



THE HORSEMASTERS RIDING LESSONS

ADRIANNA DANE

THE HORSEMASTERS: RIDING LESSONS

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Slender shoulders back, spine set with a slight bow, Melanie Anne Grayson lifted on well-shaped, smooth tanned thighs, then lowered herself over the steel-hard erection of the man who directed her action. She was proud of the fact that her perfect, surgically pert breasts barely quivered with the controlled descent. Her wet pussy lips separated with hungry abandon to consume the breadth of his impressive girth, as well hung as any of the unruly stallions that he trained. A slashing sting across her buttocks called forth a gasp of angry surprise. Her gaze flew to his.

“With the motion. When I thrust, you should be correctly aligned. Angle of the hips, use your delightful body. No, don’t open so wide. Lock your thighs to mine. Use the muscles you were given. Grip my cock with your pussy. Squeeze. I want to feel your cunt sheathing me like a tight glove all the way in. And keep your shoulders back. Tits displayed. Control your movements, move your hips and thighs. Focus on fucking. If you can’t control yourself now and follow directions, how do you ever expect to handle a powerful horse like Merciless. Head up. Look at me.”

“Merciless” should have been the name of the devil on which she was now mounted. The man who had her split wide open for his pleasure. Melanie panted as she attempted to adjust, to move, to realign. She wanted to scream at him, to

fuck him hard and fast, to force him to submit to *her* demands. She wasn't used to taking orders—she was the one who typically issued them. But, damn him, he had something she wanted. Badly. So instead, she forced herself to soften and yield to his directions. She'd show him self-control. She would *not* let him win...

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*Thanks to my family
who have always supported me in my writing.*

CHAPTER 1

“Post. Show me what you can do.”

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Again, she lifted up, her thighs clasped against his rock-hard thighs, her vagina expanded and folded around his immense cock, pressing, feeling every inch of his thick tool invading her. A powerful thrust buried him inside her, and she groaned at the hot, drugging sensations that invaded her.

"Ride!" he demanded.

The friction of his passage inside her sent her nerve endings into overload. She lifted and dropped, again and again. The throb from the discipline of the crop served only to

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heighten her desire for a fast, hard ride, spurring her on. It was the kind of ride her usual bed companions couldn't seem to give her.

She rested her hands against his broad, muscular chest, felt the strong beating of his heart beneath her palms. Her fingers played with the thick pelt of ebony, silky hairs covering him like a mat of lush mink. A brief flare of rebellion possessed her, and she rose up and slammed back down. Another swat of the crop from behind flared across her flaming ass, causing her to groan as the strange mixed sensations spiraled through her. It was pain. It was heat. It was sharp pleasure drenching her. Again, her attention flew to the Horsemaster for guidance.

"What did I do wrong now?" she complained, wanting to rub a hand over her ass to ease the tingling throb left in the crop's wake. It also felt like the Horsemaster's cock had doubled in size inside her cunt. And it felt so good to be filled so completely.

She dared not break her pose to assess the damage. The Horsemaster had directed her to keep her hands on his chest, and not to move them away for any reason. His "assistant" was the one wielding the crop from behind. Although she'd been arrested by the assistant's angular, sensitive face, her full attention was absorbed by the man commanding her. Melanie needed the man she rode, more than the man she desired to have as a lover. Business always came first. And right now it was the Horsemaster who claimed her body and her mind.

"Too fast. If you want me to agree to train your horses for you, you had best learn to obey me. And quickly. I'm not one

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of your domesticated animals, Ms. Grayson. I'm not one of your employees. I'm the master you want to hire to train your thoroughbred. And this is our interview. If I'm satisfied with your performance, if I think you possess potential, maybe I'll accept the position. Now ride me, and do it like you mean it and not like a schoolgirl who hasn't learned her way around a saddle or how to hold a good seat."

Bastard. Melanie hadn't thought all the rumors about him could possibly be true, but she was discovering they were more than accurate. Not that the man whose thick cock was deeply entrenched inside her wasn't worth the effort. Not at all. Schoolgirl indeed! She felt the muscles in her thighs scream as she carefully lifted from his lap and sank just as slowly back down. Again, the crop stung across her buttocks, leaving a line of flaring heat in its passage.

"Now what did I do?"

"Circle your hips after you drop back down. You aren't the lady of the manor when you're riding my prick. I want to see you move like you're hungry for it, like my cock is more important to you than breathing. Think of it as the cock-riding Olympics. And when you go for the gold, there is nothing more important than winning. Is there?"

She hesitated to answer just a fraction of a second too long and she felt the sting of the rod again. "No, there isn't. Nothing more important."

She wanted him as her trainer, but it was more than that. He was different from any man she had ever encountered and he had an aura, a reputation that intrigued her. As it did for

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many of the women of her acquaintance. And a good share of the men as well.

He was earthy, demanding, dominating, and there wasn't an owner on the horse circuit who didn't want to hire his services for their farm. Some were willing to pay the price. Others weren't. And it wasn't strictly because of the money that some wavered from engaging his services.

Concentrating on her performance, Melanie lifted up, using muscles she hadn't known she had, to maintain the slow, erotic ride the Horsemaster demanded. When she dropped back down, encompassing his very commendable cock, she rocked her hips. Oh, God, that felt so good. And she did it again, feeling the rippling sensation canter through her from cunt to heart, undulating pleasure in wave after wave.

He could pick and choose as he pleased. That he had considered her offer amazed her. It wasn't just his reputation as a sex master that had her in the position she was in right now—she could get that kind of service from a long line of common studs any time she wanted. It was his reputation as a horse trainer—the top in his field—that had her bridled and submissive.

“That’s better,” he praised her and then petted her searing cheeks. “Just like that. You’re a sexy woman, I find your offer quite appealing. I’ve seen Merciless and studied his pedigree and papers. He has promise, but he’s been left undisciplined for far longer than he should. He’s headstrong, just like his new owner, I think. You want a winner and I can give you that.”

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Did that mean she passed the interview successfully? He gave nothing away in his expression. His dark attention seemed to inspect and catalog every inch of her flesh, every flex of a muscle. He missed nothing.

Miguel d'Loganno had won several gold medals for the stables he'd worked for in the past. When it came to horses, his reputation was at the very peak of the spectrum. And he didn't accept the training of any horse unless he ascertained that it possessed the potential to become a winner. He had an expert eye at picking them.

He watched her rise and drop down. The man had the stamina of an Olympian god. Shouldn't he be close to coming by now? Her own strength was beginning to flag. But she wasn't going to give in. She would ride until she dropped if that's what it took.

"Yes, now you're fucking. Keep this up and we may just have a deal. I always enjoy a challenge. Are you willing to put your horse—and yourself—into my hands completely for as long as it takes?"

It scared her to think how he was going to change her life. What kind of control he would exert. She'd seen the changes in other owners after he'd been with them a while. It's why she'd balked at approaching him. But then, there'd been the challenge of actually having him accept the contract that finally got the best of her. Becoming a part of that very small, elite group of Horsemaster devotees. Did she have the stamina to give the Horsemaster what he expected? Did she want to give up her control to that extent?

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It was like purchasing a bag with the Gucci label attached to it. Price was no object, the value was in the preparation and design. That's the kind of prestige a d'Loganno trained stallion could bring to Melanie's stables.

God, she was hot and she so wanted to ride faster; she wanted to climax—needed it. But she didn't dare. Her fingers curled into the dark mat of silky hairs covering his chest. She had to admit this was the first time she'd ever entertained contract negotiations in the midst of fucking. It was certainly a unique experience.

"Control," Miguel bit out, his rock-hard, glittering gaze imprisoning hers. "It's in your eyes, Ms. Grayson. I can always tell when rebellion is about to erupt." He thrust his hips and she felt him all the way to her core. Her fingers curled in the dark pelt. Her head dropped back, eyelids fluttering closed.

"Attention," he bit out.

Immediately she lifted her head and looked into those merciless coal-dark eyes. It was a look that commanded her submission and acquiescence. Slowly she lifted, feeling every inch of his prick as it stroked along her sensitive, dripping channel. The muscles in her legs ached, but her pussy cried out for more, faster, deeper.

The rumor was that he enjoyed providing the private riding lessons to the owners as tandem to the horse training. It's part of what made him unique among their set. And he was very, very good at it. It was well known that for as long as he accepted the training assignment at the farm, he expected the

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owner or owners, as the case may be, to bow to his every direction and command as well when it came to training their prizewinning steeds. He set the schedule.

Miguel was a truly fine specimen of a man, with a lean, solid frame, not an inch of surplus flesh. Hard and chiseled, hot and powerful. Feeling him between her slick thighs was like being mounted on a half-wild, pureblood Andalusian stallion. Proud, agile, intelligent. Characteristics of animal and man, a perfect blend of dynamic, lusty temptation.

The vision emerged in her mind of him tossing her onto the floor, spreading her legs wide and spearing her deep. A Spanish conquistador claiming his prize. The image of primal rutting at its most basic level surged through her, twisting inside her, to the point where she was almost ready to beg. Oh, God, what was happening to her? Was it going to be that easy for her to topple beneath his spell?

One might almost consider him a shining star at the peak of the set of trainers available among the horse set, or maybe a skilled gigolo in some arenas. But from his reputation and the history of his protégées' successes and the contentment and hero worship of the owners, he earned every penny of his exorbitant fees. And deserved every ounce of his reputation.

He also provided the unique service of locating a satisfactory substitute trainer when he left for the next assignment. No one was required to suffer withdrawal after his intense lessons—he always made sure their new appetites were well satisfied—and maintained. And he owned his students' loyalty completely by the time he left their employ.

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Oh, he was rugged, he was a man's man, that was for sure. And she would do anything—absolutely anything—to have him train Merciless. She would be whatever he wanted her to be. And she would follow his instructions to the letter if that's what it took to get him to sign the contract. Because she knew Merciless—this horse—was the one that would cut her from the herd of mediocre stables.

Her slick juices had her riding and gripping Miguel's immense prick. The thick flesh brushed against her stiff clit, causing her to shudder with pleasure.

The Horsemaster was not like other men—other trainers she'd encountered who had no compunction about accepting the offer of a beautiful, wealthy woman, and providing little in return, beyond a decent roll in the hay. No, he was very different and that challenge fired her desire to have him even more. Both as a lover and a trainer.

Oh, she was going to have him in her bed all right. It wasn't love—it was pure lust that drove her to accept his unusual offer. Lust for his abilities as a horse trainer, and lust for his reputation as a lover. Well, maybe lover wasn't quite the right word. It was certainly not the first word that came to her mind as she rode his prick right now.

She'd been warned at the beginning of this session not to ask to climax. He would let her do so when he wanted her to. She had a feeling she was in for a long evening.

The sting of the crop smacked her back from her wayward thoughts and she glanced up at the Horsemaster.

"Your attention wandered. When you are with me, I

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demand your full focus. Do you understand me?"

"Yes." The crop struck again and she shuddered, forcing her wavering self-control into place, her pussy throbbing as she teetered at the brink. She wanted so badly to turn around and rip the dastardly implement out of his assistant's hand. Did the man enjoy his role as disciplinarian in all of this?

"Yes, what? How do you address me?"

"Horsemaster. Yes, Horsemaster." She felt the urge to rebel flood through her. To get up off this bastard's lap, grab her clothes and leave. She'd find another trainer, she didn't have to put up with this.

He lifted a hand and cupped her chin, forcing her to look at him. Her damp thighs tightened against his.

"Do you want to leave? Do you want to forget about this whole thing? I'm sure you can find another trainer that will...satisfy your needs. If you stay, remember that even the smallest infraction of my rules will be corrected immediately. No fault will remain unpunished. Discipline will be maintained at all times you are in my presence. I insist on obedience without question and will tolerate no less. This is what you will agree to."

Long moments stretched out as she stared back at him, a pure battle of wills. She felt her vagina spread wide, sheathing him tightly inside her body. The tip brushing against her cervix. He moved just a fraction, forcing the tip deeper, causing her to moan at the aching pleasure. At that moment she felt every inch of the control he exerted as he filled her. He stared at her, his hard hand forcing her attention,

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demanding her response.

He was wrong. No one else could satisfy her needs.

Lust.

Desire.

Determination.

The crop came down across her ass again. It was like a vibration of sensation that rippled through her and suddenly she orgasmed. There was no stopping the intense climax. Gasping, she spasmed and clutched his cock, mind-blowing ecstasy like she had never experienced before rocked through her, hard and fast and so deep, rushing into every pore. The crop striking her again forced her over the peak, like the feeling of soaring over an eight-foot hurdle during Nationals at Madison Square Garden and sweeping to the ground on the other side successfully.

“Oh, God,” she screamed as she bucked against him, impaling him even deeper. Again the crop, and again, another rippling ride. Finally, she skidded to a halt, panting as though she had just completed a half-mile furlong at a dead run.

Her gaze jacked back up to meet his. “Well?” he demanded as though nothing unusual had occurred, like she had never reached the most earth-shattering orgasm of her life and her body still reeled from the aftershocks coursing through it.

Her gaze shifted downward, her eyes focused on her hands buried in the fur on his chest. “No. I-I want to continue,” she managed to gasp out.

He forced her attention upward. “You’re certain?”

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Her head locked into place as he demanded her attention to focus on his face. Once she made the commitment there would be no turning back. Suddenly, she wanted to feel the slice of the crop against her backside. Just that quick, a change had taken place inside her. Fear and need bloomed and blended. Fear that an intimate appetite for something dark and dangerous was already spreading inside her. Need for the mastery of the man who would train Merciless to achieve his very best. And just maybe, hers as well.

“Yes, I’m sure.”

He released her and leaned back. She saw his attention directed past her to his assistant. Then she felt the man’s body heat behind her as he reached around to take her hands and brace them together behind her back. The Horsemaster picked up two lengths of narrow leather that were lying beside him. To her they appeared to be braided reins taken from a bridle, yet they were different. There were silver buckle closures at each end and a series of tiny bells dangling at intervals along their length.

He dangled them in front of her, the bells tinkling brightly, almost like tiny sleigh bells. He held them close to her nose and she caught the rich scent of the tooled leather.

“This represents a part of your owner equipment,” he said as he handed them to his assistant. The next thing she felt was the leather against her skin as it was wound around her wrists, entrapping her arms behind her, hands closely bound at the small of her back.

CHAPTER 2

Owner equipment. What exactly did that mean?

Melanie's heart galloped inside her chest and her whole body drew rigid. To be restricted with her hands locked together went against everything she deemed acceptable.

"Relax, Melanie. Allow yourself to submit and it will go much easier. Any time you want to stop you will use the phrase "Exercise Over." Can you remember that?"

Miguel's stiff prick still anchored completely inside her made it difficult to concentrate. The echoes of the powerful orgasm undulated through her, yet slowly she willed herself to relax against the bonds imprisoning her. Melanie wanted this man as her horse trainer and she was coming to think she

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wanted his particular blend of riding lessons for herself just as badly.

“Exercise Over,” she repeated after Miguel. She inhaled and then released the breath. It seemed to help steady her. “Yes, I can remember it.”

“It will be your responsibility to keep your equipment clean. The tethers must remain soft and pliable, the bells shiny. There will be other equipment as well. You will learn about it as we proceed. For now, all you need to know is that you are personally responsible for the cleaning of your owner equipment. Is that understood?”

She nodded her head and then remembered the rule. “Y-yes, I understand, Horsemaster.” She was actually rather proud of herself for remembering to use the term of respect. But maybe it was becoming just a bit too easy and familiar to fall into this submissive posture.

She’d never considered she would respond in quite this manner—had thought she would manage to retain control and walk away without a backward glance if she didn’t like what occurred. The problem was that she did like it. She found herself feeling things she had never thought possible, accepting commands in such a submissive fashion. And eager to turn over control to the Horsemaster. At least in this situation she qualified in her mind.

For the first time, Miguel smiled. At least she thought it was a smile, more like a fleeting flicker of one.

“Very good.”

Approving words. A warm light flooded through her at the

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indication of praise. Without understanding why, she straightened her spine. She was surprised to realize she wanted to please this man.

But it was more than that. If only she could put her finger on why she wanted to please him. The bells on the restraints jingled as she shifted, reminding her of her current situation.

She had thought she knew what would occur when she walked into this room high above the stadium overlooking the field where the horse show had taken place earlier in the evening. She figured he just wanted to fuck her and they would seal the terms of the contract and be done with it.

But this was something she had never anticipated. This was something extraordinary. When one of the other owners had called him a sex master, she'd had no idea of the implications of that title. Although the faraway look in the woman's eyes and the breathy way she had said the words "sex master" should have given Melanie some clue. She had simply thought it was a way of describing his expertise in bed.

"Sit up," Miguel said. "You are losing focus again." He looked beyond her. "Do you see what I mean, Rico? It is so easy for them to slip into bad habits. They require constant attention and reminders."

"Of course, Miguel." She heard the quiet, raspy words spoken from behind her. She wanted to turn to look at him. Did the Horsemaster's assistant have that same uncompromising expression on his face?

With her hands bound behind her back, she felt totally helpless and at the mercy of these two intriguing men. After

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the initial shock of learning there would be another man accompanying Miguel for this interview, she'd found the idea excited her. She'd never had sex with more than one man at a time and it aroused her to think of the possibilities. Again, her gaze shot to Miguel's face.

He had an odd way of exhibiting sensual desire without really exposing his emotions or thoughts. His gaze made her hot and ready to melt all over him. Her body was like a furnace, hungry for fuel, needing it to survive. And he offered the fuel.

With her hands bound behind her, she arched her back and her heavy breasts were displayed prominently, dark, rosy nipples puckered tightly. She felt the bite of the leather tethered around her wrists, saw his gaze drizzle down to her breasts and linger there.

She felt her nipples bead tightly and her breasts swell, wanted him to touch them, to fondle, maybe even to lick them. Yes, she wanted to feel his mouth sucking her. Needed it.

He glanced beyond her. Some signal must have passed between them because his assistant came around to the side holding a length of glittering silver chain. He leaned down and attached the length of chain to her nipples, tightening the small circlets of silver around each bead of flesh. The double strands of delicate silver curb chain dipped and swayed, spanning the valley between her breasts.

"Lovely." Again, she heard a note of appreciation in Miguel's voice and something inside her unfolded, his words and look stroking something, softened, like well oiled, supple

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leather, warm and yielding. His gaze rose to meet hers. Was he actually expressing some level of satisfaction with her performance? “Another time we may use the clamps on those lovely nipples. Once I have considered your needs more thoroughly.”

She swallowed at the thought of clamps on her sensitive tits. That didn’t sound pleasurable to her.

He raised a hand and stroked a finger along the full weight of one breast, sending zinging pleasurable sensations through her. His light touch circled her nipple, stroked across it, along the chain and to the other nipple.

“Please,” she couldn’t help uttering the needy word. She had just climaxed moments ago, yet she felt the urgent surge as another tight throb began to mount inside her.

He glanced up at her. “I allowed the digression with the first climax because you are yet to be properly schooled. A second transgression without permission will require severe punishment. Do you understand?”

She nodded her head.

“That is not good enough. When I ask a question, you will answer me directly.”

“Yes, I understand.”

He tilted his head and his dark eyebrow arched.

“Horsemaster,” she responded quickly. “Yes, I understand, Horsemaster.”

He nodded.

“Very well. We will continue the lesson. Now that you are outfitted as a beautiful owner in my stable should be, let us

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continue. Show me what you have learned so far. Ride me, pretty filly.”

Melanie wasn't sure how she felt at being called a filly. She felt she should be angry, but for some reason she wasn't. She felt she should correct him, but couldn't bring herself to do so. “My hands are tied,” was what came out of her mouth instead.

“When you were learning to ride, did you never do so without reins? To learn balance, to learn to control your mount with your legs?”

“Yes, I did.” When she was younger, there had been many times in those early lessons that the trainer would have her drop her stirrups and reins, hands out to her sides, and she would need to use her thighs and calves to guide the horse around the ring. It had always taken a great deal of concentration and physical dexterity to accomplish it. And balance. Good balance. And it had always made her horny to think of all that power between her legs.

“That is what you will do now. See if you can maintain your grace as you ride me. Then we shall move on to the next step in this lesson. And remember, you are not to come. You must learn to use self-control. There is pleasure beyond the climax and that is what you will learn in this lesson. When we are finished here tonight, you will have no doubts whatsoever that I am skilled enough to train Merciless to reach his full potential. Just as you will, beneath my hand. Do you want to reach your full potential, Ms. Grayson?”

He drew her beneath his spell, under his firm hand as

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surely as she knew Merciless would be. She could not help but bend to his will. In just this short time she felt her mind being molded, altered in unexpected ways.

His cock was stuffed inside her, reminding her who was in control. Her hands bound behind her back, the sting in her buttocks from the crop, and the chain binding her breasts—all symbols of who was the master in this room.

Submission, a term she would not have used in describing herself, was suddenly being pulled from her—buried deep, it was slowly being drawn upward, inch by inch, as he tightened his control.

There was an odd magnetism about this particular horse trainer she responded to. It had never been her practice to take any of her employees into her bed. It caused problems she didn't want to contend with.

The horse farm was not her main occupation. She spent a good deal of time in New York as a stockbroker, and she employed a manager to handle the day-to-day operations of the farm. Although she had inherited some family money, she couldn't have afforded to keep the farm down in Westchester, nor hire the Horsemaster, if it weren't for her position on Wall Street. It allowed her to enjoy her expensive passion for breeding and showing horses. If she needed sex, she usually found companionship in the city, separating her personal pleasures from her professional commitments. The men she took to her bed were more often from her social circle of acquaintances in New York, her peers in every way; not from her brokerage firm, not from the horse show circuit. Not that

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she hadn't had her share of offers over the years.

Hiring the Horsemaster, as he was known in their circle, was a major step beyond her comfort boundaries. She had considered the ramifications carefully and thoroughly before embarking on this path. She had thought she knew what she was asking for—but already she was beginning to find she might just be in over her head with this association.

And discovering that she reveled in it.

CHAPTER 3

Miguel d'Loganno's present situation as Horsemaster to the elite had come about through sheer willpower and determination to rise above his humble beginnings. Orphaned early, in order to eat, he left his small Costa Rican village and turned to the streets of San José to find a way to survive. He paid the price of survival, living hand to mouth until at fifteen he sold himself to a very rich banana plantation owner who also happened to own an impressive stable of fine horses. Using the knowledge he acquired on the dangerous streets of San José, he was determined to utilize his skills and appeal to become the master of his own fate. And when he reached that point, everyone would know who and what Miguel d'Loganno

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was.

He loved the sex, the bodies of the men and women who contracted his services. But he had also learned to use the latent desires of those in his new world to control his destiny. He had learned his lessons well and he planned to be one of the few from his beginnings who would triumph.

Rich, beautiful women and men alike vied for his attentions and his skill in dealing with difficult temperaments. It was invigorating and challenging.

His hard, wet cock impaled the woman who now rode him. She was a pretty thing and the opportunity to work with her horse was intriguing. But he was finding more and more that it was the challenges of the owner rather than the horse that drew him to accept a particular proposition.

He had watched this one many times over the last months, knew through the grapevine of gossip that the new stallion she had just acquired possessed a difficult temperament. His last position was coming to an end and he had grown bored, but this one. Ah, here was a challenge worth his attention.

She was a haughty beauty with ice-blue eyes and a determined set to her chin. Single and powerful, she needed a strong, experienced hand. He looked forward to the opportunity to teach her. He liked his students intelligent and headstrong—to take those strengths and show them how to use them to advantage. That was the type of power everyone respected.

He watched Melanie as she rode him, her head thrown back, her beautiful breasts swaying with her rhythm. And she

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learned quickly. She had been with him for one hour only and already she had the look of a sultry, wanton siren enjoying the ride of her life. Yet control was evidenced in every line of her body.

A damp sheen covered her silky skin and he saw the determination in her not to come. More because she wanted to retain her self-control than to please him. Already, he could tell how her mind worked. He didn't want to break her, but he did want to mold her. She might not understand that yet, but the time would come when she did. And appreciate his lessons.

He would like to see her seated on a horse. He would like to watch her on her stallion, hair flying out behind her, naked and racing into the wind. She liked to control power—she liked her horses strong, and she knew how to pick them. So many of the owners had forgone their work with the animals to make the money to support what they termed their expensive hobbies and tax shelters.

Miguel had taken it upon himself to help them readjust their priorities and discover once again the world of pleasure and mastery. And the unique benefits of passionate service. Even after he left their employ, his presence reminded them of their priorities. They had even developed their own small clique, calling themselves members of the Horsemasters Inner Circle, all tied to him in the most intimate way possible. And now he was about to indoctrinate a new member to his inner circle of lovers.

Her cunt fit snugly around his cock and gloved him

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perfectly. He liked the feel of her slick heat. He liked the way she rode him, almost defiantly, her breasts thrust forward, her thighs corded tightly, her eyes sparkling with lusty passion, the sheen of sweat glittering on her skin.

He had investigated her background and knew she had never married. She had been engaged a couple of times, but none had ever come to fruition. She was a wild thoroughbred who needed a strong hand. Although she didn't realize it yet, she had found her master.

The woman began to moan, her breaths coming faster as she moved over Miguel's body. He felt his own climax beginning to surge upward, but to orgasm right now was not his goal. He saw the hunger in Rico's eyes.

He studied his friend who stood quietly, waiting and watching. He saw the flare of burning interest in his eyes, yet knew Rico would not make a move to take the woman.

It was because of Rico he had taken a closer look at the woman who now rode his cock with such passion. For the first time he had seen more in Rico's eyes than dispassionate interest when his gaze followed Melanie Grayson around the event rings at the various shows. He had seen hunger. Rico had never voiced his desire for the woman, but Miguel sensed his interest for this one was different than any of the other owners they had worked with in the past.

Rico rarely asked for anything. There was something leashed about him, a quieter strength that had been honed by the hottest, strongest fire anyone could imagine. Miguel knew people thought of the younger Costa Rican as the quiet one.

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They did not see what Miguel saw—that if Rico’s deep passions were ever aroused, look out because he would assuredly destroy everyone in his path to obtain his desire.

“Stop,” he commanded.

Melanie settled over him, trembling with her passion. “Please, I need to climax,” she gasped, a shudder rippling through her body.

His gaze turned to Rico and he nodded. It was rare for them to require words to communicate—a look, a signal—was often all it took.

Rico stepped forward and lifted the woman from Miguel’s lap.

“No,” she protested. “What are you doing?”

Miguel’s sheathed cock sprang free, glistening with her juices. With fluid ease he rose to his feet.

“Kneel.”

Ricardo assisted her as she knelt on the floor, looking up at Miguel. She was a lovely young woman. He reached out to stroke her damp hair. He passed his thumb over her pouty, quite kissable lips. Possibly, she was just the woman to help Rico regain the sense of his lost manhood. Too many years on the streets of San Jose had taken much from the young man, more than he would ever admit—even to Miguel.

Rico unbuckled the restraints around her wrists, tossed the tethers to the side, and placed her at the center of the small viewing room, then splayed her thighs wide. Her dripping pussy gaped, succulent and needy.

Miguel stepped back and nodded to Rico. Rico unbuttoned

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his black leather pants and pulled out his stiff erection. Miguel saw the tip glistening with pre-cum. Rico shoved a hand into his pocket and pulled out a packet, tore it open, and quickly sheathed his prick.

“You will do as Rico commands if you wish to come, pretty filly.”

“But—” She turned her head to gaze up at him questioningly. “I thought—” Then she cried out as Rico dropped behind her and sheathed his cock easily inside her.

Rico groaned as he gripped her flared hips and positioned her.

Miguel pulled the condom from his own cock, quickly discarded it and reached for a fresh one. He stepped in front of her. Her eyes were closed, head thrown back, mouth agape. The professional lady had turned into a wanton siren.

“Open your mouth, Ms. Grayson.”

Her eyes flashed open and she saw his prick rising proud, ready for attention. He was pleased she required no second urging and understood exactly what was expected. Without another word she reached for him and sucked him between her delicious lips, working with her tongue. In and out, he fed her his length, building into a counter rhythm with his assistant’s action.

His eye fastened onto Rico’s expressive face. He was a man of few words, but the look on his face seemed to say it all. He was very much into the woman he was fucking.

He watched as Rico’s hands separated her reddened cheeks and his slippery cock passed from sight into her vagina once

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again. So many emotions seemed to flit across his face. Dark lust, determined passion, possessive pleasure. Miguel was mesmerized by the play of emotions as he watched him fuck their newest client.

Rico's hands shifted down to her pale thighs and pushed them wider. A hand curled around to finger her clit.

Her mouth otherwise engaged, a throaty groan erupted from her. She arched her spine, pushing her rear back, accepting Rico with eager passion.

Rico thrust his hips, grinding deeper, pulling back, and powered fast, a staccato of motion, commanding her responses as Miguel had never seen Ricardo do before. He rode her hard, pushing her higher and higher. Her mouth and tongue never forgot Miguel, but the look in her eyes was one of glazed, shocked pleasure. She cupped Miguel's balls and he felt the climax build. It wouldn't be much longer and they would all experience the culmination of desire. For one moment, Melanie allowed Miguel's cock to pop out of her mouth.

"Oh, yes. Faster. Harder. You feel so good. I'm going to come. Oh, God, I'm going to come," she screamed, just before engulfing Miguel once again.

"Not yet," he heard Rico growl.

The force of his thrusts became more pronounced. Miguel could see his fingers pressing into her buttocks, forcing her compliance.

"Now. Come," Ricardo commanded as he pushed deep inside her and his hand splayed across her mound possessively.

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She screamed as she climaxed, bucking against him, and Miguel was shocked as his dick slid down to the opening of her throat. That was all it took and he was coming, at the same time as Rico cried out with his own orgasm.

Rico pulled his spent cock from inside Melanie and fell back on his haunches, a look of shock in his expression as he stared at the woman hunched before him. Miguel pulled from her mouth and she crumpled to the floor, rolling onto her back.

The only sounds in the room were the heavy groans of spent passion—the rapid breaths of recovery from an intense sexual encounter.

Something more had just taken place in this room than the usual sexual initiation of a prospective client. Rico's expression was filled with an emotion Miguel thought he'd never see. Wide-eyed, shocked desire.

"Oh, my God," Melanie whispered.

The scent of sex permeated the room. Miguel stepped away and walked into the bathroom to clean himself up.

He had waited for this moment for five years. He had looked for something—anything to pull his friend from his self-imposed emotional exile. Although Rico had come from the streets as Miguel had, there had always been something different. Miguel never believed in the emotions passion often ignited, but certain things about Rico that he had seen made Miguel think that Ricardo still dreamed. The way he looked at loving couples on the street, his tenderness with a child who had fallen from a horse—little things. It would be tiny things that flitted quickly out of sight, but living together as they did,

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Miguel was attuned to the subtle signals.

He wanted this woman. Passionately. And it came more than just from the desire for hot sex. Something more.

Miguel walked back into the room and looked at Rico, who slowly rose to his feet. He'd already discarded the condom, and buttoned his pants once he was on his feet.

Miguel nodded toward the bathroom. "Take her and help her get cleaned up." He met the smoky look in the eyes of the other man. "I think we are satisfied. Agreed?"

Rico nodded slowly, his expression again veiled. He turned back to help Melanie to her feet and escorted her into the other room.

For the first time, Miguel had a feeling that Ricardo was going to enjoy an assignment.

CHAPTER 4

Rico studied her as she drooped like a wilted magnolia against the wall, not looking at all the well-groomed, sophisticated young woman he had watched for many months at the various riding shows and events throughout the east coast riding circuit.

The bathroom was a basic needs sort of room, without shower or bath, so he pulled out a washcloth from the drawer beneath the sink. Running some warm water into the mud-colored basin, he then turned to the woman. Her eyes were closed, face in repose, and he wondered what she was thinking.

Even with the ragged look of a well-used tart, Rico still

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found her more desirable than any of the other women whom Miguel had tutored over the years. And Rico wasn't quite done with her yet.

Miguel had a habit of choosing those students who possessed intelligence, beauty...and stamina. He had always seemed to thrive in his dual professions as both horse master and human master. Often Rico found more pleasure in observing Miguel with his students than in actually taking part. Until he saw Melanie Grayson at the auction in Saratoga Springs last year.

Saratoga, the racing capital of New York State, in the heat of August during thoroughbred racing season. He and Miguel had taken a little time off and had decided to make the circuit of summer parties. They'd attended this particular auction at the request of one of Miguel's inner circle clients in order to evaluate a horse he was considering purchasing. He wanted Miguel's views on the animal.

Rico had turned away to speak with the owner and that's when he'd spotted her. Dressed in an amethyst silk sundress and a broad brimmed matching sunhat, he couldn't take his eyes off her. She had looked like an angel. The sunlight struck her, making it look like an aura of otherworldly light enveloped her. And then she had smiled at something her companion said, and the way her face lit up almost dropped him to his knees. He'd been unable to take his eyes off her throughout the rest of the auction, following every movement.

He studied her as she smoothed her hands over one of the yearling's chestnut flanks. Her hands were delicate, but she

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moved with an experienced grace that told him she was well within her element at the auction. Later, when she was handed a glass of white wine, he noted the slender column of her throat as she drank from the cup, and he felt an overwhelming desire to stroke her skin, to see if it felt as smooth and silky as the evenly tanned flesh looked.

She appeared to be the type of woman who was pampered and expected to get her own way. And was willing to pay the price, whatever it cost.

Not his type at all. But then there were few women that Rico would think of as being his “type.”

The air was steamy and clinging that day, yet she looked like the humid atmosphere barely touched her at all. In fact, at any of the events they’d attended after that, there had never been a hair out of place.

He’d tried to tell himself it was simply a passing phase and he’d get over this particular fascination. But then she’d approached Miguel and it felt as though destiny had played a hand.

He’d fought the woman—fought as hard as any untrained thoroughbred colt against the touch of a human hand. But for the first time in his life, he’d met a woman he wanted to make love to.

At the shows, when she was close by, the memory of her kept him awake nights, his body hard and needy. He did what he always did to relieve the tension, what he had been groomed to do from an early age. It was a habit he continually fought, but one he couldn’t abandon—even though he was no

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longer forced to strut the streets to earn his keep. More often than not when the need overcame him, satisfaction could be found close at hand. All he had to do was wander through the stables and eventually he would encounter a stable hand who was quite happy to offer a little action. There was usually a vacant stall nearby and he'd fuck like a stallion covering his mare in an attempt to wipe out the memory of the woman. For a short time it worked. But it was never enough to drown her image completely.

He turned to look at her now, hardly believing she was here, with him, and that he had just fucked her senseless. He focused on a salty bead of sweat that clung to her creamy skin, watched as it slowly traveled down between her full, erect breasts. Her body was still hot and flushed from her exertions. The silver chain still decorated her nipples. He found himself wanting to fuck her all over again.

Rico considered whether she could take another session right now; she looked totally exhausted. Her pretty, summer wheat-colored hair, was now dark and wetly plastered to her face and neck.

He wondered if she had any idea what she was in for by contracting Miguel as her trainer. Rico always marveled at the differences Miguel wrought in both the horses and their owners by the time he and Rico moved on. Did he want to see those same kinds of changes in Melanie Grayson? It was something to consider.

Or did he want to take her in hand himself? And he had to wonder what Miguel would say to that.

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Rico turned Melanie toward him, placed his hands on her hips and lifted her to shift her onto the cheap brown vanity cabinet next to the sink. She gasped at the sudden action and her eyelids snapped up. Her hands flew to his shoulders to steady herself.

As he settled her onto the flat wooden shelf, she looked up into his eyes. The color of her pupils had shifted from vivid blue, the color deepened to the rich shade of a Costa Rican indigo horizon at dusk, gold rimmed and dilated by passion. Her lashes gold-flecked, long and curling, smudges of mascara beneath her eyes, her lips bare of lipstick. He could smell her feminine, musky scent, and a hint of the expensive, designer perfume she wore. Miguel's spicy scent also clung to her skin. Rico inhaled and found the blend of aromas carnal and tempting.

Although there were shadows underlying the smudges beneath her eyes, hinting at exhaustion, he also saw curiosity. And interest.

No, right now she looked nothing like the lady he'd come to admire at a distance over the last several months. Right now she looked...used...and needy for more. Like the image from a nineteenth century erotic photograph. Yet not an ounce of shame showed in her eyes. Or within the lines of her luscious nude body.

Slowly, he separated her thighs, revealing her engorged, reddened cunt. She readily exposed herself to him. The only sounds in the room were the anticipatory, aroused breaths of the inhabitants and the steady buzz of the vertical fluorescent

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lights mounted to each side of the mirrored metal medicine cabinet.

Lightly, he circled her hard, little clit, and heard her quick hiss. She was still sopping wet. He shoved a thick finger between her thick, puffy lips, burrowing deep inside her. Her clinging warmth embraced him with greedy hunger.

Her fingers on his shoulder tightened, the slender chain dangling between her breasts shivered and danced beneath the light.

“You want to be fucked again?” he asked plainly.

Her gaze shot to his and he held it as his finger thrust in and out of her vagina, her wetness sucking at the digit greedily. She shifted her hips, wordlessly offering her body to him.

“Your name’s Ricardo, isn’t it?” she asked in a breathy voice that was soft and rich, like the kiss of expensive cognac spilling over his senses.

“Rico, you may call me Rico.” He shifted her closer to the edge. Her hands cupped his leather-clad buttocks, her heat searing his skin. Briefly, the idea of stripping naked and taking her here on the floor shot through his carnal-hazed mind.

He pulled his finger from inside her, sucked it into his mouth, enjoying the sweet, honeyed taste of her. Popping it free, he fastened his hands on her hips and yanked her closer to the edge of the vanity, pressing her wet pussy flush with his rock-hard prick. Yes, he liked that and he could feel her blazing heat and moist desire right through the skin of his clothing.

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“What would you do to be allowed to come again?”

He saw the question in her eyes. “What would I do?”

He leaned closer. “Would you get on your knees for me, Melanie? Would you suck me off?”

He saw something flicker across her expression, and then the look turned heavy and the color of her pupils softened to a dusky blue velvet. Her hands gripped his ass. And he knew. The thought of doing what he asked excited her. She wanted to submit to him, to give him what he wanted. To do for him what she had done for Miguel. He tried to keep his expression blank, giving nothing away.

“Or shall I watch while you play with your pussy? Maybe I’ll watch you bring yourself to orgasm. Would you do that for me, Ms. Grayson? Would you spread your legs and use your fingers to give you the climax you obviously want?”

The tenor of her breaths altered once again. Her lips parted and her pink tongue darted out.

“Is that what you want?” she whispered.

The demons were riding him now. He watched her, waiting for her to refuse him. To show some sense of outrage at his lewd suggestions.

He leaned closer, gripping her ass, feeling the heat from his earlier lashings. “Or maybe I’ll fuck you in the ass. Hmmm? Would you like that, Melanie Grayson?”

Her eyelids fluttered closed and she shuddered against him. He heard her soft moan.

“Shall I spread you out on the floor, make you wet and ready and then fuck your little hole? Have you been taken

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there before?"

"N-no," she said. "Oh, God. Will it hurt?"

Damn, his cock was so engorged it was ready to burst. She was a virgin there, yet she was obviously willing to let him take her. He had to allow a minute to get himself under control. This was not the place or time to initiate her in the pleasures of anal sex, no matter how much he wanted to. When he did that—he wanted to take his time with her. He wanted her begging for it.

She was nothing like what he thought she'd be.

When Miguel had told him that Melanie Grayson had approached him about training her new stud, Merciless, Rico couldn't believe it. All the owners on the circuit knew the deal they struck if they contracted with Miguel. He somehow had never expected Melanie Grayson to agree to submit to Miguel's terms.

She had a reputation around the circuit for being cold, sophisticated, and calculating. Rico had heard the interest in his friend's tone, saw his look as his gaze followed Melanie across the grounds just after she had requested he consider servicing her stables. He saw her no differently than any unruly horse to be trained. Rico held his breath.

"I think she might be more of a challenge than her horse, Rico, what do you think? Should we give her a try or walk away from this one?"

Rico had watched her hips sway as she walked across the grounds; so neatly clothed in the designer trousers, molded to her frame perfectly. So ladylike, yet all business. In that

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moment he'd known he wanted to see her at his feet, sucking his cock, and begging him to fuck her. It had nothing to do with Miguel. This time it had to do with him alone.

"Interview her, Miguel. Put her through her paces. I would like to see how this one responds."

He'd known he shocked Miguel when the man had whipped around to study him, his hard, black eyes boring into him. For the first time in a long time, Rico felt himself flush with embarrassment. He'd never voiced an interest in any of the clients before, always allowing Miguel to make the decision. To Rico, one had been no different than the next. It was all business.

"You want her," Miguel said, a tone of awe in his voice. But it wasn't a question, it was a statement, with a bit of that surprise threaded through it.

Rico had turned back to watch Melanie join her clique of friends. "Yes, I want her." There were no secrets between Miguel and Rico. Now, was not the time to start.

The next thing he knew a date had been arranged for the interview.

Yes, he decided, he wanted to feel her lips around his cock. He wanted her to know the taste of him.

He knew Miguel had been satisfied with her performance at the interview. But it had surprised Rico when he veered from their usual closure and asked Rico to help her clean up. Usually, he just signed the papers, handed over the questionnaire and sheaf of other documents for the owner to read and complete, and they set a date for arrival. It was

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usually left up to the clients to take care of themselves after Miguel and he left. Nothing personal.

He stepped back from the vanity.

“On your knees then and suck me off.” He crossed his arms over his chest, legs splayed, and waited.

Closing her legs slowly, she slid from the vanity and sank to her knees. She unzipped his fly and pulled his thick, granite-hard cock free. He handed her a condom and, with surprising dexterity, she sheathed him. Her hands on his dick almost had him coming before her lips even touched his prick. He saw her lick her lips and then he was flying toward heaven as that sweet, pink mouth sucked him inside.

Her tongue circled around the sheathed width of his glans, flicked over the head, and circled once more.

He gazed down at her as she worked her mouth and tongue over the aching erection. She had a beautiful, rosebud mouth and knew how to use it. Her eyes were closed as though she was in deep concentration and was enjoying every stroke of what she was doing, savoring his flesh like a favorite flavor of ice cream.

Reaching down, he cupped her head. She opened her eyes and looked up at him.

“Look at me while you’re sucking me. Don’t close your eyes.”

She did as he asked, her gaze locked with his. Her hands cupped his balls, squeezing and kneading. Her pupils dilated. His cock popped out of her mouth and she darted her quick tongue along his length, teasing at the outline of a throbbing

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purple vein that ran the length of his penis. She zigzagged her tongue around the circumference of his hot flesh.

He felt his orgasm pull at him—his balls tightened and drew up close to his body. Her finger slid along his crack, tracking a path to his puckered hole, and he sucked in a breath.

She drew her finger away before entering, teasing him with the idea of penetration. Watching him, she released his prick and sucked at her finger, making it wet and glistening.

“Are you sure you don’t want to fuck me in the ass instead?”

Dios, the woman was brazen. She smiled and returned her attention to his erection.

He knew what she was going to do and he let her. He wanted to see how far she would go without direction. How much she would give to him all on her own.

His body was heavy with the need to come. He was aching, his skin stretched tight, tighter than he had ever remembered it being.

He knew how to control himself; he’d been trained thoroughly and well, and he wasn’t quite ready to come just yet.

As he watched, her head dipped down and her small pink tongue flicked out, skimming across his aching flesh and then he thought his control was about to be shattered as she sucked his balls into her mouth.

He gasped with the urgency, his dick engorging and seeping pre-ejaculate as she worked at his balls and her naughty, wet finger slid along his crack toward his hole.

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She released his testicles with a slippery popping noise that made him dizzy, to the point where he thought he would lose his balance and his legs could no longer hold him. He locked his knees, braced himself, and thrust his hips. Just as her mouth again engulfed the head of his prick, her finger shot into his hole, past the tight ring of muscle and burrowing deep inside him.

There was no warning as his climax erupted, pulse after pulse of his hot semen spurting into the condom. She didn't back away, refused to release him until the last spasm and his dick slowly began to soften.

He tried to catch his breath. It was the best blow job he'd ever experienced. By the one woman he'd never thought to see on her knees in front of him.

One last time she swirled her tongue over the head, before releasing his softened dick. It shocked him when she looked up at him and kissed the tip before leaning away. He grabbed the nape of her neck and leaned down to claim her lips. He couldn't help himself. No woman had ever given him such rapt attention. And that final devilish little kiss.

He pressed his tongue deep into her mouth, tasting latex and desire. She exuded his scent, mingling it with her own, blending it with Miguel's. It was an aphrodisiac he found totally desirable.

Lifting her from the floor, he settled her back on the vanity. He shifted her back against the wall. Then he clasped her hands and raised them above her head, latching her fingers around two small hooks embedded into the wall

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“Don’t move them. Keep them right there. Do you understand?”

She looked up at him and nodded.

“Tell me.”

“Y-yes.” Her voice was shaky, husky and dripping with lust. Yet she obviously knew better than to try to demand what she wanted so much.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Rico.” He was not the Horsemaster, but he did demand respect. Even from this woman. Maybe, especially from her.

He pressed her arms against the wall and she arched her back. Her areolas were so dark and pretty against her luscious, firm flesh, her nipples peaked high and engorged, the chain swaying as she gulped in deep breaths.

Her mouth gaped open, her eyes watching him, begging him, fast pants escaping her lips.

He dipped his head and sucked in one tasty bud, swirling his tongue, and he heard her moan and arch deeper, spreading her thighs wider. He flicked a finger between her folds, slipping through her cream.

Lifting his head, he gazed down at her cunt, spread wide for him. Her lips were a deep ruby red, engorged with her desire, wet and glistening.

“Don’t move your hands,” he commanded and he dipped his head. He had to taste her. Cupping her buttocks, he shifted her slightly. Her stiff, little clit stuck out prominently, a tiny penis begging to be pleased.

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Dipping his head, he sucked it into his mouth, tugging on it, swirling his tongue around and over it. And then he heard her scream, as he tasted her rich cream as it poured into his mouth. But he wasn't finished yet.

CHAPTER 5

She flew. Higher than she had before and this time she wasn't sure she wanted to come back to earth. Obviously, Rico wasn't letting her come down yet. His tongue shoved deep inside her channel, his strong hands cupped her breasts, weighing and pressing. She felt the rings of the delicate, silver chain bite into her nipples, reminding her of its presence.

Her muscles and bones turned fluid, awash with the intense pleasure. She tried to remember to keep her hands gripped around the hooks on the wall, felt her palms sweating and slipping, all her strength bleeding from her.

His hands cupped her ass, her thighs unfolded bonelessly, and he sank farther inside her moist vagina. Her stomach

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churned and twisted as he sucked; his expert tongue licked at her lips, over her clitoris, along her slit, delving between her swollen lips and inside her cunt once more.

She couldn't speak, couldn't voice what she wanted; she could only moan and scream, her vision blurred by the pleasure he was inciting from her. It was dark and delicious, beyond anything she could have imagined.

Fucking Miguel had been all about control and proper form, following directions. But this, with Rico, was about being completely broken apart, reshaped by the sensations of pleasure and touch. Yes, he controlled her, but he played her body like the finest instrument, with skill and precision that brought out the purest response, molding her like warm clay.

She felt she could abandon herself to him in ways she never would have done with anyone else, not even the Horsemaster. It was an amazing feeling and she felt another climax building inside her, ready to burst forth as his tongue retreated.

"No," she protested raggedly. But she needn't have worried because immediately she was filled with two of his long fingers. She remembered how beautiful his hands were; they looked like they belonged to an artist or a pianist. And now they were inside her, pleasuring her, making her body sing.

A third finger entered her, widening her and her flesh hugged him, conforming to his presence inside her. She pushed against him, wanting him deeper. Needing him. Wanting his cock to be buried inside her.

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“Relax,” he said, his breath sifting across her sensitive clit.

“Rico. Oh, God, Rico.” It felt like she was stuffed so full, yet unbelievably her vagina expanded even more as he added yet another finger inside her.

“Breathe, Melanie. Breathe deeply. Let me take you where you have never gone before. To the stars. Fly among them, release your inhibitions.”

She tried to do as he said. She wanted to. There was no fight left in her. She followed his voice, like it was a magical flute leading her to paradise. And she couldn’t follow fast enough.

She couldn’t imagine being filled by practically his whole hand, and then she felt something give, a pressure building inside her, and she was packed solid. It was an unbelievable feeling of fullness.

She panted and her nails dragged along the surface of the wall, leaving nail fragments in their wake. But it was a sound she heard from a far off place. My God, he was touching her soul and she was breaking apart.

“Are you all right?” he asked her.

He twisted his arm and she shattered, the climax pulsing from deep inside her. She shuddered, her teeth chattered as it spilled over and around her. Too much. Oh, God, it was too much and like the fracture of fine spun glass she shattered, spilling pieces of herself into a silky, black void.

“Melanie, wake up,” a voice called her from the soft, blanket of sexual fulfillment. Her eyelids fluttered open and she looked up. Rico hovered over her, concern etched on his

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angular face. She realized she was lying on the couch in the outer room of the observation box.

He helped her to sit up and for a moment her head spun. She felt as though she still hadn't come back to earth. She was strangely hollow, yet so replete. Her thighs and pussy ached, her ass stung. And yet she felt tied to this man in some elemental and intimate way she hadn't been before.

"Rico, what did you do to me?" She shivered.

He rose to his feet, his expression guarded. "Let me get you cleaned up as I should have done to begin with."

She reached for his hand. "Rico, wait." She wasn't certain her legs would hold her, so she pulled him down to her level.

"What is it? Did I hurt you?"

"Hurt me? Hell, no. That was the most fantastic experience I've ever had. Rico, talk to me. Who are you?"

She simply couldn't read this man.

He shrugged. "My name is Ricardo Santofoya. I am a horse trainer. I was born in Costa Rica." He stopped there, but she knew there was much more to this man.

He always remained in the background when Miguel was around. One hardly noticed him. Now she understood, he wanted it that way—he wanted Miguel to take the limelight. This man was powerful and magnetic in a way that surpassed the Horsemaster. He was as much of a master trainer as Miguel, but in a different way. A deeper and much more dangerous way. And just as intriguing, if not more so. This man was multifaceted and she wanted to peel away the layers to know the man hidden beneath.

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“Were you a horse trainer in Costa Rica? What brought you here?”

His expression darkened and he stood up, effectively slamming down a door between them. “There is no reason to know more. What is past is past. Miguel saved me from a difficult situation and he is like a brother to me. I would do anything for Miguel.”

She drew back, leaning against the soft cushions of the couch. Rico pivoted away and walked back into the bathroom. He returned with a wet rag and cleaned her. She opened her thighs for him. His touch was gentle.

“You’re not like Miguel, are you? He’s so hard and uncompromising, but you’re different.”

He didn’t look at her. “Why do you say that? What makes you think I’m so different? Miguel is a remarkable man.”

She reached out to cup his jaw and forced him to look at her. “I just said you were different. What’s the matter, Rico? What are you afraid I’ll find out?”

His eyes turned dark and stormy as he stared back at her. Then his expression changed, giving him the appearance of a haughty Spanish aristocrat, very similar to the expression Miguel often wore. But she felt it masked something deeper, some vulnerability he was afraid to reveal.

She released him, and when he had finished with the washrag, he returned it to the bathroom. He stood in the doorway and studied her, that haughty mask firmly locked into place over his vulnerabilities.

“You should get dressed. It is time for you to leave.” He

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motioned to a table on the other side of the room. “Miguel left you an envelope. You are to read the documents and complete the questionnaire. It must be done by the end of the week and returned to him by hand delivery.”

“What kind of questionnaire?”

“It is to determine your likes and dislikes, any medical conditions, things of that nature. Although some of this has already been discussed and informally confirmed, the paperwork must be completed or he will not sign the contract. And do not forget to include a copy of your most recent medical report as well—as written confirmation of the state of your physical ability to comply with the terms of the contract.”

Obviously, the Horsemaster was very thorough in his dealings with the owners. Protecting himself from the possibility of any problems down the road. All business for Miguel d’Loganno.

But Rico was different. Panic engulfed Melanie as she sensed he was going to leave her. Something told her she’d gotten too close and he was trying to distance himself from her. And she didn’t want him to go. She didn’t want to abandon this intimacy with him yet. With no particular haste, she donned her underwear and stockings, then her beaded gown, and finally her matching high heels. Then she turned back to him.

“Will he sign the contract? Will he agree to train Merciless?” she asked him.

His gaze raked over her. “He will sign. Once you’ve completed your part by returning these documents to him.”

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She picked up her beaded evening bag, walked across the room, and lifted the bulky envelope. Her body still hummed from her “interview.” Her ass still throbbed from the aftereffects of the discipline administered by Rico. She had to wonder what more the Horsemaster had in store for her as far as training if this was just the interview.

Rico held out an unmarked tan cloth bag and she looked at him questioningly.

“Your tethers and chain.” She glanced down at her breasts and her nipples tightened as she suddenly remembered that she’d still been wearing the chain when she’d fainted. She’d totally forgotten about it. Rico must have removed it while she was unconscious. The thought of him touching her body while she was out had her all hot and tingly once again.

“Oh,” she said as she accepted the bag, curling her fingers around the black, braided handles.

She looked up at Rico. “Are you lovers?”

He reared back to look down at her, his gaze widening. “Why do you ask?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “It doesn’t matter. I was just curious. He’s my lover as well. Or he will be shortly.”

“He is not your lover,” he bit out. She saw something like surprise enter his expression. And...jealousy? That couldn’t be possible. “He is your trainer, not your lover.”

She was determined to widen the fissure she seemed to have discovered. She stepped closer. “So fucking him just now was simply a training exercise? It wasn’t really...fucking?”

His expression turned mutinous and hard as he locked his

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jaw. Somehow she'd struck a raw nerve. "It was not making love."

"And what about what you and I just did?" she asked softly. "Was that making love...or simply a training session?" She so wanted it to be different. To be more than a contractual obligation. More than business.

He turned away from her, picked up her soft white cashmere shawl and draped it around her shoulders. His touch shot straight through her.

"It is time to leave." He looked at his watch. "Long past time to go." He stepped around her and opened the door, allowing her to precede him. A rush of cold air washed over her and she shivered. He hadn't directly answered any of her questions. She wondered if she would ever discover the truth about either of these men.

Melanie stepped past him and into the hallway. They walked down the long, silent, carpeted corridor toward the elevator. She had tipped the guards well to be allowed the use of the room long after closing.

They stepped into the elevator and Rico hit the button for the parking garage level.

"I will escort you to your car."

"There's no need."

"Of course there is. You shouldn't be alone at this time of night. I will make certain you are safe."

More quickly than she wanted, they reached her silver Mercedes, which was almost the only car left in the parking lot. She pulled out her car keys and pressed the button to

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unlock the car door. The signal that the lock disengaged echoed in the nearly empty garage.

As they reached the vehicle, she turned toward him.

"I'm hungry. How about you? Would you like to get something to eat?"

She couldn't see his expression in the dim light, but she felt the heat of his penetrating gaze on her. It was like being in the sights of a wild animal about to pounce, but waiting to see what its prey would do—which way it would run. All her nerve endings were on alert.

"I do not think that is a good idea."

"Why not, Rico? What are you afraid of?"

He straightened stiffly. "I am afraid of nothing."

She wove closer to him. "Then come with me," she coaxed. "Come home with me and I'll fix something special. I-I don't want to go home alone. I want you to come with me." She wasn't certain she understood exactly what was going on inside her head right now, but she desperately wanted him to agree to go home with her. She wasn't finished with him yet. And she had a feeling it was going to be a long time before she was.

His dark, shadowed gaze bore into her. "You would like more lessons, perhaps? Maybe you want to get your money's worth from the contract."

Again, her pussy throbbed with anticipation. She shrugged. "What if I want you to be my lover, not my trainer?"

"Why?"

"I don't know why, I just do. Maybe if we get to know

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each other better, I'll know why. We both will."

"It's not a good idea."

"Do you always do what's safe, Rico? Do you always follow the rules? Somehow I don't think so." She knew he didn't follow the rules. Neither he nor Miguel. That threat of danger was part of what fascinated her.

There was silence between them for a moment. She saw him glance beyond her for a brief second and then he held out his hand. "Your keys."

She couldn't help but smile as she handed them over. His long fingers that had just been buried deep inside her body giving her so much pleasure, brushed against her hand and then claimed the keys. "This changes nothing with Miguel. He will still be responsible for training Merciless. And you."

She walked around to the other side of the car, her footsteps echoing against the concrete in the murky silence. He opened the car door for her and she slipped into the plush seat. She looked up at him as he towered above her. "If you say so, Rico. But you will be my lover." He closed the door firmly without responding.

She leaned back in the comfortable seat. She was most assuredly looking forward to this new association. Both with the Horsemaster...and her new lover.

CHAPTER 6

Miguel sat in his car in a darkened corner of the parking garage and drew in the nicotine from the lit cigarette as he watch the silver Mercedes streak out of its parking spot, red taillights blazing a trail to the exit.

He smiled in satisfaction, knowing that his best friend was behind the wheel of the expensive automobile. Rico deserved some happiness, something for himself. He hoped this woman could give him some peace from his tragic and painful memories of Costa Rica.

Miguel had known there would be more to this contract than the usual agreement. Because of Rico. It's why he had altered their usual routine in order to leave them alone

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together. From what he had just witnessed, it had been the right choice.

A little training and she would be perfect for his good friend. Melanie Grayson might be just the person to help Rico learn to live again.

For Miguel—his heart was made of stone, and he didn't believe in love. He had seen too much of the world. He used his passion on training the horses and molding the owners. But none of them ever touched his heart. Maybe he had just experienced too much of the mean streets to be touched by love.

Once this assignment was completed, there would be another waiting for him. He reveled in his role as Horsemaster and saw no reason to change things.

There was a twinge of something inside him, but he snuffed it out. He'd stopped wondering about love a long time ago. It had taken much determination for him to get where he was today. He had climbed to the top and made his name as the best horse trainer in the country. He liked the United States and the success it had provided him. He had made many powerful friends along the way, people that eased his way out of gratitude. It provided him more opportunity than his homeland ever had. And none of the memories. Here, he was not only the master of those he trained but of his own destiny. And he liked it that way.

Miguel rolled down the window of the dark blue, vintage Jaguar E—a gift from a very appreciative owner—and tossed out the butt of his Derby Suave. Time to go home. He had

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things to wind up before the present contract concluded. The owners at his current stable would be waiting to be put through their paces by him one last time. And he must introduce them to their new...trainer. He smiled.

Things to prepare. He did wonder exactly what sort of student Melanie Grayson would turn out to be. But he was more curious about her horse. Merciless, over seventeen hands of pure muscle and power that would be all his to mold. A challenge he couldn't wait to start. And he had no doubt he would be up to the encounter—with both horse and owner. None whatsoever. After all, he was the Horsemaster.

ADRIANNA DANE

Theresa Gallup uses the pen names of Tess Maynard and Adrianna Dane. Theresa has been writing since the age of 10. A legal secretary for 30 years, she is currently working on another erotic romance, as well as a full-length romantic mystery/suspense. She has been married for 30 years and has three grown children (a daughter and twin sons), and is a new grandmother.

Writing as Tess Maynard, her first published short story appeared in the ezine, *The Whispering Forest*, in January of 2004. Writing as Adrianna Dane, where adding sensual heat to romance is her motto, *Esmerelda's Secret* was her first foray into the erotic romance genre.

Having traveled and lived from the East Coast to the West Coast, Theresa receives inspiration for her stories from a variety of sources, including music and poetry, and her tastes are eclectic.

For more information about current projects,
visit Theresa's websites at:
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* * *

**Don't miss *Breathless Peaks*, by Adrianna Dane,
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