He kissed her gently.

"They're beautiful. But you didn't have to do this. You and I will be together all week. I don't need to be courted."

A crestfallen look covered his face. "I just thought you'd like them. I know our agreement."

Instantly, Stacy regretted her words and tone. She'd shot him down with her factual approach to their relationship while he'd tried to present a pleasant gesture. "I'm sorry. Thank you. I'll bring them to the apartment tomorrow. And I love red roses."

"I know," he remarked with a glint in his eyes. "You told me that at Christmas."

He'd remembered? She searched her brain for something he'd said during their night together but all that materialized were visions of them fucking and pleasing each other in her bedroom for hours.

He stepped inside her apartment. "I remember being here although we spent most of our time in your bedroom."

If he was trying to make her uncomfortable by dwelling on the past, he was succeeding. She took the flowers and went into the kitchen. "I'll just put these in water and then we can leave."

She filled a vase with water, put the roses in it and placed it on a counter. When she turned around, Sloane surprised her by taking her into his arms.

"You smell good. Does your bedroom still smell of vanilla?"

"It always does. God, what are you trying to do to me?" She pushed him backward and stepped out of his reach.

"I have memories flooding back about being here with you."

"You left without a word."

"Stacy, I don't want to fight with you. Can we move on? We have a week ahead of us and I don't want one night at Christmas to get in the way of our enjoying ourselves."

"And testing the games." She added that with a hint of sadness.

He reached for her and drew her into his arms. "Yes. That's what we agreed to. A business deal. You said it yourself and I agreed. No relationship. No commitment. Business. What? Do you want to change things?"

Either panic or suggestive eagerness colored his tone. Or both. She couldn't tell but her heart wouldn't be left vulnerable to his decision either way. "No. Neither of us wants to change the ground rules. You have your lifestyle and I have mine. Let's just spend the week together and add more memories, fond ones before parting as friends."

Lord, had she just told him that? What if she wanted more? Or him? Would either of them be able to hurdle the obstacles surely to be placed in their path to a real relationship?

Wordlessly, he accepted her terms by nodding. "Ready to go?" His voice held a nonchalant tone.

She reached up and pulled his head toward hers. Their soft, gentle kiss soon turned into a frenzy of tongues darting into each other's mouths. Stacy pressed herself firmly against him. His cock strained the zippered area of his jeans.

She backed away and took his hand. "Don't say anything. Just come into my bedroom and take off your jeans and boxers."

Sloane did as he was told. His increased panting permeated the room and tingles of excitement soared through her body. This would be for him and she'd relish every moment. His cock sprang to attention once unleashed from its confines. She licked her lips.

"Sit on the edge of the bed and watch." She gave her command in a ragged voice as her breathing rate quickened.

He sat and she knelt in front of him. She ran light fingernail touches up and down his shaft. His cock twitched and she loved the powerful feeling at having him at her disposal. She clutched his balls and massaged them while lowering her head to taste what stood waiting for her.

Stacy used her tongue to flick wet licks around his cock head and squeezed his balls at the same time. Moans of delight came from his lips but Sloane never spoke. Opening her mouth wide, she took his cock into her mouth and pumped up and down.

His breathing raced as did hers. The faster he panted, the quicker she pumped, applying pressure as she did. Stacy removed her mouth and fastened her lips on his tip. She sucked on his cock head and swirled the pre-cum over it.

Sloane placed his hands on either side of her head and she knew he wanted her to pump once again. Taking him into her mouth, she slid her mouth up and down as Sloane's hands guided her, increasing with speed as she intensified her sucking pressure.

"Stace, pull away now and take off those clothes. I want to be inside you," he begged.

Stacy practically ripped her garments off in record time and lay on the bed. "Now," she pleaded. "I want you now."

Sloane grabbed a condom from his pants pocket and rolled it on. He joined her on the bed and gently shoved his cock into her wet, waiting pussy.

Both panted as she stared into his glazed eyes. He pumped hard and furiously as Stacy raised her hips to meet each thrust. They reached climax and waves of ecstasy flooded her body.

After resting together as their breathing slowed to more normal rates, Sloane took off the condom. Stacy took his cock in her hands and rubbed. "Ready for more?" she teased in a saucy tone.

He laughed. "If you keep that up, we'll be here all day and you said you had something to do soon. As much as I'd like to fuck you again right now, tomorrow would probably be a better time to continue."

Stacy stood up, realizing she did need to shop with him and part ways before heading to Lorraine's. "Yes, I guess we better get going. And I can wait until tomorrow. Get dressed, almost naked man. We need to go."

* * * * *

"You're late. Wait 'til you hear about my night between the twins. God, they wore me out." Lorraine gushed out her remark as she ushered Stacy into her apartment. "Oh hello, Elvis. Why don't you go and find Elvira?"

Stacy let the cat jump out of her arms and watched him scoot away. "Okay, trashy woman. Give me all the details while we rummage through your closet." A blush crept up her cheeks. "I don't think Sloane would care if I wore a paper bag."

Lorraine abruptly stopped them in their tracks and eyed her friend. "Back to screwing like before? I told you, the man won't be able to resist you. Take it all and enjoy. Let him worship you. That's what I let the twins do last night." She sighed. "Exhausting work but someone has to be a sex goddess and those two think it's me."

"Uh, how do you handle it? One at a time? What?" Stacy knew she sounded naïve but curiosity got the better of her and she had to ask.

Lorraine raised both eyebrows and started pulling her friend toward her bedroom closet once again. "My dear threesome-virgin friend, we work it out so they both do me at the same time. One in the cunt and one in my ass. Yes, I know, that doesn't appeal to everyone but we've practiced so much they know how to do it so I don't hurt and have one hell of an orgasm."

Stacy stood looking at Lorraine's wardrobe but her mind tried to envision Lorraine's antics. "I never, well, maybe just a finger once or twice but not two men and—"

"Here. These sheer blouses will look great on you. Let those boobs fall out and your nipples beg for attention. God. I wish I was as big as you." She shrugged. "But the twins each like to suck a breast at the same time while I give them hand jobs."

"Give me those tiny nylon bras I borrowed once before, okay? You've got my head spinning. I can only handle one man at a time. Don't they get jealous?"

"Hmm? No. I'm telling you, two in one night satisfies me for a few days."

"I'll need some skirts." Stacy tried to stay focused on getting clothes but the more Lorraine talked, the more she missed Sloane's hands, cock and mouth.

"Underwear. We'll go buy you some thongs. Not the Puritan stuff you probably usually wear. Now, do you want to hear how one fucks me from behind and squeezes my nipples and the other has me give him a blowjob at the same time? And then I sit on one's face and tip forward so the other can rest his head on his brother's tummy and suck on my boobs? It's tricky but if I'm flexible enough, I get to suck one cock and give a hand job to the other. Didn't work well last night so we'll practice again next Friday."

Just listening to Lorraine's antics made Stacy groan as her panties soaked with need for Sloane.

Chapter Three

"You're right on time." Sloane met Stacy at the security desk as she stepped into the building.

His jeans fitted perfectly and the blue sweater he wore instantly made her smile. "I know that sweater. Liked it on you the first time we met."

He gave her a thorough once-over. "You look good in anything. But that skirt shows off your lovely long legs."

"Oh?" she quipped. "Only my legs interest you?"

Laughter filled the air. "Stace, there's not a part of you that doesn't." He grabbed her suitcase. "Ready to start?"

"All set. Let's go upstairs to our apartment." She took a deep breath and led the way to the elevators while holding her vase of roses.

Once upstairs, he wheeled her suitcase inside and headed for her bedroom.

"Some private time is a good idea. We've both made our positions clear. Sex will happen for the games and we have to follow the contract rules now that we're here."

She went into her room to unpack after he took the vase from her and mentioned his intention of making dinner for them. That would give her time to set up her computer and check her game program. During down time, she'd be in her room, door closed, and edit and revise what would hopefully secure her future.

The smell of tomato sauce wafted through the air. Stacy's stomach rumbled, reminding her how she'd skipped lunch while on a shopping spree to buy some last-minute items. Actually, the only thing she'd had all day was an apple for breakfast. Having Lorraine color her hair at the last minute had left no time for a snack and had almost made her late.

She left her bedroom. "That smells wonderful. What's for dinner?" she asked as she ambled into the kitchen.

He gave her a welcoming smile. "My famous macaroni and meatballs. Actually, it's my mother's stuff I'm just heating up for us. But I did buy bread and just made a salad." He scrutinized her from head to foot. "Something's different. Besides the enticing outfit. Much better than the sweats you had on under your lab coat Friday and the jeans and sweater from yesterday. Hmm, I don't think you've grown taller."

"And you're how tall?" she questioned.

"Six feet."

"Nope. I'm still five feet seven inches."

Stacy grabbed a tomato and plopped it into her mouth. "Umm. Tasty dressing." She wiggled her eyebrows. I do dress up occasionally. Actually, some of my things are from my friend, Lorraine."

He grinned. "You mean 'Lusty Lorraine' from reception?" He gave her another once-over. "Yep. That explains Friday's meeting outfit and what you have on now. Not that I'm complaining."

He'd set the table and placed her roses on the center kitchen island. Blood red, they reminded her of the red sequined dress she'd worn at Christmas and how easily Sloane had removed it from her body that December night. She took one rose, placed it in a tall water glass and then put it on the table. "One won't block our view. They really are lovely and I do appreciate the gesture."

Sloane ordered, "Okay, woman who is now blonder than before. See? I knew there was something different. Looks good on you." He nodded toward the counter. "You get the bread and salad bowl and I'll put our plates on the table. I'll pour our wine and we can eat."

They feasted on a wonderful meal for their bodies while drinking in each other with their eyes. Few words were spoken. A mellow, satiated satisfaction of having her hunger fed and the effects of the wine sent Stacy into a state of lost inhibitions. She held out her glass for a refill.

"More, please," she drawled.

His mouth turned into a devilish grin and he winked before pouring the wine. "You've mentioned that word to me quite a few times since we met again on Friday. Actually, I remember you using those same words at Christmas." He then poured another glass of wine for himself. "And obliging fellow that I am, I always took care of what you wanted, didn't I?"

Stacy raised the glass to her mouth. "You'll get no complaints from me." She saluted him with her glass and then drained the contents.

"Whoa, game partner. Remember the contract rules. We can't just keep having sex without playing the game. We're simulating actual settings where some people aren't constantly with each other. The game's supposed to heighten lovemaking and anticipation. As much as I'd like to treat this as a week in lustland doing nothing but enjoying your body, we'll be lousy game testers if we stray from the plan."

She put her glass down and stood, wobbling a bit on suddenly unstable legs. "Oh. You're right." Stacy placed her hands on the table. "I think I've had a little too much to drink too quickly." *Lack of food all day doesn't help either.*

The room spun slowly before her eyes and she imagined herself tilting. Before she could right herself, Sloane had gotten up and scooped her into his arms.

"You need to rest. It's my fault. I should have paced our drinking. Tonight's supposed to be our 'get acquainted' evening and we could have relaxed and watched a movie while we finished the bottle. Sorry." He carried her to her bedroom.

With one hand, she rubbed his face. "Five o'clock shadow. Bristly, all man. I love that. It reminds me that some parts of you are smooth but not all. It doesn't matter though. You feel good everywhere." Even in her slightly buzzed condition she could tell her words had come out in a singsong fashion.

Gently, Sloane laid her on the bed. "You're trying to sweet talk me into ravishing you, sexy woman," he groaned as he ran a hand through his hair. "Rest for a while and I'll go take a cold shower."

"No. Don't go. Stay with me," she pleaded.

It took all his control to ignore his gut reaction. Removing their clothes and hopping into bed with her flashed through his head a million times. But they had to follow the rules. While he considered taking over the company, he'd have to learn discipline even if every fiber in his body screamed for Stacy's warm touch and his lust to have her.

Her gorgeous blue eyes were closing and he knew she needed to sleep. "Stace, I'll help you out of your things and you can get under the covers." He removed her shoes.

"Umm. Okay. Just get in with me," she answered in a whisper.

He unbuttoned her top and tossed it aside. Her sheer bra would come off next. After undoing the one hook that held it in place, she wiggled her arms and pulled it off. Her breasts swayed slightly and Sloane's balls reacted by tightening.

With all the strength he could muster, he backed away and saw her looking at him through half-closed lids. His cock stretched the material of his jeans and desire for her spiraled toward a desperate need.

"I want to sleep naked," she purred.

He let out a whoosh of air. "Then stand up and I'll help you finish getting undressed." A ragged tone accompanied his response.

She stood and he unzipped her tight skirt. With one swift tug, he yanked down both the skirt and half-slip. Stacy stepped out of them and kicked them to one side. Only a pink thong remained on her body. His cock ached and a burning craving to be inside her grew more urgent with every second.

"I want everything off. I love cool sheets on my hot body." She slurred her words as she ran her hands over her breasts and down to her cunt.

His pulse raced and he allowed heavy breathing to escape from his lips. "Babe, you're not helping. Make no mistake. I want you but remember why we're here. Tomorrow we play the first game. We need the game for foreplay and whatever comes next."

Stacy leaned over and draped her arms around his shoulders. "Can I have a kiss? Surely that's not against the rules." She gave him a saucy smile and then placed her lips on his as she pressed her body into him.

Their kiss deepened and Sloane drew her tighter into his embrace. He slid his hands over her body to caress her back and then lowered them to massage each smooth ass cheek. "God, this is all I can do although you're a tempting vixen, Miss Newman."

"Then help me outta this thong and I'll get under the covers. But I still wish you'd get in with me and hold me," she begged.

He shook his head. "I can't hold you without wanting to fuck you." He grabbed the cords of her thong and stripped them down to her feet. She plopped down on the bed and lifted her feet so he could remove the pink item. "Hon, stand for one more minute so I can pull down the covers."

Stacy did as told and made no additional attempts at touching him. Sloane moved the covers and she slipped under the sheets. "Umm. This feels wonderful. I'll take a nap and join you inside later."

She wiggled around under the sheets as she settled in. Her eyes had closed and her last sentence came out in a whisper right before she appeared to be sound asleep.

He watched the rise and fall of the sheet as she slept. With every breath or slight movement she made, the sheet inched down until her nipples were on display. They beaded in the cooler air and his fingers itched for one touch, a light stroke to caress what his lips craved to suck.

He couldn't resist the temptation and gave each bud a rub, shocked at the fiery ripple of want careening throughout his body. Stacy remained sleeping but a smile appeared on her face and she uttered a small moan.

Sloane took one last look at the woman who fired his blood and made him crave what no other woman had ever managed to invoke.

Stability.

Settling down.

Commitment.

With a shaky hand, he gripped the sheet and yanked it up her body and close to her chin. One week with her, game or no game, would test his resolve to keep relationships something others did but not him. After having congratulated himself for years on his bachelor, playboy lifestyle, a threat to his past and present might just change his future.

And her name was Stacy.

But she wanted nothing more than their week and had made that clear. So if he stayed, could he see her, feel her presence all around him but go on with his life without having her? Did he truly desire Stacy and whatever would follow for the rest of his life?

And what did she really want?

* * * * *

"Good morning." Stacy threw out her greeting after donning a plush robe she'd taken along with all her skimpy negligees. Sanity had taken control and she realized

that some periods during their time together would require her to be comfortable rather than just emulating Lorraine's idea of sexual advertising.

Hell. Her head pounded with a "too much wine" headache and she hadn't taken a shower yet. The smell of coffee had forced her to leave her bed. Face washed and hair pushed back, Stacy knew she looked nothing like the "goddess of love" whose teachings Lorraine had pounded into her head.

"You're finally up." Sloane winked at her and continued sitting at the kitchen table drinking his coffee and reading the paper.

"I...we need to set alarm clocks. I guess I didn't realize how tired I was," she countered with a hint of shame.

"No harm done. We have all day to adjust and play the game later. I'm thinking we could have a big lunch and maybe light dinner. Then we can play the game like a real couple would do, after work."

All business. Scheduled. Sloane was on top of things and had figured it all out while she'd slept off a hangover. "Sounds good. I'll make sure I have more food in my stomach before drinking. I should know better." She shrugged and trudged over to pour some coffee into a mug. "After my shower, would you like to take a walk outside?"

He got up to refill his cup. "Sure. It's kinda cold out but we could go to that grocery store. I'd like some extra nuts for snacking."

Stacy grabbed a bagel and spread some jelly on it before taking a bite. Heavenly.

"Okay. Coffee, bagel, shower for me and I'll be ready to go." She smiled at him but kept her distance. Remaining casual with each other suited the rules of their game plan. The sexual tension, at least on her part, would linger in place until they played "Hot Sands" and let the game take over.

Sloane sat down again and held the paper up so she couldn't see his face. "If you're nice to me, I might hold your hand. But nothing else until the game. I'll feast on you with my eyes and let my mouth, hands and body have you later. If the game leads us there, of course," he laughed as he spoke.

Stacy picked up a dishtowel and flung it in his direction, hitting the table near his arm. "Funny, Mr. Hoffman. Maybe I'll be the one feasting tonight."

"Go get ready. I need some cold air."

"Oh? Why? Thinking about this?" Stacy opened her robe to flash him.

He lowered the newspaper and groaned. "Lord, woman. That's all I've had on my mind for days. Please," he begged with a pleading tone, "go away before I have to take a cold shower before we hit the cold outdoors."

Stacy slipped the robe off her body, stuck the bagel in her mouth and carried her coffee cup with her as she wiggled her way out of the kitchen. "Whatever you say," she purred as she dragged the robe behind her.

"Shit. You're not helping!" Sloane yelled to her retreating back.

* * * * *

"Since we're already out and enjoying the weather," Sloane offered as they took a brisk walk through the downtown area, "why don't we catch a movie? We can stop in the store and pick up those few items we want later." He rubbed his hands as if attempting to warm them. "I don't know about you but I'm kinda cold."

Stacy smiled and gave him a sideways glance as they continued their trek. "I told you to wear gloves and a hat." She sighed. "What is it about men wanting to be macho all the time? I'm wearing gloves, a hat and a scarf. There's no way I wanna be cold." She held out her hands to display the gloves.

Sloane shoved his hands into his pockets. "Women don't understand. Men aren't supposed to show weaknesses like being cold. Look at football players. They play in all kinds of weather."

She laughed. "And get paid more money than you and I could make in twenty years to do that." She stopped in her tracks. "Wait. That's not true. You have that kind of money and I don't, so my statement wouldn't apply here." She shivered a little and said, "Hmm. Guess I *am* getting cold. But I bet you're colder than me."

He stopped and turned to face her. "Is this a contest? Who's the coldest?" Sloane moved in closer to her and whispered, "I'll warm you up if you'll do the same for me." He gave her a lecherous look complete with wiggling eyebrows.

Picking up their fast walking pace again, she grabbed his arm and made him step in line with her. "Oh no you don't. Remember the rules? It's only," she glanced at her watch, "three o'clock. Most people are still working. No fooling around until after dinner."

"With the game. Gotcha."

They found the nearest movie theater and discussed their choices. Sloane opted for an action movie, while Stacy favored one with romance.

"Hey. No weepy 'chick flick', if you don't mind. I might fall asleep," he joked.

Stacy glared at him and then scrutinized the movie billing selection again. "As much as I'd like to argue with you until I get my way," she sighed, "looks like *Hunting the Tomb's Lost Mummy* will work better with our schedule. It starts in five minutes. Mine wouldn't start soon enough for us to see, shop and get back to the apartment."

Sloane glanced up at the sky. "You know, I think the weatherman's right about us getting some snow later. We'll just have time to get back before the white stuff starts falling." He took out his wallet. "I'll get our tickets."

She placed her hand on his arm. "No. I'll pay for mine." Opening her purse, she rummaged around for some money she'd thrown in before they'd left.

"No." He took her hand out of her purse. "The company's paying for this. Expense account pays for 'extras' we want and this movie's an extra."

With a shrug of resignation, she stepped back and let Sloane get their tickets. Once inside, they strolled to their numbered theater. "What? No popcorn?"

"Nope. That might spoil our appetites plus we had a decent lunch already. People working wouldn't eat before going home, right? We need to have dinner and be ready to play."

Sloane led her into a darkened room and her eyes quickly adjusted enough for Stacy to realize no one else was there. "Looks like we'll get to watch mummies all by ourselves. Wake me when it's over," she teased.

"I don't think so, funny girl. We're sitting way in the back row to get the full effect of every scream and scary part." He tapped her on the nose. "No way you'll be nodding off. I'll have to grab you every time I get scared so be prepared to protect me and my sensitive emotions."

Stacy laughed. "Sensitive emotions? Do you plan to jump into my lap? Hide your face on my chest?"

"Tempting. Very tempting, Miss Newman. Maybe I can just hold your hand or put my arm around you and snuggle you close to me. For protection, of course," he snickered.

They removed their coats and settled into their seats. Sloane took her hand and held it on his lap. "Squeeze if you get the urge," he drawled.

Her hand, while encased in his, sat squarely on his crotch. She moved their hands slightly, rubbing against his zipper. Sticking out one finger, she stroked his cock as it strained against his jeans. "Can I do this instead of squeezing?" she joked.

"Only if I get to do this," he countered. Sloane stretched his arm around her shoulders, pulled her close to him and dangled his hand over her breast. He glided a finger back and forth across her nipple.

Instant heat charged through her system and raced to settle in her pussy. Wet with desire, Stacy wondered how they'd ever make it through the movie without fucking. She longed for a true lovemaking session and the idea of doing it in public, even though they were alone, had her juices flowing and her pulse racing.

"Sloane, this is foreplay before the game. I don't know if I can have you touch me or me touch you without wanting to do more," she said as her breathing quickened.

He leaned over and kissed her. "Stace, please. Just keep rubbing me. I need your touch. If you don't want me to touch you, I'll stop. But having you sit on my lap while I fuck you right now crosses my mind."

"Just a quickie? Do you think that would screw up our reaction to the game? Don't people have quickies all the time during work hours?" Almost breathless, she pleaded her need the more he massaged her nipple.

"Shit. People meet for quickies all the time and still go home for more lovemaking. We'll be playing the game later. I need to be inside you now. Here. And I don't care if anyone sees us. Do you?"

He panted and she heard the urgency in his voice. It matched her own desperation. The movie started and in silent agreement, they readied themselves for sex. Stacy removed her hand from his as he shifted his arm away from her shoulders.

She wiggled in her seat as she drew down her jeans and thong to around her ankles. With a glance at the screen and then at Sloane, she watched as he undid his zipper, lifted his hips and pushed his jeans and boxers to a position below his knees. He grabbed a condom from his jeans pocket and rolled it on his erect penis. The desire to take him in her mouth flashed through her head but he'd said he wanted to be inside her and she'd ride him instead.

She rose from her seat and Sloane guided her to a spot over his cock. She spread her legs, bent forward and placed her hands on the seatback in front of her. "Help me on you," she urged.

Ominous music onscreen grew in intensity and she was vaguely aware of people entering a tomb. Sloane angled himself in his seat, put his hands on her hips and slid her down his cock.

"Ready to ride?" he asked with a sexy whisper in his voice.

The faster the music went, the faster he helped her pump up and down on his cock. Both panted, almost keeping pace with the music. While keeping one hand planted firmly on her hip, Sloane reached around her and let the fingers of his other hand massage her pussy. She yearned for the climax that would satisfy them both. He stroked her clit and a wave of fulfilling lust rushed through her.

She bounced on his hand as he kept a firm grip on her clit, pulling and pinching it until she moaned in ecstasy. He then put his hand back on her hip and plunged in and out of her pussy while the music hit a crescendo high note. At that point, he came inside her with forceful thrusts.

Screams from the screen broke the fog of satiated sex she'd just experienced. She could still feel Sloane inside her and wriggled her ass on him. Focusing on the movie wasn't important. Concentrating on his body beneath her demanded her attention.

"Stay still, hon. I want to stay like this as long as we can," Sloane uttered in a ragged tone. He wrapped one arm around her waist to hold her in place and let the other hand slip under her sweater. "Lift it up and pull up your bra," he ordered. "I'm not done with our quickie just yet."

Stacy did as told and once again braced herself in place, keeping her ass still. His hand teased her nipples, rubbing and tugging each one until they beaded. "Pinch harder," she ordered as her chest heaved with desire.

Sloane pinched and squeezed and she longed to have his mouth replace his fingers. With a shudder, she climaxed again and he kept a firm grip around her waist to keep her in place as much as possible. Her breasts ached for his touch and the tips stayed hard while he continued to ravage them.

"I think we'd better end this now or we'll never leave. I can't wait to get you home and play the damn game so we can do all this and more again," he stated.

He slipped out of her cunt. She got up and moved back to her seat after adjusting her clothes. Leaning over to him, she whispered, "Can we have a quickie every day? Just to make sure we won't forget what to do?"

"You're a witch, Miss Newman." He redid his clothing. "Let's take it one day at a time." He sat back and stretched. "What the hell is this movie about? You blocked my view so tell me what went on."

She gave his arm a light smack. "Oh? And you think I concentrated on the movie?"

"Just testing you. Look. Why don't we leave? You're not really interested in this anyway and you made me miss the beginning so I don't know what's going on."

Stacy smacked his arm harder.

"Ouch." He rubbed the spot she'd hit.

Folding her arms in front of her, she stated, "I thought what we just did was a joint venture. If you wanted to watch the damn movie, I could have gone and sat somewhere else."

"What? And move your tempting body away from me? No way. I only picked this movie because it got bad ratings and I figured we'd be alone so I could have my evil way with you."

She could see his smile in the dark. "You conniving sinner. Trick all your quickies that way?"

"Nope. You're my first. Never fucked on the job before. You're leading me into temptation and I can't seem to behave around you." He stood. "Let's go, Eve. Adam here has had enough and is ready to be thrown out of heaven."

She took his offered hand and followed him out of the theater. "Just remember," she whispered in his ear as they walked, "Eve tempted Adam but he could have said no. Same goes for you."

With a smirk, he replied, "Hell no. Maybe we're getting out of theater heaven but we have our paradise penthouse waiting for us. And whatever our game will lead us to."

Out in the cold once again, they donned their coats and she put on her gloves, hat and scarf. "You're gonna be cold again. Ha, ha."

Sloane laughed. "No way. You warmed me up when you seduced me back there. Guess I'm no longer a public-sex virgin now that you got me to fuck in public."

Stacy put her hands on her hips and glared. "I didn't force you, you know. And that was a first for me too." Heat rushed up her cheeks. "Lord, now I'm hot. Thinking that we could have gotten caught sure made that extra exciting. It's all your fault."

He put his hand to his heart. "Me? You didn't want that to happen? You're the one who rubbed me first, you know. Couldn't keep your fingers from misbehaving."

Stacy cringed with embarrassment at the truth. She'd made the first move and they'd both taken off like teenagers in heat. She sniffed before answering, "Fine. I wanted you and you didn't say no. Can we go shopping now?"

Sloane raised his eyebrows and opened his mouth to speak. Then he stopped and just stared at her.

"Well?"

"Tell me you're not mad," he asked.

Her shoulders slumped and she couldn't help a smile from turning up the corners of her mouth. "I'm not mad. Just...I guess...really surprised at how fast we let lust take over." She shook her head. "I'm, well, never like that. Ever. Not with anyone else."

"Stace, you're thinking too much about this. We both wanted it to happen and it did. Now let's go to the store, woman." He looked up. "I think we'll just about get back before snow starts to fall if we're lucky."

She took longer strides to keep up with him, wondering why his scent, touch and nearness made her sanity disappear in an instant. *Wait until Lorraine hears about this.* Her friend, queen of sleazy quickies anywhere and everywhere...including the employee's lounge...wouldn't believe Stacy had actually fucked at the movies.

And enjoyed every second of the rush of naughty sex but now couldn't even remember the movie's name.

* * * * *

"Go dry your hair. I'll get our sandwiches ready for dinner." Stacy gave her order to Sloane. Having not worn a hat meant he couldn't keep the snowflakes from pooling on his hair as they trudged back to their apartment while the snow fell fast and in big wet flakes.

"Thanks." He sneezed. "Shit. Hope I don't have a cold. I'd have to worry about you catching something."

She rolled her eyes. "Would you just go? And change out of those wet socks and shoes too. You'll be fine."

He grinned. "Yes, honey. Whatever you say."

Stacy ran into her room and removed her clothes and shoes. She donned one of Lorraine's outfits and decided to wear her fuzzy slippers regardless of how much they didn't match the seductress image she was aiming for.

She scooted into the kitchen and made their sandwiches and salads, something they'd agreed on having earlier. Sloane ambled into the room.

"I'm starved. How about we eat in front of a fire? I'll get one going in the fireplace. Ready for wine tonight? As long as you don't guzzle it down like last night," he joked.

Smirking at him gave her a sense of satisfaction. "Save the wine for the game. Make the fire and we'll eat. How about some iced tea for now?"

"Sure." He went into the living room.

Grabbing some trays, she placed napkins, forks, their plates and salad bowls on them. Stacy poured two glasses of iced tea and put one on each tray. She carried one into the living room as a fire began to blaze.

"Here's your tray." She handed it to Sloane.

"Thanks. Fire's ready. Do you want to sit right here or head back to the sofa?"

Decision time. If they sat on the sofa, they'd be too close. Sitting near the fire would put some distance between them. "Here." She smiled. "Be right back."

Stacy got her tray and returned. She sat down opposite him as comfortably as she could, considering the short, tight stretch skirt she'd worn.

"While we eat, tell me all there is to know about Stacy Newman," he stated.

She took a swig of her drink before replying. "You know I work here. You've seen my apartment. You've had every inch of my body." She grinned. "What more do you need to know?"

He bit into his sandwich and turned to gaze at the fire. "What were you like growing up? How did you end up at Naughty Games? What makes Stacy Newman so special?"

Running her tongue along her bottom lip, Stacy pondered his questions. Maybe talking about themselves would be a way to make their time together easier. Otherwise, all they'd do is eat, fuck and sleep. And curiosity made her wonder about him, his life and his past.

"Okay. I'll ask a question and we'll both give answers. Then you ask a question. Deal?"

"Sure." He gave her a wink. "Ladies first." Sloane stretched out on the carpet and propped himself up on a forearm as he ate.

Her brain flooded with things she wanted to know. Then again, he'd expect her to answer the same question. What if she didn't want to give away all her secrets and supply answers? She speared some salad with her fork and popped it into her mouth. Chewing gave her a few seconds to pick her first question carefully.

"What did you like best about your childhood?"

Sloane gave her a thoughtful look. "Sounds snobby but I was spoiled rotten and loved every minute. My parents gave Josh and me everything we wanted." He shrugged. "We always had lots of money."

Stacy swallowed hard, realizing how different their upbringings had been. "Well, rich kid, no silver spoon for me. My dad left when I was three and my mother worked two jobs to support us. Tough life but I learned to take care of myself."

"Good. I refused my parents' money and got a job. Been self-supporting since graduating from college." He frowned. "Well, that's not entirely true. I have a savings account but rarely dip into it. Saving it for my old age."

"Nice to know there's more to you than playboy using daddy's money." She wiped her mouth after finishing her sandwich.

"My turn. What do you want in life?" Sloane finished his meal and drained his glass.

"I'm, uh, hoping to open my own business someday. Something like Victoria's Secret." She laughed. "Lorraine wants me to call it 'Raunchy Rompers' but I like 'Seduce Me Lingerie'. And you? What's in your golden future?"

He stood and held his tray as he reached for hers. Stacy got up and handed it to him. "Taking control of Naughty Games. Or going back to my freelance game developing job." His eyes bore into her. "Not sure what I want to do or if I want to stay here."

Sloane walked away and headed for the kitchen. Stacy watched his retreating back, the warmth of the fire causing her body to heat up. Or was it because of him? Would he stay to run the company? If he did, would he want her?

The more time she spent with Sloane, the closer his magnetic pull drew her into his life. But he hadn't mentioned love, commitment and marriage. Stacy had to push those ideas out of her head and concentrate on the here and now.

And now it was game time.

* * * * *

After cleaning up in the kitchen where they continued their bantering of questions—easy fast ones like favorite colors, foods, teams—each went into their bedroom to prepare for "Hot Sands". Sloane had chosen the scenario for their night together and each had character and setting information cards to read.

Stacy took extra care in preparing herself for a night of fantasy. She dressed in her costume as she watched the time. Sloane had dictated that she had to wait to enter the living room in forty-five minutes as he needed to create the atmosphere for their game and don his costume.

Checking her image in the mirror, she sensed a frisson of excitement coursing through her body. She tingled all over, anticipating their upcoming role-playing game. Stacy's hands ran over her costume and she loved the way the satin and nylon smoothed against her skin. Wiggling in her costume, she swayed to imaginary music as she remembered Arabian movies she'd seen.

After her minutes of waiting were done, she opened the door and stepped into the fantasy world of "Hot Sands".

Pillows of all shapes and sizes covered the floor area near the sofa and fireplace. A wine bottle and two crystal glasses sat on a silver tray on the coffee table. Dishes of snacks covered spaces around the tray.

The muted sounds of Middle Eastern music wafted through the room. Stacy had forgotten a music CD for mood setting came with the game but Sloane had remembered.

Sloane.

He lounged on pillows before her, decked out in his sheik array. The small turban he wore covered the top of his head, jewels adorning its center. His vest, a mixture of shiny threads and more jewels simply clipped together by one hook in the front, gave ample view of his muscular chest and arms. The pantaloons he wore barely contained his genitals as they pressed against the material.

"Come forward," he spoke as he waved her toward him. "I will not harm you."

Realizing how he had immediately fallen into character, Stacy did the same. "This is my father's idea. I have no wish to marry." She stood still.

A smile crossed his face. "We need to talk. Your father and mine have decided that our union will consolidate our tribes." He shrugged. "It can never be said that I, Sheik Abdul, ever forces a woman against her will." He waved her forward again. "You have nothing to fear from me, Fatima. I promise not to touch you...unless you desire it."

Stacy took tentative steps toward him, acting hesitant and wary of his motives and honesty. "I will talk to you but nothing else. My wish has always been to marry a man I love, not to be a 'bargain bride' and wed to a man I've never met."

Sloane nodded and watched as she sat near him. "Let's not speak of our parents and their plan. Let's talk about ourselves while we have wine and eat." He waved a hand at the table. "I'll pour and please help yourself to some food. You must be hungry after your long voyage here."

She grabbed some fruit, sweets and nuts from the table and placed them on a plate. "I am a little hungry. Thank you."

As he handed her a glass of wine his hand came in contact with hers. For a moment their eyes met in a heated exchange. Then she quickly scurried away, acting the stubborn, reluctant "gift" for his taking.

Sloane made a toast. "May our futures be what we decide. Perhaps our union won't be as bad as you imagine, Fatima." He winked.

Not sure how to challenge his toast, Stacy sipped her wine. "An excellent choice. Very flavorful."

They both rested against the pillows. Sloane took a plate of food and they ate in silence for a few minutes. "Tell me about yourself. I know about your tribe and your many brothers and sisters. I want to hear about you." He continued eating but his eyes didn't wander from her face.

"I am the oldest, as you know. I've been educated with private tutors. My dream is to be a teacher and help the poor of our country." She looked down and tried to sound dismayed. "If I marry someone like yourself, my goal will not happen." With a quick movement, she raised her head to stare at him. "I want love in my life, not obligation."

"Ah, Fatima. Such wonderful ambitions. I admire your courage and desire to change our world."

"And you? What about your wishes for your future?"

Sloane tossed back the remainder of his wine. "Much like yours. I too am educated and see much needs to be done here." He placed his glass and plate on the table and stood. "I want someone to marry who shares my ideas."

"I see." Stacy held out her empty glass. "May I have more?"

A wide grin spread across his face. "Certainly. But first, will you please dance for me? Your father has mentioned your skills in this area. And remove your veil. I'd like to see your face." He held out a hand to help her stand.

She accepted his offered hand and stood. "I am your guest here and will dance for you and your kindness." She took off her veil and watched as Sloane's eyes widened.

The music held a rhythm she found mesmerizing. Although she didn't know any true Arabian dances, she twirled, shimmied and shook her body to keep up with the music. When the song ended, she sank to a low bow.

Sloane clapped and walked to her side. "Excellent. Come. Have more wine."

While still standing, they drank again and spoke of childhood memories of growing up as nobility.

Stacy's guidelines for Fatima had her acquiescing to her plight and the erotic pull the "sheik" had on her. She sensed a flush creeping up her face. And dampness between her legs indicated her readiness to bring their game to another level.

"You seem tense. Perhaps a little tired. Would you like me to rub your back to ease any stiffness?" Stacy threw out her nonchalant comment to let Sloane know the game would progress.

"An excellent suggestion. I have some jasmine oil you could use to rub on my back. Then," he smiled, "it will be your turn. If, of course, you wish it."

Hell yes. "Perhaps. You must remove your vest."

He gazed at her with heat in his eyes. "Would you undo the hook, my favorite dancer?"

"Of course. May I ask you to remove your turban? It could get crushed while you lie on the pillows."

Sloane grabbed the turban, pulled it off his head and then tossed it onto a chair. "Done."

As her skin touched his, Stacy heard Sloane's shaky exhalation, a loud whoosh that hinted at his more than ready need for any moment of pleasurable contact. Heat radiated between them when she unhooked his vest and ran her fingertips along his chest. He removed the vest and reclined on the pillows.

"Oil's over on the fireplace."

Stacy got the bottle and opened it. The delightful scent of edible jasmine-flavored oil filled the room and she poured some on Sloane's back. Slowly at first, she massaged his shoulders, neck and back. The more she rubbed, the quicker her breathing sped.

She dropped her hands to his waistband, eager to dip below. "I, uh, can't do a lower back massage unless you —"

He stopped her request by quickly pushing his pantaloons down past his ass cheeks. "Please continue," he pleaded.

Heart pounding in her chest, Stacy lowered her hands to massage and cup each cheek. "I love this fragrance." She bent to feather kisses where her hands had molded his flesh.

"Will you do my front? I love the feel of your hands on me." His request came as a whisper.

"I think you need to remove the pantaloons so we don't get oil on them. And maybe I'd better shed my clothing for the same reason."

Sloane stood and stripped off his pantaloons as he faced her. She craved having her hands, lips and mouth all over him. Firelight bounced off his body, highlighting every well-toned muscle and the mesmerizing features of his balls and cock. Although shadowed, she could see the smoothness of his cock head, a glistening spot of pre-cum pooling on the tip. Stacy's mouth watered for another taste of Sloane, one she would hunger for whenever they were together.

"Let me strip you." His command came as a desperate plea.

Eager for his touch, Stacy answered, "Please."

Sloane gulped, trying hard not to reach out and tear Stacy's costume off for a wild session of suck and fuck. The game and Stacy had created havoc with his control and he barely found the strength to stay sane.

Beautiful. She teased him and left him craving more every time they were near each other. Flames flickered in the fireplace and cast shadows on her body as he undressed her. But he could still see her hardened nipples, puckered and ready for his mouth.

He raised his glance to her face and she pointed to the tightly closed drapes in front of the huge penthouse window. "I don't think we have to worry about onlookers."

Sloane meandered over and pulled open the drapes. "Fatima, it's a miracle. Come and look."

She rose and glided over to him. "Amazing. I didn't know it could snow in the desert but it looks so wonderful. Quiet and peaceful. I thought it was too hot to snow here."

In character, Sloane answered, "Perhaps it is we who are hot and the weather outside doesn't count. We can watch the moon through the snowflakes."

"Are you ready to continue the massage?" she asked as she ran a fingernail on his cock and his balls tightened.

"Yes. I'm glad you decided to let us touch, Fatima. I'm more than ready to explore a night of pleasure with you."

"As am I," she countered in a saucy tone as she wiggled her way back to the pillows.

Chapter Four

"It's time for you to receive some pleasure. I will massage your back. Please lie down." Sloane pointed to the array of pillows and Stacy willingly rested her body on the soft material.

Tiny droplets of jasmine oil spilled on her back. Then his strong, heated hands stroked her body. Every motion sent waves of warmth coursing through her and she relaxed under his soothing rubs.

"That feels wonderful, Sheik Abdul. Did you learn this in school?" Stacy teased as she tingled from head to toes.

He laughed. "No. It's something I've learned that women like. Soft caressing touches ease the awkwardness between people and allow them to be more comfortable with each other."

He plays his part well. "A little lower," she whispered.

Sloane's hands caressed and molded each ass cheek before he dipped his hands between her legs. She instinctively spread them apart and raised her ass, allowing him greater access. A finger toyed with her anus and she tensed for a second but excited curiosity allowed her to relax.

He slipped his hands down her thighs and then ran them into her cunt. Stacy sighed with passion and need. "More."

"Turn over. I want to oil all of you."

She flipped onto her back and stared into his lustful eyes. Both their breathing rhythms sped and his cock remained rigid and straight. "I need to oil you too," she rushed out in a plea as she reached for the bottle.

"No," he spoke softly and moved the bottle from her reach. "I will take care of you first. I want to show you what delights our union will bring."

Sloane rubbed her breasts and paid particular attention to stroking her nipples. Stacy moaned with need, flames of desire burning inside her.

"I need to taste you," he whispered and lowered his head to a nipple.

His tongue laved it first before he took it into his mouth and sucked. Stacy placed her hands on his head and urged him to continue. He shifted to her other nipple and did the same. Desire soared through her and wetness pooled between her legs.

Raising his head, he said, "Now to the sweet spot I no longer can ignore." He positioned his head near her cunt. "Open for me, Fatima."

Stacy spread her legs, anticipating his mouth pleasuring her. He tongued each cunt lip then helped to widen them farther apart before delving in to lave her clit.

The more he licked, sucked and nipped at it the more she wiggled and pushed her cunt closer to his mouth. Her heart pumped furiously and she grabbed his head to hold it in place. The faster his mouth moved, the more she bounced. Finally she crested with wave after wave of lust-filled release as she kept a tight grip on his head. When she collapsed after being totally spent, she dropped her hands and he feathered kisses up her body to once again suck each nipple.

"Umm. Thank you," she moaned.

Sloane traveled further up to her mouth and kissed her. "I too enjoyed it. May we change places?"

They quickly switched position and Stacy wasted no time in oiling his chest. She sucked his nipples, something she knew he enjoyed. "Is this what you like, Sheik Abdul?" she asked in a saucy tone.

"Among other things," he groaned.

Stacy sat back and lathered some oil in her hands. She gently glided them over his cock and balls. "Is this among your other things?"

"Don't stop. Please. I want your mouth on me."

She angled her tongue at his cock head and circled its girth. Every stroke she feathered on him caused a catch in Sloane's breathing. With one quick move, she opened her mouth and slid down the length of his cock.

"I won't last long." He grabbed her head and helped her bob up and down his cock.

Stacy increased the pace and added gentle sucking nips at his cock head. When he held her head still, she readied herself for his climax. He came with spasms of release and she sucked every drop of cum. When he finished, Stacy ran her tongue along his shaft's length and shifted so she could rub her nipples on the cock head.

"Stop for a minute. I need time to recharge but am not done with you yet," Sloane uttered.

"Nor am I done with you," Stacy countered. "But for now, I'll tell you more about my family." She eased into an additional elaborate tale of a life she imagined Fatima would have enjoyed, and prodded Sloane to create stories for Abdul's past. When they'd finished talking, she used her hands to bring his cock back to its rigid stance.

"I want to be inside you. Now. Change positions."

Stacy lay on her back and opened her legs. Sloane got on his knees and stuffed a pillow under her rear end. He fingered her cunt. "You're still wet and ready for me."

"Fill me," she ordered.

His eyes blazed with desire as he reached for a condom tucked in his pantaloons and shoved it over his cock before entering her. Together they began a furious pumping rhythm and Stacy huffed loudly as his balls slapped against her. With one shattering pump, they climaxed together as they clung to each other's body.

They panted as one, still joined and without words. Sloane finally rolled off her and to her side. "Will you marry me?"

Stacy stopped breathing for a second. Marry him? Did he love her? He hadn't mentioned it. Did she love him? Could it happen that quickly? "What?"

"Fatima, will you now marry me?"

Shit. The game. She'd let her imagination run wild with crazy ideas that he actually wanted her while he still played his part. A knot formed in the pit of her stomach. *I'm an idiot.*

"I will think about it. How do I know your infatuation for me will last?" She asked her question with a touch of sadness.

"We're meant to be together. You know that as well as I. But I'll give you time to decide." A slight irritation colored his voice.

Stacy got up. "I need to go to my bedroom...uh, bedchamber to think about all this." She looked around the room. "Shall I help you clean up?"

"No," he answered as he pointed toward her bedroom door. "Please go rest. We can clean up in the morning. I'm just gonna get my bed pillows and retire for the night."

Stacy decided to pick up her costume pieces and placed them on a chair. "I'll leave this here." She turned to walk away, then turned back and bowed. "Good night, Sheik Abdul. I enjoyed our night of pleasure." She pivoted and walked away.

"Good night," Sloane mumbled to her retreating back. *Shit. What the hell just happened?* Had he imagined that her tone and demeanor changed in the last few minutes of the game?

Game?

Did she think it was something else? He'd almost kicked himself when he asked her to marry him. Where the hell had that come from? Part of the game or —

He shook his head no. Marriage. Commitment. Taking over the company. Could someone like Stacy cram his head with words for actions he subconsciously wanted to happen?

Sloane grabbed his two bed pillows. He surveyed the room where they'd just spent an incredible evening of lovemaking but it now appeared empty and dark. He blew out the candles and trudged over to the window. Outside, the snow-filled scene had a soothing effect. Calm, clear, it made him think about the choices he'd need to make.

And whether or not Stacy would be in his future. Did he want her to be? Did she want him?

Damn. She messed with his hormones and senses. Living with her the rest of the week would be both heaven and hell. Living without her didn't seem like an option.

He tucked both pillows under one arm and poured the rest of the wine from the bottle into his glass. "Women," he muttered as he trudged into his bedroom.

* * * * *

Stacy carefully opened her eyes and checked the time on her alarm clock. Crap. She'd forgotten to set it and it now read nine thirty. Was Sloane up? She jumped out of bed and headed for the bathroom. A quick shower and making herself presentable seemed like a goal before heading out of her room and facing him.

Twenty minutes later, Stacy pulled on jeans and tossed a sweater over her head. She donned her fuzzy slippers, considering comfort before looks to be important and left her bedroom.

The aroma of fresh-brewed coffee filled the air and it beckoned her to the kitchen. There she found Sloane sitting at the table and sipping from a coffee mug while reading the paper.

"Thought you'd sleep until noon," he quipped, never letting his eyes stray away from the newspaper.

"No. I just forgot to set the alarm." She voiced her comment with a hint of irritation in her tone, angry she'd overslept and he'd found it important enough to mention it. She wandered over to the counter to get some coffee.

"Bagels are in the breadbox. And I'm just teasing you. I only walked out here myself ten minutes before you came."

Stacy's shoulders slumped as she toyed with the idea of either smacking him with a dishtowel or surprising him with a good morning kiss. She sipped her hot coffee and decided to do neither. After fixing a bagel, she drifted to the table and sat.

"You like teasing me, don't you?" she asked before munching on her bagel.

He put the paper on the table. "Payback. Remember how you nagged me about not wearing a hat and gloves outside? I figured this would even the score."

"Humph. I didn't know we were keeping score. Thought the only game we played had to do with costumes." She stuck out her tongue at him.

Sloane bellowed with laughter. "Oh Stace. We had fun last night, didn't we? I kinda liked being a sheik and having you dance for me." He reached out and stroked her cheek with his fingers. "And everything we did after that proves how compatible we are."

Stacy placed her hand over his fingers and gently rubbed. "We enjoyed ourselves. I liked getting into the role. And you're a masterful, conniving, manipulative sheik."

"Ha! You're just saying that because I tempted you with wine, food, massages and bodily contact." He wiggled his eyebrows.

She leaned back out of his reach and stretched. "We're good together."

"Uh-huh. Maybe we should be permanent game testers. No shyness and we're great actors."

Her heart skipped a beat. Yes. Game testers. That's all they were. "Uh, where are the forms we have to fill out?" She changed the subject.

Sloane pointed to the end of the table. "Over there. I didn't realize we have ten pages of questions to answer."

She nearly choked on her bagel. "Ten? I guess we better get started before we deliver them at noon to the Game Testing office." She swallowed her last bite of bagel, swigged back her coffee and reached for her questionnaire.

"Says here we need to answer questions about our costumes and each other's. Maybe we should lay them out on the sofa so we can both check them out."

Sloane nodded his agreement. Both took their forms and headed into the living room where they silently placed each costume on the sofa. He sat in one recliner and Stacy dropped into a rocking chair.

Question after question filled the pages having to do with the scenario they chose and costume validity or quality. She looked over at Sloane and found him frowning.

"Having trouble?" she teased.

"No, Miss Helpful. Just trying to figure out how to answer some dumb question." He tapped the pencil eraser against his forehead. "How could I make you more involved in the fantasy? Hmm." He lowered the pencil and began writing.

"What are you saying?" Curiosity focused her attention on his scribbling.

"Hey." He covered his sheet with his arm. "No peeking. And you know I can't tell you anything. Uh, how do you spell blindfold? One or two words?" He gave her a big grin.

"Oh?" She sniffed and rested her arm on her paper. "Did you sneak a peek at my answer to number seventeen? I spelled blindfold as one word."

"Smart aleck. One word it will be."

They both got up and moved toward the sofa. Each handled their own costume and wrote notes then they traded costumes to answer questions about the other's clothing.

After nearly two hours, Stacy sank back into the rocker and announced, "I'm done. I guess we'll get faster at answering questions after this first time."

"Done." Sloane tossed his paper and pencil onto the coffee table. "Let's hope we're faster with paperwork but not with the game. I'm anxious to play our next roles." He stared at her. "Your turn to choose the game and scenario for tomorrow night. Any idea yet?"

Stacy gave him a wide-eyed look and pretended to be deep in thought. "Hmm. 'Royal Romps' or 'Teach Me'. First I need to pick a game and then sort through the various scenes we can do. You got to be in charge as Sheik Abdul so maybe it's my turn to control what we do."

"I will not play a schoolboy infatuated with his teacher. Nothing kinky like that," he tossed out.

"Of course not. I'll find something suitable for our age although you'd look good in shorts and a backpack." She laughed.

"Woman, those aren't in the box, thank God. Now I'll have no choice but to wonder what you'll choose and keep my body from wanting you today."

Heat blazed between them. It would be so easy to forget the rules and submit to another quickie as they had in the movie theater. *No*. Stacy wouldn't allow it. Her heart had to be protected. Sex for the game, okay. Sex for whatever other reason, not okay. Losing her heart to him only to have Sloane walk away at the end of their week and disappear from her life wasn't an option.

His cell phone rang, breaking the sexual tension between them. "Monique. Where are you?"

At the mention of her name, Stacy recalled the rumors about Sloane and his mistress, Monique. Theirs had been a long affair and supposedly had collapsed before he showed up at Naughty Games.

He covered the mouthpiece. "Will you rebox everything, please? I wanna take this call in my room." He winked at her.

"Sure. Go ahead." She gave a superficial smile and watched him head into his bedroom.

With a heavy heart and a trace of anger, Stacy replaced the costumes into the box along with the scenario cards and their questionnaires. What the hell had she expected? She shook her head to unscramble her wandering thoughts.

Jealousy was an awful trait. Jealous? Her?

Shit. Wanting him and knowing what the real world could have in store for her were two different things. Being with Sloane in their fantasy environment was one thing. Daydreaming about an unrealistic future involving him was something else.

If Monique entered his life again in their real world, Stacy had no chance of being with him beyond their week.

Concentrate on your goal. Your game. Your store. She repeated this mantra in her head over and over again to quash any dreams of loving Sloane. Or of him loving her.

Five minutes passed by before Sloane exited his room. "Ready to head downstairs? I've got a meeting with the board and I hope you won't mind returning the game to Game Testing. They'll check our forms and costumes and then we'll meet with them at four. I guess they examine the clothes for any design or material flaws before we get them back to keep."

In a flippant tone, Stacy replied, "Sure. It's all part of the game requirements." She took the box, went into her room to change out of her slippers and don shoes, reentered the room and headed for the elevator.

"Whoa. Is something wrong?"

Stacy forcefully pushed the elevator button and tapped her foot on the carpet. "No." She drew in a deep breath and tried to calm herself. "Sorry. Maybe I'm still a little hungry."

He moved to her side. "Me too. I can't say I'll have lunch with you today since this meeting might last longer than I hope and may include food. You can come back here and eat and relax before our meeting."

The elevator doors opened and they entered.

"I'll use the time to work on my computer," Stacy offered.

"Sure. Sounds great." He lounged against the wall. "I'd love to have lunch with you. Although," he inched closer to her and whispered in her ear, "feasting on you is more what I have in mind."

A heated rush radiated up her cheeks as the scent of his musky aftershave filled the elevator. Instinctively, Stacy turned her head toward him. Sloane took her head in his hands and gave her a mind-blowing kiss. Tongues danced and darted. It was all she could do not to crush the game box, the one obstacle between them. The thought of dropping the box flittered through her head but just as she made the decision to do it, the elevator doors flew open and they stepped back away from each other.

"Your floor, Stace. Remember where we left off for later."

His wink and smile melted her resolve and she smiled back in spite of her determination not to show weakness. How could she not? She wanted this man no matter what. Even if it meant playing games in some fantasy world.

"See you later," she offered and gripped the box tightly. Exiting the elevator, she didn't turn back to look at him but heard the elevator doors close.

Stacy traipsed down the long hallway until she came to the Game Testing office. Bracing herself for a face-to-face with Shelly, she marched through the door.

"Shelly?" she called out.

"Oh hi, Stacy."

Stacy quickly turned her head back and forth to peruse the room. "Where's Shelly, Ray? I need to return this to her."

"Not here. Out for a week with a broken leg." Ray preened like a peacock as he stuck out his chest. "I'm in charge now. What'cha got?"

"It's the game Sloane and I tested last night." Once the words flew out of her mouth, she sensed a wave of embarrassment overcome her body. Ray would know about the game. He'd know she'd been with Sloane. He'd blab it all to Lorraine. *Crap.*

"Thanks. I know what to do. I've watched Shelly do this enough times to follow through with the procedure." He took the box and placed it on a table.

"Umm, you know you can't tell Lorraine anything about this, right? No one outside this office is to know." Nervous energy channeled through her.

An amused look spread across her face. "Not to worry. Even Lorr won't be able to worm any information about this from me. Anyway," he shrugged, "we have to forgo our meetings this week. I can't get away since I'm in charge. Lorraine can come and visit me here but no fun and games for us." He laughed.

Stacy caught sight of his desk and the picture sitting on it. "Is that your family? Nice group shot." Maybe he'd get the hint and get out of Lorraine's life.

Ray seemed annoyed by her comment. "My personal life isn't of any interest to anyone. I know you're Lorraine's friend but we've worked out our affair the way we want it."

She shook her head. "You're right. I have no business judging either of you. Sorry."

"Did you enjoy the game?" he said with a slight sneer in his voice.

She pointed to the box. "All our comments are on the questionnaires and we'll talk about it at the meeting." Stacy had no intention of giving him the satisfaction of talking about the game now.

His face colored. "You're right. Not a word. Anything else you need?"

She looked around the room. "I've got some questions about how games are chosen. A friend of mine wants to submit an idea and I figured I'd check out the procedure." Stacy gave him a warm smile and hoped to ease the tension by appealing to his knowledge of how the department worked.

Her query caught his full attention. "Sure. I can help. Usually Shelly handles this and I'm in the back room with the design group. But I know how the system works."

Yep. Ray enjoyed being in control. "What happens to game proposals sent to NG?"

He pointed to a filing cabinet across the room. "All game proposals are filed there. That's our 'slush pile' cabinet." He shrugged. "Sometimes gets to be a year before we really look them over."

A year? Stacy panicked with disappointment. She didn't want to wait a year. "That's a long time. Any way to make things go faster?" Surely they had some system for quicker reviews.

Ray rocked back on his heels. "Well, if anyone on the board recommends a proposal, Shelly gives it her full attention right away. You know. The eight board members, including Mr. Hoffman and his sons."

"Oh." Tension drained from her body. That meant she could have her game idea checked out faster if Sloane— Hmm. Would asking him be good or bad for their relationship?

What relationship? For all she knew, Monique had already wormed her way back in his life and he'd be gone in no time. *Think about your future. Your game. Your store.*

"Uh, is there a special form to fill out? I mean, for a board member to give a recommendation." Nervous jitters flitted through her stomach.

He stared at her through slightly closed eyes as he slumped against his desk. "Yep. I have to look around for one." He leaned in closer to her. "Your secret's safe with me. Get Sloane to sign it and your idea will become Shelly's top priority when she returns."

He guessed. How obvious had she made her request? Shit. "Ray, please don't let it slip out that I'm doing this. I'm really not sure I want to but I'd like the form just in case I decide to go along and submit something."

Ray grinned. "I know all about your game. Lorraine told me. If you ask me, it sounds like a great idea."

Time to leave. "I'll pick up a form later this week, probably Friday. That gives you time to find one. And thanks for the information." She stuck out her hand.

His cold, clammy hand caught hers. "See you later today."

"Yes. At our meeting." Stacy pulled her hand away and walked briskly out of the office.

* * * * *

"God. I'm glad that's over," Sloane stated with unhidden relief as they ambled to the bank of elevators.

"Me too. I thought we'd answered everything imaginable on those forms. Never dreamed they'd come up with more questions."

"Stacy! Wait up a minute," Lorraine shouted.

Stacy pivoted toward her friend before turning back to Sloane. "I'll just be a minute. Do you want to go up without me?"

A frown crossed his brow. "No. I can wait. Just don't—"

Stacy cut him off. Irritated, she retorted, "I know the rules. I won't say anything." She placed her hands on her hips as she stared.

With his eyebrows raised, Sloane commented, "I was *going* to say, don't be too long because I want to have you all to myself."

Shit. She'd jumped to conclusions. "Sorry," Stacy offered as she dropped her arms to her sides and hung her head. "I'm tired, hungry and cranky. Anyway, that's the excuse I'll use."

He waved toward Lorraine. "Lorraine's waiting for you. Go talk and I'll wait here. Apology accepted. Think about a way you can make this up to me." He winked. "I have my ideas but let's see how creative you can be."

Without another word, Stacy rushed over to Lorraine. "God, am I glad to see you."

Lorraine looked past her to Sloane. "Keeping a tight rein on you, is he?"

Heat from a blush flamed her cheeks. "He's driving me crazy. I don't know what I want, what he wants, what we both think can happen or won't happen."

Her friend narrowed her eyes. "He wants you and you want him. I can see it in both of you. The way you look at each other, body language—" She stopped and a serious look covered her face. "Uh but be careful. I hear his former model friend has been calling here looking for him."

Disappointment and a smattering of panic hit the pit of her stomach. "Lorr, he's already heard from her. Look. I'm here for the game. And my future. I need to get my game approved and get on with my life. I don't have time to wait for Sloane to finish playing playboy and figure he wants me."

Lorraine nodded in his direction. "Your stud's getting antsy. Just looked at his watch for the umpteenth time. Hey. Ray told me you asked about the recommendation form. Go for it, girl."

So much for Ray keeping his mouth shut. "I told him not to say anything." Stacy grabbed Lorraine's arm. "He didn't talk about the game we tested, did he?"

"Relax." She patted her friend's hand. "He just talked about trying to find the form. He'd never tell me about the game." She snorted. "He's so wrapped up in being in charge that he'd never tell me, even if I fucked him right there in the office."

Stacy's nerves eased and she let out a whoosh of air. "Good. Don't tell anyone about the form. I'm not sure I wanna use it."

"Do it for yourself or else I'll never get to shop in 'Raunchy Rompers' and tell people I know the owner."

"Lorraine, it's 'Seduce Me'." Stacy let out a deep sigh. "Although your name's starting to sound good too."

"You better get going. He looks like he's ready to come over here and carry you off. Oh, Elvis says 'meow'. He's doing great and chases Elvira all over the house."

"Thanks, Lorr. I have a favor to ask. Can you bring me your long raincoat and a pair of your five-inch heels tomorrow?"

Lorraine's eyes widened with curiosity. "Wow. I can't imagine what you want them for. Actually, I can think of a number of reasons but you're not the 'flashing' or pole dancing type. Any particular pair of shoes in mind?"

Stacy visualized Lorraine's closet and the shelf with five-inch heeled shoes. "Umm, how about the ones with the toy fish floating in the heels?"

"They're yours. I'll bring the stuff in tomorrow. Will you come get it or do I deliver?"

Stacy gave a quick look at Sloane and waved. "I'll stop by your desk. I'd better get going. See you tomorrow."

She rushed to Sloane's side. "Sorry it took so long."

The elevator door opened and they entered.

"And how's our receptionist doing?" he inquired once they began ascending.

"Fine. I found out how Elvis is."

He faced her and quipped, "I could have told you that. He's dead, pumping gas at some place in Texas or flying around with the aliens who abducted him."

Stacy rolled her eyes upward and giggled. "Promise me you won't quit your day job and become a comedian. Elvis is my *cat*."

Surprise registered on his face. "I didn't know you had a cat. And named him Elvis."

"Hmm. I guess you wouldn't. I got him after Christmas and he usually hides when anyone visits." She shrugged. "Guess you never met him."

He placed his arms around her and hugged. "So why Elvis? Does your cat sing like him?"

She backed out of his reach and lightly smacked his arm. "No. And he doesn't play a guitar either. I just wanted an unusual name. Lorraine's taking care of him and he's having fun with her cat, Elvira."

"They sound made for each other. I mean, Elvis and Elvira."

Stacy aimed a smirk at him and then suddenly found herself engulfed in a bear hug.

"Enough about cats. Now we can relax and fool around." He kissed her head.

"Uh-uh, game tester. No touching today. Except for an occasional hug or kiss. That'll be okay. But no sex. It's against the rules."

The elevator doors opened to their floor.

"Wow. Something smells good," Sloane remarked as they stepped from the elevator and entered the penthouse.

"I started a pot roast before the meeting. It should be done soon."

"So you can cook." He winked.

"I have lots of talents, Mr. Hoffman," Stacy yelled over her shoulder as she sashayed her way to her bedroom.

* * * * *

After dinner, they cuddled on the sofa and watched a TV program Stacy chose. "This is one of those 'chick flicks'. We don't have to see it if you'd rather watch something else." She snuggled in closer to the warmth Sloane's body provided.

"This is fine. It'll help me understand how women think. Never have figured that out."

Reading minds would help. "So tell me about your past love life." She focused their thoughts in a new direction, one she wanted to hear about. How else would she know what motivated Sloane and if his playboy past was over?

He ran his hand up and down her arm. "Curious, huh? Well, I've chased lots of women. Some I caught, some I didn't. Learned a lot."

"Like what?" Getting him to talk wouldn't be easy unless she asked pointed questions.

"There's a difference between true love and false love." He tugged her closer to his body. "Almost got engaged once but found out the woman only wanted the Hoffman fortune." He gave a deep exhalation.

Stacy turned to face him. "What happened?"

He looked straight ahead as if visualizing a scene from his past. "She'd been dating both Josh and me at the same time. Josh lived here and I lived overseas. She traveled back and forth hoping to snag one of us."

"How did you find out?" she hurriedly responded.

"I showed my dad a picture of us in Italy. He realized she was the same woman Josh dated from a photo he'd shown Dad from a Denver ski trip. Dad told us both and we dropped her immediately."

Stacy slumped back against the sofa. "It's tough when you find out someone you trusted betrayed you."

"Oh?" He looked at her. "What's your story?"

Stacy knew a smirk planted itself on her face but that's how she reacted every time she thought of Jake. "Got engaged to the wrong man. Luckily, I found out a week before the wedding. Found him in our bed with two guys."

Sloane winced. "Ouch. What an idiot."

Sadness slipped through her. "I learned all about not trusting and concentrating on my future thanks to him."

"Good thing you didn't marry the loser."

"Hug me closer," her request came as a plea.

He drew her against him and the fragrance of Sloane ignited flames of desire inside her. Being near him would always create havoc for her body and mind.

"Damn rules. I want to be inside you now, pleasing us both. Being near you without sex won't be easy."

"I have an idea how we can have sex and not touch," she teased in a sultry voice.

"Oh?"

"Phone sex."

He turned her toward him. "You want us to call each other?" His perplexed look made her giggle.

"No, not really. Will you follow my directions?" She wiggled her eyebrows.

His smile beckoned her to continue. Sloane nodded his agreement.

"Go get two towels for us." Stacy issued her first order.

Sloane got up and did as she'd asked. "Here. I assume one's for me and one's for you."

"Thanks. Now take off your clothes, one item at a time while I watch."

Sloane inhaled deeply and let out a whoosh of air. "Are you gonna sing or whistle while I strip?"

"Nope. Just watch." She grinned at his curiosity.

He stripped, pulling down his boxers last. His cock sprang straight out and Stacy focused her attention on it.

"I see you're ready for our game."

"Game? One where we don't touch? Hey. I don't wanna be the only naked person in the room. Your turn to strip." He gave her a heated gaze.

"Absolutely. We both have to be naked for this."

Stacy shimmied and danced out of her clothes, reveling in Sloane's undivided attention riveted to her every move. Her body on fire, she longed for his hands and mouth to satisfy her but that wouldn't happen with this game.

After dropping her damp panties onto the floor, she kicked them out of the way. "Now. Push your clothes to the side of the floor and sit with your back to me."

Sloane cocked his head to one side and furrowed his brow. "I won't be able to see you, unless you're gonna sit in front of me."

"Nope." She pointed to the floor. "Sit and keep your towel nearby."

He sat on the carpet after moving his clothes. Stacy placed her towel on the floor and took her position on the rug with her back touching his.

"Only our backs will touch. We don't need phones for this. Are you comfy?"

"Now what?" he queried in a lazy tone.

"We're ready for foreplay and a mind-blowing climax," she whispered softly.

Chapter Five

Sloane sat motionless on the floor. Stacy had surprised him once again with her wild, creative imagination and eagerness to satisfy their needs. Other women from his past, including Monique, only seemed interested in what he could do for them in the form of money or sex. False loves, infatuations, gold-diggers.

Stacy asked for nothing but his attention. No false pretenses. No hidden agenda. Just companionship, love and in one word, him.

Love? Is that what kept challenging his brain to accept? Could he be in love with her?

"We need to close our eyes. We'll let our own hands take the place of each other's hands and mouths. I'll say something, then it's your turn." Stacy's ragged voice hinted at blissful antics aimed to satisfy their lust for each other.

"Phone sex without phones. Clever. You start," he urged as his cock twitched and every fiber of his body yearned for the exciting yet different sexual game they'd play.

"I use my hand to run up and down your cock, warming the smooth skin from top to bottom. Then I use my fingertips and trace little circles around the cock head where your pre-cum pools."

Sloane's breathing sped and his heart raced in his chest. His hands followed her directions and his already stiff penis throbbed with each touch.

With a moan he said, "My turn for you. I open your cunt lips with my hands, searching for your clit. I then rub, pinch and spread your juices around it. You're so ready for me."

He heard Stacy groan and breathe deeply. Her body sank farther back against his as if needing his support to hold her in place.

"I lower my lips to your cock and suck gently at first, not wanting to rush you. Tiny sucks and nips go up and down your shaft and I lave the length of you with my tongue until you're moist and ready for my mouth."

Sloane tensed, trying to retain control and not climax until she did. "My turn. Now that you're wet for me, I place my head between your luscious legs and tongue your clit faster and faster until you're ready to explode."

"Oh God, yes. You go faster and I ram your head further into my cunt. I want more of you," she said in a rush of words. "And I take all of you into my mouth, bobbing up and down your cock as I squeeze its length. Faster and faster I go—"

With a ragged edge to his voice, Sloane uttered, "We both go faster and feel the surge cresting to the top. Now, Stace. Now. Let go and come over the edge with me."

He struggled to keep his back still as his body shook with his release. He used the towel to contain his ejaculation. Behind him he listened to Stacy's moans in climaxing as she rocked against his back. Finally, the room became quiet as neither spoke and only the sounds of their heavy breathing and the crackling in the fireplace could be heard. After a few minutes, their breathing levels slowed down and Sloane rested his head back against hers.

"Stace, that's the best phone sex I've ever had."

"Do it often?" she teased.

"Actually, never. Having you talk me through it and me doing the same— I bet we could write up a game proposal for NG to consider." He laughed and his body shook against Stacy's.

She laughed too. "Maybe we could add specially designed and decorated toy phones and erotic printed towels."

"Maybe we'll do this again on Thursday. That's another night of no sex between games," he wondered out loud.

"Or maybe you should come up with a different idea." She stood and so did Sloane.

"Hmm. I'll have to consider another possible game for us." He pointed to the fire. "I love watching the flames and listening to the sounds." He gave her a sideways glance. "Firelight on you looks good."

"And on you," Stacy added as she watched shadows and light dance across his muscular chest. "Let's look outside. It sounds so quiet out there."

They strolled over to the window. Despite being naked, Sloane showed no signs of noticing the cooler air the closer they got to the window. Stacy shivered, having lost the warmth of the fire and Sloane's body heat.

"While it's beautiful outside, I like the heat in here."

Sloane stood behind her, his cock and balls pressed against her rear. "No sex but I'll rub your arms while we walk back to the fireplace."

He kept her close to him as they ambled to the sofa and sat. "Should we get dressed? Having you naked beside me is too much of a temptation." He smiled and looked down his body.

His cock stiffened and twitched and Stacy longed to have it inside her. Sloane was right though. They needed to remove temptation. "I'm kinda tired. I think I'll go to bed," she offered as a way to end their evening.

"Probably a good idea. We have a game to look forward to tomorrow."

Yes, there'd be another *game*. "I'll set my alarm." She got up and retrieved her clothes.

"I've got meetings with distribution and shipping starting at ten. No need for us to be up real early." His tone sounded nonchalant and businesslike.

They were back to being game testers. That's what he wanted. That's what she wanted.

Right? Before Stacy could get her brain to muddle through those thoughts any further, his cell phone rang.

"Monique. Wait a second." He turned toward Stacy. "See you in the morning." Then Sloane gathered up his clothes and went into his bedroom.

Stacy watched him leave as her heart sank and any hopes of being with Sloane after the games seemed like an impossible goal. If Monique had once again entered his life there'd be no room for her.

She ordered her brain to focus on "Seduce Me" and decided to work on her game proposal in her room.

* * * * *

Game day. Sloane got out of bed, a rush of excitement surging through his system. Another night of pleasure with Stacy and acting out whatever fantasy scene she chose. She hadn't told him if the game would be from "Teach Me" or "Royal Romps". He stretched and headed for a shower.

Eager to enter her fantasy world, it didn't matter to him which one Stacy picked.

After showering and dressing, he checked his watch. He had an hour to relax with her before his round of meetings. Once again he'd probably miss lunch with her, thanks to his father's scheduling for him. Sloane smiled as he realized his father had organized everything so perfectly in order to get him to experience every aspect and the "ins and outs" of the company's daily and weekly running. All that took his time away from Stacy.

Sloane plopped down on the bed, rested his elbows on his knees and held his head in his hands. What did he want from her? What did she expect from him? Could there be a future together for them?

Stacy was nothing like Monique. He snorted at her name and the fact that she still called him, trying to either make him jealous about her upcoming wedding or to rub in the fact that she'd snagged a wealthier man.

He'd been polite and courteous to her, adding his congratulations and best wishes. That hadn't appeased her. She wanted him to attend the wedding. Sloane had said no through three phone calls with her but still she pursued his agreement.

Never one to be outright rude, he wondered if this would test his resolve. Maybe a curt reply would sink into her head. He didn't want Monique or anything to do with her wedding.

Sloane looked at his watch again. He wanted Stacy. And was falling in love with her. He stood and walked out his bedroom door, ready to see her again before his meetings. But tonight nothing would interfere with their fantasy together. He'd turn off his cell phone so his total concentration would center on Stacy.

"Good morning." He greeted her as he marched into the kitchen. She was getting something out of the freezer but turned and gave him a heart-melting smile.

"I beat you out here today. I'm just getting that Crock-Pot meal ready that we decided to have tonight."

Sloane walked up to her and gave her a quick kiss. "Good idea. Let's sit and have some breakfast. Still some bagels and I see you made coffee."

Stacy's pulse raced at his touch. Inhaling his scent sent her mind reeling with visions of them enjoying each other's body warmth and comfort. The man she'd love to spend a lifetime with stood within her reach. As hard as she tried, getting Sloane Hoffman out of her system wouldn't happen. Love had entered the picture and she wanted to make him forget all the women from his past.

"I know you have a busy day ahead." She gave him a smile and spoke in a devilish tone, "And I've got some planning to do for tonight." Stacy traced a finger down his chest.

"Whoa." He caught her hand and feathered a light kiss on her palm. "Keep touching me like that and I'll never get out of here."

They moved to the counter, poured coffee and got their bagels before sitting at the table.

Stacy ignored his warning and ran her foot, covered in a fuzzy slipper, up and down his leg. She sipped her coffee and kept an innocent look on her face.

Sloane choked on his bagel and started coughing. "Stace, I mean it. Screw the game because I'll take you right here, right now if you tease me like that." Fire blazed in his eyes and the ragged tone of his voice was evident.

"Sigh." She removed her foot from his leg. "I'll be good because we signed that damn contract. Just keep those thoughts for tonight." She cocked her head to one side and frowned. "Although, depending on the scenario I choose, you may have to slow down and let me lead."

He took a big gulp of coffee. "Honey, I'm ready for anything. You led the way last night so I'm up for whatever you wish."

Stacy raised her eyebrows and grinned. "I sure hope you're 'up' 'cause I plan to ride."

Sloane cleared his throat. "On that lusty thought, I think I better leave. If I stay any longer, there's no telling what will happen."

"Bye, Sloane. See you later." She watched him head for the elevator. "All of you," she yelled as he entered the cab.

Stacy finished eating and decided to visit Lorraine. She prayed her friend hadn't forgotten what she requested. But first she'd have to replace her slippers. She giggled as she wondered what kind of stares she'd receive if she paraded down the halls of NG wearing fuzzy pink slippers.

* * * * *

"Hi, Sloane darling."

Sloane exhaled a deep sigh and decided it was time to rid himself of Monique. "Look. Stop calling me. I'm happy you've found the man of your dreams. Go get married and leave me alone. I swear I won't take any more calls from you."

"My," she purred into the phone. "Jealous, are you? I still want you."

"No. I don't want you and I'm not jealous. Have a good life."

"Wait! You really want to end our affair?" Her voice sounded desperate.

"Monique, I told you that months ago. We're through. I have a new life now and am seriously thinking of staying here. For good."

"Oh." Bitterness mixed with her cold tone. "You found someone, didn't you? What's she like? Some boring bimbo? Does she please you the way I did?"

"I won't have this discussion with you. She's not a bimbo and I love her." There. He'd said it out loud to someone other than himself. Why hadn't he told Stacy?

Monique gave a few sniffs he could hear. "No one dumps me, Mr. Hoffman. I'm not through with you yet."

She hung up before Sloane could tell her not to bother him again. Sure she'd leave him alone, he wiped an image of Monique from his head.

Before going to his meetings, he stepped into his father's office. "Dad. How did you know you loved Mom?" Sloane threw out his question as soon as he'd closed his father's office door.

Max smiled and rocked in his chair. "Damn. I knew it would work."

Sloane rushed over to his father's desk and planted both hands on it as he leaned in toward his dad. "What would work?"

"You and Stacy. Nice girl. Woman, I should say. I'm glad you came to your senses and forgot that idiot model and found someone decent to love. That means you're staying, right?" His dad beamed with confidence like a fighter who'd just won a match in the ring.

"How did you know about Stacy?" Sloane searched his memory and couldn't recall telling anyone about his Christmas party jaunt with Stacy except— "Josh. I'm gonna kill my brother."

Max bellowed with laughter. "Hey. He told me because he knew you'd found someone who got you to think about commitment. Love. Marriage. Staying put in one place."

Sloane sneered. "I haven't decided on any of that."

"No? Why come in here asking about love?"

"I... I need time to think." He marched away from the desk and flung himself into a chair. "How did you know she'd agree to do the game?"

"Son, I know everything that goes on here. Either I hear it from Josh or Lorraine's a wealth of information. She told me how much your leaving Stacy affected her. Why in the hell did you just leave without saying *something* to her?"

Sloane hung his head. "Because of all the things you already mentioned. She immediately planted ideas of love and settling down in my head and I panicked." He looked up at his dad. "I made her feel awful, huh? Shit."

"Lorraine manipulated Stacy to get her to my office. Knowing her, she made it impossible for Stacy to say no to my invitation." Max got up and walked over to Sloane.

Sloane couldn't help a frown from forming. "But would she have agreed to play your games if I hadn't been there and some other man was in the office?" He swallowed hard, wondering how he'd handle knowing Stacy would agree to be with another partner.

"Jealousy doesn't look good on you. You're positively sulking." Max patted his son on the shoulder. "If you want to know, ask her. Only she knows the answer to that."

Sloane looked at his watch. "I've got to get to that shipping meeting you set up for me. Nice job making sure I'm inundated with meetings on every aspect of this company."

Max shrugged. "It's your mother's idea. She thought it'd be good for you to immerse yourself in company business."

Sloane shook his head from side to side. "You, Mom, Josh and Lorraine all manipulating my life. What if I didn't want Stacy or she doesn't want me?"

"Well, I guess we'd have to lock you both in that penthouse until you either starved or came to your senses," Max laughed as he answered.

"Nice image," Sloane grumbled at his dad as he strode out of the office.

* * * * *

Lorraine gave Stacy a big hug. "Hi, darlin'. How's the stud doing? Is the sex great?"

"Shhh." Stacy quickly surveyed the room to make sure no one was within earshot. "Honestly, you're impossible. What if someone heard you?"

Lorraine brushed off her comment with her retort. "Stop worrying. I talk about my adventures all the time and no one cares." She hugged her friend again. "But for you, I'll lower my voice."

Dryly, Stacy replied, "Thanks."

Lorraine went to the closet in her office and pulled out her long overcoat and a plastic bag. "Here's what you ordered."

Stacy took the bag and opened it. "How do you balance in these things? I'll probably have to practice wearing them and not falling on my face." She dangled the shoes and watched as the fish sloshed around in the heels.

"Practice, my dear. Men adore these. Gives you that long leg look they can't stop looking at." She held out the coat. "This'll fit since we're about the same size. I'm dying to know what you need them for so take notes. Next week I expect a full report."

Mesmerized by the shoes, Stacy wondered aloud, "Maybe I'll try them on here and you can give me some tips on balancing." She looked around. "No one's in sight."

Lorraine watched as Stacy shed her shoes, put on her new footwear and grabbed her friend's outstretched hand before trying to stand.

"Stand up tall. If you tilt forward or backward too much, you'll fall. You're a woman full of confidence and as sexy as all hell." Lorraine shrugged. "Some guys want me to keep them on and run them over their bodies while we fuck."

Stacy teetered a few times but finally let go of Lorraine and wobbled around the office. "That image of these shoes running over other male bodies makes me want to wipe them off before Sloane sees them." Heat surged up her cheeks.

"Quit blushing. Not to worry. These were for dancing only. I use my 'star' shoes for the body massages."

The shoes made her feel sexier. Confident with her new image and knowing the shoes would fit perfectly for the game she'd chosen, Stacy experienced a surge of energy race through her body. Heat scorched her from head to toe and she longed for her night of passion. Her nipples beaded and her panties dampened with anticipation of what their night of lust-filling joy would entail.

She sashayed back and forth in front of Lorraine. "Hand me that coat and my shoes, please. I'm gonna take the elevator up to the penthouse with these on."

Lorraine chuckled. "Honey, you're a natural in those. Anything else I can get you?"

Stacy winked before entering the elevator. "Got any poles to fit a ten-foot ceiling?" she teased as she pushed the button for her floor. She heard Lorraine's laughter as the doors closed.

* * * * *

"Dinner was delicious. Thanks for taking care of it tonight," Sloane smiled at her before he sipped from his wineglass.

"Not a problem. I knew you'd have no time and really, the Crock-Pot does all the work. We even have enough for tomorrow night."

Sloane leaned back in his seat, passion blazing in his eyes. "I'll clean up while you get our game ready. I'm anxious to start."

"Hmm. I need to collect your stuff so you can prepare in your room. I'll be ready to hand over your things as soon as you're done in here." She grinned and wiggled her way out of the room.

Sloane yelled after her, "Are you starting already? Or was that exit just to entice me?"

"Hurry up, Sloane. It's almost game time," she yelled back.

She grabbed his costume and scenario card. Her stuff was already in her room and she'd gone over it dozens of times. She arranged the overstuffed chair and desk for his setting.

"What the hell are you doing? Moving furniture?" he asked from the kitchen.

"Yep. Have to get the setting just right and they just slide on this carpet."

Sloane briskly marched into the room, drying his hands on a dishtowel. He threw the towel onto a sofa table as he surveyed the room.

Stacy stood by the desk and chair, waving her arms from him to it. "This is where you'll sit after you dress. Wait half an hour before coming out." She blinked a few times for effect. "Shouldn't take you too long to read your role and figure out what to do. I'll knock on my door and come out when you say 'Come in' and we'll start then."

Silently, he seized his costume and card and walked to his room. "Am I gonna like this, Stacy?" he queried before closing his door.

In a sultry tone, she answered, "Absolutely," before entering her room to change.

Her costume lay out on the bed and now she took a minute to stare at it. The stretchy low-cut top of gold and the red too-tight skirt went perfectly with her fish shoes. The shoes were red with clear heels where gold and red fish swam. She'd wear nothing under her costume except for thong underwear and pasties for her breasts.

She'd practiced putting them on and swinging the tasseled ends as instructed on her card. The coat, used to hide her appearance until they'd gotten to her disrobing part, fitted snugly but would do fine as she checked out her full costume earlier in the day.

Stacy went into the bathroom to apply too much make-up and pin her long hair with exotic clips of gold and red. "I'll look the part, that's for sure," she mumbled to herself as she finished and twisted her head to check all the angles.

She took off her clothes and put on the thong first. It crept up her crotch, rubbing her already stimulated pussy. Putting on the pasties caused a slight problem but only because her nerves made her jittery and anxious to get started.

The gold top barely contained her breasts and the pasties popped through strategically placed holes. The tassels hung down and swayed with her every movement. She shimmied into the short skirt and the material tightened around her rear end.

Last but not least, she donned her shoes. Heart pumping wildly with excitement, Stacy waltzed over to the full-length mirror and stared at "Luscious Lila", her name for the game. Yep. All she needed was a pole and she'd be ready for a strip club.

Checking her watch, Stacy realized only five minutes remained. She wiggled her way over to the bathroom and sprayed perfume on herself.

Grabbing the coat, she put it on, did up a few buttons and pulled the belt tightly. One last check in the mirror verified "Luscious Lila" was ready to play.

* * * * *

Sloane sat at the desk, decked out in his white shirt, thin jacket and slacks, bow tie and black-rimmed glasses. Hell. He'd even put on the bull's-eye boxers. His hair had been slicked back and parted in the middle. *Shit. I must look like a moronic nerd.*

Stacy had chosen "Teach Me" and she was to be the stripper-lap dancer he wanted to interview for his next doctoral paper. As a homebody, insecure and nerdy professor, he'd have to act stunned by her antics.

He'd read his card and understood his role as Professor Wilbur Smedly. A smile crossed his face as he anticipated the last part. That's when the fun would really begin. That's when she'd be teaching him and he'd be more than willing to do as he was told. His cock poked through his boxers and pressed firmly against his slacks. He was more than ready for fucking but would have to follow her pace.

She knocked on her door, ready to start their game. Sloane cleared his throat and arranged some papers on his desk.

"Come in," he yelled. *And let the game begin.*

Stacy walked in, sauntering her way to his desk. "Hi, Professor Smedly. My friend Jason told me you wanted someone to interview about my job." She shimmied and threw up her hands. "Here I am."

Stacy fully intended to have fun with her role. She'd checked on the internet and learned stuff about stripping and lap dancing. As she ambled closer to his desk, she made sure her hips swayed from side to side. She'd left the last few buttons of her coat undone so her legs would be seen.

Surprise registered on Sloane's face and caused tingling waves of desire to course through her. She had to control herself and not laugh at his appearance. He looked every bit the part of the professor Lila planned to seduce.

"Well?" she purred. "Aren't you gonna ask me to sit down?"

"Uh, yes. Please," he mumbled in a flustered tone as he got up and motioned to an empty chair. "Have a seat."

She insinuated herself into the chair, crossed her legs and swung one leg back and forth. "So," she leaned toward him. "Whaddya wanna know?"

Sloane sifted through some papers on his desk as if looking for a list of questions. "Uh, how did you get started in your, uh, line of work?"

"You mean stripping as 'Luscious Lila'?" she said in a sultry voice. "Well, professor, I probably make more money a week than you do." She batted her eyelids.

"So it's all for money?" He scribbled notes on a paper.

Stacy waved her hand by her face. "Hey, Prof. It's kinda warm in here. Do you mind if I take off my coat?"

"Oh no. Sure. Go ahead." His eyes remained riveted on her.

Now for the unveiling. "Where should I put it?" she asked as she got up and unbuttoned her coat.

"Over there," he waved while still staring at her. "On the sofa."

She sashayed over to the sofa and with her back to him removed her coat and flung it onto the sofa. She heard his gasp as he got a good look at her ass, legs and heels.

Stacy pivoted and pulled her top down slightly while she sauntered her way back to her chair. "That's much better." She stopped before sitting. "Like my outfit?" She slowly twirled for him.

Sloane coughed and his eyes roamed up and down her body. She knew the swaying tassels had caught his attention.

"Very, uh, mesmerizing."

"That's what I go for. Gotta get the crowd's attention right away." She lifted one leg and placed it on the chair. "How about my shoes? Do you like the fish?"

His stare went from her skirt, down her leg and to her heel. "Amazing. How do you walk in those things?"

"Oh, I've had lots of practice," she answered and put her foot back on the floor. She looked around the room. "Too bad you don't have a pole here for me to use. I could show you how I swing around with them on." She swung her hips as she wiggled toward him and leaned over the desk. "It really gets the tassels rotating and the fish bobbing."

A wide grin covered his face before he pursed his lips and got back into character. "Sorry. No pole. And I'll take your word about the fish and tassels."

"Okay." She shimmied her way to her chair and sat. "It's like this, professor. The money's great but so is all the attention and admirers." She shrugged. "I like gifts and you'd be amazed at how many men buy me stuff. Hell, I've even had a few women try to get on my good side," she moved forward and whispered, "but I don't swing that way."

"Money and men," Sloane repeated as he wrote. "Do you ever think about doing something else?"

"Hmm. Maybe later when my boobs sag and I can't handle the pole anymore. I'm saving my money. Should be able to find something else to do and live comfortably."

"Tell me about your first time."

She shook a finger at him. "Are you talking about sex or dancing?" she teased.

Sloane blushed. "Dancing."

Stacy got up. "Why don't I show you what I did, minus the pole stuff, of course." She winked, turned and headed to the CD player where she'd loaded the music that had come with the game, something called *Music to Strip By*.

Once the music started, Stacy got caught up in the rhythm and swayed in a series of "bumps and grinds" she'd watched on her computer. She danced her way closer to

Sloane, wiggling and jiggling every body part she possessed. His mouth opened as he stared transfixed, following her every move.

Stacy took off her top and threw it near her coat, careful not to dislodge the pasties. She held her breasts in the palms of her hands and rocked them so the tassels would spin. Watching Sloane's reaction, she could swear his head circled with each spin.

His chest rose and fell more quickly than it would normally had he been at ease. Her breathing quickened, both from the dancing and lustful desire to please him. Knowing they'd soon be making love had her juices flowing and body tingling with excitement.

She shimmied out of her skirt next, sliding it down and over her hips. She stepped out of it, bent over to give Sloane a good view of her rear end, picked it up and flung it on the sofa.

Stacy rotated her hips and rear as she backed closer to him. "Professor? You're supposed to put money wherever you can reach to thank me for dancing."

With a giggle she rocked her ass back and forth, inches from his hands. She knew he had "play money" tucked into his jacket as part of his costume. Turning to face him, she watched as he shoved a hand into a pocket and pulled out phony ten-dollar bills.

Sloane tugged at his tie like a man being strangled would yank away a rope around his neck. He eyed her breasts but quickly realized there was no place to place money so he reached out, slipped one bill under the thong strap and then continued to find places to put ten more bills. "How's this?" he asked in a ragged tone.

"My," she offered. "You're a big tipper. Did you save any for the back of my costume?"

"Yeah. Sure." He reached into his other pockets and pulled out some twenty-dollar bills. He held them up high. "Lila, if you turn around I can give you these." Sloane waved them at her.

Stacy obliged and pivoted to give him easier access to the thong strap running down her ass crack. His fingers tickled her as he stretched her strap away from her body and layered game money down her crack.

The song stopped and she remained still. "Thanks for the money, professor. This'll buy me some new shoes I've been wanting to get. Taller heels and more dazzling."

"I have more questions," he squeaked, then cleared his throat and repeated his request.

"Sure. Just let me remove the money and sit down again." She gave him a devilish grin and slipped all the bills from her costume. Before she could sit, Sloane surprised her with his question.

"I, uh, heard that you sometimes do lap dances for guys. Tell me about those so I can add it to my notes. Do you enjoy doing it? What's the purpose of doing one?" He raised an eyebrow and a questioning look covered his face. "I've never been to an

establishment where girls strip and do lap dances so I need to have you explain everything to me.”

Stacy figured that in the real world, Sloane had been to strip clubs but not Wilbur Smedly. Instead of sitting in her chair, she strolled over to stand near him.

“You know, professor, I think it’s better if I show you and you experience one yourself. I usually charge more for this since the clubs insist on extra payment but for you, this is free.”

Sloane released a deep whoosh of air before talking. “Okay. Hands-on experience will make my report more detailed.”

“But ya know, I think you need to take off some clothes to get the full effect. Stand up, please.”

He shot up out of his chair and Stacy placed his hands by his side. “You relax and I’ll do the undressing.

Lust-driven cravings rampaged through her as she removed his tie, jacket and shirt. She ran her fingers up his chest and his muscles tightened. Then Stacy dragged her fingers down to his waistband and dipped below it.

Sloane’s eyes closed and she heard the catch in his breathing. She undid the zipper and hook and pushed his slacks down his legs to the floor. “Much better. And it looks like ‘Little Willie’ wants to play,” she teased.

Sloane looked at his cock peeking through his boxers and with one hand shoved it back inside. “Sorry, Lila. I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

“Me? Hell no. It just means I’m doing my job.” She looked at the sofa and pointed. “Let’s have you sit over there.”

“Fine.” Sloane strode to it and sat. “Now what?” She detected a sensual tone in his voice.

“In clubs, the guys have to put their arms out along the top edge of their seat,” she whispered, “but for you, this will be a hands-on experience. Touch what you want when you want.”

Out of character, a giant grin covered Sloane’s face. Or maybe Professor Wilbur Smedly would actually catch on and be anxious to learn something new. Either way, Stacy was ready to dance.

She stepped out of her shoes before placing her knees on either side of his hips and sat on his crotch. Wrapping her arms around his neck, Stacy said, “See if you can gently grab each tassel and pull my pasties off. It’ll be much better without them. I promise.”

Stacy lifted a breast and Sloane stuck out his tongue as he lowered his head to a nipple. He toyed with a tassel, letting it swing in place. Then with his teeth, he bit the tassel and gave a gentle tug. She helped by pulling on it at the same time and one of her pasties hung by a tassel in his teeth.

She removed it from his hold and they repeated the process for the second nipple covering. Both pasties were tossed onto the end of the sofa where the rest of her costume lay.

"Much better. I'm gonna start dancing now."

Sloane dropped his head onto the top edge of the sofa and closed his eyes as Stacy gyrated and squirmed in his lap. She was moist, ready for his cock and he was growing bigger with every wiggle. She leaned forward, thrusting her breasts against him. The friction caused by moving her nipples against his chest sent frissons of heated sparks cascading down her body.

Her breathing quickened and her pulse raced. When his hands reached out to toy with her breasts, she shivered with ecstasy.

"Teach me everything, Lila. I want to know it all." He begged as his fingers rolled each nipple.

Stacy ground her cunt into him. "We still have too many clothes on. We'll get up and strip each other."

Both stood and Stacy wasted no time in kneeling in front of him. She tugged at the boxers and they pooled at his feet. His cock sprang to attention and Stacy licked her lips. "I have something else to teach you," she moaned before she began laving his shaft.

Sloane trembled as she grabbed his ass cheeks and shoved his cock down her throat. With sucking nips she shifted her head back and forth.

"Stop. Please. I need to learn more and have to strip you."

His request halted her laving his cock but she gave one last suck on his cock head before standing. "Go ahead, professor. Take off my thong."

He knelt before her and pulled the garment down her body. After it hit the floor she kicked it out of the way. She looked down at his hungry eyes.

"What would you like me to do to pleasure you?"

Stacy slid her feet apart and spread her cunt lips. "Lick and suck me."

He moved his hands to replace hers and placed his face on her pussy. Stacy shivered with desire, eager for his mouth to find her clit. It didn't take long for Sloane to pay homage to her erotic spot. He licked, sucked and nipped her sensitive clit while she had all to do not to shake.

"Professor, stop now so we can go on," she pleaded.

He grasped her ass and wrenched her closer as his tongue lashed more furiously at her clit, driving her into a frenzy.

"I'm—" That's as far as she got before she shook with the waves of her climax.

Sloane held her tightly, until her trembling stopped. "I'm guessing I did that right. You seemed to enjoy it." He gave a wide smile. "So did I."

"Oh God, yes. Wonderful." She willed her breathing to slow down, anticipating their next move. "We need to be on something soft like a bed. Can we use yours?" she pleaded.

He stood. "This way. Teach me all night long. I'll take notes later." He took her hand in his and kissed it. "Maybe I'll need more lessons and do more research for my paper with you. Are you available?" he casually mentioned.

"As long as we don't have to wear clothes and can touch each other," Stacy responded in a saucy tone.

"Now what?"

She noticed his cock twitching with need. "On the bed. I've got work to do."

He stretched out on the bed with his cock pointing straight up. "I need something fast." He reached over to the end table, opened the drawer and removed a condom. "I'll put this on." Sloane rolled it onto his penis.

Stacy stood for a moment, pinching her nipples as he watched. "I'm ready for you. It's time to teach you how far a lap dance could go. Here we'll have the comfort of your bed instead of a chair or sofa. I'm getting on you."

She positioned her body over his and then eased herself onto his cock. Wet and ready with lustful desire, she slipped right on him without any problem. She tightened her vaginal muscles around his cock.

"Do that again and I'll explode," he groaned. Sloane gripped her hips. "Kiss me. Show me how it's done."

Stacy leaned forward and they met in one passionate kiss. Tongues darted between mouths before they separated. She held each breast and rubbed them against him.

"Suck on my nipple." She palmed a breast and lifted it toward his mouth.

Sloane took the nipple in his mouth and sucked. He nipped at it with his teeth and laved it with his tongue. Stacy moaned in delight and ground her pussy into him.

"Now," he begged, "ride me." He kept his hold on her hips and started to help her pump up and down.

Her breathing sped and his matched her pace. Both panted in unison as they quickened their movements. Sloane finally pulled her down firmly and held her there as he shook in spasms of release. Stacy shoved one of his hands to her cunt. He stroked her clit a few times before she trembled in wave after wave of pure joy and ecstasy.

She collapsed onto him while his cock remained firmly planted inside her.

"Care to go again," she joked as she lay on him.

His body shook with laughter. "Lila, maybe you can go all night right away but I'll need some time to recharge." He lifted her face to his and kissed her. He licked her lips before pulling her closer. "Don't move. I want to be inside you for awhile."

Stacy loved this time in their lovemaking. Their joining, unbroken after being totally satisfied and spent, meant a deep down caring for each other. Didn't Sloane see this too?

"This was great, Stace. You planned one hell of a game. I think I like this better than the first game." He fondled her rear end. "You lying on top of me is a definite pleasure."

The game was over. "There's other ways to do this game, you know. I could have been the professor and you the male stripper," she laughed.

His penis softened. Stacy slipped off him and took a position by his side. She raised herself up on one elbow and tweaked his nipples. "Like this?"

He gave a ragged sigh. "You know I do."

"We've done all right as game testers, haven't we?"

"Yep. But we knew we'd be compatible." He took her hand in his. "I'm really sorry for running out on you at Christmas." The depth of his honesty shone in his eyes.

"You left me devastated. I thought I'd done something wrong since we seemed to be so good together."

A serious expression covered his face. "And not just the sex but we'd talked all that night and I really liked you. Idiot that I am, I panicked and ran."

Stacy got to a sitting position. "Panicked? About what?"

"Us. A future. Love. Commitment. You name it. You had me thinking about all the things I've avoided since even before Monique."

"None of those things had to be in place for us to have a relationship. We could have eased our way into dating." She raised and lowered her shoulders. "I would have been with you if you asked."

Sloane turned his head and stared at her. "What if I decide to stay here? Would you be with me or go on with your own plans for your future?"

Stacy snuggled next to him. "Sloane, things could work out. There's something called compromise most couples have to think about." She steered all her strength to instill the courage she'd need to continue with her next sentence. "Especially if the two people involved love each other."

He gave her a hug. "Love's a pretty serious step. I have strong feelings for you, more than just sexual. I love how you worry about me catching cold and walk around in your pink slippers." Sloane sighed. "I miss you when we're not together."

"And I love how you stand with me watching the snow fall, holding me next to you. You're always a gentleman around me. I kinda like it that you kept looking at your watch while I spoke to Lorraine. It meant you wanted to be with me as much as I wanted to be with you."

She raised a hand and rubbed his face. "And I adore your five o'clock shadow." She laughed and he joined her.

"Stace, why don't we do the games this week, enjoy ourselves and get to know more about each other. After this week, I'll still be here and we can talk without worrying about jobs and games. I swear the pressure of doing these games is both

exhilarating and stressful. What if I screw up and you don't like a game?" His voice held a hint of concern and his body tensed.

"Hey, we're both role playing. The game goes where we want it to. So far," she tickled his stomach, "we've done great and I'm really having a wonderful time. Couldn't ask for a better partner."

"Nor could I. How about a date Sunday night? Dinner, talking, throwing snowballs at each other. You know. Couple stuff."

Happiness filled her heart. "Good idea. Well, maybe not the snowball part because you'd end up losing." She slid out of his reach and got off the bed.

"Oh?" Sloane sat up and grabbed a small throw pillow from the bed. "How good are you at dodging snowballs?" He threw the pillow at her.

Stacy caught it. "Hmm. This is bigger than a snowball but I'm still a better shot than you."

"No way."

"Way," she replied and threw the pillow directly into his lap.

"Oomph." He shook a finger at her. "You're a witch, Lila."

"Why, professor," she mocked as she wiggled to the door, "I played softball in college. Pitcher. Great aim. Stripping and dancing are just a few of my talents."

"Guess I'll have to uncover the rest. Will you come back for more lessons?"

Stacy opened the door. "You've already uncovered lots," she purred. "Stripping and dancing makes me very tired. So does teaching you everything I did." She walked through the door and pulled it behind her. "Good night, Sloane."

She heard him yell through the door, "Pleasant dreams, Stace."

Chapter Six

"Morning," she called out as Sloane entered the kitchen. "Coffee's ready and we have some muffins I just made for breakfast."

"They smell great. You're looking happy today." He looked at her feet. "No fish heels though. I see you're back to slippers."

"Please. A couple of hours in those things is enough. I kept wondering if my center of gravity would collapse if I tilted the wrong way."

"And I just loved your twirling and moving in them. Too bad you couldn't pole dance for me. That would've been a treat."

"That would require lots of practice so I wouldn't fall on my head." Stacy picked off a piece of her muffin and popped it into her mouth.

Sloane mentioned, "I love blueberry muffins. And they're warm. Love them hot." He gazed at her with a devilish look. "Hot muffins and hot women. What more could a man ask for?" He took a bite of his muffin.

"I prefer my hot muffins with hot men." She winked at him. "Guess we both got what we wanted."

He wiggled his eyebrows at her and took a sip from his coffee mug. With a pensive "Hmm," he gazed past her into the living room.

"What are you thinking about?" Curiosity got the better of her.

"I'm just thinking maybe I should have the board install a pole in the living room. Could be other games may require one."

She almost choked on her coffee. "You're just kidding, right? What if you had to tell them why you thought about it?" Stacy wondered if their role-playing would make the rounds of the boardroom and filter through the company.

Sloane reached over and took her mug. "Relax. I'll tell them it's strictly my idea, something I dreamed up after my many ventures around the world touring strip clubs." He leaned toward her and whispered, "Your dancing talents are a safe secret with me. I'll never tell. Wouldn't want anyone else to know."

Their morning banter continued until it was time to fill out their questionnaires. They grabbed their costumes and placed them on the sofa. Stacy watched as Sloane toyed with the pasties and swung them so the tassels would move. He looked from the tassels to her.

"Interesting material. Lucky you get to keep them. I wonder how often you'll wear these? Hopefully just for me." Heat blazed in his eyes.

"Put them down and fill out your paperwork. Gotta get these to Game Testing in an hour." She surveyed the stuff on the sofa. "Hey. Where's the boxers?"

Sloane checked his costume and had a perplexed look on his face. "Should be right here. Where did you hide my underwear?"

Stacy rolled her eyes upward. "I did *not* take the professor's underwear. Last night after I pulled them down your body –"

"And you did that so skillfully," he interrupted.

She tried to look and sound annoyed. "As I was saying, you stepped out of them and kicked them." She looked at the floor. "Uh, maybe they went under the sofa?"

Sloane shrugged and then got down on his hands and knees to check under the furniture. "Ah-ha. Found my boxers. Trying to hide them so you can keep them as a souvenir?"

"You're irritating me, Mr. Hoffman. No. I didn't hide them and don't want bull's-eye boxers as a souvenir. They'll be yours to keep."

"Are you sure? We could trade souvenirs. I'll take the pasties and you take the boxers. Something to remind us of each other when we're apart."

His teasing comment made her more comfortable with their upcoming date and discussion of becoming a couple. Would he talk about reminding each of them of the other when apart if he didn't really want to pursue a serious relationship with her?

Stacy knew she loved him. Hadn't told him because maybe it was too soon. He'd said he loved things about her but hadn't made the "I love you" commitment. She'd have to slow down and take what he offered when he offered. Losing him a second time would totally break her heart. She'd had enough heartache when he left before and this time Stacy didn't want anything to get in the way.

If Sloane needed time for her to catch him, she'd give him time. Chasing and nabbing the man she loved would try her patience and challenge her sanity. But he'd be worth the wait.

"Stace? How do you spell pole dancing? One word or two?"

She sighed and replied, "Two. And don't mention my name because I didn't pole dance for you." She pointed a finger at him. "Keep in mind I know where you live. Your ass is mine if my name and pole dancer are combined in a sentence and get passed around the company."

"Honey, my ass is already yours." He ran his tongue over his lips and went back to scribbling on his questionnaire.

* * * * *

Stacy again brought their game box to the Game Testing office as Sloane would be tied up with meetings. Bracing herself for a forced conversation with Ray, she entered the office. Thankfully, she didn't see him anywhere in the room. Another worker came over to her.

"Hi, Stanley. I'm returning this game and our papers." She hoped to keep conversation to a minimum and escape before Ray made an appearance.

With an uninterested, bored expression on his face, he took the box and papers and dropped them on Ray's desk. "I'll see that 'King Ray' gets these when he gets back in a few minutes."

Stacy couldn't help a giggle escape her lips. "Uh, I guess he's bugging you guys, huh?"

"Oh hell. Shelly's annoying but he's a pain in the ass. Thinks he's some kinda 'real' executive issuing orders and driving us all crazy." Stanley swiped a hand across his eyes. "Hell. You won't say anything to anyone about what I said, will you, Stacy?" he requested in a worried tone.

She patted his arm. "Not to worry. I feel sorry for you guys but it's just two more days until Shelly's back."

"Thank God for that." Stanley sounded relieved. "And you better run unless you want to be here when the 'king' returns."

"Thanks for the warning. See you guys at our four o'clock meeting." She jogged to the door.

"Okay. Hey. He's not too bad at those meetings, is he?"

She turned back to look at him. "Nah. I guess that's because some real executives are around." Stacy waved and decided to pay Lorraine a visit.

She got into an elevator but before pushing the button for Lorraine's floor, she decided to go back to the penthouse and get her friend's stuff so she could return it.

After retrieving Lorraine's things, she took the elevator and got off on the first floor. Lorraine sat at her desk, filing her long nails.

"I see you're really busy today, Lorr," Stacy mentioned as she greeted her friend.

Lorraine gave her a stern look and pouted. "I'm so bored. I should be fucking right now with Ray but instead he's playing department head and ignoring me."

"Honey, I'm sorry about that." She commiserated with her unhappy friend.

"How'd your night go? No. Don't tell me. I know you can't." She stopped filing her nails and pointed at Stacy. "Can you at least tell me if you wore the shoes?"

Stacy smirked and walked over to a chair near Lorraine. "To satisfy your curiosity, I think it's safe for me to answer yes. I wore the shoes. Didn't even fall or cause bodily damage."

"Well I'm glad you did. Maybe the fish will tattle on you and tell me everything." A grin crossed her face.

Stacy couldn't help laughing. "Honestly, I can't be the only entertainment you have this week. Who've you been with? What? No dates all week?"

"Of course I've had dates." She wiggled a finger at Stacy so she'd move in closer. "Don't tell anyone but I fucked Stanley. You know. The guy in Ray's office," Lorraine whispered.

"Huh?" Stacy couldn't help the surprised expression coming out of her mouth. "Stanley? How come? I didn't know you liked him."

Lorraine dropped the nail file and drummed the fingers of one hand on the desk. "Of course I like Stanley. We tested a threesome game one time." She lowered her voice again. "And he's very accommodating. Much bigger than Ray and lasts longer too. I think Ray rushes through our fucking because he's worried about the time. And he's probably doing his wife at home so can't keep it up long."

Shaking her head in disbelief, Stacy stated, "I've been telling you to drop him. Why not just date Stanley?"

"Hmm. I thought I'd fuck him this week so Ray would find out and be jealous. But ya know, you're right. Why not be with Stanley? Lord knows he keeps asking me for dates."

"Lorraine. I love you dearly but you need a hobby besides sex." Stacy couldn't keep up with her friend's wild life.

"Oh I have one. I listen in on telephone conversations. Ones from the board members. You'd be amazed at what I know."

That tidbit of information sparked Stacy's interest. "Know anything about Sloane?"

"Nope. He hasn't been around long enough. Just what I mentioned the other day about that bitch model. His dad's a loyal and honest husband madly in love with his wife. Talks lovey-dovey to her all the time.

"Josh is juggling three women right now and two are in accounting. Must be lots of catfights going on in that office.

"Hell. I can tell you who's cheating on his wife, who's gay, just about anything."

"Stop already. All I really want to know about is Sloane. But I'm glad that Mr. Hoffman loves his wife. She's such a nice lady." *And hopefully, some of his parents' commitment and happy marriage will rub off on Sloane.*

The phone rang and Lorraine picked it up. "Sorry, hon. Gotta get back to work. Thanks for bringing my stuff back. Elvis sends his love." Lorraine then turned her attention to the phone caller.

Stacy headed for the elevator, realizing she still knew less about Sloane but more about Lorraine.

* * * * *

As they'd agreed on ordering pizza for dinner, Stacy had nothing to do all day except work on her game design. The harder she worked, the more she wondered if her dream of selling it would ever happen.

She rocked back in her chair and stared at the computer screen. The game was a good one and would surely be marketable. Waiting a year or more for any kind of word from NG would seem like a lifetime. It would be so much easier to have Sloane –

She stopped mid-thought. No. She couldn't do it with his help. He'd think she'd only played games with him to get his signature and recommendation.

Stacy stretched and rubbed her eyes. Maybe Ray forgot about her request. Maybe he couldn't find the form. Maybe having Sloane was worth not throwing an obstacle between them.

Trust. He'd mentioned being betrayed and boy, she knew how that felt. No. She wouldn't mention the form again. To anyone. Ray probably forgot anyway as he busied himself playing department head and annoying those around him.

A niggling thread of doubt crossed her mind. What if he hadn't forgotten? Would that cause a problem? She sank back into her chair. What would be the worse thing that could happen? Ray would hand her the form and she'd throw it away.

Determination to submit her game idea and have it sit in the slush pile forced its way through her head.

Being with Sloane was worth any wait.

* * * * *

"Bad sign. You like mushrooms and I like anchovies." Sloane made his observation as they ate their pizza.

"No. Good sign. We compromised. Half mushroom and half anchovy. Are you looking for trouble?"

"Me? Nah. Just testing your nerves. You passed."

Stacy narrowed her eyes at him and stared. "Try that again when PMS hits. I guarantee you won't want to test my patience then." She chomped into her slice of pizza.

"Glad you told me. I'll have to remember to stay on your nice side while you're a wild, annoying woman on screwed-up hormones."

"Men have it lucky. You don't get what Mother Nature dishes out to us females." She shrugged. "We just have to muddle through the best we can."

"Uh-huh. And so do the men around you." He offered her another slice of pizza. "But you're so pleasant, sexy, caring, peaceful, that I can't image you screaming like a banshee and causing grown men to whimper and hide."

Stacy took the pizza and gave him a stern look. "Just don't test me. This way, you'll always think of me as that wonder woman who puts up with you."

"Message received and noted." He swallowed some wine to wash down his pizza.

"So. What did you plan for us tonight?" she asked in a nonchalant voice.

He looked at her and scrunched up his face. "Oh. Right. I was supposed to think of something."

"Sloane. I'm sorry. You've been gone all day and working hard. Never mind. We can watch a movie or something." Stacy didn't want to push him.

"I'm testing you again. I've got something planned. No touching. Sex. Lots of looking."

"I don't want to watch a porn flick. It'll make me horny."

He clapped his hands together. "That's the beauty of my idea. No movie. No clothes. We face each other and watch. No words, except panting and heavy breathing will be allowed."

"Hmm. Sounds interesting. No talking? We don't say what we'd do?" Already moist with need, her pussy pulsed and Stacy tingled with anticipation.

"No talking. Let's clean up first. Then we'll light some candles, get the fireplace going, grab some towels and get naked."

They cleared the table and cleaned the kitchen in record time. Sloane went to the center bathroom and grabbed two towels. He handed one to her and then started a fire. Stacy took some candles from around the room, placed them near the fireplace and lit them.

Sloane dropped his towel near the fireplace so Stacy did the same. He began undressing and placed his sweater on the chair nearest him. Stacy took off her slippers but Sloane put up his hand in a stop motion. Apparently he wanted her to watch him strip and then she'd have her turn.

She also gave the stop signal and walked over to the CD player. She picked out a CD of romantic songs and got it started. Then she signaled for Sloane to continue as she strolled back to her place.

He took off his shoes and socks and moved them to the chair. Sloane gripped his tee shirt and pulled it over his head.

Light from the fire and candles cast dancing on his chest. He flexed, stretching his body as he tossed his tee shirt onto the chair. Slowly, he unhooked his belt and slipped it through the belt loops. That was flung onto his sweater.

Stacy's pulsed raced as heat rampaged up her body. She swallowed hard, wishing she could speak, touch him, make love, but waited for her turn.

Sloane undid the hook on his slacks and slid the zipper down. He dropped his slacks to the floor, stepped out of them and tossed them with his other clothes. Only his boxers made out of a shiny material with blue and white stripes remained to cover him. The firelight emphasized the two edges of white located at the flap opening.

As she stared, his cock poked through the opening. Stacy longed to take it in her hands and mouth to please them both. Sloane just smiled at her and pushed the boxers down his body.

His underwear puddled at his feet and he stepped out of it. His cock twitched as he bent to pick it up and then tossed it to the chair. Naked, he turned around for her before he sat on the towel on the floor. He then waved to her as a signal for her to undress.

Damn. Just watching her and not running his hands all over her body would take every ounce of strength he could muster. Sloane's fingers itched to roll her nipples into tight beads and stroke her clit.

Stacy unbuttoned her green sweater, removed it and tossed it onto the chair nearest her. Her breasts strained against the material of her lacy bra, one with peek-a-boo holes to allow most of her skin to show. She stretched her arms up and then down to the back, forcing her breasts to push forward. Grinning like a minx, she unsnapped her jeans and lowered the zipper.

She bent and shimmied as she shoved the jeans down her body. Stepping out of them, Stacy flung them onto her sweater. Sloane gave a low moan at seeing her in a sheer pair of tiny panties, ones that hid nothing.

Candlelight cast shadows on her body but he could see all the important spots clearly. Her face appeared to glow, probably flushed with the room heat and whatever body heat they both generated. Sloane could smell her perfume, one she'd bought after their first game. It emitted a jasmine scent and reminded him of his night with Fatima.

His cock twitched and the lust for sexual release screamed in his head. Sloane's breathing ran rampant as he took in large gasps of air and whooshed them out just as quickly.

Turning around so her back was to him, Stacy looked over her shoulder and winked as she unhooked her bra. The straps fell down her arms. His gaze strayed to her rear end and he could distinctly see the crack between her cheeks through the material.

With her back still toward him, she stepped over to her chair and tossed the bra onto her pile of clothes. Slipping her fingers under the sides of her panties, she hunched over and yanked them down her body.

The fire crackled as a log split in the fireplace and a burst of light highlighted her ass. Stacy righted her body and turned to face him. His naked, beautiful Stacy was ready to do as he wished.

Sloane sat with his back to his chair and his towel nearby. Stacy sat on her towel and leaned against her chair. He grabbed a condom from his slacks pocket, opened it and put it within reach.

Her eyes widened with an invitation to play and heavy breathing penetrated the room among the muted music.

He rubbed his chest and tweaked each nipple. God, he wished it were her hands instead of his own caressing his body. Stacy mimicked his actions in a much faster, urgent pace. Sloane stopped but waved her on to continue.

She laid her head back against the chair, closed her eyes and let her hands worship her breasts as he'd do with his fingers and mouth. Stacy uttered a few moans before dropping her hands and looked at Sloane. The desire to go further rushed through his brain and he could see that she was ready.

Sloane lowered his hands to his cock and balls. Stacy had sucked so gently, squeezed him at all the right moments when she'd rubbed them or taken him in her mouth. His eyes fluttered closed for a second but he didn't want to miss a minute of watching her. He slowed his hand movements, not wanting to come too soon.

Stacy had bent her legs and spread them apart, allowing easier access to her cunt. She angled her body so the fireplace light hit directly on her pussy. Opening her lips with one hand, she let the fingers of her other hand delve into her.

He knew the moment she'd found her clit by the ecstatic grin on her face. Faster and faster she rubbed and pinched and Sloane masturbated along at her pace. Stopping before his release, he rolled the condom onto his cock and finished pumping.

Sloane filled his condom and bucked against the chair as he enjoyed a surge of lusty relief. Eyeing Stacy, he watched her squirm against her hand, pounding her back against her chair. They'd climaxed together without touching each other.

God, she'd loved it. Watching and copying his every movement without words had been a new experience. Not as good as having him suck, lave and stroke her but she'd never watched a man masturbate before. Well, maybe she'd seen it done in a porn movie but not in real life. She found it passionate to witness and breathing in his scent from across the room fired her desire. Hearing him groan while both panted in fulfillment made their adventure together all that more special.

"Man, Stacy. I'm drained. I don't know what was harder...the challenge of not reaching out to grab you or making sure we'd both go together." He laughed and dropped his hands to his sides.

A satisfied glow engulfed his body as a soothing calmness took control of hers. She tingled with a yearning to feel his skin under her fingers but resigned herself to deny her desires. The smell of sex permeated the room along with whiffs of his all-male aftershave and her own jasmine scent.

The sounds of a quiet romance song filled the air along with an occasional crackle from the fireplace. They stared at each other...two lovers inches apart, their need for sex complete, comfortable sharing their innermost desire. Without reservations, each had enthusiastically played out the other's extra fantasy game, enjoying that time.

Stacy found herself lulled into pure relaxation by the peace of the night and how compatible they truly were. She allowed her mind to wander into dreams of a life together, a world where they would love each other unconditionally and forever.

"I love how you look when you smile. We had no trouble communicating so that must mean we know each other pretty well. I imagine over time we'd be able to read each other's thoughts."

She nodded and wondered if he could read her mind now and know that she loved him. Did he believe love could happen so quickly between two people? She had only to think about her happily married sister who'd gotten married after knowing her husband two weeks. Love at first sight was a reality. It had hit Stacy the first time she'd met Sloane although she'd tried to dismiss it after his abrupt departure.

"Earth to Stacy. Are you still fantasizing? At least tell me about it." Sloane placed his hands behind his head and shifted as if seeking a more comfortable position.

"I was thinking about tomorrow and our next game. We have to decide what scenario we'll play." She bit her bottom lip and tilted her head to the side. "Have you looked inside that box?" A slight coolness in the air caused her to shiver.

"Why don't we dress first?" He stood up. "It's starting to get a little chilly in here and the fire's dying." He pointed to the fireplace.

"Sure. Be right back." Leaving her slippers by the chair, she gathered her other things and went into her bedroom. Stacy dressed in her nightgown and robe. Staring into the full-length mirror, she concentrated on her face. Flushed, it reflected a woman in love full of wants and desires. Did Sloane see that in her?

She went back into the living room and found Sloane dressed in a sweatsuit. He held out a glass with amber liquid in it.

"Brandy? I remember you saying you like it. We can drink and talk about tomorrow's game."

She took the glass and sipped her drink. A warm feeling raced down her throat. "Heavenly. Thanks."

He'd opened the box and had it on the coffee table. They took their costume bags and looked at the scenario cards.

"Wow. This one's kinda elaborate. Depending on which scene we choose, there's more clothing in this box than the other games we've played." Sloane opened his bag and looked at his wardrobe choices. "Oh I get it."

Stacy gave him a quizzical look. "What do you mean?" She tore open her bag and removed the garments.

"It's kinda like Wednesday's game. If I'm in charge, we go with one set of clothes. If you're in charge, we use the other set." He furrowed his brow. "I don't see much difference in my sets."

She removed her costumes and placed them on the sofa. "Maybe not yours but mine sure are very different." Apparently, in "Royal Romps" she'd either be a maid or a princess. Both outfits were definitely distinctive.

"Before we decide to choose a scene based on our clothes, let's each put them in our rooms. I already sneaked a peek at yours and know which one I'd like you to wear." He winked, scooped up his costumes and walked away.

"Uh-huh. Run off before I get to see your stuff." Stacy scolded him as he left but had actually seen his stuff. He'd either be something like an earl...definite nobility...or

a servant. As she grabbed her things and brought them to her room, she tried to figure out which costume would look better on him.

Once back together in the living room, they sat on the sofa and read the scenario cards. They'd agreed to see if they'd each pick the same one, otherwise they'd just shuffle the cards and pick one.

"Hmm." Stacy said after taking a swig of her brandy. "I like the one where you're Withers, my butler and I'm Lady Elizabeth."

He raised an eyebrow. "Want me to do your bidding, is that it? Personally, I like the one where I'm Lord Hampton and you're Emma, the downstairs maid." He gulped the rest of his brandy. "Then I could have you refill my snifter for me and get you to do naughty things upstairs."

Stacy giggled and smacked his arm in a joking fashion. "That works both ways, you know. Lady Elizabeth can command her butler to warm up her bedchamber."

He rubbed his arm. "Ouch. I hope Lady Elizabeth or Emma don't go around beating up men." He leaned near her and gave her a light kiss. "You taste like brandy. Want some more?"

"We both taste like brandy. And no thanks. I'm sleepy already." She sniffed. "I doubt very much that your arm hurts but if kissing you will make it go away, I'll try that."

Stacy took his face in her hands and pulled him toward her. She traced his lips with her tongue and tasted the brandy while listening to his shaky intake of air. They kissed gently at first. Then tongues darted in and out of each other's mouths as the kiss deepened. Sloane crushed her closer to him.

She pulled back, trying to keep her head from spinning and her heart from pounding. "Wait. I'm sorry. I guess it's the brandy. I'm a little dizzy."

Sloane moved away. "Sorry. We sure get caught up in passion really quickly, don't we? Being near you makes me lose all control."

She ran her hand through her hair and pushed curls behind her ears. "I really need to rest." She pointed to the cards. "How about the other scenes? Do any of them interest you?"

"Uh, not so much. I'll shuffle the cards and you pick one." He shrugged. "I'm tired too and we have tomorrow to look forward to." He reached out and ran his fingers down her cheeks. "You're hot. I hope it's because of me."

She licked her lips. "Shuffle."

Sloane mixed the cards and held them blank side facing her. She picked one and they both read the scenario side.

"Bedtime. Grab your scene card for this scenario. And you make me hot, Sloane. All the time."

He laughed and took his card. "Making each other hot seems to be our specialty. Good night."

* * * * *

"Finished." Stacy shoved her chair back from her desk. She stood and stretched. Her muscles ached and she realized how stressed and tense she'd been while working on her game proposal's final version. Editing and diagrams revisions had been completed, step-by-step outline and game card information perfected. Even her box design and marketing suggestions had distinct pages to be presented.

All she needed was a chance to convince NG to buy her product.

Stacy massaged the back of her neck, easing the dull headache threatening to form. "Nope. No time for this," she admonished herself.

Picking up her phone, she dialed Lorraine's number.

"You're interrupting my busy schedule."

"Lorraine, all you do is look sexy and answer phones."

"Honey, that takes a lot of work to perfect," Lorraine drawled.

"I need a favor. I'm gonna send you my game file. Will you print it for me? I'll be down in ten minutes."

"Borrow my clothes, take your cat, print your game. Sigh. No rest for the wicked."

Stacy wished Lorraine could see the smirk on her face. "Poor Lorraine. You'll have all weekend to relax."

Lorraine snorted. "Like hell I will. I've got a love life to cater to. Can't let my engine cool off while there's plenty of incredible male bodies I need to explore."

"Don't you ever get tired?" Stacy thought about her nights with Sloane. Wonderful but energy draining.

"I'll have lots of time to sit home and knit when I'm old and wrinkled."

"Somehow I can't picture you knitting."

"Learned in high school. Knitted a scarf for my boyfriend and then wanted to strangle him with it when he dumped me."

Stacy laughed, "You always keep me amused. But back to business. Will you please print my file?"

"Of course I will. Crap. The other line's ringing. See you later."

Lorraine hung up quickly. Stacy hugged her arms to her body and looked up. "Lord, please let me sell this. I've never wanted anything as much as this before." Hmm. She needed to amend her plea. "Uh, can I have Sloane too?" she prayed out loud, wondering if she'd been greedy asking for both. If it came down to only one prayer being answered, she knew her choice.

Living without Sloane would break her heart.

* * * * *

"Lorraine. You're as beautiful as ever." Sloane made his comment as he strolled near the receptionist's desk.

"Mr. Hoffman," she drawled in a honey-tone sweetening her voice, "that's what I'm paid for. Enticing clients. Dazzling them into begging for our games. Keeping this place in business."

He couldn't help laughing at her flippant airs and flamboyant mannerisms. Lorraine was a perfect walking advertisement for NG. "We'd be lost without you."

"Damn right. I know everything that goes on here and make sure nothing upsets our routine." A wide grin curled her mouth.

"My father already mentioned you told him about Stacy." He shook his head. "I was wrong to leave her like I did."

Lorraine pointed a red polished fingernail at him. "Just make sure you don't screw things up this time. She's been good to you, right?"

Sloane smiled, thinking about their past few days together. "Good to me and good for me. I won't hurt her."

"Good. And you can sign that game recommendation form for her. I printed out her file before so she has it ready to go to Game Testing." She shuffled through some papers on her desk. "I know I have a copy here. I made Ray give me one."

Sloane's heart dropped and his shoulders slumped. Game recommendation? Was that what Stacy was after? Play the games, soften him up and push her game on top of the pile by using his signature to improve her chances? "Ray in Game Testing?"

"Yeah. Stacy talked to him about the form but he couldn't find them. Shelly has a filing system you need a map to navigate. That idiot Ray's been acting like a king and everyone's happy it's Friday so his reign will be over. I spent an hour in his office to make sure he'd find the form and had him make me a copy."

His fists balled at his sides. Another betrayal, another woman only out to get what she wanted from him. The irony of it all? He'd fallen in love with her but now knew that unlike the others he'd dated, she didn't want his money. Just his signature on the dotted line.

Idiot. She told you she had goals for her future and wanted to open up her own store. No doubt selling her game to NG would be a major financial help in starting her plans in motion. Wanting him wasn't part of her plan. Just using him for however long it took to get him to recommend her game.

"Doesn't she have the form?" he asked with a broken heart.

"Not yet. Here," Lorraine thrust the paper out to him. "Why don't you surprise her with it?"

"Good idea. Thanks. She'll love my surprise," Sloane mumbled as he grabbed the form and briskly marched away from Lorraine's desk. He had some planning of his own to do. But first they had one last game to play and he intended to enjoy every moment.

Payback and her form would come later.

* * * * *

"You're awfully quiet." Stacy's comment forced him to look up from his dinner to face her.

"Oh. Sorry. Just reviewing some stuff in my head that I organized today. And I've been thinking of our game tonight." Sloane pushed some food around on his plate.

A nervous niggling spread over Stacy. Was something wrong? He'd been distant since walking back into the penthouse. Willing herself to calm down, she tried to be rational about his lack of conversation and uninterested demeanor.

A stressed Stacy chastised herself for expecting Sloane to do nothing but exhibit enthusiasm around her. She'd been tired all day. Working on her game proposal and thinking about what would happen to their relationship after their week jangled every nerve in her body.

Would her game sell? Would Sloane want her?

He deserved some space and his week had been difficult. At least she'd had breaks while he attended meetings and saw to the everyday operational management of NG. Sloane didn't have to entertain her every minute they were together.

She reached over and placed her hand on his. "Would you like to rest for a while before we play our game? I won't mind waiting." She added a smile to let him know her suggestion was genuine.

He stared at her and a chill shivered down her spine. Gone was the fire of lust she'd seen many times before. Coldness, darkness and sadness all meshed in his eyes. Could being so tired affect him this way?

"No. That's okay." He moved his hand from under hers and grabbed his napkin. After wiping his mouth he mentioned in a nonchalant voice, "Let's finish here and play our last game. Then tomorrow we'll wrap up all the final details." He stood and cleared his things from the table.

Stacy's mind raced with uneasy thoughts. Her stomach knotted and twisted with threats of an aching night ahead. Calmness flitted near her but she couldn't quite get that feeling to rush through her. He'd talked about tonight. He'd mentioned tomorrow. But Sloane stopped before talking about after that and the Sunday they were to contemplate a continuing relationship.

She jumped when he returned to the table and grabbed her things. "Go ahead and get ready, Stacy. I'll clean up and set up our game. I'm anxious to start."

The weak smile he gave her melted her heart and brushed away some of her concerns. Shit. The man was tired. So he didn't mention Sunday. Big deal. They'd talk about Sunday tomorrow after filling out their final questionnaires.

She nodded, not wanting to say anything or keep him waiting. She had to dress and be in the living room in forty-five minutes. Sloane would do what was needed and then wait in his room until she called him.

Showtime would start soon. Another game. Another night of delightful passion.

Hopefully not their last time together. She prayed her heart wouldn't be broken again.

* * * * *

Sloane dressed in his costume, taking care to reread his part on the scene card and bolster his spirits. They'd have their game. Stacy would be in charge until he took over. They'd have wonderful sex and explore each other's body one last time. She didn't know it but he had a change of plans for them and their date on Sunday wouldn't happen.

His cock ached against his slacks. "Traitor," he said aloud and shoved it hard against his body. Every fiber in his body desired her. Sitting at dinner and smelling the jasmine scent she wore sent his mind reeling and his lust into overdrive. He wanted her. He needed her. He craved the woman who betrayed him with her singular goal of getting him to sign a recommendation.

Sloane had arranged the room so that she'd sit by the fireplace and he'd enter when called. He'd stop at the sideboard for her glass and brandy. Candles had been placed around the room and lit to set the atmosphere. He'd even taken some into the extra bathroom and made sure bath supplies were on hand. After taking in a deep breath and exhaling it, he moved to the door and listened for her call.

Withers was ready to attend to Lady Elizabeth.

"Withers? Come in here." Stacy spoke loudly enough for him to hear her though the door. She twitched with anticipation, eager to play.

Sloane opened the door and strolled into the room. Although handsome in his butler's coat and tie, she itched to turn him into a naked butler instead.

"Yes, Lady Elizabeth?"

"I'm bored. No one else is here but you and me. Come and talk to me," she pouted as her spoiled character would have done.

"Would you care for a brandy?" he asked as he motioned to the sideboard.

"Yummy. Yes, please. And pour one for yourself."

"I don't think that's proper, my lady. I'm not permitted to socialize with quality."

"Withers, I'm ordering you to have a drink. No one is here. Lord, we've done other things together so don't get so worried."

Sloane bowed his head and poured brandy into two snifters. "Things we've done together in the past happened when we were children. I know my place now."

"We did have fun then, didn't we?" she giggled.

"Yes," a smoldering haze shone in his eyes as he spoke and handed her a snifter.

"Sit there." She pointed to a chair opposite hers. After taking a sip of her brandy, she leaned back against her chair. "This is wonderful. Drink yours. I insist."

He held up his glass in a salute to her and then gulped down his drink. "Very warming indeed."

Stacy's body heated from both the brandy and Sloane's careful scrutiny of her. She jumped up and stepped out of her shoes. "Withers, what do you think of my new dress?" She stood and twirled in slow circles before him.

Her gauzy topdress had been tossed over a slip of satiny material. She'd ignored the proper terms for the garments written on her card. Too much to think about when she had to concentrate on acting like a proper lady out to seduce her butler.

The indecently low-cut top barely contained her breasts. The satin undergarment rubbed against her skin, sending frissons of sensual sparks rampaging through her body. Her nipples beaded with every swish of the material.

Although the dress and slip were long and hung to her ankles, slits had been cut along the sides and they went up to her hips. Without underwear, her bare skin was visible.

She caught Sloane's sharp intake of air and the corners of his mouth curved up into a smile. Stacy relaxed a little as some tension eased from her body. She wanted to please him and have him pleasure her.

"Lady Elizabeth, you're beautiful no matter what you wear."

"I need more brandy. And so do you." Stacy held out her glass.

Sloane got up and took her glass as he brushed past her. "Are you cold, my lady? I can stoke up the fire."

"No," she teased. "Actually I'm quite warm. After this brandy I'd like you to draw a bath for me." Stacy fanned her face with her hands.

Before turning to look at him, she heard the tinkling of glasses and guessed Sloane's level of sexual longing had gone into overdrive as their game would involve water play. During the whole week they'd been together they'd never acted out any wild fantasy involving being wet together.

"I, uh, will do that in a minute." He strutted toward her and handed her another brandy.

Their hands touched and Stacy longed to have his roam along her body. She took the snifter and sipped. Sloane gazed at her with deep yearning blazing from his eyes and then swallowed the contents of his glass.

He walked away toward the bathroom without another word. Eager to follow him, she gulped the amber liquid and left her glass on the sideboard. Missing a moment without Sloane couldn't be done as love for him filled her heart and soul.

In the bathroom, Sloane had turned on the water in the Jacuzzi. Candles glowed and the smell of roses filled the air. He'd added bubble bath and the soapy bubbles swiftly rose to cover the water. Kneeling by the tub, Sloane tested the water with his hand.

"Help me, Withers. I can't get this off." Stacy put her hand on his back and he got up.

"Lady Elizabeth, I don't think it would be proper for me to undress you."

Stacy watched the rise and fall of his chest as his breathing quickened. His hands fell to his sides and she yearned to have him touch her. Her body flamed again, desperate for caresses from Sloane.

"We've been naked together before, Withers. Remember? At that creek down the road one summer afternoon," she whispered.

"We were children then. This is different. Seeing you naked then meant nothing. Now, I see you as a man who desires a woman. Is that what you want?" His eyes narrowed into slits as his gaze begged her to submit to his plan.

Stacy reached up and put her arms around his neck. Her answer came with her pulling his head down for a kiss. He dropped back slightly, confusing her at first. Thinking his reaction to be part of his character's demeanor, she pulled him closer again. This time their lips met and a simple kiss turned into a passionate mix of moans and tongues exploring mouths.

Stacy leaned against him as his hands roamed up and down her body and slid the satin along her frame. He cupped her rear end and molded her pussy closer to him. Sloane lifted her up and down by her ass cheeks causing a lusty friction to soar through Stacy.

Her heartbeat quickened as did his. They panted as one in a frenzy of quick breaths. Stacy traced her tongue along his lips, licking every part until he did the same for her. She took a step back, more than ready for passion to explode.

"My dress. Now. Please," she begged in an almost whimper.

Sloane nodded and helped her take both garments off. Although warm from the steamy bath, a chill traveled down her body as she became naked.

"Beautiful," he offered and held out his hand to her. "I'll help you into the tub."

Stacy took his hand and stepped into the bubbled water. "Wonderfully warm. Thank you." She slipped down into the tub and sat. "You look awfully dressed for someone who's going to assist me. Take off your clothes, Withers."

His eyes widened as he furrowed his brow. Then a big grin covered Sloane's face. "Before we go any further we must agree to something. You'll call me James and I'll call you Bets, as we did as children. No social standings between us. No one must know." He bent over the tub and ran the fingers of one hand along her cheek. "We're just a man and woman here. Now. For tonight. Enjoying the pleasure of each other's body."

Stacy gave him a hopefully saucy look. "Agreed. You will teach me everything you know about lovemaking. You give the orders, With— I mean James. I've heard the maids talking about fucking their sweethearts. Do that to me," she ordered as she scooted over to one end of the tub. "There's room for two. Take off your clothes and join me."

Sloane laughed but his tone held a harshness Stacy hadn't noticed before. He began removing his things. "Gladly, Bets. This will be a one-time pleasurable night we'll never forget."

"Perhaps more chances will come to repeat this night," she offered.

He shook his head before dropping his pants. "No. This will be it."

Was Sloane so caught up in being Withers he'd shown more emotion than other nights they'd been together? Stacy shivered again. Or was she just projecting her own fears to their game?

Chapter Seven

Candlelight cast dancing shadows around the room. The sound of bubbles bursting and water sloshing echoed in the bathroom. The fragrant smell of roses tickled Stacy's nose. She giggled and wondered how the scent would mingle with Sloane's manly aftershave.

He stripped for her, slowly removing each garment. Once he removed his boxers, his cock stood at attention, engorged and ready for her. She licked her lips and squirmed in the tub, more than ready for him to be inside her and thrusting

"My, James. I've never seen a man's sex before," she mentioned with a playful, innocent and curious edge to her voice.

"Want a closer look?" he mumbled as he swaggered toward the tub.

Stacy stretched out her hand and fingered his cock, causing it to twitch. "It's so huge. However will it fit into me?"

"Don't worry, Bets. My cock will fit into your pussy without a problem. There will be a moment of pain when I break your maidenhead but only pleasure after that." His voice trembled as she continued stroking him.

"May I taste you?"

"Please do."

Stacy slid to the end of the tub and positioned her mouth within an inch of his cock. She looked up at him. "What do I do?" She had to play Lady Elizabeth's part of novice lover.

"Stick out your tongue. Let it glide along the shaft. Pay particular attention to the cock head. It's very sensitive and my body aches for you to lave it." Sloane leaned his thighs against the tub's edge.

After winking at him, Stacy ran her tongue along his penis. Groans emitted from Sloane but he kept his position near her. She darted her tongue in and out to tease his cock head.

"Oh." She backed away slightly. "What's that?"

"Just proof that I'm ready to pleasure you. The liquid will spill to make my entry into you more pleasant," Sloane explained.

She angled her head back to his cock and spread the pre-cum that pooled on its tip. Sloane panted with each flick of her tongue. Stacy feathered her fingertips along his shaft and squeezed each ball with soft pressure. His moan and the smiling look on his face increased her need to step up their pace.

Stacy slid back into the tub. "I'm tingling all over. What happens next, James?"

"Move to the center of the tub. I will sit behind you and help you relax."

She shifted to the middle and after he sat behind her, she shimmied her body closer to Sloane. The water rolled with their movements and more bubbles dissipated.

"Rest back against me," he instructed.

With a wiggle, she pushed back to lean against his chest. Her rear end was positioned between his legs. His cock pressed against her crack.

"I like having you so close behind me," she offered.

"Close your eyes and give your body to me," Sloane ordered. "I will show you how a man releases a woman's passion."

He reached around her and tickled the undersides of each breast. Palming them, he let his thumbs stretch up to rub each nipple. Taut and longing for his touch, they beaded immediately.

"That's so lovely. More," Stacy pleaded.

"With pleasure." Sloane covered her breasts with his hands and molded them against his palms. Then he tweaked each tip between his fingers and gave tiny tugs that sent her senses reeling.

She squirmed against him. "I've never had a man toy with my breasts before. It's so wonderful. Is there more?" she asked as a willing student in urgent need.

"Bend your legs and position your knees over to each side of the tub. This will allow me to find your pussy. I need to touch you inside."

Stacy got into position, eager for his fingers to enter her. "Now, please."

Sloane removed his hands from her breasts and as one hand spread her cunt lips apart, the fingers of the other hand slid inside her. He stroked the sides of her pussy and she tensed for a moment, acting the part of a virgin.

"I feel a need further inside. Something is throbbing," she moaned and lolled her head back against him.

"It's called your clit and I will rub it. Enjoy the sensation," he offered.

Sloane rubbed and pinched her clit as Stacy bucked. He slipped a finger of his other hand into her opening.

"Let me help you reach total relief and pure joy." He began thrusting his fingers in and out of her.

Between pants of ecstasy and groans of delight, Stacy reached climax and her body shook. She held his hands in place, wanting to experience the full pleasure he could give her.

"Thank you," she whispered and glided one of her hands behind her to caress his face.

"Exchanging passionate touches is all part of lovemaking. There's more," he hinted with a husky tone in his voice.

"Should I turn around?"

"No," he answered as he squeezed her nipples. "We'll dry off and continue. My bedchamber or yours, Bets?"

They stood and towed their bodies dry as Stacy contemplated his question. They'd made love in his bedroom before but never in her bed. Wouldn't Lady Elizabeth choose her own chambers? "Mine, James. I believe my bed is larger than yours."

"Much larger but that's not stopped me before from fucking my lady friends." Sloane walked around the bathroom and blew out the candles.

Her room. One last night. How ironic he'd been in her bed their first time together and now would be in her bed again for their last night of lust. A sad, cold sensation filtered through his body as he hated facing the truth. She could have been the one woman to curtail his wandering ways. If only she hadn't asked anything of him but his love.

Love? She'd never mentioned loving him. He'd come close to declaring it to her but thankfully found out she was like the others. He'd enjoy the game's end and put the past behind him.

"Shall we turn down the cover?"

Sloane stared at her naked body in the room light and it seemed to beckon him to move faster. He used the dimmer switch on the light, setting the mood. They wouldn't need candles.

"Yes. Help me."

Once the cover was removed, they got on the bed and lay side by side.

"Tell me about your lady friends, James. Do they all pleasure you?" she inquired as a curious Lady Elizabeth would wonder.

"All pleased me as I pleased them. But all proved to be false in their feelings for me." He snorted. "All wanted something from me, other than love." *Just like you.*

"I want nothing from you but lessons in love. I wish to please you and have you do the same for me. Please. More," Stacy begged.

"Bets, I will fuck you as the others and you shall reach more heights of ecstasy."

He hadn't asked about other men in her life. *Stupid.* Lady Elizabeth was supposed to be a naïve virgin and hadn't had other men. Something still worried her. This game hadn't sparked their lust as much as the other two games. Were the roles they played too difficult? They were having fun but —

Stacy forgot how or what to say to finish her thought. Sloane had lowered his mouth to a breast and sucked. All negative ramblings flew from her mind and she concentrated on his mouth and his tongue teasing her nipple. His other hand toyed with her other breast and she relaxed all her muscles.

"Your women must like this," she said in a hushed tone as she placed a hand on his head and held it in place.

Without answering her, Sloane took her other hand and pushed it firmly onto his cock. Stacy used her hand to encircle its girth and then trailed her fingernails up and down its length. He gave a sigh and sucked her breast harder before nipping at the bud.

He raised his head. "I need to suck your other breast. Both are delectable and need my attention." A brief smile crossed his face before he moved to his target.

Juices started flowing from Stacy's pussy. "James, touch me like before. Down there. My pussy. My clit. I want that same feeling again," she begged in a ragged tone.

Sloane placed his hand onto her cunt and slipped his fingers inside. He looked up at her. "You're wet and ready for me, Bets. Now I shall eat you." He removed her hand from his cock.

Stacy missed his hands and mouth on her breasts but wiggled as he trailed kisses down her body until he reached her pussy. He stopped and stood by the side of the bed before kneeling.

"Take that pillow and place it under your ass," he ordered.

She did as she was told. He grabbed her legs and tugged her to the side of the bed. "Open for me, Bets." Sloane took her legs and placed them over his shoulders after she spread them apart. Clutching her ass cheeks, he brought her closer to his body. After placing his mouth on her cunt, he sucked on each lip edge as she squirmed.

"Do more," Stacy cried, wanting him to worship her clit. She bucked in an effort to direct him to her pleasure bud.

No words were spoken as Sloane licked, sucked and laved her clit. Over and over again he stroked in a rush of movements as she began a frenzied dance of wiggling into his mouth. He moved back.

"Now, Bets. Now go over that edge. Satisfy your body's desire." Sloane used his fingers to bring her to climax. Wave after wave of convulsing magic shook her body. With a series of, "Yes, yes," she moaned in fulfillment.

Her heart pounded and beat wildly in her chest. Sloane had given her two organisms as James but now Bets would take over to pleasure him. "I want to do that to you. Can I taste you again?" she asked colored by shyness only Lady Elizabeth would employ.

Fire blazed in his eyes. "Take my place on the floor. Taste and suck. I will tell you when to stop."

Stacy slid to the floor and got on her knees. She needed to do as he told her, wanted to taste his pre-cum and take him into her mouth. Sloane sat on the bed's edge and slid his legs apart giving her easy access to his cock.

She slipped her tongue out and laved his cock head, tasting Sloane's familiar flavor. The smell of sex filled the air and mingled with the scent of roses from their bath. When she could wait no longer, Stacy opened her mouth and took his length inside.

Sloane groaned with each up and down movement she made. She'd stop at his cock head for a few seconds of tiny sucks and then continue her glide along his shaft. After

minutes of giving him this special pleasure they both enjoyed, he moved her head off him.

"Stop now before I come. I want to enter you. Remember, Bets. There will be a fraction of pain that will end with joy."

He helped her up and onto the bed. Stacy watched as he grabbed a condom he'd placed on the night table nearby and spread it onto his penis. Widening her legs, Sloane took a position between them.

"Do it quickly, James. I want you now and can't wait."

Sloane entered her with a thrust and she gave a fake cry of surprise. He remained still inside her, acting his role as her deflowering lover.

"Shall we continue, Bets?"

She wiggled under him and placed her hands on his rear. "Now. Yes. Now show me how you fuck."

He jammed in and out of her as they both breathed faster. Soon their bodies pushed together as her body rose to meet his thrusts. His balls slapped against her skin and increased her excitement.

"Come with me, Bets," Sloane ordered as he shoved his hand to her pussy and placed his fingers on her clit.

The friction of his rubs and pinches brought her to the crest of lust. Just as she bounced with ecstasy, Sloane convulsed with pleasure. Grunts and moans filled the air as each satisfied the other's desire.

Sloane remained on top of her for a minute after their climaxing and then rolled off to the side without a word.

Stacy calmed her breathing as she took in the scents of the room and reveled in their intimate act of love. Would he want to continue the game? Was he too tired? "James," she teased, "I want that again. Forever. Can we be secret lovers?"

His voice sounded distant and cold. "Game's over, Stacy. I've had a rough day. Thanks for being such a wonderful Lady Elizabeth." He bent over and gave her a quick kiss before jumping out of bed and heading for the door.

She sat up and stared at his retreating back. "Thank you, Sloane. Is everything okay?" She couldn't help that hint of worry tugging at her heart and soul.

He turned around to face her. Sadness or fatigue colored his features. Was he just exhausted? Sad to see their week end?

What about Sunday? Their time together would continue, right?

"We can clean up tomorrow. I'm heading for bed. Good night."

Sloane walked out of the room and closed the door behind him. Stacy wrapped her arms around her knees and hugged her legs to her body. She loved him and would tell him tomorrow. First they'd do their questionnaires and deliver them and their costumes to Game Testing but because it was Saturday, no one would be in the office. Sloane had a key and would bring their stuff down while she finished packing her things. She'd

make sure that once he returned, they'd sit down and she'd reveal her love for him and agree to give him time to hopefully love her too.

She remembered her shoes were still in the living room and decided to tiptoe out of her room and retrieve them and her costume. Stacy opened her door and quietly went into the room, snatched her things and started back to her bedroom.

The ringing of Sloane's cell phone could be heard through the door. She stopped and listened. After hearing him say, "Monique. It's you again," Stacy couldn't stem the tears from forming in her eyes.

Had she lost him already? Would he want her love? With a heavy heart and sadness engulfing her body, she took soft steps back into her room.

Tears trickled down her cheeks and Stacy knew no dreams would fill her sleep, only nightmares.

* * * * *

Stacy got up and was in the kitchen before Sloane arrived. "I've made coffee and we have donuts this morning," she forced her voice to sound cheerful. Knots twisted in her stomach but she remained hopeful they'd straighten out their relationship after completing NG business. She needed to tell him she loved him and go from there.

"Morning," Sloane offered and grabbed some coffee and a donut.

They sat at the kitchen table, eyeing each other but without talking. Every mouthful of donut she took clung in her throat as if trying to choke her. Her nerves were on edge and made Stacy jittery. Eating became nearly impossible without washing down each bite of her breakfast.

Sloane finally spoke after looking beyond her and to the window. "Looks like a stormy day ahead. Probably more snow." He drained his mug.

"I hadn't noticed."

They got up and cleared the table. Stacy offered to wash their dishes while Sloane got their questionnaires out. By the time she entered the living room, he'd displayed his costume on the sofa. Pivoting quickly, Stacy rushed to her room, grabbed her costume and placed it next to his.

Except for a few sighs, the only sounds in the room involved the ticking of the wall clock and scribbling sounds as they wrote.

"Need any spelling help?" she teased, remembering how he'd ask about words for their other two games and trying to break the tension surrounding them.

"Yeah. Betrayal. Is it 'al' or 'el'?" She sensed coldness in his words and his glare held no warmth.

"Al." Why did he need that word? She shrugged and studied her papers. Did one of his questions have to do with his character feeling betrayed? Had he mentioned that last night?

It took an hour for them to complete their questionnaires. They put their costumes back into the box and Sloane placed their papers into a large envelope.

"I'll take these downstairs. Just gotta get my phone before I leave." He strolled into his bedroom.

"Sloane," Stacy yelled. "I forgot to put the fancy hairpins that came with the costume in the box." I'll go get them so don't leave yet."

"Fine." He walked out of his bedroom and she entered hers.

It took Stacy a few minutes to grab the pins and locate the pretty material bag they'd been deposited in. She threw the pins into the bag and jogged out to the living room.

Sloane had reopened the box and she placed the bag inside. "Thanks for remembering. Wouldn't want the Game Testing people calling us in on Monday asking about them." His voice held no emotion.

He took the box and headed for the elevator. Before stepping inside, he called out, "Thanks for playing games with me. NG appreciates your time. What you want is on the kitchen table. I'll be back in an hour. Please be gone by then." Sloane stepped into the elevator.

Shocked by his harsh words, Stacy dropped into the nearest chair. Her body crumbled into a heap as she focused on his words over and over again. Not only wouldn't there be any time together on Sunday but he'd just dismissed her like a used, replaceable rag.

She sobbed and tears trickled down her face. What had happened? She bolted upright mid-sob and concentrated on one sentence he'd mentioned. Something about what she wanted being on the kitchen table.

She'd wanted nothing but his love. Massaging her aching temples, Stacy jumped up from the chair and raced into the kitchen. There she found a recommendation form with his signature scrawled on the dotted line.

On a sticky note attached to the form, Sloane accused her of using him to further her career. Betrayal. That's what he called it. Taking his body and soul hostage in exchange for his name.

How? Where did the form come from? She hadn't returned to the Game Testing office to get the paper. Had Ray handed it to Sloane? Stacy pounded a fist on the table and tears streamed down her face again.

She jumped when a phone rang. She twisted in the direction of the ring and realized Sloane had left his cell phone on the counter. Should she answer it?

Confused by all that had transpired in a few short minutes, anger at the constant ringing noise forced her to answer.

"Hello? Sloane's phone."

"Oh." A sultry voice dripping of venom on the other end spoke. "You must be the one who's been fucking him while we've been apart. Thanks for satisfying my fiancé's big cock's needs. He loves to play, doesn't he?"

"I...we just played games for the company." Why am I explaining myself – Did she say fiancé?

"I know all about it, dear. Well, your week is over and he'll be mine forever. So where is he?" Impatience colored her tone.

"In another part of the building. I'll leave a message telling him you called." Her voice trembled but Stacy fought to sound nonchalant. Her knees threatened to buckle under her.

"Yes, tell him Monique called. I'm sure after we talked last night he can't wait to reach me today. We have wedding plans to make."

Stacy listened as the woman hung up. She turned off the phone, wrote a cryptic message for Sloane and deposited both the note and his phone on the kitchen table. Drying her eyes, she sought for control. Sanity and self-preservation were crucial for her future.

Sloane was a mistake, a sexually satisfying adventure in her life but nothing more. He didn't want her and thought she'd used him. Let him think that. She no longer cared. Locking her heart behind steel doors, she pledged to herself to avoid him at all costs, use the recommendation and get what she wanted.

A new life would come, one with her selling her game, getting enough money to open her store and never trusting a man with her heart again. Love? She shook her head no. Love had no part in her life.

Stacy grabbed her vase and threw out the roses. They'd wilted and died just like her relationship with Sloane. She marched out of the kitchen, grabbed her stuff from the bedroom and dragged her suitcase to the elevator. As she stabbed at the down button, she sniffed back her last tear. She entered the elevator but before the doors closed she took one last look at what had been heaven for her but now represented hell.

* * * * *

Lorraine opened her door. "Stacy? I didn't expect to see you here so soon. Where's loverboy?" She looked over Stacy's shoulder.

"How the hell would I know? He's got Monique. I hope they'll be very happy together." Stacy spat out her words as she stormed into her friend's apartment.

"Huh? I heard from Josh that Sloane dumped her and told her to marry her new boyfriend."

Stacy dropped into one of Lorraine's kitchen chairs. "What? I just spoke to that witch and she called herself his fiancé. Thanked me for letting him use me and planned to marry him." Confusion muddled her brain and the headache from her morning throbbed with increasing force.

"Girl, that bitch is toying with you. Even Mr. Max himself told me Sloane was finished with her. She's probably just jealous." A curious look crossed Lorraine's face. "How'd you talk to Monique?"

Stacy took a deep breath and explained everything that had transpired during her upsetting morning. "Now what? He thinks I wanted him to sign that form. I never went to get it. God. No wonder he hates me." She placed her head in her hands.

Lorraine cleared her throat. "Honey, you're tired and upset. Take Elvis and go home. Relax. All will turn out okay."

Stacy stared at her friend, eager to see hope in her eyes. "Why do you think that? What do you know that I don't know?"

A snicker escaped from Lorraine's mouth. "Plenty. And I know men. Sloane wants you. He's just a poor confused man. I have some calls to make so get out of here."

"What are you up to now?"

"Don't you worry." Lorraine patted her friend's back. "Go home. And stay there. Promise me you won't go anywhere until I call."

"Huh?"

"I'll take that for a yes. Now take Elvis home so Elvira can get some rest."

* * * * *

Sloane returned to the penthouse and immediately sensed an unwelcoming feeling without Stacy there. He snorted. "Guess I'll never learn. Thought I loved her and look what happened," he admonished himself out loud.

The ringing of his phone caught his attention. He placed a hand in his pocket and came up empty. It suddenly dawned on him that his phone was ringing from the kitchen. Yep. He'd left it there by mistake in his rush to leave an hour ago.

He checked the caller ID and smiled as it read Lusty Lorraine. He shook his head as he pushed the talk button. Only Lorraine could talk the phone company into using that name for her.

"Lorraine."

"You're an idiot, Sloane. And I won't mince words here."

On the defensive, he replied, "If this is about Stacy, we won't have this discussion."

"Oh yes we will. She didn't want you to have that form. I'm the one who told you, right? She never intended to have you sign anything. It's my fault you just broke her heart again."

Sloane let out a whoosh of air and his mind raced in circles. "You? Oh shit. All those things I said, what I wrote." He hung his head. "I can't seem to stop hurting her."

"And why the hell does Monique think you're planning to marry her?" Lorraine berated him.

"What? I told her last night that I'd never speak to her again. What are you talking about?"

He looked up and at the table where he'd picked up his phone. Before Lorraine could answer, Sloane read Stacy's note and once again stated, "Oh shit."

He had some explaining to do and had to salvage his relationship with Stacy. Losing her wasn't an option. Loving her, wanting her and needing her were his only goals.

"Shit is right. I assume you saw the note about Monique's call?" Lorraine inquired.

"Yes. Now go over everything again with me. Before I beg Stacy to forgive me, I want to be sure I've got everything straight."

She laughed into the phone. "Good Lord. How would men survive without us guiding them? You included."

"Lorraine. Talk. I'm listening."

"Just be sure you ask her to marry you. I can't take any more of this matchmaking stuff."

"All she'll have to do is say yes." Sloane slumped against the table as he listened to Lorraine.

* * * * *

Stacy dragged herself around her apartment trying to clean the dust that had settled during her week away. Elvis had immediately craved her attention and then disappeared to his seat by a window overlooking the parking lot.

She'd dumped her suitcase on the bed and unpacked. Her computer stayed in its bag along with the form Sloane had signed. She had no desire to look at either but wanted to concentrate on her home.

Crying and stress had left her listless and she hoped that working would put some color back in her face and strength into her body. Lorraine had called and was coming over to chat so Stacy had motivation to tidy up herself and her apartment.

She opened the door when Lorraine knocked, only it wasn't her friend who stood outside in the hallway. Sloane, armed with a giant bouquet of red roses, smiled at her.

"May I come in?" he asked in a soft tone.

She crossed her arms in front of herself. "Why? Didn't you say enough to me already?" She gulped down a sob threatening to surface.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me." He glanced around the hall. "Can we talk, please? Inside?" he begged.

The smell of roses reminded her of their bubble bath together. Its fragrance lulled her senses and broke through her defensive stance. "Fine. You've left me twice so when you leave after we talk, that's three strikes and you're out of my life. Since that's what you implied you wanted."

She moved so he could enter and closed the door behind him.

"Here. These are for you. Roses remind me of you and I want to give them to you as a peace offering." He winked. "And I hope they'll stop you from yelling at me long enough so I can explain everything."

Stacy took the roses and went into the kitchen. "Thank you," she said in a nonchalant voice. "Have a seat in the living room. I'll be right there."

When she entered with a vase full of his roses, she found him balanced nervously on the edge of the sofa. Wringing his hands, the man looked positively undone.

She sat opposite him in a rocking chair. "I wanted us to talk this morning. And I thought we were gonna talk tomorrow." She shook her head and began rocking quickly in the chair. "What happened?"

Sloane ran a hand through his hair. "I was wrong. What happened is all my fault. Lorraine explained —"

"Lorraine?"

He nodded. "Trying to be helpful, she gave me the form." He threw his hands into the air as a sign of frustration.

Stacy stopped her rocking and closed her eyes. "I didn't want you to know about that paper. I figured — correctly — that you'd think I was only using you."

"Look at me, Stace. I should have talked to you about it instead of assuming the worst. Forgive me, please?" he pleaded.

Her heart melted and then a vision of her talking to Monique hours ago popped into her head. "Sloane, I'm glad we got that settled. Now you can go off and marry Monique. I really wish you both the best." She didn't believe her own words but hoped he would. Being just his friend would hurt forever but at least he no longer thought she'd used him.

Sloane stood, walked over to her and knelt before her chair. "There's only one woman I want to marry and that's you. I love you, Stacy Newman. Will you marry me?"

Tears blinded her eyes. "How can you say that? Monique said —"

"Lies. All lies. I've been trying to tell her as a gentleman that I don't want her. Last night I finally dumped her in an unpleasant exchange of words." He grabbed her hands. "Honey, you're what I want and love. Please don't cry."

All the tension and stress of the last few hours drained from her body. Joy and happiness took their places. "I've loved you all along, probably from the first time we met." She laughed. "I never believed in love at first sight but you'd won my heart right from the beginning."

He grabbed a box from his pocket and gave it to her. "Say you'll marry me. Lorraine and my dad threaten to lock us in the penthouse until you do." He grinned. "Hmm. Doesn't sound so bad, does it? But I need to hear it from you now."

Stacy opened the box and took out the engagement ring. She slipped it on her finger. "I'm only marrying you for your money, you know," she teased.

He stood and pulled her up into his arms. "Uh-huh. Knew it all along. Are you sure it's not because I have three costumes and you have three costumes and we can play games together?" he joked as he hugged her to him.

"You're right. It's the games. And your body and soul." She ran her hand down and pushed it against his zipper.

"Careful, woman. That kind of teasing can lead to a game or two," Sloane warned.

Stacy pressed harder. "Oh? Sounds like a plan to me."

He laughed and picked her up in his arms. "Where do you want to play, future Mrs. Hoffman? Or should I say Fatima, Lila, Lady Elizabeth?" He gave her a quick, inviting kiss.

"In there," she directed as she pointed to the bedroom. "Where it all started months ago, Mr. Hoffman, Sheik, Wilbur, Withers."

"One question I'd like to ask. What would you have done if some other man had been picked to be your partner? Would you have played games?"

She detected a tinge of jealousy mixed with curiosity in his voice. "Hmm. Maybe that's one secret I'll keep to myself. Green looks good on you. I like it when you're jealous," she teased.

"Woman, someday you'll tell me. Me? Jealous? You're damn right. No one plays games with you but me from now on."

"Absolutely, Sloane."

Stacy clung to his body as he carried her off to play games. She knew there'd be many nights of lusty, passionate games ahead for them since love and desire would last a lifetime in their happy world.

About the Author

Always intrigued by romance, April started reading Regency novels (Barbara Cartland) then went on to contemporary romances. When her four children were all teenagers, she began writing as a sanity outlet. As a teacher, being creative kept her one step ahead of her pupils. Writing gave April an additional outlet for her imagination. A lover of movies and love songs, many inspire her writing and lead to story ideas.

April also has books published by Ellora's Cave imprint Cerridwen Press, sensuous romances that are either paranormal or contemporary books, under the pen name Marianne Stephens. Humor plays a big part in her stories, although suspense can also be found. She published a ghostwritten, nonfiction ebook based on the life of a women's shelter speaker in 2000.

April lives in Kansas with her husband, children and grandchildren. She's a member of Romance Writers of America; Fantasy, Futuristic, and Paranormal; and Mid America Romance Authors. She's also involved in other romance sites and a blog.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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