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# WICKED

Morgan Sierra



*Dirty*  
LITTLE SECRET

*Dirty Little Secret*

*By*

*Morgan Sierra*

## **Dirty Little Secret by Morgan Sierra**

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### **Dirty Little Secret**

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**Dedication**

To Lex - who is quickly rising to the rank of my number one fan.

To Melanie – who helped make this story soar.

## Chapter One

Janella's face burned bright, the scorch finding its way up her ears and down her neck. If physiology could match her mental embarrassment, and if her skin wasn't the hue of rich milk chocolate, she'd probably be red clear through to her toes. The floor beneath her might even change color in sympathy.

Christopher pushed the tiny bottle of tequila from the mini bar toward her.

God, she couldn't even raise her eyes to look him in the face. What must she have looked like?

"Take a sip, Janella. You might feel a little better," he said softly.

His own choice of mini-bar vodka remained untouched. He was probably traumatized for life. Ruined for eternity.

*God.*

"It's really nothing to be embarrassed over. It's what people do. *I* do it."

She groaned, falling forward to let her face land in her hands. Wasn't it bad enough that he had the real deal burned into his retinas? Did she now have to have a mental visual of what *he* would look like naked as a jaybird?

And masturbating?

"I swear I heard you say *come in*. I swear it."

"Forget it," she mumbled. Literally.

"It's not a big deal!"

She peeked between her fingers at him and wished he would just vanish into thin air. Better yet, somehow manage to roll back time about fifteen minutes and *then* vanish into thin air.

"Look, I'll make a deal with you," he said.

This ought to be good.

Janella looked up, a spark of hope causing her heart to hammer. Had he invented a forget-all potion and was ready to pour her a sympathy shot? Was he going to put her out of her misery with a single mercy bullet?

Christopher's ears reddened. He looked away and mumbled, "Since I saw yours, I guess it's only fair for you to see mine."

That got her attention.

"Oh?"

What did it say about her that this bit of intrigue made her lift her head and look into his face? Well, hell. It said Christopher Forsythe embodied every typical woman's fantasy, and she was no different. Everybody's all-American, with a tanned, lean body, bright green eyes, and pouty lips, he made waking up and going to work every morning a joy. Ending up at a business conference with him fueled insane urges to touch herself late into the night, especially knowing only a thin wooden door separated their rooms.

Some psychologist somewhere would probably say she'd wanted to get caught tonight and, truth be known, maybe she had. They'd been crossing into each other's rooms all afternoon long to finish a few reports and she really hadn't thought about it. Hadn't bothered to give the lock a second thought. The door was closed, so why should she care?

In reality, she'd wanted to get her rocks off while thinking about him. And she almost had. She'd been *right there*, teetering on the edge of bliss when the door opened.

That's when everything came to a blinding halt.

"What did you mean by that?" Janella asked shyly.

Now he looked a little pale. "This isn't the way I intended for us to start off." He cleared his throat. "Well, you know, but...um...I have a secret I could show you."

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Damn, he was adorable when he was embarrassed.

Her self-confidence crept back into existence. Just a hint of it. "What do you mean...a secret?"

"Something no one else at the office knows about."

"Yeah?" A grin split her lips. "A dirty little secret?"

He lifted his eyes to meet hers and a spark of something erotic flared in them. "Yeah. *My* dirty little secret."

Intrigued, she pulled herself upright in the chair. Her terry cloth robe threatened to gap wide enough for Christopher to see past her cleavage to her belly button. It was a little late for her to be bashful, but she saw no need in flashing her wares again. She adjusted the material until the gap was closed tight.

"What does that mean exactly?"

Christopher's cheeks shifted from a pale green to a healthy pink flush. He shook his head in exasperation. "I can't believe I'm going to do this."

He rose and took a few steps away from the table. Then he seemed to think better of it, rushed back, and grabbed one of the tiny bottles. After twisting off the screw cap, he took three large swallows of the vodka. His face twisted into a grimace before he ambled away again.

"I never thought that...with you...it would be like this. Just not what I had imagined. So, cut me some slack, okay?" He appeared as nervous as Janella.

She resisted the urge to smile, but she had a pretty good idea why he needed the liquid courage. She only had to wait and see if he would follow through.

The horrible patterned carpet faded into the background along with the heavy drab draperies when he bunched his shirt in his hands. With the slow seductive movements of a stripper, he tugged on the once crisp white cotton until it no longer remained nestled beneath the waistband of his trousers.

Janella licked her lips. The rest of her body was too stunned to move.

His green eyes sparkled, and his mouth curved in a sexy grin. He

picked up the bottom of his shirt until she could see a faint column of hair covering the smooth skin of his abdomen. She licked her lips again when he gripped the tail of the shirt between his teeth, gave a slight shake of his head, and tucked the shirt beneath his chin. Then his deft fingers loosened the button on his pants, and she raised her eyebrows.

He was going to do it. He was really going to do it!

The slow rasp of his zipper descending filled the air, and her breath caught in her throat. Another flush—a very different, heated, welcome flush—ignited a path along her skin. Every part of her body tingled with anticipation.

Janella knew she should stop him. He didn't have anything to prove.

But...oh, hell. She really wanted him to keep going. She blinked twice in rapid succession when the line of hair fanned out. *Hoorah for commando.*

Her mouth dropped open, and she stifled a squeal of delight. "You're a redhead!"

She glanced up and saw Christopher's wide grin. Who would have thought it? He was sandy blond on top, but definitely a natural redhead down below where it counted. What would he say if he knew she had a *thing* for red hair?

"The carpet doesn't match the drapes, I know." His amused chuckle sent a shiver down her spine. "But I'm not done yet."

There was more? She resisted the urge to clap. And even though she didn't mean it, she said, "You can't possibly top that. I mean, if you're only going to show me your so-called *impressive* size, don't bother. You know the saying; it's the motion of the ocean that counts."

Christopher's startled laughter made her smile. When his mirth subsided, he arched a brow. "You ready?"

"Make my day, baby." With arms crossed, she settled back against the chair.

He gave a slight shrug and let his trousers fall to the ground. Janella's mouth dried up, and she lost her ability to speak. Then she leaned forward and muttered the only words her brain could muster.



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“Oh. My. God.”

## Chapter Two

She couldn't look away. Forget that he lugged around an impressive package. What had her mesmerized was the metal semi-circle hanging from his penis.

His *pierced* penis.

A dozen different questions raced through her mind, each failing in its attempt to reach her mouth. The longer she stared at him, the more questions she created. It made no sense. Christopher had to be one of the most straight-laced guys she knew. He drove a modest car. Didn't flash a lot of money. Didn't participate in death-defying sports. He preferred the name his mother gave him and didn't let anyone shorten it to *Chris*. Other than that oddity, he was plain, simple. Ordinary.

Never during the past year of keeping her wanton gaze neutral while he presented strategic operation and business plans would she have ever harbored even an inkling of a thought that he could lean toward piercings. What the hell else didn't she know about his secret life? For all she knew, he was about to announce he could leap tall buildings in a single bound, too. Based on what she obviously didn't know about him, she'd have little choice but to believe him.

His shirt fluttered back into place, and the movement startled Janella out of her musings.

"You're making me a little self-conscious here," he said. "Aren't you going to say anything?"

"Did it hurt?" As soon as the words left her mouth, she grimaced.

*Duh.* Of course it had hurt. There was no way something like that *didn't* hurt. "And it's...um...nice."

That tickled him into more laughter. Christopher bent at the waist and retrieved his pants, which were still pooled at his feet. "It actually hurt a lot less than you'd think. Just a few minutes, and that's about it. And, uh, thanks. I'm not sure what exactly you're referring to as *nice*, but I figure I'd better not push my luck."

"You just don't seem like the type, you know?"

"I'm a lot different now than I was back when I got it."

"Why did you get it?" She waited until he fastened his pants and tucked his shirt back into place before pressing for more information. "What's the point?"

"Mostly I got it just to do something different, but I'd also heard other things about Prince Albert piercings."

Even with his package hidden away, she couldn't get the image of it out of her mind. Carrying on a supposedly normal conversation with him took much more effort than it should have. "What sorts of things?"

Christopher didn't answer her at first. Instead, he sauntered over to the table with that slow, seductive sway he had down to an art form. After he sat, he stretched his long legs out in front of him and reached for the vodka. He tossed back the drink and finished the contents in one swallow. When he was done, he set down the glass and leaned forward as if ready to whisper another secret. His green eyes flashed at Janella. One day, she'd ask him how he did that.

He raised an eyebrow. "It's great for sex."

"No way! For you, or for her?"

"For me *and* for her." The flashes in his eyes smoldered.

She grinned like a Cheshire cat. She couldn't help it. His all-knowing look, that obvious self-satisfied smirk, said it all. Christopher Forsythe had tested the theory until no trace of doubt remained in his mind.

Janella knew she could respond in a number of ways. She gave quick thought as to how much she admired Christopher. How his boyish charm made for the lascivious comments her female coworkers giggled

about. And for some reason, he'd always seemed off limits.

Until now.

"Yeah? How can you be so sure it's good for *her*?" she probed.

"Are you calling my skills into question?"

"No. I want you to put your money where your mouth is."

Christopher considered her challenge. After a moment, he reached for her hand and put it in his. He squeezed it tight, and then shook his head. "Not like this, Janella."

Stunned couldn't begin to describe how she felt at the moment. What the fuck was wrong with a little bump and grind between two consenting adults? Was she not good enough for Mr. *Not-so-straight-and-narrow*?

The corners of his mouth turned up in a smile, and she acknowledged annoyance with herself for being so transparent.

"I didn't say never," he said. "Not even *no*. Just...not like this, okay?"

He squeezed her hand once more before letting go. When he rose, she followed the movement with her gaze. Somehow it drifted over his crotch, which was within arm's reach, almost begging for her to reach over and run her fingers through his red curls. Trace over his length until she met that cold silver hoop. Too bad his clothing hampered her fantasy.

She reflected on his response and, at the same time, his lack of one. Pressing her own luck seemed to be working out in spades, so for pity's sake, why not try one more time?

Her voice husky, she called out to him as he reached for the door separating their rooms. "Under what circumstances might that change?"

He stopped long enough to turn and look at her. In a smooth tone, with no change in the expression on his face, he said, "Mine."

### **Chapter Three**

Janella listened to the insistent knocking, and with intentional defiance chose to ignore it. Six-thirty had come way too damned early this morning. Slamming her hand against the snooze button on the hotel supplied alarm clock a few times already had satisfied her in ways nothing else could.

Falling asleep last night had been almost impossible. Her mind had refused to forget the events that led to Christopher's confession and subsequent display. She'd been lying on the bed, her legs splayed to the side as she slid her fingers over her wet folds. Janella had licked her lips and thought of wrapping them around Christopher's cock. She could almost taste his arousal and feel the heat of him as she sucked on him with wild abandon.

Then she'd heard a soft tap. The television provided background for her fantasy, so she'd ignored the sound, intent on chasing the ecstasy that lingered just out of her reach. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she heard another knock, but her fevered state caused her to dismiss it.

A sharp cry escaped her lips as she reached the edge of wondrous intensity, the place where her body sang its pleasure. Her muscles tensed against the impending explosion racing through her like a runaway train. It was then—right at that moment, as she cried out again—that reality met fantasy. Christopher opened the door between their rooms at the exact same moment Janella whispered his name. Their eyes met, and she stiffened. The orgasm that only seconds ago had seemed unstoppable

crashed into an invisible wall of embarrassment.

Too stunned to move, she couldn't cover up fast enough. His heated gaze traveled up her legs to her hand at the juncture of her thighs, freezing in place there for the briefest of seconds before moving over her breasts and finally meeting her eyes.

This morning, heavy shades blocked the looming daylight, and Christopher knocked at the door with the enthusiasm of a child on Christmas morning. Apparently he had no intention of repeating his mistake of last night. Still, Janella didn't answer. Maybe if she remained silent long enough, he'd assume she'd already left for the conference. Fat chance of that, but what the hell. Might as well give it a shot.

"Janella?" His muffled voice traveled through the door blocking his way.

She flopped over onto her back and counted to ten under her breath. Just fifteen minutes. Fifteen more stupid minutes of rest, and she'd drag herself off the plush mattress.

"Come on, Janella. Open up." He started knocking again, only a little louder now.

After half of minute of silence, he appeared to give up, and she exhaled the breath she hadn't realized she had been holding. She strained to hear movement from the other room, despite the impossibility of hearing beyond the closed door. What she did hear though was the tell-tale click of the doorknob turning, followed by the door's almost silent swish as it slid across the lush carpet.

Christopher tentatively whispered, "Janella?"

She shut her eyes and ignored him. His voice was muffled, as if the door still blocked his path. She could imagine him as he stood at the entrance to her room, torn about whether to push the door open all the way and risk a repeat of last night.

"Plan on joining the rest of us?" He stood closer to her now, at the foot of the bed. Apparently, he'd decided a repeat performance might not be such a bad idea. She hadn't heard him walk into the room, but the subtle hint of his aftershave traveled over her.

"G'way," she mumbled.

"You're going to be late."

She didn't bother to reply. Who cared if she missed out on stale bagels and unripe fruit? If he would just leave her in peace, she could take a quick nap and still make it in time for the keynote speaker's address.

He must have heard her thoughts. "You're going to miss out on the *fabulous* continental breakfast. All the old pastries and bad coffee you could ever want."

"Christopher," she whined. "Go away!"

The bed dipped as he sat on it. A few beats of silence passed before he said, "You know, you're awfully tempting right now. A beautiful woman alone in a hotel room... I could crawl right in there next to you, and we could play hooky together."

Various parts of Janella's anatomy awakened as if he'd just thrown ice cold water her way. This was exactly why she could have slept another ten hours. Her mind tried over and over again to come up with some sort of analogy to what having him inside of her would feel like, and she came up blank for her troubles. And the resulting frustration kept her *wide-fucking-awake*.

She peeked at him out of one open eye.

"Really?" Her one word question came out in a squeak dogs for miles around could probably hear.

"Mmm...you *are* tempting."

The purr in his voice sent a shiver along her spine. Her heart fluttered wildly as his large hand covered her ankle. When he began to trace over her skin with long, luxurious strokes, she finally remembered to start breathing again.

She hiccupped as reality reared its ugly head. "What will Jack say if we're both caught playing hooky? It's his dime sending us here."

Christopher's head dipped until it was parallel to the bed. She almost didn't hear his mumbled words, but between the frenzied beats of her heart, she did.

"Jack doesn't have to know."

Then warm heat settled over the inside of her thigh.

## **Chapter Four**

Janella couldn't focus. Her mind raced to sort the image of Christopher's blond head as it bobbed between her legs and the seductive feel of his mouth through the thin sheet covering her.

The cotton dampened beneath his ministrations and stuck to her skin, the wet climb marking his progress as he neared her pussy. A blazing trail of heat spread through her limbs, in direct contrast to the cool moisture. And even in the swirl of hot and cold, his mouth teased. His heated breath stoked the ache deep within her.

He slipped his hands beneath the sheet, and his teasing fingers crawled over her skin with the same agonizing slowness. She thought he would push the sheet aside and expose her before him to discover the nudity writhing beneath him.

When his hands cupped her buttocks, his mouth reached her pussy. Their simultaneous moans filtered through the air.

For the briefest moment, all she could feel was more intense heat over her core, which was already hot enough to melt steel. Then Christopher swirled his tongue over the sheet and worked against her pussy until the moisture sensitized her screaming nerves into recognizing every motion of his mouth. Her clit hardened, and her pussy dampened as she clutched the sheets with her fists.

She bucked her hips against him, and he tightened his fingers. Despite her hungry moans and the consuming need building within her, Christopher continued to move with infuriating slowness. He nipped at



her with his teeth, unhurriedly exploring her from above the sheet. Something about the barrier made the torture that much more erotic. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she recognized that he could send her over the edge if he wanted to. Instead, however, he let the separation delay the pleasure he would bring her.

She let go of the sheet long enough to thread her fingers through his hair. Her encouragement resulted in his working harder. He released one hand from her ass and placed it over her pussy. With two fingers, he spread her lips until the hard bud of her clit stood erect before his ravaging mouth. The intensity of it, the all-consuming pleasure he focused right *there* jolted a rising pressure awake within her. She tried to stave it off. Tried to fight against being hurtled over the edge too soon, but her body had other plans.

He teased her for the briefest moment. The flicks of his tongue were roughened because of the sheet. The sensation, the spark of pleasurable pain, held her in taut limbo. Her breath caught in her throat and she tried to whimper, to plead, to beg—anything to make him bring her the completion she desperately needed. *Craved.*

Christopher raised his eyes to meet hers just long enough to capture her attention. Certain he held her transfixed, he curved his mouth in a lascivious grin. Then he puckered his moist lips and blew. Beneath the wet sheet, her clit sang against the cold freeze and the sensation swept her over the edge.

Janella's body tensed, and her throat finally found its voice. She released a hoarse cry as her hips shot off the bed. Christopher held her in place, continuing to blow on the wet spot his mouth had created. When he became aware that the sensation was dying, he clamped down on her pussy again and pulled on it with a suction that made her toes curl.

Sparks of electricity glittered behind her closed eyelids. She couldn't stop the vortex of pleasure spiraling from the depths of her belly and boiling into her limbs. Her entire body went rigid, and shock rode over her in waves that threatened to drown her. He held on just long enough for her fingertips to graze heaven before he eased his attack.

Delicate flicks of his tongue and gentle kisses from his lips guided

her back to earth. Janella's moans melted into sighs. By the time she felt coherent enough to put together a simple sentence, the shudders that wracked her body had subsided.

It took effort, but she managed to raise herself onto her elbows and peer down at him. Pure, smug self-satisfaction was reflected on Christopher's face.

"You awake now?" he asked.

A hiccup of laughter escaped her mouth, and she collapsed on the bed again.

The mattress shifted, and the wet spot which only minutes ago had given her a screamingly intense orgasm now clung to her thigh. She pulled the sheet out of the way. By the time she looked up, Christopher stood towering over her. The sight of the tent in his trousers made her throat go dry. She couldn't wait to take his dick for a test drive.

"I'm gonna go reserve a seat for you. See you in twenty?"

"Wait!" Blinking twice, she replayed his words over in her mind. "I thought..."

*She'd thought they were going to get their groove on. Big time.*

"Think of that as an appetizer, Janella."

"An appetizer," she repeated slowly.

"Oh yeah, sweetheart. Don't think that's all we're going to do. I told you already; we need just the right circumstances."

"A naked woman on a bed and a man sporting an erection aren't the right circumstances?" She cocked an eyebrow.

He didn't take long to mull over her question. "Not for what I want to do."

That shut her up in a hurry. What the hell kind of plan did he have? Then again, she was asking this of a man whose penis had a piece of metal looped through it.

"If you hadn't just given me the most incredible orgasm, I would think you're full of shit."

He laughed. His green eyes sparkled. "Your severe shortage of patience is amusing, Janella."

*Patience?* She pouted. "And your severe shortage of git 'er done is

annoying."

"It'll be worth the wait. I promise." He smoothed a few wrinkles in his shirt and straightened his clothing.

She offered him a grudging smile. "I'm holding you to that."

"I'm sure you will." He blew out a breath and shook like a wet dog. She could almost see the tension fly off his shoulders. "So...downstairs in twenty. Don't be late. I'll grab something for us to eat because you're going to need your strength."

He started toward his adjoining room.

"Christopher?"

He turned.

"I am definitely holding you to *that*."

## **Chapter Five**

“Who the hell invites a chemist to do a presentation on marketing strategy?” Janelle asked. “I mean, that made no sense and is forty-five minutes of my life I can never have back!”

Christopher held his peace as they strode side by side toward their rooms. He’d said very little during most of the conference sessions. At lunch, when she thought he might take her away under a cloak of discretion, he’d networked with others from their Seattle branch. After eight hours of hearing people who loved to hear themselves talk give lectures on business and management and not so much as a single lust-filled glance from him, Janella was done. Just sick to death of the whole thing and ready to give up. The darkening sky provided her with one last glimmer of hope.

Except he still wasn’t talking! He just gave the occasional murmur of sympathy or agreement. She wondered if he had listened to anything she’d had to say at all. Where was the Christopher from this morning? The one whose bones she wanted to jump at the first opportunity? What a damned waste. The whole stupid day. This morning’s activity seemed like a distant memory not subject to being repeated.

With a disgusted sigh, she stopped at her door and searched for the keycard tucked behind her conference badge. “I mean, can any person there really tell me they actually paid attention to what he was going on about? Some nonsense about new pharmaceuticals—”

She cut off her rant when Christopher suddenly pushed her against

the door. Her cheek pressed so tightly against the cold metal barrier it seemed all but inevitable that she'd sport a bruise the next day. He teased her neck with his hot breath as he whispered into her ear.

"Shut up, Janella."

He closed his mouth on her earlobe, and she stifled the moan that came out of nowhere. Annoyance at the day evaporated as a flood of memories rushed in. He rubbed his body against hers, and she couldn't mistake the hard bulge nestling against her ass. With deft fingers, he plucked the keycard from her hand before she could drop it.

"Ready, sweetheart?" He slid a hand beneath her skirt, his warm skin barely grazing hers. They stood in the hallway of a popular hotel, and he was all but exposing her to anyone who might come around the corner. She couldn't turn her head to see if anyone else was there right now, but it wouldn't be long before someone ventured down the hallway.

"Chris—"

"That was a yes or no question." He paused just long enough to flick his moist tongue over her earlobe again. "Ready...sweetheart?"

A thrill of excitement rushed through her.

His hand traveled over her hip to the juncture of her thighs, and she moaned again. The fear enticed her, and yet she became paralyzed with doubt. *Right here?*

Her mind flickered with indecision. Who *was* this man behind her? Mild mannered Christopher. No matter what secrets he held beneath his clothing, he was still Mr. Ordinary. The *walk the line* guy of the company. He would never do anything to embarrass or harm her.

So she swallowed her trepidation and said softly, "Yes."

He pushed his hand between her thighs, her panties barely a hindrance to his exploration. Two fingers stroked down her labia as her legs trembled. Even with her breasts pressed against the door, her nipples awakened. His breathing quickened until he panted against her ear.

"Don't move." His command was harsh. A dare. Then he was gone; the weight of his body removed from hers.

She sensed movement behind her. Then he gripped the sides of her panties and wrapped his fingers around the narrow strips covering her

hips. With one long, slow tug, he pulled them all the way down. Then he nudged one of her calves, and she obliged him by stepping out of them. He nudged the other calf, and her panties became a distant memory. If her skirt hadn't settled around her thighs again, she would be standing almost buck naked in the hallway.

He stood and pressed against her again, his cock impossibly hard against her ass. "You ready for my dirty little secret, Janella?"

Anyone walking by would be hard-pressed to hear his words. He'd spoken them just above a whisper. Only loud enough for her alone to hear.

"Answer me, baby."

She nodded, and then moaned as he ground into her. "Yes..."

"That's very good." He trailed hot, wet kisses down the back of her neck. The long path excited her. Made her skin tingle where his warm breath caressed her. She tilted her head to the side, relishing the feel of him as he snaked his tongue out to taste her.

The elevator dinged down the hall on their right, announcing its arrival. Whether anyone would step out of it was another matter. Christopher ignored the warning and slipped his left hand beneath her skirt.

"What's *your* dirty little secret, Janella?"

Her mind whirled with potential answers as she tried to sort through the dizzying array of sensations assaulting her. Christopher's hand explored between her thighs, his nail scraping across her clit with practiced expertise. Every nerve ending in her body woke up and congregated on that point. She waited in heated anticipation for the next light graze...a single swipe of his finger there.

She tried to form words, tried to give him the answer he would no doubt force from her, but only panted breaths escaped her mouth.

"Any secrets in here, sweetheart?"

He pushed one long finger through her slick moisture and then plunged it into her pussy. She almost wept with joy when a second finger followed the first. Her body wrapped around him like a wet glove.

Christopher fucked her with his fingers, his pace slow and

unhurried. Each time he withdrew, she held her breath and silently pleaded with him to keep moving. To keep touching her. Her thighs screamed as she stood immobile, waiting for him to quicken his glacial pace so that it matched that of her drumming heart.

A couple chattered in the distance. The elevator *had* dropped off passengers on their floor. Janella widened her eyes as panic swept through her. Maybe they'd reach their room before discovering Christopher and her standing there doing some very naughty things. She tried to turn to him, to tell him they needed to stop, but he only pressed himself harder against her back. The words caught in her throat when he withdrew his fingers. The cold door muffled her groan.

He teased her again with his caressing breath and whispered words, "What about in here?"

He slid his hand over her hip and caressed her ass, then traced between her cheeks. His damp fingers caressed her puckered entrance, and a bolt of electricity made her gasp. Time stood still as he traced the sensitive area. Her pussy spasmed a dull beat, both encouraging his exploration and seeking his attention at the same time. She arched her back and pressed her breasts into the door until they almost pained her.

The voices drew nearer. If the couple paid any attention to them at all, they would see Christopher fondling her against the door. Although he blocked her right side, Janella knew her skirt was bunched tightly around her thighs. A casual glance might miss it, but maybe not. The fact he was grinding himself against her would leave little to any adult's imagination.

He answered her silent call for just a little bit more before he stopped. Just enough to make her body sing. She huffed out a sharp breath when his thumb teased her ass and his other fingers returned to the entrance to her pussy. It clung to him, squeezing him each time he withdrew and welcoming him when he buried his fingers deep within her. Already, a tingling sensation of mounting pleasure warmed her belly.

"P-please, Chris...." She slammed her eyes shut as a wave of pleasure stretched her senses.

He withdrew his fingers all the way this time, and she moaned. So

*empty.*

His voice was thick, husky. "God, I'm going to love hearing you scream my name."

Seconds later, the snick of the keycard unlocking the door carried over her roaring nerves. She opened her eyes just in time to turn and look into the eyes of the approaching couple before Christopher guided her inside the dark room.



## Chapter Six

The moment Janelle crossed the threshold, she turned and backed away from him. Mild mannered Christopher Forsythe had left the building. The man who'd taken his place, who now walked in his shoes, knew exactly what he wanted. And he had every intention of taking it, no questions asked.

Janella had never been so turned on in her life.

He discarded her forgotten panties on the floor and stalked toward her. In the dim lighting provided by the setting sun, his eyes glowed. He tugged at the silk tie hanging around his neck, loosening the knot holding it in place until it hung free.

"All day, Janella, all I thought about was you. About this." He kept moving. "Your scent and your taste lingered on me, and it was all I could do to just sit there. To pretend my dick wasn't about to burst out of my pants."

Her mind raced with a way to respond, but she didn't speak. She couldn't.

"All I thought about was feeling those pretty brown legs wrap around me and licking your pussy again. Fucking you until you screamed yourself hoarse."

Her breath caught in her chest. She'd been sitting right next to him and hadn't had a clue. Not an inkling that he'd been just as hot and bothered. She'd all but vibrated with tension for the first two hours of the conference. Then when he'd seemed disinterested, her excitement had

faded with the day.

"Why didn't you say anything?" she asked. She couldn't pull her gaze away from his hands. From her moisture still coating his fingers. Or from the way he loosened one button and then the next, working his hands down his starched white shirt.

The bed halted her retreat. He kept his gaze fixed on her. Something dark and hungry was reflected in his eyes. Then he grinned, a seductive tilt of his lips that sent another shiver of anticipation through her and lightened the lasciviousness of his stare.

Ignoring her original question, he said, "If you like that outfit you're wearing, I suggest you remove it before I'm done, Janella. Otherwise, I won't be held responsible for any damage I might inflict removing it."

She didn't know how to respond other than to start unbuttoning her blouse. Her attention remained focused on him, and her clumsy fingers slipped. One button eluded her three times before she stopped watching him long enough to look down and push the damned thing through the hole.

He peeled his shirt away, revealing smooth shoulders and a toned chest. His firm abs flexed and teased when he moved. Then his hands traveled to the belt at his waist.

Janella licked her lips and dragged her attention back to her clothing. She found the last button and worked it free, until her soft satin blouse hung open and displayed her white lace bra.

Christopher paused. She reached behind her and twisted the clasp of her skirt. The sound of her zipper whispered into the air. His belt was no longer confined by the loops of his trousers, and he slid it to the ground. Then he unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. She dropped her skirt, and it landed with a hush against the carpet.

She squealed when he rushed forward, colliding with her and sending them both tumbling onto the bed. Neither of them had completely undressed, but Christopher's need clearly overrode his willingness to wait. A bubble of laughter broke free from Janelle, and she giggled uncontrollably as he grinned down at her. He traced her sides

with tickling fingers, encouraging her mirth. What only moments ago had seemed heated and dark now thrilled her.

He watched her in silence, his gaze tracing her lips before he looked into her eyes again. When she finally managed to subdue her giddiness, his mouth descended toward hers and she held her breath. Christopher's kiss warmed her. He pressed his soft lips against hers until the sensation spread through her like melted chocolate. She cupped his face and pulled him closer. She wanted more of his sweet kiss.

His erection pressed against the inside of her thigh, belying the lazy way he moved his mouth over hers. Their lips caressed as if he had all the time in the world. As if he wanted to use every minute of eternity to taste and explore. Their tongues touched, and she sighed against him.

He stopped only long enough to push her shirt off her shoulders. His mouth traveled to her cheek and down her neck. She shrugged out of the shirt holding her captive, arching her back and thrusting herself against him. Encouraging his teasing nips.

When he slid his hand behind her back and unclasped her bra, a shiver of anticipation settled over her. Christopher lifted his head to study her nakedness. The intensity of his stare caused her nipples to harden, and she clenched her thighs around him. The searing heat in his gaze held her in place and triggered her flesh to ignite beneath him.

"I can't believe I waited this long," he murmured. Then he took her breast into his mouth, awakening another flare of longing deep within her veins.

She couldn't believe he had waited this long, either.

He laved his tongue over her and pulled on the tip of her breast, toying with it until her nipple ached. His wandering hand stroked her other breast. He teased it with maddening caresses. Janella whimpered when he removed his mouth from her flesh to travel further down. He trailed blazing kisses over her trembling stomach. Her breathing sped up as he skimmed his lips over her damp curls. When he licked her hardened clit, she had the brief thought that she'd died. Died and gone straight to heaven. Or maybe it was hell.

Surely it was a sin to feel this good.

“Oh, Christopher...” She tried to say more, but sudden pressure on her clit caused her to cry out. A flood of pleasure started at her pussy and raced through her body. He pulled away a second time, and she let out a half-sob, half-moan. Every nerve ending sought attention.

Her body was on fire.

The bed shifted, and Christopher abruptly slid inside her with such force that Janella momentarily lost her breath. Her body embraced his length, contracting spasmodically around him. She gasped, her mind soaring from the pleasure of having him inside her. Her heart pounded as she gripped his shoulders and pulled him against her.

She wanted more.

## **Chapter Seven**

Buried deep inside her, Christopher remained still. Janella listened to his breathing and was pleased to know that it was just as erratic as hers. She cupped his face and arched until she could press her mouth to his. He kissed her back with fevered intensity and began to slowly thrust. She moaned into his mouth, savoring the feel of his body as he moved.

Already leaning over a precipice, the tremendous pressure of her orgasm built within her after only seconds. Christopher must have noticed the change in her, because he stopped and placed his hand between them, stroking her where his body ended and hers began. A violent tremor traveled her length. She jerked her hips, and a low moan erupted from the pit of her belly. As he stroked her harder and faster, the moan, followed by an intense wave of pleasure, streaked through her stomach to her chest and throat. By the time it reached her ears, the vibration ignited her all over and she cried out his name.

Christopher moved his hand and rode her climax, thrusting with each pulse that overtook her. She grew dizzy behind her closed eyelids. She couldn't think; she only knew that he completely filled her. Blood flooded her ears, the roar deafening. With each new wave that rolled through her, Janella thought she would drown from the consuming pleasure. An eternity later, maybe only seconds, her body reluctantly climbed down from the reaches where he had sent her. Small spasms clutched at him, and he slowed his ministrations. When the spasms at last stopped, he caressed her lips with his before nuzzling her neck.

“Another one like that, and you’ll take me with you,” he said.

Parched, Janella couldn’t respond. Her body trembled beneath him.

“Let’s find out for certain,” he mumbled.

No longer as desperate for his attention, she now appreciated the nuances of his body. He began to move again, and the fine hairs covering his chest rubbed against her breasts, sending small sparks of electricity through her nipples. In the places where her body was soft and lush, his was firm and well-defined. His sure hands traced her curves while she covered his back with her tentative fingertips.

Perspiration formed along his neck and dribbled down his chest, falling onto her body in shockingly cool drops. She lifted her head and licked at the pool forming at the base of his neck in the dip between his clavicles, and she sensed he was ready to lose control.

He rested his head next to hers and pressed their cheeks together. His breathing became hoarse, as if he struggled for air. The sound was sensual in its simplicity. She purred in response, and he picked up his languid pace. He shifted his hips, and Janella gave a start. She could now feel every bump and ridge of him inside her. Her purr soon gave way to gasps and moans.

Christopher’s warm breath left the side of her face. He trailed wet kisses over her neck and chest before finally resting his face against her puckered breast. He alternated delicate nibbling on her nipple and stroking it with his long, flattened tongue. His searching hand found her other breast and rhythmically kneaded it. Within moments, the familiar pressure built within her again.

Janella’s body flushed and grew moist from Christopher’s attention, and he let out a low moan. His teeth pressed into her breast, and Janella inhaled sharply. A bolt of pain combined with pleasure zipped through her. She clenched around him, and he moaned again. His heart thundered against her chest. They both gulped for air.

His hand continued to cup her breast, and he trailed his fingers over the sensitive flesh beneath it. The coordinated rhythm of his thrusts, his suckling, and the exploration of his hands became irregular. The combination of the three was intoxicating, and Janella raced toward

completion.

She cried out against his onslaught, the sound cracking through the otherwise quiet air. A hot ache began in the back of her throat, and she couldn't stifle the small shivers travelling through her. She gripped his back, digging her fingernails into his sensitive flesh. She pulled on him, trying to bring him closer and voice that she needed him to not stop, to give her just a little bit more. She wrapped her legs around him, thrust her breasts against him, and called his name, pleading with him to help her find the ultimate pleasure. In response, Christopher maneuvered faster. She met him thrust for thrust.

A violent orgasm ripped through her, and she stiffened. Stunned into momentary silence, she held her breath, waiting for the paralysis to subside. Christopher grew larger and emptied himself into her. Somehow she found her voice, and her throaty scream filled the air. He pulsed again and again inside her, and molten heat poured through her channel. His body shook in fierce tremors as he tried to thrust deeper. His mouth sought hers and he clamped onto her lips, breathing in the moans that consumed her.

As his body stilled, he traced his tongue over the fullness of her lips, and Janella gave herself to him freely. When he finally pulled away, she buried her face in his neck. He continued to pepper her with gentle kisses.

She smiled in satisfaction.

## Chapter Eight

"Fuck."

He could say that again. Four, maybe five, orgasms in a single day?

*Fuck* was right.

She had another thought. "You know, I don't know if I actually felt the piercing."

They lay side by side on the bed now, both too sweaty and hot to slip beneath the blankets or to even consider leaving the comfort of the frigid air conditioning. She didn't know about him, but she couldn't move if she wanted to. She felt not just boneless but also uncoordinated and clumsy, as if her limbs weren't her own. Pure satisfaction could do that to a woman.

He lifted his head and looked at her. "You don't know if you felt it, or you simply didn't feel it?"

Chewing on her bottom lip, she shook her head and looked at him. "Well, I was distracted. Probably because I was too busy coming over and over again, but I'm pretty sure I didn't feel it."

He laughed, a self-satisfied sound that made her smile. "Just so I'm clear, are you complaining?"

"Well, *yeah*. I was robbed."

With a groan, he turned on his side and propped his head on one hand. "You were...robbed?"

"That's what I'm sayin'."

"Robbed?" he repeated.



"Yep."

Her stomach rumbled its dissatisfaction, so she forced her arm into grabbing the heavy menu from the nightstand. The rest of her body might be decidedly content, but the empty hole in her belly had other plans. Besides, she was always ravenous after sex.

Christopher took the menu from her and read two pages before closing the book.

"So what should we do about it? This feeling of being robbed..."

She shrugged and shook her head. With a sigh, she said, "I'm being sent to D.C. next week. I guess it's only right of me to offer you another chance at correcting the situation by having you come with me."

"Next week?" Christopher dropped the menu onto the floor. His eyes sparkled as he stared into hers. His mouth descended on hers to deliver a delicate kiss. When he looked at her again, he said, "Sweetheart, we don't have to leave this room for another ten hours."

She grinned back at him. "Ten hours, huh?"

"Yeah. Plenty of time to explore each other's secrets."

"But what if I don't have any?" She kept the look on her face bland and blinked with the innocence of a new-born fawn.

He wasn't fooled. The grin on his face lit the room. He waggled his eyebrows. "Dahling, vee have vays of finding out secrets, dah?"

"Like what?"

Christopher slid his hand between her thighs and stroked her pussy, which was wet with their combined juices. She spread her legs and closed her eyes, luxuriating in his exploration.

He murmured close to her ear, "Lie back, relax, and allow me the pleasure of showing you."

She did as he instructed. A few orgasms from now, maybe a few days from now, she might tell him her latest secret. She did feel the cool metal inside of her. It felt like heaven.

For now, though, she'd keep that secret to herself.

The End

### **Author Bio**

Morgan Sierra— who holds nothing back— is the pen name for Dee Carney. Dee began writing short stories in middle school, but did not attempt completion of a novel until almost ten years later—which, despite good intentions, she never finished. Almost ten years later, she challenged herself to begin writing again, and her love for storytelling was rekindled. Dee lives at home in Georgia with her husband, two dogs, and a cat. When not writing, Dee is usually curled up on the couch with a good book!

To learn more about all of Morgan's books, please visit her on the web at <http://www.morgansierra.com>.