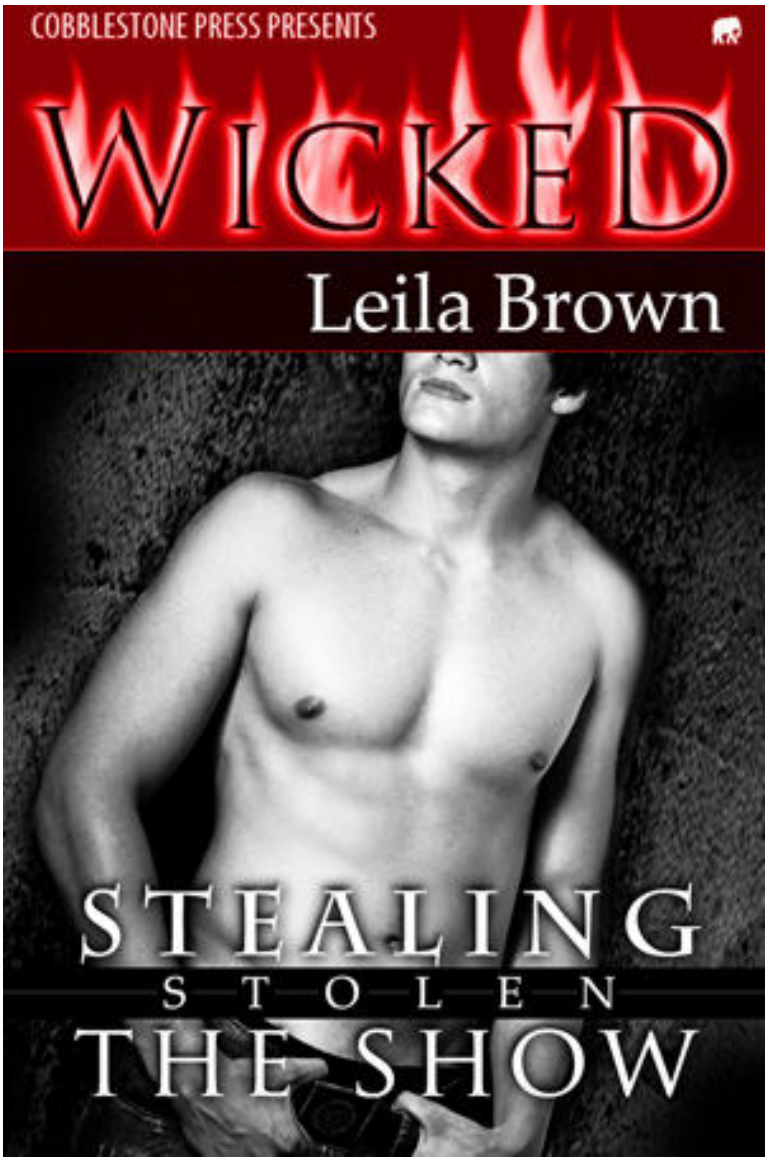
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STEALING
STOLEN
THE SHOW

STOLEN:

Stealing the Show

By

Leila Brown

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Dedication

To my grandmother who would be so proud. To my husband. To my mother and sisters, for always telling me how good I am. Thank you all for believing in me. And to my son who keeps me young by running me ragged. And to Leila and Mason, my constant inspiration.

And lastly thanks to Selena Blake for writing with me. You are a wonderful friend and a great writer!

Chapter One

From: *Zues@theblindbet.com*
To: *TheMaster@theblindbet.com*
Subject: The Bet

Blush By Incognito

You have 7 days.

* * * * *

Christopher Pillow glanced down at the digital readout on his watch. Eight-forty five. In roughly one day he would either be pulling off the biggest heist in the history of Milan Fashion Week, or he would be stuck in some Milanese jail.

He looked around the tiny club. The place was so small it barely boasted a dance floor at all. That didn't keep the semi-drunk and horny men and women from flinging their bodies to the music. Any other time he'd be out there, too, rubbing up against those models until he found a willing partner to go home with.

From his perch at the end of the bar he could see everyone as they walked in. He needed to stop looking at the gyrating bodies and

concentrate on why he was here. Alessia Dommine. The one woman with what he needed.

Five minutes of nursing that damned ginger ale before his waiting paid off. A group of stick thin models walked in and on their heels was the woman he'd been looking for. She was a knock out. Full lips, a pert nose, and her genuine smile charmed him. Her thin gold shirt showcased a nice set of rounded breasts and a slender waist.

She laughed at something one of the hopelessly thin women said then threw her honey-kissed hair over her shoulder. Oh yes. He was definitely going to enjoy the next twenty-four hours.

Christopher signaled to the bartender. "One glass of your best champagne to the young woman in the gold top at that table."

"I'm sorry, sir, our best champagne only comes by the bottle." The snooty man turned up his nose.

Christopher grinned and handed over several thousand-dollar bills. "Send her a bottle then." He could afford it. Hell, it'd probably surprise that bastard to find out just what he could afford.

The bartender hurried off. If he pulled this off it would be worth a hundred times the cost of that bottle. One bet. One week. And one chance to be the best. And he was the best.

A waiter left the bar with a large bottle and headed to the table of giggling women. When the man set the bottle down, Alessia tried to wave him off. The waiter paid her no attention and set down seven flutes then pointed at him. Christopher lifted his hand in a tiny salute. He smiled at the wary look on her face.

Her friends held none of her reserve. They popped the bottle open and poured. She reluctantly accepted a flute and raised a toast to him. The movement caused her shirt to stretch wide across her breasts. Her nipples poked through the thin fabric of her shirt. *Is she wearing a bra?* He doubted it, and his cock hardened at the thought.

Christopher downed the rest of his drink, then turned and stood. He made his way to her table. Just as he stepped up on the tiny raised dais they turned up the bottle and drained the last few drops.

"Hello, ladies. I trust you enjoyed the champagne?" He quirked an

eyebrow at Alessia's half full glass. "Not your favorite?"

"Ohh, he's American." A blonde woman cooed. She batted her eyes up at him. A ploy that no doubted worked with most men.

Unfortunately for her, he liked his women with more curves. Hell, her breasts wouldn't fill one hand. He turned to Alessia and raised an eyebrow at her.

"No. No. We enjoyed the bottle. I would ask you to sit and share some, but it's all gone."

"No problem. We'll just have to order another bottle." He sat beside her.

She tried to move away from him, but there wasn't anyplace to go. The table was full to the point of bursting. Her heat soaked his black slacks. He moved his arm behind the back of the seat and let his hand rest on the edge of her shoulder. She jumped at the slight contact.

"So what are we celebrating tonight?" he asked the table as a whole.

"Alessia's promotion to show producer," said the platinum blonde next to Alessia.

"Congratulations." He smiled down at her.

"It's only temporary." She waved at her friends trying to calm down the happy group.

"Until you rock the Incognito show. Then they'll give you the position, permanently." The blonde next to Alessia flipped her hair over her shoulder and let out a little giggle. "Besides, no one wants Aldof back."

"Shh." Alessia hushed the woman.

"Is it some big secret?" Christopher asked in quieter tones.

Alessia bit her bottom lip. She rolled the plump piece of flesh between her teeth.

"No, but it's just not public knowledge, and I'd rather it didn't become that until after the show."

"One day—" one of the women piped up.

"More like twenty three hours," Alessia corrected.

This wasn't working. He needed to get her alone. With him being

the only man in the group, all eyes were on him. Every move of his fingers, every twitch of his hands was being watched by at least one of the women. Probably more.

"Dance?" he asked quirking an eyebrow at Alessia.

She looked as if she was about to say no when one of the women sitting next to her pushed her up into his hand.

"Go," more than one of the women told her.

Alessia slipped her tiny purse across her chest. The actual pouch stayed at her hip. She placed her hand lightly on his. His hard fingers closed around her soft flesh. He pushed her in front of him and guided her to the dance floor. When they stepped on the floor he turned her to face him. The music was a bold, steady beat. He pulled her close and rocked his hips into her. It took a second for her to catch his rhythm. He bit the inside of his lips as she rocked against him. His cock hardened at the warm heat coming from beneath her tiny denim skirt.

Christopher grabbed her waist. He worked his hands into the band of her skirt and let his fingers graze her skin. He eyed her keys on the side of her purse. Exactly what he needed. Dropping his arm to his side, he pulled out a small bit of wax from his pocket. He palmed it then reached around her again. Pulling her back onto him, he made an impression of a key. In a fast move he spun her away, slipped the wax into his pocket and was ready for her when she spun back to him. The move crushed her against him with her back pushed into the front of him. She rubbed her ass against him. His cock throbbed against the thin fabric of his slacks. Every brush against her made him harder.

Okay, maybe it was time for plan B.

The music changed, and Alessia pulled away from him.

"Where do you think you're going?" He grabbed her arm and turned her into his body. She had seven keys on the ring, and he'd only made one impression.

She tripped over her own feet and fell against him. Her breast pushed into his chest. No she definitely didn't have a bra on. He reached out and steadied her. She found her footing quickly, but he didn't immediately let her go.

"Let's get out of here," Christopher whispered as he grabbed her hand and pulled her from the dance floor.

She followed him off the dance floor but pulled back when they neared the exit. His thumb rubbed lazy circles on the palm of her hand as he turned and stared at her. He needed her to follow him. The whole plan hinged on it. Hell, he'd paid that damn waiter two grand to slip her boss a bit of contaminated food last night. She couldn't pull out on him now.

He licked his lips and pulled her hand up to his mouth.

"One night. No strings. Just sex."

Chapter Two

Alessia looked at the man holding her hand. Just sex. Just sex. Hell, she hadn't any type of sex for the last six months. She'd like to blame her job, but that wasn't exactly true.

When you spend all your time hanging around ultra pretty models, you kind of drop off most guys' radars, which was why she didn't trust this guy. With his lean frame, dark cropped hair, and deep engaging eyes he could have any woman he wanted. Why the hell did he choose her?

"Why me?"

He cocked his head the side. After a few seconds his lips spread out into a slow smile. "I like my women with breasts and ass."

"Yeah. Most of the ladies at the table had both. Try again." She pulled her hand from his grasp and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

"True, but I hate feeling bones. Makes me just want to feed them. Fatten them up. Now you? You make me want to fuck you seven ways from Sunday."

His words sent a thrill straight to her cunt. She wanted to follow him, but…

"How about a taste?" He closed the gap between them then reached up to frame her face. He was going to kiss her. Her heart quicken in anticipation. When his lips touched hers, a shock raced straight from her lips to every nerve ending in her body.

Her juices started flowing. Damn. She really needed to get laid. And right now *just sex* sounded just right. Alessia bit the corner of her bottom lip and placed her hand in his.

Just sex. Just sex, she told herself as they left the bar. He hailed a cab. *Just sex. Just sex.* She watched him dip down in the car and couldn't miss the muscles of his legs as they strained against his pants. And his nice rounded ass was just fucking yummy.

The small cab ride dropped them off in front of Grand Hotel Plaza. How the fuck did he know where she was staying? Red lights when off as they walked through the lobby.

"How did you know where I was staying?"

He smiled at her, and her knees threatened to give out. Damn, if his smile could do that to her, it was going to be a hell of a night.

"This is my hotel. I'm on the fourth floor." He rubbed his palm up and down her arm as they walked through the lobby. The elevator dinged, and they stepped out of it onto his floor. Room 406.

His room was directly above her room. Well, if the sex wasn't good, she didn't have far to go to get away from him.

He opened the door and pulled her inside. Before she could catch her breath he pushed her up against the closed door, and his lips slammed down on hers. His tongue slipped into her mouth. He tasted pure male. Strong. Dominant. Hungry.

His hands wrapped around her wrists. Then he pinned her to the door. Her heart kicked into overdrive. She pulled against his hold.

He broke the kiss. "Do you like that?"

She opened her mouth to answer him, but the only thing that came out was a tiny whimper. Liking didn't begin to cover how she felt about the things he was doing.

He tightened his grasp on her wrists. "Don't move again."

Christopher pushed his body against her, thrusting his erection against her stomach. Her cunt pulsed with need. He pulled both hands above her head and held them there with one fist. She sucked in a deep breath as his free hand pushed up her skirt. The rough pad of his fingers skimmed inside the edge of her panties.

Alessia squeezed her legs together. She was more than ready for him. He slipped his fingers farther in and stroked the tiny hairs covering her clit.

"Do you like that?" One of his fingers dipped through to stroke up and down her crease.

Alessia arched off the door and into him. She moaned.

"Do you like it rough, Alessia?" He lowered his head to her neck and scraped his teeth against her flesh as he kissed her. When she didn't answer he slipped another finger into her cunt and pinched the tender flesh of her clit.

"Yes," she said with a whimper.

"Good. Now take your clothes off." Christopher let her go and took a couple steps back.

"Right here?"

"Yes." He didn't smile. He didn't laugh.

"What about you?"

"No more questions." He took a step closer and pinched one of her nipples through her shirt.

Alessia flinched at the tiny jolt of pain that shot through her.

"Take the clothes off now," he repeated.

She reached down and pulled her shirt over her head, then unzipped her skirt. Her clothes piled at her feet. She stood there in her black satin panties, black fishnet thigh highs, and two-inch patent leather pumps. Her legs felt as if they were going to give out on her. She never attracted men like this, not this good looking, and definitely none of them had been this into her. No one had ever picked up on her special desires like he did.

"Take off your panties."

She reached down and hooked her fingers into the band of her underwear and pulled them down. She bent at her waist and stepped out of them. As she tried to stand up his hand came down on the back of her head.

"Wha—" Before she could finish the sentence, the head of his cock bobbed in front of her face.

"Put your hands behind your back."

She obeyed then laced her hands to keep from lowering her arms. He grabbed her hands and held them in place.

"Now open up."

Alessia opened her mouth and sucked him inside. He used one hand to hold her just above her hip while he rocked in and out of her mouth. The head of his penis hit the roof of her mouth and slid down to the opening of her throat. She tried not to gag at the intrusion. His hands grabbed her ass and squeezed. He let go only to rub his palms down her rounded cheeks and along the back of her legs.

"Your skin is like ice."

Not for long if he kept his hands gliding up and down her thighs. She could already feel the flush in her skin. Damn it felt good. It would heat up a lot faster if he slapped her ass.

Opening her jaw wider, she let him slide in and out. She'd never been good at giving head. Most men preferred that she just keep her mouth open for them.

He pulled his cock completely out of her mouth. Whack, whack. Pain exploded on the right cheek of her ass then the left.

"Suck it," he told her. "Your ass is no longer cold. In fact, I'd say it's really hot now."

She closed her lips around him and sucked each time he surged into her mouth. On each outward stroke she stiffened her tongue and followed the thick vein on the underside of his cock. Her skin tingled as he continued rubbing her bottom.

His hold on her hands tightened.

"That's enough." He pulled all the way out of her mouth and took a step back. Then he stepped around her until he was behind her and marched her to the bed.

Shit. She'd never attracted overly dominant men before. Christopher was pushing her beyond every single one of her boundaries, Taking her to places she'd only read about. And even though a small part of her wanted to balk at the things she was doing the thing she wanted most was to please him. She wanted to show him she was the best fuck

he'd ever had. Turn "just sex" into the best damned "just sex" he'd ever had.

"Get on the bed." He let go of her hands and waited.

Alessia crawled onto the bed and assumed the doggie style position. Christopher came up to stand behind her. He put a hand on the back of her head and pushed it toward the bed. Then he took her hands and pulled them behind her back.

"Don't move your hands."

Alessia intertwined her fingers again. Her heart thrummed in her head. She inhaled deep and reveled in the fact that he was about to pound into her while she gave up control to him. How far would she let him go? How far would he push her?

He spread the rounded flesh of her ass and ran a single finger in a line down the crack. He stopped around her anus and traced circles around the quivering flesh. Then he continued down only stopping when he reached her clit. He pinched it.

Pain followed by a rush of blood that surged into her. She jerked at the sensation.

He thumped her clit.

"Don't move again." His voice, harsh with apparent arousal, sent an excited shiver down her spine.

She tensed her muscles in an effort stay still. He slid a finger along the line of her ass again. This time she didn't move as he rubbed her clit. When he pinched that sensitive flesh again, she bit her lip but still didn't move.

"Good girl." He massaged the cheeks of her ass.

He bent over her. His cock surged up against her wet cunt. She gritted her teeth and leaned against his hard length. He moved his hips back and forth. His cock pulled away then brushed against her sex again.

Suddenly, his hand swatted on her ass. The sting of it stole her breath. She bit her bottom lip and tried to keep her shaking legs still.

Christopher grabbed her around the hips. He yanked her against him. Reaching between them, he aligned the tip of his cock and pushed inside of her. He grabbed her hips again and thrust fully inside her. She

momentarily lost the tight grip she had on her fingers at the hard stoke.

He snatched her wrists and held them in place as he pulled out of her and plunged back inside. Her body jerked with the each thrust. If it weren't for his hold on her, she would've scooted straight across the bed. He continued pumping into her, stroke after hard stroke. The walls of her cunt quivered. She squeezed her muscles around him, tightening up.

He changed the tempo and pulled her toward him, once more slowly. Too slowly. She wanted him to continue to ram into her. But if she moved, she had no doubts he would stop moving altogether. And she was so close. So close. A few more strokes and—

He pounded hard, knocking all thoughts form her mind. With that one hard stroke he pushed her over the edge, and beyond all thought or reason into pure decadent pleasure. She reared up and grunted as her cunt squeezed him. He released her wrists and clenched the round flesh of her ass as he moaned his release.

She sucked in a breath and fell to the mattress.

"Did I tell you to move?"

The strong bite of his voice made her want to try to get up but her legs were mush. The aftershocks of her orgasm continued to pulse through her.

"Sorry," she murmured.

"Next time, don't move until I tell you. Or maybe I'll tie you up so you can't move."

Next time… Those words and the thought of him tying her up sent another shiver sliding through her. She sucked in a breath and watched him pick up their clothes and head to the bathroom.

Best damn sex ever.

Chapter Three

Christopher walked into the bathroom with her security card. He reached under the sink and pulled his laptop and portable card reader from beneath the towels. One quick swipe along the computer's fingerprint security system and he was good to go. It took less than five minutes to scan the card and read her data.

He grabbed his computer, palmed her card and opened the door. She was asleep on the bed. He returned her card, stashed his electronics in the room's safe, leaving the door cracked open, and then went to his top dresser drawer where he pulled out the jar of homemade bees wax. He poured off a small amount of the yellowish liquid into seven small containers and quickly made very clean impressions of her keys. Then he set them in a small metal case to harden.

She was still asleep. But how deep? It had been thirty minutes since her breathing had evened out. Should he chance it? He had one more thing to do. Not thinking anything more about it, he grabbed one of the latex gloves from the corner of the case and cut off one of the finger slots. He filled the top of it with warm beeswax. Slowly he pulled it up her thumb and held it in place. Five minutes to go and he was home free.

Zeus thought he was so smart with this little challenge. Steal a whole new fashion line by the top lingerie company. The first line of the email only said three words, Blush by Incognito. Hell, he'd had to go online and research to find out what the hell Blush was.

But that was okay. He was man enough for this. He'd steal the

show and fuck the show's producer blind. He'd told those wannabes in the damn chat room that he could steal the clothes straight off a woman's back. He was going to do that and more.

Three more minutes. Three minutes for the set. He watched her breathing. In. Out. Slow. She was still asleep. He breathed a small sigh of relief. He was totally caught off guard when she turned and ripped the plastic from him. It flew off her finger and splattered against the wall. The warm wax oozed down the wall. Shit. He went to the dresser and cut another finger from the glove. He filled it with some more wax.

"Hmmmm"

He dropped everything in the jar and turned to her. Was she waking up? Did he really want to chance it? He was too close to getting what he needed to fuck it up now.

He looked over at her naked body tangled in his sheets. Part of him wanted to crawl back into that bed with her. But this would be the perfect time to search her room for the security codes he needed.

Stay or go? To stay would mean more sex and although he wanted it, he couldn't afford to get too comfortable. Then again, he couldn't very well just leave her in his room with his stuff. What the hell was he doing?

The light glinted off the silver, digital hotel safe, its door still open, less than three feet away. Those safes couldn't keep out the most inexperienced thieves. But it should be able to keep out the common woman's sense of curiosity. He grabbed the metal case and jar of wax. Then he stuffed his gear into the mid-sized rectangular safe and locked it.

Quickly, he reached for his clothes, dressed and then grabbed his hotel key and hers. Time to check out her room. At least he knew she wouldn't walk in on him while he searched. If he were lucky he'd find her security codes written down somewhere and hopefully wouldn't need her fingerprints.

Get it done and get back here, he told himself. The sooner it was done, the sooner he could wake her up for another good fuck.

* * * * *

Alessia rolled over and felt the empty bed. She couldn't believe she'd actually fell asleep. She pushed up on her elbows and glanced around the room.

Where was he? A bubble of disappointment started to build in her chest. It got bigger as she turned toward the open bathroom door and realized he wasn't in the room at all. She sat up and heard the crinkle of paper. He'd left a note on the bed.

When I come back I expect to find you showered and lying with your legs wide open on my bed.

Her eyes popped open at his words. Was he serious? Even as the question came to mind, she knew he was. And, although her pussy was still thanking her for their earlier romp, her body shivered with thoughts of a repeat performance.

As much as she tried to deny it, she wanted to be spread open on his bed and ready for his touch. She dragged herself out of bed and staggered to the shower. The hot water beating against her skin felt like heaven. Her tired muscles relaxed into an even deeper state.

She reached up and grabbed a towel from the rack on the wall, dried off and walked back to the room. A glance at the bedside alarm clock told her he'd been gone over fifty minutes. How much longer would he be? Did she have time to explore? Find out a bit more about him. Should she chance it?

If he caught her snooping, he'd either kick her out or tie her up and punish her. And although her heart jumped at the idea of him punishing her, she didn't want to chance him throwing her out, at least not until the night was truly over. She crawled on the bed and lay on her back, spread her legs wide, and closed her eyes. In less than ten minutes she was sleep again.

She woke up with the feel of someone grabbing her ankles. Instinctively, she tried to pull her foot away. She opened her eyes as Christopher yanked her foot back down.

"Are you supposed to be moving?" He reached up and slapped her on her sex.

Heat surged to her cunt.

He used a red strand of rope and tied her leg to one side of the bed. Then he moved to the other side and tied her other leg down. She couldn't close her legs if she wanted to.

His hands traced up and down her legs. His fingers lightly rubbed the tender flesh of her swollen pussy lips. He pulled her outer lips back to expose her clit and blew a cool breath against her hot center.

"Please."

"Please what, Alessia?"

"Please lick me." Would his tongue feel soft or rough?

"Patience…. The night's almost over, but I want you thinking about me all day. What I'm going to do to you later. Behave and be still, or this night ends now." He slipped his tongue through her sex. He bit the hood of her clit then nipped at her sensitive bud, causing a shiver to shake her body.

She moaned long and hard.

"I'm going to tie your hands behind your back. I'm going to stuff something in your mouth to keep you quiet while I fuck you so hard you won't move for days." He dipped his tongue into her again.

A shiver rolled down her sides. She clenched her muscles around his tongue and tried to close her legs around his head, an impossibility with her ankles bound apart. He reached up and pushed her thighs further apart. He withdrew his tongue and traced an upside-down U pattern from her sex up around her clit and back down to then dip his tongue back inside. She squeezed her eyes shut as he tasted every inch of her sex. His fingers flicked back and forth across her clit each time he pressed his tongue inside her.

With every twist and turn her heart sped up, and she took a step closer to coming. She reached down and put her hands on his head. She tried to pull him up. But he pulled away. He grabbed her hands and held them still.

"What did I say about moving?" He let go of her hands and got off the bed. "It's time for you to leave."

"I'm s-sorry," she stammered. Fuck, she was so close to finishing; it

was fucking torture to stop now. "I won't move again."

He didn't stop untying her. Had he heard her? He freed one leg then the other. He took her hand and helped her to stand. Then he grabbed her clothes and handed them to her.

"Look, I won't move again." She tugged her shirt over her head and quickly jerked her skirt over her naked hips.

"I heard you the first time." His face was unreadable. She expected a smile of understanding or a frown or something.

"Then why are you kicking me out?" Hadn't the sex been good enough?

"Punishment."

The one word sent a slight flush through her body. When he'd said punishment earlier she'd expected spanking, pinching, something along those lines. She never expected him to leave her in such a revved up state of desire.

Grabbing her keys, she stalked to the door. *Asshole*.

"Next time I tell you not to move…don't move." He said the words with his back to her.

She grunted in response and left the room. She seriously doubted there'd be a next time. On the short elevator ride down to her room she decided that even if he showed up at her door begging for more she'd turn him down flat. Or at least that's what she told herself to hide the fact that if he showed up at her door she'd welcome him in with legs wide open.

Chapter Four

Christopher flashed a badge at the security guys at the front door. They barely glanced at the picture before letting him in. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. He walked to a door with a piece of paper taped to it.

"Rehearsal meeting," he read aloud before he opened the door.

"Where the fuck is Mollie?" Alessia asked the room in general.

Right on time. He held up a hand and slowly all eyes turned to him.

"I think your make-up artist is gone. If she is a pretty petite red head, then she left this morning."

"She wouldn't," Alessia said, disbelief written on her face. "Incognito gave Mollie her first chance. There is no way she'd miss this." She narrowed her eyes at him.

He held up his hands. "I swear I didn't do anything. I just saw the happy couple leaving."

"What do you mean happy couple? She wasn't dating anyone."

"Then I guess you two weren't as close as you thought."

Alessia reared back as if she had been struck. "That still doesn't explain why you're here."

"I'm here because I'm doing a buddy a favor. The only way she would leave is if she had someone to take over for her."

"Don't tell me you're a make-up artist," she said through clenched

teeth.

"Okay, I won't tell you that." He smiled.

"Excuse us," she said to the avid faces of her crew. There was no way in hell she'd let them know she'd spent a night being Christopher's willing plaything. She walked out of the room and held the door open for him to follow. As soon as he cleared the threshold she slammed the door.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" She asked in a loud whisper.

"My job," he told her. "Look I can go, but then you'll be stuck with a no-talent kid trying to prove how good she is. Are you willing to risk your 'promotion' on a newbie?"

He watched her chew on her bottom lip. She was between a rock and a hard place. And he was about to smash that rock to pieces.

"Call around. See who's available. Maybe I'll go back to the hotel, or maybe I'll just wait in the courtyard."

"You can't go there. It's off limits." She grabbed his arm.

Wrong thing to do. He looked down at her. She instantly let him go and lowered her head.

"That's two. One more, and you're going to find yourself tied up in one of those rooms. And when I fuck you, you're going to scream so loud everyone will know what's going on. Don't forget last night."

She sucked in an audible breath and shook slightly.

He grinned at her.

"Fine. I'm going to check out your story." She pulled a cell phone from the clip at her hip. She punched in a number while eyeing him.

"Mollie? What the hell are you doing? You can't just flake out on me like this." She didn't yell into the phone, but it was a close thing.

"I don't care. You made a commitment. You can't just walk out. Your business is going—" She reached up with her free hand and massaged her temples. "I know, but you can't just walk out on a big company like Incognito. I don't care what Victoria's Secret offered you. You know how quick this business changes."

"Hello…Hello. Mollie?" She pulled the phone from her ear and clicked it shut. "Bitch."

"Do you want to call around and try to find a decent make-up artist?"

He couldn't tell if she was going to call his bluff or not. There were plenty of capable people in Milan right now. But unless she knew someone personally, she wouldn't get anyone. He'd bribed the receptionist at every decent agency to ignore any calls from her. And promised more to the ones who turned her away.

"Well, are you coming?"

"So, you believe me now?"

"No. But I know that I don't want the fact that Mollie walked out to be the scandal of this show."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that we'll run through the rehearsal. Full make-up. If it looks good, then you can stay." Her voice brooked no argument. It was as forceful this morning as it had been submissive last night.

He nodded at her but didn't say anything. He followed her into the meeting room again. This time he moved to the back corner and watched her. She went around the room making sure each person knew what their job would be. Well, almost every person. He couldn't fail to notice that she didn't stop to chat with him. No, after she'd checked in with everyone else she clapped her hands and announced it was time to start the rehearsal.

Everyone filed out of the room and scattered in different directions. Christopher waited until everyone was gone before he left the room. This place was huge, and he needed to find the room where the designs were being kept.

One year ago this would have been a piece of cake, but when the Victoria's Secrets line leaked online two months before the show, it changed the game. Now the fashions were guarded like a national secret.

He walked down corridor after corridor searching for something that looked out of place. This place used to be a hospital, and it was turning out to be like every other hospital he'd ever been in. It had so many twists and turns you couldn't help but get lost. That is if you didn't have a map of the place. He looked down on the pencil drawing. If this thing was right, he was coming to the last set of corridors. He'd be

doubling back in a minute.

"John, you need to check in." An irritated male voice echoed down the corridor.

Christopher peeked around the corner. Two guys sitting outside one of the rooms. Talk about conspicuous…and easy.

"This is Fashion Two checking in." The man's gruff voice boomed around the corner.

Christopher slid to the floor and slipped a mirror out of his wallet. He angled it so that he could see around the corner.

Both men stood, held their hands to their ears, and then nodded. One of them knocked on the door of the room they were guarding. Soon four men stood out in the hallway.

Fuck. Two inside. Two outside. This just got a bit more complicated. He watched the men stretch and move. The two men he'd seen first went into the room, and the others stayed in the hallway.

Christopher stood. Okay. First take out the two in the hall and then deal with the two in the room.

He made his way back to the rest of the show's supporting cast. Alessia was talking to a guy who thrust a headset with a microphone to her.

"Adolf used it. You took his place, so you use it." The guy looked as if he was about ready to shake her.

"I don't need it. I know where everyone is. I know where they need to be. There is no need for the stupid thing."

"What happens if there is a problem?"

"Then someone will come and get me. I'll have to handle it either way so what's the problem." She tried to sidestep the guy, but he wasn't taking the hint.

"The problem is that if you are not connected to every aspect of the show. You are opening yourself up for trouble."

If that bastard took one more step toward Alessia, Christopher was going to knock him into next week. No. It wasn't his job to protect her; his job was to get in, get the clothes, and get out before anyone figured it out.

He strode over to her. He grabbed the headset dangling in front of

her and snapped it in two. "Where is the make-up room? Where am I supposed to work?" He interjected just the right amount of force to garner her full attention.

"The models will be arriving in thirty minutes. Hang out until then." She turned her back to him.

Thirty minutes. Christopher backtracked to the corridor with the security guards. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a tiny clear disk. He'd filled it with his own personal knock out formula, a dry ice and chloroform compound. He slipped one on the bottom of one shoe.

He walked down the hall and looked around, trying his best to assume a confused expression.

"Excuse me, sir. No one is allowed down here. You need to turn around and go back the way you came."

"I got lost. I was supposed to find the make-up room." Even as he said the words Christopher arched one of his feet and twisted until he felt the bottom half of the glass drop. He tapped his feet several times.

"It's back that way." A red headed, clean-shaved guard pointed down the hallway that Christopher just came from.

"Thanks," Christopher said in a clipped tone. He turned and walked back around the corner. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and covered his mouth. It was a quick acting solution. Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six. Five.

The sound of two bodies hitting the floor exploded in the quiet corridor. Christopher quickly unscrewed the other clear disk and slid it down the corridor. He banked it off the wall, and it slid under the shut door where the other two security guards were. Christopher slipped back around the corner and pulled out his mirror.

One of the last two security guards poked his head out of the room.

Ten. Nine.

"What's going on?"

Eight. Seven.

"Sound the alarm. We've got a problem," the guard said.

Six. Five. Four.

The sound of two more bodies dropping reverberated around the

hall. Christopher pulled his handkerchief up and raced around the hall. He jumped over the two slumped bodies and opened the door into the room. One guard was out on the floor near the door while the other one lay near the cases with the phone clutched in his hand.

Christopher picked up the cell phone and held it to his ear. There was no tone. He'd dialed a number but hadn't been able to push the talk button.

Damn. That was close. The bastard almost got the call off.

The slightly stale smell of his compound leaked into the room. He took out the tops for the knockout gas, capped the containers, and stuffed them into his pockets.

Christopher wiped his fingerprints off the phone with his shirt and chucked it on the floor. The room was empty except for two folding chairs, a folding table, and two large footlockers.

But the large electronic locks on the cases screamed that they were anything but normal. He walked around them. There was a spot for a key. He took out the copies of Alessia's keys. The first three didn't fit, but the fourth and fifth ones worked. Or at least they slid into place. He turned one of the keys. The lock clicked open.

"Please scan thumb." The woman's computerized voice came from a small speaker near the lock.

Damn it. He should have knocked Alessia out and gotten those copies of her fingerprints. Not that he hated what he was about to do. In fact, he planned to thoroughly enjoy it.

Christopher opened the door and found the two guards still passed out on the floor. He quickly tried the rest of the rooms in the hallway until he found an unlocked door. One by one he dragged the guards into the room. He grabbed a few plastic ties from his pocket and tied each of their hands and legs together. Grabbing the one guard's cell phone, he headed back to the room with the cases.

He sat down on one of the cases and punched Alessia's cell phone number into the phone.

"Ms. Dommine, there's a problem with the collection. We need to talk ASAP." Christopher didn't let Alessia get a word in. He hung up the

phone and waited for her to come.

He stood behind the door and waited. The staccato sound of her footsteps blasted down the hall. She threw open the door and stepped in.

"Look, I don't—"

Christopher took a piece of cloth he'd ripped from one of the security guard's shirts and covered her eyes. She pushed back against him, hit and kicked at him. He leaned into her.

"Don't worry. I paid the security guys to give us a few minutes alone. They will make sure no one interrupts." He licked the delicate skin beneath her earlobe.

She sucked in an audible breath. "I can't do this. I have a show to produce. Let me go."

Even as she said it, he could see how her chest moved up and down with excitement. "You know you want this, don't you?"

She slowly shook her head. Christopher nibbled on her ear and sucked on the earlobe. "Are you sure? Believe me. No one will notice you're not there." Especially when they noticed the entire collection was missing.

"So I'll ask one last time. Alessia, do you want this?"

She hesitated for a few seconds then nodded. Her body relaxed back into his. Christopher finished tying the blindfold and grabbed a plastic tie from his pocket. He cuffed her hands behind her.

"I'm not sure about—"

He bent down to her ear. "Say another word, and I'll gag you."

He marched her to the cases and bent her over the side of one. He peeled her pants and underwear down over her hips to her knees. Her beautiful creamy skin called out to be spanked, but he didn't have the time.

He pulled his own pants off and settled in behind her. Grabbing the rounded flesh of her ass, he pulled her cheeks apart and rubbed his cock up and down the warm crevice. If he had more time he would grease her up and slide into the tiny hole of her ass.

No. Today, the clothes.

Christopher pushed her farther over the case. Her knees lifted off

the floor. He grabbed his shaft and guided the head of his dick to her opening. He pushed inside her inch by inch. She whimpered as he pushed in the last little bit. Her muscles squeezed him. He pulled out. As soon as the head of his penis cleared the tight muscles of her opening he pushed back in. It was a slow and delicious dance. With each thrust he pushed her farther onto the case. And each time he withdrew she relaxed back into her original position.

He raised a hand and brought it down heavily on the right side of her ass. The slap exploded in the otherwise quiet room. She flinched, and her cunt bore down on him.

He pulled out and pounded into her again. This time he waited until he was pulling out to land a slap on the other cheek. She tensed and squeezed every inch of him.

They started a new rhythm. He pounded in and slapped alternating cheeks as he pulled out. Her whimpers were a constant mewing noise.

"Do you want me to stop?" he asked her a second before landing another solid blow to the pink skin of her ass.

She gulped in a breath. "No," she stammered out in a tiny voice.

He smiled as he continued to ram his cock in her and slap her skin into an angry red hue. From the way her muscles were in a constant state of tension she was ready to come.

He reached down and pinched one of her nipples. "Don't even think of coming before me." It wasn't a question so much as a command. He let go of her nipple and landed another slap on her ass.

She bore down on him now, not flinching or moving with each slap. She must be really close. Christopher stopped hitting her and concentrated on slamming into her tight core. He rammed in as fast and as far as he could go.

Within minutes he felt his own orgasm threatening. He slapped her cheeks a couple more times and leaned down.

"You can come."

As soon as he said the words she exploded, clenching him, milking him. He savored the feel of her muscles pulling at him for a few seconds

before he came deep inside her. He held her hips in place until he was ready to move.

"Stay still, " he told her as he stood. Looking down at her he smiled at the submissive picture she made. Reaching into his pocket he removed the knockout gas he'd used on the guards. He leaned down and held it to her face.

She was out immediately. He pulled up her clothes and set her beside the cases. He grabbed a key twisted it in the lock and waited on the prompt. This time when the lock requested the thumbprint, he grabbed her hand and held it up to the small screen and pressed. There was a quick double beep, and the scanner asked him to try again.

Christopher dropped her left hand and grabbed the right one. This time the case popped open with no problem. He carefully removed the clothes and closed the case. Then pulled out a quick wipe and removed his fingerprints. The next case went even quicker. Now he just needed to get out of there.

He closed the case and waited for the locks to engage again. Once the red light started blinking, he moved the cases back to their original positions and picked up Alessia. He moved her to the opposite side of the room, bound her legs, and tied a gag around her mouth. He pulled out another wet wipe and swiped anything he could have touched. Then he picked up the lingerie, which indeed needed to be named Blush because of it scarcity, and stuffed it under his shirt and down his pants.

He walked out of the room and down the hallway with no problems. He quickly moved through the hallways until he found the courtyard. The models had started arriving. From the look on the face of the man who'd had the headset earlier, they would be searching for Alessia soon.

He skirted around the light stands and held his head down as he made his exit. Several people had already begun opening the door and peering inside. He flashed a security badge at the entrance door and left. He walked down the street and out of sight. Then he ducked in a nearby alleyway. He'd done it—stole the new line of lingerie from Incognito and fucked the show's producer blind in the process.

In a week he would win the bet. He was the best, and they were all going to admit it.

Epilogue

The Milan Fashion News

Everyone who is anyone was at the Incognito debacle last week. But the fashion faux pas of the season turned out to be the best marketing ploy this side of the Atlantic.

The publicity from the so-called theft has gone international, since the risqué fashions have started appearing at Milan's most visited tourist attractions. Incognito has succeeded in bringing its Blush line to the everyday people, who from all accounts love the line. Tourists flock to different locations in the hopes of capturing a few snapshots before the authorities remove the clothes.

The producer of the show, Miss Alessia Dommine, is both being hailed a genius and investigated by the authorities. Industry professionals feel Miss Dommine's ploy was a brilliant idea, and many will be looking forward to her next show.

Author Bio

Leila has been an avid reader since the fifth grade. As she got older she read everything she could get her hands on from horror, to mystery, and finally stopping in romance.

While in college studying computer programming and electrical engineering, she realized what she wanted to do when she grew up. She wanted to write those stories that entertained her through more nights than she could remember. Of course her first attempts were less than remarkable and have been destroyed to protect the innocent. :)

Currently, she works a normal 9-to-5 in the IT world. She writes during her lunch hour and at home after 9pm when everyone in her house is asleep.

Is it easy? Yes and no. Coming up with the stories is easy. Getting the words out of her head and onto paper is *hard*! But she couldn't live without it!