

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

BARBARA
HUFFERT

CONTROLLED
Desires

Controlled Desires

Barbara Huffert

She prides herself on being an independent woman, strong and capable, but it hadn't been part of her plan to go it alone. Then he walks into her office, a man like none she's ever met who turns her world upside down. His every touch stirs her body into a frenzy and changes everything she thought she knew about herself.

He's been called a control freak and a take-charge kind of guy who sees right away she isn't the sort of woman to "take direction". A pity. He has plenty of ideas on directing her, both in the bedroom and out of it.

It's *bossy* meets *obstinate* in a clash of wills that burns up the sheets and sends sparks flying. Neither of their lives will ever be the same.

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Controlled Desires

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Barbara Huffert

Dedication

For Loki. Thank you, Love, for your inspiration, encouragement and friendship.
Without you, this wouldn't exist.

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Chapter One

Ping.

Me: How goes it, handsome?

I'd only been home a short while, just long enough to change out of my day job clothes when I decided to take a moment and let my significant other know I was there. Not that we didn't both know full well that I was a grown woman, perfectly capable of taking care of virtually everything myself. No, it was more that I knew it soothed him to know I was home safely.

Him: Fucking sucks.

I sighed. His current assignment was weighing heavily on him. He was an efficiency expert. An observer charged with swooping in to eliminate all things unnecessary. He'd reached the point where all that was left to do was write up his report, suggestions that would leave several without an income in an age when the probability of them finding new employment any time soon were hovering between slim and none. It wasn't their fault the company had created extra steps when setting things up initially. From what he'd told me most of those who would be cut were decent, hardworking individuals who just happened to have the misfortune of having been assigned unnecessary tasks.

Me: Sorry to hear that. No progress at all?

I felt so bad for him and there was nothing I could do except be there to offer comfort and moral support. Some days his job really sucked.

Him: Not really. Too pissed off. Mainly just sitting here, drinking too much coffee.

I decided it was time for some major distracting since he wasn't really working anyway.

Me: Want to know what I'm doing?

I quickly clicked open an image so I wouldn't be fibbing.

Him: What?

I could imagine the look on his face. Without a doubt he had a good idea of what was coming. Not specifically but in general. And I was positive he was now smiling when just a moment ago he was scowling.

Me: Staring at a pic of your cum-covered cock.

Mm, how I wished it were in front of me right at that moment! Well, if my ploy worked it wouldn't be long before it was.

Him: And?

And, if my guess were correct, which I'm sure it was, his cock was twitching already.

Me: And I wish you were home with me now.

I couldn't wait to see if he would draw it out or not.

Him: Why?

Yes! Let the games begin.

Me: Because I want to play with your cock.

Would he press me for details?

Him: How? Tell me everything.

Details it seemed. Good. I loved when he made me excite myself by describing what I had in mind, even when it was online.

Me: I would lead you upstairs and help you out of your clothes.

Him: Just like that? No seduction first?

Me: It's all seduction. But no, I wouldn't just strip you. I'd kiss and caress you as I went.

Him: Hard kisses?

Me: Not at the beginning. Soft, lazy, drawn-out kisses. Slowly pushing your clothes off, kissing, touching every bit of your warm skin as it's exposed.

Him: What about your clothes? Try again. I know you can do better.

Hmm, a challenge. Okay, I was up for it.

Me: Yes, you're correct. What I meant to say is that I'd be waiting for you, upstairs. When you called hello I'd ask you to come up.

Him: Why don't you come down to me instead?

Me: Can't. I'm waiting to surprise you so I'd say it was good you're home because I need your help. That way you'd come up.

Him: What's the surprise?

Now that I'd started, the images were forming in my head. My body was already reacting and we were just beginning.

Me: Me. On the bed. Naked. Fingering myself.

Him: No toys?

Me: Not today. Today I want it to be just us.

Him: Okay. Continue.

Me: As I slowly pumped two fingers in and out of my dripping pussy I'd tell you I was thinking about you.

Him: Go on.

Me: I'd raise my hand to my lips and lick my wetness from my fingers. Mm, so good but I'd taste better on your cock.

Him: You think so?

Me: I know so. I'd move to the end of the bed so I could kiss you hello, unbuttoning your shirt as I did. If you let me, I'd kiss my way across your chest as I slipped it from your shoulders.

Him: Yes, I'd let you.

I was positive he was now sitting there, smiling. Perhaps even chuckling. He knew I couldn't resist his chest and was always very indulgent once I began nibbling.

Me: Thank you. I'd lavish you with attention, easing away any tensions of your day with soft kisses and gentle caresses. When I felt you begin to relax, I'd move on, opening your pants and working them down over your hips, urging you out of your shoes so you could step out of

them. I'd massage my way up your legs until my hands reached your ass. Then I'd draw your cock into my mouth as I kneaded your cheeks. I want it fully hard.

Him: You don't think it would be already?

Oh I was sure it would be. In fact, I was willing to bet it was well on its way to being hard already.

Me: Yes. But you know how much I love to suck you.

Him: I thought you wanted to taste yourself on me?

Me: I do. Don't worry. I'll just tease you a little before I invite you to lie down.

My breathing was becoming shallow. I could practically taste his flesh. And, since our exchange would be exciting him as much as it was me it wouldn't be long before he was there, feeding it to me in person.

Him: You want me to lie down? Not fuck you?

Me: If you don't mind. To start anyway.

Him: All right, I'm on my back.

Me: I'd straddle your knees, legs wide so you could see my pussy. I'd hold it open for you and slide my fingers back inside for a moment. I know how much you like to watch.

Him: Coat your nipples.

Mm, excellent suggestion!

Me: I would. And then I would lift up my breasts and lick them. My fingers again too.

Him: That'd keep me hard.

Me: That's the idea. So I can crawl forward and slide onto your cock. I'd let you see it disappearing into my pussy a few times.

Him: Squeeze it.

Me: I would. I'd go slowly. Up until just the tip was left inside and down, tightening on you the whole time. But not too long. Remember I want to taste me on you.

Him: So do it.

It was getting difficult to type, with one hand inside my panties. I was so wet, describing that to him. As we both knew I would be.

Me: I'd lift off you before I got distracted and shift back so I could get to your cock. I'd lower my head and suck you into my mouth, mimicking the way I was just on top of you with my mouth. Mm, we taste so good together. When I had you licked clean, I'd climb back on top of you and start again.

Him: Play with your clit. I want to watch you suck your cum off my cock.

Oh God. It was so tempting to do that right away. But I didn't. I wouldn't. It would be so much better if I waited for him to get home and do the things we were talking about.

Me: If that's what you want. I'd lean back and slide up and down on your hard cock, working my clit with my fingers, watching you the whole time. You'd be watching me, my fingers, my pussy swallowing your cock. Your hands would be behind your head, as if you were relaxing but I'd be able to feel the tension building in you. When I was about to come, you'd switch to watching my face so I wouldn't close my eyes. I'd see you smile because I'd pleased you by pleasuring myself.

Him: Yes, that would please me. Very much.

Me: As soon as my knees stopped shaking, I'd climb off you again and go back to sucking your cock.

Him: Not too much. I don't want to come like that.

Me: No? How do you want to come?

Him: You'll have to wait until I get there to find out.

Yes! He was coming home!

Him: Be upstairs.

With that, he went off-line, which meant I only had about fifteen minutes. Good. Plenty of time to light some candles and be waiting on the bed for him with my fingers in my already sopping pussy.

Chapter Two

When we first met no one expected us to last, me included. I work for his friend who owns a construction company. I'm the office staff. The entire office staff. I do everything, from translating mishmash into formal bids to pulling permits to ordering materials to payroll to billing. Everything.

I'd been there about six months the first time he came in. They were going to lunch and he stopped to pick my boss up because it was along the way. I was up on a chair, my rolling desk chair, changing a light bulb with my back to the door. In my squishy shoes, which are definitely not made for standing on cushioned chairs. Of course as I was about to hop off I started to fall and, since I was holding a four-foot fluorescent bulb, I couldn't just jump as I might have without it. I'm not sure exactly how he managed but he caught both me and the bulb without breaking either of us. Only I didn't know he was there. I might have had the music up just a tad too loud so I hadn't heard him. When I suddenly ended up against his sturdy chest with his arms around me to steady the bulb I screamed. Hey, he startled me. Well, okay so he saved me too because I'm sure the glass would have shattered all over me if he hadn't reacted so quickly.

And after I screamed I let out a string of very unladylike obscenities, which earned me a dark, brooding glare if I ever saw one. That was the moment my boss showed up with one of the guys in tow to change the bulb for me. Yeah, his glare got worse when he realized I was too stubborn to wait. I'm perfectly capable of doing things for myself so I didn't see it as such a big deal. I just should have taken off my shoes first. And maybe used one of the hard chairs without wheels to stand on. But at least I remembered to thank him as they headed out for lunch.

The second time we met I was fighting with my printer. It had a tiny bit of paper stuck in it and I was pissed. But continuing to pick at it was just making me madder so I would poke at it, work on something else, poke at it, something else. That's how I usually work, switching back and forth between things. I didn't even realize he was paying any attention until he asked if I needed help. I suspect he was worried I was going to either electrocute myself or stab my hand with the screwdriver I decided to use. The way he said it and the expression on his face were so annoying. All he did was ask a simple question but I heard the criticism going on inside his head anyway. Not that it was evident in his voice. Oh no, he was perfectly calm and sounded entirely reasonable. Too bad I wasn't. I was aggravated and swearing. Then I'd switch to doing some billing, still muttering before going back to poking and swearing again. When I finally got the little sucker I let out a whoop like you'd think I won the lottery or something.

When they left that day I heard him ask if I was always like that. My boss just laughed and told him to be glad he didn't need to work with me all the time or I'd drive him insane. I don't know what else, if anything, was said but I couldn't help think of it the third time he was in.

My boss was tied up out on the site. He said he didn't mind. He'd wait. So there we were. Me flitting from project to project, doing a little of this, making some progress on a little of that. Him standing stock-still in all his dark, handsome broodiness, watching, scowling a little more each time I switched. Silent. The more he towered over me, the more nervous I became and the more often I jumped tasks.

I guess it got to be too much for him because he finally said, "Stop."

"What?" I asked, not really understanding his objection.

"How can you work like that? You never get anywhere with anything."

"Of course I do," I explained. "I do a little on each thing and then everything's done at once."

"But it would be more efficient to do one thing at a time to completion and then move on."

"Says who? That's not how I work."

"Well you should."

It was my turn to stare. "Of all the nerve!" He was beginning to piss me off with his high-handed attitude. All right so perhaps he wasn't the one with the attitude. No, that was me. He was still standing there, immobile, watching in silent recrimination as I shifted screens yet again.

"Nerve has nothing to do with it," he stated mildly. "It's what I do."

"Excuse me?"

"I'm an efficiency expert. I get paid to observe and cut out the deadwood."

My mouth opened and closed but nothing came out. Deadwood! Who was he calling deadwood? Not to mention stupid, which was how I interpreted his comment. "I know what an efficiency expert does. But not everyone works the same way you know. Some of us are perfectly capable of multitasking, no problem."

"Multitasking is all well and good when it's called for. You're just wasting time."

God, I hated his even, reasonable tone. "Just what business is this of yours anyway? I've never had any complaints. Everything's always done on time. What's your problem?"

Nothing. He didn't say a word. He didn't have a chance because that was the second my boss arrived, getting him off the hook. As they were on their way out he looked back over his shoulder and raised an eyebrow. Of course I took it as him mocking me. Damn him!

For a week I stewed. I had all sorts of retorts in my mind, should he come into my domain again. No one messed with me in my territory. I'd take care of him next time he was in. Or so I decided without once examining why I was so worked up about it. I'd never got so ridiculously bent out of shape about anything as I had about him simply

commenting on my work habits. And a fairly mild comment at that. Then he showed up again and all my put-him-in-his-place plans went right out the window.

My boss was away from the site, due back in an hour or so, and it was way before lunchtime. I was happily singing along with my tunes when I happened to glance up and saw him standing just inside the door.

"He's not here," I informed him coolly.

"I know," he said, steadily approaching me.

"Then why are you?" I asked, frowning.

"Because you need to be taught the value of seeing things through."

"Oh I do, do I?" I snorted. Who was he to dictate how I did my job? I didn't care if he and my boss were old buddies. He had no right to step in and reorganize me. Besides, I really did work better when I did several things at once and my boss never had a problem with it. Why should he?

He kept coming. One step after the other. The trailer wasn't very large but it seemed to take forever for him to reach my desk. Only he didn't stop on his side of it. No, he circled it. Instinctively, I rolled my chair backward. Shouldn't have done that because it left him space to stand in front of me. In one swift move he had me yanked up out of my chair, kicking it out of the way and pinning me to the wall. I gasped just as his mouth came down hard on mine.

I'd never been kissed senseless before. By the time he raised his head I couldn't breathe. I was stunned speechless too, another first for me. My amazement must have shown on my face because he gave me a quirky little lifted eyebrow grin. Before I could collect myself enough to react, he was kissing me again. My hands were above my head, caught by one of his. Damn, they were large! His other had already found its way under my tee shirt. But it was clenched on my side, not on my breast as I expected it to be. As I wanted it to be. I attempted to squirm to get him to touch me. Didn't work. He had me held fast exactly where he wanted me and I was stuck until he decided to release me. Or move.

I wasn't having any success, pressing my crotch against him either. God, I needed contact! Only I wasn't getting it. Anywhere. He had to know I wanted it with how I was struggling. And whimpering. But all he did was kiss me as he kept me firmly in place. On and on he kissed me. Without touching me any more than he needed to in order to hold me still. Then he stopped and stepped away, leaving me panting against the wall, trembling so badly I could barely stand.

"Well, I'll be going now. I have other things to see to," he announced blandly.

"Huh? Wait," I begged.

He paused at the door. "Why? Isn't that how you do things? A little now, more later?"

Fortunately for him I was still shaking. Otherwise my aim would have been better when I threw my stapler at him. As it was, it bounced harmlessly off the doorjamb just before he chuckled and walked out.

* * * * *

It was over a week before he resurfaced. I was working away when my instant messaging pinged, scaring me because it was rare that my friends contacted me at work.

Him: Ready for more? If so, you have an appointment tomorrow afternoon at two.

There was a doctor's name and address listed.

Me: Well hello to you too.

Him: Feeling neglected are we?

Me: As if. I haven't thought about you at all other than to wonder if you left because you're incapable of following through with what you started.

Him: You're lying and we both know it. Don't waste our time.

I felt my face heat. Of course I was lying. His hard-on had been impossible to miss when he walked out on me.

Me: Fine. What's with the doc appointment?

Him: Standard tests. I just had mine. I want you to have them too.

For a second I considered being offended but then my practical nature kicked in.

Me: I see.

Him: Good. I'll be in touch.

And he was gone. Just like that.

By the next morning, I'd flip-flopped on being annoyed with him so often that I'd lost track of how many times I'd changed my mind about keeping the appointment. When my boss came into the trailer he caught me slamming things. I actually scowled at him, just for saying good morning. Talk about dumb. He was a decent man and certainly didn't deserve to bear the brunt of my temper tantrum. Especially not with the way he protected me by making it clear to the crew that good-natured teasing was fine but there was a line he wouldn't tolerate them crossing with me. Hey, you know how guys can be and not only was I the only woman there but I was a woman with mighty fine breasts, even if I did say so myself.

The more I thought about it, the more aggravated I became. I should just skip the whole thing and leave him hanging. After all, it was a bit much of him to assume I'd just go along with it and then jump right into having sex with him. Okay, so I was conveniently overlooking my near-begging for more during his last appearance. Still, he was awfully cocky about it. Then again, my boss didn't offer any warnings or try to discourage me and it was becoming obvious that the two of them discussed his physical interest in me.

It was one-thirty when I slammed down the file I was uselessly flipping through without seeing. When I announced I was leaving for the day, my boss merely nodded and told me to have a nice evening. It wasn't until later that I thought to wonder if he'd then called his friend to confirm that I was keeping the appointment.

* * * * *

It was the following Friday and my car was being worked on so I'd taken my boss up on his offer of a ride. I was just finishing up when he left the trailer, saying to take my time, that he'd meet me outside when I was ready. I didn't really think anything of it until I walked out and saw his truck was already gone. In its place was a black SUV with tinted windows and him leaning against it. I'd been set up and fell right into his trap. Damn my boss for helping him!

What I should have done is spun around and marched right back inside to call myself a cab. As it was my curiosity got the better of me. Still, I intended to remain distant and cold. As I stalked to him I had to admit the man had balls. Yes, I had to give him that.

Without even saying hello he opened the door for me. So that was how he thought it would be? Well, I thought not and decided I'd show him. Instead of hopping in I turned at the open door, wrapped an arm around his neck and pulled his head down for a kiss. He didn't resist. Nope, not at all. Before I was thoroughly lost, I somehow managed to remember I was angry at him making such bold assumptions so I ran my palm over the front of his tight, black jeans. His cock twitched as if straining for more contact.

"Fuck," he groaned, searing me with his dark eyes. "I've dreamed of your hands on my cock ever since the day I watched you manipulating your printer."

"Really?" So I admit it. I was instantly fascinated. I groped more fully, enjoying the feel of him hardening under my touch.

"Hell yes!" he announced, pushing into my hand.

Oh my, was he impressive, straining against the taut denim. "Too bad we're not somewhere more secluded."

He looked around and surprised me by unzipping his pants and extracting his fully engorged cock. "This'll do. The windows are tinted so no one will see what the door doesn't block."

He shifted to pull the door semi-closed to shield us. With how we were positioned he was correct. It would be difficult to see what was going on. Besides, most everyone was already gone anyway.

I wrapped my fingers around his erection. Watching his face, I began to stroke. Slowly until the pre-cum started flowing. Then I rubbed the head with my palm and picked up the pace.

"Harder," he urged. "No need to be so gentle."

"Like this?" I asked, tightening my grip.

"Aw fuck, that's good," he gasped. "Don't be afraid to use your nails."

Wow. No one had ever said that to me before so I didn't really know exactly how to go about it. I curled my thumb so the nail was pressed into his flesh. Amazingly his cock grew even more.

"My balls," he panted. "Squeeze."

I closed one hand over his sac none too gently, observing his reaction closely. Now that I knew what he had to offer there was no way I was chancing maiming him. "Like that?" I whispered as I cupped his crown, digging my nails in under the ridge.

"Perfect," he grunted. After a few more minutes of clutching, grasping and pumping, he extracted himself from my grip. "Excellent but that's enough for now. Much as I love a good hand job I don't want to come that way the first time with you."

"Aw," I said, truly disappointed at him tucking his cock away though amused by the amount of trouble he had. I licked my palm, humming in appreciation at the silky taste of him. "You sure you don't want me to complete this?"

He flashed a wicked grin at my ploy. "Not going to work so knock it off."

He caught my hand and licked it too, making sure to tongue the sensitive flesh between my fingers. When I moaned he raised that eyebrow at me. Damn, he was good!

"Are you wet?" he asked smoothly.

"You know I am," I admitted. Hey, no point trying to deny it since there was a fairly good chance he could smell my arousal.

"Good. Now get in."

As I turned he gave my ass a sharp swat, taking me by complete surprise once again.

"Where are we going?" I finally thought to question him a few minutes after he pulled out of the construction site.

"Dinner," he replied.

"What if I'm not hungry?" I asked.

All I got was a glance and another raised eyebrow. Okay, the boys must have spoken since I'd been so busy I missed lunch. I didn't know exactly how detailed they'd gotten until we were seated in a comfy booth at a restaurant I loved but rarely got to.

As we waited for our meals, he placed two envelopes in front of me. One was open and turned out to be his test results. Negative on all counts. The other was mine, also negative.

"You read this?" I asked, indicating my report.

"No. I picked it up along with mine but it's up to you to offer it to me."

Well that certainly confused me. He made the appointment yet didn't check out the results?

"Let me explain something. Like you, I was in a committed relationship that ended some time ago. We'd reached the point of foregoing condoms and I liked the sensation of flesh against flesh. I want that again and I've decided I want it with you. I know you have birth control covered."

I might have been offended at that point had I not spoken so openly about needing extra time at lunch once a month to go get the hormone shot I continued even though there was no pressing need for it. Yes, the boys had spoken in great detail about me. Still, I couldn't let him off that easy.

"Bit presumptuous, aren't you?" I said sarcastically.

In response, I got a stare. "No. Not unless you prefer the feel of condoms. Or are you saying there's something in your test results?"

"What? No." I hadn't considered he'd take it that way and thrust my envelope into his hand. "I'm fine too."

He gave me the tremendous courtesy of not reading them to verify what I'd said. "Look, we both know there's a strong attraction between us. You wouldn't be here if you weren't fine with where we're headed. You were as into our kiss the other day and jerking me off in the parking lot as I was. Or are you going to try to deny it?"

Okay, so he had me there. "No. But a woman still likes to be asked."

I got a look for that. "Really? You give off the vibe of a woman who likes to be taken."

Damn. How did he see through me so easily? My mind was mush at all his statement implied and I was unable to form a coherent comeback. Luckily, that was the moment our food arrived so it wasn't as awkward as it might have been. The rest of our time in the restaurant passed without incident. We talked comfortably about this, that and the other, jumping from topic to topic as if we'd known each other forever.

And then we were back in his SUV. Driving not toward my apartment. We pulled up in front of what could only be his house and he switched off the engine.

"If you come in I'll take it as you agreeing to everything you know will happen. If you don't want that say so now and I'll take you home. I won't ask after this."

I looked at him and could see the truth of his words reflected in his expression. My heart skipped a beat. Then it was racing. The thought of being taken by this man, walking through the door and giving him consent to do as he pleased had me quivering. My palms were sweaty and my pussy was wet. I'd already seen his cock and I wanted it. He was deceptively muscular. His clothes hid a lot but I'd been in his arms and felt his strength. He was someone to be reckoned with. Instinctively I knew without

a doubt he had great knowledge of pleasure and all things carnal. The question was whether or not I had the courage to give myself to him.

Yes, I did. With a smile, I reached out and touched his hand. "Let's go," I said, opening the car door and stepping into an entirely new life.

Chapter Three

Inside, I found myself whisked straight to the bedroom. I didn't have a chance to look around but that was okay. I'd get to that later. For the time being I was much more interested in how he intended to take me as it were.

"Don't," he said, stopping me when I began to remove my clothes. "I'll do that this time."

Standing before me, he stripped first, one painfully slow button at a time, pinning me in place with his dark, intense gaze the entire time. Mm, had I been right! His chest looked as solid as it felt. Then his pants followed his shirt and it was all I could do not to drool. Oh my God, was his body fine! I wanted his cock deep inside me with my legs wrapped around his waist and my nails dug into his firm ass.

He closed the small gap between us and kissed me thoroughly, taking his time to explore my mouth with his tongue, encouraging me to do the same. When I trembled he released me and went about slowly but steadily divesting me of my clothes.

Once I was naked he looked me over from head to toe. Good thing I could read the appreciation in his expression or I would have been intimidated by his perusal. As it was I still shivered when he circled to stand behind me. He's taller than I am so he needed to bend his knees in order to slip his rigid cock between my thighs. I gasped when he dragged it along my drenched slit. One arm circled my waist, his hand closing on my breast. I moaned at the contact.

As his cock rocked back and forth, grazing my clit as it went, he nuzzled my neck. His hot breath made me tingle as he nibbled and licked, exciting me beyond belief. When he suddenly bit my shoulder, I was so surprised I yelped and started to pull away. His arm tightened, trapping me to his chest, while his tongue soothed the pain away.

"Hold still," he commanded softly.

When I didn't quit squirming immediately he slid his cock from between my thighs, released my breast, dropped his hand to my side, separating us, and bestowed a sharp slap on my right cheek. Talk about unexpected! I cried out and he did it again. And again. I'd never been spanked before and really had no desire to be. Until that moment that is.

I would have sworn I'd hate it but wow, did it excite me in ways I never imagined. Soon I was moaning, arching my back as if seeking more. When I did that, he chuckled. He obviously knew exactly what he was doing to me. His hand shifted in order to pinch my stiffened nipple. Hard. Oh my God was that good! He slid his cock back to my slit and I could feel it throbbing.

"Please," I whimpered. I wanted him buried inside me more than I'd ever wanted anything in my life.

"Please what?" he asked, claiming the other nipple, twisting, pinching, torturing them both equally as he teased my clit with his cockhead.

I was so overwhelmed I couldn't answer so he backed off again and swatted my other cheek. In an instant it was stinging as much as the first.

Alternating sides, he said, "I asked you a question. Answer me."

"Please," I gasped. "I need your cock."

He returned it to my slit, driving me wild with his hands on my breasts and chuckled. "You do, do you? Where?"

"Inside. In my pussy."

His angle changed slightly, just enough to tease me into thinking he was about to penetrate me but he didn't. Instead, he returned to nudging my clit. "Where else? Here?" he wondered, pressing my breasts together while rubbing his fingers between them.

"Yes." I arched, unsuccessfully attempting to capture his hot shaft.

"How about here?" One hand cupped my chin and a finger slid to my mouth. Eagerly I sucked it as I wanted to do with his cock.

"Yes. Please."

After allowing me to worship his finger for a moment he pulled it from my lips. One hand on my shoulder, he pushed my torso forward, bending me slightly at my waist. With one nail, he traced my spine from my neck to my ass. His finger parted my cheeks, not stopping until he teased my pucker.

"And here?"

"Yes," I panted, my entire body trembling with anticipation. "I want you everywhere."

His hands reclaimed my nipples as his cock rode my clit. "You'll have me everywhere," he whispered against my ear, his warm breath adding to my shivers. He really had yet to touch me and it was already the most sensual experience of my life. "You just have to do one thing for me. Do you know what that is?"

I was having tremendous trouble concentrating on his words, I was that close to exploding. "No. What?" I managed somehow.

"Come," he commanded firmly. "Come now." With that, he bit my shoulder again, the sudden pain setting off my orgasm.

All I can say is it's a good thing he was holding onto me. If not, I would have wound up as a melted puddle at his feet. When my mind kicked back on he was turning me in his arms, kissing me. With tremendous effort, I looped one arm around his neck and grasped his cock with the other.

"Soon," he promised, peeling me off him after kissing me breathless again. "Lie down," he urged. He stood at the end of the bed, stroking his engorged cock while watching me stretch out in front of him. "Show me your pussy."

I might have been shy if I hadn't been so turned on at that point. I parted my legs, revealing all to his piercing gaze.

“Use your hands.”

Not taking my eyes from him, I ran my fingers through my slit before opening myself completely. His growl as he climbed onto the bed to kneel between my thighs, still gripping his bulging shaft, thrilled me.

“Beautiful,” he declared.

His voice went straight through me. Between that and the way he was looking at me I grew even wetter. My breathing was shallow. The tension built as he studied me and I could barely stand it yet I knew I had to wait for him to do whatever he would do next.

It didn’t take long. The next thing I knew I was pulled up almost onto my shoulders as his mouth claimed me. His tongue delved deep inside and he hummed in appreciation. He licked me from clit to asshole and back again, growling the whole time. His teeth nipped my swollen lips, a sensation I’d never experienced before but one I instantly decided I needed more of. Finally, he zeroed in on my clit. Flicking, sucking, licking, biting.

Of course I came again. Who wouldn’t under that kind of assault? It took a few minutes for me to realize that the moaning and gasping were coming from me. He brought me down slowly, licking and kissing up my wetness as he calmed me.

He waited until he had my undivided attention to lift my legs over his shoulders. Leaning forward, he pressed his rock-hard cock into my clenching pussy in one slow, steady movement, not stopping until his sac was firmly against my ass. And then he started to move. His cock stroked deep, all the way in and then out until just the very tip remained inside me. Over and over again, grazing my G-spot each time.

“Look at me,” he commanded when my eyes started to close.

When I did, I was captivated. I’d never seen anyone look more intense. His focus was entirely on me and his expression was so full of passion I was overwhelmed. My breath caught in my throat as his cock continued to fill me, stretching me around him. I grabbed his forearms and could feel his strength as he held himself over me, slowly

pumping his iron rod deeper than I'd ever felt before. I dug my nails into his flesh, clutching him as I sought to pull him even closer.

His steady, even thrusting took me higher and higher, his gaze searing me incessantly. I have no idea how long we continued. All I know is that he had me right on edge for what seemed like forever. I couldn't breathe. Every stroke had me so ready to come I don't know how I didn't. Yes, I do. He hadn't told me to yet. Instinctively, we both knew I'd wait until I was ordered. I also knew he'd drag it out until he was ready to come with me.

Soon his breathing was even more labored than mine. He increased the pace, plunging harder and harder, faster and faster. His hips bucked and his balls slapped my ass. And all the while his eyes held mine.

"Come," he grunted, clearly struggling to hold back.

"You too," I barely managed before I screamed. All thought stopped as sensation took over. The pleasure was so extreme I thought I would lose my mind.

His cock jerked wildly as my rippling pussy set him off. His entire body tensed. He cried out and then his shaft pulsed, filling me with his hot cum. Somehow he ended up beside me instead of on top, crushing me. It took a bit until our breathing returned to normal.

"Wow," he whispered when he could speak.

Then he smiled and I realized how serious he was all the time. Even at dinner, he hadn't relaxed completely though at the time I would have said he had. Hmm, I certainly had a lot to ponder regarding this complex man but it had to wait because he was already kissing me again, turning my mind back to mush.

* * * * *

"I'm just going out with some friends. What are you so mad about?" I asked hotly. He was being totally unreasonable, questioning my plans for the evening as he was.

"You could have given me some warning," he replied in kind. "I thought we'd have dinner."

"Well you may have thought it but you didn't bother to mention it to me." My frustration was definitely showing. As much as his was.

"I didn't realize you required an engraved invitation every time I want to see you."

"And I didn't realize you expected me to give up my entire life to be at your beck and call," I countered sarcastically.

"Fine," he said, having the last word before he turned and stormed out, closing the door forcefully behind him.

I was slamming things on my desk when my boss came out of his office. He pulled up a chair and waited for me to look up. When I didn't, he eventually cleared his throat.

"What?" I barked, finally acknowledging him.

"You know he's only being an ass because he's bracing himself for you to break his heart, right?"

"Yeah, right," I snorted. But then I looked at his face closely and realized he was serious. "What do you mean?"

"In the few relationships he's had, he wasn't the one to end them. He's always the one who's been left. Usually because he's too controlling and smothers people but that's only because he has so much trouble showing how deeply he cares. I bet you could count on one hand the true friends he has. Add onto that his job, where he is automatically hated and feared just for being there."

I thought about that for a few minutes and decided it made sense. I hadn't asked for details on his past liaisons but I did know they hadn't lasted all that long. We had talked about how frustrating his job could be at times.

"So you're saying?" I asked, much calmer than I had been.

"Nothing."

I rolled my eyes.

"Okay but I'm really not trying to meddle. He's been more relaxed since he met you. You're good for him and I don't want to see my buddy get hurt. I know how he gets but could you cut him some slack maybe?"

"We'll see." I shrugged noncommittally. For someone who wasn't meddling he sure was. He knew me well enough to know that I'd replay our conversation in my head and feel guilty over the crack I made about being at his beck and call.

He stood up to go back into his office but paused. "I don't want you hurt either."

"I know. Thanks." I let him off the hook. I had some thinking to do.

An hour later I logged into Instant Messenger.

Me: Hey, come with us.

It took a long time for him to respond. So long I was beginning to think he wasn't near his computer and I'd need to call instead.

Him: I don't want to intrude.

As expected.

Me: You won't be.

Him: Are you sure?

I rolled my eyes. Like I'd invite him if I really didn't want him there. I would have earlier if he hadn't been so miserable.

Me: Yes. You and my friends need to meet sometime. They've been asking about my mystery man. Join us.

No response. I'm sure he was debating whether I was serious and how much of an inquisition my friends would put him through. He needn't worry. My friends were great. Sure we looked out for each other but as long as I was happy they would give him the benefit of the doubt.

Him: I have some work I should do.

Aggravating man but I sighed and remembered what my boss had told me.

Me: Nope, try again. You were all for having dinner with me so I'm not buying it. You still have to eat. Meet us, have dinner and then, if you really need to, you can get back to work while I visit.

Another delay.

Me: Please?

Him: Okay. Where?

Yay! Now that he was coming I was excited. Once he met them, he'd see that my friends were no threat. Besides, if he were planning on sticking around he needed to get used to them.

* * * * *

What had I been thinking, worrying about him with my friends? By the time he announced that it was regrettably time for him to leave they were all enthralled. He was utterly charming. If I hadn't known better, I'd have thought that was how he always was. However, thanks to my boss, I did know better. I knew how much effort he put out, all for me. I wanted to give him a big hug and gush over how wonderful he was but I didn't want to embarrass him. Instead, I settled for smiling nonstop and caressing his thigh under the table. I think, judging by the look I got when my hand strayed a little too high, he understood.

He rose to go and I felt a sudden lump in my throat. I didn't want him to. But then he pressed something into my hand and said, "I'll see you at home." He leaned over and kissed my cheek, adding for only me to hear, "I'm going to make you come for hours." And then he was gone.

Well damn. How was I supposed to follow the conversation after that? And it wasn't just the coming bit that had me so distracted. No, it was just as much the at home part along with giving me the key to his house. Not that I had a problem with spending time there. It was a great house, much better than my apartment, which he had been to and offered to return to again until I made it clear I preferred lounging at

his place. Hey, he had cooler stuff than I did and it fitted him better. I had a hand-me-down loveseat and a cramped double bed. He had a full-sized butter-soft leather sofa and a queen-sized bed where there was actually enough room for both of us to be comfortable.

I don't know how but I did manage to last until our group broke up naturally. The general consensus was that he passed with flying colors and had my friends' seal of approval. Not that I needed it necessarily but still, it was nice to have it so I didn't have to work to keep them separate and that would make my life more pleasant overall. I didn't mention the key. For the time being, I wanted to keep that tidbit all to myself. I also wasn't sure exactly what it meant. I'd never been the sort of person who just showed up places unannounced, mainly because I wasn't thrilled with anyone popping in on me without warning.

I decided we'd best discuss it. I meant to, really I did. But then, when I let myself in and called out a hello, I was instructed to come to the den. He really had been working but was already stowing his laptop when I walked in.

"Strip," he commanded softly. "Don't rush."

A shiver went down my spine and my nipples hardened instantly. He was practically vibrating with barely contained power and I loved it. His expression was so intense as he watched me I had trouble getting my fingers to function in order to unbutton my top. His eyes darkened which never failed to take my breath away.

"Come here." He ordered once I was naked and he'd looked his fill.

He rolled his chair back so I could stand in front of him. His hands closed on my waist as he continued to study me. The longer he looked, the more excited I became. His being shirtless added to it. My pussy was soaked and my nipples were bullets, extended as if seeking his attention. Of course he noticed. How could he not when they were practically in his face? Slowly, his hands slid up until my breasts were in the vee of his thumbs and forefingers being lifted toward his mouth. As his teeth closed over my nipple I inhaled sharply. He bit down and tugged, scraping me, creating an entirely

new sensation as he soothed away the sting with his tongue. He sucked steadily, drawing my flesh out even farther, and then captured it between his pinching fingers as he switched sides. I was moaning, pressing myself to his mouth, struggling against clasping his head to my breast. I didn't need to be told not to do that. I knew he had a plan and would tolerate no interference from me. Besides, I was so fascinated that no way was I going to do anything to interrupt him.

He toyed with my nubs until I was afraid the wetness would start seeping down my thighs. Then, before I had any idea he was up to something, I felt a different sort of pinch. I looked down and he'd snapped tiny silver clothespins onto my nipples. Oh wow, was that an unexpected surprise! Not only did they feel amazing, painful yet overwhelmingly pleasurable all at once, but they looked awesome too. Holding my gaze, he used his thumbnails to scrape the tips of my captured flesh. I gasped. My knees threatened to buckle and it was a good thing I was trapped between him and the desk.

His hand slid between my thighs. When he discovered how aroused he had me, he smiled. But just for an instant. He pushed two fingers deep into my pussy and held them there, his features challenging me to beg. I'd be doing that soon enough, I was certain, just not yet. When he extracted them, they were glistening, thoroughly coated with my juices. He held them to my mouth and eagerly I sucked them clean. God how I wished it were his cock instead!

As I knew though, he had other things in mind. He lifted me to his desk, which I finally realized was mysteriously empty. I hadn't even noticed. Rolling his chair forward, my legs on the outside of his, he spread me open to his view. Every nerve in my body tingled as I waited for his next move. It seemed like forever though I'm sure it wasn't. I watched, barely breathing as he ever so slowly lowered his head to inhale the scent of my arousal. He used his elbows to spread me even farther before penetrating me with his thick fingers. Steadily in and out, he pushed, smiling. His gaze held mine captive. He curled his fingers to enhance the sensation. His other arm snaked around me, pulling my chest to his mouth. His tongue flicked my trapped nipples as his thumb

ground against my clit. When he scraped me with his teeth he sent tremors throughout my body like I'd never known before, my climax was so powerful.

I was still calming when he flicked off the clothespins and sucked my burning flesh, sending me into another round of ecstasy. I had been a nipple bondage virgin until then and my immediate opinion was that I needed to experience more of it.

He waited until he had my undivided attention and then eased me back so I was sprawled across the desk. I heard him open a drawer but couldn't see what he had. Then I felt something pressing along my slit, something firm yet not hard like rigid plastic. He ran whatever it was through my wetness a few times, nudging my clit, teasing my opening, turning it so the entire thing was coated. When he was ready, he finally held it up for me to see. It was a very realistic-looking toy cock, nice sized but not as large as his was. There was a bulge at the base with a raised point. My guess was the point would hit my clit just right when the shaft was buried within my pussy.

He held the toy to my mouth and seemed pleased when I licked it. Mm, it was satiny on the outside, hard within, just like him. I sucked it, lavishing it as I would his cock. When he pulled it away from me I could see by his expression that I'd done what he wanted without being told.

As my reward, he returned the fake cock to my pussy, spearing me with it. Over and over he impaled me, angling it perfectly. I was writhing, moaning, gasping. And correct that the point would graze my clit with each thrust. Oh my God, he took me higher and higher. It was a good thing his hand was clamped onto my thigh. Otherwise I might have slithered right off the desk. He picked up the pace and pumped harder. I felt the tension within me building, coiling tighter, about to burst. A minute later it did. His hand slowed but it didn't stop entirely as he drew out my pleasure.

I felt boneless as I rested before him. When my eyes finally focused, he was watching me, his lips curved into a smile yet again. The toy was still lodged within my soaked pussy so I knew we weren't finished. But then he had said he'd make me come for hours. Only at the rate we were going I wasn't altogether certain I'd last that long.

With a wink, he retrieved something else from the drawer. The next thing I felt was his finger, obviously coated with lube, pressing against my anus. He worked it in to the first joint, taking his time to allow me to adjust. In a little farther and he began to move the toy again, opposite from his finger. Soon both were stroking completely. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before and so good I could barely contain myself. Not that I had any desire to do so. I'd learned right off that I was never to hold back with him. The more I openly enjoyed myself, the better he made it for me.

Just when I thought I would lose my mind he twisted the toy and it began to vibrate. Oh wow! I was overwhelmed when he held it deep inside, letting it buzz my clit as his finger pumped my ass. I was so turned on already that it wasn't long before I was screaming again. No doubt about it, the man was beyond amazing.

Holding my gaze, he stood and exposed his fully engorged cock. A second earlier I was spent, but seeing it had me instantly ready for more. I nearly drooled as I watched him lube it up. He bent my knee, turning me slightly on my side and rubbed his cock between my cheeks. Even though I knew what was coming, it still took my breath away when he entered me. Slowly, he pressed in farther and farther until he was seated up to his swollen balls.

As if that wasn't exquisite enough, he returned the vibe to my pussy. With it on low, he ceaselessly stroked both it and his cock into my quivering body. Making me come had him as hard as a rock and, if my guess was correct, more than ready to explode with me. Good because I was on the verge again.

"More," I panted. "You," I begged, hoping he would understand since the ability to form a complete sentence had escaped me back with my first orgasm.

"Yes," he responded, thrusting with abandon as he held the vibe inside, bulge pressed to my clit.

He increased the speed and I wondered if it felt as incredible along his cock as it did my highly sensitized clit. I'd have to ask about it. Later. When I could think straight. His fingers gripped my leg tighter. His expression grew intense as his flesh slapped against

mine. I'd never done anything like it before, being double penetrated by two cocks. Sure, it was something I'd fantasized about, who didn't? But I'd always had my doubts about being shared by my man. And now he'd provided the perfect solution without me ever mentioning my curiosity. Not only was he the most inspired lover I'd ever had but he was a mind reader too.

It was almost too much for me, that's how good my orgasm was. What made it even better was the feel of his hot cum flooding my ass while he grunted in satisfaction. Somehow he managed to extract the vibe and pull me onto his lap when he collapsed into the chair. I have no idea how long we remained there, him gasping for breath, me shivering with residual pleasure.

I was exhausted but still smiled when he kissed my forehead.

"Come on," he said, steadying us on our feet. "Let's get cleaned up and get some sleep. We have a long day ahead of us, packing so you can move in here."

"Packing?" I asked through the sensual fog that clouding my brain, almost unable to form the words. "Wait, moving in?" Never mind. I decided I'd deal with it in the morning.

Chapter Four

A few months after I was settled into his home something different happened. It all started because I'd had such a bad day. A foul-up with a permit, their fault, not mine, a shipment that was delayed, a minor accident at work that was pure carelessness and shouldn't have happened. And then he just happened to be coming down the steps right as I walked in the door. It was one of the rare occasions when he was home first because I'd gotten stuck at work. I don't know what I was thinking. Or perhaps I wasn't. I acted instead.

I dropped all my stuff just inside the door before he reached the bottom so that when he did I was right there, body slamming him up against the wall without warning. He's so much bigger and stronger than I am that I knew it was unlikely I'd hurt him. Not that I even paused to consider it at the time. I caught his wrists and dug my nails into them as I stood on tiptoe to catch his lip between my teeth. I nipped it sharply. He tried to extract his arms but I increased the pressure, silently telling him I wasn't about to let go without a major struggle.

I saw in his eyes that he'd play along for the time being. Good because I wasn't playing. I was nearly out of control and he really didn't want to push me at that moment. When I bit his lip a second time he understood and let me take his mouth. I'm not usually one to ravish but that's exactly what I did. My lips were hurting by the time I was finished and I could see his were slightly swollen too. Perfect because I wanted to inflict a little hurt.

I pushed myself off him to stand back and stare but only for a moment. He seemed about to speak and I was nowhere near ready for conversation. I dug my fingers into his sides and leaned in to suck his neck. That's when I felt his cock begin to swell. Awfully

brave of him to allow that to happen since by then I think he was starting to sense how I was feeling. For some reason it made me even angrier. Unreasonably so.

So much so I grabbed both sides of his shirt at his neck and yanked. Unfortunately I had no prior experience at that sort of thing. Not from this side anyway. He was the one always ripping clothes, not me. Until now anyway. His eyes sparkled as if he were about to laugh. Thank goodness he didn't because I might have hurt him if he had. Instead he waited, finally raising an eyebrow just enough to set me off. I yanked again and the second time managed to rip it open as intended.

He was still watching me quizzically so I did the only thing I could at that moment. I moved closer and bit his chest, just above the nipple. He groaned, which wasn't at all surprising. Then he held his breath, waiting to see if I would venture where I knew he wanted me to go, to that nipple I was so close to yet so far from. It was my turn to raise an eyebrow at him.

"Please," he whispered.

That was enough. I lowered my head and attacked his flesh as he leaned against the wall. His head tipped back, offering me his neck when my nails took over the torment. By the time I was ready to move on, his cock was fully engorged and straining against his zipper. None too gently, I whipped open his pants and tugged.

I think by then he was fascinated. He's generally the aggressor in our trysts and I like it that way. Only not this time. This time it was my turn and he was at my mercy. Well, okay, not really but he was letting me do what I wanted and that is what was important.

I had his pants around his ankles when I shoved him to the steps, indicating he should sit. I dropped to my knees on his pants so he was essentially trapped. I decided I liked that. Holding his eyes, I ran my nails up his inner thighs, pressing firmly enough to leave marks. His cock jumped. My hands continued until my thumbnails were dug into his sac. He groaned, his breathing becoming shallower.

He's the first man I was ever with who honestly liked sharpness against his cock and balls. At the beginning, he had to encourage me constantly. Now, I needed no urging. I closed my fingers around his orbs, ending with my nails in the base of his rock-hard cock. I dipped my head and used my flattened tongue to lick it from base to tip. I knew he wanted to lift his hips to seek more after I ended my swipe but he struggled to remain still. Excellent.

But I was still annoyed by my day and not about to back down just yet. I stuck out my tongue and stiffened it flat, reversing my way to the base again. Several times. Making him squirm. Making his pre-cum flow. That was too good to waste, even in the state I was in, so I covered his cock head with my lips and sucked it off. I sucked hard all the way down his cock, digging my thumbnails farther into his balls.

I held him there in the back of my throat and swallowed. I knew he loved that but this time was still for me. I loved it too. I used my elbows to force his thighs wider so I could slide my hands more fully between his legs. Keeping my fingertips pressed to his scrotum, I traced my thumbs closer and closer to his hole. He shivered. I could feel his anticipation as he wondered if I'd penetrate him. Damn right I did. Instantly. Without any teasing today.

He inhaled sharply and shifted so he was more accessible. I took what he offered as I drew my lips back, resting my teeth against his sensitive flesh. He knew what was coming, or hoped he did and held his breath. I might have made him wait had I been more in control but what little I possessed had vanished. Not that I'd had much to start with. Ever so slowly, as I worked one thumb in and out of his grasping anus, I dragged my teeth up along his shaft. Mm, did that earn me another taste of his essence.

Humming in appreciation, I lowered my head, lips suctioned tightly around his swollen cock, all the way down until my chin bumped his sac. Then I did it again. And again. He was groaning. And grunting. And losing his battle to stay still. That's okay. I was ready for him to participate. In fact I was ready for him to explode. I wanted a throatful of his hot cum and I wanted it right then. I pushed my thumb into him and

twisted. I growled, yes, growled my way up his throbbing cock until I reached the head. And then I bit. Just below the head. At the spot I knew he wouldn't be able to resist as he did when he let me tease him sometimes. That did it. I sucked with every pulse, savoring the taste and texture of him.

After he stilled and I licked him clean, I raised my head and asked with a smile, "So how was your day?"

* * * * *

Yes, we had a lot of trouble when we first got together. The battle of him telling me I was moving in instead of asking was just the beginning. Once it was settled and I was ensconced in his house we argued about everything right down to how to load the dishwasher and which direction to pull the vacuum across the rug. And then there was the first time I stopped along the way home without mentioning my plans, leaving him to worry that something had happened to me. I don't even want to think about that one. It took quite some time for us to work out a balance we could both live with. In the end, he promised not to be so damn controlling and I promised not to wander off, leaving things half completed, and to be more considerate about my whereabouts.

I think we're going to make it though. Just last night, after he made us come so often and so hard I thought none of our bones would ever reform, he asked if I could focus on him for a moment. I tried to make a joke of it, saying that's what I had been doing for the previous few hours, but he wasn't having any of it. That had me concerned enough to snare my undivided attention, especially when he sat me up and draped his shirt around me.

Instead of rejoining me on the bed he pulled on his sweats and went to retrieve something from his dresser. I had no idea what was going on until he returned to the side of the bed and dropped to one knee.

Looking into my eyes, he opened the little black box that was hidden within his hand. "I love you. Marry me?" he asked in a whisper.

Of course I said yes! How could I not when he'd asked instead of commanded? After he slipped the most beautiful ring I'd ever seen on my finger, I urged him back onto the bed with me, kissing him the whole time. The one thing I didn't understand is why he bothered with the sweats but it didn't take much for him to remove them.

"Say it again," he requested as he slid his growing erection home.

"Yes," I repeated and kept repeating every time he pressed deep inside me. Amazing when just a few minutes earlier I'd have bet we were both too spent to function within the next week. Mm, how I love that man!

About the Author

For Barbara Huffert, reading has always been a favorite pastime. A few years ago, she started her first novel after one of the friends she trades books with challenged her to write something better than the last book they read. Barbara's been writing ever since. With her opinionated cats sprawled wherever is most inconvenient, she now spends her time happily wandering through the worlds of her characters.

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

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